The Girls We Wanna Kiss

by queercapwriting (queergirlwriting)

Summary

A compilation of Sanvers minifics from my tumblr, ranging from super smutty smut to extremely fluffy fluff.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Since this has gotten so delightfully long, a beautiful and very generous soul who wishes to remain anonymous has listed out the first 178 chapters, to ease of your perusal of said chapters. The original first chapter is now chapter 242.

**update** -- the absolutely fabulous and incredibly generous @mrs-riarkle-sanvers over on Tumblr compiled the entire thing through 550 chapters (using the wonderful Anon mentioned above's work for the first couple hundred) into an index!

Enjoy!!!

I've copy-pasted the amazing spreadsheet mrs-riarkle-sanvers made below, but in case you need to be able to zoom in/etc, here's the link to the entire spreadsheet!!! Many many many many many thanks to you, my dear!!!! :D <3 <3 <3

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<td>Mags thanks Kara for saving Alex</td>
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<td>Kara knows she will have to share Alex</td>
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<td>Alex and Maggie Koala hugs</td>
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<td>Kara is concerned about Alex</td>
<td>Angst?</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>Alex apologizes too much</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Maggie is out of town and Kara is sad</td>
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<td>Sexy night turns cuddly</td>
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<td>Kara finds Maggie making pancakes</td>
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<td>Maggie Yellow moment</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Lena and Kara are wingwomen</td>
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<td>Jeremiah and Maggie talk</td>
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<td>Sanvers goes to Maggie's HS reunion</td>
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<td>Aftermath of Alex freaking out</td>
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<td>Maggie in a suit</td>
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<td>The DEO is confused abt Alex</td>
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<td>Colour System</td>
<td>Smut?</td>
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<td>Alex and Winn Brotp</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Maggie is constantly kissing Alex</td>
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<td>Alex trains Maggie in sparring</td>
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<td>Alex and Maggie talk abt their pasts</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Alex and Maggie rescue alien children</td>
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<td>Maggie acts as Kara's Big sister</td>
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<td>Maggie gets an award ft. Adrian</td>
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<td>Kara self-harms and sanvers help</td>
<td>Angst</td>
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<td>Maggie startles easily</td>
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<td>Kars is hurt and Maggie helps</td>
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<td>Dirty Talk</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Alex has never let someone top until Magie</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Adrian walks in on sanvers</td>
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<td>Alex tutors Adrian</td>
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<td>Sanvers react to islamophobic ban</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Alex is gone, Kara and Maggie cuddle</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Kara walks in on sanvers</td>
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<td>Alex compliments confused!Mags</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Sanvers+Vegan Ice Cream (wink)</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Shopping w/ Adrian and Kara</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Adrian!</td>
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<td>Chap. 157</td>
<td>Alex questions her angent worth</td>
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<td>SanversMental health diagnoses</td>
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<td>Maggie has a panic attack</td>
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<td>Alek is a gay asexual</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Ace!Alex</td>
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<td>J'onn comforts Maggie</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Maggie helps Alex with her PTSD</td>
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<td>No</td>
<td>tw: Self harm</td>
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<td>Mags and Kara help Alex with an ED</td>
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<td>Alex discovers Mags' past abusive relationships</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>Alex is deeply unhappy abt. shark week</td>
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<td>Maggie + Red + topping</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Alex dislikes penetration</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Alex fails a test, Maggie helps.</td>
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<td>Adrian and sanvers help a trans kid</td>
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<td>Alex comes out to Jeremiah</td>
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<td>Sanvers literally fucks everywhere</td>
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<td>Alex falls into old habits around Eliza</td>
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<td>Alex is gay af, Mags has no gaydar</td>
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<td>J'onn makes sure Mags is taking care of Alex</td>
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<td>Just plain fluff</td>
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<td>Sanvers and Ade help a butch teen</td>
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<td>Alex is a great artist</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Alex tells Mags how great she is</td>
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<td>Alex and Maggie talk abt strap-ons</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Alex and Glasses</td>
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<td>Yve and Maggie meet</td>
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<td>Sanvers continues to talk to Kara</td>
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<td>Kara learns why Mags hates Vday</td>
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<td>Alex writes bad poetry for Maggie</td>
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<td>Alex chases Maggie out the door.</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>Maggie is scared of the ocean</td>
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<td>Chap. 218</td>
<td>Sanvers and karaoke</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 219</td>
<td>Motivational Alex Danvers</td>
<td>hurt/comfort?</td>
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<td>Chap. 220</td>
<td>Sanvers+movie night+blanket+xray</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 221</td>
<td>Sanvers smut just because</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 222</td>
<td>Alex can't cook tiramisu</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Vanishing</td>
<td>Hurt/comfort?</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 224</td>
<td>Alex deals with the martian's effects</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 225</td>
<td>Maggie experiences subspace</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 226</td>
<td>Adrian reacts to bathroom ban</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 227</td>
<td>The return of Max Lord</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 228</td>
<td>Maggie tries to calm Alex down</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 229</td>
<td>Other version of Chap. 228</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 230</td>
<td>Alex and suicidal ideation</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Suicide tw (everybody is okay)</td>
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<td>Chap. 231</td>
<td>James picking up Maggie</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Maggie and James Brotp</td>
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<td>Chap. 232</td>
<td>Alex and Kara talk abt. Jeremiah</td>
<td>Angst?</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Danvers sisters</td>
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<td>Chap. 233</td>
<td>Continuation of Chap. 228</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 234</td>
<td>Sanvers helps Kara get laid</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Mags Kara and Alex</td>
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<td>Praise kink/Restraint kink</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 236</td>
<td>Maggie's touch relieves Alex</td>
<td>Fluff?</td>
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<td>Cat helps calm Kara</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Cat Grant is back from the war</td>
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<td>The &quot;fix-it fuck&quot; mentioned in #229</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Alex talks to Mags abt. her childhood</td>
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<td>Kara deals with body issues</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Sanvers + Kara visit earth 1</td>
<td>Angst</td>
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<td>Chap. 242</td>
<td>Alex's back is all scratched up ;)</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>(originally chap 1)/superfam antics</td>
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<td>Chap. 243</td>
<td>Sanvers make-out/Flustered!Alex</td>
<td>Smut?</td>
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<td>Chap. 244</td>
<td>Sanvers meet Adrian's friends</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Maggie is injured in the line of duty</td>
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<td>246</td>
<td>Maggie knows she will marry Alex</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Maggie is a softball coach</td>
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<td>Maggie comforts Alex after J'onn's test</td>
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<td>Maggie rages about alien deportation</td>
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<td>Continuation of &quot;arm candy&quot; scene</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Kara and Alex talking abt. her job</td>
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<td>Sanvers cuddling...again</td>
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<td>Slow, passionate, emotional sex</td>
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<td>Mags calms alex after she hurts that cadmus crony</td>
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<td>Sanvers find each other after the bar attack</td>
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<td>Mags tries seducing Alex for the gun</td>
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<td>258</td>
<td>Adrian introduces Sanvers to his gf</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>Missing phone and home</td>
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<td>260</td>
<td>Ace!Alex</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Maggie and James gym date</td>
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<td>Maggie and James brotp</td>
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<td>Based on #259</td>
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<td>264</td>
<td>NB!Alex</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>nb!Alex</td>
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<td>Mags figuring out where to sleep</td>
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<td>Chap. 266</td>
<td>Winn makes Maggie a suit</td>
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<td>Chap. 267</td>
<td>Officer/detective au</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Chap. 268</td>
<td>Alex calls Mags out for standing on her toes</td>
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<td>Adrian rages about &quot;LGB&quot;</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Adrian!</td>
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<td>Chap. 270</td>
<td>Alex and Barry meet</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 271</td>
<td>Mags reassures Alex she loves her</td>
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<td>Chap. 272</td>
<td>NB!Alex meets Adrian</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 273</td>
<td>Yve takes a bullet for Maggie</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Adrian and Friends</td>
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<td>Chap. 274</td>
<td>Alex has OCD</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Chap. 275</td>
<td>Alex is diagnosed w/Parkinson's</td>
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<td>Sanvers highschool au</td>
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<td>Lucy walks in on sanvers</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Lucy!</td>
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<td>Chap. 278</td>
<td>Alex calls Maggie &quot;babygirl&quot;</td>
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<td>Chap. 279</td>
<td>Mags feels Alex doesn't have time for her</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>Chap. 280</td>
<td>Sanvers instagram stalk each other</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 281</td>
<td>Eliza misgenders NB!Alex</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>NB!Alex</td>
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<td>Domestic morning fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 283</td>
<td>Lena's first game night</td>
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<td>Events leading up to cuddle scene</td>
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<td>Chap. 285</td>
<td>Alex is aroused by Mags' interrogating</td>
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<td>Sanvers comforts Kara</td>
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<td>Alex's anxiety</td>
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<td>Alex comforts Kara ft. touch consent</td>
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<td>289</td>
<td>Nb!Alex all nighter (college AU)</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Maggie feels worthless as a bottom</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>291</td>
<td>Sara Lance decks Mon-El</td>
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<td>292</td>
<td>Ade learns communication from sanvers</td>
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<td>293</td>
<td>More of Alex's praise kink</td>
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<td>294</td>
<td>More of Maggie bottoming</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>295</td>
<td>Kara watches Alex calm Maggie</td>
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<td>Mags Kara and Alex</td>
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<td>Sara Lance hitting on Alex</td>
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<td>Mags goes to an AA meeting w/Alex</td>
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<td>Alex HATES needles ft. laughing gas</td>
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<td>299</td>
<td>Ace!Alex + cuddle porn</td>
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<td>The yoga class</td>
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<td>Maggie's POV running into Emily</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>302</td>
<td>Waiting for Emily (sanvers dinner)</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Alex goes rogue on Emily</td>
<td>Angst?</td>
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<td>304</td>
<td>Kara comforts Alex post #303</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>Extended Sanvers hug/convo</td>
<td>Hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>post-kiss ride home</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 307</td>
<td>Alex follows Kara to the S1 pod</td>
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<td>Chap. 308</td>
<td>&quot;Winn, get me a wrench&quot; ft. Sara</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Help you heal ft. James</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>nb!Alex comes ot to the superfam</td>
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<td>Nb!Alex</td>
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<td>Physical Injury Comforting</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>Good old fashioned smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 313</td>
<td>Superfam zoo trip</td>
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<td>NB!Alex smut</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Kara and Maggie help Alex</td>
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<td>Adrian finds out about Kara</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>More Hogwarts AU</td>
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<td>More smut</td>
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<td>Alex and Maggie drive to the desert</td>
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<td>Sanvers couch makeout</td>
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<td>Why Maggie didn't tell her</td>
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<td>Alex's Hands</td>
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<td>Facetime</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Maggie uses sex instead of talking;Alex calls her out</td>
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<td>Maggie is turned on™ by Alex punching that guy</td>
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<td>Mags crawls into her shell when she's upset. Alex joins</td>
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<td>Maggie worshiping Alex &quot;I love you&quot; smut</td>
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<td>Alex enjoys watching herself be fucked</td>
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<td>Kara stands up to Eliza for Alex</td>
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<td>Sanvers and pet names</td>
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<td>&quot;I need her&quot; Alex calling Maggie after 2x20</td>
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<td>J'onn can't and won't lose his Earth daughters</td>
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<td>Maggie is worried about PDA post-2x19</td>
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<td>Maggie won't let Alex out of her sight (Post-2x19)</td>
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<td>Finals Week</td>
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<td>Maggie has to hold Alex close at night (Post 2x19)</td>
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<td>Alex used to get angry w/herself for not loving a guy</td>
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<td>Alex healing and growing after cutting Eliza out of her life</td>
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<td>Eliza takes the blame for how she treated Alex</td>
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<td>Maggie and Alex meet up before going back to fight</td>
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<td>Danvers sisters comfort each other, Maggie helps</td>
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<td>god, we're all such trash</td>
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<td>Cat comes back and is a legend</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Alex touching herself for Maggie</td>
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<td>Sanvers try to see who has greater willpower</td>
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<td>Sex that doesn't really go... well.</td>
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<td>Lena reacts to Kara's little crush on Maggie</td>
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<td>Maggie makes a joke about her favourite food, Alex.</td>
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<td>Kara comes back from earth 1 and interrupts sanvers</td>
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<td>Maggie learns about Alex's scars</td>
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<td>Sanvers watch a horror movie, Alex is scared</td>
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<td>Maggie supports Alex after she's put in charge</td>
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<td>Chap. 436</td>
<td>Maggie's reaction/response to the proposal</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>i'm not crying you are</td>
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<td>Chap. 437</td>
<td>Sanvers rationally thinking about marriage</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 438</td>
<td>Kara overhearing &quot;Go get 'em, Supergirl&quot;</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 439</td>
<td>Sanvers being there for Kara</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 440</td>
<td>M'gann and Maggie catching up</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 441</td>
<td>Alex's reaction to the Kara/Kal-El Fight</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>Chap. 442</td>
<td>Alex is Kara's second instead of... him.</td>
<td>Fluff?</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Danvers Sisters</td>
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<td>Chap. 443</td>
<td>&quot;holy shit, we survived and we're engaged&quot; smut</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 444</td>
<td>Winn and space dad superfam feels</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 445</td>
<td>More of Gertrude Danvers</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 446</td>
<td>Alex is embarrassed abt. asking for something in bed</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 447</td>
<td>Sanvers gets physical in a supply closet and Alex is loud.</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 448</td>
<td>Alex is finally introduced to team Flash and nerds out</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Superflarrow</td>
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<td>Chap. 449</td>
<td>Maggie helps nb!Alex through a rough dysphoria day</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Alex plays the drums</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 451</td>
<td>Script for the first scene of season 3</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 452</td>
<td>Maggie leaves and Kara is there for Alex</td>
<td>Angst</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Danvers Sisters</td>
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<td>Maggie wants to run, but Alex is there for her</td>
<td>Angst</td>
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<td>Sanvers being happy together</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 455</td>
<td>sanvers and supcorp highschool au</td>
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<td>Chap. 456</td>
<td>Feds vs. Local cops competition w/superfam betting</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Kara and Alex drunkenly debating who has better abs</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Superfam Antics</td>
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<td>Chap. 458</td>
<td>Maggie jokingly scolding Alex/bdsm experimentation</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 459</td>
<td>Kara is super happy for Alex. And a bit jealous.</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Danvers Sisters</td>
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<td>More fo Alex's praise kink</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 461</td>
<td>Maggie tells Kara she knows she's Supergirl</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 462</td>
<td>M'gann gives Alex the shovel talk</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 463</td>
<td>Coffe shop college au</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>Yes</td>
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<td>Chap. 464</td>
<td>More NB!Alex sanvers college AU</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>College AU</td>
<td>NB!Alex</td>
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<td>More of autistic Kara</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Chap. 466</td>
<td>Adrian brings a baby ace to dinner with sanvers</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Adrian and friends!</td>
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<td>Chap. 467</td>
<td>Alex has to go to a dance with Max. Mags comforts her</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 468</td>
<td>M’gann and Maggie: a brief history</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 469</td>
<td>Angst with bad coping mechanisms</td>
<td>Angst</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 470</td>
<td>Alex is fed up with Maggie's constant flirting</td>
<td>Angst</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Pre-Sanvers</td>
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<td>Chap. 471</td>
<td>Angsty smut</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Chap. 472</td>
<td>Alex explains why she pushed Maggie away 2x09</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>Dom!Alex and Sub!Maggie</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Maggie helps Kara during sensory overload</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Mags, Kara and Alex</td>
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<td>Even more NB!Alex in college</td>
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<td>Chap. 476</td>
<td>HSAU Alex is out, Maggie is a clueless baby gay</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>During yoga Alex finds every excuse to be behind Mags</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Sara comforts Kara</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Sanvers™ but not actually married ft. Adrian</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Adrian!</td>
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<td>Maggie meets Eliza</td>
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<td>Kara, Diana, and Ice cream</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>NB!Kara HSAU</td>
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<td>Chap. 483</td>
<td>Alex is a hot nerd, Maggie is whipped™</td>
<td>Fluff?</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 484</td>
<td>10 things Maggie loves about Alex</td>
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<td>Winn comes out to the superfam before a parade</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Superfam Antics</td>
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<td>Kara puts up pride flags like mistletoe, ends up kissing Lena</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Supercorp</td>
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<td>NB!Alex at pride</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 488</td>
<td>Kara goes to pride and gets overstimulated</td>
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<td>No</td>
<td>Superfam Antics</td>
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<td>How Sanvers went viral</td>
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<td>Chap. 490</td>
<td>Pride month smut focused around pride activities</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 491</td>
<td>Maggie feels guilty about Alex being captured</td>
<td>Angst</td>
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<td>Kara discovering toasters/toaster strudel fluff</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Chap. 493</td>
<td>Eliza mentions how Alex has changed since dating</td>
<td>Angst?</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Maggie demands cuddles</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>High school Sanvers science team</td>
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<td>Chap. 496</td>
<td>&quot;You're a good egg Sawyer&quot; ft. drunk Winn</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Sanvers and the goblet of fire</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Mags comes home to find Alex and Adrian blasting MCR</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Adrian!</td>
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<td>A history fo Alex's domesticity</td>
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<td>Lust at first sight. A reimagined version of the crime scene</td>
<td>???</td>
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<td>501</td>
<td>&quot;Say my name so I can hear it&quot; Soulmates AU</td>
<td>Angst?</td>
<td>Soulmates AU</td>
<td>I'm not crying you are</td>
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<td>Multiverse game night</td>
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<td>503</td>
<td>Sanvers kicking ass together and then cuddling</td>
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<td>504</td>
<td>Alex and Maggie fall asleep at movie night</td>
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<td>Alex and Lena hanging out</td>
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<td>Maggie has a bad day and Alex takes care of her</td>
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<td>507</td>
<td>Clark is there for Alex after Jeremiah's &quot;Death&quot;</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Alex has anxiety about flying</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>509</td>
<td>Sanvers dog walking AU (similar to Chap. 500)</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
<td>Dog Walking AU</td>
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<td>510</td>
<td>Alex is constantly apologizing, Maggie is reassuring</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>511</td>
<td>Mags had to take care of herself pre-sanvers</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Pre-Sanvers</td>
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<td>Eliza notices the engagement ring and is kinda concerned</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>513</td>
<td>Femme NB!Maggie</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>NB!Maggie</td>
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<td>514</td>
<td>Maggie and Kara bond over losing their families</td>
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<td>Mags Kara and Alex</td>
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<td>Alex deals with Ace!Maggie</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>Ace!Maggie</td>
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<td>516</td>
<td>Alex needs space, but not too much space</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>517</td>
<td>Alex has panic attacks and anxiety, Mags helps.</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>518</td>
<td>Sanvers making love, a smol soft smut piece</td>
<td>Smut</td>
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<td>Women hit on Alex and Maggie feels insecure</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
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<td>This Friday night, Winn is on the floor with Maggie</td>
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<td>Maggie comforts Kara post-finale</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Sanvers engagement photoshoot (with James ofc)</td>
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<td>Maggie and Alex are best friends</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>The superfam all get matching Supergirl onesies</td>
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<td>No</td>
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<td>Maggie thanks Kara for saving Alex from Cadmus</td>
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<td>Alex pulling Maggie in for a kiss but the shirt/jacket</td>
<td>Fluff</td>
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<td>Kara's next bday is big and has the multiverse crew</td>
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<td>Maggie worries about losing the superfam</td>
<td>hurt/comfort</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>Kinky smut + wrecked Sanvers</td>
<td>Smut</td>
<td>No</td>
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<td>sanvers and supercorp relaxing together</td>
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<td>Snavers college road trip AU</td>
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<td>Smut</td>
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<td>All Maggie's ever wanted</td>
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<td>Kara on remembering the Phantom Zone</td>
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<td>A thunderstorm knocks out the power</td>
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<td>A heated make out session the CW won't allow</td>
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<tr>
<td>541</td>
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Chapter 2

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

can we talk about how Maggie will steal many more items of clothing other than Alex's leather jacket. She probably has joint custody of a sweatshirt or two, and she has to keep giving them back and taking them so they can still smell like Alex

It's their first long weekend together when she first sees Alex in her Stanford sweater, curled up on top of her comforter, cup of decaf coffee in one hand, a tattered copy of Kafka on the Shore splayed open on her bent knees, glasses on, hair still damp from the shower.

The sight nearly stops Maggie’s heart.

The sweater is frayed at the edges of the sleeves, and Maggie immediately notices that Alex absentmindedly picks at the worn strands as she reads, as she bites on her lower lip when a particular line makes her stop, think, and read it again. She can all but see her doing the same in college, huddled into a quiet corner of the Stanford library, glasses askew and pen between her perfect lips.

Alex can’t find the sweater until the next weekend, when she goes over to Maggie’s place and finds her sprawled on the floor with her little niece, visiting National City, Stanford plastered across Maggie’s chest, the sweater slightly too big for her, the sweater absolutely perfect on her.

She says nothing about it, but makes sure to take plenty of pictures of Maggie and the little girl, making certain her college sweater gracing her girlfriend’s body is visible. She’s never quite felt this perfect before, this loved, this domestic.

She finds the sweater returned to her hamper half a week later, and she says nothing about it, but makes sure to wear it again a couple of times before leaving it at Maggie’s place, full of her scent and the anticipation of seeing Maggie in it again.

Her blue flannel is next to slip into Maggie’s joint custody. She finds it on the floor the morning after tearing it off of Alex’s shoulders the night before, and she slips it on, inhaling deeply, smiling softly.

She wears it over her black bra and boy shorts, not bothering to button it as she rummages through Alex’s kitchen, making omelettes and pancakes and coffee and squeezing out fresh orange juice.

When she pads out of the bedroom with bleary eyes and a contented smile, the sight of Maggie in her unbuttoned flannel, her hair tied up on top of her head and humming softly about falling in love, Alex’s heart nearly stops.

From then on, she only ever wears that flannel to give it back to Maggie.

They say nothing about their little clothing arrangement, but they both absolutely love it.
Chapter 3

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
After beating up aliens with supergirl, Alex is always a bit more "enthusiastic" with Maggie, and it makes Maggie wonder why.

They don’t always talk about their days. They can’t always talk about their days.
Not because of anything “classified”: before long, Maggie’s gained baseline clearance at the DEO, and Alex has achieved a similar status with the few NCPD officers she meets through Maggie.

No: they often don’t talk about their days because if they do, they’ll bring all the death, all the threats, and all the betrayal, into their homes. And sometimes, it’s necessary to do just that, and they do, and they find it both odd and beautiful to have an understanding shoulder to cry on. But they’re both just as relieved to have someone they can just sit with, just sink into the couch with, and just grumble “long day” or, for that matter, say nothing at all: and the other will get it. The other will be there, the other will be patient; the other will understand the heaviness of her shoulders and the gravity of her sighs, because she shares them.

But – words or not words – Maggie can always tell the days that Alex has taken down some threat, some murderer, some torturer. She can always tell because – while she herself gets silent, gets sullen, on physically brutal days like that – Alex gets… aggressive.

She never hurts Maggie – ever – and she never fails to check in for consent. But whereas on regular nights, Alex’s check ins are soft – wide eyes and gentle fingers seeking permission to take Maggie’s shirt off, to unhook her bra, to slip her fingers inside her – on nights like this, nights that punctuate the days where Alex has survived yet another battle, she seeks permission, but not softly. On these nights, she does nothing softly.

If Maggie’s home first, she’s usually cooking, and Alex will not verbally respond to her “hey babe!”. She will shrug off her jacket, toss her gun onto the chair, stalk into the kitchen, turn off the burner, back Maggie against the sink, and kiss her breathless, kiss her relentless, kiss her hard. “Good?” she’ll ask raggedly, and Maggie will whine and Maggie will nod, because god, yes, yes, it is.

If Alex is home first, Maggie rarely makes it past the threshold of the door, because Alex pins her against it so quickly, tugging down her jacket and yanking up her shirt, pausing only to growl – “yeah?” – before she strips Maggie entirely, pressing her naked body against the back of the door, lifting her, holding her, fucking her, filling her mind with Maggie’s enraptured screams instead of tortured yells, cleansing herself of ripped open skin and hard bone with Maggie’s soft curves and pliant warmth.

When they finally make it to the bedroom – and they will, because especially on the nights that end days of war, Alex is never satisfied with making Maggie cum only once or twice – Alex
quickly arranges the pillows so they’ll cushion Maggie’s head before she pushes her down onto the mattress, sometimes on her back, other times on her stomach, always biting into her neck, always clamping her wrists down onto the bed, always kissing her so hard her makeup smears and her lips swell.

“Alex!” Maggie will scream, and Alex will unleash a string of filthy curses into her ear, perfectly calibrated to topple her over the edge, to make her pulse around Alex’s fingers, to make her entire body shudder with the force of her response to Alex’s thrusts, to Alex’s words, to Alex’s raw need.

“You can cum harder than that, baby,” Alex will chide, and every time Maggie think she’s wrong; but every time, Alex will prove herself right.

It’ll usually take at least five or six orgasms – Alex will cum when Maggie does, but quietly, quietly, and Maggie only knows from the way Alex holds her breath, the way the rippled muscles in her back go completely rigid – for the feversed, heady glare in Alex’s eyes to dissipate, and then she’ll gather Maggie into her arms and leave tender kisses on all the harsh hickeys she’s left on her neck, her chest, her tight abs, the insides of her thighs.

She’ll crawl back up to kiss her mouth, and she’ll whisper that she’s beautiful, and Maggie will pull her head down onto her chest and stroke Alex’s hair until her breathing regulates, until her sweaty body shivers with cold and Maggie tugs the comforter over them both.

“Babe,” she asks one night, one of those nights, when Alex destroys threats to earth by day and battles her own demons through her girlfriend’s body by night. “You had a rough day, huh?”

Alex grunts, and Alex sighs, and Alex lets herself relax under the gentle rhythm of Maggie’s fingers stroking her hair. “I nearly lost one of my agents. He’ll be fine, he’s gonna be fine, but… I nearly lost one of my agents.”

“And last week, when you fucked me like this?” There’s no judgment in Maggie’s voice, just concern. Just curiosity. Just understanding and a burning desire to know the woman she loves better, so she can love her better.

Alex shifts so she’s looking up into Maggie’s eyes, and her gaze is steady. “Kara got hurt.”

Maggie nods in understanding. “How come?” she asks, but it’s not about Kara.

Alex sighs silently and she turns her face away, pressing a thoughtful kiss to Maggie’s chest.

“Being surrounded by death like that… beating it like that… it… it gives me this energy, it… it makes me need you. Makes me need to feel your pulse under my lips. Hear the sounds you make, taste you, feel… feel how warm you are, how you move, how… alive you are. I need to feel how alive you are.”

“So you can also feel how alive you are,” Maggie supplies, and Alex nods almost imperceptibly.

Maggie presses a kiss into her hair and pulls her body closer to her.

“I got you, babe. I got you.”
Chapter 4

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

atsirc asked:

prompt: smut fic about alex (being a total bottom bc she is) and her magnificent PRAISE KINK

Maggie has always prided herself on figuring out – detecting, one might say – the exact things that the women she’s taken to bed have wanted – needed – most.

Alex Danvers was the first who ever took pride in also figuring out exactly what made Maggie scream the loudest, writhe the wildest, scrape her nails down her back the hardest.

This reciprocity – this enthusiastic, passionate, up-all-night-and-god-everything’s-gonna-be-both-sore-and-worth-it-in-the-morning, because Alex couldn’t seem to ever get enough of pleasing Maggie, couldn’t ever seem to coax her through enough earth-shattering orgasms – this desire that Alex had to please Maggie served to make it that much sweeter, that much hotter, that much happier and that much more pride-inducing, when Maggie took the opportunity to figure out what made Alex cum the hardest.

And she took every opportunity she got.

There was a lot Alex loved – well, everything, really, when it came to Maggie – Maggie’s breath in her ear, her teeth on her neck, her tongue right there, her fingers right oh god – but the thing Maggie was most interested in exploring right now was the way that words, her words, made Alex Danvers beg and whine and whimper and come – and cum – completely and utterly undone.

Maggie first started picking up on Alex’s love, thirst, hunger, raw need, for Maggie’s praise in her ear when her entire body had reacted, hard, when Maggie breathed, “Jesus fuck, Alex, that feels so fucking good.” Alex had screamed into her nipple, then, and her hips had grinded down into Maggie’s, once, hard, like she was so turned on she couldn’t move for a moment. And sure enough, she couldn’t, because she was.

“Just like that, babe, you’re doing such a good job,” Maggie had whined, half for herself and half for the woman between her legs, and Alex had moaned, desperately, the vibrations of her lips humming on Maggie’s clit.

The world didn’t tell Alex enough that she was good, that she was amazing. That she was perfect. Maggie, of course, told her every chance she got. And after Alex screamed like that, moaned like that, moved like that, Maggie decided that the bedroom – and the kitchen, and the bar bathroom, and the DEO lab – should be a place (places) where Alex got all the praise she deserved.

So now, Maggie is struggling to catch her own breath, to compose her own voice, because damn does she mean it when she says that Alex Danvers is perfect, and it’s making her whole body writhe.
“Alex, that feels incredible,” she moans as Alex’s palm pressures her clit. Alex bits her lips and tries – and fails – to swallow a squeaky whine of pleasure.

“It’s okay, babygirl, let me hear you.”

Alex lets her lips part time time and she lets out a breathy groan. “Maggie,” she rasps, dragging the syllables out, and Maggie doesn’t know if she’ll be able to keep her focus if Alex keeps saying her name and touching her clit, slamming her fingers into her body, like that.

So she tightens the grip of her inner thighs around Alex’s hips and pushes off from one side, flipping Alex over neatly so Maggie is straddling her, riding her. She makes sure Alex is good – the heady look in Alex’s eyes and the way she adjusts her wrist so she can slip deeper inside Maggie tell her that she is – and Maggie lets herself grind down on Alex’s hand, slowly, slowly, letting her head fall back and her chest arch up. Alex gasps and swears at the sight.

“You’re beautiful, Mags,” she rasps, and Maggie’s heart leaps, and she smiles, but she’d flipped them over so she could keep it together long enough to make this about Alex. So she leans down, she kisses her, and she lifts her hips up, letting Alex’s fingers slip out of her. They both sigh keenly at the loss, and Alex looks confused for a moment.

Maggie leans up on one elbow and smooths Alex’s hair away from her wide eyes.

“I want to hear the gorgeous sounds you make while I fuck you, babygirl.” Maggie tells her, and Alex tosses her head back onto the pillow, a sound somewhere between a moan, a gasp, and a scream working its way out of her lips.

“Mmhmm, good girl, I want you to let yourself enjoy, okay?”

Alex nods and nearly squeaks in the affirmative, and Maggie brings their lips together while she adjusts her legs so one of her thighs settles between Alex’s. She demands entry into Alex’s mouth with her tongue, and Alex complies with a gasp. Maggie pulls back and Alex whines and Maggie chuckles.

“Do you want me in your pussy like I was just in your mouth, my gorgeous girl?”

“I – it – Maggie,” is all Alex can choke out, and Maggie accepts her spluttering plea. She skates a hand down Alex’s stomach and puts her lips to Alex’s ear.

“Your body feels so good under mine, baby.” Alex’s hips arch up of their own accord and Maggie is nearly overcome with the sound of Alex whining for her.

Maggie’s fingers skid down below Alex’s waistline, and it’s her turn to moan.

“Mmmm, good girl, Alex Danvers. You’re so fucking wet for me.”

Alex’s nails scrape down Maggie’s back, grab at her ass, try desperately to find her wrist, her hand.

“Fuck. Babe, you wanna be a good girl for me and tell me with your words what you want?”

Alex’s entire body writhes again, and it takes all of Maggie’s self control not to cum right there, just from the desperation in Alex’s face, the ragged tenor of her scream, the strength rippling through the tremors in her body.

“Maggie, I… I want…”
“That’s right, Alex, you’re amazing. Go on, baby, tell me what you want.”

“You. In… inside me. Maggie. Please. Please.”

“Alex, look at me.”

She complies, eyes wide, eyes desperate, panting with need and dripping with desire.

Maggie braces her fingers just outside Alex’s entrance, steadies her palm right above her clit, steadies her eyes right above those of the woman she loves.

“You are so. Fucking. Gorgeous,” Maggie tells her, slipping her fingers deep inside her on the last syllable.

At the combination of Maggie’s fingers, Maggie’s palm, Maggie’s voice, Maggie’s eyes, Alex screams and thanks god her bedroom faces away from the neighbors because ceasing to care, ceasing to remember anything in the multiverse beyond the rhythm of Maggie Sawyer’s hand, the rhythm of Maggie Sawyer’s praise.

“You are so tight for me, my love.”

“You’re doing so good, baby.”

“God, I love being surrounded by you, Alex.”

“God, you are so damn beautiful.”

“You wanna be a good girl and cum for me, babe?”

Alex screams into a shock wave at that, and Maggie brings her free hand to Alex’s hair, to her cheek.

“Look at me, Alex,” she rasps, and Alex obeys.

“You are perfect,” Maggie tells her as she curves her fingers deep inside her, and Alex sees stars.

She rides out her orgasm digging her nails into Maggie’s back, leaving marks Maggie will be very proud of in the morning; she rides out her orgasm with Maggie’s hand behind her head, cushioning her, holding her, surrounding her, loving her; she rides out her orgasm with Maggie’s words coursing through her bloodstream and with Maggie’s name spilling out of her screaming lips.

“Maggie,” she shudders one last time as Maggie coaxes the last wave through her entire body. Her eyes are hazy and slightly unfocused, and Maggie leans up on her elbow and kisses her lips, her nose, her jawline.

“Thank you,” Alex whispers softly, as Maggie gently slips out of her and gathers Alex’s spent body into her chest to ward off the potentially overwhelming nature of this particular breed of vulnerability.

“I meant every word,” Maggie whispers, and Alex falls asleep with Maggie’s lips pressed against her temple and her own curled into a soft, contented smile.
heartsandbrains asked:
3- they are starting the whole sex thing, the first time was sweet and slow but now shit is getting real and even though maggie loves being on top and straddling alex, she notices that sometimes alex initiates a movement to turn them around but never continues so one day she asks and alex just whispers 'i dont know... you are really tiny, i dont wanna hurt you' and maggie is not mad but she cant help to say loudly 'i AM NOT TINY!!!!!!'

Their first time is slow and their first time depends on definition.

Because really, they have a lot of first times.

The first time Alex runs her hands under Maggie’s shirt, tugging it over her head after receiving a breathless “yeah” from Maggie. She’s not wearing a bra, and the first words Alex rasps out are, “Yep. Definitely gay,” and Maggie chuckles throatily until her laughter cuts into a sharp gasp when Alex’s lips and Alex’s tongue – Alex’s perfect tongue – finds her nipple.

The first time Alex lets Maggie do the same to her, trembling with need, trembling with nerves, because Maggie has scars, sure, but they're beautiful to Alex, and anyway, they have nothing on the fresh bruises that have made a mural of Alex’s torso nearly daily since she joined the DEO. But Maggie kisses each one and Maggie’s tongue is magical and her open-mouthed kiss lingers right above the line of Alex’s boy shorts, and suddenly Alex is arching her hips up, begging for more of Maggie’s tongue, so that becomes the first night Maggie goes down on her, too. And the second time. And third, and fourth. Alex loses count around six, and Maggie’s never been so high on the taste of someone else in her life.

Maggie loves the way Alex seems surprised every time Maggie makes her gasp, makes her whine, makes her scream. She’s under the impression that Alex has never been particularly loud, and Alex confirms this when they’re tangled in each other’s arms after the first time Maggie slips inside her, and Maggie’s stroking her hair and Alex tells her how it’s never felt anything like this before.

Alex loves the way Maggie makes her come undone, makes her write with need but instead of feeling vulnerable, instead of feeling whiny and selfish, Maggie makes her feel cared for, wanted, sexy. Taken care of.

“I got you, babe,” Maggie will whisper when Alex slams her hands down and rips at the sheets crumpled beneath them, and the rasp in her voice, her breath in Alex’s ear, never fails to send Alex over the edge.

Which is why Maggie does it, of course.

And Alex makes Maggie feel the same way; makes her feel cherished. Makes her feel worshipped. Makes her feel enveloped, protected. Cared for. The hunger in her eyes outweighing the nerves the
first time she drags her tongue over Maggie’s soaking clit; the way Alex moans, the way her eyes roll back into her head, with the sheer ecstasy of tasting her for the first time; the way she uses her tongue, her chin, her nose, her fingers, everything to coax Maggie into an orgasm that tears through her body like nothing she’s ever felt.

Until there was Alex Danvers.

And yet.

And yet, Maggie notices – she’s a detective, after all, and perhaps even – perhaps especially – while she’s making a certain, very naked, very high-ranking DEO agent squirm and beg and scream out her name beneath her, she detects – that Alex is holding back somehow.

Because sometimes – while they’re making out, while Maggie is grinding her thigh into Alex’s soaked core, while they’re fucking – sometimes, Alex grabs Maggie’s hips and starts to move her body like she’s going to flip Maggie off her and over onto her back, like she’s going to flip herself on top of her. But each time, something tugs at the skin behind her eyes, and she doesn’t complete the movement.

Maggie worries, at first, that she’s hurt Alex; that Alex needs to stop; that she’s overwhelmed. Each time, Maggie stills. Each time, Maggie asks, “you good, babe?” Each time, Alex blinks and pulls Maggie back down into a searing kiss.

But Maggie detects a pattern, detects the way that every time Alex starts – and aborts – flipping Maggie over, it’s right after she gets this particularly hungry look in her eyes, after she nearly glares up at Maggie with the intensity of her need, the intensity of her desire.

So one night, when Alex grabs at Maggie’s hips, starts to yank her sideways, but stops, Maggie braces her knees into the bed, wraps her hands around Alex’s shoulders, and completes the motion, rocking herself sideways and tugging Alex along with her, pulling her down on top of her.

Alex’s eyes go wide and her lips go speechless, and Maggie decides that as much as she loves looking down at Alex’s kiss-swollen lips and her hair haloing around her in sexy disarray on the pillow, the view from below is also sheer perfection: Alex’s hair hanging down, framing her face, her chest rising and falling, her eyes now almost feral as she realizes what Maggie has done.

“I take it you like this, then,” Maggie rasps, and Alex leans back, putting her weight up on her elbows, so she can see the perfection of Maggie’s body laying beneath her. She nods hungrily, but there are nerves battling the lust in her body language.

“You’ve been trying to flip me over for a while now.” Alex nods again, seemingly in shock.

“Why haven’t you, babe? It’s okay, you know. There’s isn’t anything I don’t want to do with you.”

Alex finally finds her voice.

“But I don’t wanna hurt you, Maggie, you’re so tiny!”

The force of Maggie’s responses nearly makes DEO Agent Alex Danvers topple off of her.

“I am not tiny!”

Alex thinks about cowering, but rears up on her hands instead, nodding down at their difference in size.
“I mean… *babe.*”

Maggie shoves at her with a fake scowl. “I am *not* tiny,” she repeats until Alex grabs her wrists and slams them down on the pillows alongside her head.

Maggie’s eyes fly wide and her breath goes ragged. Alex loosens her grip. “That okay, babe?”

Maggie grabs at her so she doesn’t let go of her wrists. “Ya… yes. *God.* Yes,” she tells her, licking her lips and staring up at Alex with raw desire written into her every feature.

And that is the first time Alex doesn’t worry about how tiny her girlfriend is.
Chapter 6
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Nose kisses are the best, I can't wait to read your fic! A question now: who is the biter between them? I'm sure alex or maggie has a bite kink but idk who...

So I’m on a plane and I literally went “OH. Hmmmm” when I read your (very important) question. I'm gonna say… both? I’m also gonna say, here, have a minific, because smut is apparently my coping mechanism on this flight ;)

The first time Alex’s teeth graze Maggie’s neck, it’s an accident born of passion and enthusiasm and raw, raw need.

So when Maggie inhales a sharp breath, Alex freezes and pulls back and her entire body tenses.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you, I – ”

“Danvers,” Maggie rasps, a heady grin tugging at her lips. “That was a good sound. A really fucking good sound.”

“Oh. Ohhh.”

And because Alex doesn’t know how – and doesn’t care to learn right now – to bite down on Maggie’s neck without leaving a mark, Maggie goes to work the next day covered in hickeys. She gets a lot of thumps on the back from her fellow detectives, and she thinks she might be finally starting to fit in.

The first time Maggie’s teeth sink into Alex’s skin, it’s definitely on purpose. Tentative, yes. Gentle, yes. But definitely, positively, on purpose.

She watches Alex’s face closely to gauge her reaction, but it turns out she doesn’t need to, because Alex is thrusting her hips up and Alex is part-gasping, part-screaming, and she’s burying her hands in Maggie’s hair and she’s panting her name and she’s thrusting her hips up and she’s demanding more.

And Maggie gives her more, all along her throat, her collarbone, her chest. Her washboard abs, her hip bone, the dip between her torso and her thighs. And all the while, Alex begs and Alex moans, and all the while, Maggie obliges, her teeth mapping every inch of Alex’s waiting, burning skin.
Chapter 7

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
I bet one day maggie's cousin will call her "I cannot believe you are not only dating a fbi agent but also she's A DOCTOR?? My boyfriend barely finished college... how dare you! And she's is tall??" Her family will be shook with alex, that's for sure

And Alex’s family is absolutely shook with Maggie.

“Alexxxx, you didn’t tell me Maggie could COOK like this!”

“That’s because I’d like to eat occasionally, Kara.”

“Alexandra, you know Winn tells me that Maggie double majored in biology and chemistry with a minor in literature: why didn’t you tell me your girlfriend was so well rounded?”

“Must have forgotten to bring her CV when I brought her over for dinner, Mom, sorry about that.”

“You know, Alex, Detective Sawyer was able to offer some tactical improvements to our search and rescue drills: quite impressive for a local cop, I have to say.”

“Thanks, J’onn, I’ll pass along your drippingly enthusiastic words of praise.”

“Please thank Maggie again for taking that bullet for me when you all rescued me from Cadmus, Alex: I’m really glad she’s okay. She seems wonderful, if her reaction time and the way she looks at you are any indication.”

“I’ll let her know, Dad, but she told me to tell you that next time you thank her, I should remind you that you should really be thanking the kevlar.”

“Alex, look at the photo Maggie just sent me! You didn’t tell me she likes photography!”

“Yeah, you should see the ones she takes of me in bed.”

“Oh man, Alex, you need to make sure Maggie comes to game night this week, I just got the newest Warcraft and she promised to show me some tricks.”

“Yes, Winn, I’ll tell my nerd girlfriend that my nerd best friend wants to play his nerd game with her.”

“Calling someone a nerd there, Danvers? Takes one to know one.”

“You know my entire family loves you.”

“That so?”

“Mmhmm. Which is pretty convenient for me.”
“Yeah? Why’s that, Danvers?”

“Because I love you too, Maggie Sawyer.”
Anonymous asked:
I hope there's a scene where supergirl and maggie are bonding over how to deSTROY an alien that hurt alex (it was just a scratch tbh), while alex is w/ winn and j'o'on trying to come up with a plan to actually protect the poor bastard. It would be gold!

*For me the best part of this is Winn and J'onn trying to defend the poor bastard, like:*

“I don’t know, Mr. Schott, I’ve seen Detective Sawyer in action and she’s not quite as… shall we say… *enthusiastic* about inflicting pain as Alex can be –”

“Okay, but J'onn, remember when Maxwell Lord showed up and tried to hit on Alex again and Maggie gave him a concussion and two bruised ribs before Alex even had a chance to react?”

“… Let’s find this guy before Detective Sawyer and Supergirl can.”
Chapter 9
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
maggie confronting james and winn about the guardian, they turn to alex "you told her??" and she goes "i didnt need to. she's a detective you idiots. SHE DETECTS."

“Awww, Danvers, I love when you steal my lines like that. It makes me feel all special and listened to.”

“You gettin soft on me, Sawyer?”

“Ummmm guys, can you stop – stop – with the kissing? Just… for now? OW!”

“Um, I think what Winn was *trying* to say was –”

“We’ll deal with your Guardian ass later, Olsen, alright? Can I make out with my woman NOW?”
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Every times Alex bites her lips, Maggie will kiss her, doesn't matter where they're at.
DEO. Crime scene. Grocery store. Kara's apt. EVERYWHERE. Alex knows it and she
does it on purpose. =0)

She doesn’t realize the pattern at first.

Doesn’t realize that every single time she’s insecure, every single time she’s being coy, every
single time she’s flirting or she’s said something brilliant and is fishing for praise or for a flash of
her new girlfriend’s dimples – every single time – Maggie kisses her.

But Alex is a DEO agent and it only takes a couple of weeks to put it together.

It’s every time she bites her lip. Every. Single. Time.

And she loves it.

So when she’s looking over a medical report at the DEO, Maggie describing the weapon they’d
catched a glimpse of to Winn, and Alex is turned on by her keen attention to detail, she makes sure
to bite her lip. The kiss elicits a tiny whoop from Winn, an oh come on from J’onn, and assorted
clapping and whistling from other DEO agents.

When they’re at a crime scene, and Maggie’s signing the last of the onsite paperwork, Alex puts
her hands on her hips, taking one last glance around the scene, and bites her lip. Maggie pulls her
against her body by the hips and brings their lips together.

When Alex is comparing two brands of peanut butter – searching for the healthiest kind – in the
grocery store, she makes sure Maggie is watching, and she bites her lip. They almost knock down
an entire shelf’s worth of jam, and Alex is pretty sure she sees Maggie slipping the most sugary
brand of peanut butter into their basket, but she finds that she doesn’t mind at all.

When it’s game night and it’s the legendary hero category in charades and they’re watching Winn
shout random phrases at James until he comes up with Robin Hood, Alex bites her lip while she’s
laughing, and Maggie practically knocks Kara off of the couch as she slips her tongue into Alex’s
waiting mouth.

“Why do you kiss me every single time I bite my lip?” Alex finally asks, breathless, bare chest
flushed with Maggie’s body heat and her own sweat.

“Why do you always bite your lip whenever you want me to kiss you?” Maggie retorts, rolling
Alex on top of her and smoothing her hair out of her face.

“You knew?”
“Why do you think I did it, Danvers? It’s our system!”

“We have a system.”

“I like our system.”

Alex grins wickedly as she takes her bottom lip between her teeth.

“I like our system, too.”
penvision asked:
Alex’s torso is painted with bruises and scars. Part of the job, which she loves, so they never bothered her, until she thinks about maggie seeing them. Because how could maggie find her sexy like that, still want to kiss her after that?

OMG I love you for sending me this I think about how Alex must be constantly bruised all over her torso and back more often than is healthy.

The first few times they kiss, Maggie is tentative with her hands, keeping mostly to Alex’s elbows, her shoulders, her face, her hair, her neck. It’s hard enough, not just stripping all her clothes off: she’s not trying to make it harder for herself by touching her anywhere else.

But it doesn’t take long for Alex, baby gay though she is, to get, well… handsy.

And the sounds she makes when she lifts Maggie’s shirt to touch the bare skin above her waistline, the way Alex’s entire body trembles when she first slides her hands down to Maggie’s ass, pulling her closer into her body, the look on her face when Alex tugs her shirt off for the first time…

Maggie needs all of this like she needs oxygen, but more, and so, it seems, does Alex.

So when Maggie slides tentative, desperate but gentle hands down to the hem of Alex’s henley, her heart is nearly slamming out of her chest. She waits for Alex to stop her, needing, always, to get her permission before doing anything; and she’s not surprised that Alex does stop her, does reach her hands down to still Maggie’s. But she is surprised by the insecure terror on Alex’s face.

“It’s okay, babe, we don’t have to – “

“No, it’s not… I want to, Maggie, I want you.” She looks down at Maggie’s shirtless body, at the way one of the straps of her black bra had slid off her shoulder, and she nearly pounces on her again. “I just…”

Alex swallows.

She stares at the woman standing, open lipped and silent, wanting and patient, understanding and vulnerable, in front of her, and she slowly, her hands shaking, lifts up her shirt.

“I like my body,” she tells her in a voice that she hopes to god isn’t shaking. “I like my body, and I like – not in a self-destructive way, just – I’m proud of what my body lets me do. Of the marks that remind me what I can survive.”

Maggie lets her eyes follow the progression of Alex’s shirt, higher and higher up her washboard...
abs, and she inhales deeply, slowly, at the mural of bruises and scars painted on Alex’s torso, on her sides, all in various shades, colors, all in various states of healing.

“But I – no one knows, no one’s… seen. I stopped changing in front of Kara when I started working at the DEO, I… I don’t want you to think that I’m… I don’t want you to stop looking at me like you…”

“Like I what?” Maggie rasps, her eyes memorizing a map of Alex’s current wounds while Alex tugs her shirt over her head.

Stitches, eight, on the fresh side, maybe about three months, diagonal, just above her navel. Probably from the slash of a knife, or claws.

A bruise, bigger than a human fist, deep purple in the center and fanning out in various shades of green and yellow for at least twice that span, on the left side of her rib cage. Probably from being kicked repeatedly while she was on the ground.

A smaller bruise, older, yellower, just below her navel. Probably from a solid punch to the gut.

A jagged scar, just above her bra line, old, but not so old that it wasn’t clearly visible; she must have covered it with make-up when she wore that low cut shirt the other night. Maggie doesn’t want to even begin at guessing what it could be from.

“Like you want me,” Alex answers in a small, small voice. “I don’t want you to stop looking at me like you want me.”

“Alex,” Maggie breathes, sinking slowly down to her knees, not breaking eye contact with her. She braces her hands gently on Alex’s hips and Alex breathes in deeply, slowly.

And just as deeply, just as slowly, Maggie brings her lips to meet every scar, every bruise, every bump and every scrape, that she can find. Alex hisses and Alex sighs and Alex tangles her hands in Maggie’s hair and Alex swears she will never let go of this woman even if keeping her kills her.

“I want you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her as she rises from her knees. “I want you, I want you, I want you.”

And she spends the entire rest of the night proving just how much.
Chapter 12

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
I don't think alex is comfortable talking about sex with kara, so she talks w/ lucy, she mumbles and gets embarassed but lucy is like "giiirll, give me details. I'm here to listen" and that's how lucy becomes her confident

Alex Danvers has never liked intimacy.

But now intimacy – whether it’s holding hands or being fed or undressing her girlfriend or letting Maggie go down on her – is all that’s ever really on Alex’s mind.

And she can’t talk to Kara about it. Kara who always looks so scandalized by the mere idea of her friends having sex, let alone her sister, Kara who always smiles because she’s happy that Alex is happy, but averts her eyes carefully, whenever she and Maggie so much as kiss in front of her.

And she likes Winn, she does – loves him, even, even though she’d be damned if she ever told him that – but talking to him about… sex? No. No. Nope. Nnhnn.

J’onn’s basically her father, so just… no.

James? James might be a good option, but she doesn’t want to make things weird since he and Kara used to be…

Used to be… Lucy. Of course. Lucy. Obviously. Lucy.

She regrets it almost as soon as she brings it up with her, because now she can’t be tentative: Lucy Lane will not allow it.

“Agent Alexandra Danvers, you will tell me every single detail about fucking that woman right now or so help me, I will get myself reinstated in the army and have you court martialed for crimes against humanity.”
Chapter 13

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
I know everyone wants sanvers scenes but I want maggie and kara interactions too!!
And I want maggie to be unfazed by kara pout but the moment alex does it (yes, kara
learn that from her) she gives in (and kara is a bit offended by it tbh)

Okay so first YES YES YES and second, there are a bunch of really fun Kara/Maggie interactions
in my Sanvers Christmas fic, and tomorrow’s Chanukah fic is gonna be entirely about Kara and
Maggie!!

BUT ONTO THE POUT (you are a genius this is a literally perfect concept):

“Alright Danvers ladies, I gotta get home, I have an early meeting – “

“But Maggie, the movie’s not even half over!” Kara rounds on Maggie with a full on pout, which
is made even cuter by the fact that her cheeks are rounded with the fistful of popcorn she’d just
stuffed in her mouth.

Alex grins, confident and smug and grateful to Kara, while James and Winn snicker, Winn
backhanding James’s arm repeatedly, anticipating the way Maggie will inevitably melt: even J’onn
is susceptible to the Kara Danvers Pout, and they’ve been speculating that Kara should just pout at
Lilian Luthor next time Cadmus is threatening extermination, because hell, even she probably
wouldn’t be immune.

“Sorry, kid, no can do.”

Kara nearly chokes and James thumps her on the back while a chorus of shocked what did she just
say? and what the hell is happening? and but you just pouted! how are you resisting the pout right
now? We thought resistance was futile! practically blew Maggie backward.

“The pout’s cute, Little Danvers, I’ll give you that. I can see where it’d be effective. But I really do
have to get home.”

She slapped Kara on the knee as she made to stand up, Kara still wide-eyed and swallowing.

“Maggie,” Alex said softly, grabbing her hand and stopping her from getting up. “Babe, stay a little
longer? Just until the end of the movie? Or you can stay over, go to work from here in the
morning.” Her eyes widen and her lips pout forward slightly, and her voice is honey and James is
hitting Winn this time and Kara’s mouth is wide open with horror because Maggie is already
melting back into Alex’s arms and sighing.

“Alright, alright. Just until the end of the movie.”
“Or you can sleep here.”

“We’ll see.”

Another Alex Danvers Pout.

An outraged huff of indignation from Kara, and growing snickers from James and Winn.

“Okay, I’ll stay the night.”

And suddenly the pout is gone and is replaced by the most shit-eating grin Alex has ever worn, as she rearranges her head on Maggie’s lap and settles in so Maggie can play with her hair.

“Did she just –“

“Yeah, yeah, she did. She out-pouted you, Kara.”

“It must be love.”

Maggie’s eyes were on the movie, but she smiled as she responded to their banter.

“It is.”
Chapter 14

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Okay- but what if Alex keeps trying to come out to her mom but things keep preventing her to do so. Kara leaves because of the portal/other universe. Maggie comes by because Alex is drunk/upset/lonely...

(Musical inspiration for this minific is James Arthur’s “Say You Won’t Let Go.”)

It’s not that she hadn’t tried.

It’s not that she hadn’t tried hard.

She drank her way through Thanksgiving, struggling to give herself enough courage to let the words, “Mom, I’m gay” slip past her lips. Struggling to give herself enough courage to rail at her for not giving her the space – because it was Eliza who took her space, not Kara, Kara who was just a little girl who’d lost her entire planet, but it was Eliza who should have known not to put that all on Alex’s back, too – to realize this about herself, or much of anything about herself. Struggling to give herself enough courage to ask how, how, even though Kara swore up and down that Eliza couldn’t possibly have a problem with her daughter being gay, Alex could not be terrified when all Eliza seemed to ever want from Alex was more than she could give?

She’d tried.

But, as was typical in her attempts to communicate with her mother – despite their immense, unflinching love for each other, despite their intense, unwavering connection – Alex failed. She tried to remind herself that it wasn’t her fault, that Kara had been whisked away by Barry Allen to go defend some other Earth – Alex would strangle Barry for letting Kara go alone if she ever got her hands on him – that Eliza had flown back to Midvale for the continuation of classes.

She tried to remind herself that she was Alex Danvers and that the bottom of even the best bottle of bourbon wouldn’t make her feel better.

But dammit, she failed again.

She failed again, because she’d already swallowed an entire half of the bottle in just the last twenty minutes, and her body took action before her mind could protest.

The phone only rang twice before the voice that both stopped and warmed her heart answered.

“Danvers! It’s late, everything okay?”

“Maggie Sawyer,” she drawled, tossing back another sip of bourbon to convince herself that calling Maggie was, in fact, the right decision. “You know I wanted to invite you for Thanksgiving? I wanted you to come, to be part of the family. But I also wanted to come out to my mom, and I
figured, best not do that with the woman I’m falling for sitting right at the table next to me!”

“Alex – “

“But the thing is, Maggie, you wanna know the thing, about coming out to my mom?”

“Alex, please stop talking.”

“Okay.”

“Alex, you’re drunk, aren’t you?”

“Pfft, no, why would you – “

“Alex, I’m hanging up now. I’ll be there in ten. Drink some water.”

“But Maggie – “

“I’ll be right there. Drink water.”

Alex dimly registered that it was nine and a half minutes, not ten, when Maggie rapped at her door, and when she tugged it open somewhat sloppily, that Maggie’s perfect hair was perfectly askew, like she’d not only rode her Triumph, but like she’d run to and from it. Her slightly heaving chest proved Alex right.

She chuckled to herself at her cleverness.

“You gonna let me in, Danvers?”

“To the apartment or to the little inside joke I just made with myself there?”

Maggie smiled, but her eyes were guarded. Her eyes were sad.

“Oh, babygirl,” she whispered instinctively as Alex stumbled slightly as she tried to step back to let Maggie in.

Maggie wrapped a gentle, steady hand around Alex’s waist and led her to the couch, kicking the door closed behind them.

“You called me babygirl. I wish I was your babygirl.”

“Alex.”

“I could be your Alex, too, you know. Kara says you don’t know what you’re missing.”

“Kara’s wrong. I do. But, Alex, listen, you drank all that because you were upset about something else. Right? That’s why you called me, you were talking about Thanksgiving, about coming out to your mom?”

Alex squinted and leaned forward and Maggie gulped. Alex pulled back suddenly and Maggie took a breath. Alex’s hands shot up and back in an open-armed shrug.

“The thing is, I didn’t even come out to her! Didn’t get the damn chance! And now she’s back in Midvale and Kara’s away and probably in danger and I can’t do anything about it, I can’t do anything about any of it, and I just – “
Her words dissolved into harsh sobs and her breath shattered into shards as Maggie pulled her gently into her arms, pressing a soft kiss to her fair, rocking her, running her fingers across her back.

“I’ve got you, Alex. I’m here. I’m here. I’m here.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I – I’m not – I’m sorry, I’m sorry, Maggie, I’m sorry.”

“Shh, no apologies, it’s okay. You’re okay.”

“I’m a mess.”

“You’re allowed to be. You’re allowed to break, Alex. I won’t let you lose track of any of the pieces. I’ve got you. You’re okay.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Shhhh.”

“Please don’t go. Please. Please don’t go.”

“I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere. I’m right here.”

Alex pulled back, shaking slightly, eyes unfocused. “Maggie, I – I think I have to throw up now.”

“Okay, come on, bathroom this way? I got you.”

And she did. She held Alex’s hair back and she rubbed her back while she was panting, pulling the band out of her own ponytail to tie Alex’s hair back for the next time she retched, both of Maggie’s hands would be free, one to be squeezed by Alex’s hand, one to continue rubbing her back.

“Good job, babe, get it all out. It’s okay, you’re okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Alex moaned, and Maggie just shook her head.

“No apologies, Alex. I’ve been there. You deserve to be cared for. You deserve to be loved.”

Alex responded by throwing up again, and Maggie smiled slightly as Alex squeezed her hand again, hand.

“Stay,” Alex whispered after Maggie had been suitably convinced that she was done throwing up, after Maggie had wiped her face, after Maggie had helped her brush her teeth, had made her sip at least half a glass of water, had helped her into her bed.

“You should get some rest,” Maggie tried to argue, but Alex’s eyes were wide and terrified and her grip was vice like on Maggie’s forearm.

“Please.”

Maggie took a slow, deep breath and climbed into bed behind Alex, gulping and trying desperately to remember everything about calming breathing from that yoga class she went to last year, but all memory, all thoughts other than Alex, were shattered as Alex put her head on her chest, her leg over her hips, her arm over her stomach.

“Thank you,” Alex whispered, already mostly asleep.
Maggie didn’t sleep all night. She didn’t move. She barely breathed.

But she did know that she was already in love.
Chapter 15
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

atsirc asked:
prompt: alex running a bath for maggie

After a few months, they’re practically living together.

After a few months, they have a shorthand that’s even tighter than the one they had almost automatically; this one extends into emotional life outside of work. When there can be emotional life outside of work.

So when Alex gets the deflated long day today. quiet night tonight? text from Maggie, she knows.

Knows that her heart hurts and that her body probably hurts, too.

Knows that someone did something racist, something xenophobic, something homophobic. That someone she was pursuing got away, that someone died, that Maggie got beaten down, that she was questioning herself, her purpose, her abilities.

Something. It was always something.

Alex knew, because Alex always had something, too.

Come over, I’ll order in, Alex texted back casually.

In the beginning, she’d always been overly concerned.

In the beginning, she’d overcompensated for making their initial friendship mostly about her needs, her coming out, her growth, and tried to get Maggie to talk about everything with her.

And sometimes, Maggie did. Sometimes Maggie talked and sometimes Maggie cried and sometimes Maggie shook with rage for hours on end.

But more often? More often Maggie sat, and sighed, and took shots of whiskey, and let Alex play with her hair, and sank into her arms, onto her lap, and fell asleep with Alex’s fingers tracing every contour of her face.

So Alex knew, now, not to make a big fuss over Maggie’s long day. She knew not to ask: if Maggie wanted to talk, she would.

She knew, now, just to act.

So she sped home from the DEO and she rummaged way in the back of the cabinet underneath her sink, digging out first aid kits and toothpaste and tampons, until she found the bottle she was looking for: a lavender-scented bubble bath that Eliza had gotten her last year, with a pointed reminder about the scientifically proven benefits of aromatherapy.
She plugged the drain, she ran the water, she dumped a quarter of the spicy-sweet smelling bottle into the mix. She tested the water with her hands, warm, warmer, warmest, bordering on too hot. She watched with satisfaction as the bubbles formed, and she jumped up with another idea, looking haphazardly at her watch as she darted from the bathroom: Maggie would be home any minute.

She shot through the apartment, gathering the candles that Maggie always seemed to like best, and arranged them on the sides of the tub. She lit them. She tested the water again. She took a deep breath in and let her eyes flutter closed.

She grinned and she turned off the water and she ordered them two pies of pizza, because it was bound to be one of those nights.

When Maggie’s key scraped the lock – her heart always leaped at that – she bit down her smile, she bit down the urge to run to the door, to overwhelm Maggie with physical attention, with love, with kisses. Instead, she casually leaned her head over the side of the open fridge door to meet Maggie’s eyes, clinking two bottles of beer together as she did.

“Hey,” she offered.

“Hey babe.” Maggie’s smile was as small as her eyes, which was as small as her defeated body language, and deep empathy combined with a strong desire to destroy whoever or whatever did this to the woman she loved swept through Alex. She bit it down, popping the top off one of the beers and handing it to her girlfriend.

“Thank you,” Maggie sighed, leaning up and kissing her, lingering just long enough to make Alex smile.

“I ran you a bath,” she said as casually as she could muster after Maggie pulled away.

“You did what?”

Alex bit down the series of insecure questions and disclaimers that screeched into her mind, and she nodded her head toward the bathroom with a small smile. She heard Maggie gasp faintly as she took in the scent, the sight, the dim lights and the candles.

“Babe,” she half breathed and half groaned, a small lighting up her every feature, stress already easing off of her body.

“How did you get to be so perfect?”

Alex beamed and Maggie strode over to her, unbuttoning Alex’s shirt without preamble.

“What uh… what are you doing?”

“A bath,” Maggie explained as she untucked Alex’s now unbuttoned flannel, taking her fingers lower to unzip her jeans, “requires a good, long soak. Especially one with all those candles, all those suds. You can’t let a good bath like that go to waste.”

She shrugged Alex out of her shirt, unclasped her bra with one try, and started tugging down her jeans, grinning at how utterly compliant badass DEO Agent Alex Danvers was for her.

“And the thing is, babe, especially after the day I’ve had? That long in the bath, alone? I’d miss you too much. So, either I take a shorter bath, or – “ She tugged down Alex’s boy shorts triumphantly. “–you just join me.”
“So you won’t be lonely,” Alex confirmed as she stripped Maggie of her own clothes.

“Exactly.”

Alex nodded and kissed each newly exposed inch of Maggie’s skin as she worked her way down her body.

“Happy to be of service, my love.”
Anonymous asked:
so I've been thinking about Maggie finding out that Kara's supergirl but instead of being like OMG SUPERGURL shes immediately focusses on Alex because suddenly it makes so much sense that Alex doesnt feel like shes good enough

Kara does the quasi-strip thing she did for Lucy and Alex is standing at Maggie’s side, wide-eyed and terrified, and Kara looks grim, worried that her secret will cause a massive rift between Maggie and Alex (and she’s come to really like Maggie, the way she dotes on Alex and brings that smile to her face).

To both Danvers sisters’ surprise, Maggie doesn’t even pay attention to Kara at all, and it’s not because she’s rounding on Alex to demand to know how she could have lied to her all this time.

Alex is tensed for it, she’s ready for it, ready to fight (because this is her sister, dammit) and ready to beg (because she’s never felt like this before, ever, and she knows she never will again), but when Maggie turns to her, it’s not with anger and it’s not with betrayal and it’s not with hurt.

Her eyes are full of tears and she takes Alex’s cheeks between her hands, pushing stray hair out of her face, out of her eyes.

“Alex Danvers. I know Kara, and I know Supergirl, and now I know they’re the same woman. But do you want to know who the bravest, most powerful, strongest, most intelligent, toughest, most beautiful, most perfect woman I have ever met is?”

Alex swallows and Alex shakes her head, because she genuinely cannot understand where Maggie is going with this.

“You, Alex Danvers. You are.” She strokes her cheeks with her thumbs and smiles softly at Alex’s cloudy eyes.

“No offense, Kara,” she tosses over her shoulder, but Kara is hugging herself and Kara is beaming.

“None taken,” she says to the woman whose wedding to her sister she’s already planning.
Chapter 17

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

worldclassbeauty asked:
Okay but imagine Alex tracking down Vicky Donahue after all those years to explain her actions back then and apologize 0.0 nothing happens but Vicky accepts the apology and asks if they can try being friends again... I don't know why I think about that a lot...

“Vicky?”
“Yeah.”
“Vicky Donahue?”
“I said, yeah. Who the hell is this?”
“Still got your charm and sophistication, sounds like.”
“Amy? Alex Danvers?”
“Hi.”
“Yeah, no, Vicky, everything’s fine, no one’s… listen, I… you have literally no reason to say yes to this, but I just… I been thinking about a lot lately, realizing a lot lately, about… things. About myself, and I… it’s all made me want to apologize for… how things ended. Between us.”

A long silence.

“Vicky?”
“Yeah. Yeah. I’m here. You still cut right to the chase, huh? So this thing you realized… mind if I take a guess?”
“What – “
“You’re gay, right? I mean I always kinda thought so, but I dunno, I guess I assumed I’d just done something wrong and I – “
“What? No, Vicky, I – I mean, yes, yes, I’m… gay, but no, you didn’t do anything wrong, I… I didn’t know, then, I didn’t understand what I… I missed you, in college.”

“I missed you too, Alex. I still – do you wanna – I mean, I know maybe you just called to clear your conscience or something, but if you wanted to, you know, try to be… friends again? I mean, it’s been over a decade, right, so I’d get it if you – “
“No, no, yeah, that’d be great, Vicky, I – friends. That aren’t somehow tied up with work. That’d be new and different.”

“Is that a yes, Alex?”

“Noonan’s, tomorrow. I’ve got this girl I wanna tell you all about.”
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
maggie grabbing alex jacket by mistake,she spends the day with alexs smell following her around, they meet at lunch, so she returns it but half hour later she texts alex "I need ur jacket back" "Hmmmm ok, sure. But why?" "I miss your smell"

The jacket smells like motorcycle exhaust, gunpowder residue, and a hint of lavender, and Maggie can’t possibly imagine not inhaling that perfect scent every morning, every day, every night, every moment in between, for the rest of her life.
Chapter 19

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

sansvers first I love you will be almost unintended, maggie is leaving and says "I need to go now, so bye babe, I love you." With a small kiss and alex just responds "ok. I love you too" and they only realise what happened when they are alone

Alex completely panics and drags Winn by the collar into one of the labs, barking at the poor lab techie to get out, and he scurries to do just that, as Winn runs down the mental list of things he could have done this time, but instead of assaulting him or threatening him Alex just starts pacing and wringing her hands as she tells him far more details than he ever needed about her morning routine ("And it was just a regular morning, you know, we showered together and I washed her hair, and she made me an omelette but just grabbed a piece of toast for herself, put it in her mouth, took it out to kiss me goodbye, and told me she loved me, and I said I love you too, and I mean come on, what happened?"). ("What… happened is that you idiots have been in love since basically day one and it’s about time you all told each other, is what happened. Ow!")

Maggie says nothing, not to anyone, not all damn day, unless it’s about the case. Her work partner glances nervously at the ME on the case a lot, but they’re smarter than to say anything to her. (They do however, keep a running tally of how many times she brings her left hand underneath her lip before lunch time. Her partner swears it’s twelve and the ME counts 14.) And of course today would be the day her phone dies and they’re in the field so she can’t charge it. So she grabs her partner’s when they break for lunch and punches in Alex’s number, because her nerves, her fears, her hopes, will destroy her if she doesn’t hear that woman’s voice, and soon.

“Danvers,” Alex answers, and her heart flies.

“It’s me. And I just… I wanted to say it again, Alex. I love you.”

“And I wanted to say it again, Maggie. I love you, too.”
Chapter 20

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

"A surprise for Alex

It has been a long day for alex fighting constantly against the bad aliens. Back at the DEO, she was about to say goodnight when she got a letter signed Sawyer and it stated for her to go home and wait for her. Alex went home and found another set of letter.

You know what I mean? I hope you do. Can’t wait to read it."

^^ prompt from lesbian-loveology

Alex sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose, shrugging out of her combat gear and thanking the newbie agent who jumps to put the rest of the field equipment away for her.

Her muscles are stiff and she’s going to feel that laceration in her side in the morning, but she’d gotten it checked out in the field and she’s really too exhausted to take better care of it right now.

She sighs again as she checks into the control room one last time before leaving for the night, making sure all the agents on late night shift have checked in, that all the new compounds they’d transported earlier that day are in proper storage, that all the cells are locked tight, that all the combat gear has been returned and accounted for.

She almost misses the post-it note, hastily scrawled and crookedly stuck to the computer console.

Danvers, it reads, go home tonight, not Kara’s. She said it’s fine. - Sawyer

Brow furrowed, Alex bites the inside of her cheek, reads the note again, and grins slightly at the flutter of anticipation in her stomach.

She’s not quite as tired when she swings her leg over her Ducati and pulls away into the night.

---

Danvers, the next note, stuck this time to her front door, Bathroom. Take your time. -- Sawyer.

Alex walks into the bathroom, slowly, mystified.

“What the...” she whispers on discovering a near boiling, perfectly sudsy, perfectly scented -- lavender, her favorite -- bath, candles and rose petals littering the sides of the tub, contemporary jazz humming from the iPod plugged into a small speaker above the sink.

She looks back down at the note in her hand -- Take your time, it says -- and she smiles, and she does.
She finds the next note folded into the heated towel waiting for her on the rack.

_Alex_, it reads. _Bedroom. Don’t bother getting dressed._ -- _Sawyer_

Her heart skips and she forgets how to breathe, and she notices for the first time that there’s a path of rose petals leading from the bathroom into her bedroom.

She smiles and she swallows the stinging in her eyes and she takes a deep breath, wrapping the towel around her body, holding it just above her chest as she steps, slowly, tentatively, wide-eyed, into her bedroom.

There’s a tray of homemade pizza, still steaming, and salad, loaded with all of Alex’s favorites, and bottles of beer and a pitcher of water sitting next to her bed, and there’s that contemporary jazz again, and there’s Maggie Sawyer, hair down and eyes soft and lips slightly open, sitting cross-legged on the bed in one of Alex’s Stanford sweatshirts.

“Hungry?” she asks, after a long, long silence, a long, long silence of staring into each other’s eyes and forgetting how to breathe.

“Yes,” Alex smiles, and crosses the room to sit in front of Maggie.

Needing no words, Maggie passes Alex beer and she holds out pizza for her to bite into, and she moans when she does because god is it good. She feeds her the salad and she feeds her the pizza and she caresses her naked body when Alex lets the towel drop.

Still wordless, she slips the final note -- for tonight -- into Alex’s hands.

_Alex_, it reads, _I love you. Always._ -- _Your Maggie_
Chapter 21

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

alex seems like she never had a night of proper sleep since kara arrived but now with maggie she basically enters in a coma bc she's so relaxed!!!! Can u imagine alex saying in a little voice "I wanna nap now maggie, pleeeeeease *scrunchy nose"

At first, the lack of sleep was from excitement.

A sister. Finally.

Someone to stay awake with at night, to giggle with in the beam of a smuggled flashlight.

Then the lack of sleep came from waiting.

Waiting for Eliza and Jeremiah to fall asleep, to sneak onto the roof, to grab onto Kara’s strong arms and fly off into the night.

Literally fly.

And then she didn’t sleep because she couldn’t sleep.

She didn’t sleep because she snuck up to the roof alone. To watch the stars. Alone.

Because Jeremiah was dead and Kara was sad and Alex was angry and Eliza blamed her for everything.

A few years later, it was studying, and a few years into that, it was partying, because finally, finally, Kara was in a different city and Eliza couldn’t possibly blame Alex for Kara getting a hangnail (even though she certainly did try).

And then it was DEO training and being a DEO agent and then it was Kara being Supergirl while she was a DEO agent, and then, dear god, then it was Maggie Sawyer.

Late nights at the bar, late nights driving out past all the light pollution and making out under the stars.

Late nights seeing who could be made to scream louder, who could be made to cum harder.

Late nights talking and late nights crying and late nights laughing, laughing, laughing.

But then – Alex wasn’t quite sure when – she started… sleeping.

From keeping one ear constantly straining for signs of trouble, for sounds of Kara in danger, for sounds of Kara distressed, for sounds of alien gunmen, Alex went to sleeping past her first alarm, sleeping past Maggie’s second, sleeping past Maggie’s third. Sleeping past Maggie gently
disentangling herself from their bed so she could shower, so she could have breakfast ready by the
time her sleeping beauty finally stirred.

In Maggie’s arms, Alex found that she loved to sleep. That she couldn’t get enough of sleep.

“Please baby, just five minutes,” Alex whined, and Kara, outside her own apartment door,
flinched.

She was happy for Alex – truly, she was – but that didn’t mean she wanted her sister having sex on
her couch.

She furiously adjusted her glasses and grasped the handle a little too firmly as she wrenched the
doors open, face already screwed up about what she was convinced she’d find.

“AleX —“ she started, but stopped immediately on seeing Alex, fully clothed and bleary eyed,
yanking Maggie back down to the couch with the exaggerated motions of one half-asleep.

“Just five minutes of a nap, Maggie, please?”

When Alex scrunched up her nose, Kara knew Maggie’s willpower would be history.

And sure enough, it was.

Kara smiled to herself and backed out of her own apartment slowly, quietly, to let her sister have
her nap.
Chapter 22

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Prompt:

Alex: She’s hot.

Maggie: She’s a criminal, a violent criminal.

Alex: Still hot tho.

^^ Prompt above from worldclassbeauty

It all started with a bet.

“Oh please, Danvers, you think you have game with women?” Lucy had teased, shoving her shoulder into Alex’s with a familiarity that made Maggie cock an eyebrow and wonder how much game Alex had unknowingly had with Lucy in the past.

“I must, I have the finest woman on the planet, don’t I?”

“Whoaaaaa!” James and Winn chorused, spilling their beer slightly, and Maggie laughed.

“See, look how smooth my girl is.”

“And let’s not forget that thigh holster.”

“Oof, that thigh holster.”

Alex’s ears reddened at the attention -- at truly, thoroughly enjoying the attention for the first time in her life, from a woman who was in love with her and from friends who loved her -- and shook her head, pointing her beer bottle back at Lucy.

“No no no, let’s not forget that Lane questioned my lesbian honor! No game with women. Pfft.”

“Okay Danvers, prove it. Pick a woman -- not your woman -- and pick her up. With your smooth, not at all awkward moves.”

Alex’s eyes narrowed and Maggie shook her head defeatedly as James and Winn thumped her comfortably on the back.

“That okay, baby? You wouldn’t get jealous?”

“Oh, I might get jealous, Danvers. But then I get to take you home and show you just how mine you are, so I think I’ll survive.”

Winn whooped and James and Lucy choked on their beer, and Alex didn’t know whether to dive under the table in embarrassment or drag Maggie into the bathroom then, there, and now.
But her pride was on the line, so she chose the third option. She scoped around the bar, eyes out for a woman to try to pick up. She’d show Lucy Lane.

*No game with women.* Pfft.

“Okay,” she said. “What about her? *She’s* hot.”

Lucy oofed and James nodded respectfully and Winn put a mockingly supportive hand on Maggie’s shoulder.

“Nuh uh, Danvers. I know that girl. She’s a criminal. A *violent* criminal.”

Alex’s eyes glistened with the challenge.

“Still hot, though.”

“That’s the spirit, Danvers!” Lucy all but dragged her out of her chair and shoved her toward the woman she’d picked out.

James left the bar with a burnt forearm, Winn with a pair of bruised ribs; Maggie with a cut above her eyebrow, Lucy with scraped knuckles, Alex with a laceration on her torso and a ridiculously heavy bar tab.

“Told you she was a violent criminal, babe.”

Alex nodded, but she grinned as she fished something out of her back pocket.

“I got her number though.”
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

A fic where Kara is trying to put together something from ikea and can't figure it out so calls Alex to help, who also can't get it right so she calls Maggie because she is a pro gay and gays can build ikea real well

“So Alex.”

“Kara, I’m at work. And that’s your Alex I need something that you’re not gonna wanna do voice. So just ask me already, okay?”

“Well… remember when you and Maggie broke my bookcase with your extracurricular activities?”

“I… I told you that there was a Fort Rozz escapee that tried to break into your place.”

“A Fort Rozz escapee that there seems to be no record of and no evidence of whatsoever.”

“Kara – “

“I’m letting it go, Alex, I’m being the wonderful little sister you always wanted. I’m letting it go. But, I sort of… well, I bought a new bookcase and I can’t… The Ikea directions are a nightmare, and I can’t – “

“You threw out the directions with the box because you thought you could do it on your own, didn’t you?”

“What? No – “

“Didn’t you.”

“Maybe?”

“I’ll be right there.”

“Having trouble?”

“Of course I’m not having trouble, Kara, I’m a world class bioengineer, I have my PhD and my MD in – “

“You can’t figure it out, can you?”
“Of course I can figure it out, I – “

“Should we call Maggie?”

“We’re not calling Maggie — ow! Who designed these things?”

“Here.”

“What’s this?”

“It’s your phone. It’s dialing Maggie.”

“Kara – “

“Hey babe!”

“Maggie, hi. Um… listen, I wasn’t gonna call you, but um… Kara can’t figure out how to put her Ikea bookshelf together – “

“Alex can’t figure it out either, Maggie!”

“Shush!”

“This the bookcase we broke when you ripped my jeans off and – “

“You’re on speaker, Mags.”

“Oh. You coulda led with that. Hi Kara.”

“Hi Maggie.”

“You threw out the directions, didn’t you?”

“Pfft, no – ”

“You really are sisters, huh? I’ll be right over.”

“You guys know their bookcases are like, super easy to put together, right?”

“No one asked you, Sawyer.”

“Actually, Danvers, you – “

“Kara dialed the phone – “

“Aaaand it’s done.”

“Already?”

“You know Lesbian magic. Don’t worry, Danvers, you have other kinds of lesbian magic – ”

“Out! Both of you! Out! Before you break this bookcase, too!”
Chapter 24

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Kara is the hufflepuff that says "fight me" but won't fight anyone, maggie is the ravenclaw that could fight but will find another way to solve the problem and alex is the slytherin that will fight everyone before even knowing what's going on

James is the Gryffindor whose always being called to Headmaster Jonzz’s office for teaming up with Winn the Ravenclaw and Alex to defend all the meeker kids against bullies.

At first, they run between each other’s House tables in the Great Hall, never sitting down, but unashamed to be seen crossing House lines to talk to each other.

Gradually, they start sitting with each other, walking each other through the halls to class, passing study tips and jokes to each other between classes.

Whispers, stares, and – often – sneers erupt every time blue holds hands with green or yellow hugs red. Alex threatens anyone who so much as looks at the interhouse crew sideways.

The watershed moment is when the entire school comes down to breakfast to find the Slytherin Beater Alex Danvers locked in a desperate, passionate, loving kiss with Ravenclaw Chaser Maggie Sawyer, the morning of the House Cup match between their Houses.

The next morning, the House tables are ashambles, all mixed and matched and clashed together.

No one explicitly claims responsibility for the interhouse table chaos, but James has a massive grin on his face, the tips of Kara’s ears are red, Winn looks overly pleased with himself, and Maggie is sitting in Alex’s lap, whispering sweet nothings in her ear while the badass Slytherin giggles and kissed her dimples and strokes her hair.

“Good god, they’ve rebelled,” Headmaster J’onzz mutters as he walks in, shaking his head with a small smile on his face.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Maggie or Alex walking in on the other getting herself off to porn

Maggie doesn’t usually need porn to get herself off.

She’s got strong hands and an even stronger imagination.

But it’s been a long day and Alex is in Geneva and Maggie is exhausted but god does she need to get off.

So she sighs and she flips on her computer and she lets her mind fall away and her fingers slip under her unzipped jeans and soon her small gasps and groans are joining those of the short-haired brunette on the screen, her fingers slipping inside herself, her palm pressuring her clit, her eyes fluttering shut, imagining Alex’s tongue, her fingers, her screams, her… voice…

“Mmmm, that feel as amazing as it looks, babe?”

Alex’s strong hands catch her before she can spill off of the couch in shock.

“Alex, you were – I thought you were in – “

“I was. Negotiations went well, ended early, and I… I wanted to uh…” Her eyes drag slowly up and down Maggie’s body, linger on the dampness still lingering on her fingers, her slightly flushed skin, her rapidly fluttering pulse.

“I wanted to see you,” she husks, and Maggie gulps. Alex glances down at the video Maggie had pulled up, and she arches her eyebrow and purses her lips, leaning in close to Maggie’s ear and exhaling headily.

“Anything you’d be interested in watching together?”

“I… it… Alex…”

“Should I take that as a yes?”

The woman on Maggie’s screen screams out an orgasm, and Alex shrugs out of her jacket with her eyes sharp and determined and locked in Maggie’s.

“Let’s see if I can make you scream louder than that.”

Turns out, she could.

And she did.
Chapter 26

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

sanver smut: face sitting

Maggie’s typically the one with the dirty mouth.

The most Alex can usually rasp out is something akin to “shut up and kiss me” – or, once in a brave while, “don’t stop fucking me, Maggie” – which pales in comparison to the things Maggie whispers into her ears, from the declarations of Alex’s unparalleled beauty to the running commentary on how tight Alex is, how wet she is for her, how amazing it’s going to feel when she cum pulsing around her fingers.

So when Maggie’s sprawled on their bed one Sunday morning, NCPD files scattered in an ordered chaos around her, she’s surprised when Alex perches on the edge of the bed, stares at her for a long moment, and says, matter-of-factly and two or three octaves lower than her voice normally is, “How would you feel about taking a break and sitting on my face right about now?”

Maggie nearly chokes and suddenly she thinks she knows how Alex feels when her words send shock waves through her body. Pleasant shock waves. Very pleasant shock waves.

Alex doesn’t wait for a verbal reply: the hungry look in Maggie’s eyes, the way she licks her lips, the way her body is suddenly keening for Alex, gives her answer away.

Alex gathers Maggie’s files into one hand, taking care to keep them in order even as she tosses them on the floor, in the same motion flipping Maggie on top of her, hips settling around her shoulders.

Maggie is gasping already, and Alex practically growls in anticipation.

Alex urges Maggie up on her left side, tugging her shorts and underwear down while Maggie holds herself up, kicking impatiently until her clothes settle down past her knees.

“Alex, you sure?”

Alex answers with her hands, with her tongue, pulling Maggie’s hips down and drawing out a long, low moan from her girlfriend as she drags her tongue slowly, firmly, across Maggie’s clit.

Maggie gasps her name and her inner thighs start to shake with restraint. Alex pushes slightly so her lips are free enough to talk.

“Babe, you’re not gonna hurt me. Let yourself enjoy.” She knows she’s echoing the words Maggie had told her the first time she’d pulled Alex down onto her face, and she really hopes Maggie doesn’t have anything smarmy to say about it, because she really needs to keep tasting her.
Maggie tries to come up with something witty, something teasing. She really does.

She splutters and she stammers, but then Alex’s tongue is slipping inside her and her thumb is pressuring her clit and god she’s not really known herself to let go, but right now she can’t do anything but grind her hips down desperately into Alex’s face, and when Alex moans and tightens her fingers on her ass in response, the sound vibrates through her whole body before it’s lost in the depth of her own scream.

“Al – Alex, Alex, I need – please, Al – Alex, I – “

Alex smiles, because Alex knows.

Alex shifts and Maggie groans while she waits and Alex chuckles into her clit and Maggie whines and Alex replaces her tongue with her fingers, slipping deep inside her, giving Maggie what she needs while her mouth closes on that sensitive spot just above Maggie’s clit, the spot she needs pressure on to help her cum, and Alex doesn’t care that her teeth cut into her upper lip as Maggie’s body freezes and her back arches and her insides pulse and her throat nearly tears with the force of how loudly she screams Alex’s name.

It takes her long, long minutes to come completely down off her high, and when she does – when Alex wipes her chin, her lips, her nose, on the tender inside of Maggie’s thigh – she grins down at Alex hungrily, desperately. Eagerly.

“Your turn.”
Chapter 27
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Maggie sees Alex in her glasses for the first time when she visits her in the lab. Even though they're at the DEO, Maggie can't wait...

“Detective Sawyer! Agent Danvers is waiting for you in the lab – you have the sample she requested?”

“Yes, sir, got it right here. Can your super spy lab seriously pull data from this?” She holds up the baggie of ashes burnt beyond anything her NCPD lab could make heads or tails of, and J’onn crosses his arms over his chest and grins smugly.

“I’ll let Agent Danvers prove it to you. Just through that hallway, on your left.”

Maggie smiles her thanks at him and practically skips off through the DEO, trying to hide her smirk at the way the agents she passes grin knowingly at her. Her pulse thrums harder than normal as excitement floods through her veins at getting to see Alex in the middle of the day.

“Hey babe, I brought you the sample from the scene,” she says brightly as she walks into the lab J’onn had indicated, and when Alex looks up from her microscope with a grin, any words Maggie had thought about saying – any moves Maggie had thought about making, any oxygen she’d thought about inhaling – vacate her entirely.

Because Alex is in a white lab coat, and Alex is looking up at her over the black rims of rectangular glasses.

Alex’s eyes meet hers, and her body jolts into a response.

“Alex,” Maggie husks, kicking the lab door closed behind her, dropping the sample she’d brought on the table, and striding over to where Alex is bent over her microscope, ripping off her leather jacket and tossing it onto a chair as she moves.

“Maggie, what – “ Alex asks as Maggie pulls her up and into her body.

“You. Glasses. Never seen,” Maggie manages to grunt as Alex lets her head drop back to allow Maggie better access to her throat.

“Oh. Oh,” Alex moans, and she grabs at Maggie’s hips, but her eyes are darting around the room.

“Mags, I’m in my lab,” she squeals, but she’s working on the buttons of Maggie’s shirt all the while.

“All the better, Dr. Danvers,” Maggie whispers, and Alex digs her nails into Maggie’s back, glasses on but askew and lab coat partially slipped off one shoulder as Maggie glances at the lab.
bench behind Alex before sliding the papers away and pushing Alex on top of it.

“Maggie,” Alex whines, her eyes unfocused behind her glasses, and Maggie growls, and Maggie grins, and Maggie unzips Alex’s jeans.

Alex screams, and Maggie puts a gentle hand over her mouth, and Alex’s eyes roll to the back of her head and Maggie’s fingers slip inside her and Alex is wearing her glasses and her lab coat and she is being thoroughly fucked on her lab bench and god this has to be the best perk she’s ever gotten from all her schooling, all her training and fuck she’s never cum like this and Maggie’s hand has slipped off her mouth and wrapped around her back, holding her up, holding her steady, holding her as her entire body shudders with the force of her orgasm.

“So… glasses. You like.”

“Yes, Danvers. Glasses. I like very much.”
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Maggie is on a stakeout alone and Alex decides to have some fun with a filthy phone conversation that escalates....Kara overhears (of course) and freaks out

“Sawyer.”

“Mags. It’s me.”

“Hey! How you doing, babe?”

“Honestly?”

“Mhmhm.”

“I’m a little… lonely.”

“Aw babe, I’m sorry. I – I’m on a job right now, staking out this spot – “

“Are you alone?”

“Yah, it’s just recon, I told my partner he could head home to his girl.”

“Mmm, and what about your girl?”

“Aww, Alex, I’m sorry, I – “

“No, shhh, babe, relax, I’m flirting with you.”

“Oh. Oh.”

“Mhmhm.”

“Oh.”

“I want you, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Do you, Alex Danvers?”

“Mnhmmm. I want you to stretch me out, I want – “

“Alex – “

“Oh, I’m sorry, did you want me to stop?”

“Al – Alex, I – I’m in a squad car, I’m – “
“Alone in a squad car.”

“… you know I could fuck you in the back seat of this squad car.”

“Could you now?”

“Show you where my jurisdiction really starts and ends.”

“Yeah? And where’s that, Sawyer?”

“With you, on your stomach, locked in my handcuffs, begging me to fuck you senseless.”

“Fuck, Detective Sawyer.”

“That’s the idea, Danvers.”

“And would you?”

“What?”

“Would you fuck me senseless?”

“If you were a promised to be a good girl for me.”

Static on the line. Maggie stiffens and Alex coughs.

A third voice, tentative and panicked and just on this side of squeaky, jumps onto the line.

“Um, Alex… you know how I tap into your phone line sometimes when I need you for DEO stuff?”

“Kara – “

“Good god, Little Danvers, how much of that did you hear?”

“Enough to know that you’ll be getting a very stern talking to later about the fantasies you apparently have about my sister, Detective Sawyer.”

“Kara – “

“I’m hanging up now.”

“A little late for that.”

“J’onn expects you in ten, Alex. If I get there later than you, it’ll be because I’m scrubbing my ears out with soap.”

“Mags.”

“Alex.”

“Can we please pick that up later?”

“You know it, babygirl.”
Chapter 29

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Prompt: Alex and Maggie starting the new year off with a bang? Yes? Yes.

Chapter Notes

YES INDEED. Side note: I had shut off my computer for the night, but then this prompt came in and I just broke out laughing like OKAY I’LL WRITE JUST THIS ONE MORE AND THEN BE DONE lmao ;)

Somewhere between Kara’s third dance with Lena and James’s ringing laughter and Winn’s amused entreaties for them to just get a room already, Alex and Maggie finally took his advice.

The room they chose – or rather, the room Alex tugged Maggie into desperately, tugging at her shawl and kissing every bit of lipstick off of her mouth – was a small conference room, off of the lavishly decorated L Corp lobby.

“Tights off,” Alex growled into Maggie’s mouth, and Maggie hoisted herself onto the conference room table so Alex could drag them down for her. Somewhere between Alex, on her knees, reaching up to cover Maggie’s mouth while she licked and sucked her clit, and Maggie wrangling Alex’s dress above her waist so she could slip her fingers inside her while returning the favor, the two dimly registered the excited countdown growing in the party outside, Lena’s guests counting back steadily from twenty.

It was nearly midnight.

Maggie grinned into Alex’s mouth and curved her fingers deep inside her, kissing her lips to stifle her scream as she came undone in Maggie’s arms, as her knuckles grew white on the edge of the table, as she panted Maggie’s name and clawed at her back and tried not to let her heel dig into her exposed skin, as she shuddered hard and deep and thorough.

As the clock struck twelve, and cheers rose up through the lobby outside, and the year passed by, Maggie claimed Alex’s lips before whispering in her ear, “Happy new year, Alex Danvers. I can’t wait to spend it loving you.”
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Fic idea: Maggie unconsciously tells Alex she's a good girl outside of the bedroom. Alex is super embarrassed but also preens.

She doesn’t mean it like that.

And she doesn’t even mean for Alex – let alone her space dad and best friend and her freaking sister – to hear it. She just kind of says it.

Mutters it, really, because she’s always in awe of this woman, and she’s always proud of her, and it just slips past her lips, under her breath, when Alex single-handedly comes up with a way to power down Cadmus’s latest weapons tech remotely, without putting any agents at risk.

“Good girl, Danvers,” she mutters when Alex finally takes a breath after explaining her plan to the others.

She means it like nice going. She means it like that’s my girl.

She means it like holy shit Maggie how did you land the most brilliant woman to ever exist?

But when Alex goes bright red and when Alex splutters and when Kara notices and groans and when Winn notices breaks out into a laughing whoop and when J’onn notices and good gods and retreats from the room, Maggie realizes.

Realizes that Alex didn’t hear nice going that’s my girl holy shit I am so lucky to be with the most brilliant woman to ever exist.

Instead, in those little words, Alex heard the long nights, the early mornings. The bedroom talk and the bathroom talk and the kitchen counter talk and the shower talk and the back closet of the NCPD precinct talk.

The good girl, baby, that feels so damn good.

The god, you’re so tight for me, good girl, take me in just like that.

The you wanna be a good girl and strip for me, babe?

The oh, good girl, I love it when you beg for me like that.

The ugh, fuck Alex, be a good girl and cum for me.

Maggie is about to apologize and Maggie is about to backtrack, but when her now overheating face turns up to look at Alex’s, her girlfriend is standing straighter, her eyes shining brighter, her smile lifting higher.
Because she’s Maggie’s girl – and good, too – and damn, is it hot.

But she’s also Maggie’s girl – and good, too – and damn, is it perfect.
Chapter 31

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Imagine Maggie uploading a picture she took of Alex and Supergirl together on facebook when after tagging Alex's face it's suggests kara's profile for SG. At first it's amusing to think that the bubbly Kara could be mistaken for the badass SG but then it hits her. The woman who she thought was with Alex, the woman she was jealous of was actually Alex's sister. She starts to realise nothing stands in her way to being with her, so she goes to Alex's place to confirm her suspicions and makes a move

I CHANGED THIS PROMPT SLIGHTLY TO BE ESTABLISHED-SANVERS BECAUSE I READ IT WRONG AND WOUND UP LIKING WHAT I CAME UP WITH but if you want me to do it again the original way, let me know and I’ll be happy to. Hope you like this version too!!

It doesn’t take them very long for Alex to list them as being on a relationship on facebook. Maggie gulps and Maggie flushes and Maggie almost cries and Maggie laughs and Maggie smiles.

It doesn’t take very long, either, for Alex’s little sister to start commenting on and liking pictures of Maggie that are three, four, seven, nine years old, and her stomach constricts at the same time as she chuckles: the kid is facebook stalking her, checking her out, making sure she’s good enough for Alex. Alex’s boss and that IT kid Winn and James all start doing it, too.

Maggie appreciates the protectiveness – Alex deserves nothing less than a thorough screening – though she finds it mildly amusing that her bespectacled, couldn’t-hurt-a-fly looking sister is leading the charge.

But it helps, ultimately, because when Kara discovers through her facebook stalking session that Maggie loves to cook; when Winn discovers that she won an Intel prize in high school for a computerized model of crime scene analysis; when James discovers how sensitively she takes photos; when J’onn discovers that she was shot in the line twice from diving in front of her colleagues – they begin approving.

They begin going on family outings and they begin posting their own pictures on facebook.

They all snap them – hilariously angled selfies over the pool table and secret snaps of Alex and Maggie stealing kisses at work – but James and Maggie become the annointed group photographers.

So when Maggie is uploading a slew of the gang from Lena Luthor’s latest outing – one with Supergirl in the background, as she tended to be at L Corp functions, which always made Maggie’s stomach roil with mild jealousy at the ease, the intimacy, with which she and Alex interacted – and facebook suggests tagging Supergirl’s face as Kara Danvers, Maggie nearly spits up her coffee.
And Maggie realizes.

And Maggie laughs.

And Maggie gulps, hard, because suddenly Kara Danvers’ threats come with superpowers.

And she keeps laughing anyway, because Alex has never made so much sense, and she has never loved her quite this much.
Chapter 32

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Sanvers prompt

Sanvers fighting (silly or not silly - anything is fine). Thanks for considering.

^^ prompt from riversolitude

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“She’s bulletproof, Alex, how the hell could you do that?”

“It’s my job, Maggie, it’s my job to protect her – “

“She didn’t need protection – “

“And if you can’t handle that, I don’t know what to tell you, because – “

“Stop, you don’t get to storm out of here. You can’t, because you’re likely to rip this gaping hole in your stomach open again.”


Maggie’s fingers on Alex’s shoulders, holding her down to the bio bed, gentle and tender despite the rage in her eyes, despite her glowering body language, despite the furious tone of her voice.

“Maggie, I… she’s my sister.”

A heavy sigh. Maggie collapsing onto the bed by Alex’s hips. Maggie taking Alex’s hand, careful not to disturb her IV. Maggie bending to kiss each knuckle.

“I know, babe. I know. And you’re never gonna not protect her. That’s why I… that’s why you’re you.”

A long pause as Alex processes the layers of what Maggie didn’t say out loud, but what her wide, wet, terrified eyes are screaming.

“I love you, Maggie. I’m not gonna leave you.”

Another long pause as Maggie’s throat fills with tears and her heart swells nearly outside of her chest.

“You better not, Danvers. Cause I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes
I COULDN'T RESIST THE CLEXA REFERENCE OKAY I JUST COULDN'T I'M SO WEAK.
Chapter 33

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sooo I just quit drugs cold turkey on new years eve and it's already pretty hard for me. I kinda headcanon alex to have taken at least mdma or ecstasy in her partying days and wondered if u could incorporate that in a fic? I'd understand if you (1/2)

(cont.) don’t wanna do that. Supergirl and knowing Chyler was an addict once really helped me in my decision to get sober and I feel like it’d be nice to see that you can turn your life around from mdma or speed every week. (It’s okay if u ignore)

Hey Anon – like I said in the other ask, you are so freaking brave, and I’m sending love a shitton of love and support. I’m honored that you asked me to write this, and I hope it does justice to you and to Alex (I share your headcanon, btw), and I hope it can be cathartic. <3 <3 <3

She was drunk the first time she shot up.

Drunk and desperate to feel something aside from the dull emptiness that being kissed by him had left her with, something aside from Eliza’s voice in her ear, asking how she could possibly be at a party when there were tests to take, experiments to run, a sister to be taking care of, a perpetually unsatisfied mother to please, a dead father to somehow replace and make proud at the same time.

She’d rambled at top speed about the chemical composition of meth, about the exact effect it was having on her central nervous system, about exactly how it was crashing into the other chemicals in her body to make her heart race like this, to make her talk this quickly, to make her fuck him this hard, to make her able to run complex chemical equations in her head while he hiked up her skirt and she clawed her nails into his back.

She was stone cold sober – well, only with a glass or two of wine in her, which was sober these days – the next time she shot up.

Because god, she’d gotten her work done quickly that first night, even though she was wasted off her mind, even though the formulas she ran through came to her while she was throwing up.

Eliza wanted her to get her MD and her PhD in less time than it took most people to get their BA? Fine. She could work with that.

With a little help.

But a little help became a lot, and by the time she found herself locked in a cell with some government agent who claimed to know her father – god, what would her father think – her skin was starting to crawl and her body was starting to quake, because what had been a what the hell I’m a failure anyway decision had become a how the hell else am I going to make it through this week without it necessity.
He was the first man since her father – this Hank Henshaw guy – who held her gently, who held her kindly, who held her without wanting to get into her pants, without wanting anything but what was best for her.

He held her while she shook and he held her while she yelled until her throat bled and he closed his strong hands over her protesting wrists when she wanted to hit, when she wanted to claw, when she wanted to slip out of her own skin because Jesus fuck hadn’t she already failed enough, suffered enough?

He watched her when she started to stand on her own and he watched her when she learned how to fight. He watched her when she withdrew to a place inside her mind that looked as dark as some of the corners of his own mind; shadows and demons and terrors that he’d rarely seen behind another human’s eyes.

He watched her as she squinted, as she breathed, as she clenched her knuckles around the edge of lab tables while she analyzed alien cells, as she slammed her fists into opponents in whose faces she imagined her own.

He watched her as she became her own fuel, as she replaced what she could get from a needle, from the edge of a knife, with her own grit, her own growing love for herself, and he watched her as she called her little sister just to say hello, just to say that yes, the lab work was going well, because, finally… it was.

He watched the grin spread across her face when she beat him for the first time, when she completed her training and she became a DEO agent, she became her sister’s protector – again – she became her own person – again.

He watched from a distance as she commanded her first mission into the field, as she gained the respect of the agents she herself started to train. As she drew her arm around the shoulder of another lost soul he’d picked up, as she held the younger woman through her own shakes, through her own screams, and helped her become her own agent, her own superhero.

And he smiled, because – despite who her sister was – Alex Danvers had become his.

And – from the determined grin on her face when she told him that her sister broke the sound barrier, from the relief in her eyes when she brought Kara back from the heaven of the Black Mercy, from the happiness in her stance when she told him she was gay, when she told him she was in love, when her ears grew red when Maggie kissed her hello and told J’onn that she was the lucky one – he smiled because Alex had finally become her own superhero, too.
Chapter 34

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Maggie has been teasing Alex with few touch here and there all day until Alex has had it. She grabbed Maggie's hand and took her to an empty office. When she closed the door, she immediately had Maggie right against the door. "What a..." Maggie asked but did not finish because she saw the raging desire in Alex's eyes. Alex took Maggie's hands and place it above her, holding these hands with one hand, she kissed Maggie so passionately. She took her other hand and slip inside. (Write this?)

It starts in the morning. It starts with the kiss Maggie presses to Alex’s lips before stepping out the door, flitting her tongue across Alex’s bottom lip, nipping slightly, and pulling away and slipping onto her Triumph just before Alex can react, just before Alex can compose herself enough to grab her, to hold her closer, to kiss her harder.

It continues in the field. Maggie runs her fingers down the small of Alex’s back as she passes behind her to sign a report. She makes sure to bend over, right in front of Alex, knowing full well that her shirt, her jacket, will ride up to give Alex a glimpse of the dragon tattoo she has on the small of her own back. The one that drives Alex nuts. Not to mention the way bending over makes her jeans cling even tighter to her ass. Alex bites her lip and Alex swallows and Alex glares when Maggie just smiles innocently as she straightens and struts away.

It continues at the precinct, in Maggie’s lab, when Maggie makes sure her hand brushes across Alex’s chest when she reaches over to get a vial of dye for the slide she’s preparing. When Maggie makes sure she leans over Alex, breathes hotly on the back of her exposed neck, while Alex is trying to focus.

It continues until Alex can’t – won’t – take it anymore.

And suddenly Maggie’s hand is in hers and Maggie is jogging to keep up with her scowling girlfriend and Alex is shoving her into the first empty office she finds and Maggie is asking “Al, what – “ and Alex isn’t answering because she is shutting the door and slamming Maggie against it and Maggie is looking up into the raw need, the fierce desire, in Alex’s eyes, and she is gulping and she is grinning headily and she is answering the question in Alex’s momentary hesitation by leaning up to kiss her so Alex knows that yes, yes, fuck yes, Maggie is more than alright with this sudden turn of events.

And, knowing, Alex grins almost ferally, grabbing Maggie’s wrists and shoving them above her head, clamping them against the door with one hand, bringing her other hand to unzip Maggie’s jeans.

“Oh?” she asks, and Maggie whines and Maggie grinds futilely into Alex’s hand and Alex grins at the receipt of consent and rips Maggie’s zipper down, slipping her fingers straight under her boy shorts, moaning when she finds Maggie already wet for her, when she finds the woman whose
hands she has pinned above her head keening for her to come inside her, for her to stretch her out, for her to fuck her.

“Alex,” Maggie begs, and already her voice is completely wrecked, and already Alex’s fingers have found their way into Maggie’s body, and already Alex is palming Maggie’s clit and already Maggie feels her wrists bruising and absolutely loves it and already Alex’s lips are clamped on Maggie’s neck and her thigh slipping between her legs to brace her, to brace them both, because already Maggie is close to coming undone, to cuming, in Alex’s hands.

And she does, and she screams, and Alex swallows Maggie’s voice with her lips and she holds her and she steadies her and she relishes the pulsing of Maggie’s entire body around her fingers.

“So I should tease you all day more often,” Maggie breathes when she finally comes back down, when Alex is kissing her wrists, her fingers, her knuckles, her palms.

“I’d say so, yeah.”
Alex doesn’t get it, at first.

The way Maggie tightens her jaw and bristles and comments about running buddies and super skirts and hasn’t anyone let Supergirl know how much property damage she causes on her rescue missions?

She doesn’t get it, because Maggie isn’t one of those people who hates aliens on principle. The opposite, in fact.

It’s Winn who breaks it to her.

“All. Alex. She’s jealous.”

“Of what?” she splutters, nearly choking on her beer.

“Well I would be, too, you know, if my girlfriend was all over Supergirl the way you’re all over Kara and I didn’t know you were sisters.”

Alex pffts and Alex shakes her head and then Alex’s eyes fly wide. “Oh my god, she’s jealous.”

And she is.

Because yes, she and Alex have a shorthand, but Supergirl knew her first and – she hates admitting it – the damn superhero knows her better.

And suddenly it makes sense – yes, the bristling and the side comments and the smarms – but also the way Maggie will hold her closer, fuck her harder, kiss her deeper, pour more of her soul into her, on the nights that punctuate the days they’ve jointly worked with the pretty blonde who touches Alex and makes Alex laugh and looks at her with those blue eyes that Maggie is convinced must be more beautiful to Alex than her brown ones.

Alex can’t tell her – not yet, not without the okay from Kara – but she starts holding her hand more. Around Supergirl. Starts calling her babe more. Around Supergirl. Starts kissing her. Around Supergirl.

Which drives J’onn absolutely up a wall, because so often, whenever the two of them are around Supergirl, they’re around J’onn, too.

“Just tell her already,” he implores one night. “If I have to see my daughter…being romantic with her girlfriend in the field one more time I might just surrender my position.”
Kara overhears and Kara laughs and Kara tells Maggie and Maggie’s eyes fly wide and everything makes sense and she doesn’t stop kissing Alex until J’onn clears his throat for the thirteenth time and they’re both weak in the knees and breathless and so, so securely each other’s.
Maggie’s heart slammed hard in her chest and her palms were sweaty and the inside of her cheek was nearly raw from how much she’d been biting it all morning.

She’d slipped out of her childhood bedroom early – even earlier than Alex would wake for her morning run – kissing Alex on the temple lightly, in awe that Alex was here, in Blue Springs, sharing her childhood bed, that somehow her parents were okay with it, that somehow Alex was being taken in by the family in the same way they’d taken to her sister’s boyfriend.

But she was nervous, now, because today? Today, she was taking Alex somewhere she’d never taken anyone. Ever.

And she wasn’t sure Alex Danvers was the type to want a flowery field and a picnic lunch as a date, and she was terrified.

But when Alex padded into the kitchen a couple hours later, her shirt soaked in sweat, mud from her run streaking the backs of her calves, her smile when she saw Maggie packing a picnic basket with all her favorites – Maggie’s Kara Danvers approved eggplant parm sandwiches, that potato salad that always made Alex groan, handfuls of oranges, boxes of bright strawberries, and bottles of beer – her smile made Maggie’s heart leap and her smile made Maggie’s fear melt.

“We picnicking today then, babe?” she asked, slipping her arms around Maggie from behind and kissing the back of her neck, not bothering to care about how sweaty she was: Maggie never cared about that. Maggie liked it.

“Thought I’d show you some place I used to go as a kid a lot, when I needed to uh… get away,” Maggie tried to say casually, but Alex caught the heavy meaning in her voice and Alex pulled her closer and Maggie swooned and Alex grinned and Alex reluctantly left to shower and Alex couldn’t stop smiling while she watched Maggie drive them in her old pickup through fields and dirt roads, one hand on the wheel and one hand on Alex’s thigh.

Alex gasped when she saw where they were going, just as the sun rose over the horizon: an entire field, a hill really, painted with purple bellflowers and brilliant bluebells, spotted with patches of yellow, of green, of white.

“Maggie,” she whispered, and Maggie swallowed hard as she slipped out of the driver’s seat, crossing around the truck to open the door for Alex, to extend a hand to help her down.

To help her off with her shoes, to grab the overloaded picnic basket and blanket she’d loaded into the back of her truck.
She laid her down and she fed her strawberries and she made her laugh and she watched her laugh and she took her picture and she showed her how to string the older flowers together into a crown, into a halo, into something to mark Alex as the angel that she saw whenever she looked at her, whenever she leaned across the blanket to kiss her perfect lips, her nose, her bare shoulder, the back of her neck.

“It’s beautiful,” Alex whispered as she roused herself from a long nap in Maggie’s arms, and when Maggie watched the sun, now setting, reflecting in Alex’s eyes, highlighting the flowers still wreathing her hair, Maggie had to agree.

“Yeah, it is,” she breathed, her eyes forgetting the sky and looking only at the only sight that mattered.
He looks over his shoulder every two or three seconds and he jumps when he hears someone – anyone – that could possibly maybe be Alex walk into the room.

Because she scares the shit out of him, but dammit he loves her, so this Maggie person needs to get clearance from him. Even if he has to risk Alex finding out about his little background checking.

Kara catches him first and scolds him before looking over her own shoulder and pointing to the bottom of Maggie’s very confidential police record. “Check that file there, Winn.”

They both jump a mile high when J’onn clears his throat behind them. His arms are folded across his chest and Winn starts to splutter out an explanation for the use of DEO time and tech for an utter violation of Alex’s privacy – or, more to the point, Maggie’s privacy – but J’onn just shifts his eyes around to make sure Alex is nowhere in sight, leans in, and mutters “Check her blood type and medical history, too.”

In the end, it isn’t Alex who discovers the three of them. It’s Maggie, and she has Winn up against a wall as quickly as Alex did. J’onn backs up and Kara bites her lip and Alex walks into the room with an open jaw and wide eyes.

“Worst thing I found was that your parents had you in ballet, Maggie, and come on, that’s just precious –”

“Do you have any idea how invasive that is, Schott, how much of my life at home depended on keeping my private life mine because if the wrong people found out who I was I’d get beaten, I’d get the girls I dated hurt?”

Winn splutters and Winn flinches and Winn apologizes and Winn tries to point out that J’onn and Supergirl helped him and Maggie growls that she’ll deal with them later and Maggie suddenly lets him go.

“You have good friends, babe,” she says casually, turning to Alex with a cockeyed grin. “I like em.
Glad you have people looking out for you. You deserve that.”

She leans up on her tip toes and kisses Alex lightly, and Winn splutters behind him.

“Sorry Winn, scaring you there was just too good an opportunity to pass up.”

J’onn laughs and Maggie arches an eyebrow at him. “You looked a little scared yourself there, Mr. Director Sir, I wouldn’t laugh too hard.”

Alex snorts and Kara giggles and Winn doubles over and Maggie smirks and J’onn grumbles.

“They’re multiplying,” he mutters as he walks away, shaking his head. But his step is lighter, and he can’t hide his smile, because thank god: Alex has met her match.
Chapter 38

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

final one: remember when max tried to feed alex and she hated it? well, she loves when maggie does it tho OMG she doesnt even realize it! maggie does it all the time, with any food she is always "alex, here" and alex turns around, mouth open already, and one day maggie is whipping up alex's mouth after giving her some ice cream ("alex, here. this is so good!!) and alex remembers how she NEVER did that, thats the kind of intimacy she hated, maggie is always on her personal space and she LOVES IT

Alex is used to being around people who love food.

Mostly Kara.

And now, Maggie.

But Maggie’s love of food is different than Kara’s, because Kara will threaten Alex will heat vision to get herself the last potsticker.

But Maggie? Maggie is a food sharer.

Every time something passes her lips that makes her eyes roll back, that makes her chew slowly, that makes her moan in a way that makes Alex jealous of her fork, she wants to share the sensation with Alex.

And she does.

“Alex, here,” she’ll say, her hand hovering under the spoon, under the fork, under her sauce-drenched finger, as she feeds Alex across the table, over the chair, across the negligible distance between their bodies, whether they’re in a five-star restaurant or the bar or Alex’s kitchen, which Maggie commandeers nightly.

And Alex always turns, Alex always leans in, Alex always opens her mouth and Alex always smiles and Alex never thinks anything of it, because it is Maggie and it is happiness and it is perfect.

One night, a bit of Maggie’s homemade strawberry ice cream drips down her chin because – “Alex, here, this is so good!” – she’d wanted the ice cream and Maggie’s lips, so now they’re laughing and Maggie is wiping her chin and they’re looking into each other’s eyes and Alex just realizes.

Realizes that she has never done this before. That she has never wanted to do this before. Because this intimacy, this constant invasion of her personal space that is Maggie Sawyer?

A few months ago, it would have been foreign and it would have been unwelcome and it would
have been out of the realm of possibility.

And now? Now it was every day, and now it was melting in her mouth as her heart melted along with her body, and now she knows there is no better way to experience food. To experience intimacy. To experience love.
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey, Do you have any fanfiction of Maggie jealous in the alien bar with her pinning/kissing Alex at the pool table?

I DO NOW ;)

“Hey, check out your sister, Kara!” Winn says, and Maggie’s stomach sinks.

Since she told Alex that they couldn’t be together; since Alex insisted they weren’t friends, that she didn’t think Maggie wanted her (the ludicrous thought pained Maggie beyond belief); since Maggie had pleaded for two minutes of her time and they’d met for pool the next night, they’d been… fine. They’d been good. They’d been close, they’d been caring, they’d been affectionate and they’d been happy.

But only as friends.

And it was destroying Maggie from the inside out.

Especially now, especially as Kara turned, as James turned, as Maggie – not wanting to, but having to – turned in the direction Winn had indicated, to find the sight of Alex, shooting pool with a gorgeous brunette who was giving her bedroom eyes; the sight of Alex, laughing effortlessly at the gorgeous brunette’s jokes, which Maggie immediately decided must be distinctly unfunny; the sight of Alex, bending said gorgeous brunette over the pool table to show her the proper way to position the cue.

It’s not even that Alex is clearly flirting with this woman – and doing a damn good job – that drives Maggie out of her mind. It’s not even that Alex is pressing her body flush against the woman’s backside that drives Maggie most out of her seat. No.

What makes Maggie stand, what makes Maggie gulp, what makes Maggie stride purposefully over to the pool table as Winn, James, and Kara fall silent and hit at each other’s shoulders as they watch, is Alex’s eyes.

Because as she bends another woman over a pool table, much closer than she needed to be to show her how to properly shoot pool, Alex’s eyes seek and find Maggie’s. Alex’s eyes lock into Maggie’s from all the way across the bar, and Alex’s eyes hold them, even as she positions this other woman’s fingers, even as this other woman leans her ass back into Alex’s body.

Alex’s eyes are on Maggie’s, and they hold a challenge, they hold a see what you’re missing, and Maggie can’t accept that.

“You seemed perfectly content to let me keep holding the cue the wrong way, Danvers; this girl must have a game even worse than mine if you need to show her what to do.”
The woman scoffs and the woman turns to Alex to defend her, but Maggie’s hand is on Alex’s wrist and she’s spun Alex around, away from this other woman, this irrelevant woman, because she should have done this long, long ago, friendship be damned, caution be damned, past heartbreak be damned.

She has Alex pinned against the pool table before Alex can formulate a response, before Alex can process what’s happening.

Alex’s breath hitches and Alex gulps and Alex is completely unconscious of the scandalized, offended scoff of the woman whose name she suddenly can’t remember, because Maggie Sawyer’s body is flush against hers, her hands pinning her back against the pool table on either side of her hips, and Maggie’s breath is in her ear and her voice is low and her voice is dripping with hurt and with jealousy and with raw, raw want.

“I never said I didn’t want you, Danvers. So, you wanna spend the rest of the night with a pale imitation of what you really want? Or you wanna spend it with me?”

Alex has no witty response and Alex has no cool retort.

“You… you want me?” she rasps, and her eyes dart to Maggie’s lips.

“I do,” Maggie whispers, and she’s kissing her, and the world is spinning, and their friends are whooping and that woman is storming away and M’gann is raising her glass toward the pool table in an it’s about damn time gesture and Maggie’s tongue is in her mouth and Alex is melting and Maggie’s arms are the only things keeping her on the ground and that is okay because Maggie Sawyer is kissing her and god she should have made her jealous earlier because this? This is bliss.
transypansy asked:

I'm not sure how angsty this is but I have a bit of a headcannon that Maggie puts off having sex with Alex for the first time because she doesn't want to disappoint her, like she wants it to be good and she knows Alex will probably put a lot of stock in it. Maggie worries about her not liking it or something. Idk, I just have a headcannon that she keeps pushing Alex away a little bit and Alex worries that she doesn't want her.

Also, re last prompt or a different one: Maggie stopping them when they get close to having sex to be respectful or because she’s worried and finally Alex basically blurting out “I want to have sex…with you.“

She’s desperate for Alex Danvers.

Cold shower, hours slamming the heavy bag, sprint drills until she nearly vomits desperate for Alex Danvers.

But she stops them whenever Alex gets too handsy, whenever the sounds Alex makes, the feel of her skin, her lips, the thrumming of her pulse, threatens to drown Maggie, threaten to shred every ounce of control she has.

Because it’s too soon, because Alex deserves slow and Alex deserves time and Alex deserves the best and Alex deserves… perfection.

And Maggie is terrified of not being able to give it to her.

So she’s taking a lot of cold showers that don’t work and her hands are sore and she nearly passes out on the track.

Until they’re making out and Alex’s hands are slipping up her shirt and Maggie is moaning and Maggie is writhing and Alex is shifting on top of her and Alex’s tongue is on her neck and her eyes are looking up to ask if her hands can slip under her bra and Maggie is breathless and Maggie is torn and Maggie is scared and Alex sees and Alex takes her hands away and braces them on either side of Maggie’s body and she blurts, with no preamble and with no lack of earnesty, “I want to have sex, Maggie. With you.”

Alex’s lips are swollen and her hair is tousled and her eyes are full of lust and confusion and Maggie doesn’t remember what air is.

“Alex,” she manages to choke.

“Do you not… do you not want… to have sex with me?”

Maggie almost sits bolt upright, and Alex leans back, instinctively wrapping her arms around
Maggie’s back to help her stay up.

“Alex, of course I want you, of course I want to have sex with you.” Maggie laughs, and Maggie shakes her head, and Maggie fights back tears. “You just deserve… you deserve everything to be perfect, and I – “

“No. Nope. No.” Alex cuts her off and Alex cups her face in her hands and Alex gently makes Maggie meet her eyes.

“Maggie, you are perfect. Every single time you touch me… hell, Maggie, every time you look at me, it’s… it’s perfect. I want… I want everything with you. Please? Can we? If you want?”

“Oh, Alex Danvers. I do want. I will always want.”
Chapter 41

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

After being together but haven’t really made it official until ….. “Will you be my girlfriend?”

^^ prompt from @lesbian-loveology

They hold hands and they kiss and they pass out with their limbs entangled on Kara’s couch during movie night and they have heated make out sessions that make Alex whine and that make Maggie tremble and leave them both breathless.

They go to dinner and they go to the movies and they wear each other’s sweatshirts sitting up on rooftops watching the stars with steaming mugs of hot cocoa.

But they haven’t made anything official.

Maggie hasn’t asked because yes, we should kiss the girls we wanna kiss, but what if Alex discovers she wants to kiss other girls, too, and wouldn’t it all just be easier if they don’t put a label on this thing then?

Alex hasn’t asked because yes, Maggie just wanted to kiss her and yes, Maggie likes her but what if she stops because what if Alex is too inexperienced and what if she’s boring and what if she’s just not good enough at this and wouldn’t it all just be easier if they don’t put a label on this thing then?

It’s James that breaks it to Maggie. “Hey, your girlfriend coming to the bar tonight?” he wants to know, and Maggie freezes and James knows and James touches her arm and James says, “She really likes you, Maggie. Hell, I think she probably even loves you. I’ve never seen her like this, I… don’t let fear stop you two from being everything you can be together, okay?”

Maggie gulps and Maggie nods and Maggie bites her lip and Maggie’s grateful that she suddenly, somehow, has friends.

It’s Winn that breaks it to Alex. “Yo Danvers, your girlfriend’s on TV again, check it!” His smile fades when he sees Alex’s wide eyes, when he sees her pale face, when he sees her suddenly wringing hands. He touches her waist and he makes her look him in the eyes and he says, “Alex, have you not seen the way she looks at you? The way she treats you? You’re all she wants, Alex: you, just being you. You’re perfect to her, for her. Okay?”

Alex gulps and Alex nods and Alex fights back the tears in her eyes and Alex swallows the desire to thwack him in the back of the head just because.

They’re at Alex’s late that night and they’re watching TV and they both keep starting to say something, look at the other, and retreat.

Neither are accustomed to retreating.
One more deep breath. One more moment of terror. And then –

“Alex, I want to be your girlfriend – “

“Maggie, do you want to be my girlfriend?”

They freeze and they stare and they stop breathing and they laugh. And then they kiss and they laugh and they kiss and they laugh some more.

“Good,” Alex finally breathes in response to Maggie’s statement.

“Yes,” Maggie finally sighs in response to Alex’s question.

And James and Winn forever claim credit for their girls making it official.
Chapter 42

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

If you could write domestic sanvers at game night being really cute and all the superfriends being such fangirls over them and then Alex taking a beer out of Maggie's hands saying you can't you're pregnant and that's how everyone finds out

SO A NOTE: I don’t usually do/like pregnancy prompts, especially with this couple (just my own headcanons), but this is super cute so whatever I’m on it.

Winn pretends to vomit and James shoves him in the shoulder and Kara just laughs, because Alex won’t stop kissing Maggie’s temple, her nose. Jumping up whenever Maggie even looks like she might possibly want more pizza, more water, more pillows, more anything.

“God, Danvers, Sawyer made you into such a softie – this mean you’re gonna finally let me win something?”

Maggie looks proud of herself and Alex looks horrified. “Let you win something? Yeah, okay, Schott. You couldn’t win even if I tried letting you.”

“Ooooooooh.”

“No, but for real, Maggie,” James says as he deals out the next round of cards, “You didn’t know Alex before… well, before you knew her.”

“Great logic there Olsen.”

“Let the man speak!”

“I’ve certainly never seen her like this. Kara, have you?”

“Nope. And I have to say, it’s nice to see my sister not constantly wavering between homicidal and mass murder…cidal. Ow!”

Kara laughs as a pillow flies in her face, and Alex doesn’t see Maggie grab the bottle of beer on the table to prevent it from getting knocked over. She only sees Maggie. With a bottle of beer in her hands.

“Babe,” she snatches it from her with an affectionately chiding kiss, “you can’t drink that, not with the baby.”

Kara shrieks and Winn launches at Alex to pull her into an enormous bear hug and Maggie covers her smiling face with her hands and James pulls out his phone to take photos and god, he’s never seen Alex smile quite like this.
Chapter 43

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

can u imagine lucy helping alex buy some lingerie? and lucy being like "ok agent danvers, what do your lady like? for what ive heard maggie can be a little freak... while laughing and alex blushes- u do have some great ass so lets focus on that" and when maggie sees it she loses it, they dont even make it to the bed lol

Alex is flustered when the woman working at the store asks her what she thinks her boyfriend would like.

And this is precisely why she brought Lucy Lane with her.

“Boyfriend? Please, no man would ever be good enough to deserve this, have you seen my friend? Her lady is a cop, so I mean come on, we can guess some of her kinks from there, am I right?”

Alex furrows her brow, with the objection “Lucy, you’re a soldier,” on the tip of her tongue, but she shakes her head with closed eyes and decides she doesn’t want to hear Lucy’s retort to that.

And neither does the shop attendant, apparently, because she’s by now made a graceful exit to let Lucy help Alex find the perfect lingerie to wear for Maggie.

“Okay Agent Danvers, now seriously: what do you think Sawyer would want to fuck you in?”

Alex splutters and Alex blushes and Lucy isn’t deterred, squinting at the displays and running her hands over some of the racier options with a careful eye.

“I mean, you always have had a great ass, so let’s focus on that maybe, yeah?”

And Alex splutters harder and Alex blushes harder and she is wordless as Lucy piles options into her arms and shoves her into the fitting room and waits outside with a shit-eating grin on her face, because god has it been too long since she’s had a woman friend who didn’t wear a red cape in her off hours.

Which is unfortunate for women everywhere, because it turns out that Lucy has an excellent eye; when Alex slips out of the bedroom wearing nothing but the pushup bra and lace garter belt that Lucy had settled on – and her glasses (Lucy had been very insistent that Alex wear those damn glasses) – Maggie’s eye go wide and Maggie’s brain loses the ability to process thought and Maggie’s hands push Alex against the wall so fast that Alex loses all hope of getting back to the bedroom.

Which, with the way Maggie is kissing her, holding her, touching her, fucking her, she is absolutely fine with.
anonymous asked:

Omg, lucy would be the BEST of the best friends for alex! And when alex gets shy she would be like "Alex, please. I'm single, I'm living through your sex life. So yes, I won't mind hearing about how maggie made you see stars last night"

“Okay I’m shutting up now, you don’t wanna hear about – “

“Danvers. You’re not used to having girlfriends, are you?”

“I… I’m just coming out, Lucy, of course I’m not – “

“Nope, no, I mean, friends who are girls. Aside from Kara.”

*blank stare*

“Okay so I’m gonna lay it out for you, Alex. We’re friends, you and me. And as your friend – as your single friend, who is currently living through your sex life – I want to hear about how Maggie-oh-my-god-she-is-perfect-and-have-I-mentioned-how-flawless-she-is-Sawyer made you see stars last night.”

“… Really?”

“Really. So spill. Spare me no detail.”
Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sanvers smut: It's raining, Alex doesn't like it/is scared of storms, Maggie distracts her (wink wonk)

Alex doesn’t say anything, but she doesn’t have to.

Maggie sees it in the way she huddles deeper into their blanket, feels it in the way she flinches ever so slightly at every clap of thunder.

Badass DEO Agent Alex Danvers is afraid of storms.

And Maggie has never found anything so adorable.

And she is fully prepared to hold her on the couch and to coddle her and to sing to her and to kiss her forehead gently until the storm passes.

Until Alex shifts in Maggie’s arms and backs her ass up into her body, and Maggie hisses and Alex turns her head and lowers her eyes over her shoulder and Maggie gulps and Alex smirks.

“So something wrong, Sawyer?”

“You seem to dislike this storm, Danvers.” Alex stiffens and Maggie kisses the nape of her neck reassuringly. “I could… distract you. If you wanted.”

Alex relaxes and Alex whines and Alex lets her head drop back onto Maggie’s shoulder.

“Could you now?” she keens, and Maggie pulls her sideways so she can flip positions, so she can straddle her, making quick work of their blanket and of Alex’s sweater.

“Mmhmm,” Maggie hums as Alex gasps, because Maggie is climbing off her, now, pausing with her fingers hooked into Alex’s sweatpants, waiting for her permission to slide them off.

Alex grants it, breathless, and the next time she shudders, the next time she gasps, it’s not because of the thunder or the lightening or the wind.

It’s because of the way Maggie’s tongue feels on her clit; it’s because of the way Maggie’s fingers stretch her out when they slip inside her; it’s because of the way Maggie looks on her knees for her and it’s because of the way Maggie stares up at her and winks as she sucks and licks and moans.

It’s because of the way Maggie fucks her and the way Maggie holds her and the way Maggie loves her, and god, a storm has never felt so incredible.
Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Maggie returns the favour, buying/wearing lingerie for Alex who then internally combusts

(love your fics btw :) )

^^ prompt from @sawyerdanver

She’s always been a lace girl under her layers of protective leather.

And Alex Danvers? Alex Danvers can lift her up with one arm – and she has – and fuck her senseless on her lab bench, on her kitchen counter, against Kara’s bathroom door – and she has.

So when James slips her a gift card to that new boutique lingerie shop that just opened up and gives her a wink, she goes the first chance she gets.

She bites her lip as she stares at her choices, and she squints and she takes the shop owner’s breath away with the intensity of her stare, the solidness of her stance.

“She’s a doctor, sort of, and a soldier, sort of, and she’s gorgeous and I have no earthly idea why she’s with me, but I just want to look special for her tonight, you know?”

The woman does know, though she can’t imagine why Maggie doesn’t understand what her girlfriend sees in her – she wonders vaguely if she should direct her straight to a mirror – and she smiles and she asks Maggie gentle questions and Maggie answers them and in the end they settle on a black bustier that pushes up her breasts and hugs her hips and shows just enough but not enough at all of the matching thong she buys.

She trembles a bit when she tugs on one of Alex’s flannels over the ensemble at home, but thankfully her voice doesn’t shake when she calls across the apartment.

“Hey Danvers, wanna come here a sec?”

“Yeah babe?” Alex starts into the bedroom. And promptly trips over herself.

Maggie catches her and Alex gapes and Alex pushes her own flannel off Maggie’s shoulders until it’s pooled around her bent elbows and Alex steps back and Maggie’s arms fall and so does the flannel and Alex gulps and Maggie inhales slowly and Alex pounces and the next morning Maggie doesn’t know whether to thank James or apologize to him because he has to see all the marks Alex left on her neck, the way Maggie limps slightly, the way Kara is horrified and ready to beat up the jerk that hurt her and James has to stammer his way through reassuring Kara that he’s sure Maggie is just fine, the way Kara stammers until she realizes with a big “oh my god, Alex!” and Alex bounces into the room on a complete high and can’t quite figure out why everyone is staring at her with such red faces and goofy grins and big eyes and god does she love Maggie in lingerie.
Chapter 47

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

2- alex is always on the station so they need her to sign some paper to get her some special badge, the desk girl says 'detective sawyer already filled your information, you just need to sign it, maggie completed all these personal info perfectly without asking anything and just when alex couldnt be more happy, she notices that maggie checked the 'married' box (to be fair it was either that or single, and alex is not single) (i gained 100 years in my life when i imagined that)

J’onn waves off the armed guards escorting Maggie to and from the DEO’s control room after she saves Alex’s life – and the lives of four other agents – in the field. Her ability to come and go as she pleases in his James Bond super spy lab is secured just by his dismissive nod, by his small grin, by his hand on her shoulder, and the words, “The DEO is in your debt, Detective Sawyer. And so am I.”

The process is more formal for Alex coming and going in the NCPD precinct.

She needs to fill out paperwork to get herself a special badge and she rolls her eyes at first because what, my FBI ID isn’t enough for you local cops, and don’t you know I’m in a rush to bring my girlfriend lunch and an update on the case? but then the officer at the desk leans over with a small, private smile, and she hands Alex the paperwork, already filled out.

Alex blinks as she recognizes Maggie’s tight scrawl, blinks as the desk officer tells her “Detective Sawyer already filled out your information, we just need your signature on pages three, and four, and five where I’ve marked the lines.”

Blinks because Maggie had remembered her stories about her aunt’s breast cancer in her medical history, remembered the surgery Alex had told her about having from a surfing injury when she was in high school, remembered her birthday, her address, her mother’s phone number and address in Midvale in case of emergency.

Blinks because Maggie hadn’t asked her anything; Maggie had simply… remembered. Maggie had listened. Maggie had cared.

Blinks and almost chokes when she does a double take at the first page; a double take because Maggie had checked the “married” box when the form asked whether Alex’s relationship status was “single”, “married”, or “divorced.”

Stupid choices, she could just hear Maggie muttering, and she could just see her smirking, her eyes lighting up with a question, her eyes lighting up with hope, when she checked the married box.

Alex blinks down tears and Alex smiles and Alex signs everywhere the desk officer tells her to.

She floats through the halls and slips next to Maggie’s desk, slapping the paperwork that she’d
asked the desk officer to photocopy down in front of her without preamble, finger marking the “relationship status” question.

Maggie looks up at Alex’s face and Maggie looks down at Alex’s finger.

“Well, you’re not single, Danvers,” she tells her, pushing back from her desk and standing, putting her hands on Alex’s waist.

“But I’m not married, either,” Alex protests, her fingers reaching up to run through Maggie’s hair.

Maggie glances down at the papers. “You signed them anyway,” she observes, and she gulps.

“I did.”

“Do you wanna be married, Danvers?”

“I do.”
Chapter 48
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

one day maggie's partner will casually say: "it happened right when you and sawyer started dating... back in July" "we started dating in September actually" "really??? She started talking about you in July tho... and never stopped, to be honest."

“Hey,” Alex is saying, hitting Maggie’s cop partner on the shoulder lightly, “I didn’t know you applied to train at Quantico, Maggie didn’t tell me. Congratulations!”

He grins, hands deep in his pockets, and nods. “Yeah, I applied around the time you and Sawyer started dating, back in July.”

Alex stops walking and squints. “But we didn’t start dating until September.”

Maggie’s partner grins and arches an eyebrow. “Really? But she started talking about you in July –” He throws his voice slightly in a hilarious imitation of Maggie. “Danvers this, Danvers that, and god Alex is so gorgeous and she thinks I don’t want her but anyone with eyes would want her, I mean don’t you want her, I mean no, you can’t want her, she’s gay and I want her and you can’t have her, but Alex Alex Alex and by the way did you know she can walk on water?”

Alex cuffs him in the shoulder again, harder this time, and he laughs, and switches back to his regular, deep voice.

“No but seriously. It was July when she started talking about you. And she never stopped, to be honest.”

Alex doesn’t explain why she kisses Maggie so fervently that night, and Maggie doesn’t need an explanation: she just needs Alex, Alex, Alex.
Kara narrows her eyes and Kara slows her approach.

“Maggie… what is that?”

Maggie looks up with wide eyes, with oh shit she caught me eyes, and cradles the ball of blueish fluff in her hands closer to her chest.

“What’s what, Little Danvers?”

“That… that. In your hands?”

Maggie looks down like she’s noticing the fluff ball for the first time. “Oh, this. This little critter. Um… a guinea pig… I think?”

Kara walks closer to Maggie slowly, cautiously. “You think.”

Maggie shrugs and opens her hands a little to give Kara a better glimpse of the creature, all wide eyes and twitching nose and translucent whiskers and soft, soft fur.

“I found him in a cage in one of the Cadmus labs we broke into and I couldn’t just leave him there and I just thought – “

“You want to adopt him, don’t you.”

“His name is Fred.”

“Fred.”

“Fred. And um… do you think Alex will say yes?” Maggie’s eyes are wide and her hands are gentle and her voice is soft and Fred is cooing, now, a low trilling that makes Kara reach out a finger and stroke his little head.

“If you look at her like that, I think Alex will say yes to anything.”
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Imagine Maggie Sawyer + boxers + oversized police jacket and thirsty Alex

Alex gets there early.

*Of course* she’s early.

Maggie’s hair is still wet and she’s only just put her boxers on but Alex is knocking and Alex will panic if she doesn’t answer right away because Alex is protective like that and Maggie *really* doesn’t want to have to reset the door frame like she did last week after Alex kicked it in last week because Maggie wasn’t picking up her phone.

So she calls out that she’s coming and she half jogs across her apartment, grabbing her oversized NCPD windbreaker and tossing it over her shoulders just before she opens the door.

“Hey b – oh. *Oh.* Is that all you’re wearing?”

Maggie shrinks just a little. “Oh, no, sorry, I... you’re a little early, I’m sorry, I should have – “

She stills at Alex’s hands on her waist, at Alex’s suddenly heady gaze, at Alex’s cockeyed grin. “No, no, don’t apologize, it’s uh…” Her eyes rake down Maggie’s body, lingering on her bare legs, on the opening of the windbreaker over the center of her chest, her abs. “It’s fine.” She bites her lip. “Completely…” She lifts her up suddenly so Maggie’s legs are wrapped around her hips. “Completely fine.”

She checks in with her eyes before carrying her to the couch, before kissing her, before ripping the jacket down off her shoulders and fucking her senseless. Maggie gasps and Maggie nods and Maggie tosses her arms around Alex’s neck, and it’s all the permission Alex needs.
Chapter 51

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I just read ur fic about the bit kink and I'm SURE alex is the bitter lol maggie so small and cute she just wants to eat her up (dangerous choice of words I know lol), she's one of those "hard" lovers but still a softie, she doesn't hurt maggie

She won’t – at first – bite the insides of Maggie’s thighs, because they’re too soft and they’re too sensitive and it’s too vulnerable and she’s terrified of hurting her and god does Maggie sound incredible when she whines like that, when she begs like that, and fuck does it feel amazing when she runs her fingers through Alex’s hair and brings her face closer into her, and hot damn if the woman is writhing like that, whining like that, grabbing like that, begging like that, for her to bite down, who is she to say no, really?

So she does, and it’s soft at first, it’s tentative, but Maggie hisses and Maggie screams and Alex swears she will never know anything but bliss again if she can always hear her name sound like that off this woman’s lips.

So she bites harder, next time, and harder, because Maggie’s hips thrust up and Maggie’s hands tug at her hair and Maggie’s throat gets raw from screaming her name, from cursing, from begging.

And in the morning she takes her time; in the morning she kisses each hickey she left on the inside of Maggie’s thighs, and Maggie sighs, and Maggie smiles, because god damn has she never felt this fucking loved.
Chapter 52

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

misguidedghost800 asked:

Much to Alex's dismay, Kara and Maggie team up to tease her about being such an adorable nerd

She’s bio-techno-babbling over a microscope with one a DEO lab tech when she first notices it. Kara and Maggie in the doorway of the lab, whispering to each other, eyes on Alex, and giggling up a storm.

She frowns questioningly in their direction but shakes it off, because she has a bio signature to analyze and if she hears the word “nerd” slipping from their general direction, it’s a compliment, anyway.

She notices it again later, in the field this time, when Alex starts in with Winn over the comm, something about electromagnetic radiation and some other words that Kara doesn’t quite understand.

“What is she even saying?” Alex hears her ask Maggie, and Maggie smirks, happy to translate.

“Basically, she’s using fancy nerd talk to say that they can find the newest Cadmus hideout by tracking the radiation that their weapons give off.”

“And she couldn’t have just… said that?”

Maggie grins and Kara – well, Supergirl – mirrors it.

“Nerd,” they chorus.

The third time Alex notices it, they’re at home and she’s snuck a microbiology textbook onto her lap while they’re watching a rom com she’d objected to from jump.

Kara leans into Maggie and whispers something and Alex may not have super hearing but Kara doesn’t exactly have the whisperiest whisper and she’s sure she hears a hint of “needs a distraction from all that nerd stuff.”

Alex is about to roll her eyes and Alex is about to call them out and Alex is about to threaten to withhold sex from Maggie and tell Eliza on Kara.

But then Maggie is nodding at Kara and she is crawling across the couch to slip into Alex’s lap and she’s nipping at her neck and suddenly Alex doesn’t mind even one little bit that her girlfriend and her little sister keep teasing her senseless.
Chapter 53

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Okay so, Alex used to be a Party Girl (tm) right? What if she's one hella sexy dancer and Maggie has no idea until they go dancing somewhere?

Alex doesn’t dance.

Not anymore.

But Maggie talks while they play pool – could be why she always loses – and one night when M’gann throws on some early 2000s pop in the bar, Maggie gets to talking about dancing.

About how she and her best friend in high school – a gay boy, the only other out kid in her school, in her town – used to sneak out in her truck in the middle of the night, drive an hour and a half out of town to the nearest gay bar, and just dance.

Her eyes scream of how she misses it, and Alex distinctly does not miss her dancing days, but dancing with Maggie would be… different. Dancing with Maggie wouldn’t be drunken and desperate to feel something, to feel anything, to feel enough.

Because dancing with Maggie? Would be perfect.

So the next night she doesn’t tell her where she’s taking her. She just tells her to dress hot and she picks her up on her Ducati and she doesn’t stop until she parks in front of a gay club with music pouring out of the doors and thrumming into their veins.

Maggie gasps and Maggie grins and Alex smirks when Maggie’s jaw drops as Alex unzips her riding jacket to reveal the barely-there halter she’s sporting underneath.

She smirks even more when she tugs Maggie onto the dance floor, when she starts to move and Maggie just freezes, because my god, Maggie has been watching women dance since she was too young to know why it felt that good but fuck she’s never seen anyone move quite like this.

Because Alex’s hands are above her head, her fingers are running through her hair and down her neck, her hips are made of the most graceful fluid, and her ass is making every single woman turn and stare and sigh hopelessly when they realize that the entire time, Alex is looking at no one, Alex sees nothing, but Maggie.

And Maggie is looking at no one, seeing no one, but Alex.
They fall asleep just as it starts to rain, and Alex’s arm is draped over Maggie’s bare abs, her head resting on Maggie’s chest.

Maggie is drifting in and out of sleep, relishing the quiet, relishing the feeling of Alex’s breath on her neck, relishing the sound of the rain outside and how warm it is in their bed, under their blankets, with this beautiful woman’s arm strung across her stomach, her leg draped across her thighs.

Alex doesn’t stir when their bedroom door opens, but Maggie stiffens and reaches to the bedside table for her gun, blinking into the darkness until she sees a very drenched, very unhappy Kara Danvers, in full Supergirl gear, looking defeated and looking terrified and looking so, so small.

“I’m so sorry,” she says without preamble, and Maggie drops the gun and sits up as much as far as she can without disturbing Alex, without letting the covers drop far enough to show Kara that she’s not wearing a shirt.

“I had the worst day, and it’s raining and I hate flying in the thunder, have you ever been flying and suddenly the entire sky shakes, I mean it is not pleasant, and I’m sorry because I know you guys are trying to have alone time but I – “

“Just come here already, Little Danvers,” she cuts her off with a soft voice and a small smile. “And bring me my shirt, will you?”

When Alex wakes up hours later, her first thought is to call Kara because dammit it’s raining and she hopes she’s not flying anywhere. Her second thought is confusion as to when Maggie put her shirt back on, and her third thought is pure bliss, is pure I need to marry this woman, because burrowed deep in the covers on Maggie’s other side is her little sister, sleeping soundly through the storm with Maggie’s arm wrapped around her shoulder and a contented smile on her face.
She kept adjusting her glasses and stumbling over her words, and Maggie fought to keep a straight, grave face because the words coming out of Little Danvers’ mouth were so serious, if not loaded with innuendo that she obviously didn’t notice, but her scrunchy face and befuddled body language was just too cute.

“And I like you, Maggie, I do, so far. But if you ever so much as make my sister cry again, I will… I will do things… to you, things that you won’t find pleasant, because Alex is special and she deserves the best and if you can’t be that for her I’ll consider letting you leave quietly right now without doing…. bad things to you.”

Maggie nods and Maggie grimaces. “And if I ever give her anything less than my best, I give you full permission to do…” She almost grins here, because she means it, but the idea of Kara being able to hurt her is just… cute. “All the terrible things to me you can think of. Because if I hurt her, I’d deserve it.” And more, she thinks, but doesn’t add that part out loud.

Kara adjusts her glasses and nods and formally offers Maggie her hand to shake, and it’s not until months later when Supergirl shakes her hand at a formal ceremony celebrating the defeat of Cadmus that Maggie makes the connection.

That the spluttering bad things threats were real, because that handshake is familiar, and damn she’d never intended to hurt Alex anyway but she would never again underestimate a stumbling, awkward threat from glasses-adjusting, hand-wringing Kara Danvers.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

after that oneshot about alex being a good dancer all i can think about is her dancing /for/ maggie, so thanks for that life ruining visual

Maggie closed her jaw before she started drooling – barely – and couldn’t keep her hands off Alex in the club.

There wasn’t a woman in the place that wasn’t jealous, watching the way Alex moved, the way her halter top exposed the muscles rippling in her back when she put her arms up, the way she dipped so low to the ground in those heels, somehow without ever losing balance, without ever losing rhythm, the way her fingers ran through her hair and the back of her own neck, the way her lips glistened, quirked into a perpetually seductive grin, all for the woman whose eyes never left hers.

Alex never lost her rhythm and Alex never was out of step.

But Alex noticed Maggie’s hands, and Alex noticed the look in her eyes. Alex noticed how hard Maggie fucked her when they got home.

So the next night, she lit candles. The next night she dimmed the lights, and the next night she slipped into a little black dress that she’d borrowed from Lucy.

The next night, she pushed a stunned, slack-jawed Maggie down until she was sitting back on the couch. She turned on a Beyoncé track that she’d never really understood until there was Maggie Sawyer, and she danced for her.

She didn’t touch – didn’t let Maggie touch – at first. Because at first, she wanted Maggie just to watch.

To watch as she ran her fingers up and down her own body, letting her hips sway with the music, turning her head to the side so she could half-see Maggie’s wide-eyed expression as she swayed round so Maggie could watch her ass move, could watch how her short dress shifted with her every movement, could watch as Alex put her body on Maggie’s body, backed up into her, grinded down into her, could watch as Maggie groaned and reached up to brace her hands on Alex’s hips, to slip her hands up Alex’s corded thighs, up her dress, around her body to touch her chest.

Alex let herself chuckle softly as Maggie growled into the back of her neck, and the chuckle became a gasp when Maggie bit down. Alex turned and Alex straddled her and Alex didn’t stop dancing for her, moving for her, even when Maggie finally got them to the bed.
Maggie's a lot of Alex's "firsts" but my favourite one is that she's gonna be the "first sex injury" haha a torn wrist or a head bang at the wall

She’d never held anyone’s hand without feeling like she was crawling out of her skin, and she’d never laughed like that with anyone other than Kara. She’d never cum with anyone, and she’d certainly never screamed like that. She’d never held anyone through the night and she’d never stayed for breakfast.

Until, of course, there was Maggie Sawyer.

Maggie’s hand felt perfect in hers, and Maggie made beer come out of her nose from laughing so hard. Maggie made her see stars when she came underneath her, and Maggie made her toss her head back and scream so hard her throat would be sore the next morning from the feeling of riding her. Maggie’s warm, soft body fit perfectly against hers, and damn did she make incredible omelettes.

Maggie Sawyer made Alex understand the phrase “first time for everything.” For the very first time.

And it was all exhilarating. It was all… perfect.

Until Winn’s eyes flew wide and J’onn’s brow furrowed and James grimaced and pretended not to notice that first morning that she limped into the DEO with her first sex injury.

Or… injuries.

Her wrist was wrapped and she was limping gingerly and her eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep, and her mouth was permanently tilted into a dreamy smile.

“Alex, what happened?” Kara gasped when she flew in, and she didn’t notice Winn shaking his head furiously at her, James clearing his throat and trying desperately to change the subject, and J’onn burying his face in his hands and walking away, muttering to himself.

“Me? Oh, pfft, nothing Kara, everything’s –“

“Alex. What happened?”

“Um… Kara…” Winn cautioned, side-stepping Alex’s wide eyes and swiping hand. “I think Maggie… happened.”

“Maggie hurt –” Kara takes one look at her big sister’s face and her eyes nearly fly out of her head and her fists unclench because she realizes that no, Maggie didn’t hurt Alex. That Maggie did…
quite the opposite… to… with… Alex.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Alex. Um. I… you know what, Winn, isn’t there a bank robbery somewhere, like, you know, happening right now?”

“Danvers, morning! How’s that wrist? Oh, hey Little Danvers!”

“Maggie, hi.”

“Um, Maggie, this might not be the best time for you to – “

“Winn, there’s gotta be a robbery somewhere – “

“Oh, hey Little Danvers, how goes it?”

“Oh good god. Supergirl, Agent Danvers, if either of you blush any harder you’ll rupture blood vessels. Can you please take this outside of my control room?”

“Awww, look, Maggie’s blushing now, too! Ow!”

“All of you. Out. Now.”

And J’onn’s children all trooped obediently out of the control room, in varying shades of red, with varying levels of smirks, Alex and Maggie with suspiciously similar limps and ecstatic memories flitting across their faces.
Chapter 58

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

paige1389 asked:

Alex in protective gear

Maggie’s waiting at the DEO when Alex gets back from a sting op in a downtown warehouse.

Waiting and pacing only slightly, because J’onn assures her it’s a routine mission, and that Agent Danvers should be back only slightly late for your date Detective, and where did you plan on taking her tonight and ah, see, there she is now and for a moment, Maggie’s angry because what the hell kind of messed up organization requires near full body armor for a routine everyday op but then her body catches up to her mind because Alex is grinning and Alex is safe and dear sweet lord Alex is in head to toe protective gear and Alex is the absolute hottest thing Maggie has ever seen.

“All according to plan, sir, they’re bringing in the escapee in the second truck. Permission to uh…” She grins, sideways, proud, cocky, as she catches the lust in Maggie’s eyes, the hitch in her breath, the moistening of her lips.

“Yes, yes, of course, Alex, I’ll get the debrief from Sanchez. Go. And pick Detective Sawyer’s jaw up off the floor on your way.”
Chapter 59

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Okay but Alex in a sports bra and boxers/basketball shorts/sweatpants

She’s run on the beach since she was a teenager.

Then, it was because it was the only way to get away from her mother. Away from Kara. Away from herself. That and surfing.

Now, it’s because it’s the only way to clear her head, to be by herself, to not be responsible for anything but the rhythm of her feet and the rate of her breath. That and sparring at the DEO.

She’s run on the beach since she was a teenager.

Then, it was in shorts and baggy t-shirts.

Now, it’s in nothing but a sports bra and basketball shorts.

Now, her calves are gritty with sand she’s kicked up during her run, and her chest is glistening with a thin layer of salt, a thin layer of sweat.

Now, she pulls out of her run at the sight of a woman.

At the sight of the most beautiful woman she’s ever seen.

With the most beautiful smile she’s ever seen.


“Want me to be in even less clothes, Sawyer?”

“Oh yes.”

“So take me… home.”

“Race you.”

“You’re on.”
Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I really need a scene of maggie kissing alex's hand and being the soft that she is, "own did you hurt your hand when u were beating down that guy? Come here, I will kiss it better :)") maggie will literally say this everytime alex gets hurt

Alex stopped noticing years ago when her knuckles were sore, when her knuckles were bruised, when her knuckles had broken skin and tender bones from their impact on someone else’s jaw.

Alex stopped noticing because she had to, because if she noticed, she wouldn’t quite be made of the iron that she was.

But Maggie? Maggie noticed.

Even – maybe especially – on the nights when Alex would come home, grab a beer, and just sit, just flick on the television and toss a blanket over her and Maggie and just be, Maggie would glance sideways at her hands, at her jaw, watch her carefully when she took off her shirt.

Monitoring for fresh bruises, fresh scrapes, fresh pains that Alex wouldn’t talk about, that Alex wouldn’t acknowledge.

But Maggie? Maggie would.

“Oh babe, you hurt your hand beating down that Cadmus agent, didn’t you?”

“What? No, it’s fine, just a little swollen I guess – “

“Come here, let me kiss it better.”

“You don’t have t – oh. Oh. Okay.”

Every knuckle. Every scrape. Every fingertip and every bruise, Maggie would press her lips to, gently, tenderly, carefully.

Every knuckle, every scrape, every fingertip and every bruise, Alex would inhale slowly, exhale slowly, eyes not leaving Maggie’s face, as tension that she didn’t even know she was keeping in her body would leave her like a cloud of dissipating fog.

“That feel better, babygirl?” Maggie would ask, every time, and every time Alex would melt. Every time, Alex’s eyes would sting. Every time, Alex would shift, would come closer, would offer more of her body to Maggie’s attentive eyes, gentle hands, soft lips.

Every time, Alex would heal.
Maggie rambles while she’s sleepy. She rambles and she has no idea that she’s doing it.

And Alex absolutely loves it.

“You know what I could never figure out babe? What paramecia think about. Like, do they know they’re furry? Do they like it? Do they ever identify as furry?”

“I’ve never seen anyone as beautiful as you. Like, ever. And let me tell you, I’ve seen my share of beautiful women. But damn, Danvers, you – haha, damn Danvers. Damnvers. Hehe, you get it?”

“Know the only thing you’re not good at, Ally, know what it is? Taking a compliment. A compliment. Like, one day I wanna compliment you and for you to just be like that’s right. You did when I told you you cleaned up nice. That was hot. You being confident and stuff. Like in your DEO gear. God.”

“I wanna kiss you, Alex. I always wanna kiss you. Can I kiss you? Now? Kiss… you…”

Alex laughs softly and Alex strokes Maggie’s hair and Alex leans in slightly as Maggie tries to find Alex’s face with groggy hands and closed eyes.

But Maggie’s lips aren’t coordinated enough, Maggie isn’t awake enough, to kiss her on the mouth.

Maggie settles for bringing their noses together, to shaking her head back and forth, to kissing Alex’s nose with her own.

She chuckles to herself in her sleepiness, and she mutters something about noses making out with each other, and she shifts closer into Alex’s chest and falls fast asleep.

And Alex has never felt more peaceful, more in love.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

BFF Lucy Lane insisting on and finally meeting Maggie. "So you're the woman who's turned my top agent into a doe-eyed Bambi" "luCY PLS"

“Lucy, be nice.”

“Of course I’ll be nice, Agent Danvers, when have you known me to not be nice?”

“Um, when you almost sent J’onn and me to Cadmus as prisoners?”

“I rescued you.”

“Lucy. Nice.”

“Relax, Alex, I – “

“Oh, here she comes.”

“Alex, hey!”

“Hey babe. This is Lucy Lane, an old friend from the DEO.”

“Hey, I’m Maggie. Good to meet you, I’ve heard a lot of great things about you from Alex.”

“And I you. So you’re the woman who turned my top agent into a doe-eyed Bambi.”

“Lucy, god, please.”

“That’s what the ladies tell me in bed, mmmmm.”

“Lucy.”

“Don’t worry Lucy, Alex still tops every once in a while.”

“Maggie! Jesus Christ I never should have introduced you two.”

“Oh no, Agent Danvers, I think I’m going to enjoy this friendship.”

“I’m not, don’t I count?”

“No.”

“Nope.”

“Great.”
“It is, isn’t it?”

“… yeah. Yeah, it is.”
anonymous asked:

sanvers friends with benefits? (don't need a whole fic lmao, just a glimpse into their life would b okay)

They don’t hold hands – except when their fingers intertwine on top of the sheets – and they don’t say the words that they both always swallow back just in the nick of time.

Because what they have is good. What they have is fun. What they have is **safe**.

What they have is late nights at the bar and a lot of laughter. They have early leads on each other’s cases that their colleagues can never seem to access, and they have someone to grab and make out with when someone won’t leave them alone at the club and they’re not in the mood to start a brawl.

What they have is earth-shattering orgasms and scratches from her nails on her back and throats sore from screaming anything but her name, because what they have is just friendship, after all.

What they have is jealousy when the other flirts with some other woman; what they have is a pit in their stomachs when the other winks across the room and leaves with her arm around someone else.

What they have is extra heated bathroom sex the next night, because they might just be friends, but they are *each other’s*.

What they have is the other’s sweatshirts in their drawers and the other’s heart in their hands and the best friend – who wants to be more than her friend, but doesn’t know how – anyone could ever ask for.
Alex’s heart stops when she sees her.

She should have been more prepared. Maggie had asked her to pick her up at her gym, after all: what the hell should she have expected?

Whatever it was, it wasn’t this, because yes Alex has seen Maggie naked and yes she has seen her dressed to the nines and yes she has seen her in that white button down shirt that shakes her to the core, but god Alex hasn’t seen Maggie in nothing but a sports bra and basketball shorts, beating the hell out of a heavy bag, eyes focused and perfect skin glistening with sweat and ab muscles rippling perfectly with each strike, with each movement, with each kick.

She doesn’t bother saying her name – Maggie’s headphones are on and she doubts if she can form words at this point, anyway – she just leans up against the wall (because something needs to hold her up) and she just stares and if she drools a little, really, who could blame her?

Because the muscles of Maggie’s arms are swollen and her back is perfectly defined and her legs are just, and her hair is just, and Alex can’t, and before she knows what she’s doing, she’s blocking one of Maggie’s blows to the bag and she’s spinning her around into her arms and she doesn’t care that Maggie’s sweat is staining the front of her shirt, all she cares about is the way her neck tastes and the way she grins and sighs into her touch and the way her bare stomach feels underneath her hands.

“Didn’t mean to interrupt your workout, babe, I just – “

“Yeah you did. But uh… you can make it up to me.”

“Oh, can I?”

“Take me home and give me another kind of workout.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“… That I can do.”
Chapter 65

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Hey :) I just started thinking about Alex reading a nerdy book to Maggie to help her fall asleep after a long day and I can't handle the fluff (also, we need more book love!) :D Thank you for your writing and your kindness, and much love to our queer family <3

Her old microbiology textbook is her standby.

When her emotions are too scattered for novels; when her body needs a bit of nostalgia; when her mind needs to focus but not on whatever problems are immediately at hand – Alex’s college microbiology textbook is what she reaches for.

Because she remembers marking up the pages and she remembers the late-night studying and she remembers the lab and she gets a thrill out of correcting the book in places where it’s since fallen out of date, where she knows more details, now, than the book included then; when she’s made her own discovery that’s added to, that’s refuted, one of the tidbits in the text.

So when Maggie is restless and when Maggie is bone-dead tired but her eyes can’t close – when Maggie’s day was a living nightmare and if she closes her eyes, she’ll see things she doesn’t want to – Alex pulls her into her lap and Alex wraps her up in the blankets and Alex puts on her glasses and Alex pulls out her old microbiology textbook, and Alex starts reading.

But she doesn’t just read the words. She pauses a few times a paragraph, describing whatever diagram, whatever chart, whatever illustration, the text references. Describing her first encounter with tardigrades and the fight she had with her professor about whether desiccation experiments were a form of torture. Describing the updates that the book needs to make, the discoveries that have been made – that she’s made – since its publication. The way xenobiology and alien physiology both challenge and reinforce the beauty contained within the book’s worn pages.

And Maggie listens, and Maggie smiles, and Maggie nods, and Maggie whines when Alex briefly stops stroking her hair so she can turn the page, and Maggie hums contentedly when Alex replaces her hand, when Alex leans down to kiss her temple; when Alex’s voice coaxes her into a deep, peaceful sleep, dreaming of creatures that thrive near absolute zero and creatures that live in acid and a woman that loves her more than life itself.
Chapter 66

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

guiltyfandoms asked:
Let's be real, who doesn't love Lucy Lane being Alex's best and most annoying friend. One of these days Alex is gonna hide Lucy's things on the top shelf in revenge

“Agent Danvers! Where the hell did you put my eyeliner.”

“What eyeliner.”

“Alex.”

“Lucy?”

“Alexandra Danvers I have a date in fifteen minutes and I need my fucking eyeliner.”

“You look fine, Lane, god, grow some confidence.”

“Agent Danvers, so help me I will tell your girlfriend on you.”

“You can’t do that, Maggie’ll be on your side!”

“Exactly.”

“Ugh. Fine. It’s up there.”

“Up… where?”

“The bookshelf.”

“The… top of the bookshelf.”

“Yep.”

“Danvers.”

“You know you’re not nearly as scary out of your uniform.”

“That’s it, I’m calling Maggie!”

“What good would that do you, she won’t be able to reach it either.”

“Good god, Alex.”

“That’s what Maggie said last night, have you guys been talking?”

“Oh my god I hate you.”
“You don’t. You *rescued* me from Cadmus. You wouldn’t do that if you hated me.”

“Maybe I only did that to get in your sister’s pants.”

“What.”

“What.”
Chapter 67

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

can u write one where alex doesnt admit shes gay to herself yet but maggie takes the hit and starts undressing herself in front of alex like trying to seduce her idk in my mind it sounded much better

She swears she’s not gay, and Maggie knows better.

Because Maggie sees the way her eyes rake down her body when she bends over the pool table to line up a shot; hears the way her breath hitches when Maggie laughs and slips into her space; feels the way Alex’s entire body reacts when they touch, when they hug, when they make eye contact over the tops of their beer bottles.

Not only is Alex queer; but Alex likes her, and damnit, Maggie’s had enough of Alex’s denial.

So when they’re done sparring – sparring is amazing because Alex is sweating and breathing hard and barely dressed and Maggie is shook and Maggie is grateful for the opportunity to touch her, to feel her, to watch her bounce on the balls of her feet, to watch her concentrate, to watch her strategize, to watch her muscles ripple and god she should have been able to block that punch, but lord is she too gay to handle this shit – when they’re done sparring, Maggie does something she hasn’t yet in front of Alex.

In front of her nope not gay definitely not gay nope no why are you looking at me like that or more to the point why am I looking at you like that nope not gay nope nope no friend.

They’re done sparring, and Maggie starts to strip.

She starts with her too-tight tank, facing Alex as she pulls it over her head, as Alex’s jaw drops and Alex blinks and Alex won’t stop staring.

Which is exactly what Maggie was hoping for, so she doesn’t turn around when she slips out of her sports bra, as she grabs a towel and pats the sweat off her bare chest. Alex coughs and Alex turns around and Maggie just grins.

“Something wrong, Danvers?”

Alex’s voice cracks when she responds, and Maggie smirks.

“No, no, not – no, of course not.”

“Pass me my bag, will you?”

“Mhmm,” Alex squeaks, and she steals a glance in Maggie’s direction as she hands her the duffle. And promptly trips over herself.
Because Maggie is completely naked now, casually unzipping her bag, casually digging around for her change of clothes.

And Alex has never been this…. this.

“Sure you’re alright, Danvers?”

“I…”

“Listen, I’m down to take you back to my place and let you touch everything you keep staring at. As friends. You know. If you want.”

“I…”

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m gay.”

“Well lucky me then, cause that makes two of us.”
The first time she woke up without Maggie next to her, she panicked.

Of course she left, because why would she stay?

Panicked, that is, until she found the note on the pillow next to her.

Alex,

I didn’t wake you because you looked so peaceful. Went out to get coffee and groceries. Be back soon.

Stay in bed, beautiful.

You are perfect, and I can’t wait to be back in your arms.

- M

So now, when she wakes up and Maggie isn’t there, Alex sighs, and Alex stretches, and Alex smiles, because she can hear her puttering around in the kitchen, she can smell the freshly brewed coffee and she can hear the sizzling of pancake batter into the pan.

This morning – this Sunday morning that J’onn banned her from the DEO and that Maggie had wrangled an entire day off – when Alex wakes and sighs and stretches and smiles, Maggie has left CatCo’s Sunday edition on the pillow.

Alex reaches for it eagerly, rolling over onto her stomach, letting the blanket stop just at the small of her back, and grabbing her glasses blearily from the bedside table. She finds her sister’s latest article, and she takes a moment before diving into reading it to cherish the way the sunlight is dancing through the blinds onto her naked back, the way her body is fully, completely calm, the way her soul is fully, perfectly, happy.
She looks over her shoulder when Maggie slips back into the room a half hour later, smiling at the sight of her girlfriend dressed in nothing but Alex’s Stanford sweater and her boxers.

“Morning princess,” Maggie greets, steaming mugs of coffee in her hands, and Alex coos, dropping the magazine on her pillow as she stretches languidly, contentedly. Maggie’s breath hitches as the blanket slips lower on Alex’s body, letting her see the perfect curve of the red boy shorts Alex fell asleep in.

“See something you like?” Alex flirts sleepily, starting to roll over onto her back, but Maggie stops her smoothly as she sets the mugs on the bedside table and crawls on top of her.

Alex hums and sighs and arches her ass back into Maggie’s body as Maggie sweeps her hair off the nape of her neck and presses open-mouthed kisses on her neck, her shoulders, her back.

“Yes and no,” Maggie answered her, and there was a time when that answer would have sent Alex into a panic, but she can feel the smile on Maggie’s lips as she continued pressing kisses to Alex’s back, as she moves down her body, down to the small of her back, to her ass, drawing the blanket gently off her thighs after a pause and an eager nod from Alex, coaxing a gasp and a grinding of her hips down onto the bed as she nips at her thighs, flits her tongue over the backs of her knees, kisses her calves, her ankles, her heels, the bottoms of her feet, before working her way – slowly, carefully, attentively – back up Alex’s body.

“Tell me the yes part,” Alex sighs, and writhes and gasps as Maggie grabs at her hips and presses down into her.

“The yes part is yes, yes, of course I see something I like. My woman, basically naked, in our bed, relaxed and happy and perfect and damn, wearing those glasses, on a perfect Sunday morning? Yeah. I see a lot of somethings I like.”

Alex smiles and groans happily as Maggie slips her hands underneath her body, bringing them around her chest to take her breasts into her hands, and Maggie shudders and growls slightly, grinding her hips down into Alex’s ass.

“And the no part?” Alex flirts breathlessly, and Maggie holds herself up with one hand while drawing the lower, skating against the bed down Alex’s stomach, pausing around her navel for permission to slip lower, which Alex whines and arches her back and grants.

“The no part,” Maggie slips her hand under Alex’s boy shorts, grazing her clit and letting Alex gasp and whine and grind down onto her hand as much as she wants, “is that I don’t just see something I like.”

She shifts her weight to her elbow and smooths Alex’s hair off the side of her face so she can kiss her temple, so she can nip at her earlobe, so she can kiss her jaw, her neck, bite down slightly before breathing into her ear, “My good girl.”

Alex makes a sound somewhere between a gasp and a scream, and Maggie rewards her with a question in her eyes. “Please,” Alex answers, and Maggie leans down to kiss the side of her mouth as she obeys, slipping her fingers inside of her, keeping her palm right on that spot above her clit that Alex needs, needs, to come completely undone.

“I love when you make those sounds for me, babygirl,” and Alex writhes harder, screams louder. “Mmm, good girl, and when you move like that for me.”

Alex slams her palm into the sheets, curls her fingers desperately around them, and Maggie nips at
her earlobe and Alex unravels and Maggie is wrecked at the way her body moves underneath hers, the way her back muscles ripple as her inner walls convulse around her fingers, the way her name tastes on Alex’s lips, the way she knows that heaven must be a Sunday morning with this woman.

“I don’t just see something I like, Alex Danvers. I see something – someone – that I love. So, so much.”
Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

The morning after they spend their first night together maggie picks up alex phone by mistake and it's eliza "who are you? Where's my daughter??" "I'm sorry, she's sleeping but I'll wake her up and" "wait! So you are maggie?" beautiful & awkward haha

She doesn’t check the caller ID before answering the phone.

Hell, she doesn’t even check the phone before answering the phone.

She picks it up because the ring is loud and Alex is sleeping and Alex is peaceful and Alex is curled onto her chest with her leg wrapped around Maggie’s waist and god if this is work Maggie is going to contemplate quitting because waking up with a woman in her arms has never felt quite this incredible before.

“Yeah,” she half-whispers, and Alex nuzzles closer into her chest unconsciously. She strokes her hair with her fingers and presses a quiet kiss to the top of her head, a faint and irrepressible smile on her face.

“I’m sorry, who is this? Where’s my daughter?”

Maggie’s stomach swoops and she almost sits bolt upright but the whole point of picking up the phone – shit, Alex’s phone – was to not wake Alex, so she grimaces and swallows and takes a deep breath instead.

“Oh, I’m… I’m sorry Dr. Danvers, she’s sleeping but I’ll uh, I’ll wake her up – “

“No dear, that isn’t necessary, I – so you’re Maggie then? I’m afraid you were flitting in and out of unconsciousness last time we met.”

“Um… yes ma’am, I…”

“So you spent the night with my daughter.”

It’s a wonder that her wildly racing heart hasn’t woken Alex yet.

“Um, Dr. Danvers, it – “

“No no, it’s alright, I understand that my daughter is a grown woman and has sex on occasion. She’s quite taken with you, you know, Maggie – well, yes, I’m sure you’ve realized that if you’re answering her phone at 6 in the morning – when she wakes, just please let her know that I was just calling to check in – she’s usually awake and back from her morning run by now, you see – and that I fully expect to see you both in Midvale for dinner so I can get to know my daughter’s girlfriend when she isn’t either dying or naked in bed with my little girl.”
“I – it – ma’am – “

“Have a wonderful day, Maggie. I’ll be seeing you soon.”

“Yes… um… yes ma’am.”

“Maggie? Babe? You calling me ma’am?”

“Uh, no… your mom.”

“What.”

“Um.”
Chapter 70
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I just had a nightmare so I came to tumblr to distract myself then I caught myself thinking "what if alex had a nightmare and maggie comforts her?" But nothing too heavy, I don't want another nightmare hahahaha

Alex isn’t a screamer – not when Maggie’s not touching her, anyway – so when she jolts awake from her nightmare, she doesn’t make a sound. She doesn’t make a sound, but she sits bolt upright, bare chest heaving, some of her short hair stuck to her forehead from sweat, keen eyes adjusting to the dark almost immediately, searching into the night for any sign of a Cadmus laboratory, any sign of scalpels and screaming and test subjects.

But she only finds Maggie’s bedroom, yesterday’s bra slung over Maggie’s desk chair, her oversized NCPD windbreaker on a hook on the back of the door, a glass of water carefully placed next to her glasses on the nightstand because Maggie knew Alex always got thirsty in the middle of the night.

She only finds everything that is Maggie – safe, secure, home – and she doesn’t jump when a pair of warm hands slide around her waist, because the hands, too, don’t feel like her nightmare; they feel, instead, safe. Secure. Home.

“Another nightmare, babe?” Maggie asks, her voice full of sleep, full of gravel, full of concern and full of love.

“I’m fine,” Alex tells her, leaning back into her touch, and she feels Maggie shaking her head against her bare back.

“You’re shaking, Al,” Maggie whispers, and there’s no judgment in her voice, no sign that she thinks Alex is weak, that she thinks Alex should be stronger than imaginary wisps flitting through her subconscious at night. No sign, because she thinks quite the opposite.

“I’m okay,” Alex hears herself say, and she hears her own voice crack, and she feels Maggie’s lips on her spine and she feels herself, for once in her damn life, let herself be taken care of.

She lowers back down onto the bed, back down into Maggie’s arms, back down to the sheets that smell like everything that is Maggie, back down to where Maggie’s long hair tickles her face, to where Maggie smoothes her own hair off her forehead, kisses her jaw, her chin, her nose, her cheeks.


“You?”
“What about me?”

“You’re alright too?” Maggie’s heart nearly explodes and she has to try several times before she can successfully swallow, before she can successfully breathe, before she can successfully do anything but want to bawl, because Alex Danvers worries about her like she… like she’s family.

“Yeah, my love. I’m alright, too.”

“Good.”

Alex smiles sleepily, and her body relaxes. She snuggles closer into Maggie’s arms, and Maggie runs gentle fingers over her naked sides and presses kisses to her hair as Alex falls back into a safe, secure, home, sleep.
anonymous asked:

I love how you always write explicit consent and my head cannon is alex/maggie saying "can we have sex now?" After a fight haha or "can I kiss you now?" When they see each at the end of the day

When their chests are still heaving from Alex’s pacing, Alex’s yelling; from Maggie’s biting her lip and sullenly going quiet, seething, until Alex breaks, until Alex cries, until Alex doubles over and Maggie grabs her and holds her and apologizes, until they both apologize and breathe and fumble for each other’s hands and kiss each other’s knuckles;

When Maggie inhales sharply as Alex’s lips graze her hand, and their wet eyes meet headily over their intertwined fingers;

“Can we have make-up sex now?” Alex will ask, and Maggie will laugh, Maggie will smile, and a relieved tear will splash onto her cheek.

“Yeah, Alex. Yeah, we can.”

And when Maggie comes home from a long day and Alex has flowers on the table waiting for her and an omelette – because Maggie is a massive fan of breakfast for dinner, or breakfast any time, really – on just this side of overcooked, Alex turns off the burner and walks to the door to take off Maggie’s jacket, to take Maggie’s gun, to run her fingers through Maggie’s hair, Maggie will put her hands on Alex’s elbows, on Alex’s hips, and she will smile, and she will ask, “Can I kiss you now?”

And Alex will answer with her beaming eyes, her eager smile, and her slightly parted lips.
Chapter 72

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Today in class I heard a girl say "I have abs derick, when I take my shirt off men get threatened and girls turned on" and I swear if this is not a maggie sawyer line !!!!! I wish I knew the context of this but it's still gold

“Damn James, could you put those away?”

“James, here, your shirt is riding up, stuck to your sweater, it – I – “

“Oh, sorry. Thanks Kara. Sorry Winn – didn’t mean to flash you there.”

“I mean, with those abs? The only thing you have to apologize for is making me feel terrible about my life.”

“Oh no, Winn, you’re so handsome!”

“Yeah yeah, and you’re just super nice, Kara.”

“Eh, I don’t know.”

“Maggie, that’s not nice!”

“No no, I mean, Winn, you’re all handsome and Kara, you’re super nice, but that’s not what I meant. I just like – I mean, James’s abs are great. But mine are better.”

“Seriously, Sawyer? You wanna challenge me to an ab contest?”

“Yeah I’m serious! I have abs, Olsen! When I take my shirt off men get threatened and girls turned on.”

“I can attest to that.”

“Ew, Alex, I don’t need to hear these things – ”

“Sorry, I mean, it’s true. Have you seen her shirtless?”

“What, no, Alex, I haven’t seen your girlfriend shirtless!”

“Your loss.”

“Well now we’re all curious.”

“Winn, you’re not helping!”
“Yeah, he is. Alright Sawyer, bring it. Strip.”

“Hey! Only I’m allowed to tell her to strip.”

“Alex!”

“Damn Sawyer!”

“Oh my god you’re so hot babe.”

“Aw, thanks Al! Give up Olsen?”

“Hanging leg raise contest?”

“Let’s go.”

“J’onn! Uh… hi.”

“What the hell are you all… you know what? I don’t want to know. I don’t want to ever know.”
Chapter 73

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

tacosandjoggers asked:

Do you agree with my headcannon that Maggie is really good at playing darts? One day, she's gonna show Alex up and win some money back.

She used to sneak out in her truck and drive an hour and a half out of Blue Springs to the nearest gay bar with her best friend – the only other out gay kid in her school, in her town – and the bar’s pool table was as bumpy and cratered as Martian terrain.

But the dart board worked just fine.

And she would only ever have enough money for gas, enough money to slip to the little kids who got their lunch money beaten out of them so they could eat, enough money to buy herself the few lesbian DVDs she could get her hands on.

So she got good at darts. Good enough to get her drinks paid for. Good enough to hustle some extra cash so she could start saving up for her first Triumph; some extra cash so she could start saving to go to college far away from this damn town.

When she got to National City, the alien bar didn’t have a dart board. But being a rookie cop didn’t pay much, and she was still in debt from school, and it was nice to make some friends while making some extra grocery money, so M’gann indulged her by setting up a dart board in the back.

When Alex Danvers came around, Maggie was still teaching herself to play pool, and she was so enthralled with the smooth shots Alex made, the confidence in the way she bent over the table, the deftness of her fingers and the slight squint in her eye when she set up another perfect shot, that for a long time Maggie forgot about the dart board.

Until Winn discovered it, loudly, and Maggie smirked. Because she was constantly losing to Alex Danvers – her money; her pride at being able to win whatever game she played; her heart.

But darts? No no. She wouldn’t lose at darts.

And she didn’t, and it turned out that Alex Danvers was a sore, sore loser.

And it turned out, further, that Maggie didn’t mind soothing her with kisses, with barely-there whispers, with a sway of her hips and a wink of her eye that made Alex forget all about the game.
Chapter 74

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Okay but how much do you wanna bet that if someone at the alien bar even got CLOSE to touching Maggie sexually without her consent Alex would stop their hand mid swing and slam them into a table, making sure that they know if they do anything like that again she won't hesitate, and when she comes back Maggie's like "what the hell" and Alex is just like "he tried to touch your ass that's unacceptable" (she'd do this even if they weren't together)

It doesn’t matter who it is. It doesn’t matter where they are, and it doesn’t matter how drunk they all are.

Alex does not tolerate anyone touching Maggie without her consent. Anyone. At all.

When other people have zero tolerance for something, they might snap at someone. They might yell, they might call someone out publicly.

When Alex Danvers has zero tolerance for something? She breaks bones.

So when the newcomer to the bar looks like he wants to touch Maggie’s ass as she bends over the pool table to line up her next shot, Alex immediately has his arm pinned behind his back, his head slammed onto the table behind them.

“What the hell, Danvers?” Maggie wants to know, her back stiff and her hand hovering at her waistband for her gun, in case Alex needs anything, in case the worst is happening and it’s going to be the massacre all over again.

“He tried to touch your ass, Maggie, and I just – “ She twists his arm tighter and slams his head back down into the table for emphasis – “needed him to know that’s unacceptable.”

M’gann is frozen at the bar, tap dripping over her still fingers, and the entire bar stares. Maggie flushes and Maggie tries to hide a smile and Maggie touches the small of Alex’s back lightly.

“I think he’s learned his lesson, babe. Maybe don’t dislocate his shoulder; we’re not trying to leave M’gann with a lot of paperwork, yeah?”

Alex swallows and shoves the guy onto the ground before glancing around the bar and holding up her hands mildly.

“Anyone have something to say?”

Eyes are immediately averted and chatter immediately begins again and M’gann realizes how much beer she’s been spilling as she chuckles to herself and grabs a towel.
“You okay?” Alex asks Maggie, and Maggie just grabs her, and Maggie just kisses her until she can’t breathe.

“What uh… what was that for? Not that I’m… complaining.”

“No one’s ever… I stand up for people. People don’t… stand up for me.”

Alex’s heart breaks and she runs her fingers through Maggie’s hair, shaking her head slightly. “Well, now they do. Get used to it, Sawyer.”
Chapter 75

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! Do you have a fic about Alex waking up after having spent the night with Maggie and being surprised that Maggie is still there? I kinda feel like Alex used to having one night stands

She’s used to memorizing the path through his furniture to his front door as he drunkenly kisses her, gropes her, as his uncomfortable hands back her desperate-to-feel-but-not-feeling-anything-but-vague-discomfort body to his bed, to his couch, to his kitchen counter. She memorizes the path because she will leave when he falls asleep, without turning any of the lights on, because she doesn’t want to wake him; doesn’t want to be asked for her number; doesn’t want to be asked if it was good for her, because, inevitably, it wasn’t.

Or, in the rare occasions that he seems smart enough, that he seems gentle enough, that he smiles broadly enough, that she’s drunk enough, to take him back to her apartment, the warm body that she drifts off next to is an empty space, a vaguely dented pillow and pulled back sheets in the morning.

Alex Danvers is used to one night stands.

So when she takes Maggie upstairs – takes her upstairs because she’s more than smart enough, more than gentle enough, her smile is more than broad enough, but oddly, neither of them are the least bit drunk – and they fall into bed together, Alex finds herself doing many, many things she’s never done before.

Screaming her name. Gripping at her back because she needs her closeness like she needs oxygen. Gasping and moaning and writhing and cumming, none of it contrived, none of it faked, all of it perfect.

But Alex Danvers is used to one night stands.

So when she rolls her completely sated, completely spent body off of Maggie’s at god knows what hour in the morning; when she kisses her and pulls her close and Maggie sighs and melts into her naked embrace; when she feels Maggie kiss the hand that’s wrapped around her body, when she hears Maggie’s breathing slow and even out in sleep, Alex fights to stay awake.

Fights to stay awake because she’s used to one night stands, and she wants this to last as long as it can.

But sleep wins, and her heart threatens to shred when her eyes crack open into the morning light a few hours later, because she knows – she knows – that the bed next to her will be empty. Will be cold. Will be nothing but a memory.

She doesn’t want to turn. Doesn’t want to see. Doesn’t want to confirm that she was nothing more
than an easy fuck for the woman she was falling in love with.

But she is Alex Danvers, and she does not shy from what she’s afraid of, so she turns.

And her heart bursts.

She grits her teeth and she swallows and she resists the desire to light everything on fire.

She drags herself out of bed because dammit, if Maggie Sawyer is so apparently intent on pretending that nothing happened, she can be, too.

But the kitchen smells like pancakes and the kitchen smells like coffee, and the moment she pads out of the bedroom two tiny hands slip around her waist and soft lips find the nape of her neck.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty. Breakfast sound good?”

Maggie’s voice is gravelly with sleep and Maggie’s voice is relaxed and Maggie’s voice is content and Maggie’s voice is happy and Maggie’s voice is *there, here*, because Maggie *stayed*, and Alex has never felt so loved.

“Breakfast sounds perfect.”
It starts relatively chaste.

“Never have I ever defeated an alien threat with a computer virus.” (Winn drinks and pats himself on the back.)

“Never have I ever had a crush on my boss.” (Lucy and Kara drink and Kara is bright red and Alex buries her face in her hands and mutters something about that woman to herself.)

“Never have I ever been arrested.” (James and Alex and Lucy drink, and all chime at the same time, “Racism,” “Drunk driving,” and “Public indecency.”)

It’s Winn who does the thing, and he kind of means it as a joke because he can’t think of anything else.

“Never have I ever had a threesome.”

Kara laughs and James awws and Lucy chugs and Alex sips and Maggie leans back and drinks.

Kara splutters and furiously adjusts her glasses; James coughs and stares, hard, at his ex girlfriend, his face not knowing whether it’s amused or horrified or both; Winn yells and points between all three of them and thumps the couch in excitement, spilling his beer everywhere.

Alex blushes furiously and Lucy smirks and Maggie arches a confident eyebrow.

“What – you guys have – with who – when?”

“I’m just gonna say, before Agent Danvers pops a few blood vessels in her face – “

“Aw, my poor baby, come here.”

“ – that there are some hella attractive women in this town. Sorry I didn’t invite you, Jimmy, I don’t think the other girls would’ve appreciated it.”

James cocks his head and James looks between Alex’s guilty face, half-hidden in Maggie’s shoulder; the way Maggie licks her lips in distinct memory; the way Lucy’s pinky finger lingers on the place where the couch meets Alex’s ass; and his eyes fly wide and he turns to an open-mouthed Winn and they both automatically look at a still corrupted-looking Kara and agree silently to say
nothing, to say nothing ever, about the fact that Lucy, Maggie, and Alex have slept together. At the same time. With no clothes on.

Until Kara is safely out of super-hearing earshot of the rest of the Superfriends, anyway.
Chapter 77

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

CAN YOU DO A SANVERS LAP DANCE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE OMG LIKE ALEX GIVING MAGGIE A LAP DANCE IN A SILK DRESS OR SOMETHING PLEASE

The silk feels slightly foreign on her skin, which is used to tougher stuff, but she imagines Maggie’s fingers running over the material – running under the material – and she licks her lips and runs her fingers through her hair and checks the low cut, just-barely-covering-her-ass dress (more of a slip, really) in the mirror before grabbing her glasses and slipping them on as an afterthought.

She stares at Maggie for a moment – lounging on the couch, beer in hand, catching up on Quantico for no reason other than to mock the FBI and watch Priyanka Chopra exist – before gulping, before grabbing the remote and pausing the TV, before setting her phone into the speaker Maggie had brought from her apartment and pressing play on one of her favorite Beyoncé tracks.


“Am I interrupting, Sawyer?” Alex asks, licking her lips and keeping her eyes locked in Maggie’s as her hips catch the rhythm, as Maggie’s jaw hits the floor and Alex crosses in front of Maggie, keeping her sitting with a gentle push on her shoulders and a wink from behind her glasses.

Maggie tries to speak and Maggie utterly fails, and Alex holds her bottom lip with her teeth as she pauses.

“Did you want me to stop?”

“I – it – no, Alex, fuck, no.”

“English language giving you trouble, Sawyer?” Alex chides with wicked eyes, her voice several octaves lower than it usually is, and Maggie doesn’t bother to refute her. She just reaches her hands out for Alex’s hips, for Alex’s body, for Alex, because she’s in a silk slip and she’s wearing her glasses and she’s starting to dance and Jesus Christ she needs to touch her.

“Nnhn,” Alex chastises, swatting Maggie’s hands away gently, arching an eyebrow behind those glasses and letting her lips curve into a lopsided grin. “I didn’t say you could touch.”

“Sorry,” Maggie breathes, and Alex smiles, and Alex turns, and Alex watches Maggie over her shoulder because god does it feel good to see the raw need, the raw want, the raw lust on her face as Alex bends, as Alex brings her hips down, brings her hands down to brace herself on the couch on either side of Maggie’s legs, brings her ass down, grinding down in perfect time into Maggie’s body.

“Al – Alex,” Maggie chokes, and Alex hums, and she reaches back to take Maggie’s hands –
obediently raised in surrender, obediently raised in a ‘you told me not to touch you so I’m not even though dear god is it destroying me’ palms up pose at her sides – and bring them to her waist. Maggie groans and grinds her hips up into Alex’s ass and Alex chuckles deep in her throat and moves her ass harder and Maggie is tossing her head onto the back of the couch because Maggie is wrecked and can do nothing but moan and splutter and grab and fight to keep her eyes on the woman in a silk slip and glasses giving her the most perfect lap dance she could ever imagine.

“Maggie?” Alex asks over her shoulder, and Maggie grunts something unintelligible in response.

“Wanna take me to bed and reward me for giving you a lap dance?”

And Maggie might be wrecked and she might have forgotten what oxygen is and she might have forgotten how to speak, but she remembers how to stand and she remembers how to spin Alex around and lift her up and kiss her mouth and carry her to the bedroom and lay her down and fuck her until her throat is sore from screaming and her eyes are glazed from cumming that hard.

“So… you like when I give you lap dances? Cause that’s… that’s what I’m getting.”

“Know what babe, I’m not too sure. Think you could… try again? Give me a bigger sample size to analyze?”

“And you call me a nerd.”

“In those glasses?”

“You like these glasses.”

“Damn right I do.”
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Someone needs to write Daddy kink Alex. I tried and failed.

thesameenshaw answered:

*cough* *slides $5 bill across the table* heeeeyyyyyy @queergirlwriting...

She’s naked and she’s  

wrecked  and she’s layng on her stomach and she’s writhing and she’s whimpering in desperate need because Maggie is on top of her and Maggie is inside her and Maggie isn’t quite done telling her how much she loves fucking her.

“My babygirl’s so tight for me, ugh, you’re such a good little girl, you know that?”

Alex bites into her pillow and Alex writhes and Maggie pulls out of her slightly and Alex whines in protest.

“Daddy asked you a question, babygirl, you gonna answer for me?”

Alex half moans and half screams and Maggie waits and Alex tries to back her ass up so Maggie will slip back inside her, will fill her with everything she needs again, but Maggie holds her hips down roughly before pausing, before freezing.

Maggie pauses and stares down at Alex intently before slipping her fingers onto Alex’s palm, waiting for Alex to squeeze back – which she does immediately – their nonverbal safe word for god yes I’m good please don’t stop the scene.

Satisfied with their check in, satisfied with their safe signal, satisfied that Alex feels respected, that Alex feels loved, Maggie obeys; Maggie doesn’t stop the scene, so she continues to hold Alex’s hips down, to demand an answer from Alex before continuing to fuck her.

“I asked,” Maggie’s ragged voice commands again, still pushing down Alex’s writhing hips. “If you know what a good little girl you are for me.”

Alex whines and Alex nods and Alex tries to remember what breathing is.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispers, and Maggie growls, and Maggie rewards them both, pushing back down onto Alex’s ass, her strapon slipping back into Alex’s body, and Alex muffles her scream with the pillow and Maggie groans deep in the back of her throat.

“You like being Daddy’s good girl, honey?”

Alex bites her lip and Alex tries not to scream and Alex fails and Maggie smooths the hair off the back of her neck and kisses her gently.
“What’s your color, Ally?” she checks in breathlessly, needing to make sure, needing to know, even though she’s pretty certain from the way Alex is grinding her hips into the bed, into her own hand, that she’s good; because pretty certain isn’t certain enough.

“Green,” Alex gasps, and Maggie smiles in relief, and Maggie fucks her deeper, and Maggie asks her again.

“You like being a good girl while Daddy fucks you nice and deep, honey?”

Alex doesn’t even try to hold back her scream and Maggie grabs for her hand and their fingers interlace and neither of them have never been this wrecked.

“Yes Daddy, I love it.”

“Love what, babygirl? Tell me.”

“I love when you fuck me nice and deep, Daddy. I love feeling you stretch me out.”

Maggie groans and Maggie buries her forehead in Alex’s shoulder blades and Maggie’s thrusts go completely uneven because Maggie is completely unraveled and Alex is way ahead of her, already starting to convulse around Maggie’s strapon deep inside her, around her own hand palming her clit, around the feeling of being completely surrounded by this woman, this woman who checks in with her constantly and who respects her enough to give her exactly what she wants, even when what she wants makes her blush almost as hard as she’s cumming right now.

“I love it too, babygirl. And I love you,” Maggie tells her once she’s gathered Alex into her arms, once she’s kissed every part of her face, once she’s pulled Alex into her chest to listen to her slowly steadying heart beat, to fall asleep to the rhythm of the blood that runs through her veins only, now, for Alex.
Chapter 79

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

one night at game night when maggie leaves the room subject turns to alex and maggie’s relationship and alex says ”i need your advice. i don't want to be her girlfriend anymore-” and maggie walks back in as she says that and insert angst here and alex has to stop her from leaving and says ”i was going to say that i don't want to be your girlfriend anymore because i want to be your wife” then there's fluff and kara dances around like the overeager excitable puppy she is pls can you write this????

She’s going to testify on behalf of a young kid who was wrongfully arrested in the morning, and he calls her and he’s terrified.

She leaves the room with the phone to her ear and an apologetic expression on her face, and when a few minutes later she walks back into game night, it’s with a small smile because the boy is calmer now, the boy is more confident now, the boy is less terrified now.

But the smile fades because as she slips back into the room Alex’s voice washes over her and Alex’s words threaten to break her: “Okay, you all, shut up, shut up, listen, I need your advice: I don’t wanna be her girlfriend anymore.”

“What the hell, Danvers.”

Her voice is expressionless and her face is a mask and her body is a coiled muscle ready to snap, ready to destroy, but only herself, because that’s what she’s best at.

“Maggie, god, no, Maggie, I didn’t – “

“No, you know what Danvers, I’ll save you the trouble. Don’t even worry about it. It was bound to happen anyway, it always does. I’ll just grab my stuff – “

“Maggie, no.”

Kara is paler than usual and Winn’s hands are on his mouth and James is biting his lip and Alex is up and Alex is striding to where Maggie is fumbling for her jacket and Alex is taking Maggie’s hands into hers and putting her fingers under her chin to tilt her head up, to encourage Maggie’s stormy face to look up into her eyes.

“Alex, don’t bother – “

“Maggie, stop. Stop. I… I was going to say… I… I don’t want to be your girlfriend anymore because I want to be your wife.”

Kara shrieks and claps her hands over her mouth and Winn and James grab at each other’s arms and Alex takes a terrified breath and Maggie’s jaw hits the floor and Maggie gazes up into Alex’s
eyes, her own flooded with hot, stinging tears.

“You… you what?”

“I don’t want to break up with you, Maggie Sawyer. I never wanna break up with you, I… I wanna marry you.”

“Alex, you…”

“Yeah, Maggie, why… how wouldn’t I wanna spend my life loving you?”

They barely notice Kara dancing around in the background and they barely notice Winn and James hitting each other’s arms and fangirling in blissful silence.

They barely notice because their fingers are stroking faces and their lips are kissing away tears and their bodies are shaking and they’re kissing and they’re hugging and they’re gasping for that elusive thing called breath.

“So… so I take it you want to. Marry me. Cause that’s… that’s what I got.”

Winn tosses a pillow at Alex’s beaming face and Maggie blocks it without even moving her head and Maggie smiles and Maggie leans up on her tip toes, and she kisses Alex’s nose and she kisses Alex’s lips and she breathes into Alex’s ear, “Of course I wanna marry you, Alexandra Danvers.”
Chapter 80

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Prompt (Has potential to be a little dark, but... Multiple people have mentioned the consent thing so...): Alex being confused by Maggie's constant need to check in with her when they're being intimate, because she's never had someone actually care whether or not she was actually okay with/enjoying what was going on and the fact that Maggie does seem to care completely baffles her. And when she tries to explain this to Maggie she gets more confused when Maggie gets super emotional about it.

HEADS UP for references to past experiences with non-consent

She would drink and she would dance and she would let their clumsy hands slide up and down her body because god she needed to feel something, didn’t she? Something other than mild impatience, mild repulsion, mild is this seriously what people write songs about because god I’d rather be in the stupid lab.

She would drink and she would drive and she would let them carry her to their bedrooms, to their couches, to their kitchen counters – whatever their fantasy was, never asking about hers – and she would try, she would try, and she would fail, like she always seemed to be failing, because when she bit her lip in pain or sighed because she was bored and this was tedious and couldn’t he tell she wasn’t into it he seemed smart couldn’t they just put on Grey’s Anatomy reruns and just talk? or gasped because he needed to slow down, she failed, she failed, because he couldn’t tell and she couldn’t tell him and wasn’t she supposed to be enjoying this anyway.

So when Maggie Sawyer watched her carefully as she took off her shirt; when Maggie Sawyer asked, “does this feel good, babe?” or “do you want me to take this off, Alex?” or “may I?” or “do you like that, beautiful?”; when Maggie Sawyer made sure she was soaking wet before slipping inside her, made sure she was desperate and writhing and begging before coming into her body, made sure she nodded and gasped and screamed and dug her fingers into Maggie’s hair before lowering her face between her legs to lick her until she came; when Maggie Sawyer paused and held her hand and said, “just tap my palm if you need me to stop, babe, okay?”; Alex Danvers was confused.

Confused and disoriented and, if truth be told, a little uncomfortable.

Because Maggie’s eyes were always watching her; Maggie’s ears were always straining for every sound of pleasure, for any sound of discomfort; Maggie’s voice was always asking; Maggie’s fingers were always checking; and it left her feeling overwhelmed, and it left her feeling scrutinized, and it left her feeling under a spotlight.

And she didn’t understand it at all. Because wasn’t sex about getting your partner off? Wasn’t she doing a good enough job of that? Why was Maggie hesitating so much? Was she bored? Was she trying to tell Alex that she could be more... exciting? More attractive? More... more?
She’s on top of Maggie when she finally says it; after Maggie stills her wrist with gentle fingers just as Alex is about to slip inside her; after Maggie looks up into her face with somber eyes and parted lips and asks, “You sure you want to, babe?”

“Am I not doing a good enough job?” Alex splurts in response, forcing the words out in a terrified rush.

Maggie freezes and Maggie scrunches her face and Maggie splutters. “What? Alex, you’re… god, no, you’re perfect, it – I’m confused. What… why are you asking, I’m… I am so turned on, Alex, can’t you feel how wet you make me? I was just… you don’t have to, that’s all I meant, I – what –

“You’re always stopping and asking me if I’m good or if I really want to, so I thought maybe I was doing something wrong, like you’re trying to tell me something or imply that I should be doing something different, something… better.”

And if Alex was baffled before she is utterly bewildered now, because there are suddenly tears in Maggie’s eyes and Maggie looks like she’s about to break and she’s rolling Alex off of her and onto her side and she’s smoothing Alex’s hair out of her face and she’s biting her lip and she’s clearly trying to remember how to breathe, how to speak, how to function.

“Alex,” she finally chokes out as Alex’s heart races in confusion, in terror, in the sinking, familiar feeling that she’s failed, again.

“Alex, I’m so sorry, I’m not… babe, I’m not trying to passive aggressively correct you, I just… you don’t have to do anything, ever. You don’t have to let me touch you, or take your clothes off, you don’t have to go down on me or fuck me or hell, babe, you don’t have to let me kiss you. I just… I’m just trying to make sure you’re good because I couldn’t… I couldn’t live with myself if I ever touched you in a way you didn’t want, if I… I only want you to feel amazing, Alex, I… has no one ever…”

Alex looks like she does when she’s working out a particularly complex equation, and she shakes her head slowly, and Maggie’s chest wracks with exactly one sob before she takes a deep breath and cups Alex’s face with her hands.

“Well, my kill list just grew some. And so did my desire to kiss you. But only if you want. Do you? Want?”

And this time, Alex smiles wetly, and Alex sighs, and Alex doesn’t bother swallowing tears, because Alex knows she is, finally, cared for. Respected. Loved.

“Yes. Yes, I want.”
Chapter 81

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Prompt: Eliza visiting, she approves of Maggie but things escalate during dinner as Eliza says something Alex takes as a stab at her for not being perfect enough (unless Kara). There's a huge fight and Maggie witnesses it

It starts with Kara hiding all the bourbon and limiting Alex to one beer and one glass of wine.

It starts with Maggie holding her hand and telling her it’ll be fine and _here babe, have some water._

It starts with Maggie shaking Eliza’s hand with both of her own and telling her what an honor it is to properly meet her and how amazing her daughter is and _thank you for bringing her into the world._

It starts with Alex blushing and Kara beaming and Maggie pouring Eliza a glass of wine and Eliza carefully regarding Alex’s crimson face and bright eyes and mourning the way she’s never seen her _happy_ like this before, _relaxed_ like this before.

It starts with smiles and it starts with an awkward ease, but it doesn’t end that way.

Because Eliza is leaning across the table slightly and Eliza is telling Maggie that it’s so refreshing to hear that she studied literature _because I could never get my Alexandra to expand her horizons beyond the laboratory_ and Alex is reaching for the bottle of wine and Maggie is remarking mildly that Alex’s horizons seem super broad to her and Maggie is rubbing Alex’s thigh under the table and only pouring her a sip or two more between passing the bottle away to a pursed-lipped Kara.

And Eliza is congratulating Maggie on getting Alex to spend so much more time outside of work because _other than all that time she spent surfing at home, I could barely get her to give her mother more than a five minute phone call outside of the lab, let alone spend entire evenings out and away from work_ and Kara is commenting on how often they have sister’s nights and movie nights and game nights and Maggie is letting Alex leave bruises on her hand with how hard she’s squeezing it under the table.

And then Alex is breaking and Alex is standing and Alex is tearing at the seams because Eliza is telling Maggie how _it’s so wonderful to share a table with Alex when she’s sober, Maggie, you don’t know how I’ve worried_ – and Alex doesn’t want to hear the rest of the sentence because Alex is _done_ and Alex is _can you not, Mom? Can you not in front of my girlfriend, in front of the only woman, the only person, I’ve ever brought home to you? You don’t string out all of Kara’s flaws in front of the people she brings home! Oh, but you know what, you don’t string out any of Kara’s flaws at all, because she doesn’t have any, does she, they’re all mine, all my fault, because no matter what you said about me being your supergirl, me being exceptional, it’s never super enough, it’s never exceptional enough, is it? So tell me, Mom, when will I be enough?_
And Kara is crying and Kara is standing and Eliza is sitting and Eliza is staring at the table and Alex isn’t waiting for an answer and Maggie is reaching for her hand and Eliza is seething, because This is really what you’re going to do, Alexandra? Yell at me, accuse me of all these things, demand an answer from me and then storm away? In front of, as you say, the only woman you’ve ever brought home to me? Like a petulant teenager? Alex, you know better than this –

Well apparently I don’t because –

Alex, do you wanna maybe take a walk –

No, Kara, I don’t want to take a walk, but maybe you can take me for a flight around the city, maybe that’ll clear my head –

Alex –

I’m sorry, Kara, I’m not mad at you, it’s not –

I know –

Alexandra.

What?

I think Detective Sawyer is trying to tell you something.

Because Maggie is standing with her head bowed and Maggie is holding Alex’s pinky with her own and Maggie is waiting, waiting, waiting, and Alex furrows her brow at her and Maggie is speaking, softly, softly, telling Alex that I know history with parents is rough, babe, and I know your mom – sorry, Dr. Danvers – doesn’t always talk like she appreciates you for who you are. But babe, I... I just wanted to remind you that I think you’re perfect, and I think you’re enough, and I think hell, you’re too good, so good, so amazing, that I probably don’t deserve you, but I want to try every day and every night and every moment in between to deserve you because you’re perfect to me, Alexandra Danvers. And I just... maybe now’s not the time, but I know when I have smackdowns with my dad I always wish someone would tell me they care about me so I... I care about you. You. In case you... forgot.

And Alex is kissing her and Kara is covering her wet smile with her hands and Eliza is looking down at the table with a bittersweet smile and pursed lips and Alex is breathing in everything that is Maggie and everything that is her and everything that she needs because in Maggie’s kiss she feels everything that she can be, and that includes being, well... enough.
Chapter 82

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Plzzz

Can I get a sanvers one night stand fic based on the song stay with me

^^ prompt from @percabeth-solangelo03 (I wrote this by turning the song and and seeing where it took me I hope that fulfills the prompt! Turns out it took me to insecure!Maggie angst-ville, so uh… sorry in advance. DON’T WORRY IT ENDS HAPPILY I COULDN’T DO THAT TO MAGGIE MY GOD PROTECT MAGGIE SAWYER AT ALL COSTS)

She’s not quite drunk but she’s flirting with getting plastered.

She’s not quite depressed but she’s flirting with letting herself collapse on the bathroom floor and not dragging herself up until M’gann takes her by the hands and calls her a cab.

She’s not quite in love with Alex Danvers, but when she strolls into the bar, laughing over her shoulder at something that IT guy said, she’s flirting with punching the poor guy out and taking his place at Alex’s side.

“Sawyer!” Alex calls, and she’s not quite off her game, but she does flirt with choking on her beer.

And when Alex waves Winn off and makes her way to Maggie’s isolated table in the back, she’s not quite convinced that Alex is actually straight because Alex is leaning in and Alex is blushing and damnit, Alex Danvers is flirting with her.

The night draws on and Alex draws closer and Alex’s eyes are stone cold sober and Alex is breathing in Maggie’s ear and Alex’s fingers are flirting with Maggie’s belt loops and Alex is whispering “wanna get out of here?” and Maggie is confused but Maggie isn’t complaining and Maggie is fumbling for cash to toss onto the table and Maggie is driving her home and Maggie is getting flipped over and Maggie is gasping and Alex is asking for what she wants and Maggie is nodding and Alex is taking it and Maggie is forgetting about her ex, forgetting about her cold words and brutal accusations, because Alex Danvers is asking with her eyes if she can fuck her the split second before she does and this can’t be happening but it is and god she knows it can’t last because it never does but she knows already that she won’t ask Alex to stay because Alex’s eyes are already frosting in denial, in secrecy, in fear, in repulsion, probably, because who wouldn’t be repulsed by a woman who’s hard-headed, obsessed with work, insensitive, constantly accused of having mental health issues that she swears she’s trying to work out but no one seems to stick around long enough to find out.

And Alex certainly isn’t, because Alex is slipping back into her clothes and Alex is pressing a too-chaste kiss to Maggie’s swollen lips and Alex is smoothing her own hair back down and Alex is slipping her phone into her back pocket and Alex is saying something about having to get back to
work but um, thanks for an amazing time, and Maggie’s heart is breaking and Maggie just nods wordlessly because of course and Maggie breaks when the front door snaps shut behind Alex and she doesn’t bother whispering the plea to stay with me that she wants to because why the hell would she, so she screams into her pillow and she slams her fists into her mattress and she refuses to sob and she throws her phone across the room and she thinks about warm hands and soft lips and the way Alex had whimpered her name like a prayer when she was cumming and she rocks herself and she cries.

She stops only when she hears her phone buzzing, a few minutes later, insistently, insistently, and she’s vaguely impressed that the damn thing isn’t broken.

Angry feet kick aside sweat-stained sheets and shaking hands reach for her phone and she cries more, more, because the text is long and the text is rambling and the text is perfect and the text is so, so Alex.

Maggie, I’m sorry I left like that. I’m sorry I didn’t… I should have, I don’t know, romanced you or something. I should have given you more than I did, because you deserve more than I have. I’m not sure of much right now, but I am sure of one thing, and that’s my feelings for this… amazing woman. You. I’m sorry I ran. I’d never felt anything like… Can I take you to dinner tonight? But I’d understand if you never want to see me again. But I’d… I’d love to do much more than see you again. - A
Maggie’s hair is tied up and her shorts give short a new meaning and her white muscle shirt showing off her rounded biceps keeps making Alex trip over boxes, trip over the roll of packing tape, trip over her own feet.

Alex has a bandana tied just above her forehead to keep sweat out of her face and her cut-off jeans hug the curve of her ass perfectly, and the combination keeps making Maggie bump into walls, crash boxes into banisters, narrowly miss careening sideways into the closing elevator doors.

“They’re not gonna be able to make it through this move with all their limbs in tact, are they?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Schott. I have the entire DEO medical team on standby. Detective Sawyer, you might want to watch where you’re going –”

“Instead of trying to get a better angle at Alex’s ass – “

“Fuck, ow!”

"Aww babe, you okay? Come here, let me kiss it."

“I don’t know why I even bother.”
Chapter 84

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sanvers Prompt: just a cute scene where Maggie is fangirling about how great Alex is as a person and how good at her job she is, etc. and then says "you're my hero". Alex is all struck silent cause she's never really thought of herself as a hero, that was always Kara. (p.s. you're a phenomenal writer and I get super excited whenever I see you've posted something new to read <3 ).

It’s a small dinner, because Alex hadn’t said anything, but she’d seen Alex fidgeting with her hands, pulling the strands at the hem of her Stanford sweater on the plane. She’d felt the deep breaths Alex was taking, seen her biting the inside of her cheek.

So instead of her mother inviting the entire family, Maggie talked them into having dinner, just her and her dad and her mom and her… and Alex, because she’d noticed that Alex was calmer around smaller groups of people. It wasn’t obvious to other people – she was amazing, she was always amazing – but the more eyes on her, the more she did the little things. Like picking at the hem of her sweater, before and after (never during. She was too composed for during).

So Maggie had wrangled her mother down into a small dinner, for tonight at least, until Alex got acclimatized to Blue Springs, Nebraska.

And when her skeptical father puts a familiar lump in Maggie’s throat and asks, while Alex is helping her mother in the kitchen, “And how exactly is this woman better for you than that Tomás fellow who’s been asking after you since you were fifteen?”, Maggie swallows rage and irritation and a lecture about what it means to be a lesbian, damnit.

Because instead, she just starts talking about Alex.

“Pop, Alex is…” She stares at her father’s guarded face – one she knows she inherited – and she sighs and she starts again. “She saved my life. I mean, she’s saved my life so many times, but… you know, it’s one thing to put yourself in the line of fire – literal fire – “ She chuckles to herself at her own inside joke. “– for your partner in the force, you know? You spend all day with them, you know their family, you… but Alex? It didn’t matter that she barely knew me, it didn’t matter that I wasn’t on her team, that I… She’s brave and she’s tough and she’s gentle, Pop, she – she’s all these contradictions, like, she’s completely devoted to her job but she’ll throw everything away to protect the people she loves, she… she’s a family woman, Pop, you should see the way she dotes on her little sister, she gives up everything for her, even when it hurts her, even when it could literally kill her, and she just…”

Maggie pauses because she’s a detective, and she detects, sees her father’s gaze flitting over her shoulder, and she turns, following his eyes to where Alex is standing in the kitchen doorway with a stack of plates and watery eyes and slightly parted lips.
They just stare at each other for a long moment, and Maggie swallows the lump in her throat, the fear, the exhilaration, in her belly.

“You’re my hero, Alex,” she tells her, voice full of gravel and voice full of hope.

She turns back to her father and she repeats her words, knowing Alex, knowing that Alex will need to hear them again, because her sister is *Supergirl* for crying out loud and people don’t tell her enough that she is her own damn superhero.

“She’s my hero, Pop, and I’m in love with her. So uh. Yeah, she’s better for me than some man. Better for me than anyone.”

Her father nods slowly and her father continues looking beyond his daughter to the woman he’s beginning to realize will be his daughter-in-law one day. He sighs without sound and he raises his eyebrows like he’s trying to sort something out in his mind, and he reaches forward and he kisses his daughter’s forehead.

“I hope you’re her hero too, Mags. Because you’re certainly mine.”

“Oh, don’t worry, Mr. Sawyer. She is. She is.”
It starts on the Quidditch pitch, but it doesn’t end there.

It starts on the Quidditch pitch, when Alex sends a bludger straight at Maggie’s elbow because she’ll be damned if she lets Slytherin fall prey to this arrogant new Gryffindor Chaser, who seems to be able to get every shot past their damn Keeper.

She sends a bludger straight at her elbow, but the damn girl rolls completely over on her broom and shoots upside down and still makes the shot.

The Gryffindors roar and Alex swears and Madame Vasquez shouts a warning at her and she swears again, but softer this time, but that’s not even the most infuriating part.

No, the most infuriating part is the grin on the Gryffindor fifth year’s face, the way she hangs there in the air like a flipping sloth, just toes and fingers keeping her on her broom, gorgeous, perfect – no, no, irritating, stupid – hair spilling down toward the ground, the Gryffindors (and, hell, the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs, too) cheering on her antics.

The most infuriating part is that shit-eating grin, the way her eyes find Alex’s across the pitch, the way her grin broadens and her dimples shine when their eyes lock; the way she gives Alex a hearty wink, nearly sending the Beater spiraling off her broom in a confusion of heat and rage and heat, god, that heat.

So it starts on the Quidditch pitch, but it doesn’t end there.

It continues in the corridors, in the Great Hall, in DADA. Because suddenly she’s aware of this Maggie Sawyer girl everywhere; suddenly it’s like she’s in her blood, like she’s under her skin, and she’s trying not to think about touching her skin…

And it must be the universe putting them together, or at least that’s the way it seems to Alex, because Professor J’onzz pairs them up the next week in DADA, setting them to demonstrate whether they’ve been practicing stunning spells since last session in front of the entire class.

“You got this, Sawyer,” that irritatingly muscular Olsen boy whispers to Maggie as she steps forward, lopsided grin on, chin up, and Alex realizes with a jolt how tiny the girl is on the ground.

That shock of heat, that shock of energy, surges down deep below Alex’s stomach again when Maggie holds her eyes as they bow to each other, as she mutters “good luck, Danvers,” before they pace back, before they spin back around, before they raise their arms and set their wands and take a breath.
Alex has never lost a duel.

But Maggie’s voice is burning through her veins, her eyes penetrating her every shield, and she hesitates for a moment too long.

It’s Maggie Sawyer’s hands that are on hers when she wakes, when she hears a trembling voice muttering “Ennervate”, when she slips back into consciousness, a serious crick in her back and a mortal wound in her pride.

“Back off, Sawyer,” she growls and Maggie jumps up out of her concerned crouch like she’s been burned.

But she recovers her vague smile as time for class runs out, as Professor J’onzz gives them their assignment for next session, as everyone starts filing out and Maggie just holds Alex’s eyes steadily with hers.

“See you around, Danvers,” she says, and god, Alex hopes so.
Chapter 86

Chapter Summary

blueskyanddryland submitted to queergirlwriting

Hi I’m really enjoying your stories and it’s making this hiatus so much more bearable. I have a prompt. How about Maggie and Alex keep running into Maggie’s exes and they’re always flirtatious with Maggie and always say her name breathlessly like “Hi Maggie.” And Alex gets super jealous and it just makes her want to remind Maggie that she is hers and only hers. Idk. ;)

^^ prompt above from @blueskyanddryland

She doesn’t think much about Darla being Maggie’s ex, except for that little squirming flame of jealousy every single time she hears Darla speaking English.

So okay, maybe she thinks about it a lot. But at least Darla doesn’t flirt with Maggie like the others do.

Because there do seem to be others.

A lot of others.

Maggie insists that they’re not all exes, not exactly. She doesn’t elaborate, she just drinks a little deeper and shakes her head, and Alex is okay with that for now.

She even finds it funny, sometimes.

“Hi, Maggie,” the Bravak woman can barely force out of her breathless lips and heady eyes.

“Nice to meet you,” Alex offers brightly before Maggie can respond, tossing her arm around Maggie’s shoulders and pulling her slightly closer. “Agent Alex Danvers, FBI.”

She suppresses a smirk as the poor woman wilts and Maggie arches an eyebrow at her.

“Hi Maggie,” the brunette with the horizontally closing eyelids and great cleavage swoons, and Alex acts like she doesn’t hear her, and Alex pulls Maggie into a deep, deep kiss.

“Someone a little jealous, babe?” Maggie asks her finally, after Alex slipped her arms around Maggie’s waist and kissed the side of her neck when the girl with the fantastic dragon tattoo dipping from her collarbone ever lower, lower, lower, offered to buy Maggie a drink, offered to go someplace to get reacquainted.

“Jealous? Pfft, no. Why would I be jealous?” She pulls Maggie closer by her belt loops, dips down for a searing kiss.

Maggie swoons into the embrace and a swell of pride swoops through Alex’s chest.
“I think I like you jealous.”

“I think I like you mine.”

“Well that’s convenient. Because I am all yours, Alex Danvers.”
Chapter 87

Chapter by queer girl writing

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can you fic Alex telling Winn about her and Maggie or him slowly piecing it together

He’s noticed that she’s happier, and he’s noticed that she threatens him less. He’s noticed that she smiles more, sighs contentedly more. Checks her phone more.

And he’s noticed that she’s been seeing a lot more of her cop friend.

Which wouldn’t be totally unusual, maybe, if he’d ever known Alex Danvers to have friends. Aside from the Superfriends. But they kind of came from Kara, and this Maggie person? It it’s clear that she was all Alex’s.

He watches the way Alex blushes every time Maggie walks into the room, and he arches an eyebrow but says nothing.

He sees the way Alex bends Maggie over the pool table, allegedly to show her the proper way to hold her cue, sees the way their bodies connect, the way Maggie melts back into Alex’s thighs, into her stomach, into her arms.

He observes the way Kara watches them laugh together with a small smile on her lips and slightly narrowed eyes, like she’s assessing, like she’s making sure of something, like she’s evaluating.

He hears the breathless way Alex picks up her phone when the caller ID reads “Sawyer,” and he hears the way she screams Maggie’s name over the comm when she was shot in the leg; he hears the way Alex throws herself into the line of fire to get Maggie to safety; sees the way she hovers over her, caring for her, fingers gentle, eyes calm, eyes terrified, back in the DEO med bay; hears the softness in her voice as she stitches Maggie up, as she tells her what a great job she did in the field, and he knows the gentleness, the tenderness, he catches have little, or maybe even nothing, to do with the fact that Maggie got shot because she dove in front of Kara.

“Hey, Alex,” he calls to her as she’s heading out later that night, rushing, rushing as she’s never rushed to leave work before, because now, he thinks, she has someone to go home to.

“Yeah.”

“Anything you wanna tell me?”

“The hell are you talking about, Winn?”

“Alex. How’s Maggie?”

“Winn…”
He stands and he examines her face, assesses the probability of getting slammed up into a wall and threatened with her index finger again. He judges the situation safe, and he reaches out to hold her arms with his hands.

“Alex. She seems like a really great girl. She clearly likes you, she clearly has no problem protecting Kara, she… Alex, I’m gonna say it once and then we’re gonna forget I ever said anything, okay? I love you. I love you, and if you love Maggie, if you love girls, then the only thing that’s gonna change between us is I’m gonna make you come to me for dating advice.”

“Pfft, please, like you would have anything useful – “

“Alex.”

“I love you too. IT geek.”

“Bioengineering nerd. Ow!”

“Well, you said you didn’t want anything to change between us.”

“… touché Danvers. Touché.”
Chapter 88

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

So, I happen to believe Alex is a top and Maggie is a bottom. BUT, not until Alex got confident in being intimate with Maggie. But when she gets comfortable, she legit pounces and Maggie is all hot and bothered and confused. (fic request)

YES. Firm belief that they’re both switches, that Maggie loves topping Alex and Alex loves being topped but Maggie has never gotten enough attention/devotion from her past lovers to be able to really bottom before, and when Alex gets confident oh my god Maggie loves it because she’s never felt cared for like this and I live for that headcanon because women of color are not doted on enough and Alex would dote on her so much and she deserves it so much and JUST.

She loves the way Alex whimpers underneath her and she loves the way this badass, full body-armor, take-no-prisoners DEO agent comes completely undone in her hands, under her tongue, in her arms, under her body.

She loves it, and she couldn’t ask for anything more, because loving Alex Danvers, making love to Alex Danvers? Loving Alex, making love to her, is like nothing she’s ever done before.

And she can’t imagine anything better.

Until Alex comes home and Maggie glances over her shoulder with a grin, calling “hey babe!” over the sound of sizzling quesadillas and bubbling rice.

She forgets, momentarily, that she’s wearing nothing but a black bra, one of Alex’s old flannels – slightly too big for her, and tied up at her waist because of it – and black boy shorts.

She forgets, that is, until Alex freezes, until Alex rips off her jacket, tosses down her gun, crosses to the kitchen in a single stride, and pounces.

Maggie gasps and Maggie splutters and Maggie melts into Alex’s kiss, into Alex’s hands, which wrap around her desperately, which reach around her body to turn off the burners, which pause, which freeze, as Alex pulls back, lips already swollen, hair already mussed from Maggie throwing her arms over Alex’s shoulders, already tangling her hands in her hair.

“This okay?” Alex asks raggedly, chest heaving and something almost feral in her gaze that makes Maggie’s knees weak, that makes Maggie feel surrounded, and feeling surrounded has never felt so… safe.

“More than okay,” Maggie rasps, and Alex swallows her next whine with her lips as her hands run under Maggie’s ass, brace on Maggie’s thighs, scoop her up like she weighs nothing.
She carries her away from the stove, away from the kitchen, into the bedroom, Maggie’s elbows over Alex’s shoulders, legs wrapped around her waist, as Maggie kisses her to replace the oxygen she’s losing, she kisses her to keep something on the ground, her fingers woven into Alex’s short hair and her lungs screaming for oxygen but her lips screaming for more first.

More of this, more of Alex, and Alex obliges, laying her down gently on the bed, cushioning her head with her hand, cushioning her heart with her eyes and her nerves with her smile.

“You’re beautiful, Maggie. You are so, so beautiful.”

Maggie swallows tears and she swallows confusion, because Alex is the beautiful one, mussed hair hanging down from her face like that, lips swollen like that, eyes burning like that; because Alex is the beautiful one, and no one’s ever… Maggie doesn’t get to be cared for like this, Maggie doesn’t get to be topped.

But Alex is asking, now, to top her, asking her “You okay, babe? Is this too much? Is this… not something you want? Or not right now, or – “ and Maggie is pulling Alex’s face down to hers to answer her questions, but Alex pulls back again because she has more.

“Maggie, I wanna make love to you, I want… I wanna fuck you, I… I wanna make you feel so good, babe, I… can I? Do you want me… to?”

Maggie swallows tears again because there will be time for them later, and she bites her lip, and she nods, but it’s not enough assurance for Alex, because god she must look scared, but she’s not, she’s just overwhelmed because can someone – can Alex – really want her this much, love her this much?

So she lets out a shaky breath and she gives Alex all the affirmations she’s looking for. “Alex, yeah. Yes, I want… I want you, I want… fuck me, Alex. Please.”

She gasps and she trembles as Alex takes off her clothes, as Alex kisses every birth mark and every scar, as Alex takes a moment to tickle that spot on her side that always makes her writhe, that always makes her laugh.

She screams when Alex slips inside her and she breathes out an affectionate laugh when Alex freezes with wide eyes, terrified that she’d hurt her, but no, no, she’d done the opposite; she scratches at Alex’s back with her nails and when Alex groans, when Alex rasps “that’s right, babe, you enjoy yourself” in her ear, when Alex fucks her harder the louder she begs, tears sting Maggie’s eyes and Alex waits again, but Maggie grabs her closer, Maggie shakes her head, and as Alex kisses the tear that leaks out of her eye, Maggie whispers “Good tears, Al. Please don’t stop. Unless you want to. Please?”

So Alex doesn’t stop.

Alex doesn’t stop biting her lip and growling slightly, doesn’t stop watching Maggie’s face as she fucks her, as Maggie unravels and Maggie cums because Maggie is wrecked and Alex watches her like she’s the most beautiful thing she’s ever seen, because she is, she is, she is.

And when Alex gathers her into her arms and presses soft kisses to her temples, to her hair, to her tear tracks, Maggie feels more home than she ever has before.
Chapter 89

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you please write a small piece with Maggie cuddling Alex after roleplay/bdsm in general? It's such an important part of some kinks, like not necessarily the sex itself but just maggie comforting her sub and giving her lots of love

Alex’s body is still shaking and her breath is still uneven, and Maggie is not much better off. They’re both covered in a thin sheen of sweat, and Maggie swears she pulled a muscle somehow, but she fumbles down to the edge of the bed – to where Alex had kicked the covers nearly clean off as she was writhing, as she was whimpering, as she was begging, as she was screaming for Maggie not to stop, for Maggie to fuck her harder, please, please, please – and pulls the sheets back over Alex’s body with a shaky hand.

Alex sighs and shifts into the warmth of the blanket, into the warmth of Maggie’s body, wearing only her harness, her strapon that’s still soaked with Alex’s fluids.

“Come here, babygirl,” Maggie whispers, but it has none of the commanding tone she’d been using mere minutes before; none of the edge and none of the gruffness and none of the heat; this time, only softness, only warmth. Only love.

Alex complies as best she can with her hands cuffed above her head, and Maggie reaches up to unclasp them for her, her eyes soft and her hands careful and her breath slowly evening out.

“I got you, babe,” she tells her as she takes both of Alex’s hands into her own, inspecting her reddened wrists with careful eyes and tender fingertips, bringing her lips to the undersides of her wrists, to each of her veins, to each of her bones, to every centimeter of her exposed skin.

Alex watches Maggie examining her, watches Maggie kissing her, caressing her, with a limp body and glazed eyes and a nervous thrumming in her heart.

“You love me, Mags?” she wants to know, she needs to know, because she thinks she does, Maggie acts like she does, but she needs to hear it, needs to be told it, needs it like she needs the water the Maggie is reaching across to the bedside table to give her.

“Alex,” Maggie whispers, smoothing a sweaty layer of Alex’s hair off her forehead as Alex drinks deeply, eyes wide and on Maggie. “Yes, babe, I love you so much. I love you, I respect you, I would never ever hurt you, I – “

“Well. Maybe not never ever.” Alex cocks an eyebrow and winks and Maggie looks down and chuckles and shakes her head.

“I love you, Al. I would never… I would never do this with you if I didn’t. Can I um… do you want me – would you let me hold you?”
Alex blushes and Alex beams and Alex sets down the glass and crawls into Maggie’s grateful arms. She settles with her head on Maggie’s chest, Maggie’s arm under her neck, wrapped around her body, holding her close, her other hand running her fingers through Alex’s hair, running gentle patterns over Alex’s cheeks, her nose, her forehead, her chin, her lips.

“You know you’re perfect, right, Alex? I mean…” She stares up at the ceiling as she talks, but all she can see is Alex’s smile, all she can hear is Alex’s laugh, all she can feel is Alex’s warm body huddled close into hers. “I can’t imagine being happier than I am when I’m with you. You know? And I didn’t… I didn’t know I could love someone like I love you. You… you know that, right? Even when we…”

“Even when you cuff me to the bed and flip me over and smack my ass and fuck me to within an inch of my sanity?”

“Well, someone’s lesbian vocabulary is growing.”

“I have an excellent teacher.”

Maggie chuckles and kisses the top of Alex’s head, kisses Alex’s forehead, her nose, when Alex shifts so she’s looking up into Maggie’s eyes.

Maggie smile and answers the question before it can even reach Alex’s swollen lips.

“I love you, babygirl. I love you, and I’ve got you, and I cherish you, and I’m not going anywhere.”

Alex shivers happily and beams a satisfied smile before burrowing back into Maggie’s body, sighing in perfect security, in perfect contentment, in perfect… well, perfection.
Chapter 90

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I've always thought that if Maggie and Alex were at Hogwarts they'd be on rival quidditch teams as seekers, and they'd always butt heads (with underlying sexual tension when the other said "make me" or "try me") but one game Maggie would get knocked off her broom, and Alex doesn't know why but suddenly she's flying towards Maggie, leaping off her broom, grabbing her, and flipping them over so she takes the full force of the fall. Then there's confusion and feelings and Kara being a Little Shit™

“Outta the way, Sawyer.” Alex deadpans, carefully keeping her voice bored, carefully keeping her voice disdainful, carefully banishing from her voice the sweeping heat that always invades her stomach around this damn Hufflepuff fifth year with the quirky grin and sexy voice.

“Who died and gave you the right to unchallenged ownership of this side of the lake, Danvers?”

“Slytherins always get this side of the lake, Sawyer.”

“Yeah, well maybe it’s time we stop building up the divide between the Houses and focus on sharing the damn shade, huh?”

Alex scoffs and Alex tosses her hands behind her back like she’s never heard something so ridiculous.

“Outta the way, Sawyer.”

“What’re you gonna do, make me?”

Maggie is staring up into her eyes and that irritatively sweet-faced Gryffindor she’s always hanging around with – that her sister is always hanging around with – is stepping forward with fire in his eyes and tension in his muscles, ignoring the constantly chattering Ravenclaw boy that’s tugging at his shirt and muttering “Uh, Olsen, maybe we better let the girls sort this out on their own, huh?”

Alex ignores them and steps closer into Maggie’s space and immediately regrets it, because she could drown in Maggie’s eyes and shit she was supposed to have a comeback by now.

“Try me.”

Not her best work, but it’ll do, she thinks, until Maggie just smirks and steps back and strolls off toward Olsen and Schott.

“See you around, Danvers,” she says, and Alex pretends she doesn’t feel the loss of Maggie’s warmth next to her body.
She pretends because she *hates* her, because sure she’s in her sister’s year and they’re in the same House and Kara swears she’s *really nice, Alex*, *I don’t understand why the two of you are fighting all the time* but Maggie’s got that *smirk* and that *swagger* and she’s always just ahead of Alex in DADA and Potions, and that is *unacceptable* and she will kick her ass today at Quidditch. She will, she *has* to, because then the heat in her core will be about *winning*, about being maybe, just maybe, good enough to have Eliza write to tell her she’s *proud* of her for once, not about Maggie’s toughness or her kindness to Kara or the way she defends the kids who get picked on or the way her arm muscles ripple when she slips off her robes and only wears a Muggle tank top in the Great Hall…

But they’re in the air, far above the screaming crowd, and Alex is squinting through the nearly torrential rain for the Snitch, and she *has* to catch it first because she has to *win*, even if Eliza will somehow find a way to be disappointed because *how could you take pleasure in beating your sister’s House?*

She’s got half an ear keyed to Willis’s commentary keeping score blow, and she’s half an eye on Maggie, flying the same routine on the other side of the pitch, until suddenly she’s not.

Alex doesn’t know if it was a bludger or a particularly rough wind current or gust of rain in her face, but whatever the reason, Maggie is plummeting fast to the ground, and Alex is speeding across the pitch faster than she’s ever chased after the Snitch, and half the crowd is screaming because they think Alex has spotted the damn insignificant ball, and the other half is screaming because they’re watching Maggie fall, and Alex isn’t screaming because she’s sticking her tongue out in concentration, in desperation, and she’s maneuvering her broom so she’s flying right under the path of Maggie’s fall and Alex is kicking away her broom and cradling the other girl in her arms so that when they hit the ground moments later, Alex is the one whose bones crack, Alex is the one who absorbs the heaviest blows, Alex is the one who’s keeping Maggie *safe*.

“Why would you do that for me?” Maggie croaks when Alex finally comes to, blinking in the dim light of the hospital wing, and it takes Alex a moment to realize that the fingers stroking the back of her aching hand aren’t Kara’s, but Maggie’s, because Kara is pacing the back of the room with wide eyes and frazzled hair and disheveled robes that make Maggie’s muddy ones seem neat.

“Kara,” Alex ignores the question, and Kara groans in relief.

“Well, you’d better answer the girl’s question, Alex, and you’d better do it with a *kiss* and an *I’m sorry Kara, you were right, Kara, she really is lovely Kara*, because I swear Alex if you did that for her and you don’t *like* her I will personally force the Sorting Hat to reverse its decision and put you in Gryffindor.”

“Got all your feelings out now, Little Danvers? Feeling better?”

“Actually, yes. Now, Alex?”

“Sawyer, uh… maybe we can talk about it next Hogsmeade weekend? Or something? You know, after my bones don’t feel all fused together.”

Maggie looks down and smiles and squeezes Alex’s hand gently, both of them trying to ignore a very giddily dancing Kara Danvers in the background.

“You’re on, Danvers. You’re on.”
Alex shakes him off the first time, nods him away with a quirk of her eyebrow and a cool I’m all set, thanks, before taking another swig of her beer, eyes returning to the bar disinterestedly instead of on the half-amused, half-affronted looking man who’d just offered her a drink and a time that’ll put a smile on that pretty face.

He scoffs and he stalks away, shaking his head and running his hand over his chin, and the girl with the dimples and leather jacket alone at the corner of the bar stiffens, watches him with careful eyes, sips her bourbon slowly. Makes a note to herself to keep an eye on the gorgeous short-haired woman nursing a beer like she’s wishing for ten more, because if Maggie knows one thing, she knows men in bars, and this guy will be back.

He proves her right a few minutes later, after a raucous conversation at a booth with his buddies, after another shot or two. He saunters up to the woman with the distant eyes again, and she tenses, but it’s subtle, it’s simple, it’s collected. It’s brave. But it’s also tired.

She can’t hear what he tells her, but she catches the woman’s response – no, nothing hurt, and before you can say it, no, I didn’t fall from heaven, but if I did, I’m fairly certain I’d be in a morgue instead of this bar, and also an alien – and Maggie snorts and smirks into her drink before rising halfway up, because the guy is pissed, but the woman just levels an even stare at him and if he expected any resistance from her, it wasn’t this kind of devil-may-care resistance. He splutters and he mutters about not knowing how to take a damn compliment and he ambles back to his friends.

The woman rolls her eyes and shakes her head and orders another beer.

By the third time the same guy comes up to her, she’s irritated and she’s flustered because god didn’t anyone ever teach him the meaning of no, but mostly she’s just tired, because the day she had, all she’d wanted was a drink in a place that wasn’t her apartment, because her apartment was empty of everything except her thoughts, except her memories, except the broken screams she’d
heard that day, the ones she’d failed to stop; the ones she’d failed to save.

Alex almost groans aloud when her peripheral vision picks up the man with a lustful blaze in his eyes and fucking her on his mind, but she swallows it because she doesn’t want a confrontation, she can’t do another confrontation, not today.

But before whatever stupid, misogynist pickup line he’s cooked up this time can cross his lips, a warm, gentle arm, touching her but only barely, only just, is slipping around her shoulders, and she starts to jump, starts to go for the gun in her waistband, but the voice that goes with gentle arm stills her fear somehow.

“Aw babe, is this a friend of yours?”

Maggie doesn’t wait for a very baffled Alex to respond before putting her free hand out to the man who’d been bothering her all night.

“Hi, I’m Maggie, this beauty’s girlfriend. And you are?”

Her voice is honey and her smile is dimpled but her eyes are fire and her grip must be out of this world, because Alex swears she sees the man flinch.

He mutters something indistinguishable and he glares and he wrenches his hand out of this Maggie woman’s grasp and they both watch him stalk away, watch his shake his head and watch him sullenly collapse in the booth with his friends as they slap him on the back, as they laugh heartily and entirely at his expense.

As soon as eyes leave them, Maggie takes her arm away from Alex’s shoulders apologetically.

“Sorry about that,” she says gingerly, biting her bottom lip slightly, her eyes examining Alex’s nervously.

“No, you uh… you saved me. My hero.”

Maggie can’t quite read the woman’s face – a mix of grateful and resentful and tired with just a pinch, just a hope, of, maybe, something else, something more— but she definitely feels her own face getting hot.

“Well, the city’s already got one of those.” She points to the bar screens absently and the woman glances up at the news coverage of Supergirl saving a bus full of children from a crash with pursed lips, a raised eyebrow, and something that looks, strangely, almost like pride in her eyes. And that exhaustion again.

“Yeah. Yeah, it does.” The woman drinks deeply and Maggie tilts her head, watching her closely.

“Danvers. Alex Danvers, FBI,” she says suddenly, and Maggie grins slightly.

“Maggie Sawyer, NCPD. Pleasure to meet you, Danvers, Alex Danvers, FBI.”

Alex rolls her eyes but her lips are smiling and Maggie decides she’s never seen anything more beautiful.

“Why’d you do that for me? With that guy back there?”

“What can I say, I can’t resist offering my services when a beautiful woman’s in need.”

Alex looks down and Alex pffts and her ears turn crimson and she shakes her head but then she
looks up, then her eyes flicker down to Maggie’s lips, and then Maggie gulps and then Alex grins a little lopsidedly, a little cockily but a little sheepishly.

“That how it is, Sawyer?”

“Only if that’s how you want it to be, Danvers.”

Alex bites the inside of her cheek as some of the tension melts away from her shoulders, as Maggie’s gentle, warm, safe gaze washes over her and sends heat pooling straight into her core, sends renewed energy straight through her entire body, sends hope through her again after an utterly hopeless day.

“You wanna get outta here?”

“I know a place with a great pool table.”

“You’re on.”
Chapter 92

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

alex loves giving neck kisses

She hasn’t learned yet how to not leave hickeys, and Maggie doesn’t really care.

At all.

Because when Alex’s lips leave hers, she always whines, she always moans, she always grabs at her in protest.

Until, that is, Alex’s lips travel down her jawline, to her earlobe – which always makes her scream and Alex chuckle softly, and, lately, breathe the beginnings of three word sentences into her ear – down lower until she’s pressing open mouthed kisses to Maggie’s throat, to her neck, one hand tangled in Maggie’s hair, the other pulling her body closer, pulling her body deeper.

Pausing to look up at Maggie, pausing to make sure, pausing to get the affirmation she needs to keep going – and receiving it, receiving it, because Maggie’s chest is heaving and Alex might love kissing her neck but Maggie loves being kissed like this – Alex never stops with her lips.

Her tongue always makes Maggie gasp and tug at her hair and scream her name, and the way Maggie’s knees go weak and the way she needs Alex to hold her up never fails to encourage Alex to pull back again, to check again, to receive renewed permission, and, getting it in the form of desperate nods and breathless, incoherent words, Alex nips and Alex sucks and Alex licks and Alex smiles into Maggie’s neck because god does this feel like home.
“Where have you been? I had this whole thing where I was gonna build us a house, but I don’t build houses, because I’m a surgeon!” Meredith Grey is ranting on their TV screen, and Maggie chuckles affectionately at the scene she knows all too well.

Maggie feels Alex’s body tense throughout the scene, and she furrows her brow and glances at her, and as Meredith tells Derek fiercely that she believes they can be extraordinary together, rather than ordinary apart, Maggie turns to look at Alex to find her eyes flooded with tears and her jaw set with effort.

“Babe. Are you crying?” she asks as the couple on screen kiss.

“Me? Pfft. No. To this? No, absolutely not. I’ve got eye allergies.”

“Eye allergies that somehow never bother you except when romantic overtures are happening on TV?”

“Pfft.”

“Do you wanna be extraordinary together rather than ordinary apart, babe?”

“Thought we already were.”

“Oh, we are. Just checking. Just checking.”
Chapter 94
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

i need sanvers slow dancing in the kitchen at night

Maggie doesn’t hear Alex come in.

As many times as Alex tells her it’s okay, she can play her music as loud as she wants, on as many speakers as she wants, Maggie still insists on listening with her headphones, even when she’s alone.

When you’re trying to listen to a strange combination of Lauryn Hill and Tegan and Sara growing up in a house as chaotic as mine, you get used to the headphones, Danvers.

So she doesn’t notice Alex walk in, because she’s too busy absently swaying her hips in time to whatever she’s got playing in those headphones, half humming and half singing under her breath, too busy spicing Alex’s favorite chili, too busy checking on the rice, too busy standing on her tip toes, her henley lifting all the way up her abs with her effort, trying to get at Alex’s favorite wine glasses.

Alex smiles and Alex fights to inexplicable urge to both laugh and cry, and Alex strides forward, putting a hand on the bare skin of Maggie’s torso to steady her, grabbing two glasses with the other easily.

Maggie jumps in surprise for a moment but then she melts, back into Alex’s arms, into Alex’s body, pulling her hand fully around her waist and reaching for her other so Alex is completely surrounding her from behind.

She lets her head drop back on Alex’s shoulder, turning to kiss her neck, and Alex moans out a sigh.

“Welcome home, babe,” Maggie whispers as Alex pulls her closer, as she keeps moving in time with her headphones, as she keeps swaying her hips and pushing her ass back slightly into Alex.

Alex splutters and Alex’s fingers tighten around her body and Maggie lifts her hand up behind her to run her fingers through Alex’s hair, down Alex’s neck, before turning around in Alex’s arms, so they’re chest to chest, mouth to move. Maggie tip toes so she can press a kiss to Alex’s lips as she wraps her arms around her neck, letting her elbows rest on Alex’s steady shoulders as she moves, moves, moves, and cajoles Alex into moving with her.

Alex turns the flames on the stove down before she runs a hand over Maggie’s hair, settles her hands on Maggie’s waist.

“What’re we dancing to?” she asks softly, and Maggie inclines her ear toward Alex, who takes the hint and takes out one of Maggie’s earpods and puts it into her own.
“Coldplay, babe?” she teases, and Maggie scoffs.

“I don’t mock you for that punk rock phase Kara keeps telling me about.”

But the teasing only makes them pull closer; the sharing of the rhythm only makes their heartbeats more in sync; the way the song preaches magic and wanting no else one but you makes Alex blush and Maggie bite her lip before she leans up on her tip toes again, to kiss her again, and their feet keep them rotating in a circle, keep them slow dancing, keep them on the cloud they’re floating on, Maggie’s arms dangling off Alex’s shoulders, curling back to tangle in her hair as they kiss and they dance, and they kiss and they dance, until Maggie’s calves are nearly cramped and Alex is dizzy and they giggle into each other’s mouths because the next song on shuffle is an old school Linkin Park number and it puts something of a damper on the slow dancing idea.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever come home to,” Alex tells her, and tears sting Maggie’s eyes.

“Same, Danvers. Same.”
Chapter 95

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

kara will be the annoying little sister that wants to do everything her older sister do. she'll be w/ alex and maggie and be like 'you are holding hands? i want to hold hands too' you would think she'd grab alex's hand but she gets maggie bc she doesnt want her to feel left out bc shes like that. maggie will adopt her, other couples have puppies, she and alex have kara.

Maggie sits hesitantly, nervously, on the edge of the couch, sandwiching Alex between her and Kara. It’s her first movie night with the girls, and though the invitation had come from Kara, she can’t quite shake the feeling that she’s intruding.

But Kara smiles and tosses a blanket over all three of them, so Maggie scoots closer and relaxes into Alex’s shoulder; she grins as she hears Kara shifting and doing the same on Alex’s other shoulder, and doesn’t think much of it.

She forgets that Kara has x-ray vision when she slips her hand onto Alex’s thigh under the blankets, finds Alex’s hand, links her fingers through Alex’s, and smiles as Alex sighs contentedly.

“Alex,” Kara whispers, except Kara’s whisper is more of a whisper-shout. “Are you guys holding hands? Can I hold your hand, too?”

Alex furrows her brow and looks at her sideways, but she offers her free hand to Kara as Maggie chuckles.

It happens again when they’re making dinner together the next week.

“Mm, Alex, babe, c’mere, you have to try this, Kara and I came up with the perfect amount of chocolateyness – ”

Alex slips into the kitchen and obediently opens her mouth and moans happily as Maggie lets her close her lips around the spoon she’s offering.

“Mmm, it’s amazing, you should have some, too,” Alex flirts, drawing Maggie closer by the hips and leaning down for an open-mouthed kiss.

They’re interrupted by a firm tap on Maggie’s shoulder and a glasses-adjusting, furrow-browed Kara. “I get to try some, too!”

“Not off my mouth you don’t, Little Danvers – here, wanna finish off this spoon?”

It happens again at the park, when they’re tossing around a football and Maggie takes Alex down and their laughter becomes a wrestling match, and Kara hovers over them reminding them that she’s really good at wrestling and can’t she play, too.
Maggie is a detective, and as she looks up at Kara’s pouting face with laughter still on her own lips, she detects.

So the next time they’re cuddling at movie night, Maggie makes sure that one of Alex’s arms is around her shoulders, and the other is around Kara’s.

The next time the three of them are walking together, she grabs the hands of both Danvers sisters, swinging her arm back and forth amiably with Kara and interlacing fingers and flirting with thumbs and pinkies and soft security with Alex.

The next time she wants to feed Alex something, she makes sure she offers to Kara first, so Kara will be distracted by the food while Maggie takes her time licking it off of Alex’s lips.

The next time she buys Alex a donut from that tiny food truck on the corner, she buys Kara five.

The next time they’re playing around in the park and Maggie feels like chasing Alex to the ground in a fit of shrieks and giggles that has J’onn pretending not to smile and James and Winn cheering her on like little kids at a soccer game, she knows she’ll have an easier time of it, because Kara is perpetually invited to help.

Because the Danvers sisters are a package deal; and Maggie wouldn’t have it any other way.
Chapter 96

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Alex wants Maggie to Teach Her™

I have been wanting to do this for so long: for those of you who don’t automatically get the reference, or want a refresher, this little pre-Sanvers minific is based on a scene from Grey’s Anatomy.

There’s a knock on the door – just two soft, nervous raps – and Maggie, in a grey tee and black sweats, trudges to answer, befuddled at the idea of company at this hour.

She opens the door and it’s Alex, Alex, fuck, the woman she’s been so desperately trying not to sleep with, the woman who’s just coming out, who has too much to learn, who’s too wide-eyed and vulnerable to be with someone like Maggie.

But before Maggie can even open her mouth – hell, before Maggie can even properly process – Alex is speaking.

“You saved her life. That woman, you ran into that warehouse and you saved her life, she’s alive.”

Maggie’s jaw is open and she can barely breathe, let alone speak, so she says nothing, and for a moment, Alex doesn’t either. Until Alex is stepping past Maggie’s stunned body, side-stepping her and walking a few paces into her living room before turning, before breathing, before sighing, before doing that nervous little thing she does with her hands, before speaking again.

“I respect you. As a woman. As a cop, as someone who’s not fresh off the gay boat, I respect you.”

Maggie’s door is still open and her jaw is still open and her eyes are even more open when Alex shrugs her jacket to the ground with a deep breath and a nervous demand.

“So… teach me.”

“What’re you doin – ” Maggie tries to splutter, Maggie tries to protest, because Alex is leaning over to balance on the couch with one hand and taking off her shoes with the other. “Don’t do that. Stop.”

But even as she slips off her shoe, Alex doesn’t take her wide, eager eyes off Maggie’s face. “Teach me,” she says again, her voice so much smaller than it ever is in the field.

Maggie exhales harshly and shuts her front door with a snap and turns back to Alex, Alex, who’s working on her other shoe now, still staring at her face.

“Stop,” Maggie pleads, not because she doesn’t want Alex – god, she does, and Alex knows, because they’ve talked about it, but she also knows that she’s fresh off the boat, that those relationships never work out.
That she has so much to learn. Which is apparently why she’s here, because she says it again. “Teach me.”

“We can’t do this, you’re just coming out, and and and I wanna do what’s best for you, and I… I’m your friend.”

“So,” Alex rebuts, fingerling the hem of her purple sweater. “Teach me.” She tugs her sweater off and her camisole is lacy and Maggie groans with frustrated need and puts her hand on her own face in a desperate attempt to regain some semblance of self control.

“Na, Alex.”

“Teach me,” Alex says again, tossing her sweater down with deliberation, swiping the hair out of her face.

Maggie’s hands are on her hips and she’s trying to stare at the ground, just the ground, between them, but Alex is sighing and Alex is breathing “Teach me” again, and she’s tugging her camisole off now and her bra is some kind of maroon and her hair is swept across her face and she sighs with a small, insecure tremble in her voice.

“Come on, am I really so bad?” She glances down at her own body, stares across at Maggie’s wrecked face, stares because they’re grown women and they want each other and sure Maggie’s trying to do the right thing but doesn’t Alex get a say in defining what’s right for her and god, no, she’s not bad at all, quite the opposite, she’s perfect.

“No. I am,” Maggie rasps solemnly, because maybe it’s against her better judgement but god, we should kiss the girls we want to kiss, and Maggie just wants to kiss Alex, and Alex’s eyes are wide, are scared, are hopeful as Maggie strides forward to close the gap between them, pulling Alex down into a kiss with her hands under her hair on either side of her face, and Alex is swooning and Alex is wrapping her arms around Maggie’s shoulders and Maggie intends to fulfill Alex’s every wish, starting with teaching her everything she’s ever learned about making a woman happy.
anonymous asked:

think about it though, like some people put their jerseys on the gf’s if Maggie let Alex use her jacket, and it fits better on alex!!

“You’re cold.”

“I am not.”

“Alex. You can still be a badass DEO agent and admit that you’re cold.”

“Pfft, no, I – “

“Here.”

“Maggie, what’re you – “

“Take it, Danvers.”

“Maggie, no, I’m not gonna take your jacket, then you’ll be cold – “

“Oh, so you are cold.”

“Pfft, I – “

“I grew up in Blue Springs, you grew up in Midvale. Our definitions of cold are very different. Just put it on. Please?”

“Fine.”

“Oh.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Sawyer, what.”

“Nothing, you just… it fits you better than it fits me.”

“Mmm. It’s comfy, too.”

“You look really good in it.”

“You getting soft on me, Sawyer?”
“Every time, Danvers.”
Chapter 98

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Prompt: Maggie gets protective over Kara and when Kara asks why Meggie goes like "You're my girlfriend's little sister. So it's like I'm your big sister for extension..."

Kara’s had one of those roll up my sleeves and chug the whole glass because if I’m gonna get drunk, I’m gonna get drunk hard drinks, and she’s squinting cock-eyed in a second, a permanently dazed grin on her face.

She’s slurring and she’s laughing and she’s leaning across the booth into Maggie because I have to tell you a secret – don’t worry, it’s not a bad secret, it’s a good secret – my sister’s never had this many feelings for anyone before like she has about you – and Maggie’s grinning and telling Kara to stay put, don’t fly off anywhere Little Danvers, I’m just gonna get you some water, I’ll be right back and Kara is calling out for potstickers, too, and Maggie’s chuckling and shaking her head with M’gann affectionately and then she’s turning and reaching for her gun because then something is wrong.

Because there a couple of hulk-esque guys Maggie’s never seen before leering over Kara’s table, and Kara is smiling and Kara is laughing and Kara is slurring because Kara believes the best in everyone and Kara is not used to being drunk.

She’s back across the bar faster than Barry Allen could have been, and she’s slipping her tiny body between Kara and the men looking down at her like they’ve just been served dessert, and she’s flashing her badge and she’s flashing her gun and she’s if you’re not away from this girl and out of this bar in the next ten seconds I swear to god you will find out why I have the highest marksmenship ratings of anyone in my precinct and just how good being on the science division makes me at knowing how to hide bodies.

And they’re scampering and Kara’s slapping her thigh laughing and she’s leaning across the table again as Maggie thuds down and she’s patting an uncoordinated hand on Maggie’s shoulder and she wants to know those guys were so much bigger than you, Maggie, they were like giants and you’re like a tiny, tiny little ant or something, but you made them run away – it was funny, how they ran away – why did you do that for me? Giants! Ants!

Maggie shakes her head and sighs and puts her hand on Kara’s forearm and gives her the only explanation that makes sense, one that she hopes she’ll remember in the morning: You’re my girlfriend’s kid sister, Kara. So it’s like I’m your big sister by extension. There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for you.

Kara’s uninhibited smile lights up the room just before her head lolls back and she passes out on her own shoulder, muttering something about gotta tell Alex this one’s a keeper, so tiny though, and I get two big sisters now.
Chapter 99

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

alex wants to kiss all the time

Maggie’s on the job and she’s got her game face on and the officers in her unit are milling around the scene exactly how she taught them, reporting exactly as she prefers, being exactly as meticulous as she’s been training them to be.

And then Alex Danvers saunters in and asks her a question with her eyes and pulls her in for a searing kiss.

“Alex!” she chides, but her smile is growing along with her blush because most of her guys are cheering and the ones who aren’t are snickering and the one who’s not doing either she makes a note of and she’ll deal with his ass later.

She’s making dinner and Alex keeps sighing and looking up at her and Maggie can’t help but be reminded of Kara, but she puts the thought of Alex’s kid sister out of her mind immediately because Alex suddenly knows what to do with her boredom, and she’s unbuttoning her shirt and Maggie is gulping and Alex is biting her lip and Maggie is kissing her because dinner can burn, dinner can wait, but apparently Alex can’t, and neither, quite frankly, can Maggie.

She’s in the DEO and she’s going over schematics to a new body armor design for the NCPD with Winn and Alex pokes her head in and puts on her innocent face, her innocent voice, but Maggie knows better and so does Winn, because the moment Maggie excuses herself and slips out of the room, Winn hears the distinctive sound of Maggie’s body being pushed against the wall, Maggie’s breath leaving her body in a hiss because Alex’s lips are warm and Alex’s lips are perfect and Winn might as well continue the modifications on his own because this will probably take a while.

She’s in bed and she’s reading and Alex is next to her and Alex is falling asleep, but Alex’s groggy hand is still sweeping for Maggie’s book, is still trying to block the words from her sight. “You want something, babygirl?” Maggie asks, her smile growing, and Alex gestures sleepily for her to lay down, for her to come closer, because she’s sleepy and she wants love and she wants kisses and my god she never thought she’d crave any kind of intimacy at all and now all she ever wants is kisses from Maggie Sawyer.

And she smiles, because that’s exactly what she gets.
Chapter 100
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

biisabellelightwood asked:

How about Alex having a "Red" moment one time during sex and Maggie immediately stopping and taking care of her. Maybe even through a semi "drop"
Because not only is consent sexy, but also SUPER important.

She’s naked and she’s on her stomach and she’s soaking wet and her wrists are sore from writhing around so much in Maggie’s handcuffs and she doesn’t quite understand why, but she loves it; just like she loves the way Maggie is moaning raggedly as she holds Alex’s arms down above her head, as she slams her strapon in and out of Alex’s body harder, faster, harder, faster.

“Maggie,” Alex half gasps and half screams, and Maggie’s hold on her arms loosen and her thrusts slow.

“Color, Alex?” she needs to know, and Alex grinds her hips down into the bed.

“Green, fuck, please don’t stop.”

“There’s my good little girl,” Maggie rasps into her ear, and Alex bites down on her pillow and barely stifles a scream as Maggie nearly pulls all the way out of her before slamming back inside and Alex needs more and Alex is wrecked and Maggie is wrecked and Maggie’s thrusts are starting to get the kind of chaotic that they always do before she cums and Alex wants her to, wants to hear that yell she gives when she has Alex completely submissive underneath her like this, but then it’s too much and then Alex can’t breathe for a second too long with how overwhelmed she is and then Maggie’s grip tightens around her arms just a little and the combination scares her too much for comfort because god how how she never felt anything like this before, and she’s gasping, for the first time, that she needs a pause, that she needs a break, that she needs a stop.

“Red, red, red,” she breathes out in one breath and Maggie’s body is arched up off of hers in an instant, strapon still inside her but slowly, gently, slipping out, and Maggie is crawling to her side, concern written all over her face, hands hovering over the handcuffs on Alex’s wrists. Alex nods and Maggie releases them in an instant before slipping back down, hand hovering above Alex’s face, but not quite touching her.

“I’m so sorry, Alex, you okay? Did I hurt you?”

Alex swallows and shakes her head and Maggie looks like she’s holding back tears but still she won’t touch Alex, still she won’t so much as breathe without her permission.

“You didn’t hurt me, Mags,” Alex whispers, and notes the slight relaxation in Maggie’s body before hiding, before burying her face in her pillow and groaning into it, because fuck, can’t she do anything right?

“Al, what – I’m here, babe, I’m right here, you’re okay, you’re safe, you’re loved, you’re okay.”
Alex groans louder into the pillow before flipping onto her back violently, suddenly. Maggie pulls back the hand that was hovering over her and brings it to her own chin, watching Alex with careful eyes, waiting, waiting, because she knows Alex’s face when she’s trying to think of the precise words she wants to use, and that’s the face she has on as she tugs the sheets up to cover her body. Maggie gulps and Maggie blinks down tears, because now isn’t the time for her to be crying.

“You were about to cum,” Alex huffs, in that tone she usually reserves for talking about herself in the context of her mother. The tone she reserves for beating herself up.

“Alex,” Maggie breathes, “that doesn’t matter.” She reaches her hand toward Alex’s face, waits. Starts to pull back. Alex doesn’t look at her, but she brings her own hand up to Maggie’s, brings Maggie’s hand down to her cheek. Maggie grimaces a small smile.

“I don’t care how close I was to cumming, babe, when you want to stop, you want to stop, that’s it, that’s all that matters.”

Alex rolls her eyes and Alex looks disgusted with herself and Maggie wants to sob.

“Babygirl. Ally.” Alex finally looks over at her at that, at the name only Maggie Sawyer is allowed to call her, and her eyes are brimming with tears.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Maggie, I just… it was me, I – ”

“You didn’t do anything wrong either, babe.”

Maggie wipes a tear away from Alex’s cheek as Alex scoffs softly and holds open the sheets for Maggie to crawl into next to her.

“It’s stupid, it’s embarrassing, I just… I was really overwhelmed, because I was so fucking turned on, and I couldn’t breathe and your bodyweight was on my arms and the handcuffs were on and everything just felt so fucking good but then it just got too much and I couldn’t breathe and I just – you were about to cum, I’m so sorry.”

Maggie’s shaking her head and Maggie is smoothing the hair off of Alex forehead and the tears off her cheeks, and she’s kissing her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her forehead, her lips.

“Alex Danvers, you have nothing to apologize for. It’s literally why we have a color system, babe. I never want to do anything you’re not totally geared up for, you have nothing to be embarrassed about. I like… I like that you tell me what you want. I love it. So, flip side, I love when you tell me what you don’t want. I love you. I only ever want you to feel amazing.”

“I did, I just… it got too much for a second there… it’s stupid.”

“No, it’s not. It’s okay. It’s… actually a little hot that you were that turned on. And it’s hot that you told me what you needed.”

“So you’re saying I’m hot. That’s… that’s what I’m getting.”

Maggie goes into full-on dimple mode and Maggie shakes her head and Maggie sighs and Maggie gathers Alex into her arms because goddamn is she soaking wet, but right now? Right now the feeling of Alex cuddling into her chest and listening to her heart beat is the sweetest kind of bliss she can imagine, which works just perfectly for Alex, because that’s exactly what she wants, too.
Chapter 101
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Prompt: BOOBS. Alex knows she has sensitive nipples, but aside from the men who would selfishly and roughly grab her chest during those few times she consented, she hadn't explored the sensation. Enter Maggie Sawyer, who has a pair of perfect breasts and Alex finds herself mesmerized by them. Soon night after night of Alex tentatively playing with them, she very pleasantly finds out that Maggie knows exactly to make Alex's feel good. REALLY good.

Alex Danvers was a lot of things. Aggressive was one of them. Tentative was, surprisingly and beautifully, another.

She was both in bed.

But still, Maggie was surprised – not unpleasantly so – to find herself suddenly topless, to find Alex on top of her, staring down at her with swollen lips and mussed hair and blazing eyes, because they'd never quite gotten this far before.

Alex practically growled because god she'd never felt anything even remotely like this before, nothing even remotely like this raw want, this pure need.

And yet – aggressive and then tentative – she froze, because she had no idea where to start.

Because her body had never needed, never wanted, so much before.

And because whatever she did next, she wanted it to be perfect for Maggie.

And Maggie watched all this pass across Alex’s face, across her eyes – the confusion, the fear of not being good enough, the consuming desire, the raging need – and god she’d never been so turned on by anyone’s mere expression before, but then, Alex Danvers wasn’t quite like anyone she’d ever known, anyone she’d ever expected.

Truth be told, she hadn’t expected this, either: to be laying underneath Alex instead of the other way around, at least not this soon, but Alex was raw and Alex was passion and Alex was somehow both forceful and gentle and Maggie was so wet for her and her heart was nearly slamming out of her chest for her.

And speaking of her chest, Alex was looking down at hers like she’d never seen boobs before, like she’s never seen beauty before, and there was something in the fierce tenderness mixed with heady lust in Alex’s eyes that brought tears to Maggie’s.

“You can do whatever you want to me, Alex. I’ll let you know if I need you to stop.”

Alex bit her lip. “But how do I know what you’ll like?”
Maggie smiled softly. “You’ve been doing great so far. Just pay attention to me. Like you already do.”

“But what… I don’t know what to do.”

“We don’t have to do anything, babe – “

“No, no, Maggie, I want you, I want to, I wanna learn your body. So badly. Right now. I just… I don’t know where to start. What you’ll like.”

Maggie tilted her head slightly as she looked up at Alex. “Try what you like on your own body, hm? If I don’t like the same things, I’ll let you know, but either way, we’ll be learning about each other. Just pay attention to what I react to most.”

“Most?”

“Alex, it’s you touching me. Trust me, I’m gonna react to everything.”

“And that’s… good?”

“Yes, babe.”

“I… like when you call me that.”

Maggie’s dimples shine. “Good, babe.”

“So… what I like, huh?”

“Sure. Do whatever you want to me, Alex,” Maggie repeated in a small voice, happier but more nervous than she’d been even her first time, because this was Alex, Alex, Alex.

And Alex looked like she did when she was synthesizing life-saving vaccines or firing deadly weapons: intense, focused, single-minded.

And then her powerful, gentle hands, her tentative, bold tongue, were skating over Maggie’s chest, were finding out exactly how to make her gasp, how to make her moan, how to make her whine, how to make her nipples hard and how to make her bury her fingers in Alex’s hair and tell her how good she is with her tongue.

So when Alex is ready – when she’s panting and she’s eager and she’s letting Maggie kiss every newly-revealed centimeter of skin as she lifts up her shirt, when Alex unhooks her own bra out of sheer impatience with Maggie’s reverent pace – Maggie has a fairly good idea of what Alex might want, of what Alex probably never got, of what Maggie so desperately wants to give her.

“You are so goddamn beautiful,” Maggie tells her as she looks down at her shirtless form, and Alex flushes and Alex bites her lip and Alex thinks – but only for a moment – of rough hands and selfish touches calibrated to get men off, not to make her feel good, and the utter contrast with how dedicated Maggie is to how she feels, the utter contrast with how devoted Maggie is to making her see stars outside of the DEO’s astronomy tower, brings tears to her eyes and renewed desperation to her already ragged breath.

Having thoroughly kissed and nipped and licked every single spot, every single scar and every single rippled muscle and every single bruise on her abdomen, Maggie pauses, Maggie stares, Maggie waits.
“Please,” Alex whispers, and Maggie sighs in released tension and brings gentle fingers for the first time to Alex’s chest, and Alex’s sharp inhale, sharper exhale, heightens Maggie’s suspicion that Alex will love everything she wants to do right now.

“Good, babe?” she makes sure, and Alex nods and Alex writhes and Maggie brings her own thumb to her mouth and Alex whines and Maggie brings her thumb back to Alex’s nipple, watches her hesitate, watches her lock eyes with Alex to ask one more time, and when Alex whines her yes, Maggie’s thumb flits across her nipple and Alex can’t help it; she straight up screams.

“You like that?” Maggie confirms, but Alex is a mess, and the only answer she can give is to nod, and the only answer she can give is to arch her chest up into Maggie’s hand, is to writhes and grab at the sheets as Maggie smiles, as Maggie brings her lips down to Alex’s hardening nipple, as Maggie moans at the contact and drags her tongue slowly across the path her thumb just took.

Maggie is slow and deliberate: she is watchful and she is thorough; her eyes never leave Alex’s face, save when they flutter closed because god Alex is soft and Alex is pliant and Alex is perfect; her careful fingers make sure both of Alex’s nipples are getting the attention she’s begging for while her mouth is fully occupied, while her lips are kissing and her tongue is dragging and her teeth are very softly biting.

Maggie asks and Alex supplies, so when Maggie slips her thigh between Alex’s legs so Alex has pressure on her clit to match the rhythm of Maggie’s tongue, Maggie’s fingers, on her nipples, she can’t bite her lip hard enough to catch the screaming, the swearing, the ragged repeating of Maggie’s name, that slip out of her mouth when she comes completely undone, when Maggie slips one of her arms under her back to hold her as she rides out her orgasm, to hold her as stars explode and universes begin and she glides back down to earth having experienced a miracle.

“No one’s ever…” Alex rasps when she regains some of her breath, when Maggie is kissing her forehead, is stroking her hair, is whispering how beautiful she is.

“No one’s ever paid attention to me like that. Touched my body for… for me.”

Maggie swallows rage and Maggie swallows bloodlust, and Maggie buries it all in a soft kiss to the bridge of Alex’s nose.

“That’s the only way I’m ever gonna touch your body, babe: for you. So get used to it, okay?”

“I think I can do that.”

“Good.”
Chapter 102

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

so we've had a lot of Baby Gay Alex but what about years later, alex and maggie are seasoned professionals at getting one another off and know exactly what they're doing (or one time you talked about mediocre sex. maybe that's a weird request but i guess i am looking for more feelings of familiarity and comfort than of newness and wonder)

“Ally,” Maggie whispers softly, tentatively, because sometimes when Alex’s breathing is even it’s because she’s deep in thought; sometimes it’s because she’s fast asleep; and sometimes it’s because she’s exactly in between those two states.

It sounds like the latter, this time, because Alex moans slightly and rolls over groggily. “Mmmm?”

“Nothing babe. Sleep.”

“Mmmm, Mags. You want sex, don’t you?” Alex grins lopsidedly with her eyes still closed.

“I – babe – no – it – “

“Maggie Sawyer, I think I know you just a little bit by now. You wanna get fucked, mm?”

“You’re sleeping, babe – “

“If I was sleeping, I wouldn’t be talking to you, you’re the one who talks in your sleep, not me,” Alex teases, and finally, her eyes crack open. “C’mere,” she tells Maggie and opens her arms.

“Al, you’re sleeping, I can… take care of myself.”

“Mmm, ya could, but it’ll be a lot more fun this way.” Alex slips sleepily on top of her girlfriend, slow, soft heat building in her core as Maggie’s breath goes ragged, as Maggie sighs at Alex’s weight on her body.

Maggie’s legs open and Alex braces her hand with her thigh between them, knowing that Maggie was usually all about romance and foreplay, but not when she just needed to get off before falling asleep.

And sure enough, she moans at the contact and Alex grins cockily.

“Mmm, you’re already wet for me, babe,” she comments, and Maggie half laughs and half gasps.

“But get cocky, Danvers, I was just over here thinking about that hot new agent you guys are training.”

Alex laughs and Alex kisses her harder and Alex reaches a hand underneath Maggie’s body to grab her ass, to pull her up closer into her body.
“Yeah, okay, Sawyer, like you really think that rookie’s got anything on what I’m doing to you right now.”

Because sure enough, Maggie’s gasping and Maggie’s whining and Maggie’s scratching at Alex’s back and Alex is putting exactly the right amount of pressure in exactly the right place and she’s kissing her neck and Maggie is convulsing around Alex’s fingers, softly, softly, slowly, slowly, but just hard enough to send a sweet release through her entire body, her entire being.

Alex smiles and Alex smooths the hair out Maggie’s face and Alex kisses her forehead as she rolls to her side and pulls her close.

“Feeling better?” Alex grins.

“Much.” Maggie snuggles into her closer.

“That’s my girl.”

“Damn right I am.”

“Damn right you are.”
Chapter 103
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Omg can you write a fic about that last ask? About Maggie calling Alex "Ally" in front of Kara...

She said it first while she was sobbing.

Sobbing and raging and throwing things because she hated losing her cool in front of people; she never ever did, but then again no one had ever insisted on being there, but Alex had insisted on being there and Alex had insisted on staying until Maggie let it out and there was so much to let out it might kill her because they were her friends and they felt safe at that bar and they were all dead and just fuck.

“And I don’t know how to do it, Ally, I don’t know how to go back there and look M’gann and the others in the face and tell them I didn’t know, I couldn’t stop it, I wasn’t there, and even if I was, I would have survived and they all would have died. I just don’t know how to do it, Ally.”

And Alex had held her and Alex had kissed her and Alex had rocked her and cradled her through the night and well into the morning.

So the first time she said it, neither of them commented, because it felt natural rolling off her tongue and it felt natural slipping into Alex’s ears and anyway, there were more important things to think about.

The second time she said it, she was panting and she was gasping and she was scratching at Alex’s back and she was writhing and she was screaming.

“Ally, Ally, just like that baby, fuck, Ally.”

And it made Alex moan and it made Alex fuck her harder because she’d worked so hard over the years to make people see her as Alex, Alex, Alex, because she thought it was a harder name than Alexandra, she thought it was a tougher name than Alexandra, because Alex was the name her father had called her and anything else was for being scolded by her mother, anything else was being weaker than she was, but god when the name just rolled off Maggie’s tongue like that, it felt good and it felt hot and it felt safe and it felt intimate and it felt perfect and it felt like… it felt like coming home.

It especially felt like home because Maggie didn’t overuse it.

She used it when there was raging and tears and grief, because something had to still be sacred in the world.

She used it when there was pure joy and absolute safety and surging happiness, because it was just for them and they were just for each other.
And she used it when she could barely form syllables, when she could barely think, when she was seeing stars, when Alex was on top of her, when Alex was underneath her, when she was checking in for Alex’s color, when she was screaming under Alex’s perfect tongue.

She used it, in short, only when they were alone.

But Maggie still wasn’t used to the whole Kara-has-superhearing thing, so when Eliza was about to come over for dinner and Alex was shaking and Maggie was gently prying the bottle of bourbon from her fingers, Maggie leaned up on her tip toes and kissed Alex’s temple, kissed Alex’s nose, her lips, and said to her softly, softly, with gentle fingertips rubbing small circles onto the back of her sweater, “You’re gonna be just fine, babe, I’m here and I’ve got you. You’re perfect, Ally, alright, no matter what your mom says.”

They jumped apart as Kara squealed loudly across the apartment, her eyes wide and her hands clasped together.

“Ally?” she nearly shrieks. “That is so cute, Maggie – can I call you that too, Alex?”

“Oh hell no.”

“Sorry, Little Danvers, I’ve got a patent on that one.”

“You’re patent. Maggie’s. Nope, nope, no, no.”

“Ohhhhh, it’s your own personal private time nickname. I get it. It’s cool. I get respect that.”

Kara leveled a massive wink at them as Alex reddened and groaned and reached unsuccessfully for the bottle Maggie was still holding away from her, and Maggie just shook her head and laughed, because when your future kid sister-in-law winks at you that dorkily, there’s really nothing else to do.
Chapter 104
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

imagine alex getting to work one morning all sore and banged up and everyone asks what happened and maggie’s just like “sorry, my bad”

She’s limping slightly and there are harsh red marks just visible under the line of her collar and her wrists are bruised but, oddly, her far-off grin seems permanent.

Winn and J’onn exchange nervous glances as Alex strolls – or rather, sturdily hobbles – into the command center, but it’s Kara who (literally) flies forward and demands an explanation.

“Alex, what the hell happened to you? You’re hurt, why didn’t you call for backup? Who did this?”

“Uh, no, I’m not hurt, nothing, it – “

They both jump slightly at the chipper “g’morning, all” that sounds behind them.

Maggie is somehow balancing five coffees, one for each of them, and Kara turns to interrogate her as she passes them out with a grin that – if Kara stopped and really thought for a moment – looks oddly similar to Alex’s.

“Maggie, look at Alex, make her tell us who did this, it – “

“Oh, yeah, uh, sorry Little Danvers: my bad.”

Winn’s jaw drops and J’onn groans and Alex squeezes her eyes shut but Kara hasn’t gotten it yet.

“You mean you were with her and you didn’t call me for backup?”

“Well, when you say with her… yeah… But uh, I don’t think you really would’ve wanted to be called. At that moment. Those… moments, those… fantastic moments… for… backup or, you know, any other reasons.”

“So you were with her but you didn’t think I’d wanna know that my sister – “

“Oh, Kara – “ Winn’s voice is apologetic, cautionary. Both terrified and excited.

“Wait.” Kara adjusts her glasses.

“There it is.” Maggie tilts her coffee toward Kara in a salute.

“Oh.” Kara adjust her glasses some more.

“Yes.” Maggie nods and sips and watches Kara for increased signs of distress.
“Oh.” Kara adjusts her glasses more furiously than ever before.

“Yeah.” Alex chimes in this time, biting the inside of her cheek and grimacing somewhat – but not entirely – apologetically.

“Alex! Oh Rao, Alex, it – you – ugh – “ Kara speeds out of the room.

“I – I… think we broke my sister.”

“And your boss,” J’onn groans.

“Sorry J’onn.”

“Not me, you didn’t break me, no need to worry about the IT guy, I’m fine over here – ow!”

“Since you still seem to be in a rough mood, Danvers, wanna uh… find a closet or an empty lab or something?”

Maggie’s leaning in and Maggie’s whispering but Kara still shouts.

“Superhearing!”

“Sorry!”

“Not you’re not!”

“Nope. I’m really not all that much.”
Chapter 105

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

searchingformyperson submitted to queergirlwriting

Have you seen the tumblr post that’s just like “take me to play laser tag and push me in a corner to kiss me and then walk away” it’s just so Maggie/Alex and it would be so cute

It’s Winn’s idea and it’s Winn’s birthday party and because the birthday boy decrees that Alex and Maggie cannot be allowed on the same team because come on, it’s my birthday, I don’t wanna be destroyed before we even start playing, and I also don’t wanna declare victory before we even start playing, Alex and Maggie suit up with different laser guns, with different team vests, but with a nearly identical gleam in their eyes and smirk on their faces.

“You know they’re either gonna kill each other or straight-up start having sex right in the middle of the game?” James leans in and half-whispers to Winn as Kara covers her ears and whines, while Susan Vasquez smirks and checks the scope of her laser gun.

Maggie falls into J’onn’s command seamlessly and creatively once they get started, and as he’s crouching into the best angle to demolish Mr. Schott’s supposed surprise attack, he wonders, not for the first time, about asking her to leave the NCPD and come work at the DEO.

Susan and James get locked down in a firefight that Kara breaks up by flinching and shouting sorry!! by sending a more-accurate-than-she-expected-it-be-laser beam right at Susan’s vest.

But it’s Maggie who steals the game.

Because Alex has fought her way through the crossfire and is perfectly positioned to send a beam at J’onn’s vest when suddenly she’s pinned to the wall and suddenly Maggie’s lips are on hers and her mouth is sliding open and she’s nearly dropping her gun because fuck is this why teenagers are constantly making out in seemingly random places, but then Maggie is pulling back and Maggie’s smirking and Maggie’s walking away and Alex is weak in the knees and staring at her ass and Susan is sending an entire volley of laser shots straight into Alex’s spluttering, stunned, still vest.

“Sorry, ma’am. All’s fair in love and laser tag, right?”

“What? Wait, you – you two planned that?”

Maggie’s turned around, now, and she’s smirking like she just won the lottery.

“Thought you were trained to expect the unexpected, Danvers.”

“She has a point, you know,” J’onn chimes in, “I taught you better than that, Agent Danvers.”

“What? I – is anyone not gonna gang up on me right now?”
“I’m not, it’s my birthday and I don’t wanna get killed.”

“Thanks, Schott.”

“Aww, babe, don’t worry, I’ll make it up to you tonight.” Maggie slips back into Alex’s arms, laser gun dropped to her side, hand reaching up to tangle in Alex’s hair.

“You promise?”

“Cross my heart.”

“Good god, can we all just go back to shooting lasers at each other?”
Maggie’s the one who finds his room.

It’s more of a cell, really, truth be told, and Maggie flinches internally at the state of his face; they must have discovered he rescued Kara and Mon-El all those months ago. And Cadmus doesn’t seem to be the forgiving type, if the amount of rounds she’d had to shoot through to get here was any indication.

“Dr. Danvers? Maggie Sawyer, NCPD. I’m here with your daughter – well, both of them – and we’ve really gotta go. Now.”

Jeremiah only stares for a moment before nodding, before grabbing a bag, before taking the spare gun Maggie’s holding out for him, and following her into the near pitch-black corridor.

“Blew out the electricity, the generators, everything,” Maggie mutters to him as she guides him down by the flashlight strapped to her wrist. “We’ve got a rendezvous point just up ahead, gonna take you back to the DEO. You’ll never have to see this place again, sir.”

Jeremiah stumbles into her as Maggie comes to a standstill, hand up to halt him, to keep him quiet, and he’s surprised despite himself by her sturdiness, by the way his body, so much bigger than hers, doesn’t bowl her over.

“You said you’re here with my daughters, but you mentioned one first. Which one were you talking about, primarily?” he whispers as footsteps in a nearby corridor grow and then fade again, and Maggie starts moving again.

Maggie glances back at him with a slightly parted lips and fire in her eyes.

“Alex. I was talking about Alex.”

Jeremiah smiles and cocks his head slightly. “I thought so.”

“Sir?” Maggie asks over her shoulder as she clears the next corridor and waves him to follow her.

“You’re in love with my eldest, Detective Sawyer, I hardly think you have to call me sir.”

Maggie nearly stumbles to a halt.

“How did you – “

“You radiate it. The way you say her name, the way you’re risking your life to rescue me, the way that Alex is trusting you to come get me. The way you think of Alex as my daughter before you
think of the one who can fly. No one’s ever done that, Alex’s whole life. I think I’m gonna like you, Detective Sawyer.”

“And suddenly I see where Alex gets her disturbingly quick thinking from.”

Jeremiah smiles and Maggie reflects it and his smile deepens because lord how his daughter must swoon over this girl’s dimples.

His daughter. His daughter.

Maggie is leading him to the place where he is going to see his daughter soon. Both of them.

He's going home.
Chapter 107

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

fooferah asked:

While revealing Supergirl's identity to Maggie, Alex tells her she was on the plane that almost crashed when the superhero went public with her powers. Afterwards, Maggie seeks out Kara to thank her.

“Little Danvers.”

“Maggie, hey! What – what’re you doing here?”

“Sorry, is… this a bad time?”

“No, no, just finished an article, actually – what’s uh.. what’s up?”

“Alex told me.”

“Told you.”

“Your secret. She said you said it was okay.”

“Yeah. I did. How’re you… are you okay?”

"It was a pretty badly kept secret, to be honest, I mean, just glasses, come on now, but uh… you saved her.”

“Um… we’ve all saved each other, you saved my life just… yesterday. I mean, now I can properly thank you – “

“No, Kara, listen, I um… I came here to thank you. You saved her. Alex. Her plane, to Geneva, when you… when you came out.”

“Yeah…”

“And I just… I know you’ve saved a lot of people, and I know you risk your life every day, but I just… back then, no one knew who you were, what you could do, and you didn’t think, you just… god, literally flew to save her. And I… Alex is… I mean you of all people know how special Alex is, she just… your sister’s everything to me, Kara, I can’t… I can’t imagine my life if she never walked into it, and I have you to thank you for that, for her, so I just…”

“Oh, oh! We’re hugging now. That’s good, I like hugging.”

“Thank you, Kara.”

“You’re everything to her, too, Maggie. So… thank you, too.”
Chapter 108

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

When Kara overhears Maggie call her sister Ally, Kara teases but it's also the exact moment Kara knows she's going to be sharing her sister with Maggie Sawyer for the rest of their lives. Yes yes and yes.

(This piece follows references Chapter 103)

She teases Alex when she hears it, and she teases her almost mercilessly.

Maggie whispering to her big sister in the kitchen, kissing her all over her face, her fingers rubbing that spot at the small of Alex’s back where she feels fear, holding the bourbon away from her, talking softly to her, talking tenderly to her, because Alex is almost hyperventilating at Eliza’s impending arrival for dinner, because Alex is shaking, and Maggie’s eyes are as soft as her voice: “You’re gonna be just fine, babe, I’m here and I’ve got you. You’re perfect, Ally, alright, no matter what your mom says.”

Kara hears – of course Kara hears, because she doesn’t mean to be intrusive but she always tries to pay special attention to Alex’s state of mind when Eliza is in town – and Kara teases Alex until she’s red in the face and flustered, and Kara plays it off, and she lets it go, but she can’t stop staring at her sister and her sister’s girlfriend throughout dinner.

The way Maggie uses only her fork and no knife because one of her hands is constantly rubbing circles on Alex’s shaking knee under the table.

The way Maggie makes sure she refills Alex’s water glass more often than she refills her wine glass.

The way Alex’s entire body relaxes, the way her lips twitch upward, the way she leans almost imperceptibly closer to her, whenever her eyes catch Maggie’s.

The way Alex has an almost normal conversation with Eliza, because every time she starts to get scared, every time she starts to get defensive, every time she starts to get triggered, she glances at Maggie, and Maggie gives her this little smile, this little stare, and Alex just… relaxes.

And Kara thinks she knows what Maggie’s eyes are reminding her sister: you’re perfect, Ally.

Because there’s something about Alex letting Maggie call her that, call her a nickname that’s all her own, call her a pet name that’s private, call her a promise that she can be Maggie’s girl and also her own woman.

There’s an intimacy in the name that Kara’s never seen Alex accept; that Kara’s never seen Alex want; and that’s how she knows that Maggie Sawyer is sticking around. For good.

And, watching Maggie kiss Alex’s temple casually as she insists on the others sitting and enjoying while she clears away the plates and gets the dessert she made just for Kara, she couldn’t be
happier about it.
Chapter 109
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we have a shy Kara asking Maggie for advice and comfort cause going to her big sister its just too hard? Cuddles between those two we love!

Maggie’s brow furrows when her phone buzzes and it’s not her Danvers sister’s smiling face on the caller ID.

“Everything okay, Kara?” she asks immediately, her gun already slipping into her waistband and her hand already fumbling for her shoes, because they all lead dangerous lives, and Alex, Alex, Alex.

“Yeah, no, everything’s fine, Alex is fine, nothing’s under attack – I just… I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have called.”

Maggie relaxes, but tilts her head, slowly putting her jacket down and resting the phone between her chin and shoulder as she puts her gun back, too.

“No, you’re fine, Little Danvers. Just got me worried is all, you uh… you don’t usually call.”

She can practically see her girlfriend’s little sister adjusting her glasses, practically see the worried tension around the corners of her eyes.

“I know, and it’s so late, I’m sorry – “

“Lord, Little Danvers, you’re just like your sister. You don’t have to apologize for calling; I’m glad you did. What’s up?”

“I… are you busy? Can I come over?”

Maggie fights to keep the surprise out of her voice, not wanting Kara to misinterpret it as annoyance.

“Yeah. Sure, you want me to make some – “

There’s a whoosh at her window and the papers on her desk scatter suddenly, because Kara is already in her living room.

“Food.”

“I’m sorry!” Kara squeals and goes about picking up Maggie’s case files from the floor.

“No, you’re fine, you’re fine – what’s up, kid?”

Maggie’s fingers brush Kara’s as they replace the papers on her desk and Kara’s eyes go wide.
“I think I like girls, like, like like girls, and I like boys, too, well no, I mean, men, and women, and I’ve been thinking about it for a while but now I don’t want to say anything to Alex because she’s just coming out and the whole reason it took her so long in the first place is because I took up so much space that she never focused on herself and now that she’s finally living more of her own life, I don’t want to waltz in and be like guess what I’m bi now we’re both kinda gay and give me all the attention and do you feel like it’s wrong to like someone other people think is a villain, I mean no, not if she’s just misunderstood and really badass and just really wonderful, I mean, come on, it – “

But Maggie’s finger is on Kara’s lip and Kara’s eyes fly wide and Maggie grins softly and Maggie sweeps her free hand toward the couch, gesturing Kara to sit.

“Hold up, Little Danvers. I’m gonna get some beer – “

“Oh, Earth alcohol doesn’t affect me – “

Maggie’s finger is back on her lips.

“The beer’s for me, not you. The pizza and potstickers I’m about to order, those are for you. I’m gonna drink and you’re gonna eat and then we’re gonna talk about your big ole bi crush on Lena Luthor, okay?”

Kara stands with such force that Maggie’s papers fly off her desk again.

“How did you know?”

“I need to invest in some paperweights, don’t I?”

“Maggie!”

“Kara. Hey. Hey hey hey. Come here, come here.” She sees Kara’s lip wobbling and she sees Kara’s wide, fearful eyes, and she knows her world is crumbling and her world is relieved and her world will never be the same, and she pulls her down onto the couch and gathers her into her arms and Kara just cries.

“Shhh, I know. I know. It’s gonna be okay, Kara. You’re gonna be okay. You’re perfect and you’re brave, and no, I don’t think the entire world knows about your crush on Lena, okay, just me, just me.”

“But how – “

“I’m a detective, Little Danvers. I detect.”

Kara sniffs and chuckles and frowns down at Maggie’s grey tee.

“I got your shirt all teary and snotty.”

Maggie glances down and smiles and pulls Kara closer into her arms. “It’s cool. I’ve got two shoulders, kid, and tonight, they’re both for you.”

By the time Alex’s key scrapes the lock – because they’d given up on the pretense that they could stand to spend the entire night alone anymore – it’s three a.m. and Kara is sleeping, exhausted from all the talking and crying and sniffling and laughing, and Maggie’s t-shirt is wet with Kara’s tears and just a bit of alien snot, but there’s a small smile curled onto Maggie’s face, because she’s sitting up on the couch, both arms around Kara’s body as her sleeping form leans on Maggie,
keeping Kara safe from nightmares and from anxiety and from the world, the world, the world.

Maggie turns her head as much as she can without disturbing Kara, and she sees Alex’s still frame staring from the doorway, glancing around at the empty beer bottles and decimated potstickers and the pizza box with two slices left, two slices saved, she knows, just for her.

“Maggie, what – “ she mouths, tears stinging her eyes because this woman, these women, the most important people in her world.

“She’s fine,” Maggie whispers, smiling as Alex strips off her jacket, as Alex kicks off her shoes and pads to the couch. “Just got a lot she wants to tell you in the morning.”

“Alex?” Kara asks sleepily, blinking up to see her sister’s cock-eyed smile above her.

“Mmm, good. Come to bed, come sleep. Maggie’s comfy, even though she’s so tiny, have you noticed she’s so tiny, and she has two shoulders, and she said they can both be mine tonight but now you’re here so we’ll share.”

Maggie laughs and Alex tries not to cry and they haul their kid sister to bed so she can curl up safe and protected and loved between two of her superheroes.
Chapter 110

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

alex and maggie + koala hugs

Alex had always been free with her hugs to Kara. She’d always race to hug Jeremiah, even when she was still in her sopping wet suit, surf board still tucked under her arm. Over the years, she’d gotten more stiff about hugging Eliza, but she would hug her anyway.

Kara had noticed Alex touched J’onn more, Winn more, James more, over the past couple of years.

But she still wasn’t exactly the most touchy person.

Unless you counted body slamming men who were twice her size while disarming them and instilling the fear of god in them as touching, which Kara didn’t.

So when she dropped by Alex’s apartment with pizza and potstickers to cap off a particularly grueling day at the DEO, her brow furrowed when Alex wasn’t in the living room. She lowered her glasses and squinted into her bedroom, and at first, she was surprised, but then, she knew she shouldn’t be.

Because Alex’s arms were both wrapped around Maggie’s body, their knees bent, their legs intertwined, Alex’s stomach pressed flush against Maggie’s back, and every few breaths, Maggie would snuggle back even closer, would pull Alex’s arms closer to her chest, would lower her head, eyes closed, and press a sleepy kiss to Alex’s forearm.

Kara had never seen Alex so much as doze off near someone other than her, let alone wrap her arms – not to mention legs – around them and full-out sleep.

Hell, Kara had never even seen Alex hold someone else’s hand.

But this? With Maggie? This made sense. Perfect sense.

Kara set down the pizza, set down the potstickers, hesitated, grabbed two potstickers and shoved them in her mouth, hesitated again, popped two more in her mouth, and padded softly into her sister’s bedroom.

“Pizza’s here,” she whispers, and Alex smiles sleepily and Maggie starts slightly, but relaxes almost instantly.

“‘Ey, Little Danvers,” she says creakily, and Kara beams at her own special nickname.

Alex makes no move to disentangle herself from Maggie, just she tilts her head up and grins. “Bring the pizza in here, Kara. We’ll make it a party.”
Maggie kisses her forearm again and Alex’s hands squeeze her sides slightly, and Kara watches as they melt into each other’s touches, into each other’s bodies.

And she’s never quite been this happy to have to unexpectedly share food with someone.
Chapter 111
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Bashful, easily embarrassed Kara is fun for everyone but her and Alex are actually so close I would love to maybe see them having a serious/genuine talk about Alex’s sex life. Maybe Kara being somewhat concerned about the BDSM because of a lack of understanding but interested and supportive wanting to understand more about it and Alex explaining why she enjoys being submissive. Reminiscent of when Alex tells her how beautiful Maggie is, she’s overwhelmed explaining how it makes her feel.

This piece follows/references Chapter 104.

Kara squeals and covers her face with her hands and furiously adjusts her glasses and turns bright red and flees the room when Alex comes into the DEO limping gingerly, chest painted with red marks, faint redness around her wrists, when Maggie takes the blame and Alex grins and blushes and J’onn groans and Alex threatens everyone to shut the hell up, and they do, because even if Maggie can apparently tie her down in bed, she’s still Alex Danvers, damnit.

So Kara squeals and covers her face with her hands and furiously adjusts her glasses and turns bright red and flees the room, but tonight is sisters’ night, and Kara is worried.

Because Alex is grinning and Alex seems happy, but Alex is apparently covered in even more bruises than she usually does, and Kara just can’t square it with how reverently Maggie seems to treat her outside the bedroom, and Kara just can’t square it without the feeling that someone is hurting her sister, and she needs to understand.

So she accepts Alex’s box of pizza and tears into the bag of potstickers more quietly than she usually does, because Alex’s limp has diminished throughout the day, but she still sits gingerly, she still hisses a little when Kara hugs her and apparently makes whatever marks are on her back sting.

“Alex, can we talk?” she ventures, and Alex freezes slightly, arches an eyebrow slightly, purses her lips slightly, but she nods mildly enough.

“Shoot,” she says, reaching for a piece of pizza and groaning when she realizes she forgot to grab a beer.

“No, let me get it, you’re um… you’ve been limping all day, Alex.”

“Is uh… is that what you wanted to talk about?”

“Kind of, yeah.” Kara cracks open a beer and passes one – just the one – to her sister before collapsing next to her with one foot tucked under her.

“Kara,” Alex sighs and drinks deeply, eyes closed and wheels turning. “I… Just tell me. Tell me what you’re thinking. What you’re scared of.”
Kara takes a deep breath and stares at her big sister for a moment, worrying her fingers on the blanket and grabbing a potsticker – then two, then three – to occupy her mouth while she thinks.

“I like Maggie. And I like that you’re together. You’re happier, you’re drinking less, you’re smiling more, you’re… hitting Winn in the head less.”

Alex chuckles. “That’s actually a downside.”

Kara grins and takes a bite of Alex’s pizza. “Hey! Grab your own.”

She does and she sighs again. “But you’ve also been having these… um…”

“Sex injuries?” Alex wheezes as she tries to manage an enormous gulp of her beer.

“Yeah.”

“And that scares you.”

“I’m not scared – ”

“Kara, I know you – ”

“And I know you. And you’re… you’re a badass, Alex, you don’t take anything from anyone, but you… you’re coming in with all these bruises, and cuts, and limping, Rao, and I know you seem happy about that, and that’s great, it really is, I’m not saying anything bad, or that you’re doing anything wrong, I’m just… I don’t understand. Would you… would you help me to understand?”

Alex sighs and Alex takes her one allotted potsticker and stares at her sister thoughtfully while she chews.

“It… You’re right. I am a badass.” She pauses and grins and takes another bite of pizza. “I don’t take crap from people. You’re right. But this…” She shifts on the couch and she puts her fingers to the top side of her wrist and smiles faintly, distantly, remembering. Loving. “This… remember that guy I dated for a few months in college? The one with the hair?”

Kara smiles, because yes, she remembers. “Remember he’d do things like… like try to hold my hand? Or like, hold the door for me? Or…” Alex’s eyes glaze slightly and she looks away from her sister’s attentive gaze. “Or he’d want to do things. With me. In bed. That I just… I never liked, I never…”

“You’re not limping because Maggie’s a woman, Alex.”

Alex grins and she nods and she gulps down some beer. “I was getting to that.” She taps a greasy finger to Kara’s nose and laughs as Kara squeals softly and grabs a napkin. “I was never comfortable with… well, with any kind of intimacy. You know, we’ve talked about it, we… and it was a lot of things, right, me being gay, mostly, but also, I… I never wanted to be out of control. I never am out of control. Not anymore. I never can be, because if I’m out of control, people… people die. You could die.”

Alex chokes on an unexpected wave of tears and Kara puts her pizza down, leans forward, and strokes Alex’s hair out of her face.

“And I like it. Being in control. Being… able to change things, being able to make a difference in the world. But it… it means I can never, I don’t know… let go. I can never let go, I can never break, except when I’m with you, but that’s different, it’s…” She looks away and she shakes her
head and she presses her index fingers to the bottoms of her eyelids.

“When I’m with Maggie… When we’re together, it… she’s gentle with me, Kara, my god, she’s perfect, she’s always checking in, she’s always making sure I’m good, she… And sometimes, when we’re together, when we’re… having sex… I just… I want to let go, completely, like… of everything, of just… I don’t have to be in control of anything, I don’t have to be responsible for everything, I don’t have to make decisions or be on my game because she’s got it, she’s got everything, she’s got me. When I’m… submissive for her, I just… I’ve never been able to let go like that, to trust someone like that, with my body, with my heart, with just… all of me. God, I’m sorry, I’m probably making zero sense.”

She stops because she has to, because she’s crying, because fuck she loves Maggie and god it feels good to talk about, to have Kara’s warm eyes holding her, to have Kara’s cool hands on her face, to have Kara’s unconditional love wrapped around her.

“I just… I love her, Kara, and when I’m laying under her, I just… I feel it. How much she loves me. Because I’m bottoming, sure, okay, right, it looks like I’m out of control, like she’s hurting me, but all I have to do is open my palm, or say a single word, and everything will stop, so really, underneath it, she’s giving me all the control, but she’s letting me feel like she’s got it all, she’s letting me feel everything, she’s constantly figuring out how to touch me best, how to love me best, and I just… I love her so much, Kara, I… and I know it probably scares you, that I wind up with bruises and whatever, but she’s… she’s perfect, Kara. No one’s ever… no one’s ever loved me like she does.”

“You’re more loved than you think you are, Alex.”

Alex smiles and sniffs and rests her head on her sister’s shoulder.

“Am I loved enough to get that last potsticker?”

“Don’t push your luck. But I can be convinced to order more.”

“Kara?”

“Yeah Alex?”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”
Maggie’s lacing up her sneakers when Alex’s alarm goes off.

“Babe? Why’re you up?”

Maggie shrugs and leans up to the bed to press a kiss to Alex’s lips. “Couldn’t fall back to sleep. Thought I could go on your run with you, if that’s okay?”

Alex blinks out sleep and arches an eyebrow, but she says nothing beyond her nod, her small smile. She knows that look – that look Maggie gets when she’s prepped for a fight, when she’s scared, when she’s excited and when she’s focused and when she’s over-energetic, all at the same time.

She usually gets that look only when she’s going out on a dangerous mission.

Today, she’d switched shifts so she didn’t have to work. I’m not trying to suppress the protests I need to be part of, she’d said casually, she’d said with a blaze deep in her eyes, with a somewhat sad grin quirked on her lips.

So today, the only dangerous mission is going to be the March.

Alex swishes around mouthwash and tosses frozen water on her face and spits and throws on her favorite running shorts, her favorite running jacket. She stares at Maggie, sitting on the bed with her elbows resting on her knees, her phone in her hands.

“You know they took down the civil rights, LGBT, and climate change sections of the White House site already?” Maggie says without looking up, because she’s a detective, and she detects, so she knows when her girlfriend is looking at her.

“Yeah, I read it last night. You sure you wanna go today, babe?”

“I need to go today, Al. Just gonna burn off some energy first. Come on – wanna get in a 5k before we spend all day on our feet?”

Alex chuckles and pulls the phone gently out of Maggie’s hand and pulls her to her feet and kisses her soundly, softly, tenderly, trying to put every ounce of love she feels for her into their touch.

“I’ve got you, babe,” Alex reminds her, because her girlfriend grew up non-white and non-straight in Blue Springs, Nebraska, and she knows that Maggie remembers what this dread of a deadly storm feels like. Maggie melts into her touch, because no one has ever offered her protection before, and god, she knows it’ll be the only thing that gets her through.
Kara’s commandeered the apartment with an odd explosion of posterboards and markers and donuts and coffee by the time Maggie and Alex trudge back up the stairs, the bottom layer of Alex’s hair plastered to her forehead with sweat and Maggie’s wet tank top slung over her shoulder.

“Check it out, guys!” Kara squeals when they walk in, as James tosses both of them a bottle of water and Winn waves through a mouthful of donut, through wiping powdered sugar off his grey t-shirt reading, simply, “feminist.”

“Nice one, Little Danvers,” Maggie high fives her as Alex chokes on her water, because Kara’s sign reads “Hey Donald – don’t try to grab my pussy. It’s made of steel.”

“You don’t think that might um… give away your secret?” Alex splutters, red-faced, and Maggie presses up against her, a wicked grin on her face.

“Aww, babe, don’t worry, Kara will wear her glasses and no one will be any the wiser that her big sister’s all embarrassed to see a sign talking about her sister’s pussy. But I happen to know that you’re not so shy in – “

“Maggie!”

“Gonna shower. Come with?”

“Yes.”

“Kara, you might wanna turn off your super hearing.”

“Shut it, Schott!”

The mood is somewhat more grim when Alex and Maggie slip back out of the bathroom, Alex donning a red bandana in her hair and one of Maggie’s Black Lives Matter t-shirts fitting snugly over her chest, and Maggie decked out in cut-offs, a grey beanie, and a Fuck Xenophobia tee.

James doesn’t speak, he just pulls Alex into a hug and presses a kiss to her forehead, and J’onn, who’s just slipped through the door – because someone needs to make sure they get there on time – crosses his arms across his chest and nods at her through a thin layer of tears, M’gann’s head on his shoulder.

Winn touches Maggie’s forearm and she grimaces at him. “You good?” he asks, and she takes a deep, slow breath.

“With you guys all around me? Yeah. Yeah.”

The Plaza is so crowded with people, children on their parents’ shoulders – with posters shouting everything from “Consent is Sexy” to “America is Black, speaks Spanish, wears a hijab, is a woman” to “Supporting My Sisters, not just my Cis-ters” – that it takes a full hour to even get into the flow of the march, a full hour of Alex and Maggie’s hands never, ever leaving each other, of M’gann falling into the embraces of so many bar patrons who learned of the march from the posters she and Maggie had put up around the place, of James having a crouched conversation with a little boy asking if he could be big and strong like him one day, of Kara beaming at the constant comments and compliments on her poster, of Winn earning looks of renewed respect from J’onn for his sign, which reads “Our white masculinity kills people I love: can we cut it out, please?”.

The Plaza is so crowded with people that even the news choppers above them can’t quite capture a photo of the entire crowd, but James does an excellent job with his own camera, climbing on
lampposts and balancing, with Alex spotting him, on construction pillars to get the best shots, to get the best angles, to get the photos that are going to reach people’s hearts, that are going to remind people what hope is, that are going to fight hardest.

He photographs Alex with her arm out in front of Maggie protectively in front of a line of cops in riot gear. He photographs the searing kiss Maggie pulls her down for, a crowd cheering around them, the way Alex’s body curves into Maggie’s warmly, protectively, lovingly.

He photographs Winn lifting a little girl onto his shoulders after the girl asked, after her grandparents told him to go ahead, because she wanted to see better, she wanted to chant louder, she wanted to fly higher.

He photographs Kara beaming defiantly with her poster, Kara pressing a kiss to J’onn’s forehead, J’onn wrapping his arm around M’gann’s shoulders, M’gann leading chants and Kara following her lead.

He photographs crowds of thousands upon thousands upon thousands of people surging together to say no to forces, to systems, to people, that would soon see him dead, soon see him erased.

And when he hops down off the lamppost to rejoin his friends – his family – their fierce love and open embraces gives him hope that maybe, just maybe, together they can prevent the worst.
Chapter 113
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we also talk about how Alex got there, how she started to trust Maggie with everything she has? You wrote that Kara is like her sister, always apologizing. Could you write about how she lets go of all those insecure habits around Maggie?

The first time she’s late for a date, there are tears in her throat and fear in her eyes.

“I am so sorry, Maggie, there were some complications on a mission – “

“Was anyone hurt?”

Alex feels the concern in Maggie’s eyes like a punch to her gut, because no, no one was hurt, and because no one was hurt, there’s really no excuse, and god can’t she ever do anything right, Maggie doesn’t like to leave a lady waiting but Alex did because god of course she did she’s always messing up everything.

“No, no, everyone’s… fine.”

A warm smile passes over Maggie’s face and her hand moves to Alex’s face in relief. “Good. Good. Here, come here, let me take your jacket – “

“You’re not mad?”

“Alex, why would I be mad?”

“I was late.”

“Ale. The jobs we have, the lives we lead? A little thing I’d like to call traffic? It’s gonna happen. To both of us. It’s okay. You’re okay. You’ve got nothing to apologize for, Alex; you were off saving the world.”

The look in her eyes seems genuine; the way her thumb strokes the back of Alex’s hands seems sincere; her words seem honest.

Alex has never been so confused.

She finds herself confused again the first time she cums without warning, with just a harsh breath and Maggie’s name strangling out of her throat, before Maggie has the chance to cum, too.

“I’m sorry,” she breathes raggedly, tears back in her wind pipe and eyes stinging as she hides her face in Maggie’s shoulder.

“Babe, what – why are apologizing?”
“I… you weren’t… you didn’t… I…”

“Alex, I \textit{want} you to enjoy yourself, I \textit{want} you to cum. As many times as you want. Before me, after me, with me, all of the above, whatever.”

“But – “

“Alex. Babe. Ally, you’re \textit{perfect}. You’re perfect, and I never want you to apologize for \textit{enjoying} yourself. I’m not having sex with you so I can off, Al, I’m having sex with you because I lo – because I wanna make you feel good, I want… I wanna make you feel good. \textit{Please} don’t apologize for that. You don’t have to, ever. Okay?”

She doesn’t understand, not even in the slightest, but she trusts, so she nods, and she cums even harder next time.

She doesn’t understand, either, when Maggie brings over Thai takeout when Alex had tried to surprise her by getting pizza, and instead of getting irritated, Maggie kisses each of her knuckles while she panics, because \textit{I was just trying to be a good girlfriend}, you said you had a long day, but now \textit{you} spent all this extra money and 
\textit{I should have just told you I was getting pizza}, I’m sorry and she doesn’t understand when Maggie finishes kissing her knuckles and brings her hands to her face and strokes her cheeks until she quiets, until she just stares, until Maggie has the room to tell her that \textit{you are so sweet, Alex Danvers}. And you get all the girlfriend awards, you know why? \textit{Because I’ve never once told a girlfriend ‘hey, I’ve had a rough day’ and had them get me dinner. And you? You did that. You’re thoughtful, and you’re sweet, and you’re an amazing girlfriend. You’re perfect, Alex. You don’t have to apologize for being who you are. Not anymore. And certainly not to me.}

And Alex cries, then, because Maggie had said it, said it so perfectly: she was apologizing for being… \textit{her}. And Maggie didn’t want her to, because Maggie \textit{liked} her. For \textit{her}.

And that’s nothing to apologize for.
Chapter 114
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

charis-chan said:

Prompt: maggie is out of town ans alex is mopey but that was expected. What wasnt expected was for kara to feel so sad her second favorite human is not around. Cue somw fluff

She’s upstate training new recruits for the LGBT Task Force she seeded out of the NCPD, and she’s gone for the whole week.

She’s left James with explicit instructions to monitor how much Alex is drinking -- she figures he can take Alex smacking him around more easily than poor Winn can -- and she’s left Winn with explicit instructions to make sure Alex is eating, because the closer they get to rescuing Jeremiah, the more Alex is forgetting.

So James is stealing bottles out of Alex’s freezer and giving Alex very pointed looks that she eventually surrenders to, and Winn is sharing his lunch every day, and Alex is mopey but she’s holding up alright.

What Maggie didn’t do was leave behind instructions for how to care for Kara in her absence, because no one -- not even Kara -- expected the younger Danvers sister to be that impacted by the sudden lack of being called Little Danvers, the sudden lack of easy laughter at the pool table, the sudden lack of intense debates between James, Maggie, and Winn as to which Final Fantasy character could kick Cyborg Superman’s ass easiest.

But, as it turns out, Alex isn’t the only Danvers sister who’s drooping in Maggie’s short absence.

“She okay?” Winn asks J’onn when he walks into the DEO to find Kara idly chewing on the inside of her cheek and sighing, loudly and obviously, every few seconds.

“I think she misses her sister’s girlfriend,” J’onn diagnoses, and Winn nearly squeals.

“Oh, that’s the cutest.”

He snaps a picture of Kara, mid-sigh, and he pulls up Maggie’s number on his phone.

Hey, Sawyer. Hope you’re having fun whipping all those recruits into queer-friendly shape. Check out this pic: turns out Alex isn’t the only Danvers sister pining away in your absence.

He’s surprised when his phone buzzes just a moment later.

Awww, thanks Schott. Seriously, Little Danvers misses me?

Oh come on, Sawyer, we all do. We’ve gotten used to your rapier wit around here.
He grins as Kara’s phone buzzes across the room, as her face lights up, as she presses something on the screen and holds it out like a mirror in front of her.

“Hi Maggie!” She waves at the screen and Winn smiles, because Maggie must have facetimed her.

“Little Danvers! Hey! Listen, I don’t have a lot of time -- there’s a couple recruits that I wanna take to lunch, I think they’re gay and I want to treat them -- but I just wanted to see how you’re doing.”

Kara practically swoons, and even J’onn grins watching her.

“Awww, Maggie!” she squeaks. “You’re so sweet! I miss you! Is that weird?”

“Course not, kid, I miss you, too. You know if you wanna fly up here for dinner tonight, I can move a few things around and make it happen.”

Kara nearly drops her phone in excitement and Winn surges forward to catch it. By the time Alex walks in, Kara’s constant sighing has ceased, replaced by a fervent, eager energy and bright, shiny buzz around her.

“Did you give her extra donuts or something?” Alex wants to know, and Winn just chuckles.

“Your girlfriend’s a keeper, you know, Danvers. A real keeper.”

“Where’d that come from?”

“The bottom of my heart -- ow! No, I’m serious!”

“Well. You do have a point. She really is.”
anonymous asked:

We know Maggie would notice everything about Alex and find what makes her happy.
Until Alex turned the table and surprise Maggie with....

She learns very quickly that Alex forgets to eat while she’s stressed, so she tag-teams with Kara to bring Alex lunch at the DEO so often that J’onn tosses up his hands and gets her clearance to just walk in unaccompanied whenever she pleases.

She learns very quickly that Alex is afraid of thunderstorms -- though she would never, ever say it aloud -- so every time it storms, she makes a fort out of their blankets and distracts Alex with her hands, her tongue, her Netflix account, until the storm passes.

She learns very quickly that Sisters’ Night is sacred, so she always makes sure she’s working late or going out on her own that night, because Alex isn’t sure how to navigate having more than one major person in her life, and she wants to make it as easy as possible on the unnecessarily guilt-ridden woman.

She learns very quickly that Alex particularly loves that black bra she has, and she buys two more just like it; that Alex’s favorite place to get local produce is nearly an hour drive away, and Maggie starts making the trip every weekend while Alex is out on her run; that Alex would never ask for a backrub, but absolutely loves them, so she brushes up on her massage skills and buys massage oil that’s the same brand as Alex’s favorite soap.

She learns all these things, and she does everything; but she doesn’t expect anything back. She’s never gotten anything back.

But somehow Alex figures out that she loves long baths, and Alex seems to find every excuse to draw her one, candles and soft jazz and all.

And somehow Alex pieces together how much Maggie loves it when Alex holds her hand just so, and then their hands are hardly ever not touching.

And somehow Alex knows that Maggie loves when she does that with her tongue, that with her fingers, that with her ass, and god has she never cum this hard with anyone.

But the thing that makes her cry hardest -- the thing that makes her entire body shake because how, how could someone love her this much? -- is when Alex overhears an early morning conversation with her niece in Blue Springs, something about I love you too, mamita, and you know I would be there if I could, I am so sorry, honey, but don’t worry, your dad is gonna give you the best birthday you could possibly ask for, okay? and the very next night, Maggie is getting a call from her niece asking her to pick her up at the airport, because Maggie might not have been able to afford the flight but Alex could and Alex did and the smile on her niece’s face and her shriek when Maggie
pulls of her helmet and lets her run into her arms, practically barrelling her over; Maggie’s heart positively explodes, because her family might have issues, but her niece is *everything* and Alex flew her in for her fourteenth birthday because Alex *cares*, because Alex *pays attention*, because Alex *loves* her.

And she’s never known, until the moment the three of them are having dinner and Alex is making her niece shriek with laughter, quite what that feels like.
Chapter 116

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

prompt: our favourite gays have been so busy with work that they've barely seen each other for a few days, they plan a special sexy night in but end up being so exhausted from work they just end up curling up together and going to sleep (idk i just thought this could be kinda funny and cute)

So Danvers. Tonight, huh?

Alex blushes and Alex licks her lips, because Alex knows exactly what Maggie means by tonight. It’s been impossible for them to get more time together than quick lunches and even quicker, handsy make out sessions in stolen moments in alleyways behind crime scenes, equipment rooms in the DEO.

But tonight? Tonight, there are no impending attacks, and they’re both off shift. All night long.

Tonight, Sawyer. I can’t wait to touch you.

Kara arches an eyebrow as she senses Alex’s heart rate increase dramatically as she waits for a reply, as she checks her phone so, so much more often than usual.

Can’t wait to touch you, too, babe.

Alex smiles and blushes hard when her phone vibrates against almost immediately.

And taste you.

She blushes even deeper when her phone goes off again.

And hear you scream for me.

Kara is surprised Alex can even get this red, that any human could get this red, yet somehow look so damn pleased at the same time.

Mags, I’m still at work!

Alex gasps slightly at the response, earning a barely stifled snicker from Winn, a confused stare from Kara, and a deep, long breath from J’onn.

Perfect, I can bend you over that lab bench you look so hot standing over.

Alex smacks Winn lightly on the back of the head before typing out her response.

Oh my god, I need tonight to come. Like, right now.
“J’on, any chance I can head home early tonight? I have some uh… things to take care of.”

“Maggie changed her name to _things_?” Winn wants to know, and Kara’s eyes fly wide.

J’onn buries his face in his hand to hide his smile. “Yes, Agent Danvers. Go take care of things.
By all means, enjoy yourself.”

And she plans to. Very, very much so.

But before evening comes, she’s run two consecutive sting missions and, if Maggie’s later texts are
any indication, Maggie’s had a deeply frustrating meeting with top brass and one of her men broke
his leg in a raid.

Before evening comes, they’re both even more exhausted than they were to start the day.

“Hey, sexy woman,” Maggie grins when she opens the door with a bottle of wine, because she’d
promised to make Alex cum, and she’d be damned if she would go back on said promise just
because she was tired.

“Mmmm, I missed you,” Alex says softly into her lips, putting the bottle and Maggie’s gun and
Maggie’s jacket onto the counter and pulling her hazily into the bedroom, hands roaming
everywhere, Maggie moaning into her mouth and Alex gasping and grabbing at her harder at
Maggie’s tongue slipping into her mouth.

They fall into bed wrapped in each other, fall into bed ecstatically and happily and full of relief
because this is the perfect remedy for the lives they lead.

They fall into bed wrapped in each other, and then they both realize that they’re laying down. On
soft sheets, in warm arms, on soft pillows.

“I want you,” Alex whispers as her body melts down into the comforter.

“I want you too,” Maggie tells her with closed eyes and a soft kiss to Alex’s nose.

“Sleep first, sex later?”

“But I also really just wanna hold you and sleep,” they spurt out at the same time.

Alex relaxes in relief and Maggie laughs and draws her closer, draws her under the covers, draws
her jeans off and her bra off and her body close, close, close.

“Sleep well, beautiful.”

“In your arms? Always.”
Chapter 117

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Kara has the keys of Alex's apartment, so one morning she drops in on her sister to update her about a case but Alex is taking a shower and the one she finds in the kitchen making pancakes is Maggie (post 2x08)

She knows she has a lot to apologize for, just heading off to another Earth like that, and if she’s going to grovel to Alex, she figures she might as well do it with a dozen donuts in tow (ten and a half will be for her).

So when her key digs into Alex’s lock and she hears the shower running, she shrugs and figures Alex just got back from her run and that she’ll get started on the donuts without her, because she can grovel more effectively when she’s not super hungry, anyway.

But the room she steps into isn’t empty.

Maggie Sawyer is standing in her sister’s kitchen, spatula in hand, but that’s not the most bizarre thing about the situation.

No, the most bizarre thing is that Maggie’s hair is tied up but it is unmistakably sex hair; and Maggie is wearing nothing but one of Alex’s old button-downs and what must be a thong because nope nope nope no no no not looking nope nhhnn nope.

“Kara!” Maggie freezes, spatula frozen, pancake batter sizzling in the pan in front of her.

“Maggie, what’re you… you know what, I… I don’t wanna hear it, I um… I brought Alex donuts, but I’ll just – “

“No, no, hey, don’t go. I’m sure Alex would love to see you, I just uh – she – I – “

Kara glances at the half-eaten box of pizza, the half-full bottles of beer, that are still on the counter, on the makeup still smudged around Maggie’s eyes, giving her a distinctly sexy, distinctly morning-after look.

“You don’t need to finish that sentence, I think I can figure it out. Except… last we talked about it, you turned my sister down.”

The pan starts sizzling and Maggie flinches and goes to flip the pancakes – which, Kara notes with interest, she does expertly – before looking back up at the little sister of the woman she spent the night making love to.

“I was scared, Kara. She… she came out for me, and I didn’t want to… take anything away from her. I was trying to do the right thing by her. But then I got shot, and she told me that she realized that being gay isn’t about me, it’s about her, and I just… Your sister’s the most incredible woman
I’ve ever met, Kara. I was scared of messing it up. Messing her up.”

“And why would you mess her up?”

Maggie stares at Kara as she holds the spatula down over each pancake in turn. She takes a deep breath and licks her lips and remembers Alex’s nails on her back, Alex’s wrecked screams as Maggie made her cum again, and again, and again.

“I – “

“She won’t, Kara.” They both jump slightly to find Alex standing in the doorway, hair dripping wet, baby blue towel wrapped around her body. Maggie’s mouth goes dry and she promptly forgets the pancakes, and Kara reaches over to remove the pan from the burner.

“Her ex apparently has her convinced that she’s a terrible human being, but her ex is most certainly wrong.” Alex shoots Maggie a significant look and Maggie swallows hot tears.

“Did you bring donuts?” Alex asks next, in a much different tone.

Kara grins broadly. “I did.”

“Stay?” Alex asks, her eyes soft and her eyes perfect, and Kara melts, because her sister is perfect and her sister is happy and Maggie was making pancakes for crying out loud.

“Yeah. Yeah, of course I’ll stay.”

“Good. Maggie, you’ll wanna make like three extra batches of pancakes. Kara eats like an alien.”

“Yes ma’am. Kara, you want chocolate chips in yours?”

“Keep her, Alex. Keep her.”

“I plan to.”
She’s never really bottomed for anyone before.

Her other girlfriends, her other flings? None of them saw past her Triumph, past her leather jackets, smooth words, calm hands, cop badge, gun, and cool smirk.

None of them saw her truly vulnerable; when she tried to let them, it never ended well.

But Alex? Alex held her when she screamed and raged and broke things and sobbed after the massacre at the bar, and Alex held her hair back when she threw up from sheer grief, and Alex booked a flight for her niece to come visit her, and Alex made her laugh and Alex listened to her and Alex cared and Alex protected her.

And Alex watched her in bed, watched what she loved, watched what made her scream loudest, watched, watched, watched, because she didn’t expect to just get fucked, to just get off on Maggie’s body; no, Alex wanted to make Maggie feel incredible.

And she is, she is, holding her naked, writhing body down by her wrists, her eyes gleaming with raw need, raw *want*, for Maggie’s next scream, for Maggie’s next whine, because Alex is keening with raw need, raw want, to see Maggie’s pleasure.

And it’s new, for Maggie, to be this cared for, to be paid this much attention, but god, god, *god*, this woman – who spends her days in battle gear and lab coats and her nights undressing her, this woman who saunters onto bloody crime scenes like she owns them, who hauls rocket launchers onto her shoulder like they’re mere paperweights – this woman is giving her all of her attention, all of her *fire*, and it couldn’t possibly be making Maggie any hotter.

She whines and she groans and she arches her hips up, because Alex is slipping out of her again, and she finds that she can’t help but beg.

“Please,” she keens, and Alex smirks, and Alex still holds her down.

“Please what?”
“Please don’t stop fucking me.”

Alex growls softly in the back of her throat and tightens her fingers around Maggie’s wrists, waiting.

Maggie knows what she wants, and Maggie could cum with the mere thought of giving it to her.

“Please don’t stop fucking me, Daddy.”

Alex full out moans, now, and before Maggie can draw another shaky breath, Alex has her flipped onto her stomach, has her strapon poised to slip back inside her from behind.

“Color?” Alex demands raggedly, and Maggie swallows.

“Yellow,” she whispers, and Alex eases off of her immediately.

“Need to stop, baby?”

Maggie shakes her head into the pillow. “No, I just… you like this, Al? Like, you’re turned on? Not just… not just for me?”

Alex sweeps Maggie’s hair off her cheek and kisses every part of her face she can reach. “I am so fucking turned on, Mags. I love feeling you like this, I love everything about this. About us.”

“So what’s your color?”

“I’m green, babe, but only if you are.”

Maybe it’s something in Alex’s eyes, or maybe it’s something in the way Alex kisses her nose, or maybe it’s something in the way she seemed to love her more for hitting pause on their play instead of being irritated, instead of being resentful, instead of being accusatory and impatient and demanding.

Maybe it’s everything that is Alex.

Whatever it is, it has Maggie biting her lip, Maggie backing her ass back into Alex’s strapon.

“Then I’m pretty sure you were about to fuck your little girl, Daddy.”

Alex groans into her ear and Maggie’s entire body shivers as Alex immediately shifts to slip back inside her – easily, because she’s dripping wet – and Maggie screams into the pillow at the sensation.

“Fuck,” Alex moans into the back of her neck, and Maggie shifts her knees back farther so she can take Alex deeper.

“You’re such a good little girl for me, baby, so fucking tight for me. You like feeling me stretch you out, my girl?”

“Yes Daddy,” Maggie whines, and Alex finds her palm at her side to check in. Maggie squeezes her fingers immediately, and Alex grins wickedly at the sign to keep going.

“Do you wanna feel Daddy cum inside you, baby?” Alex wants to know, and she almost cums then and there as Maggie slips one of her hands under her body so she can put pressure on her clit while Alex fucks her.
“Yes, yes, yes Daddy, please,” she breathes, just barely, because Alex is pounding into her so hard, kissing her back so reverently, breathing so raggedly, and the combination has Maggie more wrecked than she’s ever been.

“You know what I need you to do for me then, baby? I need you to be a good little girl and cum for me, okay? Can you do that for Daddy?”

But Maggie is completely undone before Alex even chokes out her sentence, and Alex isn’t far behind because Maggie’s entire body is shuddering, is pulsing, underneath hers and she’s screaming into her pillow and Alex’s name is spilling out of Maggie’s lips and three words Alex never thought she’d say to anyone are pouring out of hers, and she repeats them, over and over and over and over, when they’ve both rode through their waves, when she gathers Maggie into her arms and calls her beautiful and calls her perfect and calls her her angel and kisses every inch of her face to prove it.

And Maggie has never felt more sated, and Maggie has never felt more loved.
Chapter 119

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Collage AU; Lena and Maggie are best friends. Maggie has a huge crush on popular girl Alex Danvers. At a party, Lena swoops in like the best friend she is as the wingman. A year later, Kara Danvers, the little sister of Maggies now girlfriend starts collage and it's Maggies turn to play the role of wingman. If you like collage au's, and think lena and maggie could ever be friends, i'd love to see this happen? -hospital anon

Happy news! I'm probably going home this week!

YES YES YES YES I’m so happy you’re hopefully going home this week!!!
Wonderful news!!! Sending lots of hugs your way, darling!!! <3 <3 <3

“You might want to put your eyes back in your skull, Sawyer, or you’re going to spill your HCl all over my notes.”

Maggie hisses slightly and lifts her vial so she’s no longer putting Lena’s organic chem notes in the line of fire. Or, acid, to be more precise.

“Sorry, L, I just – “

“I know, hun. Everyone knows. And don’t panic, because by everyone, I just mean me. Oh, don’t give me that baffled look, you’d have an outwardly over-inflamed sense of self to compensate for scalding inner self-hatred if you grew up a Luthor, too.”

“You’re really taking our psych class seriously, huh?”

“And you’re really taking Alex Danvers’s ass seriously.”

The HCl does spill this time, and Lena yelps and smacks Maggie’s shoulder lightly as she salvages her papers. Alex turns around at the sound, and Maggie’s insides twist like she just swallowed the damn acid because she’s got goggles on over her glasses and she still manages to look every bit the prom queen, every bit the star surfer, every bit the smartest, most popular pre-med student in the whole damn college.

Alex’s eyes scan Lena and Maggie’s work bench even as she holds her own chemicals poised perfectly, measured perfectly, above her beaker. “You two alright there?” she asks, and Maggie’s throat closes up, so Lena flashes her warmest smile, and Lena decides to play wingman – well, wingwoman – because this crush has gone on long enough, as has Maggie’s insistence that she’d never wanna be with me anyway, I mean god, she’s perfect and I’m just… well… me.

“Yeah, yes, fine, my clumsy hands, you know,“ Lena takes the blame, and wets her red lipstick with her tongue, and for a moment, Maggie wants to deliver a sound kick to her shins because oh come on seriously, don’t seduce her right in front of me. But Lena is more loyal than that, and Maggie knows it, and Alex isn’t her type, anyway.
Alex grins slightly and goes to turn her attention back to her own bench. “It’s Alexandra, isn’t it?” Lena asks, and Maggie nearly panics.

“What the hell are you doing?” she hisses.

“Getting you a girlfriend,” Lena mutters under her breath as she strides over to Alex’s bench.

“Alex. Yes.”

“Well, we haven’t been properly introduced. I’m Lena, and that beauty over there’s Maggie Sawyer. She’s the one who figured out that blood spatter problem that no one else could crack in forensics last week, you know.”

And suddenly Alex’s eyes are meeting Maggie’s, and she’s licking her lips, and she’s slipping off her goggles so she can look at Maggie straight through her glasses. “I know. I um… I’ve been meaning to talk to you. About that. Actually. I just, um… You two always seem like you’re together.”

“We’re not,” Maggie splutters as Lena smirks and slips into the background. “Together. But um. But I can… if you wanted, you know, I can take you out on my Triumph, this bar I know. Go over… labs, or… something. Together. You and me.”

Alex’s eyes slip up and down Maggie’s body and a small smile plays at her lips as a blush rises in her cheeks.

“I think I’d like that, Sawyer. I think I’d like that a lot.”

It doesn’t take long for them to become the most popular couple on campus. And it takes even less time for Lena to proudly claim credit for it at every opportunity, to bemoan her singledom and swear that Maggie will simply have to repay the favor of setting her up with her own soulmate one day.

That day comes about a year later, when Alex’s dorm is hosting a party for the new batch of freshmen, and Lena freezes when she sees the blonde with the green eyes, adorable cardigan, and beaming smile.

“Alright there, Luthor?” Maggie wants to know, but Lena just stares. Maggie follows her gaze and smirks and decides not to tell her who the girl is, because if she does Lena’s sure to come up with some excuse not to talk to her.

“Babe,” she whispers as Alex passes behind her, melting into her arms with a smile and a kiss. “Lena’s looking at Kara like she uh… wants to get to know her better. That okay with you?”

“Oh my god, please yes. If anyone can get Kara to come the hell out as bi already, it’s Lena.” Maggie grins and Alex steps back to watch, and Maggie takes Lena by the elbow and practically drags her across the room.

“Maggie!” Kara shouts and launches herself into her arms. Lena’s eyes fly wide as they embrace, in awe of someone who’s so free with affection, who’s so open with love.

“Hey Little Danvers. Someone I want you to meet. Lena, this is Kara Danvers, Alex’s kid sister. Kara, this is my best friend Lena Luthor. She runs the whole businessy sciencey thing – ”

“The Entrepreneurial Society of Bioengineers.”
“Right. That fancy ass, super smart, super socially conscious, super you’ve gotta be a badass and a genius to be in this club let alone run it thing on campus. You two should – you know – talk.”

Kara takes one look at Lena, one look at Maggie’s none-too-subtle wink as she strolls away in search of her girlfriend, and furiously adjusts her glasses with a fire in her eyes and a shy smile pulling at her lips.

“Nice to meet you, Lena.”

“And you, Kara. Has your… sister, apparently… shown you around, or would you like me to give you a tour?”

Lena bites her lip and Kara forgets both English and Kryptonian.

Across the room, Maggie rests her head on Alex’s shoulder, reveling in Alex’s hand holding her close around her waist.

“I think I just got your kid sister laid.”

Alex groans and pulls away, and Maggie staggers, laughing. “Watch it, Sawyer, or she’ll be the only one.”

Maggie laughs into Alex’s teasing kiss as the party spills on around them.
“Winn, stop killing Kara’s Tamagotchi and get over here!”

“I’m not killing him, he’s hungry!”

“I just fed him!” Kara protests from an exceedingly awkward angle, upside down next to Maggie’s elbow.

"How do you know he's not Kryptonian and doesn't need to eat as much as you do?"

“Schott, just get over here and spin the damn spinny thing!”

“Spinny thing, babe?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex scowls at her as effectively as she can with her left hand balanced behind her right foot, left foot pulled all the way on the other side of the Twister board.

“Whose turn’s it?” Winn scampers over, Kara’s Tamagotchi still in hand.

“Mine,” James says, and he’s been lucky so far – he’s still standing in a relatively non-contortionist position.

Winn flicks at the arrow and they all strain to see where it lands. Maggie’s hands are starting to shake slightly – she’s practically doing a handstand, and has been for the last three rounds – but damned if she’s gonna cave.

“Okay James, right hand on red,” Winn announces triumphantly, and James groans, because the nearest red circle is directly under Maggie’s chest.

“Maggie, you good?”

“Have at it, Olsen, you’ll have the honor of being the only man that close to my boobs like, ever.”

“Awww, James, you’re so special!” Winn squeals, and Kara’s body quivers with laughter.

“Don’t topple over now, Little Danvers.”

“Dream on, Maggie!”

“Watch that arm, Olsen, just remember whose girlfriend she is.”

“I have no designs on your woman, Alex.”
“Yeah and anyway babe, don’t you have a great view of my ass right now?”

“It is a great view.”

“Okayyyyy, whose turn is it now?” Kara desperately wants to know, and Alex and Maggie share a soft laugh.

“That’d be me – make it a good spin, Schott,” Alex tells him, and he sneaks more food to Kara’s Tamagotchi before he does.

“Okay, left hand blue, Alex.”

“Mmm, and suddenly everyone wants to be close to me,” Maggie hums, and Alex chuckles.

“You complaining, Sawyer?” She shifts and she keeps DEO-style balance and core strength and she easily slides her left hand onto a blue circle that leaves her in a strange contortion and Maggie with a great view of her cleavage.

Maggie hisses and licks her lips, and it’s not the difficulty of her position, but the intensity of Maggie’s eyes, that makes Alex overbalance, that makes Alex slip, that makes Alex fall. Kara jumps up in victory, James hastily slips his hand out from under Maggie’s body, and Alex yanks Maggie on top of her to the tune of Winn’s whoops and James’s laughter and Kara’s really Alex?

“I believe you just lost, Danvers.”

“I was distracted. Doesn’t count. We’ll play Operation next. I never lose at Operation.”

“Mmm, I bet you don’t, Doctor Danvers.”

“Okay guys, who wants to play Trouble?” Kara squeals as James continues to chuckle and Winn’s ears turn red.

“Noooo, I hate the damn sound that dice popping thing makes. My cousin used to just walk around the house pressing it, like, all the time.”

“Like this?” Winn asks, and Maggie groans as she pulls Alex to her feet and into her arms.

“Oh then, Mouse Trap?” Winn flinches as Maggie grabs the Trouble board from his hands and tosses it onto the couch before tousling his hair with a grin.

“No, the poor mice didn’t do anything!”

“Yeah, Kara never used to let us play that one. She’d always try to free them.”

“Awww, Little Danvers! You’re so sweet! But hey, what about another round of Twister?”

“You only want another round of Twister because it ended with Alex pulling you on top of her!”

“And that’s a bad thing because?”

“Because there are things about my sister’s life I don’t need to see.”

“I mean, we can always just take it into the next room, just the two of us –”

“Alex!”
“What, then you wouldn’t have to see anything!”

“X-ray vision! And super hearing!”

“Fair.”

“Wait wait, guys, I got it! Mario Kart!” James calls, and in mere minutes, Kara is thumping Winn, his tongue sticking out in concentration, on his back to drive faster. Maggie is hurling bananas at a cursing James, and Alex is pulling ahead of them all with a smug grin on her face and fire in her eyes.

They’re still arguing jovially about whether Toad or Luigi’s vehicle handles better the next morning when they spill into the DEO.

J’onn only stares at his ragtag group of children for a moment before deciding that the only thing he needs to know is that Alex’s eyes are gleaming and her step is lighter than he’s ever seen it, and Maggie’s name is on her lips, and she’s being more touchy with her friends, more open, laughing harder and smiling bigger.

And he couldn’t ask for anything more for his girl. Even if she and Mr. Schott are currently giving him a headache with their rowdy discussions of some sort of virtual racetrack that he most certainly never needed to know about.
Chapter 121

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Omg but like can you please continue that mini fic where Kara tells Maggie she's Supergirl it's so cute and I love how you wrote Alex. I can't. Nsjdndbe you're writing is amazing and I can't wait to see what you write more of for sanvers in general. :D

Continuation of Chapter 111.

“What… you’re not mad?”

“Alex, why… why would I be mad?”

Alex steps back, and Maggie’s hands slip off of her cheeks to fall limply by her sides, her face shattering as Alex shakes her head, as Alex blinks down tears she refuses to shed, as Alex’s brow furrows because she doesn’t understand, she can’t comprehend, what Maggie is trying to tell her.

Maggie glances back at Kara, whose eyes are sad, whose eyes are wet, whose eyes are broken, staring at her sister, staring at her world, her world that fails to understand how important she is.

“I lied to you, for months I lied to you, I let you be jealous of Supergirl and I let you get to know only half of my sister, I let you into only a small part of my life, I – I lied to you, Maggie, I’m pretty sure that’s in the first chapter of the how to be a terrible girlfriend handbook.”

“Alex,” Kara whispers, head down and eyes streaming.

“Alex,” Maggie whispers, too, but her eyes aren’t on the ground: her eyes are on the woman crumbling in front of her.

“Alex, you know what? I’ve got the prequel to the how to be a terrible girlfriend handbook. I’ve got the how to be the best girlfriend Maggie Sawyer’s ever had handbook. And you know what’s all over that handbook? Being Alex Danvers. Being exactly who you are, babe. Being the woman who saved my life before she even really knew me, the woman was brave enough to kiss me, to want me, when I was so wrapped up in being a… self-righteous coward, the woman…”

She glances at Kara and she smiles.

“The woman who’s all about her family. Who jumps in front of her bulletproof sister because you don’t care that you’re not bulletproof as long as she’s safe. You take me on picnics and you hold the door for me and you make me laugh and give great massages and you take me for rides on your Ducati and fuck babe, you have a Ducati, and you… you look me at me like… you look at me like I’m worth something, like I’m worth the time of the most incredible woman I have ever met. And apparently, I’ve met more of Supergirl than I thought. Again, no offense, Kara.”

“None taken, Maggie,” she says again, but her voice is choked with tears this time, because this
woman, this woman, this woman needs to marry her sister. Like, stat.

“You’re perfect, Alex. More perfect because Supergirl is your sister, not less. Never less. Not to me.”

“So you’re not mad.”

Maggie’s dimples come out in full force and she takes Alex’s hands into hers, kissing each of her knuckles as Kara squeals behind them.

“No, babe. I’m not mad. Right now, I love you more than I’ve ever loved you.”

Alex inhales sharply and Maggie blinks because Maggie suddenly realizes what she said.

“You love me.”

“Yeah, Ally. I love you.”

A single tear drips down Alex’s cheek, and Maggie kisses it away.

“Well good then. Because I love you, too.”
Chapter 122

Chapter Summary

misguidedghost800 asked:

Jeremiah is rescued from CADMUS and after having a touching and beautiful reunion with his family he has but one request, he wants to talk to Maggie Sawyer privately. Although it may seem strange and awkward, Maggie goes and is surprised when he cries to her and thanks her for being there for his daughters, one in particular. Maggie expresses her love for Alex and asks for permission to marry her (Kara obviously eavesdrops and nearly crying and gets so excited to tell Alex but its a secret)

Alex invites her and Kara says she’s family and Eliza reasons that Maggie rescued Jeremiah, for crying out loud, of course she should come to their first dinner back together as a family, and Maggie declines each time, because you need time just with your dad, babe and you’re sweet, kid, but I don’t want to intrude and oh no, I couldn’t, I was just doing my job, ma’am.

It isn’t until Jeremiah himself calls her – I got your number from Alex, Detective, I hope that’s alright – and insists that she come to dinner does she concede, because he’s the one who’s back from the dead, and it is his party, after all.

So Maggie slips on her black jeans and her red collared shirt and her most fitted black suit jacket and shows up with flowers and chocolate liquor because Alex said it’s your favorite, sir.

She helps Jeremiah cook and she helps Eliza set the table and she watches as Alex clings to Jeremiah’s side like he’ll disappear again if she dares to do so much as blink.

She’s quiet during dinner, because Alex has so many questions, and Jeremiah puts a calm hand on Eliza’s when she tries to interject that I’m sure your father doesn’t want to have such intense conversations at the table, Alexandra and then Jeremiah has questions and Maggie smiles because she gets to hear all about Alex’s teenage years, all about her surfing trophies and her science awards and research grants, none of which she actually tells him about – it’s all a combination of Kara and Eliza, with Alex blushing and Alex squeezing Maggie’s hand under the table and making knowing eye contact with her father, her father, because her father is home and he’s beaming at her like she’s his entire world, and her heart might burst any moment.

Maggie tries to slip out when they settle onto the couch, Alex snuggled against her father but extending a hand up to Maggie, but Maggie shakes her head with a soft smile.

“You guys should spend time together.”

“Actually, Maggie, I was hoping I could talk with you, if that’s okay.”

“Me, sir? Um, yeah, yes, of course.”

He kisses Alex’s bewildered forehead and stands, gesturing Maggie into Alex’s room as Kara’s eyes widen, Eliza’s eyebrow arches, and Alex tries not to hyperventilate.
Maggie tries, too, because the last time she was summoned by someone’s father for a private chat, she left with a bloody lip and a limp that lasted a week.

But Jeremiah smiles softly at her, and she can suddenly see where Alex learned to be so gentle with Kara, so patient.

He pulls out Alex’s desk chair and sits on it, giving Maggie the more comfortable spot on the bed.

“Detective Sawyer – Maggie – I just… I wanted to thank you again for helping get me out of that hellhole. For bringing me back to my family.”

“Best part of the job, sir.”

“Jeremiah.”

“Yes sir. Uh, yes, Jeremiah.” He chuckles compassionately at her nerves, at the way her fingertips are pressed gently together, containing and disguising her fear, but barely.

“I also wanted to thank you for taking such good care of my daughters. It’s clear how much you care for them both. One, in particular.”

Maggie breathes in, breathes out, slowly, steadily. Alex had shakily told him *Dad, Maggie’s my girlfriend*, and he’d smiled and he’d nodded and he’d shared a private glance with Eliza, and they’d discussed it, as far as Maggie knew, no further so far.

And suddenly there are tears coating Jeremiah’s words, sparkling in his slightly shuddered eyes.

“Alex has always been so strong, but she hasn’t… she hasn’t been very good at doing what’s good for her. Probably the *only* thing she’s not good at. And I *couldn’t be* there for her, I wasn’t…”

His voice cracks, and he lets a tear drip down his face, and Maggie wants to reach out and take his hand, but finds that she can’t move.

“But you were. She lets you take care of her, and I’ve never seen Alex let anyone do that. And I know, I know I missed so much, but I… I had my sources, and I was able to keep tabs on my girls, at least a little, and I… she… thank you, Maggie. Just… thank you.”

Maggie’s eyes are full of tears, now, too, and her throat is lined with them as she wets her lips, as she opens her mouth to speak, shakily, shakily, steadily. “I don’t know if I deserve her, si – Jeremiah. Your daughter – both of your daughters, but god, Alex – I’m in love with her. I am… I am so, so in love with her, and I wasn’t gonna ask you, not yet, but, since we’re talking, I… All I wanna do is be good to her, all I wanna do is make sure she has everything she could ever want in her life, and I… I wanna give that to her, so I want… I want to marry your eldest, sir, and I… I know you don’t know me yet, but I’d be honored if I could get your blessing before I ask her.”

A loud thud and excited squeal outside the door makes them both start, forces the hovering tears in their eyes down both of their faces, and Jeremiah is the first to laugh. “Kara’s super hearing,” he says. “We’d better get out there before she can’t contain herself and tells Alex she’s getting engaged before you get the chance to pop the question.”

“So… yes?”

“Welcome to our family, Maggie Sawyer.”
Chapter 123

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

J'oon becoming maggie's space dad too, absolutely hating it "great, another one." While maggie is running towards an alien she's just like alex and kara which means she's trouble. And maggie thinking he doesn't like her but he does, he's just a tired dad

She runs right into the line of fire, and J'onn immediately knows why.

Because she is just like Alex. She is just like Kara.

She is brave, and she is selfless, and she is bold, and she is a hero.

She is, in short, stressful and stubborn and so, so stupid.

“Detective Sawyer, I made it clear that no one was to move until my signal! If you expect to join up with any DEO missions in the future, you need to be willing to respect our chain of command.”

“I do respect it, sir, and I’m sorry, truly, but Alex was in his line of fire, and I wasn’t about to let her get shot, sir.”

He sighs and he covers his face in his hands and he dismisses her with a wave of the other, and as she walks away, shoulders dropping slightly from his chastising her, he mutters affectionately to himself, “Great. Another one.”

Another one to worry about, another one to watch out for, another one to protect.

Another one to love.
Chapter 124

Chapter Summary

do-me-for-your-people asked:

Hey it's the chick from ao3 with the prompt about Sanvers going to maggies high school reunion to face all her homophobic classmates, and the asshole quarterback hits on Alex without knowing she's maggies girlfriend ;)

Maggie splutters helplessly when Alex steps out of her bedroom, taking in the sight of her girlfriend in a tight, low cut black dress, makeup just so, and glasses… glasses very much on.

“Al… Alex, you… you look, um… I don’t know if Blue Springs High quite ready for your… for you.”

“Oh,” Alex pouts, adjusting her glasses and licking her red lips. “Should I change?”

“No, no, nnhnn, no. Not at all, not even a little bit.”

“I think what my daughter is trying to say is that you look beautiful, Alexandra,” Maggie’s mom supplies as she passes Maggie’s room, and Alex blushes deeply.

“Thank you, Mrs. Sawyer.”

“Yeah, thanks for being smoother with my girlfriend than I am, Ma.”

Her mother just laughs and waves them off.

“You’re going to be late for this reunion. Might be nice for you to show up on time, Margaret: show them all you’ve changed some.”

Maggie groans as she pulls her mom in for a kiss on the cheek, adjusting her suit jacket and offering Alex her arm as she led her down the stairs.

“Feel like I’m taking you to prom.”

Alex beams. “Who did you take to prom?”

Maggie wilts slightly. “I didn’t go. I was uh… I was dating this girl, but her dad found out and it uh… wasn’t exactly pretty.”

“Oh, babe.” Alex strokes her cheek and kisses her face gently, lightly, so she doesn’t leave a lipstick stain.

“It’s cool. Look who I get to bring now.”

“Oh, so I’m your trophy girlfriend?” Alex flirts, but Maggie’s eyes grow serious.
“No. Never. You are everything to me, Alex, I’d never reduce you to – ”

“Oh honey, I was just teasing.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. Yes. But… trophy girlfriend or not, I am proud to be going with you. Get to see where you grew up.”

Maggie’s smile is back, and she opens the door of her pickup for Alex and offers her hand to help Alex step inside.

She drives with one hand on the wheel, the other hanging out the window, regaling Alex with stories of her childhood, pointing out which dirt roads led to trouble and which led to adventure and which led to both.

She grows quiet as they pull into her high school’s parking lot, and her eyes grow keen like they do when she’s on a mission. She rattles off the names of the owners of some of the cars in the lot, some of the trucks in the lot, because this isn’t a town that changes very much.

“You sure you’re okay to come with me? These people aren’t all gonna be used to… this. Us.”

“I’m not any less sure than I was the first sixteen times you asked me, Mags. And anyway, wouldn’t Tommy kill you if we bailed?”

Maggie grins at the mention of her high school best friend, the only other out gay kid in school. In town.

And Tommy is the only reason Maggie leaves Alex’s side even for a moment during the night, the gym crowded with memories and old grudges and old flames and old inside jokes and old traumas and old prides.

Maggie steals off with Tommy, just for a moment, to see if a secret passage they used to take partners to make out in is still there, and Maggie wants to bring Alex but Tommy invokes an old code they had to keep it sacred, to keep it only between them and their high school people, and I really like you, Alex, and this one really loves you, but we swore a blood oath and Alex laughs and waves them away because I’ll be fine, babe, you guys have fun, and it’s only for a moment, but a moment is all it takes.

“Hey beautiful,” a deep voice sounds right on Alex’s neck, and she closes her eyes for a moment to refrain from punching him right away, because Maggie’s told her stories, and odds are she’d love to deck most men in this room.

Alex turns and Alex just arches an eyebrow and Alex simply regards the man who still has the lean build of a football star with bored eyes.

“They don’t make ‘em like you in Blue Springs, baby, so I’m guessing you’re someone’s date, but lemme tell you, I came here alone and I can show you a better time than he can.”

“Oh, no man – and certainly not you – could give me a better time than she does.”

The man’s brow furrows and his jaw clenches and he barks a harsh laugh. “What, you Sawyer’s girl? Little science freak’s family should’ve known they didn’t belong here, and she should know that a girl like you deserves a real man. I can give you that.”
Alex puts down her drink and Alex licks her lips and casts her voice low. “A real man?”

He grins and takes a step closer to her, his lips a breath away from hers.

“Yeah.”

Alex arches a quick eyebrow, and Alex nods, and Alex shifts, and Alex slams his head down into the table behind her.

“Next time you wanna be a racist, misogynist prick, you might wanna remember that your entire high school class just watched you get slammed down by a woman in five inch heels who’s going to go home to Maggie Sawyer’s beautiful family and have far better sex with her than any woman will ever have with you.”

She tugs him back up by his hair and she picks up her drink and she strolls away, toward Maggie and Tommy’s slack jaws, Tommy’s eyes alight like a five year old on Christmas morning, Maggie’s eyes alight like she’s never seen anyone quite as attractive as Alex fucking Danvers.

Because she hasn’t.

And the slow clap that starts in the back of the gym and circulates through all the nerds, all the misfits, all the people of color, all the queers, and eventually spreads even to the popular girls who’d never really liked how the quarterback treated them anyway makes Alex curtsy, makes Alex blush, makes Alex fall into Maggie’s arms and swoon as she’s kissed like she’s never been kissed before, to a combination of angry silence and liberated cheers.

And that night, she does have far better sex with Maggie than any woman’s ever had.

With anyone.
Chapter 125
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you write about Maggie after Alex told her it was a mistake? What was she thinking, feeling, why did she decide to show up when Alex called her?

She doesn’t care that she already took the morning off; doesn’t care that she came into the precinct glowing and came back from her break just a few hours later with red eyes, clenched fists, and a set jaw.

Doesn’t care, for once, that she’s being an emotionally open book at work.

Doesn’t care, because she’s constantly pulling extra shifts, and they were fine without her this morning; they’ll be fine without her again this evening.

She doesn’t get on her Triumph. She doesn’t get on her Triumph because if she does, she’ll speed, she’ll take corners too sharply, she’ll get into an accident. She’ll crash it because she’s so far gone. She’ll crash it because she’s reckless, because she doesn’t care, because she knew it was a stupid idea, knew Alex wasn’t ready, knew she wouldn’t be able to survive if Alex, Alex, Alex was the next woman to shatter her through to her bones.

She blasts Lauryn Hill in her headphones, and she takes the damn bus, because she’s got just enough self-control left to get home safely. Before she lets go. Before she lets herself lose her cool.

She strips to nothing but boxers and her sports bra; she ties up her hair and she puts her iPod into her speaker, switching it to Nas. She wraps her hands, and she slips into the tiny second bedroom that serves as her break room, serves as her sanity room; serves as her heavy bag room.

She jabs and she crosses and she kicks and she sobs and she hits harder and she slams until her hands sting under her wraps.

She hears her phone vibrate, and she glances at it.

Danvers.

She ignores it. She hits harder, throws combinations that would take down someone two times her size, but can do nothing against her own demons.

More vibrations. More combinations. Sweat drips down her shoulders, down her forearms, starting to shake.

Kara is Supergirl.

She doesn’t care that Alex lied. She gets why Alex lied.
She cares that Alex ran. She cares that Alex put her hands all over her body, tossed her head back and gasped her name like a prayer, cares that Alex kissed her, said she wanted to stay in the apartment together forever, forever, forever, and Maggie knew, she knew, it was just because she was bright and shiny, because Alex’s whole world was shiny right now, it had nothing to do with Maggie, because Alex spent the night with her soft, solid limbs wrapped around Maggie’s body, because Alex couldn’t seem to get enough of kissing her, of touching her, of figuring out how to make Maggie gasp, tremble, in her arms, all these things, and she cares that after all that, all that, Alex called it all a mistake.

Maggie is a mistake.

Of course.

But her phone buzzes in the pattern of a voicemail, and her curiosity, her small, tiny sliver of hope tugs the wraps off her hands, backhands the sweat off her forehead, and presses play on her messages.

Maggie, hi. Uh, Alex. Listen, I… I screwed up. I – can you just, come over? Please? I get it if you don’t want to, I get it I messed everything up, but I just… Come over. Please. Okay, um. Bye.

Maggie sighs and Maggie tosses the phone back onto a chair, and Maggie slams her bare fists once, twice, three times, into the heavy bag.

The longer she lets this drag on – the longer she lets Alex use her as a yo-yo, use her as a discovery, use her as an adventure before she moves on to whoever’s better, whoever deserves her more, whoever’s less damaged goods than Maggie – the more it’s going to hurt.

But wearing Alex’s t-shirt had felt like no kind of peace she’d felt before, and Alex’s enthusiasm terrified her, but it also… what if it was about her? What if she really did like Maggie as much as she rambled about?

Supergirl is her sister, and life is too short, and it can’t get any more painful than this anyway, can it, and Alex Danvers might just be worth the risk. Right?

Be there in an hour.

She showers and she arms herself with flannel and she arms herself with caution, but what lets her pick up her Triumph and knock on the door of this woman she’s too quickly falling in love with is a little spark.

A little spark, rapidly becoming a full-out flame, of hope.
Chapter 126
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sooooo I guess you know what's coming: we need your interpretation of what happened the night before the morning after that we saw. And also when they called in gay... I mean called in sick. And btw if we need to start a gofundme so you can quit your job and write for us all day, I am so in! ;)

Maggie told her she’d bring dinner, and Alex had assumed that meant takeout.

So she’s surprised when she opens the door and Maggie’s got a soft grin and grocery bags.

“What’s all this?”

“Told you I’d bring dinner, Danvers. Takeout’s great, but you deserve something a little more… personal.”

“Personal?” Alex flirts with a low voice as she closes the door behind Maggie, taking the bags from her and lifting them onto the counter.

“Mmhmm,” Maggie smiles, leaning up on her tip toes to meet Alex’s soft kiss, and she can’t help the low groan that builds in the back of her throat as Alex’s tongue flits tentatively into her parted lips.

“Aww,” she barely breathes, and Alex’s hands on on her waist and Alex’s fingers are slipping up her shirt and Maggie is seeing stars and they can’t, they can’t, they can’t, not this soon, not this soon.

“Yeah?” Alex rasps, pulling back slightly, stilling her fingers, lips slightly swollen, pupils dilating, chest heaving.

“I was gonna make you dinner.”

Alex grins and Alex backs up and Maggie sighs at the loss of contact and Alex leans across the counter to get another kiss with the safety of a granite countertop between them. Maggie obliges and her stomach is nothing but butterflies, and – judging by the dorky and irrepressible grin on Alex’s face – the winged creatures have also made a home in her belly.

“So,” Alex wants to know as Maggie starts pulling groceries out of her bags. “How was your day?”

Maggie smiles at the domesticity of the question, at the casual way Alex steals a grape and pops it into her mouth with doe-eyed innocence.

“Long,” Maggie tells her. “There’s this string of missing persons that I just… I can’t connect it, not yet. Pieces aren’t coming together, it… long. Day was long.”
“You’ll crack it, babe. You’ll bring them home.”

Maggie smiles softly and sets to washing peppers, lettuce, tomatoes, bringing rice to boil. “They’re not my cases, just going around the precinct. I’m still… massacre stuff, you know? Finding families, notifying them. That kinda thing.”

“Maggie,” Alex sighs sympathetically, slipping behind her and putting her chin on Maggie’s shoulder, her arms around her stomach. Maggie leans back into her embrace, lets her body relax, because she’s still not ready to talk about the massacre, still not ready to process it beyond what she has to do at work, but damn do Alex’s arms make it feel just a little better.

Eventually, they disentangle, and eventually, Maggie learns that things have been slow on the alien invasion front so Alex has been spending a lot of time in the lab, a lot of time developing defenses against another biological attack by Cadmus; Alex learns that Maggie’s cop partner’s son is turning nine over the weekend, and she’s planning to get him tickets to a ball game, because she’s the one who taught him to play baseball; Maggie learns that Alex can steal red pepper pieces faster than Maggie can chop them; Alex learns that Maggie swoons and whines breathlessly when she’s kissed on the nape of her neck; Maggie learns that Alex fractured her wrist as a teenager while surfing; Alex learns that Maggie is a phenomenal, phenomenal cook.

They talk while they eat and they stare and they giggle, because god nothing’s ever felt like this before.

And suddenly it’s late, and Maggie’s standing to go, and Alex is taking her hand and looking down into her eyes and licking her lips and Maggie is kissing her, kissing her, kissing her, and Alex is trying to carry on a conversation between kisses.

“Stay?”

“Alex, I should – “

“Please, Maggie, please stay, I want – “

“I don’t wanna go too fast, Alex, we – “

“So we won’t, but I, Maggie, god, how do you do that?”

“What, this?”

“Yes.”

“Like this.”

Alex tosses her head back to allow Maggie better access to her throat, and Maggie’s tongue is perfect, and Alex is dragging them back to her bed and she’s tossing a pillow to the ground because Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, and she’s pulling her down on top of her and Maggie gasps and Alex can’t breathe and Maggie stops and puts their foreheads together and they struggle to breathe, breathe, breathe.

“Alex, please tell me if it gets too much, okay? Whenever it gets too much.”

Alex nods and Alex pulls her back in for a kiss, and Maggie rolls off of her so they’re laying next to each other, so their hands can roam where they’d like, and when Alex tugs her shirt up, Maggie’s throat goes dry but Maggie sits up and pulls it over her head and Alex nearly cries because you’re so beautiful, Mags, and tears are stinging Maggie’s eyes this time, and Alex’s fingers tremble and
her eyes ask and Maggie nods because god those eyes, and it only takes Alex two tries to unhook Maggie’s bra and Maggie makes a note to congratulate her later, but now Alex is staring like she’s never seen anything beautiful in her entire life before and Maggie is swallowing tears and Alex asks and Maggie nods while chewing on her lower lip and Alex’s touches are tentative, are soft, are somehow both desperate and tender, and her lips, god, her lips, her tongue, and Maggie’s fighting not to cry because she can’t remember the last time someone paid this much attention to her body and she’s flipping Alex over and she’s asking and Alex is nodding desperately, whining softly, desperately, and Maggie is returning the attention, kissing every newly exposed inch of skin, of scar, of bruise and of fresh scrape as she slowly, slowly, slowly traces Alex’s shirt up her torso.

She lingers on Alex’s navel and she discovers – hell, Alex discovers – which unexpected spots make her squirm, make her yelp, make her grind her hips up into Maggie, and Maggie crawls farther up her body so she can come home to Alex’s lips, and again she slips off of her so they’re laying next to each other, hands tangled in each other’s hair, hands roaming everywhere, feverish and slow, slow, slow.

“How you doing, Danvers?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex beams and it makes Maggie’s entire world spin.

“Amazing. This is… you’re… this is amazing, you’re amazing.”

“So are you, Alex. So are you.”

They smile and they snuggle and they murmur about home and safety and happiness and not quite love because they’re both actively swallowing that four letter word down, and they fall asleep entangled, fall asleep enraptured, fall asleep falling in love.
Alex wakes up first. She’s long since programmed her body to get up for her morning surf, and since she moved from Midvale, her morning run. So she wakes up first, no need for an alarm, and for a moment she’s startled, because there’s a beautiful girl entangled in her arms, looking more peaceful than Alex has ever seen her, certainly more peaceful than she’s been since the massacre.

There’s a small smile on Maggie’s face as she sleeps, and Alex wonders if she’s dreaming. Wonders if she’s dreaming of her.

And god, last night, last night, last night.

She starts to shake, she starts to quicken her breath, because god they hadn’t even had sex but Alex had never been that turned on, never been that into anything, anyone. Just kissing, just touching, just exploring, just cuddling, just… being.

God.


Alex can’t remember any time she actually wanted someone to stay. And she can’t remember any time when someone did, because her body wasn’t of any use in the morning.

She sighs and she smiles and she presses her index finger to her eyes to stem the flow of tears and she slowly, slowly, slowly, disentangles from Maggie’s sleeping form, because she needs to take it all in, she needs to convince herself that this is real. And somehow, feeling Maggie’s breath on her neck makes it feel less real, not more, because how can this ecstasy possibly be real?

Maggie panics when she wakes.

Panics because it never works out well for her when she wakes up somewhere unfamiliar. Ever.

Panics because it might have worked out well, this time, but the bed next to her is empty. The bed next to her is lonely.

Her heart sinks and her throat tightens, but she hears the shower running. She hears the shower running, and – other than the incredible sounds Alex had made last night – she’s never heard anything sweeter. Because Alex didn’t run. Alex is just showering.

She sighs and she stretches and she lets herself remember, because god, they didn’t even have sex
and her body had never known that kind of fire before. She’d said they were holding back for Alex, to not rush things for Alex, but god, she needed the slowness too, because if this was what making out, what touching, was like?

She doesn’t know how she’s going to handle everything. But she smiles broadly, because she looks forward to figuring it out with this woman.

She sighs again and as she stretches her fingers out, she stumbles on her bra on the edge of the bed. She hums with the memory of Alex’s trembling lips, Alex’s perfect, swollen lips, and she slips her bra on, looking around vaguely for her shirt but not bothering to look too hard, because she has no idea where she flung it.

She pads over to Alex’s second drawer, takes a guess, and she’s right: shirts. She grins at the first one she sees, because she had no idea Alex owned anything so orange. And slips it over her head and relishes the way it falls all the way down her body. She hugs herself for a moment, because her shirt smells like Alex – she smells like Alex – and she can’t think of a more perfect morning.

She rummages in the kitchen for mugs, for sugar, for coffee, and in each cabinet, she finds more things to love about Alex Danvers: the neat order, the classic designs, meshed with a small collection of mugs that were clearly gifts from Kara, not shoved in the back and out of the way of Alex’s soft aesthetic, but interspersed with it, just like she interweaves her kid sister into her life.

Maggie has always been weak in the knees for a woman who’s all about family.

Her heart races when she hears the shower stop, when she hears Alex padding around the bathroom, because this? This is what happiness feels like, this is what peace feels like, and she knows how beautiful the feeling will look on Alex, and she’s terrified – she’s terrified, because what if this is the only happy morning they get? – but Alex?

Alex might just be the one who’s worth the risks.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

In honor of 2x09, how about Sanvers having sex for the first time after their reconciliation at the end of the episode?

I’m gonna change this slightly because I don’t want their first time to be make up sex but I will continue the scene and hopefully it satisfies!!!! <3 <3 <3

She feels Alex sigh in deep relief after a whispered thank you, and she keeps one of her hands on the small of Alex’s back, because she knows, she knows already, that that’s where Alex feels fear.

And she wants to comfort her, wants to tell her it’s going to be okay, that they’re going to be okay, because she never wants Alex to be scared, she never wants Alex to be in pain.

But the words stick in her throat, because she’s still scared, and she’s still in pain. So she settles for her hand on Alex’s fear spot, and hopes it’s enough.

Hopes she’s enough.

To make her not run again. To get her to stay.

Because others have left Maggie, and it’s broken her bones and it’s broken her spirit and it’s broken her heart.

But Alex? If Alex leaves, if Alex calls it, them, her, a mistake again?

There won’t be enough scotch and hot glue in the world to piece her back together. Because Alex is different, somehow. Alex is special, somehow.

And not because her sister is Supergirl.

Alex lifts her hand and runs it through Maggie’s hair, and the small action relaxes Maggie’s body, somewhat, relaxes Maggie’s defenses, somewhat.

“How does everybody not know?” she asks, and Alex pulls back from their hug, baffled, wondering if somehow Maggie talked to people at the DEO, if they told her they could tell that badass, devil-may-care Alex Danvers has something she’s never had before: a weakness.

“Know?”

Maggie chuckles. “About Kara.”

Alex splutters in relief, tugging at the hem of her shirt. “Cat Grant figured it out, but we um… we managed to nip it in the bud as best we could.”
“Cat Grant’s supposed to be a smart woman.”

Alex beams. “You’re a smart woman.”

“Aw, Danvers, don’t tell me you’re gonna resort to random compliments to make up for your running.”

Alex sobers immediately, and Maggie curses herself for screwing things up, for not just taking a damn compliment, for destroying everything. Again.

“I am gonna make up for it, Maggie, I… I’m gonna be the best girlfriend you’ve ever had, I… I’m gonna be braver. Like you.”

Maggie furrows her brow and leans back on the kitchen island, arms crossed over her chest.

“Braver.”

Alex shrugs and tugs more at the hem of her shirt. “I know you, too. I know you’ve been hurt, I know… I know people… women… haven’t treated you like you deserve to be treated. Haven’t loved you like you deserve to be loved. And I… today, I became one of those women. Who just… yo-yoed you. Tossed you aside, begged you to come back. I know you, too, Maggie, and I know you’re scared. And I never wanted to give you more of a reason to be, but I did, I gave you a huge reason, and I just… you’re brave. For coming over, for… hearing me out. For giving me another chance.”

Maggie bites her lip and lowers her gaze, and Alex puts a gentle finger under her chin. Maggie lets Alex lift her face so she’s looking up into her soft eyes.

“Thank you. I value you, Maggie, and I… I’m gonna work really hard. Because that’s what you deserve.”

“Yeah, people don’t… people don’t tend to think I deserve all that much.”

“Maggie – “

“No, it’s fine, I don’t… I don’t wanna be all self-pitying, I just… I really like you, Alex, and I think I can easily… You’re not just another name on a list.” She chuckles and reaches up to touch Alex’s cheek, because she might be terrified, but she’s in this, because she can’t not be in this, because Alex, Alex, Alex.

“There’s only one Alex Danvers. Aaaaand I kinda like her being my girlfriend. So, yeah. You get a second chance.”

Alex bites the inside of her cheek and Alex smiles and Alex leans down slowly, slowly, asking Maggie with her eyes, and Maggie answers with her lips, and their kiss is slow, and their kiss is soft, and their kiss is tender, and their kiss is fear, and their kiss is forgiveness, and their kiss is acceptance, and their kiss is hope.

When their lips part their arms are back around each other, their bodies are pressed against each other, because one hug wasn’t enough, not for tonight, not for any night.

They only part when Alex’s stomach growls and Maggie smiles broadly, because this woman is perfect.

“Can I cook my beautiful lady dinner?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex squirms with a massive
smile and reddened cheeks and a crinkled nose, and it is the cutest thing Maggie has ever, ever seen.

“Only if I can regale you with tales of my mission on another planet while you do.”

“Wait, shut up. Another planet? That’s where Kara and the others were? Way to bury the lead, woman! Spill!” Maggie laughs, and Alex obliged.

And as Alex talks, Maggie’s fear melts, because this kind of intimacy? Alex stealing ingredients and popping them into her mouth while Maggie cooks, Alex pressing random kisses to the back of her neck in between breaths, Maggie touching her waist each time she needs to get by to get something, Alex automatically bringing her things from the higher shelves when she sees Maggie going up in tip toes?

This is what they’ve both been missing all along, and damn, is it worth every risk.
Maggie wearing a suit? Maggie wearing a suit for her?

Men had worn ties and tried to dance with her before.

Men had worn suits to try to impress her before.

But god, god, god, none of them did anything to her except make her bored, make her uncomfortable, make her wish she felt something, make her wish she felt like everyone told her she was supposed to.

But Maggie?

Maggie wearing a suit? Maggie wearing a suit for her?

Her knees had survived DEO training and her knees had survived being kicked out from under her and her knees had survived sharing a bathroom with an overeager little sister who could bench press an airplane.

But Maggie. Wearing a suit. For her. On Valentine’s Day. Even though Maggie hated the damn capitalist thing.

Her knees had never been so weak.

And Maggie held her up, Maggie wrapped her arms around her waist, but that wasn’t the only way Maggie held her.

Maggie held her with her eyes, Maggie held her with her smile, and for a long, long time it was forehead to forehead, breathing, breathing, taking it all in because never, never, had either of them felt this giddy yet this peaceful, this secure yet this excited. This gentle. This tender. This perfect.

Months ago, Alex had thought that perfection was Maggie smiling at her. Then she’d thought perfection was Maggie’s lips on hers. Then she’d thought perfection was Maggie’s hands roaming her body, Maggie’s eyes checking in before each new movement, Maggie’s soft moans when Alex moved a certain way, felt a certain way, touched a certain place. Then she’d thought perfection was Maggie, in her t-shirt, making coffee, the morning sunlight blossoming out of her hair and through her smile.

And those things were perfection.

But so was this, this, this.
Because men had worn ties before, men had worn suits before, and Alex had seen all the crappy romantic movies but she’d never understood the appeal, but now, now, now, as Maggie smiles and steps back to crack open a bottle of champagne, now Alex understands what the fuss has been, because now she can’t bare to have Maggie leaving her arms, so now she’s running her fingers down Maggie’s red tie – red, red, to match her dress, to match her corsage, because Maggie thought about it, thought about her, because Maggie cared enough to really romance her, not just try to get herself laid – and Maggie is gulping because Alex is pulling her close by her tie, running her fingers down, down, down, letting the silk run through her fingertips, letting her breath leave her body in a shaky exhale, because now her fingers are shifting to Maggie’s belt loops, pulling her entire body closer, closer, closer, and Maggie’s eyes are giving her all the permission she needs because Maggie’s pupils are dilating and her tongue is wetting her lips and she’s leaning up on her tip toes and she’s kissing Alex slow, she’s kissing Alex steady, she’s kissing Alex like it’s prom night and the world is theirs.

Because it is prom night – their prom night – and the world? The world is theirs.
Chapter 130

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Agent Danvers is giggling and she is so happy lately. what's wrong with her?, the DEO agents are a little bit scared of it, but then they see Alex and Maggie talking and everything makes sense. I love your fics so much

When Maggie shows up at the door, the agent who puts out his hand to stop her is confused, at first. Scared, at first.

But when she says “Come on, it’s not like I haven’t been in your James Bond super spy lab before; I need to see Alex, it’s important,” he knows.

He knows because she doesn’t say Agent Danvers, she says Alex, and there’s concern written in her eyes under her tough stance, and suddenly, everything slides into place.

The way everyone’s been whispering about how giggly Agent Danvers has been. The way everyone’s been whispering about she must be getting laid or do you think she’s possessed by some alien or something or maybe she went on SSRI’s? because Agent Danvers certainly has been throwing less DEO agents into walls and threatening less of them lately (poor Agent Schott; everyone had heard about that one).

But everything slides into place, now, because this is the woman Agent Danvers had started working with at the NCPD when she normally had such disdain for local law enforcement; this was the woman Agent Danvers had insisted on stitching up herself a couple weeks ago after the Cyborg Superman attack; this was the woman Agent Danvers had sprinted through the halls, yelling about what the hell happened and where the hell is she and did you catch him? Good, because I’m going to find him and kill him.

And now Agent Danvers is happy and floating and contorting her body into strange, excited shapes and she’s doing unnerving things like giggling.

And so suddenly it all makes sense.

“This way, ma’am,” he says to the tiny NCDP detective, and he leads her through to the command center, because this woman is the reason for Agent Danvers’s sudden spurt of utter happiness.

And he owes fifty bucks to the rookie who said it’s because she’s got herself a girlfriend.
Chapter 131

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you maybe write a fic about Alex failing at something important? I've been failing at literally everything these past months (mostly school) and now everyone looks down on me like I'm some lost cause. It'd just be nice to see the same situation play out differently. Alex has people who'd still support her even if she screwed up. That'd be nice to read. But I know you're busy and there are a lot more fun prompts to write, so it's okay if you don't do this one. thanks for everything anyway :)

Her baby sister needs her.

Her baby sister needs her, needs her to synthesize an antidote to the venom Cadmus pumped into her veins, the venom that sent her crashing out of the sky, that nearly broke her back in the fall, that left her unable to breathe without a respirator and that left her vital signs falling, falling, falling.

Her baby sister needs her, and she’s working as fast as she can, she’s drawing on everything she every learned in school, on the job, in the field, pouring over her mother’s dissertation drafts in the middle of the night as a teenager. She’s drawing on everything she has, and Kara is still dying.

She’s still dying, she’s still fading, and Alex’s hands are shaking, and she’s snapping at Winn, and she’s yelling at Maggie, and she’s glowering at J’onn when he takes her gently by the shoulders and reminds her that Supergirl needs Dr. Danvers right now, not her sister, and she’s failing, falling, failing.

Kara’s going to die, and it’s going to be her fault, her fault.

“You can do this, Alex, you just need to breathe,” Maggie’s reminding her, and then she’s leaving the lab with a steely, hurt look in her eyes because Alex doesn’t need to be reminded to breathe, my sister can’t breathe, she can’t breathe and I can’t figure it out, I can’t get this to work, I can’t do it, I’m out of ideas, and she’s going to die, so I can’t just relax and breathe, don’t you understand that?

But Maggie comes back a half hour later, and her hair is wind swept because she’s been running, running, running.

“Alex,” she says, and Alex doesn’t turn around because Alex is trying something else, another chemical combination, that is sure to fail, fail, fail.

“Kara just needs to breathe.”

There’s something in Maggie’s tone that makes her look up, that makes her stop, that makes her hope.

Maggie slips over to Kara’s bed, container of gas in hand, and she floods it into Kara’s oxygen
mask.

Within moments, Kara coughs and Kara sits up and Kara, Kara, Kara, Kara is going to be just fine.

She doesn’t hear Maggie’s explanation about how their fight about breathing made her think of Kryptonian atmospheric conditions, doesn’t hear Maggie’s explanation about leeching out poison through the lungs, doesn’t hear any of it because she should have come up with it, she should have known, she should have thought of something so obvious, and she failed, she failed, she failed.

She failed and her sister almost died.

She’s home with a fresh bottle of bourbon that night, home and quarter way through the bottle when there’s a knock at her door.

“Alex, babe, come on, I know you’re home.” Maggie’s voice.

She responds by taking another drink.

“Agent Danvers, you realize I can just phase through this door, don’t you?”

She furrows her brow, because what the hell is J’onn doing here?

“Alex, come on, we brought pizza.” James.

“Yeah, at great risk to our health and well-being, since you’re probably in one of those moods where you’ll threaten me with your index finger. Again.” Winn.

Her window rattles and Kara is flying from her living room to her front door, opening it for the others before Alex can even stand up.

“Alex,” Maggie is in the door first, concern and love, love, just unfiltered love, written all over her face. She rushes across the room, kneels in front of her girlfriend, pries the bottle gently from Alex’s fingers, kisses the tears gently from her face, until Alex pulls back, until Alex stands up, until Alex shifts away, away, reaching again for her bottle, for her comfort, for her solace, because she failed, failed, failed.

And she doesn’t deserve the compassion on these people’s faces, she doesn’t deserve the love in their eyes or the pizza in their hands or the openness of their stances.

Them. She just doesn’t deserve them.

“I yelled at you,” she tells Maggie, her voice ragged with worthlessness and her voice ragged with liquor. “I yelled at you, you’re my girlfriend and I yelled at you, and you’re over here trying to make me feel better? And Winn, I snapped at you, and J’onn, I threatened your agents when I found out who was with Kara when she got shot, and James, James, god, I completely ignored you, Kara’s your best friend and you were terrified and I was so selfish, and Kara, if Maggie hadn’t had her brain on right I would have killed you, you would have died, and it would have been my fault, I failed you, Kara, so just leave me alone, all of you, please, because I – “

But Kara’s arms are wrapped around her body and Alex is tense and Alex is resisting but Kara is stronger and Kara knows and she waits and she waits and she’s right, because Alex breaks, breaks, and lets herself collapse into Kara’s arms, grabbing desperately at her like she’ll fade away if Alex lets go even for a moment, even for an instant. Kara pulls her gently back to the couch, and Maggie sits on her other side, and Winn kneels in front of her with one hand over his mouth and his other on James’s knee next to him, and J’onn stands back and hugs himself with his arms across his
chest because his little girl is in pain and all he wants is to let her feel what he does, let her believe in herself like he believes in her, because that is what she deserves.

“Alex, the stuff Maggie gave Kara wouldn’t have worked if your antidotes didn’t keep her alive as long as they did. You helped, Alex, you did.”

“But I didn’t bring her back, Winn, I was so stupid, I couldn’t see what was right in front of me, I couldn’t figure it out – “

“All, that’s why you have people. That’s why you have a team, that’s why you have me. You don’t have to save everyone alone, Alex, you… look around you, babe. All these people, your friends – well, your family, really, right? – they all love you, Alex, even when – especially when – you can’t do something on your own. That’s what we’re for. That’s what people who love you are for.”

Kara is beaming at Maggie and James and Winn are exchanging grins and J’onn has never found his feet quite so interesting to stare at.

Alex sniffs and Alex wipes her eyes with the back of her index finger and Alex turns to look Maggie full in the face.

“People who love me.”

Maggie bites her lip and takes a deep breath and Maggie nods.

“And that… includes you.”

“I’m here, aren’t I, Danvers?”

“You love me, Maggie?” Her voice is shattered and her voice is hope and her voice is redemption and her voice is the possibility of self-forgiveness and maybe, just maybe, self-love.

“Yeah, Alex. Yeah, I do.”

Kara barely suppresses an awwwwwww and James and Winn hit each other’s arms and J’onn smiles at his feet.

“Even though I’m a failure.”

“You’re not a failure, babe. You’re not. You’re the farthest thing from it, babygirl. You’re perfect.”

“Maggie’s right, Alex. You’ve saved all of us before. None of us would be here without you. And even if that wasn’t true, Alex, you’re worth more than the number of saves under your belt. You’re amazing, Alex, just because you’re you. You’re my superhero. Always have been, always will be. Okay?”

Alex leans into Kara’s open arms and breathes, truly breathes, for the first time in hours, because Kara’s heartbeat is steady under hers, and she’s surrounded by the people she loves and apparently they love her too – apparently Maggie loves her too – and suddenly, she wants only one thing.

“You guys said you brought pizza, right?”

Maggie’s dimples shine and James laughs and Winn holds out the boxes of pizza with a bowed head like he’s offering riches to a queen.

And he feels like he is, because damn, it doesn’t get more fairy tale happy ending than the best pizza in National City with your family.
Chapter 132

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Would you ever write a fic about how Alex and Maggie established their safe words and check ins? I feel like it is a weird but necessary conversation to have but I am curious to see how you would write it since you're so good at making consent normal! (which it should be but is never really talked about in media)

Their first night they slip beyond making out – the first night Alex takes Maggie’s shirt off, the first night Alex runs her nails down Maggie’s back because god she’s never felt anything like what Maggie’s thigh between her legs is making her feel – Alex freezes and her eyes flood with fear, with tears, every time Maggie gasps, every time Maggie writhes, every time a small scream slips out of her swollen lips.

“That was a good sound, Alex,” she’ll explain each time, because each time is peppered with did I hurt you and I’m so sorry and god I’m usually a quick study I thought I’d be better at this I’m so sorry.

“You’re amazing at this, Alex,” Maggie assures her, kissing her face, her eyes, her nose, her chin, her neck, for emphasis. “Maybe a safe word would help you feel better? Good to have one anyway, especially if…” She doesn’t finish her sentence, the thoughts, the fantasies, she’s had about Alex, about Alex and her handcuffs and Alex and kneeling and Alex and on her stomach and Alex… because too soon, too soon, too soon.

“A safe word?” Alex asks, and Maggie’s grateful she’s too caught up in learning something new than following up Maggie’s unfinished train of thought.

Maggie nods and Maggie pulls Alex closer to her, relishing her body heat as she brushes hair off of her forehead. “Something you wouldn’t normally say during… making out, or… or during sex…” Alex blushed and bites her lip and Maggie smiles because god is she falling hard and fast.

“So like, if we agree on a safe word together, then all one of us has to do is say it, and we’ll stop. And we can have on for slowing down, too, but not like, stopping all the way.”

“So something random.”

“Mmhmm.”

“Like pineapple or something.”

Maggie laughs and Alex giggles and it’s the most beautiful sound Maggie’s ever heard.

“Yeah, like pineapple or something. But can I say? Um… I get nervous. About hurting people. And I feel like you do to.”
Alex blushes and Maggie kisses her nose. “So I like to have like, something more systematic than a word. Like, a color code thing. Like, I can ask you what your color is, or you can ask me, and green is yes and yellow is let’s slow down and red is let’s stop. You know?”

“So… traffic lights in bed.”

“Yes, Danvers. Traffic lights in bed.” Alex swoons even though they’re laying down and they kiss and Maggie moans softly and Alex swears it’s the hottest sound she’s ever heard.

“I um… what if I can’t… talk?”

Maggie arches an eyebrow and kisses Alex’s eyes.

“Like what if you want me to gag you?” she asks softly, carefully, and Alex blushes, and Alex splutters.

“I… I mean, that could be… I… fuck Maggie…. is… is that something… is that something we could do?”

Maggie kisses her collarbone, kisses up her jawline. “If you wanted, babe. But only if you really wanted.”

Alex splutters some more and Maggie smiles because badass DEO Agent Alex Danvers spluttering in her bed is absolutely incredible.

“I mean, one day, sure, yeah, but um… I meant…” Alex blushes even deeper and Maggie swipes her thumb over her cheek encouragingly. “Sometimes when you kiss me, I lose all my breath. Or like, what we were doing before, with you on top of me, I like… can’t breathe, because it’s just… it feels so amazing and overwhelming and… I can’t imagine how I could say green or yellow or anything when we’re actually having… you know… sex…. like, what if it’s too intense for me to… talk? You know what, it’s stupid, never mind – “

“No, no, no, Alex, that’s not stupid at all. You think you don’t overwhelm me, babe? I’ve slept with a lot of women, Alex, but nothing… none of that even compares to even making out with you. I… I get it. There are nonverbal things we can do, too. Like, okay, here, can I have your hand?”

Alex offers a fist, and Maggie kisses each knuckle and opens it gently, and kisses her palm before putting two fingers there.

“What if I put my fingers on your palm to check in, and if you squeeze, you want to keep going, and if you don’t, we’ll stop?”

Alex nods, and Alex practices, and Maggie smiles. “Same for you?”

“Same for me.”

“So safe words and safe signals.”

“Mhmmm.”

“You care about me.”

“I do. A lot.”

“Good. Because I care about you, too.”
Maggie beams and they kiss and Maggie loses all her breath.

“Mags? My color’s green right now. Like, neon green.”

Maggie chuckles and Maggie pulls Alex’s body closer to hers.

“Fantastic.”
Chapter 133
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

prompt: alex and maggie have a fight about something semi-serious, maggie expects alex to leave her like everyone else always does but of course, alex would never leave her

“It’s fine, Danvers. You don’t – you don’t owe me anything. It’s fine.”

“Maggie what – what are you talking about?”

“I screwed up, Alex. I screwed up, and you’re gonna leave, and what the hell, it was gonna happen anyway – “

“Wait, Maggie, why the hell would I leave you?”

“You’ve done it before, after our first night together – “

“Yeah, because I was being stupid and I panicked, but Maggie, you told me I got one, and I took that seriously. I take you seriously, Maggie. I’m not going anywhere.”

Maggie looks up at her, finally, takes her hands away from her face, finally, lets her hands fall as her elbows balance on her spread knees.

“Then why’d you come over, if you didn’t want to get your stuff and leave?”

Alex kneels in front of her, and Alex stares, and Alex thinks, and Alex’s heart shatters because Maggie looks so broken.

She takes Maggie’s hands into hers, and her looks up into her face and she tries, she tries so hard, to let Maggie see every ounce of love she has for her.

“I came over to make sure you’re okay. To make sure we’re okay.”

“Alex, I called you and your entire organization out on its policies in front of your entire organization.”

“And you… weren’t entirely wrong.”

“Alex – “

“Maggie, bad things happen. In our line of work, they happen all the time.” Maggie starts to object to Alex using her own logic to her, but Alex keeps talking, and Maggie lets her, because she’s never felt this before, this calm insistence that everything’s going to be alright, that she didn’t destroy everything, that she’s not completely worthless.
“And sometimes, we react to those bad things. Sometimes, we react to those bad things publicly, in front of all our girlfriend’s colleagues.”

Maggie scoffs and wipes away a small tear and Alex leans up and kisses her forehead.

“I’m not going anywhere, Maggie. Not without you. I did my running, and now I’m done. Okay?”

“Alex – “

“Okay?”

“Okay.”

“I brought pizza.”

“Mmm, a forgiving girlfriend and she’s a mindreader, what do I have to look forward to next?”

“Being loved, Maggie. Being loved.”
“Color, babe?” Maggie needs to know, because her thrusts are getting ragged and rough and she knows Alex is soaking wet for her and she knows Alex is screaming for her but she needs to make sure, needs to confirm, because she’s so turned on, she’s so wrecked, that she’s not entirely sure she’s thinking clearly.

“Green green green,” Alex gasps, her nails scraping down Maggie’s back. “But um – “

Maggie freezes immediately, inhaling shakily, gathering her self-control, gathering every ounce of restraint she has.

“You okay, Al?”

“Yeah yeah, yes, but Maggie… if you want… do you wanna flip me over?”

Maggie answers with her hands, Maggie answers with the low growl in the back of her throat, and Maggie answers by pulling her strapon softly out of Alex, bracing herself up on both feet and one arm, flipping Alex over onto her stomach with the other.

Alex gasps and Alex writhes and Alex grabs at the bedsheets desperately.

“Like this, babe?” Maggie asks, and Alex squeaks, and Alex nods, and Alex begs.

“Fuck me again? Like this?”

Maggie groans and shifts so she can adjust her strapon and Alex whines and stills and waits and backs her ass up when she feels Maggie slowly pushing back into her, and for a moment, a long, long moment, both of them freeze, both of them hold, both of them pause. Maggie brushes hair away from the back of Alex’s neck and kisses it slow, soft. Perfect. Alex sighs and reaches a hand out by her side, and Maggie takes it, and their fingers interlock, and Maggie thrusts her hips down and Alex screams into the pillow.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” she whispers as she fucks her, as she makes her writhe and scream and as Alex’s free hand slips underneath her body, putting pressure on her clit, building and building along with Maggie’s harder and faster and harder and faster thrusts, because Alex is whimpering for more and Maggie is nothing if not obliging and when Alex cums Maggie cums right along with her because I love you, I love you, I love you.
When Alex decides she wants to return the favor, Maggie chuckles and Maggie nods and Maggie bites down a moan, barely, and she leans a shaky hand to the nightstand drawer to pull out a condom, slipping it over the dildo after Alex slips on the harness, slipping off her own underwear, gulping hard, kissing Alex hard, before Alex makes sure the pillows are adequately comfortable, before Alex lays her down on her stomach, before Alex runs reverent hands down Maggie’s muscled back, perfect ass, tight thighs, smooth calves, calloused feet.

“Color, Mags?” Alex asks, and when Maggie chokes green, Alex grins, and Alex groans.

“Fuck, you’re wet for me,” she whispers into Maggie’s ear as she positions her strapon, and Maggie gives a ragged chuckle.

“The hell did you expect, Danvers?” Alex pushes inside her instead of giving a verbal response, and Maggie’s low tone is lost in a high scream, in the way she slams open palms into the bedsheets, the way she bites into the pillow and arches her ass back and repeats Alex’s name over and over and over like a prayer.

She builds her tempo slowly, slowly, asking Maggie for her color every time she wants to push faster, every time she wants to push deeper, because she knows Maggie likes it fast, she knows Maggie likes it hard, and she knows Maggie likes it deep, but she’s always worried about hurting her, always worried about overwhelming her.

So Alex keeps asking, and Alex keeps getting green lights, and by the time her own thrusts are getting uneven with her own buildup from slamming so hard into Maggie’s ass, her own need to cum deep, deep inside her, Maggie’s own hand is pressuring her clit and Alex almost can’t stand how hot the sight beneath her is, how incredible, how perfect, and when she feels Maggie’s walls convulsing, when she feels Maggie’s body writhing, when she hears Maggie screaming Ally, Ally, Ally, she lets herself go, she buries herself deep inside Maggie and rides her own orgasm right along with her.

“Fuck, Danvers,” Maggie whispers, many long, breathless, kiss-filled minutes later as Alex slides slowly, carefully, out of her.

“Yeah, that was the general idea, Sawyer.”

“Nerd.”

“You like me being a nerd.”

“Untrue.”

“What?”

“I mean, true. I do like it. But I also love it. My nerd.”

“Yeah. Your nerd.”
Chapter 135
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

i have a prompt, if that's okay - whatever situation you feel right for it but an alex/winn fic and alex ends up saying "sorry but, remind me again which one of us actually has a girlfriend?" i just need more alex/winn brotp fics in this world and your writing is fabulous, thank you

Alex has roses and Maggie’s favorite chocolates and a bottle of red wine and a blush on her face to match.

“Whoa, Danvers, you’re gonna need a shopping cart to haul all that over to Sawyer’s place.”

Alex stops and scowls and Winn grins because he knows she’d smack him upside the head if her hands weren’t so full. But they are, so she can’t, so his grin widens.

“She’s making me dinner at her place, I didn’t want to show up empty handed.”

“So you decided to go full-out Valentine’s Day. In January. Aw, Alex, you’re just so sweet.”

“Meet me in the sparring room, Schott, you’ll find out how sweet I am.” But she’s blushing harder, because his words are teasing but his eyes are proud, his eyes are happy, his eyes love her like the big sister he always wished he had to protect him in the foster system.

“Oohoooh, didn’t anyone tell you the threats don’t work as well when you’re practically bringing your girlfriend a teddy bear?”

Alex pales slightly and her eyes go wide. “Shit, Winn, do you think I should’ve gotten her a stuffed animal, too? She does have that giraffe from when she was a kid, maybe she’d like – “

“Slow down there, buccaneer, you don’t wanna drown the girl.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Agent Schott, but remind me again which one of us actually has a girlfriend?”

“You know, Agent Danvers, I’m gonna ignore that low, very low, very below the belt, very distinctly unfriendly blow, because you know what? I… I… Because I have absolutely no comeback.”

Alex snorts and smirks and straightens up and starts heading toward the door.

“Alex,” Winn calls, and she turns with a sarcastic grin on her face, figuring he’s come up with a belated comeback.

“She’s lucky, you know. To have you.”

“And in a few decades when you finally date someone, they’re gonna be lucky to have you, too.”
“I don’t know why I bother.”

“Because you love me.”

“I do, yeah.”

“You too, Winn.”

“Go. Send my love to your lady.”

“Winn.”

“Yeah.”

“Seriously. Anyone would be really lucky to have you.”

“Aw, Danvers, you’re making me blush.”

“Good night, Schott.”

“Good night, Alex.”
Sanvers prompt please momma ily: So Maggie is obsessed w/ kissing Alex like all the time, no matter the place. but not just her lips but like her whole face and peppers alex in kisses in the middle of a crime scene, at the bar, at home literally everywhere and one morning alex does it back to Maggie and this is the first time she sees Maggie blush and fumble for words. (can you write this please)

She loves Alex’s lips.

She loves Alex’s lips more than she’s every loved anyone’s, but they’re not the only part of Alex’s face she loves kissing.

So when they’re on a crime scene, Maggie can’t help it. Fellow officers be damned, when Alex makes that concentrating face, Maggie leans up on her tip toes and peppers her temples with kisses, because she knows that’s where Alex feels the tension, where Alex feels her mind buzzing, where Alex needs to be kissed.

When they’re at the bar and Alex snorts with laughter and some beer drips down her chin, James and Winn and Kara whooping in the background be damned, Maggie starts on her chin but doesn’t stop, working her way up Alex’s jawline, to her cheeks, to her nose, to her eyebrows, to the bridge of her nose, to the tip of her nose, because Alex deserves to be kissed everywhere.

And when they’re at home, just before Alex’s alarm jolts her out of sleep, Maggie will lean up on one elbow and pepper snowflake-light kisses all across Alex eyes, nose, forehead, every single centimeter of her face, because the slow, sleepy smile that blossoms on it as Alex wakes proves just how much she loves Maggie’s kisses.

And she never expects these kinds of kisses back.

Because oh, Alex kisses her. And oh, Alex has proven herself to be quite the softie. But Alex is direct and Alex is assertive and Alex doesn’t do the whole butterfly kiss thing.

Until one day, she does. Until one day, Maggie’s reading in bed and Alex crawls over her, glasses on and hair still damp from her shower, and Alex starts with Maggie’s nose. She starts with the tip of her nose and she palms her cheeks with her hands, and she traces every single contour of Maggie’s face, every dip and every dimple and every line, first with gentle fingers, then with soft, light kisses that make Maggie’s heart race, that make Maggie’s heart light, that make Maggie’s heart tremble because no one, no one, no one, has ever touched her like this, ever kissed her like this.

She splutters and she blushes and she fumbles for her words, because her knowledge of any spoken language has left her along with any lingering doubts she might have had that Alex Danvers is the
woman she’s going to spend her life with.

“Maggie Sawyer, are you blushing?”

“I… it… I… no, I… Al…”

Alex beams and decides then and there to render Maggie monosyllabic as often as humanly possible.

And she does.
Sanvers Prompt: Alex and Maggie training together in that DEO training room where Alex and J'onn practice fighting. So basically Alex and Maggie practice fighting like Alex and J'onn did. You can do what you want with it :)
No way man, she’s beaten up on Supergirl dozens of times in sparring, and she loves her to bits.

Yeah, but come on, there’s some rage behind all sisterly love, right? The only rage these two’ve got is probably in the bedroom –

No but look, Sawyer’s scrappy. Scrappy enough to be keeping up with Danvers with just regular cop training? I don’t know, she might be able to – ooh, see! Danvers didn’t expect that one.

J’onn is chuckling and Winn is moving along with each of Alex’s blocks and blows, and J’onn leans in and asks, “Who are you placing your own bets on, Mr. Schott?”

“Quidditch World Cup,” Winn replies, and J’onn looks down at him like he’s really lost it this time.

Winn smirks and explains. “Alex is gonna have the advantage most of the way through, but Maggie’s gonna do something that surprises her – like catching the Snitch even though her team is down – and get Alex on the ground again.”

“Snitch, Mr. Schott?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

They fix their eyes on Alex, on Maggie.

“That all you got, Danvers?” Maggie asks, wiping sweat from her forehead with her shoulder.

“In front of an audience? Dream on, Sawyer. Your left foot is dragging. Gives me an opening to do this.”

But Maggie blocks the blow, and Alex’s eyebrows shoot up as various whoops and cheers and oooohs explode along the side of the room.

“Never tell your opponent what you’re about to do, Danvers, or didn’t J’onn teach you that bit?”

“Oh, I taught her, Detective Sawyer. I taught her.”

“Not helping, J’onn.”

“And you’re always supposed to change your tactics based on your opponents, yeah?” Maggie huffs, and Alex strikes, and Maggie parries, and Alex nods.

“Well, you know what I learned from watching you today?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex smirks.

“That you do, in fact, need more training?”

Maggie shakes her head and, lightening fast, strips off her sweaty tank top and tosses it away, leaving her in nothing but her sports bra.

Alex completely freezes, jaw dropped, and Maggie has her on the ground in an instant.

“That your reaction time is that much slower when you’re especially turned on.”

“I… you… cheating!”

Maggie smirks and tugs Alex to her feet.
“Punish me later,” she husks in her ear as she takes a mock bow to the surrounding agents and a loudly cheering Winn.

“There are many things in this life I wish I could unsee and unhear,” J’onn mutters, and Winn smirks.

“And little Alex Danvers growing up and getting laid is one of them?”

“Your existence is going to be one of them if you don’t back away now, Mr. Schott.”

Winn scampers away laughing, and J’onn chuckles to himself, watching his agents surround Maggie and Alex, talking animatedly and offering to show Maggie even more tricks.

“Good god, she’ll need her own badge before nightfall.”
Maggie and Alex having a conversation about their respective sexual histories.

Maggie’s stroking her hair and skating gentle fingertips down her naked torso.

“Are you just saying that because you want me to feel good?” Alex is asking, and Maggie smiles and shakes her head into the pillow.

“Wouldn’t do that, Danvers. No, I mean it, I’ve... I’ve been with a lot of women.” She pauses and chuckles and shakes her head again. “But it’s never felt like it does with you.”

Alex traces the contours of Maggie’s face with her fingers. “How not?”

Maggie takes a deep, thoughtful breath.

“In high school, I made out with a lot of girls, slept with a few more. One of them... one, I was really in love with. Like, wow, you know? Her dad found out and beat the crap out of me. She never talked to me again.” Alex blinks down tears and kisses Maggie’s nose and vows to find out this man’s name and kill him.

“And the sex was incredible, you know, because it was new and it was passionate and risky and in the back of my truck.” She pauses and Alex chuckles and Maggie shakes ghosts out of her eyes. “But looking back, that’s just what it was, you know? Sex. And it was hot because it was different, and risky, and terrifying, not because she returned my feelings with any depth. Am I talking too much? You really wanna hear this?”

“I do. I want to know. About you. Who you are, who you’ve been –”

“Who I’ve done.”

Alex laughs and Maggie continues. “I think college was the first time I really made love with someone. She was a senior so she had a single room and we could take our time and we could cuddle and all that, you know? But she graduated when I was becoming a sophomore and she moved out of state and she wrote a few times, but that was it. Why are you glaring?”

“A senior slept with you when you were just a freshman? You were basically still a kid!”

Maggie kisses Alex for her defensiveness on her behalf: something she’s certainly not used to, and it makes her heart tremble.

“Yeah, like you’ve never slept with anyone older.”

Alex’s eyes shadow over slightly and Maggie’s face goes still, and she draws Alex closer to her.
“My orgo lab TA was older, I guess. I think he was in his thirties, and I went to college young, you know, so I was what, nineteen? He was my first. He was gentle, you know, sweet I guess. Married, too, which he didn’t bother to tell me until he came. I didn’t. Never did, actually, not until…”

She glances up at Maggie and she blushes and she expected Maggie to be pleased, but she’s not; her face is a map of rage and sorrow and grief and love, love, love. But she says nothing, and Alex has never talked about this before, not in this way, so she presses on.

“I had a couple boyfriends after that, you know, nothing serious. One was fine with not having sex, which worked just fine for me, but he wanted to cuddle and hold my hand all the time and I didn’t know how to tell him that I didn’t like even that. But he was alright. Really into astrophysics. I think that’s the part that was attractive about him. And did I tell you I had a party girl phase?”

Again, she expects Maggie to laugh, but Maggie’s smile is soft, and Maggie’s smile is sad, and she strokes Alex’s cheek and she kisses her nose and Alex presses on because she can’t quite process how protected, how cherished, Maggie is making her feel.

“So there was a lot of drunken sex. Like, bathrooms, dance floors, back seats of cars, all that. I don’t remember most of it, I just remember trying to feel… something. I’m sorry. I’m talking too much, you don’t wanna hear – ’

“I do, Danvers. I do.”

Her voice is low and her voice is tired, and Alex snuggles closer to her.

“So what happened after your senior girl?”

“You mean who happened?”

Alex laughs and Maggie’s dimples are back, now, because she never can resist Alex’s laughter.

“No one while I was at the academy – probably the longest stretch I went without a girlfriend since I was a teenager – and then you know Darla, and you met my latest…”

Alex grimaces and Maggie grins as she watches jealousy roil across Alex’s face.

“She had nothing on you, babe.”

“She’s…” Alex splutters, searching for the right word. “Blonde.”

Maggie laughs heartily at that, and she kisses Alex’s forehead and smooths her hair out of her eyes and kisses her again.

“There is absolutely no comparison, Danvers. When we were together, I thought she was… you know, she’d asked me to move in with her, so I thought, you know, I thought she was special, that she wanted to commit, you know, but then it was all… kinda downhill from there. I think… I think she knew I was falling for you.” Maggie sighs deeply, and Alex can’t help the surge of pride in her chest.

“But in the end, turns out she was cheating on me, anyway.” Alex makes a sound of indignation and Maggie smiles.

“All worked out for the best, Danvers. Because now I have the best.”

“Yeah?”
“Yes, Alex. Yes.”

“Me too, Maggie. Me too.”
Chapter 139

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

kecharasmoon asked:

Maggie and Alex end up breaking up an alien child trafficking ring. When the children are rescued, both end up becoming little climbing gyms for multiple oddly colored and shaped smaller versions of the adult aliens they are used to fighting... something something, Kara getting Lena to help fund an orphanage/foster system for these kids and both couples end up adopting

She’s seen Maggie rage and she’s seen Maggie shake and she’s seen Maggie break almost everything in her apartment after the massacre at the alien bar and she’s seen Maggie after fights with her father and she’s seen Maggie after terrible elections and she’s seen Maggie after court dates where her colleagues succeeded in locking away kids whose behalf she’d testified on, who she’d spent weeks, months, all her energy, fighting to keep out of the system.

But she’s never seen Maggie quite this angry.

Because the trafficking operation that they break up isn’t just trafficking aliens. It’s trafficking alien children, with an emphasis on alien children that can pass as human children of color, and Maggie shoots every single dealer in the head before waiting for backup, before waiting for orders, because the kids are shivering and the kids are in chains and the kids are looking at her like she’s the first bit of hope they’ve seen in god knows how long, like she can rescue them.

And she is, and she does.

That night when Maggie’s tears have finally run dry and she’s finally stopped raging, Alex strips her clothes off slowly, slowly, steers her into the bathroom, turns on the shower, and washes all the blood off Maggie’s hands, off Maggie’s face, off Maggie’s body, out of Maggie’s hair.

She holds her all night and she holds her through the nightmares and she holds her fists steady, she holds her fists safe, when Maggie wakes up trying to punch, to shoot, to protect.

She kisses her when they toss on cut-offs jeans and tank tops and she wraps a bandana in Alex’s hair and head out to meet Kara and Lena and James and Winn to help oversee the construction of the L Corp funded-refugee orphanage, to participate in the building, to play with the kids, to make sure the climbing gym is creative enough to be accessible, to be fun, to be distracting and to be healing, for all the rescued children, whether they have six limbs or four or none, whether they have low vision or no vision or infrared vision, whether they can phase through solid metal or whether their skin scalds on solid metal.

It’s been years since they agreed they didn’t want children, and it’s been years since they agreed their family was perfect enough as it was; but months go by and laughter returns to the children and levity returns to Maggie’s step and they know, they both know, that two of the four refugee children who haven’t been adopted yet – one with no limbs when out of human form and one with
spikey hair that isn’t hair at all – are theirs, and the other two of the four – one with wings and one with a perpetual giggle – are Kara and Lena’s, and Lena rushes the adoption papers and the next Thanksgiving features food from six different planets, and when the kids climb into their bed in the middle of the night, in the middle of a storm, Alex kisses Maggie over the top of their huddled-under-the-blankets heads, because she’s never seen her happier.
Maggie is destroyed, but Kara is giving panicked a whole new meaning.

Maggie’s jaw is clenched and she refuses to open her mouth because she’ll vomit if she does; but Kara is shaking and Kara is sobbing and Maggie is the only thing holding her back from ripping every Cadmus agent who hurt Alex limb from limb.

Because Maggie already did.

So now Kara’s rage has nowhere to go. Now Kara’s panic has nowhere to go.

Because Alex is in surgery and James is holding Kara and Winn is wiping Kara’s tears while failing to contain his own, but Kara has eyes only for Maggie.

“You took a bullet to try to protect her,” she says in a deadened voice, a deflated voice, a shattered voice.

“Fat lot of good it did,” Maggie answers bitterly, glancing down at the stitched up bullet wound in her side – a clean entry and exit – that she’d quite frankly forgot about.

Kara bites her lip and Kara sobs again, and Maggie gently nudges the boys out of the way.

“Come here, Little Danvers. Look at me. Hey, hey. Look at me, Kara.”

Kara does, and James nods, and Winn turns away because he can’t, he can’t, he can’t.

“You know your sister better than anyone. You know she’s gonna fight. And you know she’s gonna win. Alex doesn’t lose, Kara. Not to anyone, not ever. And we’re not gonna lose her. You’re not gonna lose her. She loves you too much to disappear on you, okay?”

Kara trembles but her breath evens out somewhat, and she stares at Maggie’s face as though listening to her words without blinking, without moving, without disturbing anything, can bring Alex back, can get Alex through surgery, can wake Alex up.

Maggie knows, and she wipes Kara’s tears while her own burn through her throat, and she forces herself to keep talking.

“She’s not gonna be out of surgery for another couple hours, Little Danvers. And you know what
she’d want you to do?”

Kara blinks, and tears spill down her face, and Maggie clears them away.

“Potstickers.”

“I can’t have potstickers while Alex is dying.”

“She’s not dying. And yeah, you can. Wanna know why? Because she’s not dying, and because you got hurt, too.” She pokes Kara just above the burns she’s been refusing to get treated for.

“So you need your strength, and you need to let them take a look at those burns. Can you do that for me, Kara? Can you do that for Alex?”

Kara stares, all wide-eyes and trembling lips, and then she nods.

Maggie grimaces, and Kara lets James call in a medic, and Maggie lets Kara nearly break her fingers with the force of holding her hand.

“Winn,” she says, because he still hasn’t turned around. When he does, his eyes are red. When he does, his eyes are wild.

“She’s gonna be alright, Winn. She’s gonna be just fine.”

He forces a smile, and he nods, and the four of them sit, sit, sit, and by the time Alex is out of surgery – by the time Alex is waking up, by the time Alex is fine, fine, fine – Maggie’s hand is sore from Kara squeezing it so hard, so long, but she doesn’t care at all.

Because Alex is sitting up and reaching for both Maggie and Kara’s hands and Kara is laughing and Winn is pretending he wasn’t crying and James is keeping a steady hand on J’onn’s shoulder and Maggie is breathing again, breathing again, because Alex, Alex, Alex.
Chapter 141

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Fic idea: Maggie or Alex receive an award and the other accompanies as her date. They get all dressed up and there’s a big to do.

“Hey ba – why do you have the I’m in trouble face on?” Maggie wants to know as she’s tossing down her gun, kicking off her shoes, perching on Alex’s armchair by the door, and rubbing at the tension in her heels.

Alex bites the inside of her cheek and saunters over, kneeling in front of Maggie and replacing Maggie’s hands with her own. Maggie groans in relief as Alex digs her thumb just right into Maggie’s heel.

“Thank you,” she breathes, and Alex grins, but she’s still got that look.

“What’d I do, Danvers?”

“Why did I have to find out from my reporter sister that my girlfriend is getting some really big-deal community-NCPD relationship-building award from the mayor this weekend?”

“I’m… in trouble for getting an award?”

“Why didn’t you tell me, babe? Kara says it’s a big deal – ”

“It’s not, really. It’s just a – ”

“Maggie.” Alex stills her fingers and Maggie sighs.

“I dunno, Danvers, it’s just… it’s not a big thing.”

“Maggie, of course it’s a big thing. You’re a big thing.”

“Thought you’re always calling me tiny. Are you finally recanting?”

“Don’t change the subject!”

Maggie sighs and stares down at the woman kneeling in front of her, the woman who’s looking up at her with love, with adoration, with frustration because she’s proud of her, because she’s proud to be her girlfriend, and all she wants Maggie to do is let her do that.

She stares because she doesn’t quite understand. She stares because she can’t quite believe that someone would care, that someone would want to share her accomplishments with her; would notice her accomplishments.

Would rub her feet without being asked at the end of a long day because that’s just what Alex does.
Maggie gulps and Maggie sighs, because she’s not used to feeling loved like this.

“Alright then. Wanna be my date, Danvers?” A grin is forming on her lips, now. “You’ll have to wear something nice.”

Alex leans up and kisses her mouth slow, kisses her mouth steady. “I can do that for you.”

And she does.

She meets her outside of the L Corp lobby, where the dinner and ceremony’s taking place, and she’s in a low-cut, tight as sin blue dress that makes Maggie’s heart stop beating, that makes Maggie’s lungs forget what breath is.

“You clean up nice,” Maggie manages, slipping over to Alex and offering her her arm.

“You do, too,” Alex splutters. “With the dress uniform and the… uniform. You… it… uniform.”

“Yes, Danvers, very good. Words,” Maggie teases, but her heart takes flight, because she’d been terrified. Terrified because Alex had never seen her in her uniform, let alone her dress uniform; terrified because she was out at work, but casually; she’d never shown up to a work event with the most beautiful woman she’d ever seen on her arm; terrified because what if it was all too much for Alex, what if Alex only liked her in a dress, what if, what if, what if, but Alex is stammering and Alex is beaming and Alex is practically tripping because she refuses to stop staring, which is convenient, because Maggie’s having a hard time peeling her eyes away from Alex, too.

“No big deal?” Alex repeats incredulously with wide eyes as they walk into the building, and Lena has decked it out for the occasion, with catering and elegant décor and a jazz band and a great deal of champagne.

Maggie shrugs and Maggie stiffens as she meets eyes with her captain, as she shakes his hand and accepts his congratulations on both the award and the beautiful girlfriend, and Alex has never seen Maggie blush until this moment, and Alex’s heart is fit to burst.

The feeling only intensifies when, an hour or so of mingling and thank you so much and just doing my job, ma’am, and yes, she really is, I’m the luckiest woman in the world and well, I don’t know if we’ve thought that far ahead yet, but I’m certainly looking forward to the journey, sir, the mayor calls a beaming teenage boy up to the stage, and Maggie gasps with pleased and shocked tears in her eyes, and leans into Alex and whispers, “I didn’t know he was gonna be here, what the hell – ”

“Who –” Alex starts to ask, but the mayor is answering for her, for the whole crowd, into the microphone.

“This very courageous young man is going to introduce a very courageous young woman tonight: I’m told they have a long history together, which I’m sure Adrian will be more than happy to share with you as he does this city the honor of presenting Detective Maggie Sawyer with the NCPD Community Commitment Award.”

There’s polite applause and some whoops from Maggie’s closest colleagues, and her work partner thumps her on the back. She laughs and nods in his direction, but she has eyes only for the boy with the silver earring, faint scruff, and red bow tie who’s shaking the mayor’s hand and stepping up to the microphone.

“Okay, there’s more people here tonight than I thought. Whoo!” the boy begins. Maggie laughs gently and Alex watches her watching Adrian, a feeling of affection and pride she’s never felt for anyone but Kara growing in her chest.
Adrian resets himself and locks eyes with Maggie. She nods calmly at him, and he grins, and he speaks. “Hi everyone. My name’s Adrian Rodriguez, and Detective Sawyer saved my life.”

Alex inhales sharply, softly, and stares at the woman who will never stop amazing her, the woman she will never stop loving, and Maggie lets her eyes drop as she bites her lip. “Adrian,” she whispers, and makes herself look back up at him as he continues.

“A few years ago, I was running the streets, trying to get my hands on T – um, testosterone, to help me with my transition – because my parents didn’t have insurance. Detective Sawyer – she was Officer Sawyer, then, so I guess we’ve both been moving up in the world – ”

The crowd laughs gently and Maggie fights tears and Alex squeezes her hand because Alex has never felt like this.

“Detective Sawyer took care of me. She took me to a clinic, she helped me get my paperwork in order. She kept me out of the court system, because – I know this isn’t a popular thing to say in a room full of cops, but the other thing that Detective Sawyer taught me to be is brave, so here goes – the court system isn’t safe for kids like me. Brown kids, queer kids. And Detective Sawyer protected me, not only from getting unsafe, tainted hormones, but from being alone. From being isolated and from thinking that it was impossible to get my proper name, my proper paperwork, my proper life in order.”

Maggie is shaking and squeezing Alex’s hand and clenching her jaw because she is trying so, so, so hard not to cry, not to let her heart physically burst out of her chest with pride for Adrian, pride for this boy she loves so much, has fought so hard for.

“When I met Detective Sawyer, I was a scrappy kid that everyone thought was a girl, trying to figure out who I was. She saw me for who I am, and she helped me get here: in the fall, I’m going to college, with M marked down on all those stupid gender boxes, because Detective Sawyer is more than a detective. She’s a hero. And she cares about our community. And we care about her. So um – there’s actually a bunch of us that wanted to give this award with me, so, guys – ”

There’s rustling and there’s cheering and a group of teenagers slips out from backstage, all shapes and sizes and styles, but all beaming, all waving down at Maggie, and Maggie puts her head in her hands, and Maggie shakes her head, and Maggie’s shoulders rack with shocked sobs because she doesn’t do this in front of her precinct, she doesn’t show emotion in front of her precinct, but these kids, these kids, these kids.

“So, we’re happy to present Detective Maggie Sawyer with the Community Award, you know… thing. And also, Maggie, congratulations on the smoking hot girlfriend! It’s Agent Danvers, right? You’re super, super lucky, Agent Danvers!”

“Oh, I know it!” Alex calls up through her own layer of tears, and the kids cheer, and the crowd laughs, and Maggie kisses Alex full on the mouth and the kids whoop raucously and the crowd awes and Maggie’s hands shake as she heads onstage, as she hugs each of the kids close to her, each of them beaming, each of them whispering different words of thanks to her, each of them adjusting her tie and complimenting her dapper shoes and making her laugh, each of them gesturing to Alex and thumping her on the back, and Alex laughs, and Alex wipes away tears, because Maggie, Maggie, Maggie.

She’s never felt this proud of anyone other than Kara, and she’s certainly never felt this happy, because that amazing woman is her girlfriend, her girlfriend, her girlfriend.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I'm so sorry if this is inappropriate, but I've been hella depressed for a few months and trying really hard not to do anything to myself. I was wondering if you could write something with Kara dealing with that and Alex/Maggie helping her? You totally don't have to and I'm so sorry if this is uncomfortable you can totally just ignore it. Your writing has been very comforting to me so thank you for that either way :) I hope you have a great day!!!

Oh sweetie, there’s nothing inappropriate about this at all! I’m so sorry you’ve been struggling, but I am extremely proud of you for reaching out and asking for something you want: that’s wonderful!!! I’m humbled that you asked me, and I hope I do justice to your vision. Sending you all my love <3 <3 <3

She tries not to think about it. She tries really hard.

She tries not to dwell on it. She tries really hard.

She tries not to show it. She tries really hard.

She fails.

She fails.

And she succeeds.

Until she doesn’t.

Until she can no longer stand under the weight of it, can no longer breathe in the fist of it, can no longer sleep in the midst of it.

It’s nothing in particular.

It’s nothing and it’s everything.

Her planet is gone. Her people. They’ve been gone for years, but still, they’re gone every day, and she’s tired.

They can’t find Jeremiah, they can’t take down Cadmus, and she’s stuck waiting, waiting, waiting.

And waiting is so much worse than fighting, because fighting is something. She can cope with the something.

She can’t cope with the nothing.
And lately, the nothing that is everything is all that she feels.

And it’s starting to chip into her smile, to wear into her laugh, to grate into her bones, to resonate in her voice, to deaden her reaction time to laser beams, to slow her response to punches, to dull her amusement at jokes that she thinks are probably funny, because everyone else is laughing.

Alex notices, and she notices that Alex notices, and that’s when she panics.

Panics because Alex notices, and Alex will try to help, and if Alex tries to help, she will have to talk about it. To deal with it. The nothing that is something, the nothing that is everything.

Kara panics.

And Kara turns to Cadmus for help.

The DEO can’t get a needle into her skin, but Cadmus can.

If she uses the DEO’s kryptonite-impregnated daggers, someone will notice.

But if she uses something scavenged from Cadmus – something that can carve her pain into her arm, something that can hope to reach into her heart, because the weight of everything and nothing is heavy and she can’t escape it, she can’t she can’t she can’t – they won’t notice.

But they do.

Because Kara doesn’t notice Maggie noticing – noticing the droop in her shoulders, the delays in her laughter, the exhaustion behind her eyes – but Maggie notices.

And she nudges Alex’s arm, and Alex nods, because Alex knows, and they watch her closer.

They watch her closer, and they follow her when she steals a Cadmus blade on her own. They follow her, and they find her with the blade in her hand and a tear in her eye, and all Alex says is her name.

Just her name, her name, her name, her name that her parents gave her before they let their entire planet burn, her name that her parents gave her before developing a weapon that could so easily commit genocide, her name that her parents gave her before they exploded and left her, left her, left her.

But that’s not all it is. If it were, she wouldn’t be cradling a blade designed to puncture Kryptonian skin above her arm. If it were, she would be used to the pain.

But this pain, this is something else. This pain is reasonless. This pain is meaningless. This pain will not leave, because it’s not pain, but it is.

And all Alex says is her name, because Alex knows, even though Alex long ago chose a bottle instead of a blade.

All Alex says is her name, and she runs to her, and she takes the blade and she gives it to Maggie, and she gathers Kara into her arms and she rocks her and kisses her hair and she rocks her and she kisses her hair and she breathes her name, her name, her name.

Kara doesn’t know how long they stay huddled on the cold, hard ground, wrapped in each other, wrapped in each other, but eventually Maggie settles down on her haunches next to them, the blade tucked safely into her combat boots, one hand on the small of Alex’s back, one on Kara’s knee.
“You’re never by yourself, Little Danvers. Never.” Kara sniffles and stares and Maggie takes a deep breath and sighs, because Alex is crying and Alex is helping but Alex can’t conjure the words, not yet, so Maggie does, because she lives for the Danvers girls, her Danvers girls.

“Look Kara, you cultivate this image. And a lot of the image is true: your kindness, your generosity, your enthusiasm. You’re sweet and you’re almost frighteningly bubbly and you’re absurdly genuine. You really are. But you don’t have to be all those things all the time. I know you feel like you do, because that’s how people see you, so that’s how you feel like you have to always be, right?”

Kara blinks and tears streak down her face, and Alex and Maggie’s fingers connect on Kara’s cheek as they both go to wipe them away.

“But you don’t always have to be on your game. You don’t always have to be that girl. You don’t have to hide and you don’t have to suffer alone. You don’t always have to wear the same face. I mean hell, Little Danvers, look at your sister. She goes around with this badass reputation to uphold, but we know what a softie she is on the inside.”

Kara chokes out a laugh and she strokes Alex’s hair and Alex shakes her head with a small smile at the two women she loves most in the multiverse.

“But there’s nothing wrong.” Kara objects, because she knows she has more traumas than she has fingers and toes, but that’s not all that this is. This… this.

“There doesn’t have to be something wrong for you to feel like the world is ending, Kara. But you don’t have to feel that way alone. Ever. You get me?”

Kara smiles wetly and Kara nods, and she lets Alex hold her while Maggie presses a kiss to Alex’s temple.

“Anyone ever tell you that you’d make a good superhero, Maggie?” Kara asks as Alex pulls her to her feet, brushes her off, and wraps her arm around her to head away from this place. To head home. Together.

Maggie smiles and bumps her shoulder into Alex’s side. “This one tells me every day, for some reason.”

“Well good,” Kara says, her voice still thick with tears, but lightening now, lightening because she’s not by herself. “She should. Because you are.”

Maggie kisses Kara’s hand and Alex beams.

“Potstickers and pizza?”

“And ice cream?”

“Of course and ice cream.”

“Yes please.”

“Alex? Maggie?”

“Yeah Sis?”

“Thank you.”
“Always, Little Danvers.”

“Always, Kara. Always.”
Maggie Sawyer is unmovable in the field.

She can unmovingly stare down the barrel of a gun, and she can keep herself steady enough, calm enough, sturdy enough, to grapple down men twice her size.

Out in the world, she is unmovable, because she forces herself to be.

But when her fingers aren’t curled into fists, when her fingers aren’t curled around the cool metal of her gun?

Maggie Sawyer is jumpy. She’s shaky and she’s wide-eyed and she startles easily, so easily.

Alex discovers this more quickly than she figures out why.

She discovers it because Maggie is cooking, and Maggie’s got her headphones in, and she’s rocking her hips gently to music and she’s humming to herself, and Alex loves it, because this is her girlfriend, her girlfriend in her apartment, cooking them both dinner.

So she goes up behind her and she puts soft hands on Maggie’s hips.

And Maggie jumps, and Maggie yelps, and Maggie trembles.

Alex jumps back like she’s been burned, hands up in surrender, hands up in I’m sorry it’s only me don’t worry I’m not going to hurt you I’m sorry.

Alex says nothing, letting Maggie catch her breath, letting Maggie collect herself.

“Sorry Danvers,” she says, pulling out on of her earpods and pretending to laugh it off, but Alex knows her, and Alex knows she’s trying to hide how shaken she is. “Was a little wrapped in my own world for a minute there.”

Alex lets it drop, nodding and softly smiling in understanding but not pushing the subject, because
she’s never seen Maggie look so uncomfortable.

It happens again when Alex is sitting on the floor, her back against Maggie’s legs as Maggie sits on the couch and plays with her hair while Alex reads, glasses on and breathing soft and even. Relaxed.

Until suddenly, Alex sits up straighter, exclaiming excitedly, because in her reading, she’s just cracked a chemical equation she’s been puzzling over for weeks.

And Maggie flinches, Maggie startles, Maggie bites her lip painfully to keep down the yelp, at the suddenness of Alex’s movement, at the suddenness of Alex’s sound.

Alex turns and kneels and puts her hands on Maggie’s thighs.

“I’m sorry, babe, I just… I just realized something about some chemical thing. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

Maggie tries to shove it off again. “You didn’t scare me, Danvers.”

Alex just looks up at her softly and sighs, and rubs her hands up and down Maggie’s thighs, soothingly, soothingly.

No one has ever done that.

No one has ever looked at her gently, apologized quietly for startling her. No one has ever looked at her like she deserves to be soothed, like she deserves to be held, like she deserves to be paid attention to.

Everyone else has always looked at her like something is wrong with her. Everyone else has always looked at her like she’s an annoyance, like she’s an embarrassment.

But Alex Danvers? Alex Danvers is on her knees, in her glasses, a look of pure love, a look of pure concern on her face, because Alex Danvers notices, and Alex Danvers doesn’t mind, and Alex Danvers wants to help, because Alex Danvers cares.

And that’s what breaks Maggie, and that’s what heals her.

“Sudden sounds and sudden movements… sudden touches… I get…”

“Startled,” Alex supplies softly, a small, sweet smile on her face as she reaches up slowly, slowly, slowly, waiting for Maggie’s nod before she proceeds, to stroke Maggie’s cheek.

Maggie nods and turns her face into Alex’s soft touch. “I’m sorry, I know it’s annoying – “

Alex shakes her head vehemently and she leans up slowly, slowly, to kiss Maggie’s nose, her eyes, her forehead, her chin, her cheeks, her mouth.

“You are never annoying, Mags. You’re perfect, babe. If you startle easily, then it’s my job to slow down around you, and I will. I will. I’ve got you, Maggie. I’ve got you. Okay?”

Maggie chokes on tears because no one else has ever… ever.

She nods because she can’t speak, and Alex crawls up onto the couch and holds out her arms for Maggie to slip into. She gathers her up and she pulls a blanket over them both, and she kisses Maggie’s hair and she hums softly in her ear.
“I love you,” she whispers when Maggie’s breathing evens out. “I love you so, so much, Maggie Sawyer. Exactly like you are.”
Alex is out of the country and Kara is bleeding.

And Kara is not used to bleeding.

She’s sore and she’s shaken and she’s emotionally beaten down, because an agent was killed, and as many times as Winn and J’onn and James have told her that it wasn’t her fault, that there was nothing she could have done, that Cadmus’s new rifles had incapacitated her and it was all she could do to get herself and the other five agents out safely, and she had done an excellent job at that, she still feels the weight of the dead agent’s family, his memory, directly on her shoulders, directly in her hands, directly shredding her heart.

She shrugs Winn off and she insists to James that she’s fine and she waves of J’onn’s attempts to buoy her spirits, and they’re about to follow, they’re about to buy pizza and potstickers and call Alex, but Maggie puts a hand on James’s arm and Maggie stares after Kara’s slumping shoulders and she tells them, “Alex is on a plane, she can’t get your calls right now anyway. Don’t worry about Little Danvers: I’ve got this.”

J’onn nods and James kisses Maggie’s forehead and Winn slips her a twenty so she doesn’t have to foot the inevitably large food bill on her own, and Maggie trails Kara on her Triumph to her apartment.

She doesn’t knock, because she knows Kara won’t answer.

She picks her lock instead, and she knows that Kara knows, because Kara has superhearing and x-ray vision, and Kara could stop her if she wanted to.

But she doesn’t want to. She just doesn’t have the energy to invite her help.

But Maggie gives it, anyway.

When she slips open the door, Kara is wrapped in blankets on the couch, an old black and white film that she’s staring straight through on her television.

“You don’t have to do this, Maggie,” she says without looking at her, and her tone is more hollow than Maggie has ever heard it.

“No, I don’t. But I want to.”
She sets the pizza, ice cream, and potstickers on the counter, and Kara turns at the soft sound.

“Why?” Kara demands.

Maggie tilts her head and waits.

“Why what, Kara?” she asks softly, even though she already knows.

“Why would you want to?” Kara’s fumbling her way out of the mess of blankets, now, her actions rougher, angrier, than Maggie has ever seen her make while she’s wearing her glasses, while she’s wearing her cardigans instead of her family crest.

Maggie just takes a deep, quiet breath. She doesn’t move, and she doesn’t answer. She waits, because she knows Kara isn’t done.

And she’s right, because Kara is up, now, standing, now, and Kara’s face is reddening, now, and Kara is building into a rage.

“Why would you bring me anything, why would you waste your time coming all the way over here, Alex isn’t here, it’s just me, me, and you don’t owe me anything, Maggie, especially not today, especially not when I got a man killed! You know he had a three year old daughter? I met her last week, she was wearing a Supergirl shirt. A Supergirl shirt, and now her mother is going to have to explain to her how Supergirl got her father killed, because what, I was bleeding? So what? You bleed in the field all the time, Alex bleeds in the field all the time, and you keep going, you keep moving! But me? I let a man die! He was Alex’s age, Maggie, Alex’s age! And he’s gone and it’s my fault and my side hurts and it shouldn’t matter, it’s just a cut, I shouldn’t care, but I do, I do, I just – “

And Maggie sweeps forward, because this is the moment that Kara breaks.

She’s taller than Maggie, much, but she crumples into her arms and Maggie has her, has her, has her as she sobs, has her as she gasps chaotically for breath, has her as her entire body dissolves in shakes, in shivers, in convulsions of sorrow and tremors of regret.

“Shhhh, I got you Kara, I got you, I got you. Shhhhhhhh, that’s right honey, get it all out, get it all out, shhhhh, good girl,” Maggie whispers, whispers, whispers, as she pulls Kara back down onto the couch, gathers Kara into her arms, gathers Kara back into the blankets.

“I’m…. s-s… I’m sorry,” Kara sobs as she soaks Maggie’s henley with her tears, with her runny nose.

“No apologies, Little Danvers, no apologies,” Maggie rocks her, kissing each tear as they fall, kissing her hair, kissing her forehead. Kara grabs at her with her hands, and Kara flinches, because her knuckles are bruised, her knuckles are sore, and Maggie notices, and Maggie gently takes each hand and kisses each knuckle, kisses each bruise, as Kara’s shuddering slows, as Kara’s breathing regulates, as Kara’s sobbing transitions into silent tears spilling out of her eyes onto Maggie’s shirt, onto Maggie’s skin.

“I’m sorry, Maggie,” she whispers again. “You don’t have to do this. I don’t deserve comfort, I – “

“Kara. What happened is not your fault. It’s not. People – good people, Kara, people with kids and wives and husbands and siblings and parents – people have died out on missions with me, too, with your sister. You gonna blame me, Alex, for those deaths, honey?”

Kara sighs defeatedly and Kara shakes her head, and Maggie kisses her tear tracks, her fingers
stroking her hair thoughtfully, softly, comfortingly.

“I know it’s hard, Kara, but you’ve gotta try to be as gentle with yourself as you are with other people. You’ve gotta try. Okay?”

Kara swallows and nods, and shifts so her body is closer to Maggie’s.

Eventually, Kara’s stomach roars, and Maggie laughs, and even Kara smiles slightly. Maggie gets up and grabs the massive amount of food and melted ice cream she’d brought, and she feeds her girlfriend’s kid sister, because her girlfriend’s kid sister is rapidly becoming like her own kid sister. Because her girlfriend’s kid sister – much like her girlfriend – feels the world so acutely in her own hands.

The food sates Kara for a while, fights away Kara’s sorrow, Kara’s guilt, Kara’s rage, for a while. They cuddle and they watch films and they let themselves simply be, but being right now is dangerous for Kara, so the tears start flowing again, the shaking starts wracking her body again.

So Maggie resumes her whispers, resumes her kisses to Kara’s hands, to her forehead, to her tear-stained cheeks.

They don’t hear the door when it clicks open, but suddenly Alex is in the doorway, her face pale, her chest heaving, because J’onn met her as she got off the plane, J’onn told her, and Alex ran.

She sees her girlfriend’s arms wrapped around her little sister’s shaking body, her girlfriend’s lips on her little sister’s forehead, hears her girlfriend’s soothing voice in her little sister’s ear.

And in that moment, Alex knows two things: that her little sister is going to be just fine, because damn is she well loved.

And her girlfriend? Her girlfriend is going to be her wife, because damn is she perfect.
sameeeeen asked:

Prompt: I really loved that fic with Adrian. Could you write a fic of Maggie and Alex having him over for dinner or something?

I FUCKING LOVE HOW POPULAR ADRIAN IS. HE MEANS SO MUCH TO ME, AND I’M GLAD HE MEANS A LOT TO YOU ALL TOO IT MAKES ME SO FUCKING HAPPY SHOULD WE GIVE ADRIAN HIS OWN SPINOFF SERIES YES YES YES.

Original Adrian fic at Chapter 141.

They’ve had people over for dinner before – Maggie’s work partner, M’gann, a defense attorney Maggie had worked a few cases with, and of course the Superfriends – but Maggie has never fussed like this before.

And Alex is beaming, because of all the people Maggie could fuss over coming to her apartment, it’s a teenage boy that sends her into a cleaning spree, that makes her wring her hands together and run through the menu four times and change even more than that.

“I’m one of the only gay adults he’s got in his life, and certainly the closest, and I just want him to get a good impression of what a happy, healthy queer family, home, looks like,” she explains offhandedly when she notices Alex’s bemused expression, and she’s so frenzied that she doesn’t notice the casual words rolling off her tongue, the casual way she’d called it their home, that she’d called them happy, healthy.

A family.

She’s so frenzied she doesn’t notice the way Alex freezes, the way Alex gasps softly, the way Alex melts. The way Alex wants to get down on one knee right then and there and propose, because Maggie is the one, the one, the one.

But all that will wait – and Alex smiles, because they have time, because Maggie is right: this is home, this is family – because there’s a musical knock on the door, and Maggie jumps up, and Maggie smooths down her flannel and checks that her fly is zipped and leans up on her tip toes to give Alex a quick kiss to the lips with a beaming smile, an excited smile, a smile full of love, a smile full of life. A smile full of all the reasons Alex loves her, is in love with her.

Maggie pads over to the door eagerly, and pulls it open without even checking who it is, because no one else would knock in that musical pattern. No one else but her little boy.

“My favorite college kid!” Maggie exclaims as she throws open the door and her arms.

“My favorite detective!” Adrian responds, pulling Maggie into a one-armed bear hug, rocking back
and forth slightly as he holds her, as they laugh just at their closeness, just at finally seeing each other again after Adrian’s first four months away at school in Central City.

Alex watches them and Alex beams. Adrian catches her eye over Maggie’s shoulder and Alex didn’t think it was possible, but his smile broadens.

“Agent Danvers!” he nearly squeals, and Maggie laughs and pulls back to let him in the apartment.

Alex steps forward and opens her arms to the boy. “It’s Alex to you, kiddo,” she tells him, and he laughs as he hugs her.

He steps back and turns so he’s facing both women, and extends a bouquet of cream-colored roses toward Alex and a bouquet of dark pink roses to Maggie.

“What a precious moment.”

Maggie winks at him and Alex blushed, and Maggie nodded Adrian into the kitchen to put both bouquets into water.

“So tell me everything, the texts and calls aren’t enough,” Maggie tells him, while Adrian sticks his fingers into the salad bowl to pick out some croutons and pop them into his mouth with a moan of appreciation.

Alex chuckled and followed suit, and Maggie huffed laughingly. “Adrian’s got an excuse, Danvers, he hasn’t had my homemade croutons in months, but you? You’re a bad influence on my woman, kid,” she nudged him, and Adrian snorted as Alex pffts and steals another crouton.

“Glad to help out,” he winked at Alex, and started carrying the salad bowl to the table without being asked.

“So. Tell me all the things!” Maggie demands again, and Adrian bounces on the balls of his feet.

“I don’t even know, Maggie. College is so different. Central City is so different. But I like it. There’s this queer club at school, I told you, but it’s…” He glanced at Alex apologetically.

“Super white?” she supplied, and he laughed with relief.

“And super cis. A couple of the other brown trans kids and me – there’s more than just me, which I totally didn’t expect, you know? – we’re thinking of starting our own thing, you know, make sure the school gets us the resources we need, too.”

Maggie beams as she spoons salad onto his plate, doling him out extra croutons, doling him out extra tomatoes. He beams back, because she remembers what he likes best.

“I’m trying to figure out if the school’s insurance stuff can cover at least some of my top surgery, too, and if it doesn’t, the others said they’ll help me raise money for it.”

“If you need me to scan through any of the bureaucracy stuff for you, you know I got you,” Maggie tells him, and he raises his glass at Alex.

“You ever met anyone more helpful?” he asks, and she holds Maggie’s hand across the table.
“Haven’t been that lucky, no.”

“Yeah, me too. But…” Adrian squirms with a mischievous grin, and Maggie smacks his shoulder lightly.

“Spill!”

“There’s um…. there’s this girl…”

Alex laughs and Maggie whoops.

“Start of every good story!”

“I can’t tell if she likes me, though! I don’t know what to do, she’s just so…”

“Pretty?” Alex guesses.

“Good in bed?” Maggie teases.

“Perfect,” Adrian sighs as he hits out gently at Maggie, and Alex and Maggie exchange a warm glance.

“Yeah, that’s what I keep saying about this one,” Maggie says, and Adrian laughs.

“You know, Agent – uh, Alex – I’ve watched Maggie go through a bunch of girls – “

“Watch it there, kid.”

“I got you, Mags. I’ve never seen her gaga over anyone like this, though. I mean look at her, she’s all domestic and beamy!”

“Beamy?”

“Hey listen, they can’t teach me all the fancy words in just one term!”

The three laugh, and while they do, Adrian watches Alex, watches Maggie. Watches the way they meet eyes while they catch their breath, watch the way Maggie always makes sure Alex’s glass is full of water, the way Alex makes sure Maggie isn’t forgetting to eat in her excitement.

Watches the way they love each other.

Maggie’s told him stories – stories of Blue Springs, stories of being brown and queer in a white and straight world that he feels, feels so deeply, because he’s much darker than Maggie, because he started transitioning before he had support, before he had insurance – and he knows how far-fetched a dream this must have been for her, growing up with constant black eyes and scars on her arms, growing up without any lunch money and without any community.

But here she sits, right in front of him, across from a beautiful woman who looks at her like she’s staring at a piece of magnificent art, in a beautiful apartment with a beautiful meal she made just for him and just for the woman she loves, the woman she’s told him she wants to propose to.

He knows how far Maggie’s come, and he knows, he knows – because of her, because of her, because of this – that he can go just as far, too.

He knows, and his face is barely broad enough for his smile.
anonymous asked:

Alex and Maggie are both turned on by dirty talk. Maggie usually takes the lead since Alex is still a little shy...until she isn't

It starts with Maggie breathing sweet nothings into her ear while she makes love to her.

But it doesn’t end there.

Because you're so beautiful, Alex and god, you're the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen and you're perfect, Ally starts to get interspersed with oh, babe, you feel so good and shit, I love when you scream like that and goddamn you’re so fucking tight for me.

And Alex? Alex loves it.

The huskier Maggie’s voice gets, the more Maggie curses, the dirtier Maggie talks; the wetter Alex gets, the more Alex writhes, the louder Alex screams.

So Maggie does it more, and more, and more, because Alex’s pleasure is her sole priority.

Spread your legs for me, Alex always makes Alex whine.

Let me see you touch yourself, babygirl inevitably makes Alex pant.

Fuck, it feels so good to stretch you out, Ally invariably makes Alex scream.

Goddamn you're wet for me, babe; you want me to make you wetter with my tongue? never fails to make Alex beg.

Oh, fuck, Al, you taste so fucking good, I just wanna lick you all night naturally makes Alex tangle her fingers deeper into Maggie’s hair.

Be a good girl and cum for me, gorgeous of course makes Alex cum, every time.

And it gets Maggie off, too, talking to Alex this way, feeling Alex move under her this way. She doesn’t think about how Alex is shier than her with her words, that Alex doesn’t give the words back to her.

Until, one night, she starts to.

It starts tentatively, small, short. With fuck, Mags, that feels amazing, and Maggie groans, and Alex’s pupils dilate heavily, so she tries again, because Alex Danvers is a scientist, and she likes her experiments to have successful and reproducible outcomes.

So she tries again.
Maggie, you’re making me so wet for you makes Maggie moan and slip her hand between Alex’s legs, so Alex keeps going.

Stretch me out, babe, please, please makes Maggie oblige, makes Maggie bite her lip, so Alex presses on.

I wanna feel your tongue on my clit, Maggie, please makes Maggie shift down between her legs so fast Alex laughs, so fast Maggie blushes, so fast they smile at each other before Maggie licks and Alex screams and Alex keeps going.

Fuck me just like that, Mags makes Maggie hiss and makes Maggie fuck her harder and Alex can’t say anything more than Maggie’s name, now, because Alex cum.

Hard.

And then she crawls on top of Maggie, because Maggie isn’t done, and neither is Alex.

Spread your legs for me makes Maggie whine and makes Maggie obey, and Alex grins, and Alex kisses Maggie softly, because this whole dirty talk thing is absolutely fantastic.
Maggie is kissing her way down Alex’s washboard abs, and she’s stopping at her waistband and she’s staring up at her and she’s licking her lips and she’s gulping and her voice is husky as she asks, “Alex, would you… can I um… I’d love to taste you, babe. Would you… would you like that?”

Alex freezes and Alex panics and Maggie immediately crawls her way up Alex’s body and holds her, holds her, holds her.

“I’m sorry, babe, I didn’t mean to make you feel pressured, we never have to do anything you’re not desperate for, I – “

“No, no, no,” Alex is choking. “You didn’t make me feel pressured, I just… I never… I’ve thought about it, Maggie, I…” She’s bright red and her heart is racing and fuck she she soaking wet but god is she nervous. “I mean, with you. I’ve thought about… you. Going… going down on me. I just, I – “

“Have you never done that before, babe?”

Alex searches for the judgment, for the impatience, for the irritation, in Maggie’s tone, in her face, but she finds none, only love, only respect, only reverence, only attentiveness, only care.

Alex shakes her head, and Maggie nods.

“Well, we can take it at whatever pace you want, babe, we don’t have to – “

“No. No, I want you… I want… I want your tongue… I want… but what if you don’t like it? I… what if…”

“Alexandra Danvers. There is nothing about your body – absolutely nothing – that I don’t love.”

Alex swallows and Alex blinks down tears and Alex kisses her because love, love, love.

Maggie uses every ounce of control she has to not get handsy, just focusing on kissing Alex, which is just fine because kissing Alex Danvers is like a dream.

But Maggie opened the door, and Alex is scared, but Alex doesn’t back down from things that scare her. Not like this. Not anymore. Not with Maggie. Because with Maggie, the fear is wrapped in excitement, and the fear is of what is old, not of what is new.
“Maggie, please?” she breathes into her mouth, and Maggie pulls back.

“Please what, babycurl?” she needs to confirm, and Alex glances down her own body, and Maggie gulps, and Maggie licks her lips, and Alex whimpers.

“Please go down on me?”

Maggie barely stifles a moan, and Maggie obliges.

She starts with a kiss and she starts slow. She starts with her lips and she moans because everything about Alex is perfect, perfect, perfect, and the way Alex screams when Maggie first drags her tongue across her clit is the best sound she’s ever heard, and the way Alex grabs at her hair and pulls her closer to her body desperately is the best feeling Maggie’s ever felt, and the way Alex begs her to fuck her with her tongue, begs her to lick her everywhere, makes Maggie drip onto the bedsheets beneath her, but she doesn’t care, because Alex, Alex, Alex.

“You taste amazing, Ally,” she moans, and Alex whines, and Alex arches her hips up into Maggie’s mouth and Maggie practically cums then and there.

Maggie’s fingers slipping inside Alex after she asks, after Alex screams and nods desperately, while keeping her tongue firmly licking Alex’s clit is what completely unravels her, and the taste of her coats Maggie’s tongue, lips, chin, nose, and Maggie smiles into Alex’s clit as Alex pulses all around her, convulses into her, digs her fingers into her hair and rips her throat open on her name.

“I could do that forever,” Maggie tells her as she wipes her mouth on her shoulder, and Alex lays back with a sigh, tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

“Forever sounds perfect.”
Chapter 148

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

can you PLEASE write that one where adrian walks in on a sanvers BDSM scene? i've read a lot of anti-BDSM stuff recently and just... gah. i'm not even sure i'm that kinky, and even the nicer "critical" people come off as pretty condescending. (it's ok for me to have subby thoughts, apparently, but from what they say i need to basically rise above them because those fantasies reinforce oppression. ) (i'm avoiding it now, it's definitely not good for me to keep looking at.)

Oh sweetheart, I’m so sorry you’ve been surrounded by negative stuff! Hopefully this helps!!! <3 <3 <3

Only two people other than Maggie have the keys to her apartment, and one of them is currently cuffed with her hands above her head, ankles tied down, hot wax dripping onto her bare stomach as she writhes, screams, pants, begs under Maggie’s careful gaze.

The other is on the other side of the door, not hearing Alex’s screams because DEO tech is very good at sound-proofing, as he digs in his saddle bag for Maggie's key, as he scrapes it into the lock, and steps inside.

Neither of them hear the door over their own ragged breathing, but Maggie, kneeling over Alex as she traces softly burning patterns onto her stomach with the wax, sees the movement, and she curses loudly.

“Fuck, Adrian!” She catches the last of the wax she was dripping in her palm so Alex, startled and unable to move because of her restraints, doesn’t accidentally get hurt. She grabs a blanket from the couch and tosses it onto Alex’s body, uncuffing her quickly so she can sit up and untie her own ankle restraints.

Maggie stands, pulling her jeans up, zipping them, buttoning her undone flannel, looking down at Alex to make sure she’s okay, to make sure she’s feeling safe, to make sure she’s not going to run.

“I am so sorry,” Adrian is spluttering, his hands up and his eyes wide. Maggie wipes the still-warm wax off on her jeans and pinches the bridge of her nose, tossing Alex, now completely untied, her tank, her thong, her shorts.

“No, you’re fine, kid, what… what’re you doing here, are you okay?”

“I… um… I...”

Maggie sighs deeply and sits back on her haunches next to Alex, putting a soft hand on her shoulder and checking her wrists, her ankles, for any redness. “You okay, babe?”

Alex is blushing more furiously than Maggie’s ever seen her, but she nods because at least she’s
dressed, now, and because hell, at least it wasn’t Kara.

Maggie looks back up at Adrian, elbows dangling off her knees.

“You can sit, kiddo, you’re okay. Everything’s okay, alright?”

Adrian glances skeptically at the couch, and Maggie finally smirks.

“We were on the floor the whole time, don’t worry about it.”

Alex chuckles as Maggie tugs her to her feet with a kiss to her nose, and Adrian sits gratefully, face still guarded with shock.

“I mean, I’m not saying we’ve never flew on that couch…”

Adrian grimaces and Alex shoves Maggie gently in the shoulder. “Oh, leave the kid alone. Hi Adrian.” She tilts her head at him and smiles bemusedly, because he has yet to look at her, yet to make eye contact, yet to do anything but stammer and stumble and look positively mortified and extremely uncomfortably turned on.

Alex plops down next to him and puts a soft hand on his knee.

“Hey. It’s okay. No one’s mad at you.”

“No, I shouldn’t have come in without knocking, I should have called, I – “

Maggie kneels in front of him and puts one hand on his other knee, the other over Alex’s hand.

“Ade, I gave you that key for a reason – “

“But it’s not too big a deal, I just, my car broke down and the buses aren’t running and it’s raining and I don’t have cab fare and I didn’t want to walk all the way to my parents’ place, so I – “

“Hey, hey, that’s okay, I’m glad you were close by, I’m glad you were okay – I was worried it was something worse. This is your home, too, alright? I’m sorry you uh… had to walk in on… that…”

Adrian raises his eyebrows and shakes his head, and he still won’t look at Alex, and will only fleetingly look at Maggie.

“Talk to me, Adrian,” Maggie offers as she exchanges a silent glance, a silent agreement, with Alex, to answer any questions he has, together.

He shrugs and he breathes in deeply.

“It was hot,” he says in a small voice, and Alex blushes and Maggie chuckles.

“You got that right,” she mutters, and Alex blushes deeper.

Adrian grins finally, and finds it in him to look up at his big sister, queer mother figure.

He glances at Alex shyly, and Alex smiles bravely, shoving down her own embarrassment so he won’t grow up with the same shame she did.

“That was wax?” he asks, and Alex nods, fingering the spots where her tank is sticking to her abs from the wax that lingers, yet to be rubbed in, on her skin. “It was melted. Hot.” Alex nods again, and glances at Maggie, who nods steadyingly at her.
“So, hot wax. On your bare skin. It… that doesn’t hurt?”

Alex arches an eyebrow and gives Maggie the briefest of secret, small smiles.

“It does. And it doesn’t. It… it turns me on, the rush, the shock. I trust Maggie, she… she only does it when I want, where I want, how I want, and that trust combined with the illusion of risk makes it…”

“Hot,” Adrian finishes for her, nodding. “I’ve never really thought about subbing for anyone. Don’t have anyone I trust like you trust Maggie, I guess,” he grins, and Maggie looks down with a smile, and Alex beams and squeezes her hand.

“And your wrists and ankles – it doesn’t scare you?”

Alex shifts and sighs and Maggie watches her, watches Adrian, carefully.

“It would. It has. I… I’ve been tied up like that in different contexts, I’ve been… beaten…” She chooses her words carefully and Maggie swallows grief, swallows rage, as she strokes Alex’s knuckles with her thumb. “But with Maggie, when Maggie locks me up like that, ties me up like that, it… I don’t know how to describe it. I get to let everything go, I let to give up control, and I’m always in control, of everything, the weight of the world, so to be able to give that to her…”

“Must hurt your throat,” Adrian teases about her screaming, and Alex blushes.

“You always top?” he asks Maggie, and she grins, and she exchanges another one of those secret, private glances with Alex, and she shakes her head.

“Nope. Not always.”

Adrian nods. “So I don’t have to choose?”

Maggie shakes her head emphatically. “No, Ade. Your only job is to find someone whose priority is to make you happy, to give you pleasure, whatever way that looks.”

“If I wanted to… if I wanted to try that stuff…”

“I will answer any questions you have, kid.”

Adrian grins, and Maggie leans up to kiss his cheek. “Oooh, so much scruff, look at my little man, you’re gonna cut me there.”

Alex laughs and Adrian preens.

“Listen Ade. I’ll make you up the couch, you stay here tonight, and in the morning I’ll take a look at your car for you, okay?”

“And you’d love to continue talking about catching up, but right now you have some unfinished business with your woman,” Adrian supplies with a wicked grin.

“That’s my boy,” Maggie winks, and Adrian shakes his head and laughs, because he’s never seen Maggie this open, this silly, this giddy, this sexual, this safe, and it brings tears to his eyes, because that’s exactly what she deserves.
He’s nervous when he knocks at the door.

She’d been lovely each time he met her so far, and her text was warm and open – Of course I’ll help you out! Physics is one of my things. (Maggie says I’m a nerd, and don’t tell her I said so, but it’s pretty true.) Why don’t you come over Maggie’s apartment around 7 tonight and I’ll get you dinner and we can work together? – but he really wants to impress her, and he’s afraid that his stupid questions about his stupid physics homework will make someone as smart as Alex Danvers think he’s just another stupid kid.

So he’s nervous, but he knocks in his typical musical rhythm anyway, and Alex is grinning already as she opens the door.

“Hey you,” she greets, and pulls him into a one-armed hug. “Got pizza and salad and garlic bread and milkshakes – I figured that’s as good physics food as any, right?”

Tears sting his eyes, because other than Maggie, no grownup has ever done something like this for him. Ordered him food (so much food), interrupted their life – and he knew the FBI kept Alex plenty busy – to don an old Stanford sweatshirt and be vulnerable enough to replace her contacts with glasses, to welcome him home somewhere, to help him, to care for him, asking nothing, nothing, nothing in return, because he had nothing to offer her but the shocked smile on his face, because he doesn’t get paid until next week so he couldn’t even contribute something small like dessert.

But Alex doesn’t seem to mind that he’s come empty handed, because she’s grabbing eagerly at the textbook and notebooks he’s pulling out of his bag, and she’s flipping through them with an almost lusty grin on her face.

“Oh, we’re gonna have a lot of fun tonight, you and me, Adrian,” she tells him, and he gulps as she opens his notebook, because now is probably the moment when she discovers that he really isn’t all that smart, really isn’t all that worth being enthusiastic about, after all.

But her eyebrows arch and her lips twitch upward, and she grins at him over her shoulder as she leads him to the rug in the middle of the living room so they can spread his notebook, his worksheets, his textbook between them.

“Your notes are spectacular, Ade,” she says, and she sounds genuinely impressed, genuinely pleased, genuinely proud. His spine straightens and his heart swells.

“Maybe, but I just can’t get my head around it. How the hell can an electron be a wave and a
particle at the same time?" 

Alex laughs and adjusts her glasses and flips through his textbook and points to a passage about wave-particle duality. “The thing this isn’t gonna tell you is that we honest to god don’t know. But we have some theories.”

And never has he heard physics sound so interesting, never has it been so intuitive, so exciting, so exhilarating, so important.

Alex talks and Alex demonstrates and Adrian asks and Adrian scrawls notes and Alex asks and Adrian answers and Alex offers her fist and Adrian bumps it because he’s getting it, he’s really getting it.

Neither of them notice the hours ticking by as she guides him through the math, as she guides him through the realities layered underneath the math, inside the math.

Neither of them notice the increasingly messy sprawl of papers as both of them, in their enthusiasm, pick pages at random to start writing on, to start theorizing on, to start drawing an idea for the other on.

Neither of them notice Maggie’s key scraping the lock of the front door, Maggie standing silent in the threshold, taking over the scene that’s taken over her living room: her girlfriend, in nothing but basketball shorts and her slightly tattered Stanford sweater, and her glasses, god, those glasses, forehead so close to her little boy’s that they’re practically touching, pouring over a page of his physics textbook amidst a sea of scattered papers, scattered notes, scattered ideas, scattered revelations.

“Yeah, you got it, Adrian!” Alex is beaming, and Maggie swallows tears, because Adrian’s entire body is glowing with pride, with confidence, and when she takes a step closer, they look up with identical grins on their faces.

“The damn cat is both dead and alive!” Adrian informs her victoriously by way of greeting her, and Alex laughs at the quantum joke while Maggie shakes her head and mutters something happy, something content, something thrilled, about her very own family of nerds.
Chapter 150

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

So uh hi! So I was wondering if you could write something about sanvers reacting to the Muslim ban? It hit me pretty deeply and I feel so embarrassed to even ask. But I think it's worth a shot. Trump is a dick

^^ Prompt from a beautiful and brave Anon

Maggie doesn’t answer her phone and she doesn’t answer her texts, because she’s thrown it across the room and shattered the damn thing against the wall, and she doesn’t even give a damn because fuck him, fuck them, fuck this, fuck everything.

Alex calls the precinct and Maggie’s cop partner tells her that Maggie already left for the day, and when she doesn’t find her at the bar, Alex rushes home.

Rushes, because she knows.

She opens the door slowly, quietly, and Maggie is working at her heavy bag, hair tied up in a messy bun, wrists wrapped but roughly, quickly, carelessly.

Shattered plastic and her phone battery lay dead and broken under a small dent in the wall, and Alex sighs, because she knows.

She switches Nas and Usher off of the blasting speaker, and Maggie’s punches still, her shoulders tense. She turns and she wipes her forehead with the back of her hand.

“You heard?” she asks, because Alex is pale, because Alex’s face is almost as broken as Maggie’s insides feel.

“The ban?” Alex confirms, and Maggie nods and throws another punch.

Alex slips off her bag, shrugs off her jacket, and takes her gun out of her waistband. She crosses the room and braces the bag in front of Maggie, who nods in appreciation and throws a cross-jab-kick combo that makes Alex brace her abs to hold the bag steady, that makes Alex’s heart break because of the rage behind it.

“Does he not get that he’s the motherfucking terrorist?”

Uppercut, jab, jab, uppercut.

“That he’s destroying families, that he’s using motherfucking Nazi rhetoric against Muslims and anyone his motherfucker xenophobia doesn’t know what to do with.”

Jab, cross, jab, jab, cross, kick.

“Told my captain I’m not working tonight. They wanted me to patrol the airport, but I’m gonna be
protesting instead. You can come if you want. James is gonna pick me up in an hour. I can’t be on duty, I can’t, I’d lose my job. I wouldn’t… I wouldn’t enforce anything. Not tonight, not like this.”

Front kick, roundhouse kick, jab, cross, front kick.

“Of course I’m coming with you, babe. Of course I’m coming with you.”

Maggie’s lips twitch upward for the first time since Alex walked in, and she reaches around the heavy bag to touch Alex’s cheek.

It’s almost jarring, how gentle her touch to Alex’s skin is compared with the rage, the power, she’s been slamming the bag with.

“And you know what, I wish it were just the orange hemorrhoid bastard. But it’s the whole damn system, it’s the whole damn country, this whole fucking place was built on this kind of blood, on this kind of hate, and I just…”

Roundhouse kick, front kick, jab, jab, cross, uppercut.

“I fucking hate everything.”

Alex nods and braces the bag harder, and Maggie catches a glimpse of the love on her face, the rage that she’s suppressing for Maggie’s sake, so Maggie has the space to process, to cope, to grieve, to rage, on her own.

“Well, no,” she corrects herself, crossing behind the bag the sink into Alex’s arms. “Not quite everything.”

“We’ll fight it, Mags. Together.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Good then.”

“Maggie. I’ve got you.”

Maggie sighs deeply and lets Alex hold her, lets Alex kiss her forehead, unwrap her hands and kiss her knuckles and sooth her raging soul.

“I’ve got you. I’ve got you. I’ve got you.”
Chapter 151

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

alex is away on a trip so maggie and kara cuddle every night

Alex is in Geneva, and Kara is drunk.

Maggie sits across the table from her, leaning back, an arched eyebrow, tilted head, and lopsided grin quirking her face as she listens to Kara Danvers ramble, slur, and generally crack herself up.


Kara leans across the table conspiratorially, and Maggie leans forward too, enjoying the opportunity to humor the kid.

“I’m so happy I can tell you about flying, Maggie. It’s so nice. You’re so nice. Alex really loves you, you know. Love.” Suddenly Kara claps both of her hands over her mouth. “Has she told you yet? Was I not supposed to say that? Oh no, Alex will kill me – “

Tears are stinging Maggie’s eyes and she thinks she might have forgotten what breathing is, but she smiles at Kara and touches her wrists softly. “Don’t worry, Little Danvers, it’ll be our little secret.”

Kara sighs in relief and she slumps and Maggie shifts immediately because she knows what’s coming: sure enough, Kara is passed out in her arms, muttering occasionally about Lena Luthor and alien amnesty and cho - coh - latt and alien alcohol as Maggie tugs Kara’s limp arm around her own shoulders, holding the taller girl’s weight as she nods over to M’gann, who smiles and shakes her head and hails a cab.

“I owe you one,” Maggie grunts as she drags Kara out, but M’gann waves her off.

“It’s what friends are for, Mags,” she calls, and Maggie winks at her as Kara starts giggling because the outside air as they step outside apparently feels like ghost whispers.

Maggie takes her back to her place because she knows Kara’s elevator isn’t working and she’s strong, but there’s no way she’s hauling Kara up all those stairs.

She forces some water into Kara’s giggling, half-asleep lips before she strips off her shoes and unbuttons her jeans and puts her glasses on the bedside table and tucks her in and puts a glass of water next to her for when she wakes.

She’s never seen Alex’s little sister look so peaceful as she does as she sleeps, as she takes one of Maggie’s pillows into her arms and hugs it close to her, cuddles it. Maggie sighs, because it’s both of her Danvers girls that only get the chance to release the weight of the world when they sleep.
She hesitates for a moment after she brushes her teeth and strips down to boxers and a tank. She
hesitates, but Kara is cuddling that pillow pretty hard, and Kara is muttering about missing Alex,
and dammit, Maggie does too. So she smiles and she sighs and she crawls into bed next to Kara,
and Kara automatically shifts back into Maggie’s arms with a contented sigh.

Kara doesn’t get drunk the rest of the week that Alex is gone, but she does start showing up at
Maggie’s each night.

Sometimes she knocks on the door hungry for a homecooked meal, and sometimes she flies
through the window with a furrowed brow and in need of some serious TV time.

But each night ends the same: Kara huddles deep into Maggie’s bed, and Maggie wraps her arms
around her, and Kara sighs sleepily and snuggles deeper into her, and wonders why her sister didn’t
get a girlfriend sooner, because this is the best.
Chapter 152

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Sanvers request

Hi!

So I’m loving your girls we wanna kiss series and flustered I just saw something I can’t unsee Kara is my favorite. So what about one where she nearly walks in on Alex and Maggie but stops and watches because she’s curious or sees something that intrigues her (like a strap on or something)

^^ Prompt from Joanne

Kara has a tendency to walk in on people having sex.

Which is unfortunate for her, because there are only so many times she can gasp and back up and furiously adjust her glasses in horror, in mortified embarrassment, in why did I even open this closet door why did they even build this closet and why would anyone ever have sex in this closet what is it about this closet anyway.

She’s used to averting her eyes and she’s used to covering her face and she’s used to stammering and trying not to make eye contact with people as they tuck in their shirts and stumble through explanations and it’s not what it looks like, when in fact it always is exactly what it looks like.

But when her key scrapes the lock to Alex’s apartment and she steps into the living room, Alex and Maggie don’t jump apart, because they don’t notice her.

Because Maggie is bent over the side of the couch and Alex’s jeans are around her ankles and she’s wearing briefs with a dildo coming out of them, a dildo that she’s pushing carefully, raggedly, hard, into Maggie from behind, and Maggie is screaming her name and Alex is moaning and her hands are gripping Maggie’s hips and pulling her closer, and she’s kissing Maggie’s naked back and she’s moaning and Kara gulps, because she’s never been so confused.

Because it’s her sister, her very gay sister and her sister’s very lesbian girlfriend, but they’re fucking with a strap-on and part of Kara wants to cover her eyes and never open them again because it’s her sister, but the other part of her wants to see more, wants to learn more, because girls can do this together, too, girls can love this as much as Maggie sounds like she’s loving it? And why is Alex asking what Maggie’s color is, and what does green have to do with how hard Alex is fucking her and what –

“Shit, Karal!” Maggie swears, and Alex swears louder, and Alex takes care to slip gently out of Maggie’s body before yanks up her jeans roughly, and Maggie grabs at her discarded t-shirt and tugs it over her head, pulls her boyshorts back up, shifts uncomfortably, turns and sits on the ledge of the couch she’d just been bent over, just been fucked over, and waits for Alex’s cue on how to handle.
Alex runs shaking fingers over her face as Kara splutters, as Kara backs up, as Kara stammers out apologies and adjusts her glasses and offers to leave and she’s sorry, she’s sorry, she’s sorry.

She looks close to tears and Alex heaves a sigh and pats the ledge of the couch next to her, next to Maggie.

“It’s okay, Kara, you – it’s okay.” Her voice is distant and just a bit strained, but Maggie’s got her hand on her knee and it eases her tension, it eases her embarrassment, it eases the internalized shame she’s still working through.

Kara hovers in place for a moment and Maggie takes a try. “It’s all good, Little Danvers. Not like we put a sock on the door or anything.”

“No, no,” Kara protests, not looking at either of them as she adjusts her glasses furiously, “I should have knocked, or called, or – ”

“Kara,” Alex sighs again, and steps forward to take her little sister by the shoulders. “This is new. For both of us. You’ve never had a reason to knock before, to call before. It’s new for us both, okay? We’ll figure it out, we’ll work out a system, okay? You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Kara freezes and Kara fidgets, because she knows something the other two don’t.

“What is it?” Alex asks, because Alex knows that look.

Kara squirms and sighs and surrenders, because she knows Alex won’t let it drop until she tells her.

“I… I… I didn’t walk in two seconds ago. I mean I wasn’t being creepy or anything, I just didn’t know girls were allowed to have sex like that, or that gay girls liked sex like that, and then you were talking about colors and I didn’t understand but you both seemed like you were enjoying it so much and I was just curious because whenever I’ve walked in on straight people having sex they never seem that into it, not like you guys, and I was thinking about girls and I was thinking about what if I wanted to go that with girls and I just froze and I promise I wasn’t being creepy, I mean, you’re my sister, I – ”

Alex is frozen and Alex is slow to process her sister’s breathless rant, so Maggie hops down from the couch’s ledge and takes over for her.

“Hey, hey, Little Danvers, it’s okay. It’s okay if you want to do this with girls, it’s okay that you were curious, it’s okay that you have questions. Maybe you and I should talk about it when your sister’s not around because it looks like you sent her into shock – ”

Alex pffts and Maggie kisses her nose and Alex blushes and Kara smiles and finally looks Maggie in the eyes.

“It’s okay, Kara. Everything’s okay. Alright?”

Kara nods softly, tearily, and reaches for Alex’s hand. Alex takes it and Kara smiles.

“I’m sorry I interrupted,” she says in a small voice.

Maggie sighs softly and Alex moans slightly. “Yeah, we really do need to figure out a system.”

“Well, I don’t know about you two, but I’m super hungry for… some reason. Pizza and potstickers?” Maggie suggests with a devilish grin, and Kara jumps up and down and Alex rests her head on Maggie’s shoulder with a smile.
“Anyone ever tell you you’re the perfect girlfriend?”

“Aw, Danvers, I can’t be, cause that’s you!”

“Oh boy, this is getting more embarrassing than walking in on the whole sex thing.”

Alex laughs and Maggie orders pizza and Kara eats, new thoughts spinning around her mind and beginning to alter the fabric of her life.
Chapter 153

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could u write a cute piece of alex noticing that everytime she calls maggie beautiful or amazing, maggie gets shy and when alex asks why she says something like "I'm not used to be so complimented by a girlfriend...or anyone"

Alex is so focused on saying what she needs to say, on getting it out just like she practiced, that she doesn’t notice the way Maggie doesn’t seem to know how to react when she calls her amazing.

She’s so caught up in coming out, in her feelings and in her ebullience that she doesn’t notice that Maggie never seems to know how to react – or reacts negatively – when Alex asks who would break up with her, why anyone would not like her, when Maggie deflects with a teasing joke when Alex calls her a great cop.

But when they start dating, Alex starts noticing.

When she brings Maggie into the DEO and tells J’onn that her genius girlfriend figured out where to hit Cadmus next, go on, tell him, babe, it’s so brilliant, Maggie’s eyes get wide, and she gulps a little too hard, and she keeps it together because they’re in front of people, but her body language screams fear and her body language screams confusion.

When she shows up to pick her up for a date and she splutters because Maggie, you look beautiful. I mean, you’re always beautiful, I mean, you know, you have mirrors in the apartment, of course you know, how could you not know, you’re beautiful all the time, but just right now, you look even more beautiful, which I mean come on, who knew that was even possible?, Maggie lowers her eyes and the small smile on her lips looks forced, feels forced, is forced.

And when Alex has her pressed against the wall and is kissing her neck and tracing her way up Maggie’s jawline and whispering into her ear you are so amazing, Mags, Maggie stops panting and Maggie stops whining and Maggie stops grabbing at her, because Maggie just freezes.

Alex pulls back, and Alex takes her face into her hands, and Alex knows it’s time to talk about it.

“You get so upset when I compliment you, babe.”

Maggie sighs and Maggie looks down and Maggie shrugs and Maggie slinks around Alex and away from the wall, to the couch, to her abandoned bottle of beer.

She drinks deeply and she sighs again and she forces herself to look up at Alex. “Well, it’s not something I’m used to, Danvers. From girlfriends, from… from anyone, really. And when girlfriends did compliment me, it tends to be as an apology for treating me like shit, because they want something, because I’m not worth anything unless I’m giving someone something, apparently _”
Alex swallows rage and Alex swallows tears and Alex kneels in front of Maggie and takes her hands and kisses each knuckle, each scar, each finger, each vein.

“Maggie, I only ever want to make you feel good. That’s it, that’s all, I promise – ”

“No, I know that – ”

“You deserve to know more than that, Maggie. You deserve to feel special, and smart, and beautiful, and loved, and respected, and perfect, because you are, Maggie. And I… I’m not gonna stop, because you deserve to hear it every day. If… if that’s okay.”

Maggie sighs and Maggie stares down at her wide-eyed, earnest girlfriend, and a small smile starts tugging unbidden at her lips.

“I think I could try to get used to that, Danvers.”

“Good, Sawyer. Very, very good.”
Chapter 154

Chapter Summary

queergirlwriting -- ALEX AND MAGGIE JUST SAVED THE EPISODE I'M BRUISED AND DYING AND VEGAN ICE CREAM AT MAGGIE'S PLACE SERVED ON MAGGIE'S PERFECT ABS TBH

sabrulesawesomeness

^prompt

@queergirlwriting

@sabrulesawesomeness I laughed SO hard when I saw the simplicity of this. SO FUCKING HARD. My girlfriend was concerned. Thank you for the rush of pleasure. Hope you enjoy!

“Danvers,” Maggie growls into her mouth, because they’re not even in the door yet and Alex is already shoving her into the wall, already tugging her jacket down her shoulders, already slipping her tongue into her mouth and making her so fucking hot.

“Mmm?” Alex flirts as she switches to Maggie’s neck, and Maggie tilts her head back despite herself, pulling Alex closer to her by her hips.

“Danvers, I know what you’re doing,” she rasps, and Alex pulls back, and Alex laughs.

“And what would that be, Detective?”

Maggie smiles, beams, really, because Alex Danvers’s lips are swollen and Alex Danvers’s eyes are happy and Alex Danvers is flirting with her, touching her, waiting eagerly for her to finally get her key in the door; Alex Danvers is her girlfriend, and she’s spending the night in her apartment, and dammit, she’s going to finally try vegan ice cream.

“You’re trying to get me to forget our little bet.”

Alex tosses her hands behind her in indignation as she follows Maggie into her apartment.

“How could I be trying to make you forget? We’re here, aren’t we? Your apartment. Just us…” She tosses her gun onto Maggie’s couch and she saunters toward her, stripping off her own jacket as she bites her lip through her smile, as her eyes flicker down to Maggie’s mouth.

“Mmhmm. Just us,” Maggie agrees, throwing her elbows over Alex’s shoulders and leaning up on her tiptoes to within a breath of Alex’s lips.

Alex’s breath hitches and she waits for Maggie’s mouth to touch hers, but Maggie smirks, and Maggie pulls back, and Alex whines.
“Just us and a pint of chocolate peanut butter swirl,” Maggie skips away, and Alex moans.

“It’s not real chocolate peanut butter swirl, babe!” she protests, and Maggie laughs, and Maggie nearly swoons, because Alex Danvers is making herself at home in her apartment, and Alex Danvers is calling her pet names.

Maggie leans up to the freezer and sets the pint down, turning and bracing herself against the counter with fuck me eyes and a you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen smile.

Alex gasps softly at the sight, and she pins Maggie softly in place, a hand on either side of her hips on the counter. Maggie stares up at her, licking her lips, nervous suddenly.

“All good, babe?” Alex checks in, because Alex has already learned her better than any of her longer term girlfriends had ever bothered to.

Maggie sighs and leans her forehead into Alex’s neck, and Alex kisses her hair.

“You’re not mad at me?” Maggie asks, and Alex pulls back and tilts Maggie’s chin up so they’re looking at each other.

“Mags, why would I be mad?”

“You don’t like losing. And you like being at your apartment better than mine – “

“Maggie, anywhere you are is where I love being. And losing to you?” Alex leans down and kisses her nose, and Maggie nearly swoons. “That’s not losing.”

Maggie grins wickedly and reaches to the side, and Alex pretends to groan, because she knows.

“Even if it means trying vegan ice cream?” Maggie tugs off the top of the pint and Alex steps back to grab a spoon, because yes, even if it means trying vegan ice cream, losing to that smile, to those eyes, isn’t losing at all.

But Maggie reaches out and Maggie stops her.

“No need,” she says, and her voice is low, and Alex’s mouth suddenly runs dry, because Maggie is holding Alex’s eyes with her own and she’s dipping her index finger into the pint of chocolate peanut butter swirl, and she’s keeping eye contact with Alex as her finger disappears into her own mouth, slow, slow, slow, and Maggie moans for effect, and Alex moans for real, because god, every time she thinks Maggie has done the sexiest thing she’s ever seen, Maggie goes ahead and proves her wrong.

“Still seem that bad?” Maggie asks, licking her lips slowly, slowly, and Alex follows the path of her tongue and tries to remember the importance of oxygen.

“I… it – I…”

“Mmmmm, words a little rough there, Danvers?” Maggie asks, and Alex is entranced, following the path of Maggie’s finger again, but this time, Maggie is putting down the pint, and Alex furrows her brow.

But then Maggie is tugging at the hem of her own shirt, tugging it above her head, black lace bra under it making Alex nearly pass out, because fuck fuck fuck.

Maggie smirks and Maggie tosses her shirt on the floor and Maggie grabs the pint and beckons
Alex to her bedroom.

Her bedroom with a door that actually closes it off from the rest of the apartment, she’d be eager to point out if she wasn’t concentrating so hard on keeping herself together enough, keep her cool enough, because she was seducing Alex Danvers and god how did she ever get so lucky?

Alex follows as though under a spell, because she is under a spell, and Maggie turns with her knees against her bed, eyes sultry, bottom lip between her teeth.

“Lay me down?” she whispers, and Alex lifts her eagerly, leans her back on the bed, making sure her head is cushioned by pillows, and Alex freezes, hovering above her, catching her breath because she’s in Maggie Sawyer’s bedroom and Maggie Sawyer is seducing her and god how did she ever get so lucky?

Maggie smiles up at her, part adoration and part mischief, part love and part lust, and she runs her finger through the pint again, but instead of bringing her finger to her lips, she offers it up to Alex, whose breath hitches, whose pupils dilate even further, who licks her lips and tilts her head to take Maggie’s finger into her mouth, but Maggie moves it out of her reach.

Alex whines and Alex mock glares down at her.

“I thought you wanted me to try the stuff.”

“Mmm, Danvers, are you saying you want to now?”

“Well, when it’s being served like this…”

“Like what? Like this?”

Maggie lets the ice cream drip from her finger onto her washboard abs, and Alex gasps, and Alex moans, and Alex straddles her and Alex brings her lips down to Maggie’s body and god she’s never tasted anything so perfect.

Maggie’s hips arch up when Alex’s hot lips meet the cold ice cream on her skin, and she grabs at Alex’s hair, and she’d intended to keep it cool, she’d intended to keep it together, she’d intended to stay in control, but Alex’s lips, Alex’s breath, Alex’s tongue, Alex’s moans, and Maggie lets herself go, because Alex has got her, Alex has got her, Alex has got her.

“Like that, Danvers?” she asks, but it’s breathy rather than husky, and it’s alright, because she can feel Alex smiling into her skin, and when Alex looks up with shining eyes, there’s a bit of chocolate smeared on her top lip, and Maggie sits up to lick it off, to kiss it off, and Alex’s mouth is warm and Alex’s mouth is cold and Alex’s mouth is perfect.

“Want more?” she asks, and Alex’s eyes dance.

“I want you.”

“Then take me,” Maggie whispers, and Alex’s breath hitches, and Alex does.

The pint is nearly melted by the time Alex’s clothes are mostly off, by the time Maggie’s jeans are inside out and tossed across the room, by the time Alex has traced her name in ice cream onto Maggie’s abs.

“Claiming me, Danvers?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex nods, and Maggie groans as Alex’s tongue traces every contour of Maggie’s tensed ab muscles.
“Or maybe you just really like the ice cream?”

Alex scoffs, but Alex doesn’t stop, and Maggie’s chuckle turns into a heady gasp when Alex’s teeth clamp down slightly on her side.

“Okay?” Alex makes sure, and Maggie nods desperately, and Alex smiles, and Alex continues.

The pint is nearly gone by the time they make their way back into the kitchen, because the night itself is nearly gone and they need water and they need more food, and while last night’s leftovers heat up, Maggie grabs a spoon, and she offers Alex the last of the melted ice cream with a raised eyebrow.

Alex surprises herself, because she doesn’t hesitate, opening her mouth and letting Maggie feed her, and their eyes connect as she closes her mouth, as she swallows.

“So vegan ice cream not as bad as you thought, Danvers?” Maggie asks, her voice soft and low and vulnerable but happy, happy, happy.

“Nothing’s ever bad with you, Maggie.”

“Nerd,” Maggie counters, but she’s beaming, beaming, because Alex Danvers hates losing, but Alex Danvers looks lost in her, and she looks happy about it; and nothing, not even another pint of vegan ice cream, could make the night feel more perfect.
Maggie calls Cat for Kara, because it’s Livewire and Kara needs Ms. Grant. 2x10 missing scene, because HOW DO WE HAVE A LIVEWIRE EPISODE WITHOUT CAT?

She bites the inside of her cheek as the phone rings, rings, rings, and she half expects the Queen of All Media to let it go to voicemail at the unknown number, but a curt voice picks up, and Maggie gulps.

“Yes.”

“Hi, Ms. Grant?”

“Yes, this is she. And this is?”

“Maggie Sawyer, NCPD, ma’am. I’m sorry to disturb you, but – “

“Is Supergirl alright?”

Maggie’s eyebrows shoot up at the clear concern in the woman’s voice, and she thinks Alex’s protectiveness of Kara might have caused her to overlook how much Cat Grant cares for her former assistant.

And Maggie knows that Cat knows, even if she pretended to believe Kara’s insistence that she wasn’t that Alex told her about.

“Yes, yes, Supergirl’s fine, but – but have you seen the news?”

“I haven’t – my son has a science competition today that he’s rather nervous about and – I don’t know why I’m telling you this. You called me for a reason, Detective, I suggest you get to it, I’m a busy woman.”

“Yes ma’am,” Maggie says, watching Alex take care of M’gann through the glass wall separating them. “Livewire is loose, and Supergirl...” She thinks of how distressed Kara was this morning, how out of sorts, how anxious, how enraged, how terrified, and she remembers the news about Livewire chaining Cat Grant to a bench in a park, Livewire targeting Cat Grant, Livewire trying to kill Cat Grant.

“Supergirl could use someone to talk to. You, particularly. I think the only reason she hasn’t called you is she doesn’t want to risk Livewire going after you again – “

“I’m sorry, and you – and you know all this because – “

“I’m um... I’m Alex Danvers’s girlfriend, ma’am. Kara Danvers’s sister’s girlfriend. And I’m... I’m with the NCPD’s science division, and we do quite a lot of work with Supergirl.”
A long pause. Maggie bites her lip as she waits.

“So. You must be a decent detective after all. You figured it out about those ridiculous glasses too, hm?”

Maggie chuckles, and doesn’t answer, not directly, because it’s not her secret to confirm, but the littlest Danvers needs her. Or, more specifically, needs Cat.

“Supergirl needs you, Ms. Grant. So does Kara.”

Another long pause, and Maggie hears children in the background, and she understands suddenly why Cat left National City, why she put her career on hold. Her son was in a science competition, and she was there, of course she was there. Just like Maggie was hoping she’d be there for Kara.

“Detective Sawyer? Thank you. Kara is… lucky you came into her and her sister’s lives.”

“I’m the lucky one, Ms. Grant. Um, good luck to your son today.”

“Oh, Carter doesn’t need luck. He has his brain.”

“Of course, ma’am. Thank you. For helping Supergirl.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll call her right away. Goodbye, Detective.”

Maggie hangs up, sighs, and slips the phone in her pocket before slipping into the med bay to see Alex, to see M’gann, to hold her hand, to whisper stories to her about the bar, to whisper how she needs her to fight, how Alex is going to take good care of her, how she’d better wake up soon, because Alex is her girlfriend now and she’s gotta see them together.

When she hears Kara yelp at the caller ID as her phone rings in the hallway a mere minute later, Maggie smiles softly, because she might not be able to help Alex be a doctor right now, but she can help Kara be Supergirl.

“Ms. Grant!” Kara answers, her voice pitched high, her voice pitched nervous, her voice pitched eager.

“Keira, what is this I hear from a Detective Sawyer about Livewire being on the loose?”

“Maggie called you? I… Ms. Grant, you and Carter are in no danger, I promise, I’ve – “

“And how would you know this, dear? Snapper have you covering the story closely, does he?”

Kara splutters and Kara adjusts her glasses, and Kara’s heart hammers because Ms. Grant, Cat, Ms. Grant.

“Yes, yes, of course, and I um… my sources, who I met through reporting, you know, being a reporter, tell me that undercover agents have been sent to Carter’s school to protect the two of you… did you wish him luck on his competition today?”

“Yes, Keira, he received all five of your ridiculous emoji-filled texts this morning, and he was so pleased her nearly dropped his project and destroyed it. But that’s not what’s important right at this moment, Keira, and you know it. Are you alright?”

“Ms. Grant, of course, I – “

“Kara.” Her voice is soft, her voice is simple. Her voice is full. Kara blinks and swallows the lump
in her throat.

“Yes, Ms. Grant?”

“I told you to dive. I told you to dive, and I was right: it’s rare that I’m not, as we both know. But Kara, you are strong enough and you are smart enough to know that when you choose to dive away from what you’re truly afraid of, rather than diving into it, you will lose, every time.”

“Ms. Grant, I don’t know what – “

“Supergirl isn’t a hero because she locks away her nemeses. Supergirl is a hero because she has a capacity for forgiveness. For hope. And to inspire that hope in others. Fear drives anger, Kara. Don’t let that fear drive you.”

“I… I don’t know what I have to do with Supergirl – “

“Oh, Keira, you know you’ve never figured out when to let people help you, have you? If you’re to rise, you need to learn that one, and soon.”

“I let people help me – “

“Livewire is not Supergirl’s fault, Kara. Supergirl did not destroy her, and Supergirl is not responsible for the destruction she’s wrought."

“I’ll um… I’ll let Supergirl know you said so."

Cat sighs and Kara can just see her taking off her glasses and putting her fingers on the bridge of her nose.

“Do that, Kara. Do that. And keep safe, will you?”

“Yes, Ms. Grant. Always. And Ms. Grant?”

“Keira.”

“Thank you. For calling.”

“Well I wasn’t about to let you spiral down into one of those ridiculous glasses-adjusting moods you get into, was I? I’ll tell Carter you sent him more of those absurd emojis.”

Cat hangs up before Kara can thank her, before Kara can tell her she misses her, before Kara can ask when she’s coming back, before Kara can tell her she needs her. She looks up and into the med bay, and she stares idly at Maggie, holding M’gann’s limp hand as Alex runs tests on her, and she wonders where Maggie got Cat’s number, and she wonders how she got so lucky to have such an attentive future sister-in-law, how she got so lucky to have people who care enough to stop her from spiraling, to still her from crashing, to catch her when she’s in danger of a fall.

She wonders what would have happened to Leslie if she’d had people, too, and she sighs, and she grimaces, and she gulps, and she sets her jaw, because she’ll find her, and she’ll stop her, but she’ll refuse to lose herself in order to do it.
“It’s dangerous, Maggie.”

“Alex, she’s bulletproof, even if the Cadmus folks do happen to attack the store – “

“No, Maggie, I don’t mean it’s dangerous for Kara. I mean… have you seen how much she eats? You really want to let her come grocery shopping with us?”

Maggie laughs, suddenly and hard, and Alex revels in the feeling of giving this woman joy.

Once she gathers herself, she puts her hands on Alex’s shoulders bracingly, jokingly. “It’s okay, babe, Adrian has eaten me nearly out of house and home before and I’ve survived. I’m sure we can get through this together.”

Alex smirks and arches an eyebrow and shakes her head, because Maggie looking up into her eyes with love and amusement in her own is all she thinks she’ll ever need.

“And anyway, I kind of already promised Kara she could come with us,” Maggie splutters out in one quick breath, darting to the door as a familiar musical knock raps through the room.

Alex groans laughingly. “Bet you between the two of them, we spend more than twice what we normally would.”

“You’re on, Danvers. My place if it’s Adrian that tosses more in the cart than Kara.”

Alex pffts. “Well, we’ll be at my place for sure tonight, then.”

Maggie laughs as she tugs open the door, and Adrian spills into her arms immediately.

“Mmmmm, how’s my favorite college boy?” she greets him in their traditional way.

“Freezing, unlike my favorite detective, who seems like she’s been kept extra warm by her girlfriend lately,” Adrian squeezes her, and Kara nudges him in the shoulder.

“Adrian, nooooo, I don’t need to think about my sister keeping Maggie warm. No offense Maggie.”

“None taken, Little Danvers.”

“Well, then I probably shouldn’t tell you what I walked in on last week – “ Adrian starts as he steps
past Maggie to hug Alex, who promptly puts a hand over his mouth.

“Don’t you dare,” she warns with a grin, raising her eyebrows to secure his compliance before she removes her hand.

“It was even kinkier than that was,” Adrian splutters as he dodges out of Alex’s reach, and Maggie laughs as Kara furiously adjusts her glasses and Alex groans.

“Okay, troop, the fridge isn’t gonna stock itself,” Maggie announces, because if Alex’s face gets any redder, she might bust a vein. She tosses an arm around Adrian’s neck and pulls him down to her gently, gently, him squirming and laughing and letting her press a kiss to his forehead as they trudge out the door and pile into Adrian’s car.

He’s driving better than Maggie remembers, and she beams from the back seat with Kara as he handles his turns smoothly, and she wonders what else he’s been getting better at in the short months he’s been away at college.

He’s still terrible at parallel parking, though, and Maggie’s proud of Alex for not commenting as he tries once, twice, five times before straightening the car out close enough to the curb.

When Adrian puts it in park, he and Kara spill out of the car in a spurt of energy, and Alex looks back at Maggie with wide eyes.

“Told you this is gonna be dangerous,” she jokes as they follow their kid siblings into the grocery store.

Alex wrangles the shopping cart from Kara, and Kara lets her, because she and Adrian are nudging each other and whispering to each other and pointing at Maggie, pointing at Alex, pointing at random on sale food items and breaking out into laughter that neither Alex nor Maggie can’t quite put a pattern on, but they both smile, and they hold hands as Alex steers through the aisles, because Kara is holding onto Adrian’s arm as she laughs and he’s grabbing a pack of pre-made chocolate pudding from the fridge and tossing it to Kara, who thinks she’s subtle about burying it in the cart underneath the vegetables and fruit that Alex and Maggie are filling it up with.

They’re both scientists, and they don’t want to influence the results of their experiment, their bet, so Alex and Maggie feign ignorance as Kara tries to hide the bulge of four extra bags of frozen potstickers into the cart, as she nudges Adrian and points out the boxes of puff pastry apple turnovers he can’t get enough of and he slips three of them into the cart as Alex pretends to be reading the label of the vegan ice cream in Maggie’s hands.

At the cash register, Alex and Maggie are uncharacteristically quiet, both doing the math in their heads, both calculating how much Kara’s additions of potstickers, pizza pockets, pizza bagels, and donuts are compared with Adrian’s additions of apple turnovers, extra bags of grapes, garlic bread, and chocolate-covered pretzels.

And down to the cent, it’s the same cost.

Alex and Maggie freeze, each knowing by the baffled look on the other’s face that their calculations were correct, because they both made the same one.

It’s only when Adrian tosses a Nutrageous candy bar – “Old school!” he says victoriously when he finds it – onto the pile that Maggie lets out a triumphant laugh.

Alex groans and Kara, already digging into her donuts and holding them out to Adrian, is oblivious.
“I’ll put it all on my card, babe,” Maggie leans up into Alex. “To soften the blow of your very tragic loss.”

“Your place tonight, fine,” Alex concedes, her lips brushing Maggie’s as Adrian whoops behind them and Kara cheers even as she covers her eyes. “Not the most tragic loss I’ve had.”

“Oh no?”

“Nnhnn.”

“You two gonna bang right in the middle of the store or yall gonna come home and dive into all this food with us?” Adrian wants to know, and the cashier laughs as Alex reddens and Maggie fumbles into her wallet with a lopsided smirk on her face.

“You were the one who wanted to bring them both,” Alex reminds her, and Maggie grins.

“Yeah, and I don’t regret it, do you?”

They both glance over at Kara, at the way she’s giggling as Adrian holds his candy bar out for her, pulls it back from her open mouth, and then laughingly lets her have a bite, his silver earring catching the dim lights of the store and shining like his smile, like his laugh, like his happiness.

“No. No, not for a second.”
It’s been months, and it doesn’t matter how many algorithms she runs with Winn and it doesn’t matter how many biotrackers she develops in her lab. It’s been months, and she can’t figure out how to find Cadmus’s newest lair, can’t figure out how to find the White Martians that psychologically attacked M’gann. It’s been months, and she can’t figure out how to rescue her father, and she can’t figure out how to protect J’onn. And all of them.

She sits on the couch with her head in her hands, and she thinks, unbidden, about her first mission. About the girl, the alien, that she was hunting. The girl, the alien, who saved her, saved her because she was arrogant, and she was terrified, and that blend made her lose her grip, miss her step, made her fall, fall, fall, and the alien girl saved her, caught her, dragged her up to safety.

And was promptly shot, despite Alex’s pleas, by the rest of her team.

She’d failed then, and she was failing now.

She drank deeper, drank until Maggie’s fingers wrapped around her glass and gently pulled it out of her grasp.

“Wanna talk to me instead of the whiskey, babygirl?”

Alex smiles despite herself, because it doesn’t matter how terrible she feels; it doesn’t matter how much of a failure she is; Maggie calls her babygirl, because she is Maggie’s babygirl, and that is always, always, always a comfort.

“Kara’s angry at everyone, J’onn’s a wreck about M’gann and the other White Martians that are apparently heading this way, Cadmus killed so many of your friends at the bar, and I can’t… I can’t fix my sister, I can’t help J’onn, or M’gann, or anyone, I can’t rescue my father, I can’t… What good am I, huh? As an agent, as a person, if I can’t… If I’m useless to… I.”

“Ally,” Maggie whispers, and pulls her close, kissing her hair and kissing her eyes and kissing her knuckles. “Alex, you… you are the best agent – the best person – I’ve ever met. You have to let people fight their own battles, Ally, you have to believe they can. You can’t battle the entire world on your own, babe. I mean, if anyone could, damn, it’s you, but… do you know why I took you to the bar, that first time?”
“You wanted to buy me a drink?” Alex sniffles, and Maggie kisses her softly.

“Well, yeah. But I could’ve bought you a drink anywhere, Alex. And if I didn’t trust you, I would’ve. But I took you there, because you… you were so… dedicated. So focused, so fierce, so… sharp, and tough, and quick, and smart, and just so… Alex, you were everything that made a good agent, a great agent, but you were more than that, too.”

Alex furrows her brow and lets Maggie continue stroking her hair. “You had a fire in you, babe. A fire that makes you want to protect people, that makes you… that makes you love people, even though you also kind of hate people.”

Alex laughs wetly and Maggie kisses her again, softly, gently, chastely.

“You have a fire in you, Alex. A fire that makes you protect people, that makes you love people, even though you also hate people.”

Alex smiles, because it’s one of their phrases, and she sinks into Maggie’s body, her own relaxed, because maybe Maggie’s right: maybe she’s pretty damn good, after all.
Chapter 158

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi. So I know you've closed your call for prompts and are v busy, and I don't want to give you more work, but I was wondering if you had already received one about Alex and/or Maggie with mental illness, or being diagnosed. And if so, if you would do it soon if you're inspired/comfortable about it. I'm really struggling about working to get better lately and I could use the representation. PS. You're a lovely being.

Thank you for your sensitivity about me closing off the prompts, love: I am so glad you sent this in, though, because this is exactly the kind of “exception” I had in mind when I said people could send prompts in if they really feel like they need to see something. I’m really glad you sent this to me, and I hope I do it justice for you. Sending you lots of love, darling: we could all use the representation!!! <3 <3 <3

Maggie’s had a deep aversion to therapy ever since one of her teachers suggested she needed it for being caught making out with one of the local college girls under the bleachers during her junior year.

She’s had a deep aversion to it, because she prefers solitude and she prefers beer and she prefers her heavy bag, but the precinct is making it mandatory for everyone who’s been working on Cadmus-related cases, and she needs her job more than she needs to avoid a therapist, so she goes, and she sits, and she bites the inside of her cheek, and she waits.

She answers questions stiltedly and directly and stiffly, but she answers them, because she needs to be cleared for duty and anyway, since she’s started dating Alex, she’s had an easier time talking, so it’s not that bad, she supposes.

So when the therapist asks her, in their third session together, whether she’s familiar with borderline personality disorder, she freezes, but she waits, because that’s what her best – only – friend growing up was diagnosed with a few years ago.

“Why’re you asking?” she asked, and the therapist tilts her head, and her eyes are warm, her eyes are nonjudgmental, as she asks if the sudden dips into silence, the sudden dips into isolation, the sudden dips into despair, are ever triggered by a sense – real or imagined – of rejection, of abandonment, of emptiness, of worthlessness, of never being quite good enough, of never being quite worthy.

She leaves the office with a lump in her throat and she’s quiet when Alex comes home, she’s quiet when Alex kisses her, and then she notices that Alex is being quiet, too.

“Stupid mandatory therapy thing again today,” Alex grunts, and Maggie nods, and waits, because she knows Alex wouldn’t have said anything about her DEO-mandated sessions if she wasn’t going to talk more about it.
“Shrink says I’m depressed and have PTSD and also that I’m a functional alcoholic.”

Maggie nods and Maggie swallows, because she’s already known these things, but Alex didn’t, and Alex is sighing and staring at the bottle of whiskey on top of the freezer.

“And what do you say?” Maggie asks softly, softly.

“That I’m a soldier and this shit goes with the job.”

Maggie smiles faintly, and she draws Alex into her body and strokes her hair.

“Mine says I’ve got BPD. The whole worthlessness thing, turbulent relationships thing, that I’ve got going on.”

“We don’t have a turbulent relationship,” Alex objects quietly, and Maggie nods and kisses Alex’s hair.

“Maybe not yet, but I keep waiting for it.”

Alex sits up and kisses Maggie’s face, everywhere, everywhere.

“It’s okay, you know,” Alex tells her, and Maggie blinks, not understanding.

“I loved you this morning, before you got diagnosed. And you’re the same as you were before. Except now, you maybe have different language to help you cope, to help you feel better. That’s all. Same person, different language. And in any language, I love you, Maggie.”

Alex kisses the tear that streaks down Maggie’s cheek, and she strokes Alex’s hair, her neck, her ears.

“You know the same for you, right? That I don’t care if we need to avoid bars or clear the freezer of all the alcohol, that I don’t care if I never have a drink again if that’s what gonna make this easiest for you. Because you’re right, Ally: you’re a soldier. But you’re also loved, and you deserve… you deserve to be cared for, not just stitched up and tossed back into battle. And I… I want to care for you, Alex. Because I do. Care for you. Love you.”

It’s Maggie’s turn to kiss the tears from Alex’s face, and Alex’s heart swells, because this? Diagnosis or not, she can get used to this. They both can.
Chapter 159

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I know your prompts are closed but is there any possibility we could get Adrian coming to Sanvers and worrying that he's never gonna find romantic love / someone who doesn't get weird about his body? This is something I really really struggle w as a trans person and I think it would help me a lot to see. Thank u, you're lovely.

They’re making out and Maggie is wrecked because Alex is doing that thing to her neck with her lips, with her tongue, with her teeth, but then the chorus of J Cole’s Hold it Down is blasting out of Maggie’s phone and Alex is moaning with loss because she knows that ringtone, and it’s nothing Maggie would ever ignore, no matter how wet she is, no matter how turned on she is, and sure enough, Maggie is kissing her lips apologetically as she sits up, as she fumbles for her phone, as she slides her finger across the green circle, over the smiling picture of a boy with a silver earring and a beaming smile, and, breathless, tries to keep the sex out of her voice when she says his name.

“Adrian.”

“You… were getting laid.”


“I’m sorry, Maggie!”

“It… I – how did you – you know what, just… what’s up, kid? It’s late, you alright?”

“Nah, Maggie, don’t sweat it, I just… I was just tripping, it’s cool, you be with your woman, it – “

“Adrian, I can fuck her any time, just tell her what’s wrong!” Alex yells, because she loves hearing Adrian laugh through the phone and she loves watching Maggie blush.

“So you were getting laid. Maggie, seriously, don’t worry, I – “

“Adrian. Either tell me what’s up or I’m gonna drive over to get you – “

“On your motorcycle?”

“Oh my god, kid.”

“Why do you automatically assume something’s wrong when I call? You think I don’t love you enough to call just to catch up?”

“No, I know you love me, but I also know your mama raised you right and you’re not gonna be calling at midnight unless you really need something, so are you gonna spill or are you gonna make me get dressed and – “
“Alright, but I… is it okay if I drive over? Pops said I can have the car – “

“Yeah, come on over. You eat dinner, I can order something – “

“Nah, it’s cool. Thank you Maggie.” He raises his voice. “And you, Alex! See yall in like twenty.”

Maggie hangs up and sighs. “He says he ate, but let’s get him some pizza anyway.”

Alex smiles because she loves the thought her girlfriend puts into her every relationship, and she’s still smiling when Adrian’s typical musical knock raps through the apartment.

But her smile fades when she sees his face over Maggie’s shoulder as he hugs her hello, because his eyes are red and his dark cheeks are still streaked with tears.

“What happened?” Maggie asks, because he’s starting to shake in her arms. She leads him to the couch, and Alex sits on the floor in front of them, staring up with big eyes.

“Do you wanna be alone, or is it – “

“No, Alex, you can stay. I… I’m sorry guys, yall were just trying to have a nice night together – “

“Kid, we’ve had this conversation already. Talk to me. Us. What happened? Who do I have to kill?”

Adrian smiles and Alex puts her hand on his knee. “I’m better trained in killing than she is, so I’m just saying…”

He laughs full out this time, but the laugh becomes a sob, and Maggie puts her arm around him, and he surrenders to her touch.

“I’m sorry,” he sniffs, and Maggie and Alex both shake their heads and wait.

“I… I met someone. On tinder. I… I don’t have it on my profile that I’m trans, I mean like, why would I, right, because I’m a guy, I’m a guy, I…”

His voice breaks and Maggie bites her lip to control herself because she already has a dangerous combination of heartbreak in her chest and murder in her eyes.

Alex squeezes his knee and kisses Maggie’s hand and gets up to pour Adrian a glass of water. He waits, and he thanks her, and Maggie wipes his tears, and he drinks, and he continues.

“So I met this girl, we were talking for a couple weeks online – “

“The math major?”

He nods. “And I met her tonight, and it was really great, she was really great, and we kissed, and I’m not packing so when she kind of grinded up on me… sorry…”

“You’ve walked in on us doing worse, honey, you’re fine,” Maggie teases, and Adrian smiles slightly.

“She wanted to know why I wasn’t… if I didn’t like it, and I… I don’t know, I just kinda told her I’m trans, because I panicked, I didn’t know what else to… and she just… she wasn’t mean, you know, she wasn’t even rude, she just… she didn’t… But one second she’s asking me why I’m not hard for her and the next second she’s thanking me for a nice night and saying it was nice to meet me and she’s hailing a cab and I just… I’m just never gonna… how the hell am I ever gonna find
someone who’s not… who doesn’t think I’m a…. I’m a guy, dammit.”

His voice breaks again, and Maggie rocks him, and she kisses his forehead and she strokes his unpierced earlobe, and she lets a single tear slip out of her own eye as she whispers to him, tells him to let it out, tells him to let it go, tell him she’s got him, tells him she loves him.

His ragged breathing evens out after a while, and Alex looks up at them both with wide, sad eyes and a broken heart. She watches Maggie, because she has no idea what to say, no idea what to do, and her heart swells with gratitude, with pride, in her girlfriend, because Maggie is pulling back and stroking Adrian’s stubble lovingly, and drying his tears with her steady fingers.

“Adrian Rodriguez. You are too good for people who aren’t secure enough with themselves to know how to love you. You are too kind, too smart, too powerful, too incredible, for people who don’t look at you and see what I see: a dashing young man with big dreams and a big heart and a big brain, with a perfect smile and a damn sexy body. You’re going to find people who are going to see you for you, Ade. I promise you. It might not be this girl on tinder and it might not be the girl in chem lab that I know you’ve been crushing on because you talk about her like every time we check in.”

“I never said I – “

“I’m a detective, Adrian Rodriguez. I detect.”

“She’s used that line on me, too, kid, don’t feel bad.”

He laughs and Alex smiles as a tear streaks down her pale face and Maggie kisses Adrian’s broad nose.

“It might not be those girls, Ade, but I promise you, you’re going to find people – not just one, either – who are going to really see you, who are going to really love you. You’ve already got that, hell. Maybe not romantically, not yet, but you have time. You have lots of time. I promise. If romance is what you want, that’s exactly what you’re gonna find, because you’re amazing and you’re perfect and you deserve it. You hear me?”

“Yes ma’am,” he whispers, and Maggie grins and looks down at Alex with a cocky grin,

“Told you his mama raised him right.”

Alex laughs and Adrian grins. “I love you, Ade. Alright? I love you.”

“I love you, too, Maggie,” he tells her. “And I’m sorry again.”

“For what?”

“Well hey I mean if I’m not getting laid yet, that doesn’t mean I’m trying to stop you from getting some.”

Alex blushes furiously and Maggie smacks him lightly, gently, affectionately, on the shoulder.

“You know what, kid, I take it all back. You’re doomed to a life of isolation and misery.”

But Adrian just beams at her teasing and draws her into his muscled arms.

“Well, if this is what isolation and misery looks like, I’m all for it.”
Chapter 160

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi! I just wanted to quickly tell you how much I love all of your writing, you are seriously so talented! I have a prompt for you, I'm not sure if it's any good though so feel free to pass on it! Basically I have really bad social anxiety and sometimes I'll get panic attacks if I'm in a social situation with a ton of people so maybe you could write something where that happens to Alex or Maggie? Like they go to a work function together or something and one of them panics? Thank you!!

It hasn’t happened in a long time.

It hasn’t happened because she’s avoided situations where it can happen.

She hasn’t gone to social spaces that aren’t the bar – where it’s never super crowded, where it’s always people she’s comfortable with, where people are more than happy to leave her alone to do her own thing – and she hasn’t let her parents talk her into coming back for the huge family gatherings.

She’s been proud of herself for avoiding her triggers.

But she can’t avoid them forever, and certainly not now, because her captain tells her, with the order very clearly underlying his words, that her presence would be sorely missed if she neglected to go to yet another one of the precinct family outings.

Alex beams when she asks her to go with her, and Maggie can’t bring herself to tell her how terrified she is about the whole thing.


Yes, quite the opposite, yes, and no, just dealing with extreme social anxiety.

And she knows Alex, she trusts Alex, but Alex likes her because she’s tough, because she’s calm, and she doesn’t know how to tell her that on the inside, she feels none of these things. That on the inside, especially when there are so many people around, so many people who want to small talk her and touch her without asking and ask questions about her family that they would never ask a straight person and tell her so many racist things that they would never say to someone darker than her, she feels quite the opposite of tough and quite the opposite of calm.

So she just smiles and she thanks her and it’s settled, then.

But the morning of the precinct’s annual family picnic, she can’t get out of bed.

Alex is surprised that she refuses to go on their morning run, but she figures it’s the frantic, late-night sex and the early morning chill that’s keeping Maggie in bed.
It’s not until she gets back from her run and Maggie is still in the same position, still in bed, but with her eyes wide open, that Alex realizes something is wrong.

“Babe?” she asks, and she kneels by the bedside inside of sitting, because she’s sweaty and doesn’t want to mess up the blankets.

“Hey, how was your run?” Maggie smiles, but her voice is too high, her smile is too pinched, and Alex strips off her running jacket and watches her girlfriend carefully.

“Mags, what is it?”

Maggie bites her lip and finds that she can’t answer.

Alex runs through last night, through Maggie’s last week’s worth of cases, and she can’t find anything particularly disturbing, can’t find anything out of the ordinary.

The only new thing on the radar is the picnic today.

“Babe, are you nervous about today?”

Maggie sits up like a shot and she swings her feet off the bed mechanically. “Why would I be? Come on, it’s just a stupid picnic.”

“Maggie.”

She chances a look at Alex, and she doesn’t find judgment and she doesn’t find irritation. She finds love and she finds concern and she finds respect.

“Just… don’t leave my side while we’re there, okay?” She doesn’t explain further because she can’t. And, she hopes, she doesn’t have to.

Alex stares at her for a moment, a moment that lasts a lifetime to Maggie, but Alex’s eyes stay soft, stay kind, stay open, stay loving.

“I won’t leave your side for a single moment,” she promises, and Maggie’s chest opens up slightly, she can breathe a little more than a moment ago, because Alex isn’t asking her to explain, she’s just helping her to her feet, helping her to the shower, helping her into her clothes, helping her eat at least a little something, helping her out the door.

Alex helps. Alex helps a lot.

Maggie keeps her hand in a vice-like grip the entire time she introduces her around, the entire time Alex makes old white men laugh and young hot women blush.

Alex routinely runs her thumb over Maggie’s hand, and Alex routinely leans down to kiss her temple, picks her hand up to kiss her knuckles. Alex somehow figures out how to get them food without letting go of her hand a single time.

Alex helps. Alex helps a lot.

But Maggie’s panic spills over anyway.

Her chest constricts and her breathing quickens. Her eyes sting and her abs tighten. Her knees shake and her lip nearly bleeds with how hard she bites it.

“Alex,” she whispers, just once, because it’s all she can choke out, and Alex leads her away
immediately, brings her to the single-stall family bathroom, ignores scandalized glances from people milling nearby, and locks the door behind them.

“Do you need space or do you need to be held?” is all Alex asks, calmly, soothingly, lovingly, no trace of irritation in her voice, and Maggie reels, because she’s looking at Alex, and she’s looking for signs of irritation, and she can’t find any, and she doesn’t understand why not, but she lets her body collapse forward into Alex’s, and Alex’s strong arms envelop her, and she lets herself go.

She shakes and she sobs and she forgets how to breathe and she rocks and she grabs at Alex’s jacket desperately, desperately, needily.

“I’ve got you, Maggie. I’ve got you, I’ve got you, I’ve got you,” is all Alex says as she holds her, as she rocks her, as she kisses her hair, as she kisses her forehead, as she rubs small circles into her back.

Right when Maggie can’t see, right when Maggie is scared she’ll pass out from lack of oxygen, Alex pulls back, and Alex puts a hand on her chest.

“Breathe into my hand, Mags. You can do it, babe, just breathe into my hand.”

And Maggie does, does, does, focuses on pushing her chest out slow, slow, careful, calm, into Alex’s hands, and oxygen floods into her body again, and she steadies again, and she calms, calms, calms.

“Good girl, Maggie, you’re so brave.” Alex presses her forehead to Maggie’s and breathes with her, slow and steady.

“You’re so brave, my love.”

“Your love?” Maggie asks raggedly.

“Oh, I’m sorry, are you not mine?”

Maggie smiles shakily and looks up disbelievingly into Alex’s eyes. “Of course I’m yours, but I… love?”

“Of course I love you, Mags. Of course I love you. Is that not okay?”

“Yeah, of… of course it’s okay, just… I just had a complete breakdown over a fucking picnic, Al, I…”

“Yeah. Yeah, you did. And I love you. Problem?”

Alex is stroking her cheeks with her thumbs and Maggie has never felt so loved, so cared for, so wanted.

And suddenly, she laughs. “We’re in a bathroom.”

Alex grins. “We are.”

“A single-stall bathroom.”

“Mmmmmm.”

“And I’m sure I look like a mess.”
“You look beautiful.”

“Okay. But, a mess. All the cop wives are going to be scandalized.”

Alex’s grin deepens. “Nah, they’ll just be jealous that I get to get alone time in single-stall bathrooms with the most perfect girlfriend ever to…. girlfriend.”

“The most perfect girlfriend ever to girlfriend, Danvers?”

“Listen, you didn’t start dating me for my way with words.”

“No, you’re right. I started dating you because I was falling in love with you.”

“Was?”

“Yeah. Now I know I’m in love with you.”

“Excellent. Because I’m in love with you, too, Mags.”
Chapter 161

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

From an Ao3 user, 1984 – Hey I love your writing it’s beautiful and honest. And I don’t know if your taking any prompts anymore…but if you can and want to of course can you write a post of Alex being or figuring out that she is ace and Maggie loves her still. Kinda feeling scared that me being ace will lead to me being alone forever…

Maggie had told her she only got one.

She told her, and Alex listened, but Alex is panicking.

Because she’d told Maggie she’d never felt comfortable with intimacy. That she’d thought she wasn’t built that way.

And they’d gotten together, because of two kisses: Alex kissed her, and, a week or so later, Maggie kissed her back in earnest, and it was, in a world, breathtaking.

So Alex figured she could do the intimacy thing after all. Because she loved kissing Maggie. She loved kissing her and she loved holding her and she loved being held by her and she loved cuddling with her and she loved their evolving pet names and their flirting and their teasing and their brushing fingers and their burning desire for, simply, each other.

She loved touching Maggie’s skin and she loved when Maggie touched hers, fingertips on cheeks, fingertips on arms, fingertips on abs, fingertips running through each other’s hair, because god, did Maggie have gorgeous hair.

But now she’s panicking, because she knows that Maggie would never pressure her – hell, Maggie always seeks permission before even kissing her – but she also knows that Maggie wants more. Sexually.

And Alex? Alex doesn’t.

She wants more of Maggie. Wants more of her time, more of her affection, more of her voice, more of her stories, more of her laughter, more of her body warm and close and safe next to hers.

But Alex doesn’t want more sexually. And she knows Maggie does.

So she’s panicking, and she wants to run.

But Maggie had said she only got one, so instead of running, Alex calls her, and Alex paces, and Alex waits, and Alex resists finishing the bottle of bourbon in the cabinet.

“You know how scary it is to just be told to come over because we need to talk, right?” Maggie half-teases when Alex opens the door for her, and Maggie’s body language is guarded, and Alex’s stomach swoops unpleasantly because she’s afraid she’s lost her before she even properly tried to explain.
“Yeah, I do, I’m sorry, I just… I’m not trying to run. You said I get one, and I heard you, so I’m… I’m not trying to run, Maggie, but I…”

Maggie blinks and crosses her arms over her chest and sets her jaw. “But you?”

“I’m scared this isn’t going to work. For… for you.”

“For me.”

“Yeah.”

“Why… why would you think that?”

“I don’t know how to explain.”

Maggie takes a deep breath and tries to quell the growing pit in her stomach. “You’ve gotta give me more than that, Danvers.”

Alex perches on the edge of the couch and she stares up into Maggie’s shuttered, guarded eyes and she tries to trust, to trust, to believe, to hope.

“You want to have sex with me,” Alex winds up spluttering, and Maggie tilts her head and quirks her lips and uncrosses her arms.

“I… yes. Yeah, I do, but not until you’re ready, Alex, I – I don’t – “

“I don’t want to have sex with you.”

Maggie’s arms are crossed again and she backs up a small step. “I… I knew this would… you meet someone? I told you it was all just shiny, it – “

“What? No, Maggie, I don’t want to have sex with someone else. I told you I don’t know how to explain, I… I like… I love… I love being with you. I love kissing you and I love when you hold me and I love holding you, I love everything we’ve been doing, I love that you’re my girlfriend, I want you to be my girlfriend, I just… I don’t think I want to have sex.”

Maggie stills and watches her for a moment, tilted head and slowly unshuttering eyes and slowly uncrossing arms. She leans back against the counter and nods to herself, slowly, quietly, watching Alex’s rapidly reddening face, her rapidly tear-filling eyes.

“So you’re figuring out that you do like intimacy with girls. With me. But not all kinds of intimacy. Not sex.”

Alex’s lips trembles and Alex nods and Alex starts to creak out an apology, but suddenly Alex is wrapped in Maggie’s arms because suddenly Maggie is cradling her close to her chest and kissing her hair and rubbing small circles on her back.

“Shit, Danvers, I thought you were trying to leave me for someone else, this… it’s okay, it’s alright, you know you – hey, Al, look at me, babe – babe, you can be gay and you can be asexual – did you know there’s a word, a lot of them, for what you’re describing? – shit, Alex, I’m sorry, I thought you were trying to break up with me, I wouldn’t’v been so… Alex, it’s okay – “


Maggie nods and Maggie smiles and leans down to kiss the tears off of Alex’s cheek. “Yeah. I like having sex. I like sex. I want sex. With you. But I don’t want sex with you if you don’t want it, Al,
if that’s not the kind of intimacy you want. I want you, Alex, I… I’m falling in love with you. Not your body, not…”

“But how – “

“Does it make you uncomfortable? That I want you sexually?”

Alex shakes her head and sniffs, and Maggie nods.

“You trust that I wouldn’t try to get more from you than you want to give me?”

Alex nods and brings her hands up to Maggie’s face, and Maggie turns her face to kiss Alex’s palms.

“Would it make you uncomfortable if I um… if I thought about you? When I um… on my own… when I masturbate?”

“You would want to?”

“Think about my girlfriend when I need to make myself cum, yeah, but only if it doesn’t make you feel objectified or uncomfortable or – “

“No. It – no. You can, it… but won’t you… miss it?”

“You like what we’ve been doing so far? The kissing, the touching, the cuddling?”

Alex smiles through a sheen of tears. “I love it.”

“I only need from you the things you love sharing. I only want from you the things you love sharing. Alex, this… you being ace, it… you’re perfect, Alex. You are perfect. And if you wanna be with me, I wanna be with you. Only with you. I told you, Al: I don’t wanna imagine my life without you in it. And now, now that you’re my girlfriend, I don’t… I don’t wanna imagine my life without you as exactly that. As my girlfriend. And maybe, one day, as more. You’re perfect, Alex, okay? Perfect.”

“You’re not mad?”

“I have zero reason to be.”

“You wanna be with me?”

Maggie glances at Alex’s mouth and raises her eyebrows, and Alex answers her question by bringing her lips up to meet Maggie’s.

Maggie smiles into their kiss, and Alex does, too.

“Yes, Alex Danvers. Of course I wanna be with you.”
Chapter 162

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Mom, if it's not too much to ask, could you do a story about Maggie having trouble dealing with a perpetually disappointed parent? Constantly being disappointed in her lifestyle choices out of 'love and worry'(style of dress, job, eating habits, etc.) and J'onn noticing and balancing it out with his own brand of space-dad approval? It's getting harder and harder to deal with my mom's disapproval lately. I feel like I can't do anything right. If not, I can wait for prompts to open again.

He only ever hears one side of the conversation, but that's all he needs to hear to put the pieces together.

“Now’s not a great time, Pop, is Ma okay? I – yeah – yeah, I’m on duty. Yeah, Pop, I know it’s eleven at night. No, come on, I can’t do this right now. Because I love my job, Pop, it’s important, I’m changing the force from the ins– you know what, I don’t – I don’t have time for this, I gotta go. I love you. Yes, of course I do, why the hell would you say something like that? I – hello? Bye to you, too.”

Another night, this time earlier in the evening, the day after Maggie picked up Alex wearing a sharp flannel and massive smile, with a dozen red roses in tow. Winn had insisted on taking their picture, and apparently Maggie had sent it to her parents, because I want them to see how absolutely beautiful my girlfriend is.

“Hey Pop, how you doing? Aw, you did? Isn’t she gorgeous? I – it – I – I think I was in a flannel, wasn’t I? It – yeah, I know I’m not on the farm anymore, trust me, I know – no, Pop – “ J’onn almost doesn’t notice when Maggie switches to Portuguese, having known the language for so long the translation came to his mind just as quickly as the English did – “It’s not just a white girl look, Pop, plenty of self-respecting brown women dress like this, I’m not betraying anyt – well hey, you didn’t see anything wrong with raising me in an all-white town – no, I know you love me, I know you want what’s best for me – “ J’onn blinks when she switches seamlessly back to English – “but maybe what’s best for me is having you actually be happy for me when I send you a picture of me so clearly happy with how my life is right now, instead of calling me to just to criticize my – no, I don’t wanna talk to her right now, I – “

She groans and J’onn lowers his eyes and sighs quietly.

It happens again as she and Alex are gearing up for Alex’s first visit to Blue Springs, which has one of his girls wide-eyed and nervous, and the other both loving and terribly, terribly tense.

“Nah, tell her she doesn’t have to make me anything special, I’ll just whip something up for myself when we get there – yes, Alex will eat what she – because, Pop, I’ve been vegan for years, you’d think you both would get used to it by – well somehow I manage, and Mama is the one who taught me to cook, so if I can figure it out, I – no, you know what, you’re right, I’m sorry, I’m not trying
to fight with you, just… just don’t go to any trouble, okay, I’ll work it out when I get there, I – no, I didn’t mean – yes Pop. Yes sir. Yeah. I love you. Bye.”

J’onn doesn’t imagine it would help his newest child much if he flew himself out to Blue Springs and gave Mr. Sawyer a piece of his mind.

And Maggie always slips off into a corner, whisper-shouts instead of shout-shouting, turns her face, her body, away when she gets her father’s calls. And she’s not like Alex, but she is, she is, so he doesn’t want to hurt her pride by bringing it up with her directly. Or violate her privacy, for that matter (though he supposes he can’t very well help what his ears pick up).

So instead, he starts doing small things, saying small things, that he hopes she’ll notice, that he hopes will lift, at least a little, the sad sagging in her shoulders; relieve, at least a little, the tension in her coiled lower back, her fists; soothe, at least a little, the burning tears in her eyes, the raging pit in her stomach, the defeat in her chest.

“You know, Detective Sawyer, since you started liaising with the DEO, our communication with the NCPD has never been better. The increased efficiency is saving a lot of lives; that’s a lot you have to be proud of.”

Alex is – nowadays, anyway – generally the one to blush, to squirm, to fumble over her words. And, true to form, Maggie doesn’t squirm, not exactly, but she stammers a bit and it’s clear she doesn’t know what to say, doesn’t know how to respond, doesn’t know how to feel, doesn’t know what to do with her hands, her eyes, her face.

So she falls back on her training, and she nods, and she says, simply, “Thank you, sir. That… means a lot.”

He covers her shoulder with his hand and she looks almost overcome by the gesture.

And then again, later, the next time he sees her decked out in flannel and sharp pants and a belt of the sort that he’s overhead Winn referring to as gloriously gay, he makes sure he smiles at her. He clears his throat, because if what he’s about to say is going to be uncomfortable for her, it’s even moreso for him, but that doesn’t matter, because she deserves to hear it from a potentially father-type figure.

So he clears his throat once, twice, and before she can ask if he wants some water, he forces out, “You look particularly sharp today, Detective. Agent Danvers is fortunate to have a woman as beautiful as you.”

“J’onn, are you hitting on Alex’s girlfriend?”

“Oh, leave the man alone, Schott, just because he knows how to compliment a woman better than you do,” Maggie quips through her smile, through her deep, deep blush. She reaches up to put her hand on J’onn’s shoulder, this time, and he’s sure that as she walks away, it’s with a straighter spine and a prouder strut.

And when it’s one of the rookie agent’s birthdays and Kara insists on throwing him a little party, it’s J’onn who takes Maggie aside to make sure she knows that there are three different flavors of vegan ice cream, just for her.

“You know, when I first arrived on this planet, I was startled by how many human cultures emphasize animal flesh as their major culinary staples. Since then I’ve deeply appreciated humans who can see part their society, to a different sort of ethics.”
Maybe it’s because she and Alex didn’t get much sleep the night before, so her guard is lower than it might otherwise be; maybe it’s because J’onn’s eyes are as soft and as warm as his voice is awkward and gruff; or maybe it’s because her own father’s words are still stinging so sharply, so loudly, so painfully, in her ears; or maybe it’s all of it, everything, because suddenly Maggie is leaning up on her tip toes and she’s reaching her arms up and she’s burying her face in J’onn’s chest.

He only hesitates for a brief, startled moment before he wraps his arms around her, too, one of his hands covering the entire small of her back.

“Thank you, J’onn,” she’s whispering, and he catches Alex’s wet smile from across the room over Maggie’s head.

“Thank you, Maggie. Thank you for giving my girls – both of them – such happiness. We are all… truly lucky to have you in our lives.”

And now, if Maggie doesn’t know what to say, it’s because her body is speaking her gratitude for her, and J’onn nods when Alex mouths her thanks at him, because he means it; even in times like these, they’re still lucky, because they have, somehow, against all odds and probabilities, found each other.
Chapter 163

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

(I know you're not accepting prompts anymore and I'm really sorry but can I throw this one onto the pile? It's okay if I can't, I'm sorry, I don't mean to disrespect you. I was just thinking that maybe Alex could have PTSD? Or maybe she'd self-harm? I mean, I think she risks her life a lot more when she feels like she isn't enough. It would just be great to read that her friends still wouldn't leave her. But it's okay to ignore this, I'm really sorry. And thank you so much for being so selfless.)

Hi hun! No worries: this is exactly the kind of prompt I’m open for and wanting to get to before I sift through the rest of the pile. I do have a fic here – Chapter 158 – where Alex has PTSD, but it’s not as detailed as you seem to want, so I wrote you another one!! :)

TW for self harm, specifically cutting.

It’s not backfiring cars or gunshots resonating into the night that activate her, though sometimes she wishes it were.

Because for Alex, loud bangs and heavy impacts are still her daily life. If they trigger her, she must simply be walking wounded at every moment. And sometimes, when she’s deep into the latest bottle of bourbon, she knows that that’s exactly what she is; perpetually traumatized.

But, more often than that, the alcohol drowns the acknowledgments that would make it real, that would give it words, that would make it something she has to deal with. And she doesn’t want to, because if she does, then she is not perfect. Then she is not made of steel.

Then she has to admit to being forged in the hottest of fires and emerging not just sharp as death, but also burned beyond recognition.

But lately, she is something else. Someone else. Because lately, she’s been more likely to have one beer than six shots. Because lately, she’s been looking forward to bedtime, not dreading it as a waste, a dull necessity, an absolute terror.

Because lately, there’s been Maggie Sawyer.

And she loves it, and she hates it, because now there’s someone next to her – someone who knows, someone who notices, someone who cares – when she wakes up screaming for Kara to come back from Krypton, yelling for Astra not to kill J’onn, please, because Alex doesn’t want to make this choice, doesn’t want to kill her, please, pleading for Non to just kill her, please, it can be as slow as he wants, just please, don’t force her to hurt her sister, please, please, please.

Maggie holds her, and Maggie rocks her, and Maggie soothes her, and Maggie’s body is pliant and willing when Alex’s eyes darken, when Alex pins her down and fucks her, hard, because when
Maggie is writhing underneath her, it’s in pleasure, not pain; when Maggie is begging her please, please, please, it’s in desperate rapture, not desperate terror; when Maggie scratches her nails down her back and screams her name, it’s in love, not in fear, in lust, not in horror, in ecstasy, not in hatred.

Maggie knows, and Maggie lets her use her body like a bandage because Alex – even as she is rough, even as she is hard, even as she is callous, even as she is ruthless – is always, always, also somehow gentle, somehow giving, somehow attention, somehow caring. Maggie knows, and Maggie loves her, and Maggie is willing, and Maggie wants her. Just as she is.

But when it goes beyond nightmares – when it’s conversations with her mother that end with her phone shattering against a distant wall, when it’s a sense of failure that seizes her chest like an iron fist because when Alex Danvers fails, people could die, people have died, Kara could die, Kara almost died – when it leaves Alex frozen and broken and nearly catatonic on the bathroom floor, razor in hand because there needs to be something, something, something she can control – when it goes beyond screaming from nightmares and turns into silent, private bleeding, Maggie knows, and Maggie breathes deep to steady her hands, and she picks the lock on the bathroom door, and she doesn’t yell, and she doesn’t ask, and she doesn’t accuse.

She just takes the razor away and she takes Alex’s hands into hers and she examines and she cleans and wraps and she kisses, gently, gently, gently, saying nothing, demanding nothing, because Alex right now can give nothing beyond her compliance, beyond her tears, beyond her exhaustion, beyond her limp-limbed acceptance of Maggie’s help, and right now, that is all Maggie needs from her.

“I’m sorry,” is the first thing Alex rasps when she can open her mouth again, when she trusts herself to open her mouth again, when she thinks she can manage it without throwing up all over Maggie’s bloodstained grey henley.

“Ally, you have nothing to apologize for,” Maggie whispers, and it’s gentle but it’s firm and so is the kiss she places to Alex’s knuckles.

“Oh no? I couldn’t even figure out what was wrong with M’gann, I couldn’t save any of your friends at the bar, I couldn’t stop Lilian Luthor from releasing that weapon, and if Lena hadn’t… and I can’t find my father and I can’t do anything right and I react like such a grown woman, right, locking myself in my bathroom and…” She splutters and brandishes her arm uselessly and she shudders and she wishes Maggie hadn’t interrupted her when she did, because all she can see is the light leaving Kara’s eyes over Astra’s body, all she can see is Astra’s body replaced with Kara’s on the edge of her Kryptonite sword, all she can hear is her mother’s voice calling her exceptional some days and a disappointment most, and all she can smell is the dull mix of chemicals in her lab that she’s useless, useless, useless to help anyone from, and her body curls in on itself, and she collapses into Maggie’s chest, and she knows she can’t ride this wave out, knows she won’t survive it, but Maggie is whispering that she’s brave, that she’s strong, that she’s perfect, that she’s alright, that she’s gonna be just fine, that she’s loved, that she’s loved, that she’s loved.

She doesn’t remember falling asleep, but when she opens her eyes, soft light is pouring through the windows, and Kara is playing a quiet card game with James while Winn helps Maggie make something that smells suspiciously like her favorite kind of pancakes.

“Morning, beautiful,” Maggie calls softly from the kitchen when she glances at Alex’s open eyes on the couch, and Alex panics because her arm, her arm, her arm, but Maggie must have changed her into a long sleeved shirt, because Maggie knows it’s Alex’s to tell, but she also knows that
family, family, family.

“What’re you all doing here?” Alex sits up groggily, and Kara goes to hold her, and James smiles softly while Winn flips pancakes and touches squeezes Maggie’s hand.

“We don’t have to stay,” Kara says, “It’s whatever you want. But Maggie said you had a rough night, and we just wanted to remind you that we love you. No matter what.”

“And to thank you,” James pitches in. “You keep saving all of our asses out there, and I think it’s become so normal we’ve kind of forgotten to thank you. So… thank you.”

Alex smiles wetly and stares past them both to Maggie’s suddenly still form in the kitchen.

“I love you,” Maggie tells her, simply, and Winn and Kara both awww while James smiles and looks down.

“Yeah?” Alex asks, and in the one word are a thousand questions, about why and about how and about still and about after last night how could you and about but I don’t deserve your love.

Maggie smiles broader and wipes her hands on Winn’s shirt as she crosses the living room to kneel in front of Alex.

“Always, Alex Danvers. Always.”
Chapter 164

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi, I know you're drowning in prompts and stuff, and I really don't want to pressure you with another one... But I've been struggling with eating disorders for most of my life, and I'd love if you could write about Alex or Maggie dealing with one. I'm sorry, this is quite a stupid prompt... But I've never had anyone who really understood what I'm going through and supported me, so it'd be nice if one of them had the other to love her no matter what. Thanks for your stories, they're amazing! <3

Eliza keeps trying to tell her she’s beautiful, keeps trying to tell her that her body is perfect just as it is, but Eliza doesn’t understand.

Because she can train – and god, does she train – and she can prepare and she can strap herself into armor and she can strut into a war zone with a kind of calm composure no human being should ever have to possess.

But she can’t control what happens, then.

It doesn’t matter how much she trains – though she keeps training harder, of course – her body still has been out of her control. Her body has still not been hers.

Has never been hers, really, not since she was a girl, because her body was Kara’s, her body was Eliza’s, her body was Jeremiah’s; her body was to protect one and make the other, for once, proud, and honor the other’s memory, which she couldn’t even do, now, because he was alive, alive, alive, but she can’t find him and she can’t do anything right because Eliza says she’s beautiful, but she doesn’t mean it, not really, because that pinching behind Eliza’s eyes means she’s frustrated and that slight strain underneath her voice means she wants to call her Alexandra and that small twitch of her left ring finger means that she wishes Jeremiah were here because he was the only one who could stand a chance at talking some sense into the headstrong girl but he isn’t, he isn’t, he isn’t, and before, it was out of Alex’s control, but now it’s just Alex’s fault.

And it hurts, but it feels good, because Kara can remind her that she forgets to eat when she’s stressed and she can tempt her with all the Chicago food truck goodies in the world, but no one – not Kara, not Eliza, not Jeremiah’s not-quite-dead ghost, not the DEO, not Cadmus, hell, not Maggie – can make her open her lips.

Feels good because she can pass it off as being busy, as being stressed, and she’ll force down what she needs, once in a while, Winn’s trying-to-be-subtle concerned squint and J’onn’s furrowed brow can’t make her not bring it back up, because this? This she can be perfect at. This? This she can control.

Until she can’t.
Until her knees buckle on a mission and her world goes black and she wakes up back at the DEO with an IV in her arm that she immediately tries to tear out, because how dare they, how dare they, how dare they, but Maggie’s hand is soft and Maggie’s lips are soft and Maggie’s eyes are wet but they’re not angry, and Kara’s smiling is trembling and Kara’s voice is shaking but her eyes are clear and her body holds no anger, no frustration, no irritation, no sign that she thinks Alex has failed.

And Alex looks for the signs, she searches for them, because she knows, she knows, that she has failed.

But when Maggie asks how she’s feeling, she can’t detect a lecture on the horizon, and when Kara says how scared she was when Alex collapsed, she can’t detect a hint of accusation, a hint of blame.

She doesn’t want to ask because she doesn’t want to concede that anything’s wrong, but she needs to ask like she needs oxygen because if she can’t have the control she needs all alone, maybe she can get it by surrendering some of it – gifting some of it – to the people who hold her like this, who love her like this.

“Stay?”

“Got nowhere better to be, Danvers,” Maggie kisses her forehead, and her broken, relieved eyes swivel to Kara.

“Always,” her sister tells her, and Alex knows – for reasons she can’t understand, not now, not yet, but she thinks maybe she will someday – that she means it.
Chapter 165
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we please have a fic where Alex finds out that several of Maggie's past relationships have been abusive towards her after observing that she apologizes for everything and that sometimes when Alex gestures a little to wildly she'll flinch like she's expecting her to hit her and she doesn't really believe she's worth being loved because she was told so many times she wasn't. And Maggie doesn't know what to do cause she's actually being loved by someone and it's super overwhelming for her.

Maggie might be the detective in the relationship, but she isn’t the only one who can detect.

It doesn’t take long for her to piece together that she’s not the only one this relationship is difficult for.

For her, it’s because she’s never felt all these things before, she’s never done all these things, and it’s all just so new and exciting and terrifying and what if she’s not the perfect girlfriend but god does she want to be.

But for Maggie, Alex is coming to figure out, the relationship is different for an entirely different set of reasons.

It’s not as much in the words Maggie says, but in the way her body shrinks, the way her voice shrinks, the way her entire energy shrinks, whenever Alex gestures unexpectedly, whenever Alex is laying down reading and gets an idea about something or other for her lab and sits up quickly, suddenly, wildly.

Maggie always flinches away, flinches in, flinches hard, and though she manages to always hold in a gasp, there’s always cold fear in her eyes and resigned determination in her jaw.

That same cold fear comes floods her eyes when she has to ask Alex to get something on a higher shelf when she’s cooking at they’re staying in Alex’s apartment. Especially when Alex is otherwise occupied and Maggie has to ask her to go out of her way, she asks small, she asks timid, she asks with six sorries beginning the sentence and six sorries ending the sentence.

And when she has to cancel a date because there’s an emergency at work, she sends Alex at least eight different apology and how can I make it up to you texts before Alex has the chance to even respond to the first one.

So when Alex brings her flowers for the first time – blushing and beaming and bouncing on the balls of her feet – it doesn’t take her long to figure out why Maggie flinches backward, why Maggie cries, why Maggie shakes her head and refuses to speak and just keeps apologizing, apologizing, apologizing.

Because when Alex refuses to be angry, when Alex refuses to be offended, when Alex refuses to
leave, Maggie breathes somewhat more steadily, and Alex waits, and then Maggie talks.

“Right out of college, my ex, she would uh… she would bring me flowers after she’d…” Maggie sighs and shakes and idly fingers one of the scars on her arm. “And she’d be mad at me when they died, even though they’re fucking picked flowers, they’re already basically dead, because I couldn’t take care of anything, or myself, let alone her, and I told her to just not get me flowers then but she would anyway and I – “

“Mags,” Alex is kneeling in front of her, now, leaning up to kiss her slow tears, now. “I will never lay a finger on you. I will never try to convince you that the world is your fault. I will never be mad at you for asking me for something you need, and I will never be mad at you for being good to yourself. I will, however, track down this girl and kill her for you. That I’ll do gladly.”

Maggie chuckles and Alex smiles and leans her forehead up to rest on Maggie’s.

“I will always treat you like you deserve to be treated, Maggie. Like you’re loved. Because I do. Love you.”

Maggie swallows and Maggie tries to breathe because she’s searching for the lie in Alex’s eyes and she can’t find it, and she smiles, because maybe, just maybe, this one won’t sting.

She grows to love when Alex brings her flowers, and Alex knows, and Alex brings them to her all the time.
Alex groans in the bathroom and Maggie pokes her head out of the bedroom door.

“You okay, babe?”

“Ugh, no, fuck me.”

Maggie brightens. “Okay, I’m game.” She hears Alex chuckle and sigh and groan again.

“No, I… I’m on my stupid period.”

Maggie laughs sympathetically and continues getting dressed. “I’m sorry, babygirl. You cramping up?”

“I’m gonna. Ugh, and we have a sting op today.”

“Oh, babe, no!”

“Oh, babe, yes.” Maggie smiles and shakes her head at Alex’s humorless voice, and she turns when Alex trudges out of the bathroom a few minutes later while dry-swallowing a motrin.

She collapses face-forward on Maggie’s bed before turning and curling into a fetal ball.

Maggie tilts her head and her eyes soften before she pads out of the room quickly.

“Why are you abandoning me?” Alex groans after her, self-deprecation layered somewhere under the despair in her voice.

“I would never do that, Ally,” Maggie calls from the kitchen, and she comes back into the room a few minutes later with a warmed up heating pad and a soft smile.

“Come here, Danvers,” she says as she kneels on the bed in front of her, rolling Alex over onto her back and straddling her. Her fingers hesitate at the hem of Alex’s shirt, and Alex shakes her head.

“I’m all bloated and gross.”

“You’re never gross, babe,” Maggie counters, but she moves her fingers, but Alex is suddenly keening at the loss. Maggie arches an eyebrow and Alex slowly lifts up her own shirt to grant
Maggie the access she’d been requesting.

Maggie smiles softly and her eyes light up, as they always do when she’s looking at Alex’s body, and Alex doesn’t understand because she’s bloated and she’s bloody and she’s not at all worthy of being looked at like that. Not today, anyway.

But Maggie strokes her stomach with near reverence, and Maggie bends down to press her lips gently, gently, gently, all across Alex’s lower stomach, tracing the line of her underwear with her lips, wanting to go lower but not wanting to ask Alex, not yet, if even lifting up her shirt was a struggle right now.

“Why are you doing that?” Alex asks, and Maggie looks up from her ministrations and tilts her head.

“Because your body hates you right now, but I love you and I love your body, so I’m trying to remind it whose will is stronger.”

Alex laughs because Maggie Sawyer, Maggie Sawyer, Maggie Sawyer, and Maggie kisses her swollen belly one more time before grabbing at the heating pad she’d brought in, lowering Alex’s shirt again, and pressing the warmth a few inches below Alex’s navel, and Alex moans in part pain, part relief.

“You know you can call in today, babe. Your body’s ragingly upset, same like it is when you have the flu or a stomach virus or something,” Maggie tells her as she pulls her into her arms, kissing her hair and rubbing soothing circles onto her arms.

“Can you call in, too?” Alex wants to know, and Maggie smiles.

“Netflix and chill it is, Danvers.”

“Netflix and cramp, more like it, Sawyer.”

Maggie kisses her and Maggie shrugs and Maggie loves her, loves her, loves her. “Netflix and me convincing your body that I love you more than it hates you and it should release you from this vile spell, most like it, Danvers.”

“Pfft, and you call me a nerd.”

“Takes one to know one, Danvers. Takes one to know one.”
Chapter 167

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

What do you think would cause Maggie to have a red moment as a top? (just an answer is fine, unless you want to fic this; I would not complain!)

It’s her job to monitor Alex’s color; her job to put her fingers on Alex’s palm and make sure she squeezes before continuing; to make sure, that as Alex’s is cuffed and blindfolded and naked underneath her, her hand clamping Alex’s mouth closed, quiet, that Alex wants everything, wants more, wants it all, wants her.

It’s her job to make sure Alex is good, at every single moment.

And she takes her job very seriously.

But Alex is strong and Alex likes it rough, so when Maggie is buried inside her, ragged breath and hard thrusts, she feels Alex’s muffled screaming in her palm and she glances up, to where Alex’s hands are cuffed above her head, to make sure, to make sure, to make sure.

Because she takes her job very seriously.

But so does Alex, and Alex’s job – at the DEO, anyway – is pain, and Alex doesn’t notice that she’s writhing so hard in the cuffs that her skin is getting red, that her skin is starting to tear, that her skin is starting to bleed.

Maggie’s heart lurches and Maggie is dizzy and Maggie stops moving immediately and Alex whines and Alex begs and Alex pleads and Alex moans, because she thinks Maggie’s teasing her, she thinks Maggie just needs her to show her what a good girl she is, how she deserves to be fucked really good and just like that, but Alex freezes when she hears Maggie panting out, “Red, red, red.”

“It’s okay, babe, I’m okay, it’s okay, you’re okay,” Alex streams out in a single breath, because Maggie’s hand is gone from her mouth now and she’s shaking above her and she’s apologizing over and over and Alex can’t tell what for but she knows she wants to hold her, to hold her, to hold her, to let Maggie hold her, so she offers up her hands, her wrists, so they can be unlocked, so they can be free to soothe through Maggie’s hair and stroke her cheeks and hold her, soothe her, love her.

And that’s when she sees the red marks the cuffs have made with the force of her writhing, and that’s when she sees Maggie’s fingers tremble as they work at the lock, and that’s when she sees Maggie’s eyes water as she brings her lips to Alex’s stinging skin, and that’s when she realizes why Maggie’s color went red.

“Babe, you didn’t hurt me, I’m good, I’m okay, you didn’t hurt me, it doesn’t hurt,” Alex repeats, kissing Maggie’s forehead as Maggie worries over her wrists.

“You told me you were okay and it didn’t hurt last time you got shot in the field,” Maggie protests,
and it would be funny if her voice weren’t so shredded with tears, with worry, with fear.

“Hey, hey, hey, this isn’t that. We’re not in the field, we’re at home. I’m in your bed. Your very, very comfortable, but not as comfortable as mine and I don’t know why you keep insisting we sleep here bed.”

“Your room doesn’t even have a door, Danvers – “ Maggie stops her spluttering when she sees Alex’s smile, and her eyes water again.

“You’re okay? I didn’t hurt you?”

Alex glances at her wrists and grins wickedly. “I’m pretty sure I did this to myself. You did warn me not to move, after all.”

Her voice drops and Maggie’s breath hitches and Alex strokes her hair, her cheeks, her jawline.

“I know you’d never hurt me, Maggie. I’m good. I promise. Okay?”

Maggie nods and kisses her softly before gathering her into her arms. Alex melts into her embrace and Maggie needs to make sure one more time.

“You’re not mad?”

“Of course I’m not mad, Mags. I love how you look out for me. So much.”

Maggie smiles and presses a kiss to Alex’s hair. “Good then, Danvers. Because I’m always gonna look out for you.”

“Sounds perfect to me.”
Chapter 168
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Can you do a fanfic about them doing a really intense scene and subspacey Alex and Maggie helping Alex out of subspace and taking care of her?

^^ prompt from anon – and, before folks flood my box with the question, this is the subspace the anon is referring to ;)

It’s been nearly two hours and Maggie still won’t let her cum.

Every time Alex begs – which is against the rules they agreed on – she has to choose a card.

Every time Alex screams – also against their rules for the evening – she has to choose a card.

And Alex hasn’t, tonight, been the best at following rules.

So, according to the scrawl in her own handwriting on the first card she chose – the first time she screamed because Maggie had slipped inside her in one swift, hard motion – she wasn’t allowed to cum until Maggie said so.

She begged, next, because Maggie’s fingers were buried deep inside her but she wouldn’t put her palm on Alex’s clit. The card she chose then was, again in her own handwriting, an order that she bend over for Maggie so she could smack her ass until it was red, until she was dripping down her thighs, but she wasn’t allowed to make a sound, and she wasn’t allowed to bring her hands around to touch her clit.

Maggie asked her color, then, and Alex was green, green, green, so Maggie took pity on her and helped her out, tying a gag around her mouth so she wouldn’t be quite so tempted to scream.

But when Maggie’s hand came down for the first time, she screamed anyway, and the next card she drew had Maggie kissing her, asking her if she’d be okay for a moment, had Alex gasping, nodding, yes, yes, yes, because the card she’d written earlier was instructing her to let Maggie melt ice on her clit, and yes, yes, yes she’d be okay while Maggie went to grab some.

They went on like this longer than Alex could keep track of, Maggie checking at each step of the way, Alex begging for more at each step of the way, until finally, Alex is on all fours, wrists and ankles tied down, and her ass is red from Maggie’s palm and her glasses are all she’s wearing while Maggie is fully clothed and fucking her, fucking her, fucking her harder than she’s ever known she was allowed to ask for, and she’s screaming and writhing in protest when Maggie suddenly stops because Maggie gets to control when she cums and Alex loves it and Alex is wrecked and Alex can’t tell when she stops being able to breathe, stops being able to process, stops being able to answer when Maggie asks for her color, because all she wants is more, more, more.

But Maggie can tell, and Maggie knows her girl has slipped into subspace, knows her girl is flying in an ecstasy she never knew possible, and Maggie’s happy, and Maggie’s proud, but Maggie
knows that Alex needs to come down because she’s experiencing such an intense high that her lips can no longer make words and her body can no longer register pain and god Maggie loves fucking her like this, but another time, another time, another time.

“Ally,” she says as she slows her thrusts, with an authoritative edge at first, so the contrast doesn’t jar Alex, so the transition out of subspace, out of ecstasy, doesn’t hurt her, doesn’t scare her.

“Ally, you did such a good job for me, babygirl. You’re such a good girl for me, you know that?” she asks, her voice gentler now, her voice easing out of their scene, now.

Alex whines inarticulately and rocks her ass back into Maggie’s strap on, and Maggie moans softly and pulls back slightly, slightly, slowly.

“You did a great job for me, Ally, but it’s time to come back now. You wanna be a good girl and come back for me?”

Alex sighs heavily as Maggie slips out of her slowly, slowly, gently, and Alex starts sinking down from her knees to her stomach.

“There’s my girl,” Maggie whispers, and she kisses her way up Alex’s spine, kissing a path up to her wrists and back down to her ankles, unlocking the cuffs and kissing the faint pink marks they’d left.

“How you doing, babe?” she asks as she pulls Alex’s slightly shivering body into hers, as she pulls the covers over them both and warms Alex with her arms, with her blanket, with her butterfly kisses on her face.

“Hey Mags,” Alex breathes, and Maggie smiles, and Alex returns it wearily. “I really liked that. We can do it again?”

“Whenever you want, babe,” Maggie kisses her gently, and Alex swoons softly.

“You liked?”

“I’m pretty sure I’m soaked through my jeans, so uh… yeah. Yeah, I did.”

Alex smiles and cuddles closer into Maggie’s body, breathing deep and breathing in everything that is her girlfriend.

“Good.”

“Alex?”

“Mmm?”

“I love you so much.”

“I love you too, Maggie. I love you, too.”
Chapter 169

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

(so, um, get to this one whenever you want, it's not urgent, but) i know we have the strap-on fic (or two), but maybe could you do one where (maybe after they've had sex once or twice) alex figures out she doesn't like penetration like, at all? (kinda inspired by my own thoughts about what i like doing to myself vs what i might like if i ever actually have sex with someone (i'm a-spec but not opposed to the idea))

She’s soaked and she’s arching her hips and she’s wrecked and she’s holding Maggie’s hand and she’s begging because she wants Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, the first time Maggie slips her fingers inside her.

And she gasps and she moans because she loves how closely Maggie watches her, loves how slow Maggie goes for her, loves how careful Maggie is with her, loves how Maggie asks every few seconds if this is okay, if that’s okay, if this feels good, if that feels good.

And it does, vaguely, because Maggie turns her on and Maggie makes her soaked and Maggie isn’t hurting her, but the pressure isn’t that mind-blowing thing that makes her want to toss her head back and scream like everyone seems to talk about penetration as.

No. That mind-blowing thing is Maggie’s tongue teasing her nipple, is Maggie’s palm pressuring her clit, is Maggie's thigh between her legs, is Maggie’s lips on her neck.

This penetration thing? It’s better than it ever was with men, because god, at least she’s wet, now, at least Maggie’s paying attention to her, now, but it’s not great and it’s actually not even good.

And Maggie freezes, and Maggie pulls out gently, gently, because Maggie reads it in her face, in her body.

And, to her surprise, before she can even start to panic because she messed things up, Maggie smiles.

“Penetration not your thing, Danvers?” she asks, and Alex searches for the irritation, the disappointment, the anger, in Maggie’s eyes, but she finds only respect, only happiness, only the giddiness of learning something new about her.

Alex shakes her head and Maggie’s smile deepens and she crawls up Alex’s body to press a kiss to her lips and whisper headily into her ear. “That’s okay, Al. I think I know something that is.”

And she slips her thigh between Alex’s legs and Alex gasps and Alex grabs at Maggie hips and Alex smiles, because this must be what it’s like to have real intimacy, to have real love.

And it really is fantastic.
Chapter 170

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I'm studying for a quiz in my pharmacology class and I'm super super nervous for it, so could you maybe write a fic that's a College AU where Alex fails a test and Maggie comforts her? Thank you! Your writing always makes my day. :)

She’d blown off the class because she was hungover and she was depressed, and hell, all her perfect scores were never going to be enough for Eliza anyway, so what the hell did it even matter?

Well, it mattered now, because she’d failed the next day’s exam. She’d failed, and a stupid organic chem test at that, something she was supposed to be amazing at, something other people, less Alex Danvers people, were supposed to sweat over, panic over. Fail.

But now she was the one with a scarlet F on her chest, and now more people than just Eliza would be able to see her for what she really was: a disappointment.

She ignores her girlfriend’s texts as she storms back to her dorm, and she snaps at her roommate so sharply that Lena just arches an eyebrow, slings her bag over her shoulder, and stalks off to Kara’s room.

She groans irritably at the rap on the door a few minutes later, figuring that Lena forget something, figuring she’d forgotten her keys or didn’t feel like digging for them in her bag, figuring that Lena decided not to let her off the hook for her bad mood so easily after all, and she stomped over to the door and opened it aggressively.

“What.”

Her tirade stops before it begins when the woman standing in the doorway isn’t her roommate, but her girlfriend.

“Lena warned me you were in a mood when I passed by her just now, but damn, Danvers. Do I have to kill anyone for you?”

Alex just huffs and steps back from the doorway to let Maggie in, because her bag is about three times her size and sure enough, she lets it down with a relieved grunt as she sinks into Lena’s beanbag chair and pulls Alex down into her lap.

“What happened, Alex?”

Alex glares daggers at her before leaning over and grabbing at her own bag, thrusting the crumpled score sheet into Maggie’s confused hands.

“Oh, Alex,” Maggie sighs sympathetically, pulling Alex down into her shoulder.
“You’ll make it up, babe, you’re amazing at this stuff. You just had an off few days, your mom really got you down last week, you know? And hey, she doesn’t have to find out. Your mom, I mean. We’re apparently all independent and shit now, babe.”

“Okay, fine, but even if I don’t tell her, this just proves her right,” Alex counters grumpily, but she snuggles deeper into Maggie’s lap because even if she won’t admit it, she loves being held by her (albeit tiny) girlfriend.

“Hey, Ally, don’t say that, okay? She’s not right. You’re a lot of things, great in bed being one of them – ow! that’s a rude way to respond to a compliment – but babe, a failure is not one of the things you are. You’re fantastic, Alex, you’re brilliant, and some stupid test doesn’t define you, or how much you’re worth, okay? And you’re worth everything to me. Everything. Okay?”

There’s a long pause where Alex stares at Maggie, trying to judge the truth behind her words.

“Great in bed, huh?” is what she finally says, deciding that maybe she’s worth something beyond an exam after all.

Something that feels a lot like love, and being loved, and being here, here, here.
Chapter 171

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Toothbrush

It’s a habit leftover from her teenage years.

She would always keep a toothbrush and travel tube of toothpaste in the glove compartment of her pickup.

Because she never knew what girls were going to kiss her under the bleachers (and then tell their boyfriends that she came onto them and their boyfriends would tell her to go back to where she came from and add whatever filthy word they could find for lesbian in their ever-expanding vocabulary, but hey, at least her breath would be minty fresh).

And, more, she never knew when she’d need to climb out her bedroom window or slam out the front door, and drive, drive, drive, and sleep in the truck because she kept blankets in there but still, it was cold, but the cold was better than her father’s reprimands, her father’s disappointment; and in the morning, again, at least her teeth would be clean when she pulled up to school in crumpled jeans and yesterday’s flannel.

So it’s a habit from her teenage years.

She still keeps a toothbrush and a travel tube of toothpaste in the slim saddle bad on her Triumph.

Because in her line of work, one never knows when night will turn into day, when strangers will turn into lovers, when work will follow the bar and something needs to quell the aftertaste of bourbon.

So the first night she stays over Alex’s place, she swishes around some of Alex’s mouthwash when she wakes up to pee, to process, to breathe, around 2 am.

And she’s got her toothbrush waiting in her saddle bag on her bike for when she – eventually – drives to work.

Terrified of moving too fast, of scaring Alex into running – again – Maggie doesn’t mention leaving a toothbrush in Alex’s bathroom, leaving a change of clothes in Alex’s drawers.

They’re both accumulating small piles of each other’s things, and Maggie has taken to wearing the leather jacket Alex left at her place the other morning – but they don’t talk about it, and Maggie doesn’t ask.

Because she’s got her toothbrush in her saddle bag, anyway.

But one evening, she notices a change in Alex’s bathroom. There’s a second toothbrush hanging in the little compartment, and Maggie freezes.
“Hey Danvers, did Kara stay over last night or something?”

“No, what do you – “

Alex freezes in the bathroom doorway and follows Maggie’s eyes with hers. She pales and she licks her lips and her eyes go wide and she stares, nervous, nervous, nervous.

And suddenly, Maggie understands.

“Is this… is this for me?”

“I mean it was, but obviously you don’t need to use it, and I’m not trying to imply anything about your breath, I mean, I just thought you know, since you’re here so often and it’s stupid, you don’t have to use it, I just thought – “

Alex’s spluttering has never been so damn moving, and Maggie is kissing her because no one has ever thought about her needs before, no one has ever thought about her comfort.

No one has ever thought about making their home a little more hers.

Until Alex Danvers bought her a toothbrush and hung it next to her own.

She might be able to break her old teenage habit, after all.
Maggie’s used to waking up alone.

It used to be because even when they would stay the night, they’d slip out in the morning.

Now, it’s because Alex Danvers likes her morning runs. A lot.

Maggie prefers her heavy bag, and her sleep, so she’s perpetually in charge of breakfast and coffee.

And that works just perfectly for her.

But today, she doesn’t just pad out of the bedroom and find herself in the living room.

Today, she finds herself in the house Alex grew up in, in Midvale, and she smiles as she tip toes downstairs, taking her time to gaze at pictures of Alex and Kara in various stages of adolescence, her heart swelling with each moment.

She sneaks past James and Winn sprawled out in the living room, Winn wrapped in blankets upon blankets on the floor, limbs all akimbo, James taking up less space, arms above his head, breathing slowly on the couch.

She loves that Eliza and Jeremiah invited them all to Midvale to get away, to crash together at a beach house without having to shell out a half a month’s worth of rent, after their latest, decisive, victory against Cadmus. They certainly all needed it.

Maggie knows that of course she was invited – she’s Alex’s girlfriend, she was instrumental in rescuing Jeremiah, of course she was invited – but she can’t quiet get over the feeling of shock, the feeling of awe, that Kara and the other Superfriends seem to feel like she actually belongs. That she’s in the house her girlfriend grew up in and her parents aren’t threatening to run her out of town and back to wherever she came from for corrupting her daughter.

Quite the opposite; two of Alex’s parents are sitting quietly in the kitchen together, Jeremiah’s hand on Eliza’s, drinking coffee in whispers so as not to disturb their girls’ friends in the living room, and seemingly utterly unsurprised to see Maggie up so early, to see Maggie’s hair tousled like she’d had sex with their daughter in their daughter’s childhood bed – because oh, she did – to see Maggie in their house as part of something natural, as part of something good, as part of something right.

“Sorry to intrude, I didn’t think anyone would be up – ” Maggie whispers, and Jeremiah shakes his head at her and taps the kitchen’s bar stool next to him.
“When Alex was a girl, she’d wake up every morning to go surfing. She’d be quiet and considerate – too considerate, always, that girl – ” He smiles broadly, fondly, gratefully, when he sees Maggie nodding emphatically in agreement – “but I always knew, and I could never sleep while she was out there. She’s excellent, of course, I just…”

Maggie thinks about every time Alex goes into the field without her, and she nods.

“I know what you mean.”

Jeremiah smiles and Eliza sips at her coffee with her eyes glued to Maggie’s face, and Jeremiah shrugs. “The water’s too calm for her to get any good waves this morning, so she’ll be swimming. But still – I guess a decade of being locked away by Cadmus doesn’t kill all the old habits, huh?”

There’s a pattering of feet upstairs and Jeremiah chuckles.

“Well, the boys are about to get a rude awakening. Kara’s up.”

Maggie grins and Eliza sighs affectionately and sure enough, faster than humanly possible, Kara is downstairs and Winn is yelping and James is groaning and Jeremiah and Maggie are laughing because Kara is come on come on come on time to meet Alex on the beach, the beach, when do we get to go to the beach all together like this, and J’onn’s gonna meet us soon, come on come on!!

“Yeah, the beach is great, Kara, but when do we get to sleep?” Winn wants to know, yanking the blankets back over his head, but James leans down and rips them off, knowing it’s better to surrender than try to fight, because when Supergirl is determined, she gets her way; even moreso, Kara Danvers.

“Alright, alright! I’m up! It – Maggie, why are you already up? You’re making us look bad!”

“I think your bed hair’s already doing that for you, Schott.” Winn groans and his hand flies to his hair. “No, I’m joking, it’s cute.”

The banter and the teasing and the laughter and the sweet relief of just being together and not strapped into armor, lives about to be taken away at any moment, echoes throughout the house as Maggie slips into a bikini under one of Alex’s t-shirts and basketball shorts, as Winn slathers himself in sunscreen and Kara bounds through the house checking on everyone because are you ready yet are you ready yet are you ready yet.

When finally, everyone is, Kara squeals and leads the Superfriends – Jeremiah and Eliza elect to let the kids have their fun – way down to the beach, waving her arms wildly above her head and shouting to the figure way out in the water. “Alex! Alex! Alexxxxx!!!”

Alex pauses and waves and does something with her hand that Maggie can’t see, but Kara can, of course. “She’s got five more lengths to go, she’ll be in soon,” she translates, and Maggie smiles at her girlfriend’s consistency, her girlfriend’s sheer power.

J’onn joins them as Alex is starting to swim back to shore, and he hugs Kara and covers Maggie’s bare shoulder with his hand, and Maggie beams, still unused to the growing fatherly affection from the man, but loving it.

“Nice shades, sir,” she tells him, and he gives her a rare grin.

“I quite like yours as well, Detective Sawyer.”

“What about me, J’onn? Do you like mine?”
“Mr. Schott, your sunglasses are no doubt calculated to make you look sophisticated and cool, which you might have been able to pull off if your swim trunks weren’t emblazoned with the crest of the House of El.”

James snorts and Maggie tries to hold down a chuckle. Winn brandishes the plastic shovel he’d brought to help him build the perfect sandcastle and splutters. “Well hey, listen, I’ll have you know that these shorts were super popular – ”

“In the sixth grade. Before your best friend was Supergirl.”

“Hey, Guardian, did anyone ask your opinion? Mr. Look at My Six Pack I’m So Cool I Don’t Even Need to – to – hey! Wow!”

Everyone turns to follow Winn’s gaze, and Maggie’s jaw drops and her knees go weak, because Alex is striding out of the water, body dripping, hair tossed just so, black bikini highlighting all the right things, a small, cocky grin on her face.

James whistles and Kara whoops and J’onn grins and Maggie just can’t speak, because Maggie’s whipping off her sunglasses to get a better view and Maggie’s brain is short-circuiting.

“Hot damn, Danvers!” Winn shouts, and then his eyes grow wide with giddy excitement. “Hot Damnvers!”

James laughs and Kara groans and J’onn chuckles and Maggie gulps and Maggie wets her lips and tries to remember that little thing called breathing, because water droplets are dripping down Alex’s nearly naked body, and her eyes are fixed, only, on Maggie.

“I don’t care that my sister’s the one with the superpowers, I will personally throw you into space if you say that again, Schott,” Alex calls as she strides closer, and Maggie thinks she should try to speak, try to do something other than stare, other than let her jaw rest in the sand.

She inclines her head toward J’onn, not taking her eyes off Alex. “I um… your Earth daughter’s very… um… very beautiful, Director Henshaw.”

“Yeah, I’m sure beautiful was the word you were looking for, Sawyer,” James teases, and J’onn laughs.

“I’m sure you’re right, Mr. Olsen, but at least Detective Sawyer was raised with some level of decorum.”

“Yeah, you should’ve heard the sounds coming from Alex’s room last night, decorum my – ”

But Alex has reached them, now, and Alex is smacking Winn upside the head, and Winn is flinching and everyone is laughing and Alex is putting her hands on Maggie’s bare hips.

“See something you like, Sawyer?”

“Good god, Agent Danvers, can you not wait until I’ve had the chance to absent myself before you – you – ”

Everyone, even Alex, turns to J’onn, waiting for his wording, shocked because he’s never spluttered before.

“Seduces her girlfriend right in front of you?”
“Makes sweet love to her right here on the sand?”

“Right in front of her childhood home?”

“Because really, what else is vacation for if not to abandon your friends and bang your girlfriend?”

“I’m right here guys.”

“No one’s abandoning anyone, I can just take her right here right now, yall can stay or leave, I’m not particular, but it’s your call – ”

“Oh, yeah, real nice decorum, Sawyer – ”

“Lalalalala, I am not hearing any of this!”

“Good god, if this is why there were no beaches on Mars, I am eternally grateful.”
Chapter 173

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Omg those strap-on ff are my faves ever atm. I am speechless. I would live to see a third instalment if you feel like it, in which Alex gets to experience it on top as Maggie suggested first and how different it feels yet again, and how powerful it feels when she reciprocates and has Maggie on top of her alskajdks

Alex always gets a particular form of desperate after especially risky missions, and Maggie is always eager to oblige.

So when Alex slams Maggie down onto the bed and breathes, “I need to feel you stretching me out” into her ear, Maggie moans and Alex strips and Maggie splutters and Maggie gulps and Maggie can handle how hot this is, how hot Alex is, she swears she can.

“You good?” Alex asks as she kneels back onto the bed, straddling Maggie, who’s still lying on her back, and Maggie’s throat is dry but yes, yes, yes.

Alex’s eyes flash as she keeps her gaze locked onto Maggie’s face, tracing her fingers down her own chest, down her own stomach, watching Maggie’s every expression as she brings her fingers lower, lower, moaning softly as she brings her fingers low enough to touch herself, to show Maggie how soaked she is for her, and Maggie arches her hips up but Alex chuckles and Alex shakes her head because patience, Detective.

Her fingers glistening with her own need, Alex brings her fingers to the tip of Maggie’s strap-on, and Maggie fights, hard, to control her hips, and Alex relishes the pleasant struggle on her face as she traces her fingers down, down, running the length of the dildo, and Maggie watches until she whimpers, whimpers, begs.

“Alex please.”

“You wanna fuck me, babe?” Alex wants to know, and Maggie moans and Maggie nods and Alex obliges, raising herself up on her knees before carefully, slowly, calculatedly, guiding herself down onto the strap-on, her eyes fluttering to the back of her head as she gasps, as she groans, because Maggie’s been inside her plenty of times before, but Alex has never been on top quite like this, and it feels… she doesn’t know how to describe how it feels.

“You good, babygirl?” she checks, and Alex bites her lip, and Alex nods, and Alex brings her hips down farther, taking more of Maggie inside her.

Maggie moans but controls her hips, not wanting to push inside faster than Alex is taking her, leaning up slightly to watch the dildo disappearing inside Alex, and she doesn’t know if that image
or the image of ecstasy on Alex’s face is more beautiful. Probably the latter.

“I love you, Ally,” she can’t help but breathe, and Alex smiles and arches her body down to kiss her soft, to kiss her full, to kiss her desperate, to kiss her passionate.

“I love you too, Mags,” she rasps, and then she starts to move.

She quickly discovers that she loves the way Maggie’s hands brace her hips, her ass, pull her into her, not up and down, but back and forth, so Alex is always full of Maggie, so Alex’s clit is constantly pressured, is constantly stimulated, is constantly getting everything Alex needs.

She quickly discovers that if she arches forward while Maggie is pulling her closer, Maggie will scream, quick, sharp, surprised, thrilled.

She quickly discovers that if she bends down to trace her tongue, her lips, her teeth, along Maggie’s neck, Maggie’s breathing will grow even more ragged, and her hips will arch up on their own accord, and she’ll whimper and she’ll beg and she’ll bury herself deeper into Alex than Alex knew was possible.

She quickly discovers that when Maggie reaches up to tease her nipples between her fingers, Alex spirals toward orgasm quick, hard, intense, perfect.

She quickly discovers, too, that Maggie isn’t done with her, and she couldn’t be more thrilled. Because she quickly discovers that Maggie’s breathing quickens when Alex tugs the harness briefs down off Maggie’s hips, pulls them onto her own, and slips a condom over the dildo. Maggie rasps her name and spreads her legs, but Alex shakes her head, and Maggie gasps raggedly with a grin as she catches Alex’s meaning.

Alex lays down on her back, then, and Maggie straddles her, smoothing Alex’s hair out of her face and kissing her, kissing her, kissing her, the dildo insistently pushing against her stomach, making them both needy, making them both desperate, making them both utterly wrecked.

And when Maggie arranges herself on top of Alex such that she can push down, down, so she’s surrounding the dildo, so she’s surrounding Alex, Alex swears she’s never seen anything more beautiful than the way Maggie lets her head tilt back, than the way Maggie’s back arches, than the way her hands grab at Alex’s thighs for stability, for comfort, for love.

And Alex tells her, because she can’t not, and Maggie blushes and Maggie leans down and brings her lips to Alex’s.

“No, babygirl: the most beautiful thing in the multiverse is you.”

Alex swoons underneath her and Maggie starts to move slow, determined, perfect, and Alex groans and Maggie lets out a low scream that she shifts to muffle with Alex’s nipple in her mouth, and it’s Alex’s turn to scream, because Maggie’s tongue is perfect and Maggie’s ass is perfect, and Alex is grabbing at her body, pulling her close, pulling her desperate, pulling her harder and faster and you good babe yes yes yes Ally please please please and she’s never felt anything quite as amazing as Maggie Sawyer riding her rough, riding her tender, riding her reckless, riding her abandoned, and Maggie screams through her orgasm and Alex holds her, holds her, holds her, and when she tells her how much she loves her, she’s never meant anything more deeply in her entire life.
Chapter 174

Chapter Summary

Superfriends Superbowl

It’s Maggie’s idea.

“Come on, Danvers, it’ll be fun. Something you’re not an expert in for once, plus all the commercials to yell at? Good beer, good food, good people? It’ll be like game night, except the game’s on TV.”

“Are you trying to tell me you’re a football fan, Sawyer?”

Maggie shrugs flirtatiously, and Alex beams. Because Alex loves learning new layers to Maggie.

“College ball was big where I’m from. And, hey, hot cheerleaders.”

Alex mock scowls, and heat pools in Maggie’s core.

“Really, Sawyer.”

“You bet, Danvers,” Maggie snickers, stepping back slowly, sexily, because Alex is backing her into the wall, and Alex is shoving her against it, now, and Maggie’s head tilts back as she moans at Alex’s lips on her neck.

“Hot cheerleaders,” Alex repeats in a growl, and Maggie snickers.

“None of them nearly as hot as you, Danvers,” Maggie capitulates, and Alex smirks.

“Superbowl party it is, then. I’ll invite the gang,” she smiles brightly, walking away quickly and leaving Maggie breathless and wrecked against the wall.

And she’s back on the wall, again, the next Sunday night, as Winn gestures wildly with his beer at the TV, shouting about how it makes no sense, if they’re going to ram themselves into each other like that, they should at least have efficient suits, and James is reminding him that they’re not suits, they’re uniforms, equipment, and Kara is laughing and J’on is rolling his eyes and Alex is digging deeply into the seltzer Maggie’s gotten her really into.

She’s been to her share of Superbowl parties before. Wild college affairs punctuated with even wilder sex in the bathroom, awkward affairs at the home of one of the guys in her precinct, and, of course, the extravaganzas in Blue Springs, featuring her cooking up a storm and dodging drunken uncles and inquisitive neighbors wanting to know when she’s finally going to stop spending more time with things like football and more time with things like boys.

But she’s never been to a Superbowl party that felt quite like… home.

She’d made Kara homemade potstickers, over Winn’s loud and playful objections that potstickers
aren't Superbowl food and doesn't your sports knowledge stop basically before it begins, Schott? and awww, leave him alone, Alex, he’s trying, look, he’s wearing my Cam Newton jersey and Maggie are they ready yet and can’t rush the magic, Little Danvers and well the magic would be a little faster if there was less magic going on under the counter, don’t think I don’t see where your hands are, Danvers and oh my god, Winn, I didn’t need to hear that and good god why is Cadmus choosing this night of all nights to not attack somewhere or other?

She’d made Winn homemade pineapple and jalapeño pizza, herself her own cheeseless version, and ordered for the rest of them because it’s not my fault the rest of your taste palates have been killed by fast food joints, and James and Alex took turns getting things down from high shelves for her and James even scooped her up at one point, much to her surprised delight, because she’d never been in a man’s arms that made her feel safe, that made her feel light and happy and playful, but Alex was giggling and Kara was squealing and Winn was yelling for them to freeze so he could take a picture and J’onn was I thought the point was to watch the sport, not create our own in the kitchen.

She’d yelled at the racism and xenophobia in the newest movie trailers with James and she’d beamed when Alex staunchly agreed, and she’d drawn Alex into an open-mouthed kiss that had Kara squealing and James and Winn whooping and J’onn diverting his eyes whenever gay couples were featured in commercials, and she’d drooled and barely restrained herself from taking her girlfriend then and there when Alex slipped into the bedroom to put on her glasses and Maggie’s spare Kaepernick jersey, claiming well this is actually fun and I wanna get in the spirit, and hey, gotta see properly, right?

So now, she’s leaning back, holding up the wall, and she’s watching the people she’s assembled instead of the game she’d used as an excuse to have them all over, to cook for them, to hear them laugh, to make them smile.

Alex catches her eye and arches a questioning eyebrow, and Maggie smiles broadly, softly, and shakes her head. Alex nods, because she understands when Maggie gets overwhelmed and needs to pull back, and when Maggie keeps holding her eyes with her own, Alex knows it’ll be okay to say what she needs to say.

“I love you,” she mouths, and Maggie beams.

“You too, Danvers.”

J’onn notices and exchanges glances with a beaming Kara.

“How’s it feel to get another daughter, J’onn?” she asks him softly, her hand on his arm as James cheers a Falcons touchdown and Maggie laughs when Winn and Alex both ask what happened.

J’onn watches the laughter dance across Maggie’s face, and looks at the bottle of seltzer in Alex’s hand, the glasses – which she would never wear in front of people before Maggie, not ever – on her face, her girlfriend’s Kaepernick jersey on her back, the relaxed smile on her face, the easy laughter, easier than J’onn had ever seen it spilling from his girl’s lips.

“Not bad, Supergirl. Not bad at all.”
Chapter 175

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hey :) i fully appreciate you're busy and closed the prompts and all so please don't worry about writing this but i really like the idea of adrian reassuring a younger trans kid who's struggling with accepting themselves that they're valid and maybe sanvers walk in and give their two cents idk i'm just having a really rough time and yeah sorry

He’s had a key to Maggie’s apartment since he and his parents moved to the other side of the city and he needed a place to crash closer to his job after school when he was on the graveyard shift.

He uses it frequently enough, but less so now that he spends most of his time off at college in Star City.

But he’s used it tonight, because she needed a place to go, a place to just breathe, a place to be alone with only good people, only safe people, and Maggie’s apartment was perfect for the job.

He sent her a quick text to let her know he was over, because while he’d gotten fairly used to being over when Alex and Maggie got home, kissing and taking turns slamming each other into the front door before realizing he was there, he didn’t think that’s what Kaylee needs tonight.

Because Kaylee was only fourteen and she’d called him in a panic and he’d skipped biology lecture to drive all the way home, home to his old high school, because Kaylee was a freshmen and she knew – like all the other queer kids in the school – that they could always call Adrian when they needed anything.

And Kaylee had been misgendered three separate times by three separate people today, and a couple of other girls had snickered when she walked out of the gender-neutral restroom that Adrian had gotten at the school a couple years ago, and she needed him, needed him, needed him.

“I’m sorry, Adrian, you didn’t have to drive all this way, I wouldn’t have called if I thought you’d – “

“What, you wouldn’t’ve called if you thought I’d give a shit about what you’re going through? Pretty sure that’s actually literally the reason you called me, girl.”

Kaylee smiles through her wet eyes at that, and she sits up a little straighter. Adrian holds her closer to him and waits, waits, because she’s spilled all about her day but hasn’t yet started to use feelings words, and he’s had this talk, this cry, himself, enough times with Maggie to know those were next.

“I just…” She wipes her tears and he nods, gives her a small smile. She puts her hand up to his face and pauses, and he nods again, a bigger smile now. She touches his stubble and grins through her tears.
“It was a pipedream when I was your age, honey.”

“I just feel like I’m never gonna get to where you’re at. Like… like, people are always just gonna see me as a guy in a dress, and what if like, what if I’m just gay, what if I’m just making a big deal out of nothing? So what if I have to wear a collared shirt when my mom wants to take me to a thing, right, I mean girls wear collared shirts – “

“But babygirl, when cis girls wear collared shirts, ain’t nobody trying to tell them they’re not legit women like the fuckers are trying to tell you.” He stops, bites the inside of his cheek, and sighs. “Butch women aside for a second, bless them.”

Kaylee smiles and nods softly and sighs into his chest, his binder stiff under his shirt.

“You gonna get surgery soon?”

Adrian grins and nods, still waiting.

“It’s just long. Every day. Every day at school and every night with my parents and all those stupid times in between when I’m just trying to be in the library or go bowling or some shit and everybody needs to stare and try to figure me out, and my parents won’t let me get pills or even patches and my voice is starting to drop and it makes me want to just never say anything, not in school, because it’s just my body proving that I’m not real, that I’m just never… never gonna… I just… Adrian, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, you should be in class, I just… I’m sorry…”

“Shhh, no, babygirl, no no no.” He gathers her into his arms and smooths her hair away from her forehead and he smiles softly down at her. “Kaylee. You are so fucking beautiful, you know that? Even with all that snot you got going on,” he teases as he offers his sleeve. “High school’s not gonna last forever, hun. I mean, it feels like it will, especially when you’re just starting out. But I promise you, you’re just as tough as you are gorgeous, and you’re gonna get through it. And then life doesn’t get better, not automatically, that’s some rich cis white guy bullshit, but you’re not by yourself, Kaylee. You’ve got me, you’ve got the rest of Spectrum at school; Ms. Macguire’ll fuck anyone up if you tell her about what happened today, she’s good people. And Detective Sawyer – “

He gestures all around them, at the apartment littered with evidence of two women living and loving together. “She’s got your back, just like she had – still has – mine. The world’s shit, Kaylee, but you? You’re a princess. Nah, better, you’re a motherfucking queen. You gotta know that you’re perfect, just like you are, even – maybe especially – on days like today when the whole universe tries to make you forget. Okay? You’re perfect, Kaylee, and you’re gorgeous, and you are a beautiful young woman, no matter what motherfuckers try to tell you. You get me?”

Kaylee nods and sighs and jumps as the front door opens, as Maggie and Alex appear in the threshold with two large pies and a six pack of root beer.

“I heard we have a beautiful lady joining us for dinner tonight,” Maggie announces, her eyes falling on Kaylee as she beams, and Kaylee blushes, hard, at being addressed like this, at being validated like this, by a grownup – by a police officer – that she’s never met.

“I’m sorry to crash your place, Detective Sawyer,” she says, and she starts to get up to shake her hand, but Maggie waves her down.

“Sit, relax. Ally, baby, you wanna give the kids their pizza, I’ve gotta pee like you can’t believe.” Maggie winks at a giggling Kaylee and kisses Adrian on the cheek briefly as she strides past him to the bathroom.
Alex stares after her for a moment before also kissing Adrian and offering a hug to Kaylee.

“I’m Alex, Maggie’s girlfriend.”

Kaylee blushes again. “Well, I figured, otherwise Detective Sawyer’d be bringing home some other woman and from what Adrian tells me, I don’t think she’d do that.”

Alex laughs heartily and Maggie shouts from the bathroom, “Damn right I wouldn’t, Alex is with the FBI, she’d kill me and the poor girl before I even got the chance!”

“Oh please, Maggie, don’t be fronting like you’re a player, Alex’s got you in the palm of her hand.”

Alex smirks and preens and high fives Adrian as Maggie mutters something incoherent from the bathroom and Kaylee watches it all with tears in her eyes, tears because is this really what she can have, one day? Is this really what she can be part of, even now?

“Rough day, sweetheart?” Alex asks as she doles out pizza, remembering when Kara was her age, remembering when she was her age.

Kaylee nods and looks at Adrian so she doesn’t have to tell it again.

“She got misgendered and laughed at a bunch. Sometimes it happens randomly, you know, and sometimes it’s like all at once and you just can’t, you know? Today was one of those all at once days,” Adrian explains quietly as Kaylee bites into her pizza and lets Alex hold her hand gratefully.

“I’m sorry, beautiful,” Maggie says as she slips back into the living room, kneeling in front of Kaylee like she does in front of Adrian when he’s got a similarly dejected, defeated look on his face.

“We’ve never met, right, but you wanna know what I see when I look at you?” Maggie asks, and Kaylee nods with wide eyes and frozen fingers.

“I see a beautiful, brave young girl who’s not in the place right now that she’s gonna be in forever. I see a massive science geek, because only the geekiest of us let the iodine stain our fingers like that so that everyone knows exactly how much we love bio lab. I see a young woman confident enough to wear circle glasses in a world that still associates them with either John Lennon or Harry Potter. I see a girl who is perfect, exactly as she is, and who’s only gonna keep getting more perfect as time goes on, if she just sticks with it, keeps being herself, because the girl I see in front of me? The girl I see in front of me is absolutely amazing. And for the record, I’m talking about you, Kaylee, not my girlfriend, whose glasses are distinctly rectangular.”

Kaylee laughs and Kaylee cries and Kaylee lets herself fall into Maggie’s arms because Adrian is like a grownup to her and Adrian will always be her queer parent, but maybe she can have more than one.

Pizza and root beer and queer parents all night?

Maybe she can get through school tomorrow, after all.
Can you have Alex come out to Jeremiah, with the rest of her family and Maggie with her, comforting her. I’d love if she was really awkward while coming out since she kind of lost her close relationship with her dad. Tyyyy!!

prompt above from @percabeth-solangelo03-deactivat

When he died – when he was taken – she was a little girl who hadn’t had her first kiss and didn’t know that those feelings she had when sleeping over at Vicky Donahue’s were romantic, were lesbian, were… sexual.

And now that he’s back? Now that he’s back – rescued, finally, from the hell that had been Cadmus – his little girl is a grown woman, and she has saved lives, and she has taken lives, and last night, she screamed her way through four straight orgasms with her girlfriend’s tongue between her legs and her fingers buried deep inside her.

And Alex loves him. She loves him more than she knows how to describe. She loves him, and she knows he loves her, but she doesn’t look up at him when she speaks anymore because she’s not an entire head shorter than him anymore. She loves him, and yesterday, she killed for him, because sometimes, that’s the only way she knows how to prove to her father figures that she loves them, that she is worthy of them.

She loves him, but his eyes are different and his smile is the same, but her eyes are different and so is her smile, and she doesn’t know how to explain to him why.

Doesn’t know how to explain to him that the reason Maggie is over the house for dinner is not because she’s the brave detective who took a bullet to save his life and the lives of four other agents the other week; doesn’t know how to explain to him that Maggie is there because she’s her girlfriend, because she has a girlfriend, because she’s a lesbian.

Maggie knows Alex wants to tell him – tonight – because she changed her outfit six times before leaving, because she kept taking slow, slow breaths, because this morning when they woke up Alex was quiet and warm but scared, scared, scared.

Kara knows Alex wants to tell him – tonight – because the skin behind her eyes is tense, nervous, terrified, because she’s laughing a little too much, a little too easily, because she’s tripping over her own feet and chewing the inside of her cheek like she hasn’t eaten in weeks.

Eliza knows Alex wants to tell him – tonight – because Maggie and Kara keep replacing her wine, her beer, her bourbon, with seltzer, with cranberry juice, with water.

For his part, Jeremiah watches his eldest daughter and squints slightly. He doesn’t remember her like this – giggly, nervous, giddy – and his eyes keep drifting to Detective Sawyer, to the woman who looks at Alex like she is the sun and the moon and every star in the sky, to the woman who
didn’t hesitate to put her body between him and a bullet, who Alex had screamed for, who Alex had run for, who Alex had broken formation and killed for.

His little girl took lives for a living now.

His little girl was in love with another girl, now.

He just wasn’t sure if she knew it, so he said nothing.

But Alex did.

“So Dad,” she interrupts Kara as she’s telling him about some inconsequential case at the DEO, and Kara quiets immediately, eyes wide, eyes sharp, eyes protective, eyes believing in her sister, scared that her sister wouldn’t believe in herself. She catches Maggie’s glance and they nod at each other slightly across the dinner table, both ready to help their favorite girl out, both ready to give her whatever she needs.

“Alexandra, you interrupted your sister,” Eliza observes, and Kara puts her hand on Eliza’s, shaking her head that it’s fine, this is more important. Eliza sighs softly, silently, and Jeremiah’s heart cringes at the years he missed, the years where Kara had to play go-between with his wife and his eldest, the years where Kara learned to balance protecting her sister and her adoptive mother, without him, without him, without him.

But he keeps his eyes deliberately dry – a skill he’d honed in Cadmus – and he watches Alex carefully. Maybe she does know she’s in love, after all.

“Dad, I um… there’s a thing. A thing that happened since… since you went away. That you should know about. That I want you to know about, because I want you to know me. I mean, it’s not really something that happened, more of something I realized, but also I guess some things happened, I mean…”

She reaches for Kara’s wine glass and Maggie stills her, soothes her, helps remind her that she can do this sober, she can, she can, she can, with a gentle hand on her knee.

Alex drinks from her glass of seltzer instead, and Jeremiah hates himself, because his daughter needed him, all these years she needed him, needed him, but he wasn’t there, was nowhere, so she poisoned her liver instead.

“I’m in love with Maggie, Dad. I – she – she’s my girlfriend. She’s my girlfriend and I’m gay. A lesbian. I’m gay, and I want you to know because I think I’ve always been gay? I just didn’t know, I didn’t realize, I didn’t want to disappoint Mom, I didn’t think it was an option, but now it is, and now this is my life, and I wanted you to know because I want you to know me, and I want you to love me, as me, not as the long haired straight girl you remember me as.”

Maggie isn’t breathing and a single tear streaks her face, and Kara is beaming through her own tears. Sister and girlfriend alike reach for Alex’s hands, and Maggie kisses her knuckles and Kara squeezes with just the right amount of pressure.

Eliza stares down at the table because she knows she and Jeremiah are going to have a long talk later about exactly what Alex meant by not wanting to disappoint her, but Jeremiah is rising, Jeremiah is striding across the table, and he’s kneeling in front of his eldest daughter and he’s taking her hands from Maggie and Kara and he brings them between his and he kisses them, kisses her tear-stained, trembling cheeks, kisses her forehead. Strokes her short hair, holds her face between his calloused hands.
“Alex Danvers. My brave girl. You know the only thing that got me through all those years?”

Alex bites down a sob and shakes her head, and Kara crouches down on Jeremiah’s other side, putting her hand on Alex’s knee while Maggie guards the small of Alex’s back with a tender hand.

“The thought that you and your sister were safe. Were happy. And Detective Sawyer – Maggie – she makes you happy. I can tell. You never giggled like that, even as a teenager, except with Kara. But it’s different now: you’re right. You’re different. And that’s good. It’s wonderful. Because Alex, I don’t need you to be the girl I remember. I need you to be the woman that you are. And you’re perfect. Just like you are.”

“Dad,” Alex chokes, and she’s slipping out of her chair and into his arms, and Kara reaches out for Maggie’s hand, and Maggie takes it and squeezes, because the person they both love most in the world is sobbing, but sobbing from a decade of relieved grief, almost three decades of relieved suppression, sobbing from the sheer pain of sweet healing.

Eliza watches and lets a tear drop from her eyes, because she wishes she’d had Jeremiah all these years to remind her to remind Alex how perfect she really is.

“I love you, Alex. I love you.”

“I love you too, Dad. I love you, too.”
The DEO is the last place Alex Danvers ever expected to have sex – it’s the last place she ever even thought about sex – but the James Bond super spy lab turns Maggie on.

Or, more to the point, Alex Danvers in a lab coat, Alex Danvers in her uniform, Alex Danvers in full tactical gear – just generally Alex Danvers – turns Maggie on.

So she finds herself dismissing the two rookie med techs whose eyes go wide when Maggie comes up from behind Alex while she’s examining a specimen in her newest microscope and braces her against the lab bench with a firm hand grasping the bench on either side of her hips, on either side of her ass.

She finds herself dismissing the lab techs and trying to turn around, but Maggie’s body is pressed against the back of hers, and Maggie’s pupils are dilating wildly.

“This okay?” she needs to know, and Alex’s breath hitches.

“I’m at work, Detective Sawyer,” she teases, but her smile and her hands reaching around her body to keep Maggie close to her are the eager permission Maggie’s waiting for.

“No one’s stopping you, Agent Danvers,” she murmurs against the back of Alex’s neck as her hands work their way up her lab coat, around her body, grasping at her nipples through her uniform shirt, and Alex moans breathily and grinds her ass back into Maggie raggedly.

“Maggie,” she gasps.

“Good, babe?”

“Don’t stop.”

“Yeah?” Maggie brings her teeth down on the back of Alex’s neck, and Alex bites down a scream.

“Please,” Alex begs, and Maggie obliges, turning Alex around to face her only when she’s about to cum, because it is her lab, after all, and screaming as loudly as she usually does with one of Maggie’s hands down her jeans and one of Maggie’s hands under her bra probably would be inappropriate, so Maggie swallows Alex’s screams with her own mouth, her own lips, and she swears she’s never tasted anything as perfect.

They have the same strategy in Kara’s bathroom during game night – kissing to stifle the screams.
with each other’s mouths, each other’s tongues – but this time, it’s Alex that has Maggie pinned up against something. Kara’s sink, more specifically, Alex holding Maggie up by the underside of her thighs, grinding between her legs with her thigh, and Maggie is scratching at her back under her red sweater, and Maggie is grasping for her nipple with her mouth, because Alex’s thigh is giving her perfect pressure and Alex holding her body up against the sink like this – Alex’s kid sister’s sink with all their friends in the other room, no less – is making Maggie positively drip for her, and she thanks the lesbian goddess that she wore black jeans tonight because she’s probably wet enough to soak right through her underwear, and when she cums, she can’t help sighing out Alex’s name, loudly, loudly, loudly.

Loud enough for Kara to be redder than Alex’s sweater when they stroll back out of the bathroom a few minutes later, looking – and feeling – like a pair of guilty teenagers. Loud enough for James to thump Maggie’s back lightly and congratulate her on getting what she deserves. Loud enough for Winn to offer Alex a high five and congratulate her on learning a new set of tricks with her index finger.

It happens at the bar, too. Of course it happens at the bar, too.

Because Alex has taken to showing Maggie the proper way to hold the cue, and because it means pressing her body flush against Maggie’s, Maggie has taken to pretending she just can’t get it, can’t get it, can’t get it, can you show me that again, babe?

M’gann snickers when she notices her friend’s eyes glued to Alex’s ass when she lines up her own shots, rolls her eyes with a small chuckle when Alex gets handsy with her friend while she’s trying to set up a shot of her own, and she groans softly to herself when they tug each other into the single stall bathroom and a soft thud drums up against the door. She cranks up the bar music and she flips a “temporarily out of order” sign on the door in thirteen different languages, because she’s nothing if not an excellent friend.

When Maggie and Alex emerge from the bathroom twenty minutes later with faux-casual expressions on their faces, a pair of hickeys on Alex’s neck and Maggie’s hair hastily tied up, where earlier it had been loose and perfectly arranged, she winks when Maggie slips her a five and thanks her for the sign.

Because it wasn’t the first time, and it won’t be the last, and M’gann can’t help but smile, because she’s never seen Maggie this happy before. And that’s more than worth telling her clientele that they can hold it for a half hour every now and then.
Chapter 178

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Alex Maggie and Kara visit Eliza and Alex falls back into old habits

Maggie knew.

She knew that Alex’s weight-of-the-world-responsibility-I-need-to-be-perfect-in-all-ways-at-all-times didn’t come from being Kara’s sister.

She knew that Alex’s weight-of-the-world-responsibility-I-need-to-be-perfect-in-all-ways-at-all-times came from being Eliza’s daughter.

And she was glad – truly – that Eliza had apparently taken Alex’s coming out better than Alex had at first.

But she also knew – and she wasn’t sure if Alex realized explicitly, so she said nothing, because it was something for Alex to work out on her own, and Maggie would be there to support her and love her unconditionally when she did – that Eliza was the reason it took Alex so long to realize she’s gay. Well, Eliza and the violence of heteronormativity. But Eliza. Because Eliza is what that perfection speech was all about.

And it made Maggie furious.

But she said nothing, and Eliza was Alex’s mom, after all, and she of all people knew how complicated parents are, how strange and counterintuitive and unhealthy love from a parent can be, so she was flattered and honored and more than a little nervous when Alex invited her to come out to Midvale with her and Kara for the long weekend.

She packed only her nicest flannels, her sharpest jeans, her most dapper jacket, her hottest boots, because the habit of being as herself, as gay, as humanly possible around women’s parents ran strong in her.

Alex shook harder the closer they got to Midvale. She rambled more and then lapsed into longer silences. Maggie glanced at Kara, who grimaced in solidarity, who grimaced in anticipation, who grimaced because Kara knew, too.

“It’ll be fine, right?” Alex suddenly squeaks out of nowhere. “Right, it’ll be fine, last time I saw her she said I was exceptional, right, I mean, you don’t call someone you’re disappointed in exceptional, right? And Kara, you haven’t really gotten hurt lately – I mean, you went to Earth 2 and that slave trading hell hole all by yourself, she’s bound to hate me for that – ”

“Alex,” Kara soothes, reaching up into the front seat, grateful that Maggie’s driving. “Alex, Eliza loves you. She doesn’t know how to communicate that well all the time – ”
“Or at all, most of the time –”

“Okay, right. But she loves you, Alex. And you know what, if she doesn’t love you right, Maggie and I are here, okay? We love you. Unconditionally. Okay? It’s gonna be okay.”

Alex grimaced a smile and Alex nodded and Alex squeezed Kara’s hand and Alex held her breath, because they were pulling into Eliza’s driveway.

They got a couple of hours in without an incident, largely because Kara changed the subject when Eliza asked about where Alex was when she went to Earth 2; largely because Maggie let Alex squeeze her hand as hard as she damn well pleased whenever Eliza turned to ask Alex a question; largely because Maggie put a steady hand on Alex’s knee, gave her a significant glance, to tell her that she didn’t mind that Eliza was interrogating her on her education, on her history with the science division, on her motivation to become a police officer, to work with aliens.

They got a couple of hours in without an incident, but after Eliza asked what seemed to be the problem with locating Cadmus’s new stronghold and finding Jeremiah, Alex excused herself to go to the bathroom. Maggie didn’t want to make it seem like they had a codependent relationship and Kara didn’t want to make it seem like Alex couldn’t go pee on her own when she was around Eliza, so neither of them accompanied her.

But there was bourbon on her breath when she came back; there was bourbon on her breath and fire in her eyes and a slight wobble to her step, because she must have had way more than one shot, way more than two, way more than three, in the space of the five minutes she’d been out of the room.

Maggie and Kara exchange a worried glance, because they’d taken all the alcohol out of both of their homes, out of Alex’s, but Alex grew up in this home and Alex knew where Eliza kept the best liquor.

Kara excused herself to get water for everyone – but really, for Alex – and Eliza narrowed her eyes as she watched Alex collapse on the couch next to Maggie, tossing her arms around her and her legs onto her lap.

“Maggie loves me, Mom,” she said from her spot nuzzled into Maggie’s neck. “Isn’t that wild? A woman who loves me for exactly who I am? Funny thing is, growing up, after Dad, you know, I didn’t think that was possible. For someone – someone who wasn’t Kara, isn’t that ironic, that Kara’s the reason you put all that pressure on me and yet Kara’s the only one who really loved me – someone to love me. Like, unconditionally love me.”

“Ally, baby, do you wanna show me the beach, take a nice walk?”

“No, Detective Sawyer, I think my daughter’s too out of sorts at the moment to be strolling about.”

“What’ samatter, Mom, don’t want the neighbors to know you raised a daughter whose body can’t break alcohol down before it goes to her head?”

“Al, honey –”

“What brought this on, Alexandra?” Eliza wanted to know, and Alex glared as Kara stepped back into the room with a tray of full water glasses, eyes wide and eyes nervous.

“Do you have to ask about Dad like that?”

Eliza scoffed. “Alexandra, I have the right to ask after the welfare of my husband –”
“No, no, I mean, like that. You have to make it into an accusation, don’t you, like it’s my fault that we can’t find him, like it’s my fault he’s still suffering. Just like everything’s my fault, just like –”

“Alex –”

“No, Kara, I love you, but god, Kara, sometimes you don’t get to play mediator! Sometimes you don’t get to be in the middle! Sometimes you have to pick a side!”

“My daughter, the soldier. Who would have thought?”

“Eliza, she’s upset, she’s –”

“No, Kara, Alex is right. She usually is, isn’t she? You can choose your sister’s side, dear, I won’t hold it against you. After all, I’m only your adoptive mother. But Alex is your sister, through and through.” She stares through tears at Alex, and is silent for a long moment before she says, “At least I gave you one good thing in your life, Alexandra. By taking in Kara, I gave you your sister. At least I can you that one good thing.”

Alex withered immediately and Alex tried to stand as Eliza did, but she stumbled into Maggie’s arms instead.

“No, Mom, I didn’t – I didn’t mean you never – Mom. Mom!”

But the door to Eliza’s room had snapped shut, and Kara was setting down the tray of glasses and rushing to helping Maggie set Alex back down on the couch, rushing to help Maggie hold her shaking, sobbing, torn mess of a big sister.

“I did it again, I did it again, I could have just let it go, I could have just ignored it, why didn’t I ignore it?” Alex gasped, and Kara cooed wordlessly into her ear and kissed her forehead.

“Because you have to stand up for yourself at some point, Alex. And, okay, you know, you and your mom don’t have the most complimentary communication styles. But she needs to know what’s acceptable and what’s not. I would have been upset if she implied that about me too, babe. I was upset that she implied that about you. Because it is not your fault you haven’t found your dad yet. You’re allowed to stand up for yourself, Al. You’re allowed. You’re allowed, babygirl.”

She tugged her into her chest because Alex was sobbing harder, then, and Alex was reaching for Maggie with one hand and Kara with the other, and she was shaking and she was gasping for breath and she would have been inconsolable, but she was in the arms of the two women who loved her more than anything else in the world, so she calmed eventually, eventually, eventually.

None of the three girls noticed that Eliza had slipped back into the room until she was squatting in front of them, a glass of the water Kara had brought in her hand.

“When you were a little girl, Alex, you would always want water when you were upset about something.”

“Not just bringing it to me because I’m a drunken mess on your couch?” Alex grunted as Kara took the glass and brought it to Alex’s begrudging lips.

“I’m bringing it to you because you are my daughter, Alexandra. And I don’t have superhearing, sure, but I heard enough of what Maggie told you, and I… she’s right, Alex. I don’t always know how to talk to you. I don’t always know how to love you. But that doesn’t mean I don’t. You are my world, Alex Danvers. My entire world.”
Kara gulped and Maggie held in a skeptical sigh. Alex leaned further into Maggie for support, for warmth, for a love that she knew for a fact was unconditional, was active, was healthy, was home.

“Then treat me like it,” Alex said simply, and her words were strong, but her voice was small.

Eliza bit down tears and nodded and reached a trembling hand up to touch her daughter’s face.

“I’m going to try harder, Alex. Because when you rescue your father, I want him to see that we’re stronger together. Yes?”

Alex squeezed Maggie’s hand and melted at Kara’s sad smile and nodded down at her mother, hope crawling its way back into her heart.

“Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.”
Chapter 179
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Similar to the other one you did: Alex being out of town and Maggie having a breakdown/wanting to slip back into bad tendencies & Kara being the one to help

When she’s with Alex, the world doesn’t sting quite so much.

When she’s with Alex, she doesn’t dwell – not as much – on the massacre of her friends at the bar, doesn’t stay up late at night going through their pictures, going through their files, because she has enough saturation during her days, filled with finding their families, their friends, and telling them, telling them, telling them.

When she’s with Alex, she feels proud of M’gann for going back to Mars to campaign against genocidal racism, not sad and miserable and mildly but guiltily betrayed because one of her only real friends is suddenly on a different planet.

When she’s with Alex, she doesn’t down quite so much bourbon, because she doesn’t think quite so much about the deaths on the job and the torture she’s cleaned up after and the persistent nagging feeling that she’s not doing enough, never doing enough, to make the police force a force for actual good.

When she’s with Alex, she gets called things like the best, and tough, and genius, and sexy, and you stay in bed and I’ll make the coffee today, babe, you’re always so good to me, I want to start taking care of you; she doesn’t have so much time or bandwidth to reflect on past heartbreak, on the terror that this will end the same way, on the way she tends to lose all her friends in breakups, the way she tends to lose all her self-esteem in the palms of women who don’t understand who she is.

But Alex is away in Geneva, and Alex skypes every night, but briefly, briefly, and Alex looks so damn good in a pantsuit and Maggie can’t help but be scared, be terrified, that she’ll meet someone else, that she’ll meet someone new, someone better, someone with a better pedigree, some white chick who has six degrees and isn’t just some local cop and whose only baggage is a six-figure salary and a history of absolutely no mental health issues.

So Maggie is downing as much bourbon as that new white boy will serve her – and he’s not M’gann, he probably doesn’t deserve to be mentioned in the same thought bubble as her, so he doesn’t cut her off, he doesn’t slide her a glass of water, he doesn’t put his hand on her shoulder, on her cheek, and remind her that she’s got a lot to be proud of. He just serves up more alcohol, and she just keeps drinking it, and the world starts splitting in two but he doesn’t stop serving so she doesn’t stop drinking.

And suddenly there are a pair of strong hands on her shoulders, and she thinks of Alex, just for a moment, but it’s the other Danvers sister, the little one, the one Alex idolizes and the one who
idolizes Alex, and Maggie feels a lopsided grin twist onto her face and hears the slight slur in her words.

“Ey, it’s Little Danvers! How you doing, kid?”

Kara arches a sympathetic eyebrow and keeps one hand on Maggie’s back as she lowers herself onto the stool next to her.

“How are you doing, Maggie?” She puts the seltzer Mon El silently gives her into Maggie’s hands, and she makes a note to firmly explain to him the finer points of keeping his customers safe later.

“You know your sister looks really incredible in a suit. I met her in a suit, you know. On that tarmac, when she was pretending to be FBI, and damn I knew I was a goner then and there.”

Maggie sips for a long, long moment at Kara’s seltzer and stares into her blue eyes for a long moment. “You’re really pretty too, you know, Little Danvers. Both the Danvers girls, huh? Bet someone in Geneva’s gonna try to pick her up, ya think? And of course she’ll leave me, because come on, who wouldn’t, and I mean, I told her, I knew, right, she only wants me because she’s just coming out and I’m all bright and shiny on account of her just realizing her feelings, right, I mean, who wouldn’t leave me, right Little Danvers?”

Kara listens with soft eyes and puts the straw up to Maggie’s lips, encouraging her to drink more seltzer. Maggie obeys, and Kara reaches a tentative hand out to brush Maggie’s hair away from her face, just like she does for Alex. For her first big sister.

“Alex loves you, Maggie. And not just because she’s just coming out. You know that, right? That she loves you?”

Maggie shakes her head and tries to order another shot, and Kara cancels it and gets another seltzer instead.

“But she’s amazing, Little Danvers. Kara. Does it bother you that I call you Little Danvers? Because obviously you’re not littler than me, but because Alex, you, it.. anyway… I just… she thinks she fails at everything, all the time, you know, but she’s just.. she’s perfect, Kara, perfect for me, and I’ve never… I’ve never had anyone treat me like she treats me, like I’m… like I’m worth a damn, you know, Little Danvers?”

Kara nods softly. “And you’re afraid of that being taken away? Because she looks good in a pantsuit and there are probably hot women in Geneva.”

Maggie laughs bitterly. “Well when you put it that way I sound like a whiny, insecure kid.”

Kara smiles and shakes her head. “No. Not to me. You know what you sound like to me? You sound like someone who dotes on my sister, when my sister has never, ever been paid proper attention to, let alone been doted on, in her whole life. You sound like someone who loves with her whole heart, her whole being, and who’s only gotten punished for it. But Maggie, I know Alex. Alex isn’t… Alex isn’t going to do that to you. Alex loves you, Maggie. For you. Because that thing you said, about her thinking she fails all the time, but really she’s perfect for you? That’s how she feels about you, Maggie. That’s how she feels about you.”

Maggie stares at Kara for a long time, and Kara returns her gaze gently, gently, affectionately. Because she misses Alex, too, and she’s been jealous of Maggie – so jealous – but Maggie has the same fear of losing Alex that she does, and the love that underlies that fear just might be the thing to keep them all together.
“Come on,” Kara concludes abruptly, putting her arm around Maggie’s waist and guiding her to stand.

“Whoa, I know I said you’re pretty, Little Danvers, but I’m not trying to – ”

Kara laughs at Maggie’s drunken ridiculousness gently. “I know you’re not trying to, Maggie. I’m putting you to bed. Oh. Um. That didn’t sound – you need to rest. Come on. I’ll take you home and tuck you in.”

“Does being a saint run in your family, Little Danvers?” Maggie wants to know as she walks as straight as she can out the back door with Kara’s arm around her. Kara just chuckles as she hails a cab, because she doesn’t think Maggie’s stomach could tolerate being flown.

When she has her tucked in – Maggie stumbles out of her jeans and strips off her shirt and Kara averts her eyes – she turns off the light and sets a glass of water on the bedside table.

“Kara?” Maggie mutters, and Kara stills. “Stay?”

Kara smiles and nods and crawls into bed next to her sister’s girlfriend. “Alex loves you, Maggie. Alex loves you so much.”

Maggie falls asleep with Kara’s arms around her and a smile on her face, because this must be what it feels like to have a sister.
anonymous asked:

Hey Mom. I know your prompts are closed and I really want to respect that, but I had a really shitty day and I'm feeling really low and I just need a hug. Could you maybe write a Sanvers cuddling fic? No worries if you don't want to, I'm sorry to bother you.

After a day like today?

Nothing happened. Not anything out of the ordinary in her line of work.

Nothing happened. It just was a positively unbearable day.

A few months ago, she would have gone to the bar and slammed down shots until she couldn’t drive her Triumph home; slammed down shots until she could barely see straight; slam down shots until when the cab finally took her home, her punches to her heavy bag would be way off base and her wrists would strain from the force and her knuckles would bleed, just a bit, just a bit, from the drunken wrapping job she’d do before tearing into the bag, before tearing into herself.

But now?

Now, Maggie goes home to the home that isn’t quite her home – not yet – and Maggie collapses on the couch, because it might be her girlfriend’s apartment, but here, she’s safe, and here, she’s loved, and here, she’s… taken care of.

Because Alex kneels in front of her and Alex smooths her hair out of her face and Alex presses soft kisses everywhere, everywhere, everywhere.

And Maggie doesn’t cry – not yet, not yet – but her body goes slack and her breath goes ragged with weariness, with exhaustion, with need, so Alex picks her up and carries her to her bed – their bed – and strips off her clothes and tucks her in and shucks off her own clothes and draws her body close, draws her body warm, draws her body safe.

It’s not sexual, this cuddling, this night. It’s not sexual, and it’s not hot, and it’s not desire.

This night, this cuddling, is warmth, and it’s comfort, and it’s pure, pure love. This cuddling, this night, is I’ve got you and I love you and I promise it’s not always going to feel like this and I’ll hold you until it passes, and I’ll keep holding you even after it passes, because I’m never, ever going to stop loving you.

And, finally, in Alex’s arms, Maggie knows she’s home.
Chapter 181

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Hi! You absolutely don’t need to do this until you get through the rest of your requests, but I didn’t want to forget- I have the flu right now and am feeling all achy and such and I wondered if you could do a fic where maybe Alex gets sick and Maggie comforts her? Thank you so much. You’re an amazing writer, and please take it easy/be kind to yourself as you work through these prompts :)

^^ prompt above from @a-few-of-my-favorite-turtles

She always goes to work when she’s sick.

Always.

And, always, J’onn has to team up with Susan Vasquez to practically escort her out of the building and force her back into her apartment.

When Supergirl joined the team, she’d help.

But still, Alex would resist.

“I’m fine,” she’d insist as she coughed up a lung.

“I got this,” she’d pant as she finished throwing up.

“I don’t need help,” she’d grumble as she wobbled because her bones ached so, so, so much worse than they did that time she crashed through the ceiling of that warehouse and landed flat on her back.

She always goes to work when she’s sick.

Until Maggie Sawyer, that is.

Because Maggie notices in the middle of the night, when Alex develops a chest cough, when she tries to hide it, when she shifts away from Maggie’s body and curls up in a fetal position and rocks herself while her chest burns and her body burns and her muscles ache and her nose runs.

When Alex drifts into a restless sleep, finally, Maggie gets up to raid Alex’s medicine cabinet. Of course she has no cold or flu medicine. Of course she doesn’t. Alex Danvers is above the common cold, the mere flu.

Alex coughs harshly in her sleep, and Maggie sighs affectionately.

She gets dressed – her jeans, her boots, Alex’s sweater, Alex’s jacket, not bothering with a bra – and pads softly out of the apartment, walking quickly in the chill of the late night to the only 24 hour bodega in the area.
She comes back armed with orange juice, crackers, tea, honey, lozenges, cough medicine, and an assortment of terrible DVDs, because sometimes Netflix just won’t cut it.

She laughs to herself when Alex tries to get up for her run in the morning.

“Where you think you’re going, Danvers?” she wants to know, and Alex jumps, because Maggie usually sleeps later than this, usually gets up to make breakfast and coffee only after Alex has left for her run.

“Run,” Alex rasps, and Maggie arches an eyebrow and reaches up to pull Alex back into bed.

“Mmmm, babe,” Alex flirts, and Maggie grins, but she shakes her head.

“Not hitting on you, Danvers. You’re staying in bed today.”

“I’m… staying in bed today but you’re… not hitting on me.”

“Alice, you were coughing the entire night, and you’re sweating bullets even as we speak. And you’re standing weird like you’re nauseous. You have the flu, Danvers. And I’m going to take care of you.”

Alex pffts and Alex shakes her head and Alex takes one look at her girlfriend and knows that resistance is futile.

“But you’ll get sick,” she objects, and Maggie smiles, because of all the objections she expected – objections about work and duty and the weight of the world and failure and perfection – this is the sweetest one to hear.

“I’d rather be sick with you than out in the world and healthy knowing that you’re all alone with no one to feed you and medicate you and hold your hair back when you throw up and hold you and entertain you when you inevitably get cabin fever in addition to your actual fever.”

Alex stares and blinks down tears and lets herself lean back into bed. “I think I love you, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Good. Because I know I love you, Alex Danvers.”
Chapter 182

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

little prompt for you if you want: how about instead of being an awkward baby gay coming into her gayness alex is just plain awkward and very very gay and maggie basically has no gaydar to speak of? like maggie goes "i didn't know you were into girls" and alex is like "uh, i thought the leather jackets and the bike and the boots and everything were like neon signs" or smth like that you get my point right? anyways i love your writing!

She leans against her cop car and stares up at Alex with skepticism and maybe a little bit of hope in her eyes.

“I think I read you wrong.”

She hopes, she hopes, because her entire body is smarting, aching, reeling, from the pain of what her ex had said to her, the things she’d accused her of.

And Maggie, self-esteem shattered, is sure her ex had been right about all of them.

She is hard-headed, insensitive. Obsessed with work. Borderline sociopathic (well, that wasn’t her exact diagnosis, but hell, her ex wasn’t to be expected to know all the right terms, right?).

And she knows her ex was right, too, when she’d accused Maggie of having eyes for that damn FBI agent.

She’d tried not to, and she would never have done anything about it – she was nothing if not loyal – but she couldn’t help the feelings. Alex was…

Alex had rescued her, Alex had walked into the line of literal fire for her.

Alex had cared.

So she didn’t have words for Alex.

Except, now, maybe – because it really feels like Alex is asking her out, and hell, she thinks now the word might be gay – the word she hadn’t dared to hope for, because anyway, if she was straight, Maggie couldn’t be tempted any more than she already was.

“What do you mean?” Alex is tilting her head and smiling confusedly and her voice is nervous, nervous, nervous.

“I… I didn’t know you were into girls.”

And the nerves seep out of Alex’s body, now, because suddenly, Alex is laughing. Maggie blinks
and furrows her brow, crossing her arms defensively across her chest, because she’d thought Alex was straight, sure, but she’d also thought Alex was just fine with her being a lesbian.

“Problem, Danvers?” And suddenly Maggie’s voice is hard, cold, defensive, protective. The voice she’d honed in Blue Springs. The voice that served her well on the force. The voice that didn’t feel like her at all, and yet felt like her whole life.

Alex reaches out and touches Maggie’s elbows, shaking her head now. “No, no, Maggie, no, I’m sorry, no, no, nothing’s wrong. I just... how could you not have known? I thought the leather jackets and the bike and the boots and the, like, everything, were kind of neon signs.”

Her grin is awkward, now, but with just a twinge of confidence, and her eyes flit down to Maggie’s lips, and Maggie’s gulps, because oh. Oh.

“So... you wanna keep each other company, Danvers.”

“You don’t wanna celebrate singledom, fine. You can be all sullen and quiet, that’s okay, or you can drink as much as you want and I’ll make sure you get home okay, or you can vent as much as you need to, or all of the above. I’m a good listener, Sawyer.”

Maggie tilts her head. “And... venting is all you want?”

Alex smiles softly. “You’re still hurting, obviously. So for now, yeah.” Her eyes flit to Maggie’s lips again. “For now.”

Maggie loses her breath because Alex wants her, and Alex wants to take care of her.

Of all the things she’s used to, this isn’t one of them.

“So what’d you say about a great pinball bar?”

Alex smiles, and Maggie swears she might be blushing. And it feels... like life might be beginning again.
Anonymous asked:

Maggie and Alex are dating and J'onn wants to meet Maggie and talk to her about their relationship. Alex is happy that J'onn is looking out for her. (Write this if you have time, please.)

It’s not how she wanted J’onn to find out, and it’s far from what J’onn would have preferred, too.

Far, far, far from it.

Because when he walks into his earth daughter’s lab and Detective Maggie Sawyer is on the lab bench with her shirt tugged hastily up and her fingers woven into Alex’s hair, whining as she holds her head steady to her chest, he really thinks he’s seen enough of this damn planet.

“Agent Danvers,” he clears his throat, and Maggie’s breathy whining of Alex’s name becomes a curse and he didn’t know Alex could make that kind of squeaking sound.

“Sir,” she breathes, zipping her pants and helping Maggie pull her shirt down, her fingers trying to pat her hair back into some semblance of acceptability as she snaps to attention, lips swollen and slightly parted, breathing hard for very different reasons, suddenly.

Maggie doesn’t turn around as she hops gingerly off the lab bench, because she’s trying so hard to just breathe, breathe, breathe. Because she’s been here before, been caught by someone’s dad before, and it hadn’t been pretty – to say the least – and she was so stupid, she should have known that something so reckless and impulsive would destroy everything.

Like she always does.

“At ease, Alex,” J’onn says, and there’s something in his voice that Maggie can’t identify, and – when she chances a glance up at Alex’s face – she can tell that Alex can’t quite read it, either.

“Detective Sawyer, can I please speak with you for a moment?”

“J’onn, she –”

“No, Alex, it’s fine. It’s fine.” It’s most certainly not fine, but she squeezes Alex’s hand and she winks softly at her and she puts on a brave face, because he is much more powerful than that father who’d called her into his garage and beaten her senseless for kissing his daughter, but she’s long since trained herself to keep a brave face, so she does.

J’onn doesn’t look at her as she follows him out of the lab, feeling a combination of distinct dread and the panicked urge to laugh, because Alex is supposed to be the one feeling like a teenager again, not her, but god, she does.
He leads her into an office and he gestures her into a seat.

“Prefer to stand, sir,” she clips, forcing herself to look up into his unreadable eyes.

He speaks without preamble, and what he says shocks her. And she didn’t think she could be shocked by much anymore.

“Do you love her, Detective Sawyer?”

“I… Sir?”

“Sit,” he says again, and he sits, too, this time, so she follows suit.

“Detective Sawyer, I know a lot of things about you. Protocol, you understand, for letting you into the DEO so frequently, for partnering with you on cases these past weeks. I know that you won an impressive amount of Intel competition awards throughout high school; that you suffered a compound fracture in your left arm when you were sixteen years old; that you rose to the rank of detective more quickly than anyone else in your graduating class at the academy, largely due to your extensive knowledge of alien life and your community work with LGBTQ children. I know, too, that your first girlfriend in college was an alien of unknown origin, and you helped her fix her pod so she could go back to her planet, even though it broke your heart when she told you she was planning to leave.”

He pauses and Maggie tries not to feel naked. “I…”

J’onn speaks again, and his voice is different, now, a little lighter. A little less stoic DEO Director, and perhaps a little more the stoic DEO Director space dad figure that Alex idolizes so much.

“And now, I know more things about you than I ever wanted to know, and good god, I wish now more than ever that Martians didn’t have such impressive memories.”

Maggie blushes and starts to stammer out an apology, but J’onn continues. “So, now I know that you’re deeply attracted to Agent Danvers. But what I don’t know, Detective Sawyer, is if you love her.”

“You wanna know if I’m good enough for her,” Maggie rasps softly, tears in her throat, and J’onn watches her face closely.

“It hasn’t been that long, you know. And she… she’s just coming to realize… things… about herself. That’s for her to tell you about, and she was planning to, you know, soon. Just trying to find the right time.” She looks up at him and gulps. “But that’s not what you asked. It hasn’t been that long, but I… yeah. Yes. I love her. I… I haven’t told her yet, because I don’t want to rush her, I don’t want to pressure her, but I… I know it hasn’t been long, so maybe this is stupid, but I love your daughter more than I’ve ever loved anyone. She… she’s just… you know Alex, she… she’s perfect. For me. She’s perfect. And as for whether I’m good enough for her? Probably not. Almost definitely not. But I’ve been trying to be, every day. And I’m not going to stop trying to be.”

The skin around J’onn’s eyes crinkle slightly, and his lips tilt upward.

“Alex! You can stop hovering in the hallway now.”

Maggie startles and turns, her mouth open and her eyes wide. “How much of that did you hear?”

“Enough to know that two of the people I love most in the world have got my back,” she whispers, and the tilt of J’onn’s lips becomes a full smile, and Alex crosses the room and slips into his arms.
“Thank you for wanting to protect me.” She turns to Maggie, and there’s pure vulnerability, pure love, in her eyes. “And I feel the same way about you.”

Maggie’s breath hitches and she licks her lips and she can’t speak.

J’onn clears his throat. “Do you two need the afternoon off? Because I certainly don’t need to witness anything – like that – ever again.”

“Yeah, sorry about that, J’onn, I – ”

“We’re just not going to discuss it, Agent Danvers.” His voice is gruff, but his warm hand on her shoulder, and then on Maggie’s as he leaves the room, gives him away.

“Maggie, I – ” Alex steps closer to her and takes her into her arms.

“Never again, Agent Danvers!” J’onn calls without turning around, and Maggie and Alex laugh, laugh, laugh, into each other’s arms.

And if they cry, just a little bit, it’s out of the sweet relief of being so, so loved.
Chapter 184

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

thank you for the hugs, I have read all the fluffs, and I couldn't write today (cause headaches) and I really need something right now, even a paragraph of fluff would do, even a caption on an Alex Maggie picture would do, I just need something. The fic I read was really well written, it included consent and all, but it was like the 5th in a very short time that had beating, it's overwhelming. Your kink fics are amazing, I really love them.

She tells her that the days of her pushing her feelings down are over, and god, does she mean it. Because last night, Alex held her and kissed the back of her neck and whispered sweet nothings – sweet everythings – into her ear until she fell asleep, because Maggie had come home upset about a confrontation she’d had at work. And this morning, Alex had gone on her run extra early and woken Maggie up with breakfast in bed. And last week, she’d kissed every centimeter of her face with a reverence that Maggie was still reeling from. Alex Danvers was perfect: and Alex Danvers deserves only the best of all things. Alex Danvers deserves, for once, to be put first. And that’s exactly what Maggie’s going to do, because the days of Alex pushing her feelings down are the days before they first kissed, the days before they started dating, the days before the tumbled into the same abyss of falling in love with each other.
Chapter 185

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Fic: Alex talks to Maggie about something that went down in season 1 (General Douchebag Lane, The Red-K incident, Astra’s death, almost getting sent to Cadmus?, Myriad etc.) Aka Alex needs to open up and share herself/her trauma and Maggie gets a window to how loyal and devoted Alex is for people she loves and how much it kills her when she can’t be.

^^ above prompt from @backintheblackparade

Maggie is a detective, and she detects.

She detects when Alex flinches – just slightly, just slightly, just in the skin behind her eyes – when she’s passing out weapons to the strike team and her hands ghost over a kryptonite sword.

She detects when the small of Alex’s back gets tense, when her fingers twitch ever so slightly as if aching for her glock, when Winn announces that he’s found a lead on Cadmus’s newest location.

She detects the darkening of Alex’s eyes when one of the agents mentions Myriad in passing, and while Maggie remembers that night with a clenched jaw and the ghosts of trauma from utter lack of control, she knows from Alex’s eyes, from the stiffening of Alex’s shoulders, from the way the agents fall silent when they realize she’s in earshot, that the night of the takeover was much, much worse for Alex than it was for, probably, anyone else.

She doesn’t ask.

She knows Alex doesn’t like to talk.

So she doesn’t ask.

But on the nights that end the days where Alex flinches, where her back tenses, where her fingers twitch and her eyes darken – those nights, Maggie makes sure to draw Alex aromatic baths and give her hot oil massages and kiss her slow, kiss her soft, kiss her tender, all over her body, all over her heart.

She doesn’t ask, but eventually, she doesn’t have to. Because eventually, Alex starts talking.

“She told me I’m nothing more than… than an abused child. Brainwashed into fighting for aliens, believing they’re good.”

Alex chuckles harshly and Maggie continues playing with her hair as Alex lays in her lap.

“That is, I wasn’t trained that way. Kara is good, Kara is worth fighting for, worth dying for. But other than that? I was trained the other way around.”

Alex chuckles again, and she turns her face to kiss Maggie’s stomach. “Ironic, isn’t it? That a
Martian taught me to fear aliens, to kill them? It was you, really. You that made me think of something beyond… I dunno… duty. Something more like… empathy.”

Maggie says nothing. She just leans down to kiss Alex’s forehead, to continue stroking her hair.

“It’s funny, you know. Her talking to me about abuse. Because she’s spent the last decade doing god knows what to my father. And I told her. I told her, I’ve killed before. A Kryptonian.”

Maggie’s hand stills, just for a moment, and she cocks her head in confusion, in pain, in compassion, but she blinks away the surprise, the hurt on Alex’s behalf, and she wipes her face clean and continues stroking Alex’s hair.

“Kara’s aunt.” Alex swallows, and Maggie’s never seen her this close to crying about work, about missions, about the agonies of being a soldier. Of being herself.

“She was going to kill J’onn, she… Kara’s only remaining blood, or my… my father. Figure, anyway. I… I’m a soldier. Right? I’m a soldier. It shouldn’t bother me. It shouldn’t. And Kara… Kara was amazing, she… but I… I still dream about it. About the glow of the sword piercing through her body, the way she gasped. The way Kara cried over her body. I still dream about it. I shouldn’t. It’s stupid. It was war. I’m a soldier.”

She’s starting to spiral, and Maggie knows, so Maggie kisses her forehead again, runs her thumb over the tears streaking down the sides of Alex’s face, and Maggie speaks, softly, softly, softly.

“You’re more than a soldier, Ally. You’re a person underneath that armor, and I’m not just talking about your tactical gear, babe. A damn good person, too. You love hard, Alex. You love hard, so you hurt hard, and you’re allowed. You’re allowed to hurt. Hell, babe, you’re allowed to break. I won’t let you lose track of the pieces.”

Alex gulps, and her body seizes with the effort of holding herself together, and Maggie holds her closer.

“They have my dad, Maggie. It just… it doesn’t end. They torture Kara, they threaten J’onn, so I kill Kara’s aunt, Kara almost dies alone in space, but I rescue her in her pod so yay, we win, right, but no, no, because it doesn’t end, Maggie, they still have my dad and we lost all those people at the bar and Kara’s afraid she’s losing me, and sometimes I think she doesn’t really believe I’m her sister, not really, not really, because she said all these things when they infected her with Red-K, and I said all those things when they had me under Myriad, I almost killed my sister, Maggie, so if she still feels me slipping away, maybe all that will come to the surface again and I’ll lose her for real, and it’ll be my fault, and it – I – I’m a soldier, I shouldn’t be – “

“Babe, you’re not gonna lose Kara. You’re not, I promise. I’ve seen you two. She only worries about losing you because she loves you, Alex, just like you love her. But babe, she has to learn to live her own life, and so do you. She’s more than Supergirl, but you’re more than Agent Danvers. You can be happy, Al. We’re going to get your dad back – we are, I promise you – and you, doing this? Right now? This is you being brave, Ally, this is you being strong.”

“What, strength is getting snot all over your sweater?”

Maggie smiles and kisses her lips and wipes her nose with the hem of her sleeve. “Now you’re catching on, Danvers.”

“You love me, Maggie.”

It’s a statement, but it’s a question, but it’s a statement, and Maggie gulps because she hasn’t said it
before, because she didn’t want to scare her, she didn’t want to rush her. But Alex’s eyes are wide and her voice is soft and her tears are crystals and her body is warm and her love is radiating.

“Of course, you’re not gonna go crazy on me, are you?”

Alex laughs, and it’s genuine, this time, not bitter, not full of self-hatred, not full of ghosts and screams and nightmares. This time, it’s full of something that sounds a lot like hope.

“I think I just did, Sawyer.”

“Fine by me, Danvers. Fine by me.”
She’s in the field and she’s got her game face on – shoulders set, stance relaxed but ready, eyes sharp – and when J Cole’s Hold It Down blasts out of her back pocket, her work partner cocks a grin at you.

“Your kid?”

She grins at the term and answers quickly.

“Adrian, I’m on the job, what up?”

“Can I bring a kid to our dinner tonight? Remember that girl Val I was telling you about? She’s trippin cause she had a rough time in school today – “

“Yeah, course you can, kid.”

“You gotta go.”

Maggie grins at his sensitivity, his perceptiveness. “You could be a detective yourself, Ade. See you both tonight.”

She chews the inside of her cheek – a habit she’s been picking up from her girlfriend – and shoots a quick text off to Alex, telling her to expect one more tonight before pocketing her phone and sighing, squatting to analyze the tire marks leftover by the latest Cadmus lackey getaway car.

She pushes tonight’s dinner – a biweekly thing, dinner with her girlfriend and her college boy (she never tires of reminding him how proud she is that he’s in college) – to the back of her mind until she walks through the door of her apartment several hours later to find in her kitchen Alex, Adrian, and a short kid – must the the Val girl Adrian was talking about – with a dapper, short haircut, make-up free face, collared shirt and khakis, skin darker than hers but lighter than Adrian’s, smile just as bright.

Alex has the look of panicked glee of a pale five year old being caught with her hand in the cookie jar; Adrian’s holding the handle of a smoking frying pan with one hand and pointing at Alex with the other; and the new kid is frozen mid-laugh, eyes wide and nervous at finally meeting the detective she’s heard so much about from Adrian.
Maggie appraises the situation with a single glance and grins.

“Alex tried to cook.”

“I – “

“All good, Danvers, we’ll order in, but I gotta say, I’m still surprised your skills in the lab don’t transfer to the kitchen – “

“Hehe, your skills – “

“That’s enough out of you, young man.”

“Yes, Agent Danvers.”

Maggie laughs and shakes her head at their banter as she drops her gun and jacket on a chair and strides over with her hand out to greet the new kid.

“Maggie Sawyer,” she says, leaving the usual NCPD part out because the girl is looking more nervous by the second.

“Valerie.”

“But you prefer Val?” Maggie asks, and Adrian nods behind Val’s back in case she isn’t brave enough to say yes. She is, and she nods, and Maggie smiles warmly at her.

“Okay, Val, so. What’re you hungry for, aside from whatever my woman charred on the stove?”

“Hey – “

“Is it not true, Danvers?”

Alex scowls playfully and Maggie leans in for a kiss. Adrian squeals and leans into Val. “Told you they were the cutest couple ever. My real life OTP!”

Val smiles, but there’s sadness behind it.

“Bad day, kid?” Alex asks, and gestures her to the couch.

“She likes this girl,” Adrian knocks his shoulder into Val gently, and she shoves him with an embarrassed laugh on her face. Alex ooohs and Maggie squeals, and Val almost cries, because she’s never met grown-ups who were this excited to hear about her crushes on girls before.

“She’s really pretty,” Val confesses in a single breath, collapsing onto the couch with her knees spread wide and heat spreading across her shyly smiling face.

“Okay, tell. Everything. But first, tell me what you want for food.”

“Whatever’s fine. Pizza, maybe.”

Maggie chuckles as she takes out her phone to order. “Always with the pizza in this family.”

Alex kisses her and Adrian squeezes her knee when they catch her family comment, and Val flushes to be so easily included in such a term.

“Nothing, I just… she’s really good at math – “
“A definite turn on – “

“Oh, is that why you like coming to my lowly easy-bake oven lab, Danvers?”

“Ladies! There are children present!”

“I’m not a children, I’m sixteen!”

“Children,” Adrian, Alex, and Maggie all chorus, and Val rolls her eyes and continues.

“There’s the math thing, and she’s just really sweet, she always sticks up for the kids who get picked on, and she’s got these gorgeous curls and she’s – “

“Super duper femmey, and totally into soft little butches like yourself,” Adrian says and pokes her in the belly gently. She swats at his hand and shrugs defeatedly.

“I dunno. I mean, I’m not just into femmes… but she is super femmey… but maybe she wants someone harder than me? Or like, femmier than me? Like, less gay, maybe, or more gay, or – ”

“So, basically, you’re creating a girl who’s anything but you in your mind, right?” Maggie grins with a tilted head, and Val sighs.

“I guess.”

Maggie squints at her and exhales sharply and wets her lips and speaks.

“You know before I met Danvers over here, it was… I dated. A lot.”

“Don’t worry Alex. You won,” Adrian whispers, and Alex slaps him five softly without taking her eyes off Maggie.

“I dated, but it was… it was women who didn’t get me, you know? They saw leather jackets and a cop badge and a bike and darker skin than theirs – god, too many white girls, sorry babe, but that’s a story for another day – so they expected me to be a certain type of way, expected me to be… well, more butch, you know? Like, all the time. They were interested in the role I could play – and I can play it, I can be it, and I like it, I love doting on women – “

Val smiles and nods and Alex blushes and Adrian snickers.

“But that’s not all I am, you know?” She shrugs. “Sometimes I like a little lace under the leather. And we’ve got different styles, you and me.” She gestures to Val’s hair cut, her looser clothes, with a grin. “And I love it. Your style. It’s absolutely fantastic. And you look really at home in it. And that’s the thing. You? How you feel, how you are? That’s the only thing that matters. So if she likes you, she’s gotta like your soft butchliness. And who wouldn’t, I mean look at you, you’re perfect.”

Val scoffs and Alex beams at Maggie and Adrian squeezes Val’s knee.

The doorbell rings and Adrian squeals. “Pizza!”

Maggie glances at Alex, and Alex nods with a grin before getting up to get the door.

“Your girl like pizza?” Maggie asks, and Val nods.

“I saved her the last slice last week at the school paper’s party when she was late from class. She was really happy.”
Maggie slaps her own thigh in excitement. “Damn girl, see, you got game! Wanna invite her over? We can watch crappy Netflix movies, and the three of us will check out if she checks you out and it’ll be awesome.”

Val smiles at the thought and pulls her phone out of her back pocket.

“Do you guys do this for all of us? Open up your home like this?”

Alex beams over the small stack of pizza boxes when Maggie looks up at her, and Adrian grins widely, proudly, gratefully, at them both as he cracks open a box and digs in immediately.

“Only to the cool kids,” Maggie teases, and Val nods, and types out a text to her crush, because she’s nervous but she’s perfect just like she is, and what’s there not to like, right, Maggie said so, and also, pizza.

Pizza with new family.

Even if her crush declines to come over, she’s pretty sure it’s going to be a good night.
Alex has been learning how to balance her devotion to Maggie with her devotion to her sister; every Thursday night is reserved for Kara (and the next night if aliens or Cadmus interfere), and every Saturday night is game night with the Superfriends (Sunday night if aliens or Cadmus interfere). Tuesday nights (Wednesdays in case of emergency), they all join Alex and Maggie at the bar.

Maggie comes to game nights, of course — at Kara’s insistence — and Winn thinks, at first, that she’s trying to be accommodating to her sister, that she’s trying to be supportive of Alex living life for herself, for a change.

And she is. She is. He’s never seen Alex and Kara closer than they are now, and it makes his entire being happy.

But Winn also notices other things, other reasons, for Kara to invite Maggie to game night, for Kara to practically drag him out of the DEO (seriously, she nearly dislocated his shoulder that one time) to meet Alex and Maggie for their night at the bar.

Because Kara positively lights up when Maggie smiles at her, blushes profusely and adjusts her glasses when Maggie calls her Little Danvers.

Kara insists on snuggling herself between Alex and Maggie on game night (which usually ends in movie night), and she practically preens when Maggie drapes her arms around both of the Danvers girls.

“Hey, Kara, can I talk to you about something?” he finally asks her, because he’s seen her looking similarly at Lena Luthor and Cat Grant used to fluster her in ways that Snapper just doesn’t.

“What’s up, Winn?” she asks, and he’s glad he hasn’t been drinking.

He glances around the bar for privacy, and he takes a deep, soft breath.
“Listen, um… Kara, you… you’ve been spending a lot of time with Alex and Maggie recently, right? I mean, we all have – “

“Winn, Alex and I are fine, Maggie’s been really great about making sure we get our private sister time in, and I like that Maggie’s part of the Superfriends gang now – Rao, I don’t believe I’m calling us that – and she’s really good to Alex, and Alex is happy, so it’s fine, I’m not – “

“No, no, Kara, that’s not… that’s not exactly what I…” He sighs and squints at her as she adjusts her glasses and looks back at him openly, curiously.

“Kara, remember… remember when you came out to me? As Supergirl?”

Kara blanches slightly at the phrasing, but she nods slowly.

“And I thought you were coming out to me as a lesbian, and you said you’re not gay?”

Kara furrows her brow as she nods, and Winn tries not to comment on the plaid she’s currently rocking.

“You um… Kara, it kind of feels to me like… like you might have a little crush. On your sister’s girlfriend.”

Kara blinks once. Twice. Three times. She adjusts her glasses and she pffts and she looks around the bar and she pffts again and she shoves him in the shoulder lightly.

“What? No. Winn, I told you, I’m not gay – ”

“No, I know that, Kara, but you… you think you might be… bi?” He doesn’t bring up Lena, or Cat, or hell, Lucy, for that matter, because he doesn’t want to ambush her, he doesn’t want to overwhelm her. He wants her to feel supported, not attacked, not cornered. Because Kara Danvers cornered is dangerous. And anyway, he loves her too much to ever want her to feel that way.

Kara stares at him and his heart constricts, because her face is stone, like it was when she found about him, James, and Guardian, and he wants to take it back, he wants to apologize, but then Kara opens her mouth and she buries her head in his shoulder and she groans.

“Oh my Rao, Winn, I have a crush on my sister’s girlfriend what do I do?”

Winn smiles softly and pats her head and raises a hand to assure the other patrons that no, no, she’s fine, she’s just coming out to herself, she’ll be alright in a minute or two.

She leans back from him and looks at him through the fingers covering her face.

“Winn. I’m bi. I – you’re right, I – how could I have not seen it, I – Winn, it – what – Winn.”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, it’s okay. Me too, you know? And when I realized, it felt like this, too. But listen, hey, it’s okay. You’re gonna be okay. And I know what you’re thinking, Kara, you’re thinking that if you come out now, you’re going to rip focus away from Alex again, just when she’s learning to focus on herself, but you know what? You know what, Kara, coming out is allowed to be about you, just like Alex’s is allowed to be about her. Okay? Hell, she’ll probably be thrilled, you can talk about girls together, and as for Maggie? She’s not the one you’re really in love with, is she, so that’s not gonna be a problem, okay? Everything’s okay. You’re okay. It’s okay, Kara. I love you. Everyone loves you.”

Kara continues staring at her best friend, unmoving, through the gaps in her fingers. She says
nothing for a long, long moment, and then she moves her hands away from her face, and she laughs loud, hard, happy. Relieved.

“You’re bi, too?!” she whisper-shouts, and he grins and downs his beer as she leans in to talk more, to explore more, to learn more, about themselves and about each other, and while they do, he makes a note to one day thank Maggie for loosening up not one, but both, Danvers sisters.
Hiya! So I know you closed prompts, but I'm taking this theological ethics class and our lecture was on homosexuality and we're discussing it in our tutorial groups and I feel kinda worthless because all the readings say it's morally wrong to be gay, and the only thing gay Christians can do is either be heterosexual or be abstinent. I'm confident in my sexuality, and I'm not really religious, but sometimes it's hard, y'know? Could you write about Alex or Maggie dealing with this? Thank you :)

“Look Mags, I like you. And I like that Tommy kid. Don’t look at me like that, everyone knows he’s as homosexual as the sky is blue. Just like everyone knows you’re queer as next Tuesday.”

Sixteen year old Maggie furrows her brow at the odd phrase, and Jack shoves her playfully in the shoulder, his pale hands sweaty and his blonde hair slicked to his forehead with sweat, as they continue their job around the school track.

“But it just isn’t right, Mags. You know? And like I said, I like you, so I’m not trying to cause you offense of whatnot. It’s just, I mean look. We live in this town, right, and all of us are good Christians here, right? Even your family.”

Maggie bites her tongue – barely – at the racist aside, and speeds up her run. Jack catches up to her and tosses up his hands.

“Proper form, Whitmore!” their gym coach scolds, and Maggie smirks.

“I’m just saying, Sawyer, it’s right there in the Bible. It’s okay that you’re of the woman-loving persuasion, you know, but you just can’t act on it, Mags. It’s your soul we’re talking about here, like… come on, bet you could find some guy that’s nice enough, girly enough, or just, you know, do what those old spinsters do and get yourself a farm and some cats, huh, they get on just fine.”

Maggie focuses on her running form, focuses on the small white clouds that form with her every exhale, focuses on the fact that Jack is one of the few kids who still even talks to her, and socking him in the face would probably get her both expelled and absolutely no one talking to her. Except Tommy.

She glances at him after a few long strides, because it seems like he’s waiting for her to respond, for her to say something.

She doesn’t.

“It’s just immoral, Mags. Not that you’re immortal, but doing… all that… with other girls? Come on, don’t you just… want to live your best life?”
Maggie speeds up again and she hears Jack groan, but he catches up eventually.

“I do. Wanna live my best life. And that’s what I’m doing, Whitmore. Five!” She shouts their lap number to punctuate her sentence as they pass their coach, and he nods stoically at her.

“Okay, but Sawyer, you’re not worried? About your soul? You’re in church every Sunday, girl, how can you justify that?”

“Plenty of gay Christians who seem to me to be more Christian than the homophobic ones. But question for you, Jack. You know Mary wasn’t a virgin, don’t you?”

Jack stumbles and Maggie smirks but grabs his elbow until he regains his balance.

“It was mistranslated. From the original Aramaic. The word meant young woman. But it got translated somewhere along the way as virgin.”

Jack splutters, and Maggie takes the opportunity to press on.

“And that Sodom and Gomorrah shit?” Jack flinches and Maggie keeps her eyes ahead of her as they pass a group of hissing boys.

“It wasn’t about men sleeping with men, dipstick. It was about men sleeping with little boys. Which, you know, I’d hope the big guy would be upset about.”

“That’s not what the pastor says – ”

“Pastor’s wrong,” Maggie breathes, and slows to a walk. Jack looks relieved as he pants beside her.

“I’m not saying I buy into all this god stuff. But if I did? If I took it as seriously as everyone in this damn hellhole claim to take it? I’d do my homework better. I’d study it harder. I’d read the damn texts and I’d remember that they also say it’s okay to sell your daughters into slavery and that Jesus was a flipping hippie who was friends with sex workers and addicts and, wait for it – gay dudes. I’d use my brain, and, you know, a bit of the heart that Jesus said was so damn important. If I bought into all this stuff. Which, you know, I’m not saying I do. But thanks for worrying about my soul, Jack. I’ll pray for yours, too, how’s that?”

She winks and she shoves his shoulder playfully, and she starts running again.

Because it seems that running is all she ever does, these days. But that’s okay.

It’s okay because she knows exactly the kind of life, what kind of community, she’s running to.
He’s drunk and he’s starting to slur, and James is passing him glasses of water and Alex is tousling his hair and he’s staring at Maggie and Kara, laughing together at the bar as they order another round of root beer, regular beer, and club soda for everyone.

He leans into Alex’s shoulder and she pretends to flinch away from him (but subtly holds him steady) as he points an unsteady finger at her face, his face screwed up in thought.

“Girl, I gotta tell you.” She raises her eyebrows as she looks down at him and fights the smile that’s tugging on her lips as Winn tries to formulate his next sentence. “I think your cop-friend over there has a big crush on you.”

Alex glances at James over the top of Winn’s head and steadies her heart and smirks. “I hope so, Schott. It’d be kinda sad if my girlfriend didn’t have a big crush on.”

James shouts and raises his beer bottle at Alex’s root beer and they spill a little when they clink together but neither of them care because James is thrilled and Alex is ecstatic and Winn… Winn is drunk, and Winn is confused.

“No, nooo no no no no no.” Alex’s wide smile fades faster than James thought was even possible and they both stare at Winn, backing up from Alex’s shoulder now, shaking his head and thrumming the table with the tip of his index finger.

“No no no, see, I vetted her as a friend, I vetted her as a Superfriend, but no one told me I had to vet her as Alex Danvers’s girlfriend. No no no no no no. Unacceptable.”

James is smiling again, now, and Alex’s eyes are shining with relieved tears.

“No, nope, Alex, I’m sorry, she can’t date you yet. I’m not letting her date you until she’s thoroughly vetted, past girlfriends and all that. She’s not gonna break your heart, Alex, I won’t…” He splutters for the right words and Alex tilts her head at him – a habit she’s picking up from Maggie – a bemused smile pulling at her lips. “I won’t permit it.”

Alex jumps slightly when several bottles clink down onto the table, signaling Kara and Maggie’s return from the bar.
“Vet me as much as you need to, Winn. But you’re right. I’m not gonna break her heart. I love her too much for that.”

James awws and Kara squeals and Alex blushes and leans into her girlfriend and Winn frowns.

“Also you’re too terrifying and intimidating. I won’t break her heart because you won’t permit it.”

Winn smiles and nods once, heavily, approvingly.

“She’s passing the Schott Jr. tests so far, Alex.”

“Well that’s a relief, because she’s taking me home tonight and there’s nothing your drunk ass can do about it.”

James whoops and Kara groans laughingly and Maggie catches Winn as he starts stumbling off his stool.

“We’ll save the interrogation for another time,” he tells her as he pats her hand drunkenly, and Maggie laughs gently as she sets him upright.

“I love how much you love her, Winn. I really do.”

“Good. Because it – I – I uncharacteristically have no witty retort. Just – good.”

“Yeah. Yeah, it is.”
Chapter 190

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Man I need more of Alex taking care of secretly soft Maggie like she's so tough? But bbgirl needs some lovin

Alex watches the way she cradles the phone while she talks to her niece, the way her eyes glass over when she explains that no, no, she can’t come home this weekend, she's in National City, remember, but soon, soon, soon.

And Alex watches the way her shoulders slump because her paycheck isn’t big enough to let her afford soon, soon, soon.

So Alex does some digging and Alex makes some calls, and the next morning, she’s got a round-trip ticket for Maggie to spend the weekend with her niece in Blue Springs.

“Ally,” Maggie rasps, her voice still sleepy, when Alex wakes her with breakfast in bed, presenting her with the printed ticket on a tray along with a single rose, coffee, and waffles.

Maggie’s eyes flood with tears and she shakes her head and she gestures for Alex to take the tray because she needs to stand up, she needs to curl up, she needs to rock herself, she needs to cry.

“I’m sorry, Maggie, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to overstep, I was just trying to – “

“No, no, Alex, no, that’s not – it’s perfect, you – you’re perfect, I – it just – “ Maggie reaches up to the tray and takes the ticket with shaking fingers, staring at it like she’s staring at the most beautiful nebula she’s ever seen, and when she looks back up at Alex, her eyes stay keep the same disbelieving sense of wonder.

“Why did you do this?”

Alex sets the tray down carefully on the bed next to her and sits, squinting at Maggie and pursing her lips off to the side for a long moment before she strokes Maggie’s hair and speaks.

“You know you’re always telling me I don’t have to push my feelings down, that it’s okay to put myself first. And I’m trying, and it’s… it’s good, it’s great, but Maggie, you… you don’t have to push your feelings down, either. You can put yourself first, too. And I know you can’t afford the trip right now, but I can, and I just… I thought… I wanted to put you first, Maggie. I wanted… I wanted to take care of you, because you… you deserve it, babe. You deserve… everything. Everything good, anyway.”

Maggie shakes her head and blinks out a few tears and swallows harshly and kisses Alex softly, softly, tenderly, gratefully.

“I think I’m in love with you, Alex Danvers.”
Alex smiles and kisses Maggie’s nose.

“Perfect. Because I think I’m in love with you, too, Maggie Sawyer. And um… if we’re all in love and stuff…” She pauses and she squirms happily and Maggie smiles full on because yes, yes, yes, they’re all in love and stuff. “Does that mean I get to feed you waffles in bed?”

Maggie’s smile gets even wider and she snuggles closer to Alex’s body. “If you must.”

And Alex must, so Alex does, and by the way both of them bounce around all day, all their coworkers and friends assume they must have had great sex, but they don’t know that the morning was full of waffles and syrup and giggling and Alex feeding Maggie and Maggie smearing syrup on Alex’s lips while Alex yelped so she could lick it off and stories about Maggie’s niece and excited squeals because thank you, babe, thank you, thank you, thank you, and always, Maggie. Always.
Chapter 191

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

could you do a fic where maggie uses ice cubes on alex during sex. i have a huge kink for that and i need to see it on these two

It starts with vegan ice cream.

The way that Alex gasps and shudders and freezes momentarily with her eyes closed in that way that she always does when she’s just discovering something she loves, something she’s never experienced before, something she needs more of, more of, more of, when she feels how cold Maggie’s lips are from the vegan ice cream, when she feels that cold on her own lips, on her neck, on her stomach, on every part of her skin.

“Ally,” Maggie rasps, deep in the back of her throat, and the sound makes Alex moan. “Alex, you uh… you like?”

“Yeah. Maggie, I… fuck. Yeah.”

Maggie grins and rests her forehead on Alex’s bare stomach to catch her breath, to remember how to use words.

“You like the… the cold?”

Alex blushes, hard, and turns her face away, and Maggie’s heart sinks and she crawls up Alex’s body so she’s kissing her face, so she’s cooing into her ear, so she’s reassuring her with her body, with her mouth, with her hands, with her heart.

“Alex, no, babe, you don’t… there’s no reason to be embarrassed, babe, I’m so sorry… I was asking… I was asking because… I think it’s hot.”

Alex sneaks a glance up at her, her body more relaxed now, her face somewhat less red.

Maggie grins. “No… pun intended, there.”

Alex laughs, and it’s the best sound Maggie’s ever heard.

“You think it’s hot, Sawyer?”

“I think you’re hot, Danvers.”

“Oh yeah?”

Maggie moans into Alex’s mouth as Alex pulls her down into a searing kiss.

“Why were you asking? Did you uh… did you wanna… do something more?” Alex asks, and her
voice is ragged, because she’s hopeful.

“Do you uh… do you think you’d like…” Maggie takes a breath and stares down into Alex’s eyes, pupils dilating, chest heaving slowly. “Do you think you’d like it if I uh… got some ice?”

Alex hisses and writhes under Maggie immediately, and Maggie barely suppresses a groan.

“That a yes, Danvers?”

“Why aren’t you heading to the freezer right now?” Alex practically growls, and Maggie is pressing a kiss to her lips and hopping out of bed faster than Alex had ever seen her move.

“Don’t go anywhere, beautiful,” she calls over her shoulder, and Alex smiles, and leans up on her elbows, and licks her lips, and waits, waits, because god, god, god.

Maggie pads back into the room with two soft hand towels, a bowl of ice cubes, wide eyes, and slightly parted lips.

She kneels on the bed in front of Alex, tucks the towels under either side of Alex’s torso, and runs her tongue slow, slow, slow, over Alex’s stomach. Alex whines and arches her hips and Maggie doesn’t break eye contact with her, not once.

“You good, babe?” she asks, and Alex begs.

Maggie growls and groans and takes an ice cube between her fingers and asks Alex with her eyes again, and Alex begs again, and she traces the ice along the same path her tongue just painted.

Alex screams and slams her palms into the bed and grabs the sheets with her fingers and tosses her head back and bites her lip and begs again, again, again.

“Maggie please, don’t stop, please, please.”

“No, I shouldn’t stop, Danvers?” Maggie’s voice is teasing, but her eyes are warm, because she’s looking up at Alex and she knows she’s never seen anything as beautiful as Alex Danvers with her guard down, Alex Danvers trusting her, Alex Danvers giving her this incredible gift.

“Please, Mags, please,” Alex manages, and Maggie complies.

She spells her name in ice, slow, slow, letter by letter, on Alex’s writhing torso, and she licks the streams of melting water as they drip down Alex’s sides.

She traces patterns up to Alex’s chest, and Alex asks for more, more, more, so Maggie slowly, deliberately, carefully, swirls the ice around both of Alex’s nipples in turn, never touching, not yet, watching her nipples get hard with teasing, with cold, with need, until Alex is whimpering so beautifully that Maggie complies, finally bringing the ice directly onto her nipples before warming them with her lips, with her mouth, with her tongue.

She paints pictures of snow falling and of sunsets and of hearts and of stars and of all the things she wants to do to Alex, all over her inner thighs, all over her stomach, asking Alex and receiving only begging, only yes, yes, please, yes, before she lets the melting ice drip onto her clit, and Alex screams and begs for more and Maggie bites her lip and barely contains a groan and obeys the perfect desires of the perfect woman she loves.

She stops only when there’s only melted water in the bowl she’d brought, when Alex is panting and Alex is spent and Alex is resting with a dazed, contented, safe smile on her relaxed face.
Maggie meticulously kisses the same patterns onto her bare skin that she traced with the ice, and she follows her tongue with soft towels, and whispers – promises, really – of respect, of reverence, of beauty. Of love.
Chapter 192

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

turns out I didn't go to sleep and looked for the ask about the fic idea, haha. I actually am enjoying all the dynamic between Kara and Maggie on your fics, they give me life and I need them to have an actual friendship on the show. Here's the plot the other anon suggested and I loved it and you asked to send the reminder about it.

**MAGGIE CALLING OUT KARA FOR NOT NOTICING ALEX’S ALCOHOL ISSUES.**

She’s late to game night, but Maggie isn’t.

She’s late to game night, and she’s on her way up the stairs to Kara’s apartment when her phone starts buzzing out of control.

*Alex, no one’s hurt, everyone’s okay, but you might want to get here as soon as you can.*

*Um, Alex, I know James just texted you, but seriously. Get here, stat. No invasions or anything, but like. Soon. Please.*

Alex sprints up the last stairs and opens Kara’s door to the sound of her girlfriend and her sister’s voices mashing over each other.

“No come on, Kara, I’ve *heard* Eliza make snide remarks about it, so clearly you all *noticed!* But no one ever thought to *do* anything about it?”

“Maggie, she’s a grown woman —”

“Wait a second, wait a second, Little Danvers, I like you a lot, I do, you know I do, I don’t take just anyone to that bowling joint we went to last week, but you can’t seriously be using that argument right now!”

“She is, Maggie, it –”

“Oh, okay, Alex is a grown woman when she needs support and help from her *family*, but when it comes to how she lives her live in complete *denial* of her own feelings, in complete denial of her own *needs*, then she’s, what, just doing right by her family? What about her *family* doing right by her?”

“Maggie, hey, come on, babe, Kara does right by me all the time –”

“Stay out of this, Alex, this doesn’t concern you!” Kara chimes without looking at her sister, and James, Winn, and Alex all stare at each other, and they all gulp.
“Kara –”

“No, Alex, your sister’s right –”

“But guys, I’m standing right here –”

“Okay, fine, you know what, Al? Fine. Here’s the thing: your sister decided that tonight we’d all have beer instead of root beer, and I –”

“And there are a few bottles of root beer in the fridge for Alex –”

“But it would be so much easier for her if we all –”

“Okay, alright, I get it. Beer, root beer, me, alcohol issues, whatever.” Alex is in DEO mode now, and Kara and Maggie are both shrinking away somewhat, closer together. “Right, so. Kara. Maggie’s right: it would be a lot easier for me if there wasn’t all this alcohol around. But I’m also surrounded by people who care about me. By my family. So I’ll be okay, Maggie. Because, Mags, that’s the thing you don’t know yet about these people: I haven’t always made it so easy for them to love me. Yes, yes, you’re right, living my life completely for Kara, completely for what my parents said I should do? You’re right, that’s not okay, you’re right. But these people? These people who didn’t say anything to me about the alcohol? Maggie, you didn’t know me… before I knew you…”

“Nice one, Alex –”

“Winn!”

“Thank you, James. You didn’t know me, Maggie, I was…” She stops and she sighs and she meets Kara’s warm, wet, supportive eyes, and Kara nods her on softly, lovingly. “I was impenetrable, I was…”

“Downright terrifying.”

“Winn.”

“Am I wrong?”

“Winn!”

“Thank you, James. I just…”

Kara takes over, now, and Maggie’s eyes are soft, and her shoulders less tense, and her posture more open.

“Maggie, you opened Alex up in a way none of us have ever seen. She’s happier, she does absurd things now, like giggle. At work.”

Alex blushes and Maggie beams and James and Winn snicker while Kara reaches for Maggie’s hands.

“And something about you – everything about you, Maggie – brought that out of her. And I will always be grateful for you. The first person, probably, to know exactly how to love my sister, how to make her truly happy. How to see the things that we… that I… didn’t want to see. And you’re right, Maggie, you’re right, about the alcohol, and about her independence, and about just… but she’s my sister, Maggie, and you get to call me out, you do, but you don’t get to imply that you’re
the only one who loves her or really knows her. Because you’re not.”

Maggie stares into searing blue eyes and she nods slowly, and Alex puts her hands over her mouth as James stands to hold her, as Winn squeezes her arm softly, because Maggie is kissing Kara’s hand and she’s pulling her into a deep, full-bodied hug.

“I know I’m not, Kara. And she loves you, more than I’ve ever seen anyone love anybody. But you know that, don’t you? And you know I would never take her away from you.”

“Promise?” Kara asks as she pulls away, but though she’s still holding Maggie’s hands, she looks at Alex, not Maggie.

“I promise,” Alex chokes, and she brings Kara into her arms, and Kara offers her hand to Maggie while her other arm wraps around Alex.

And it’s a nice moment, it’s a healing moment, it’s a perfect moment.

Until James, Winn, and Alex realize that this bonding moment at the start of game night means that Kara and Maggie are going to start teaming up for everything, in every round, in every game, from Mario Kart to Monopoly.

And against Kara Zor-el and Maggie Sawyer, NCPD as a unified front, none of the others stand a chance.
It starts in bio lecture.

Because bio is amazing, bio is incredible, bio is everything.

But this lecture? This lecture is too damn boring, this lecture is too damn easy, and the girl sitting in the row in front of and slightly below her is chewing her pen and doodling different kinds of neurons in her notebook, and there’s a leather jacket slung over the back of her chair and she is fine.

And, if the state of her notes – and her doodles – is any indication, she isn’t bored because she doesn’t care about enzymes. She’s bored, it seems, for the same reason Alex is – because this shit is too easy.

So Alex does something she’s never done in her life: she passes a note in class.

*Hey – sorry to bother, but you look about as bored as I am. Bio’s great – I can tell you think so too, your dendrites are awesome – but this stuff is too easy. Wanna keep each other occupied? What’s your name?*

She rips the page full out of her notebook and tosses it down onto the girl’s desk. The girl stiffens, hard. Stiffens like this isn’t her first time getting passed a note in class, and like it hasn’t been a pleasant experience in the past. She glances up to see where it came from, and her eyes – god, her eyes, her eyes are gorgeous – change somewhat when she meets Alex’s gaze. She’s still wary, but now, maybe something else, too. Maybe something hopeful?

She opens the note skeptically, slowly. And she huffs out a smirk as she reads it.

Alex grins down at her and her heart races as the girl scrawls something back.

Her fingers brush Alex’s as she reaches back with the paper without turning around, note in her hand, and Alex gulps because she swears electricity passes between them. She wonders if the girl felt it, too, and her normally steady hands tremble uncharacteristically as she reopens the note. She grins as she reads.

*Thank god, someone who knows a neuron when they see one. Name’s Sawyer. Maggie Sawyer. Yours?*
Alex doesn’t hesitate.

*Maggie’s a beautiful name. Definitely suits you. You know I could write it on my calculator. And mine’s Danvers. Alex Danvers.*

Maggie full out chuckles this time, and Alex blushes as Maggie writes.

Their fingers brush again when Maggie passes the piece of paper back, and Alex could swear she did it on purpose.

*You this smooth with all the girls, Danvers?*

*Only the ones who’re made of as much copper and tellurium as you are.*

Maggie laughs out loud this time as she turns around and flashes Alex with a dimpled smile. Alex’s heart stops, and she doesn’t care that the kids sitting near them start to glare.

*CuTe, Danvers. Very CuTe.*

Alex blushes, and Alex squirms in her seat, and Alex knows she’s a goner, because Maggie got the joke, got the line, perfectly, perfectly, perfectly.

She holds the door for her as they leave the lecture together forty-three minutes later, by unspoken agreement, and they realize – as they talk through their schedules for the term that started just yesterday – that they’re in the same lab, too.

They’re dating within a couple of weeks – because Alex passed her a note in lecture (their rapidly-developing tradition) that asked if Maggie was her appendix, because she really wanted to take her out – but that doesn’t mean that Alex stops with the lines.

“Maggie, how many protons do you have?”

“Probably several billion, Danvers,” Maggie answers without looking up at Alex, her head buried in her physics text book during one of their library dates.

“No, I think you only have eleven.”

Maggie furrows her brow and tilts her head and looks up slowly and groans with a growing smile. “Oh no, Alex.”

“Because you’re sodium fine.”

“Jesus Christ, woman, you have no nerd limits,” Maggie says, but what she means is you’re adorable.

*Sawyer, is it getting hot in here?* Alex scrawls during bio lecture, and Maggie looks askance at Alex’s sweatshirt and knows that she most certainly is not warm. She smirks and she writes a question mark and she waits for Alex’s next move.

*Must be our bond forming,* Alex writes, and Maggie snorts.

*Nerd,* she writes, but what she means is I love that you care about making me laugh, I love that you care about complimenting me.

“If I were an enzyme, I’d be DNA helicase,” Alex murmurs in her ear when they finally have Maggie’s dorm room to themselves, and Maggie laughs breathily as she pulls Alex by the belt
loops toward the bed.

“Wanna unzip my genes, Danvers?” she asks, but her heart is racing with more than just adrenaline, with more than just lust, because Alex is laughing and Alex is touching her gently, gently, gently, and Alex is putting her hand under Maggie’s head as Maggie lays down, and Alex is the biggest nerd she’s ever met, but she’s her nerd, and Maggie wouldn’t have it any other way.
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Heya Mum (Oh boy i hope i don't set the whole Mum/Mom discourse into motion). I know you're super swamped with asks rn but here me out here. SOOOO today is my birthday (Just turned 21!!! Turn Vertical!!!) and i just really wanted a fluffy Sanvers birthday scene (Either can be celebrating) - but only if you feel up to it, if not that's completely fine. This is my first time intruding anyones asks tbh but I digress. Thank you for all the love you shine unto us, it makes our days that much brighter

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH HAPPY BIRTHDAY HERE HERE HERE HERE!!!!!!!!!!!! :D <3 <3 <3 <3

She doesn’t tell Alex that her birthday is coming up.

She doesn’t tell her, because it doesn’t occur to her: it’s never been a priority for anyone she’s dated before. She’s never been a priority for anyone she’s dated before.

And in school, before there was dating, there were white kids, straight kids, who glared and who took her lunch money and who would make a regular day ten times worse when it was supposed to be her special day.

So she doesn’t tell her, but Alex knows anyway, because Alex is observant and Alex may or may not have had Winn hack into Maggie’s file because she’s gotta have a birthday sometime and she knows Maggie, knows that she’s not the type to tell her, to expect anything.

But she should expect something – she should expect everything – because Alex notices, and Alex pays attention, and Alex dotes on her.

So the morning of Maggie’s birthday, Alex gets up for her run extra early. She says nothing out of the ordinary as she kisses Maggie’s temple, as she makes sure she’s snuggled tight into the sheets. She says nothing as she tiptoes back into the apartment an hour later, sneaking extra quietly because she has extra things in tow. Lots of extra things.

Half a dozen helium balloons – one in the shape of a motorcycle – and pancakes and syrup and eggs and coffee from Maggie’s favorite bodega, and, to her own surprise, a stuffed animal puppy with wide, excited eyes and tongue hanging out.

Stealthy as she tries to be, the motorcycle balloon knocks onto the door frame, and Maggie sits up groggily.

“Al?” she asks, her voice scratchy and thick with sleep.

“Morning birthday girl,” Alex smiles as she drops everything on the counter and pads into the bedroom – her bedroom, rapidly becoming their bedroom.

“Because,” Alex explains, pushing Maggie back gently by the shoulders, straddling her and kissing her soundly as Maggie’s groggy confusion turns into a sleepy, perfect smile. “The world became a much better place the day you came into it, Maggie Sawyer. And that needs to be celebrated, don’t you think?”

Maggie sighs breathily and arches her body up sleepily as Alex traces kisses from her lips down her jawline and her neck.

“Alex, you… you didn’t have to go to any trouble – “

Alex stills and leans back to look down at Maggie with a furrowed brow and anger at past lovers in her eyes. “Maggie, celebrating you? Treating you like you deserve to be treated? Why would that be any trouble?”

Maggie arches an eyebrow and says nothing, because she can’t say anything, because this must be what birthdays are supposed to feel like, and she glances over Alex’s shoulder and sees the motorcycle balloon and laughs and squeals like it’s Christmas morning and flips Alex off of her and pads across the apartment to see what else Alex got her.

Alex laughs as she sits back up, as she watches, as she follows, and she checks her phone to make sure that Kara and the others are still on for tonight.

Because as thrilled as Maggie is with the balloons and breakfast and stuffy, Alex Danvers hasn’t even begun yet.

There are flowers from her girlfriend on Maggie’s desk at the precinct when she gets there, and all her colleagues know, and all her colleagues thump her on the back and pile bottles of wine and hockey tickets and Supergirl action figures (from their kids) and lesbian sex dice (from her teasing, laughing work partner) onto her desk throughout the day, and Maggie knows exactly who is responsible for making sure everyone knew and shook down with gifts.

Lunch – from her favorite vegan restaurant across town – is delivered to her in the field by one Adrian Rodriguez, the bill footed by one Alex Danvers, Adrian’s absence from physics class excused by Alex Danvers, who has agreed to tutor him in everything he’s missing and pay his train fare so he didn’t have to put out a dime for anything, except for the comic book he’s gotten made for Maggie, tracing the story of her and him and a bunch of the other queer kids she’s helped out and befriended over the years, and Maggie tries not to cry because she’s at work, dammit, but she cries anyway.

And Adrian accompanies to the bar that night – “no alcohol for you, mister underage” – and Maggie expects it to just be Alex, but she should have known better by now, because not only is it Alex: it’s Alex and Kara and M’gann and James and Winn and J’onn, but it’s also her sister and her niece and her favorite cousin and her best (and only) friend from back home.

And it’s all her favorite music blasting out of the bar speakers and it’s a massive vegan rainbow cake and it’s streamers and it’s her girlfriend decked out in a tight red dress, and Maggie knows exactly what she’s wearing underneath it and exactly how her last birthday gift for this year is going to be given to her, and she licks her lips and she has no words for her perfect girlfriend, but Alex doesn’t need them because her smile is enough, and she tries to hold in her tears but she doesn’t have to, doesn’t have to, because this is her family, her family, her family, and – for once – everyone just wants to celebrate her.
Chapter 195

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

But imagine Maggie finding out about Kara almost getting killed and chewing her out for it but also praising her for protecting her girl.

“Tell me, Maggie,” Alex says as she leans against the kitchen counter with a bottle of root beer, squinting slightly at her girlfriend, who’s barely said a word all evening.

“Tell you what, Danvers?” She tries to smile and she tries to inject bravado into her voice, but she fails, and Alex knows.

“Go talk to her, Maggie. It’s okay.”

Maggie looks up and blinks and shakes her head and blinks again. “I… Al, it – what are you talking about?”

“You’ve got this pit in your stomach, and you’ve had it since you got that call about Lena Luthor this morning, and it got worse when they made you the one to go arrest her, and it got even worse when Kara was there, and it hasn’t gone away. And it’s getting worse, now, just you thinking about it. So go, Maggie. Talk to my sister. I’m not the only one whose days of pushing down my feelings are over.”

Maggie gulps and tries not to blink, because if she blinks, she’ll spill tears, and she’s not okay with that right now.

“But you… made dinner!”

“And it’ll be here when you get back,” Alex says softly as she kisses Maggie’s nose and presses her jacket and Triumph key gently into her hands.

“You’re not mad at me?”

“Maggie, why… why would I be mad at you?”

“You made dinner, and I’m not happy like I should be, and – “

“No, no, Mags, you shouldn’t be anything. You don’t have to live on a script, babe. You feel what you feel. Now go. James and Winn are with her, so be ready for more people than just Kara.”

Maggie has to turn away because she can’t believe that Alex notices, knows, understands, cares, that Maggie has to actively prepare for interacting with people.

“Should I bring potstickers as an offering?” she asks on her way out the door.

Alex squints and grins and tilts her head slightly. “Couldn’t hurt.”
Maggie laughs softly, but her hands don’t start shaking until she gets to Kara’s door. There’s laughter inside and Maggie has the sudden instinct to run, to not intrude.

But she knocks anyway.

It’s James who opens the door, and he grins down at her and gestures her inside. “She’s not mad at you, you know. Just mad,” he whispers, and Maggie grimaces her thanks at him.

“Hey, it’s Alex Danvers’s woman! What brings you by, Maggie?” Winn greets jovially as Kara just stares. Maggie somehow unsticks her tongue from the parched roof of her mouth and forces herself to speak.

“I um… I actually wanted to know if I could borrow Kara for a minute. I… I brought potstickers.”

“Good plan,” Winn winks at her, and Kara crosses her arms over her chest.

“What’d you want to talk to me about, Maggie?” Kara asks, and her voice is guarded, but not entirely hostile. Maggie glances at James and Winn, but it’s clear that Kara wants them to stay, so Maggie puts the potstickers on the counter and rings her hands and curls her hair out of her face.

“Kara, listen, I just wanted to say that I’m sorry. About Lena Luthor. I know you believed in her, and I know you were right, and I just want you to know that I fought with my captain, I tried to get him to look deeper into the footage we were sent, and he did, but our lab is no DEO, and I… it’s the part of my job I hate, Kara, one of the many, and I just… I’m sorry.”

Kara says nothing, just studies Maggie’s face carefully. James stares between them nervously and clears his throat.

“Well, I mean, except for that mishap with you almost getting yourself blown up to save her, everything turned out alright, right? She’s safe now, vindicated — “

“Wait, you what?” Maggie splurts, and Winn cuffs James lightly on the shoulder.

“Alex didn’t… tell you?”

“She told me Kara rescued Lena, not that – nearly blown up? Kara, do you have any idea what Alex would do if you died? What it would mean for her, for them, for the whole damn city? For me? Kara, you need to be more careful, you need to wait for backup – “

“Lena would have died if I waited for backup – “

“No one’s life is worth yours, Kara, you can’t just be so blase about all this, you’re not indestructible!”

“I know that, Maggie. I know that.”

Kara’s voice is steel and Maggie’s eyes are liquid, and they regard each other with a ferocity, with a passion, with a protectiveness, that makes James and Winn hold their breath.

Maggie looks away first, and she crosses the room to take Kara’s hands into her own. Kara accepts them and swipes her thumb across the back of Maggie’s hands.

Acceptance. Because Kara knows exactly what Maggie’s going to say before she says it.

“I would’ve gone in without backup to save Alex, too. You know I would’ve.”
Kara smiles and squeezes Maggie’s hands. “I know you would. And she would for you, too, you know.”

“You’d better not let her.”

“Damned if I could stop her!”

They both laugh, and they don’t let go of each other’s hands. Maggie lowers her voice so much that Kara has to lean down to hear her.

“Good on you for protecting your girl, Kara. And good on you for believing in her. Just… just be safe, okay?”

“My…” Kara straightens up and pffts and reddens and takes one of her hands away from Maggie’s to furiously adjust her glasses and pfft again.

“Lena’s my friend.”

Maggie tilts her head and nods slowly, and takes a deep breath, because she’s going to have to do this with another Danvers girl, now isn’t she?

“Potstickers?” she asks, not wanting to push too hard.

Kara lights up and unexpectedly kisses Maggie on the cheek.

“Mine mine mine mine!” she squeals as she scampers across the room to tear into the potstickers.

“So, you can challenge Kara and survive, and you bring her potstickers. Fundamental makings of a Superfriend, Maggie,” James nudges her shoulder, and Winn nods enthusiastically, and Maggie? Maggie just beams.
Chapter 196

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

You don't need to do this prompt now, but I headcanon that Alex is a really good artist? Like during her childhood, art was her escape from her mother's abuse? So maybe Maggie walks in, sees Alex drawing, and asks to see her art so Alex lets her flip through the pages and she lands on a page of sketches Alex has done of her and Alex explains that "I didn't have a camera, but I do have a good memory so I drew the moments I thought you looked the most beautiful" and Maggie is S H O O K

Precision has always been important to her.

Extremely important.

So when she sketches, it always needs to be as realistic, as alive, as a pencil can make it.

And pencils, she’s discovered, can bring so much life.

When she was a child, her main muse was the ocean, was the crabs she would watch on the jetty, the sandcrabs she’d scoop up in her hands before letting them go each time the surf came crashing onto the shore.

When Kara came into her life, it was Kara. Kara flying, Kara dancing, Kara laughing.

She still draws Kara, and she’s added J’onn and James and Winn to her repertoire.

Her most recent addition – and her most intimate – is Maggie.

Maggie sleeping with the light dripping through the slatted blinds pouring onto her face, her limbs and hair all askew, her lips very slightly smiling, like she’s dreaming something good, something safe, something warm, something happy.

Maggie on her motorcycle, head turned back at a stoplight to look at Alex, her smile radiating through the protection of her helmet.

Maggie under her motorcycle, hands greasy and hair tied up and tongue sticking slightly out of her mouth as she makes her repairs.

Maggie pouring coffee in the morning, sleep and sex still in her eyes, peacefulness in her entire stance, love in her every pore.

Maggie laying on her stomach on Alex’s bed, knees bent, socks half-on, half-off, sprawled out like it’s her own bed – because it is, it is, it is – and reading, her eyes intense, her body transported to whatever fantasy realm she’s reading about this time.
Alex is putting the finishing touches on this last one when Maggie walks in the room, and Alex jumps and slams the book closed. Maggie puts her hands up in surrender and stops in her tracks.

“Hey, Danvers, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you – “

“No, no, it – it’s fine, you’re fine.”

Maggie tilts her head and waits, and Alex stares up at her, considering her, chewing the inside of her cheek, and then she smiles softly, shyly.

“I was drawing.”

Maggie beams and she approaches again, kneeling in front of Alex’s chair and putting her hands on her knees.

“Babe, you never told me you draw.”

Alex smiles and squirms and Maggie knows she’s in love.

“You… wanna see?”

Maggie nods eagerly and she starts at page one, and she gasps as she flips through page after page of beauty, page after page of intimacy. Page after page of the people Alex Danvers loves most, as Alex sees them, as Alex knows them, as Alex feels them.

“Ally,” Maggie sighs, and Alex blushes furiously. “These are beautiful.”

She freezes when she gets to the first drawing of her. Freezes, and stiffens, and Alex splutters.

“I’m sorry if it’s weird, I just… I have a good memory, and I wanted to draw you in the moments you look most beautiful, I’m sorry if it’s weird, I – “

But Maggie is carefully putting Alex’s sketchbook to the side and she’s crawling into Alex’s lap and she’s kissing her, kissing her, kissing her.

“I’m wild about you, Alex Danvers, you know that?”

Alex blushes even harder and Maggie beams and swallows awed tears.

“Yeah?”

“Yes. Always.”
She watches the Danvers girl from a distance, because she’s beautiful and she’s the radiantly intelligent and she’s a massive nerd and she’s just got this incredibly sexy haircut and she’s fiercely protective of that blonde freshman girl and she’s everything Maggie wants and she’s nothing Maggie deserves.

So she just watches. “Not in the creepy way,” she defends herself to her roommate, who’s sharp as a whip and doesn’t miss a thing. “No, come on, Lena. We have classes together, that’s all. And she lives just down the hall, so of course I’m gonna see her all the time – “

“Yes. Exactly, Maggie. She lives right down the hall. So why don’t you go talk to her?”

Maggie clams up and Maggie takes a deep breath, and Lena knows, and nods, and slides her the half-eaten box of donuts.

But it turns out that she doesn’t have to bury herself in late night donuts and laughs with her roommate, and it turns out she doesn’t have to work up the courage to go up to her, doesn’t have to practice what she’ll say over and over again.

Because the next morning, Alex Danvers comes up to her on the quad.

“Hi. Um… It’s Sawyer, right? I’m Alex. Danvers. Alex Danvers.”

Her voice is higher than it is in class, and it makes Maggie fall even harder, because lowering the octave of your voice to make sure you’re heard is a strategy she knows far too well herself.

She stares and she splutters because she realizes, all too late, that Alex is holding her hand out to shake hers, and Maggie clears her throat, and gulps, and tries to remember that she learned the alphabet many years ago and really should have a better grasp on it by now.

“Yeah. Maggie. Uh – hi.”

Nice, Sawyer, she scolds, but Alex doesn’t seem to notice. In fact, Alex seems to…like it.
“So um. Maggie. I noticed… I noticed you’re always the only one other than me to actually get the right answers in chem lab.”

Maggie looks down and grins, because Alex Danvers noticed me, Alex Danvers noticed me, Alex Danvers noticed me.

“So I thought, you know, we could study together. If you want. Keep each other company. During… studying. And there’s this great pinball bar I know, in town. We could… study. Together. And maybe play some pinball.”

Alex’s spluttering – Alex-best-at-everything-at-all-times-Danvers’s spluttering – somehow makes Maggie like her even more.

“You asking me out, Danvers?”

Alex blushes and shifts her feet and wrings her hands and pffts a little.

“Do you want me to be, Sawyer?”

“Heads up!!!” The shout from the quad makes both girls jump, and they both reach up to catch the football spiraling chaotically their way. Alex’s hands close around it first, and Maggie thinks to be embarrassed because of her height, but Alex is beaming and Alex caught the damn thing and fuck is Maggie more than a little turned on.

“Watch where you’re throwing, Schott!” Alex laughs as she chucks the ball back.

“Oh, Winn didn’t throw that! Winn couldn’t’ve thrown that, are you kidding?” a boy that Maggie thinks is called Jimmy calls, and Winn laughs but doesn’t deny it.

“Friends of yours?” Maggie asks as Alex extends her arm to her, and Maggie nearly swoons, and loops her arm through Alex’s to steady herself.

“Of my sister’s,” Alex explains as she waves laughingly as James and Winn both whoop on seeing Maggie and Alex’s arms linked.

“On your way to bio lecture?” Maggie asks, and Alex grins down at her.

“You too, right?” Maggie nods because she’s forgotten about words again.

Alex opens doors for her and Alex sits next to her and Alex scribbles little notes to her in the margins of her otherwise extremely detailed, extremely meticulous notebook.

It’s been two hours since Alex first revealed that she even knew who Maggie was, and already Maggie feels more cared for, more respected, more fun, than she had in any of her relationships – if you could call them that – in high school. And bio lecture had never quite been this incredible.
Chapter 198

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I know u said no prompts unless they were super important, but as a bi girl who's been assaulted this would mean so much. Could u pls have A + M on a night out, but M gets nervous about holding hands on the walk home past so many bars. Everything's so shiny to A that she doesn't get it and gets annoyed when M tries to explain that queer girls need to be careful. But at home M cries for 1st time and tells A about the times drunk guys have sexually harassed or hurt her when she's kissed in public.

Alex wants to touch Maggie. All the time.

She’s handsy at home, handsy in the bar, hell, she’s even starting to be handsy at the DEO (much to the relief of the other agents, because now she’s using her hands to skim her fingers across her girlfriend’s lower back, not threaten her soldiers with bodily harm).

And Maggie absolutely loves it.

Loves how Alex’s arms make her feel safe, how Alex’s lips make her feel warm, how Alex’s fingers make her feel hot beyond compare.

But at night, out and about? Strolling through town, walking past straight bars crawling with white straight men?

No no no.

And Alex doesn’t notice the jeers, doesn’t notice the open laughter and the wolf whistles and the suggestions as to where she and Maggie should spend their night, and doing exactly what.

She’s DEO trained and she’s sharp as a knife, but she’s also in love, for the first time, and so she doesn’t notice.

But Maggie? Maggie does.

She doesn’t take her hand out of Alex’s – she refuses to give in, no matter what her body is telling her to do, no matter what her instincts are telling her to do, no matter what her racing heart and pounding ears are telling her to do – but she stiffens, her smile falters, and that?

That, Alex notices.

“What is it, what’s wrong?” Alex stops walking, right in front of a sports bar with men with beer on their breath and cigarettes in their lips loitering out front, and Alex focuses on Maggie, and Alex is, for once in her life, oblivious.

Maggie tugs Alex along, forward, and it’s the first time she’s ever surprised Alex with one of her
touches – she’s always so careful about asking, about making sure – and Alex is the one who recoils this time.

“What the hell, Maggie? Did I do something, did I – “

“Alex, no, babe, it’s nothing, can we just – can we keep walking, please? Please?”

Alex doesn’t understand, and her eyes are narrowed, but Maggie’s eyes are wide and her voice is somewhat panicked and Alex calms, and Alex follows.

They lapse into silence on the rest of their walk home, and Alex doesn’t ask, because she’s convinced it’s her, that she’s done something, that Maggie’s upset with her, that she failed, that she’s messed it up, and she just wants to delay the inevitable as long as she can.

Maggie only speaks when Alex turns to her in the doorway of her apartment. “Do you want to come in?” she asks, and Maggie bristles because of course she does, because Alex hasn’t had to ask in weeks; it’s just gone unspoken.

“Not if you don’t want me to,” aren’t the words Maggie had planned to say, but they’re the words that come out of her mouth, and she regrets it instantly.

“I’m sorry, that was mean, I didn’t – Alex, I’m sorry, I’m not trying to fight with you, I – “

“Then what are you trying to do, Maggie? Because I’ve been going over it and over it in my head, and I can’t think of what I did wrong, I… was it because I was talking too much? Was I being selfish, was I – “

“What? No, Alex, it has nothing to do with you, I… can I come in?”

The tension seeps out of Alex’s shoulders at Maggie’s soft request, and she gives her a small smile.

“Always,” she says, and she hopes that’s what Maggie wants, because Kara is working tonight and god she doesn’t know what she’ll do alone if Maggie breaks up with her or something.

Maggie steps inside and wrings her hands and curls the side of her hair with trembling fingers and she paces, paces, paces, and she cracks open two bottles of root beer and she paces and wrings her hands some more. Alex just stares and Alex just waits, waits for her fate to be delivered.

And when Maggie finally speaks, Alex’s heart breaks, but not for the reason she’d expected it to.

“I love that you hold my hand, babe. I love that you always put your arm around me when we walk, that you kiss me all the time. I love it. I just… Sometimes, we’ll be in places where… where that kind of affection scares me. I…” Maggie takes a long swig of root beer and shifts to the couch, and Alex sits next to her quietly, their thighs touching. Alex hesitates before putting her hand on Maggie’s leg, and Maggie offers a small smile and a nod before she continues speaking.

“When I was a kid, the first girlfriend I had – not really a girlfriend, I guess, she was just in it to… I don’t know, use me as her straight girl science experiment or something – I was cocky. I was stupid. I held her hand, I kissed her in public. And the guys in town… didn’t like that. Captain of the football team decided I needed to be taught how to keep my dirty hands to myself.”

Alex swallows and her hand shakes slightly on Maggie’s thigh, because she’s never wanted to murder anyone quite this badly.

“I was small, he was five nine. Turns out he didn’t actually want me to keep my hands to myself,
just off pretty blonde white girls.”

She’s not looking at Alex, but she knows Alex is looking at her, and somehow, her gaze wraps her up, makes her safe. Makes her warm, makes her loved. She keeps talking.

“And in college, I figured I was out of Blue Springs, right, it was a college town, things would be better, people would actually know that brown lesbians exist, like, great right? Except it wasn’t, because I walked past this bar – this sports bar – “

Comprehension dawned on Alex and her heart shatters and guilt swarms through her stomach. Maggie’s not looking at her, still, but Maggie knows, and she turns and puts her hand to Alex’s cheek.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Ally. I was walking past this sports bar and holding this girl’s hand, and basically the same thing happened as it did when I was a kid, except by college I had a black belt and was a bit stronger than I was at 15. But it still… Anyway, my point… my point is, it makes me nervous. Being affectionate with women. In certain places.”

Alex nods and refuses to let tears leak out, because this is about Maggie right now.

“I’m sorry,” she rasps, and Maggie shakes her head firmly.

“I told you, you didn’t do anything wr – “

“That’s not what I’m sorry about.”

Maggie goes silent and looks down and after a long, long moment, she lets herself tilt sideways into Alex’s body. Slow, reluctant tears slip down Maggie’s face and her shoulders tremble violently, so Alex whispers to her and Alex kisses her hair and Alex pulls her into her lap and holds her, holds her, holds her.

“No one’s ever gonna hurt you again,” Alex whispers after a long while, and Maggie shakes her head and pulls back slightly so she can look Alex in the face.

Her mascara is smeared and her eyes are red, and Alex has never seen her look so perfect.

“You can’t promise that,” Maggie croaks, and Alex’s heart breaks, because she knows Maggie’s right.

She swallows rage and she swallows hatred, and she pours love and devotion and pure, pure protection into the kiss she presses to Maggie’s nose.

“How about I just promise to always be by your side, whether we’re holding hands or not?”

Maggie smiles slowly, then, mischievously, then.

“You proposing or something, Danvers?”

Alex returns the smile and pulls Maggie back into her embrace.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer. I love you so damn much.”
Chapter 199

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

So here’s a prompt if it tickles your fancy: Sanvers having a conflict about race. Or privilege, rather? Being in a relationship with a white person can be pretty hard? Because of privileges and (usually, hopefully unintentional and not ill-willed) cluelessness about what it’s like to move through the world when you’re not white. I’ve never seen it dealt with in fic and it’d be cool to read.

Alex always readily agreed – nods her head, says things like yeah and J’onn’s right and James has a point – whenever someone explicitly comments on racism. She’s always supportive, always a little too ready to nod her head in agreement, but she’s also always a bit… clueless.

And it feels a bit more like Alex is agreeing because she’s always so ready to defend her friends, rather than because she necessarily… gets it.

Because she got the part where Maggie said she grew up non-straight in Blue Springs, Nebraska. She got it and she’ll recognize homophobia and she’ll stiffen and she’ll be ready to punch someone into last Tuesday.

But she didn’t quite get the part where Maggie said she grew up non-white in Blue Springs, Nebraska.

Because Maggie will get up extra early some days for court to defend brown kids whose cases have crossed her desk, and Alex doesn’t understand.

“But I thought you said he did have a gun in his glove compartment.”

“He did, Al, but it was his father’s car and it was licensed to his father and that’s not even the point, the point is that they never should have been in his glove compartment to begin with, they never should have forced him out of his car to begin with, hell, they never should have pulled him over to begin with.”

And Alex will sigh and nod and go quiet and make Maggie coffee and Maggie will seethe because she hates having to explain things like this in her own home, but at least Alex is asking (instead of accusing her of caring about work more than their relationship), which is more than she can say for the other white girls she’s dated.

Because some nights, Alex will come over and Maggie is positively tearing into the punching bag in her living room, Nas blasting throughout the house, and Alex doesn’t say anything, but she looks confused when Maggie huffs out between jabs and crosses and uppercuts how much zero tolerance policies in schools just seek out and punish Black girls, and Maggie doesn’t want her to look confused, like she’s hearing this for the first time, Maggie wants her to get it, intuitively, and she doesn’t, so Maggie punches harder.
Because some afternoons, Alex will come to the precinct and ask why Maggie’s captain talks to her so differently than he talks to the other women in the precinct, do they have a difficulty history together, and Maggie swallows the answer about his white ass and just kind of shrugs until Alex lets it go, but it eats into Maggie’s stomach all afternoon and only Alex’s smile, ironically, fixes it. Somewhat.

And one evening, when they’re out in a club and James and Maggie sort of huddle in a corner together and Alex can’t figure out why, Maggie’s grateful when James is the one to say all these white folks, Alex, it could be a Klan meeting up in here and Maggie looks down at her feet because she doesn’t want to see Alex’s face fall, doesn’t want to see Alex’s eyes flood with tears, because she’d picked the venue, and it was a gay spot and wasn’t that good enough and she’d failed and Maggie feels badly because Maggie loves her and doesn’t want her to feel guilty, doesn’t want her to spiral, but damn does she not want to be the one to have to pick up those pieces right now.

It’s that night that Maggie first really says anything about it, that night when Maggie decides that she’s not going to treat Alex like the other white girls she’s dated: allowing them to ignore their privilege, to ignore the ways they steamroll over Maggie, ignore the ways their lack of getting it makes her constantly feel crazy in her own home.

She’s not going to let Alex not learn, because she loves her, she loves her, she loves her, and she’s starting to trust, somehow, that Alex loves her enough back to put in the work on herself that Maggie needs her to put in.

“Babe,” Maggie begins, gently, softly, her hands on Alex’s hips after Alex slinks off her jacket and opens the fridge for some water.

“Are you mad at me?” Alex asks immediately, because they hadn’t spoken about it at the club, they’d just danced, danced, Maggie being extra watchful and Alex not noticing the filthy looks and raised eyebrows they got from white girls who think they own oppression because they’re lesbians.

Maggie sighs and rests her forehead on Alex’s shoulder. “No. No, Ally, I’m not mad, but I… I need that to not be the point.”

Alex turns and furrows her brow and waits, and Maggie’s heart flutters because Alex is not going to yell, and Alex is not going to blame her, and Alex is not going to reject her, and Alex is not going to tell her that she’s making things up and not everything is about race, not, not, not, right?

“There are ways I move in the world that… that you don’t. You could stroll into that club, or hell, anywhere, with Kara, and two beautiful white women? God, Alex, you have all the privilege in the world. All of it. And I… I have a lot of it, too. I can pass sometimes, and I hate it, I hate that, but I… listen, Al, I… I’m not going to teach you about your white flipping privilege. I don’t want to have to, babe. I want to come home and know that the woman I love is going to understand without me having to explain to her, I want the woman I love to get it. That doesn’t mean you can’t mess up and it doesn’t mean you can’t ask me things, but just… you gotta stop treating racism like it only exists in big bad individual people and hella obvious, okay?”

Alex fidgets and sighs, and Maggie’s heart hammers.

“So you’re saying you love me.”

Maggie can’t help the radiant smile that pushes it’s way onto her face, because Alex is ridiculous, and Alex is right.

“And you’re saying you want me to start being less of a ‘post-racial’ jackass.”
Maggie arches an eyebrow and tilts her head. “I’m impressed you know that word, Danvers.”

“I’ve been trying, Sawyer. Because I love you too. And I’m gonna figure out how to love you better. I promise.”
Chapter 200
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

When you have the time to write again, remember we all loved the college AU. For real, pleas do it again sometime.

She doesn’t normally do parties, but M’gann had wanted a wingwoman, so she’s found herself claiming the one beat up bean bag chair in the corner by the kitchen and smirking over her beer as M’gann talks it up with this boy Maggie had done her duty of introducing her to.

Her eyes shift lazily across the room until they settle on a very freshman-looking blonde with glasses and wide eyes, standing near the bathroom and shaking her head repeatedly with a frazzled-looking smile as a handful of frat boys try to put red solo cups into her hand.

Maggie is up and in the thick of things before M’gann even hears her say she’ll be right back, and she’s straightening her plaid shirt and drawing herself up to her full height, which still only brings her up to these boys’ chests, but what the hell, this kid is a freshmen if she ever saw one and judging by the way she’s furiously adjusting her glasses, she’s never had to deal with pressure from senior college boys – or anyone, for that matter – to drink.

“Problem, gentlemen?” Maggie asks, and they sneer down at her, now. The blonde girl shakes her head at Maggie, concerned, but Maggie ignores her for now.

“Oh come on, Sawyer, the one time you actually come out – hehe, hey, see what I did there? – to a party like the rest of the world, you figure the best thing to do is ruin our fun?”

“Well that’s just the thing, man, I don’t care all that much about ruining your fun. It’s this kid’s fun I’m worried about – and she’s a kid, guys, come on, hey, you’re a kid, right – ”

“I’m a freshman!” the girl pouts, and Maggie hides a smirk.

“Right, exactly, a kid. And you know what, fuck man, even if she wasn’t a kid, she fucking said no. So back the fuck up.”

“Or what?”

Maggie doesn’t flinch as she stares up at the senior boys, her fingers twitching, ready, as her thumbs rest confidently on her belt loops.

“Kara, what the hell? I thought you said you weren’t coming to this thing, I told you it – what’s going on here?”

The bottom drops of out Maggie’s stomach, then, because the most beautiful girl she’s ever seen – short hair, glasses, thin lips but god, soft, soft, soft – is storming up to them, putting her hands on the shoulders of the blonde girl (Kara, apparently) protectively.
“These guys were trying to get me to drink, and this girl was defending me, I didn’t think I was gonna come, but I got done studying early and I thought you were in the lab and I missed you, Alex,” Kara explains quickly, so that the new girl doesn’t include Maggie in the list of people she’s about to beat the shit out of.

The girl’s eyes quickly scan Maggie’s face, and Maggie feels heat shoot straight down to her core, and she wonders if the girl – Alex, Alex, Alex, Maggie rolls the name around in her head – feels it, too.

“You guys gonna beat it or you gonna let me take out years of childhood rage and trauma on your faces for messing with my kid sister?” Alex asks, and the guys glare, and one of them shoves Maggie slightly as they grumble away.

“Are you okay?” Alex focuses entirely on Kara, and Maggie wonders what it must feel like to have that girl’s full attention focused on you.

“Thanks to you,” Kara looks past Alex to Maggie. “And I don’t even know your name.”

“Sawyer. Maggie Sawyer. Kara and Alex, you said?” Maggie asks, holding her hand out to both of them in turn and trying her best to grasp them both the same way, but she can’t help it, she lingers on Alex’s hand, and she swears that Alex lingers back, and sure enough, her eyes are fully fixed on Maggie, now, fully concentrating on her, and Maggie’s suddenly scared she’ll do something mortifying like swoon.

“You don’t know my sister and you’re… sorry, but you’re smaller than my sister, and you put your body between her and all those dudebros,” Alex says, her eyes locked in Maggie’s, and Maggie tries to remember how to speak.

She shrugs. “Happy to,” she says, and Alex’s eyes flit down, just slightly, to Maggie’s lips.

“Are you here with anyone? I just got out of the lab and I was going to take Kara for some potstickers – ”

“Yessssssssssssssssss!!!!”

“So if you’re not here with anyone, I… do you wanna come with us?”

“No, just my friend, and she…” Maggie looks over her shoulder at M’gann, who’s already looking at her and winking suggestively, waving her away with a grin and a you’d better tell me everything in the morning glance. “Where the hell do you find potstickers at this time of night?”

Alex flashes a wicked grin, and Maggie decides she’s falling in love.

She grabs Maggie by the hand and pulls her out of the steamy party atmosphere into the cool night air, and Maggie’s never felt so perfect.
Chapter 201

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Okay, Okay, I know, no prompts. BUT, I do think this is sort of an important one. I wonder how Alex's need to be perfect, tied with her need to not screw up again in her relationship with Maggie, would play into her ability or inability to honestly tell Maggie if she is getting to yellow or even red when they are in bed together. I feel as if Maggie would somehow pick up on it eventually.

Alex has never been this wet and she’s never felt this present in bed before, never felt this alive in bed before, never felt this… perfect.

Perfect, perfect.

Maggie is biting her lip and Maggie is panting her name and Maggie is asking for her color and Alex is green lighting her all the way because Maggie is perfect, Maggie deserves perfect, and this? Maggie buried deep inside her, holding her down by the wrists, moaning as she fucks her from behind, as she keeps her still, as she does everything she wants to Alex because Alex wants her to do everything she wants to her? This is perfect.

Every cell in her body is on fire and her throat is raw from screaming Maggie’s name and green, green, green, because fuck yes Maggie that feels amazing fuck fuck fuck, and it does feel amazing, and she’d never thought she could feel this much, this intensely, this overwhelmingly…

This overwhelmingly, this intensely, until suddenly it’s too intense and suddenly it’s too overwhelming and Alex Danvers blazed through her DEO training faster than any other agent in the organization’s history but somehow Maggie Sawyer on top of her is a more overpowering experience than any of that ever was, because suddenly Alex has forgotten how to breathe.

And not in the good way.

And Maggie is perfect, and Maggie deserves perfect, and she knows how wrecked Maggie is – she was in that deep a moment ago herself – because Maggie’s thrusts are starting to get uneven like they do right before she cums and Alex wants her to cum because Alex doesn’t want to mess up because Alex can’t mess up because Maggie deserves perfect, perfect, perfect, so when Maggie rasps, “Color, Al?” Alex doesn’t say red, and she doesn’t even say yellow, because she won’t mess this up for Maggie, so green, green, green is what she whispers, is what she chokes out, and Maggie moans raggedly and her thrusts have never hurt Alex before, but now it starts to sting, just slightly, just slightly, but Alex can take a little bit of pain, a lot of pain, if it means she’s making Maggie feel good, if it means she’s doing a good job, if it means…

But the pain, the slight stinging from Maggie’s desperate rhythm is slowed, stopped, halted. Alex freezes, confused, and turns her face to meet Maggie’s eyes.
“Ally, you – you with me? You good?” Maggie’s breathless and she’s squinting like she’s trying her hardest to concentrate, to control her body, to still her body, to still her raw desire.

“I… yeah, yeah, Maggie, you don’t have to stop.” Alex starts to arch her ass back into Maggie’s strap on, but Maggie backs up and shakes her head and hisses slightly as she pulls out of Alex gently, slowly, gently, slowly.

“Maggie, you don’t have to – “ Alex tries to sound calm and Alex tries to sound collected, but really, Alex just sounds panicked, and Maggie is at her side in a moment.

“Shhh, babe, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, did I – did I hurt you, did I – you said green, I thought – but then you kinda seemed like you weren’t into it, I’m sorry, I didn’t – “

But suddenly Alex is the one apologizing, Alex is the one crying, Alex is the one begging Maggie to forgive her.

“No, no, you were perfect, Maggie, you are perfect, I just… I wanted to be good for you, I wanted to give you what you wanted – “

Maggie stiffens and her eyes go wide. “Did you not want – “

“No, no, I did, I do, I love this, I love… I love having sex with you, like this, like every way, but I… I got overwhelmed, but it doesn’t matter, because you were so close to cumming and I didn’t want to disappoint you, I didn’t want to mess it up for you, I – “

“Alex, Alex, no, no, no, babygirl, no. Ally, you – no. Alex, you’re perfect, you’re perfect, but you’re not perfect to me because you do what I want. You’re perfect to me because you’re you. And babygirl if you were overwhelmed, you gotta tell me. That’s literally why we have colors, hand signals, that’s literally why I’m always asking you, babe, because I don’t ever want to do anything you’re not desperate for. I want you, Alex, I want you, not what you think I want you to be, what you think I want you to do. I want you. And if you need to stop, if you wanna stop, then we stop. Simple as that. You’re perfect, Ally. Always, okay?”

“You’re not mad?” Alex would be embarrassed at the squeak in her voice, at the tears in her throat, but Maggie is kissing every centimeter for her face, is holding her closer than she’s ever been held.

“I will never be mad at you for telling me what you need and what you want, Alex. Never. I promise. Okay?”

Alex bites her lip and stares into brown eyes that are radiating nothing but love, and slowly, slowly, she nods, and slowly, slowly, she smiles.

“Okay.”
Chapter 202

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I'm just feeling p worthless and I'm sure at some point Maggie has too so can we have Alex just randomly telling Maggie how much she means to her and how amazing she is, how much she loves her. And I need Maggie to be a mess bc haha same.

Same my darling Anon. Same. Sending you so much love: you are worth everything!!! <3 <3 <3

She doesn’t say anything about it on the days when it hits her worst. She doesn’t say anything about it because talking isn’t exactly her style.

But she hits at her heavy bag harder, she takes more risks at work, she takes more shots at the bar, she’s quieter at dinner, she’s quieter in bed.

She doesn’t say anything about it, but Alex knows anyway.

Knows that Maggie tries not to – tries so hard, sometimes, that it tears away at her insides and eats away at her perfect smile – but she knows that Maggie believes the things her exes have said to her, the things her father has said to her, the things the chemical imbalances coursing through her bloodstream and neural pathways say to her, the things the world has said about brown queer girls who think they have a right to be happy.

Knows that more often than not, Maggie Sawyer feels worthless.

Feels like she’s just going through the motions. Like every achievement she’s had is luck. Like every tear she sheds is weakness. Like every struggle she has is fake. Like every break she takes from a job full of death and full of torture and full of iron bars eats away at her value as a person, because how can she be worth anything at all if she’s not spending all her time, every second of it, in service to others?

So on the days when Maggie’s smile is just a little forced; the mornings when Alex catches her just staring at the ground, elbows resting on spread knees, chewing on her lip; the nights when she laughs a little too loudly or doesn’t laugh much at all; the afternoons when she works at the heavy bag until she can barely stand up; Alex makes sure to tell her extra, to show her more, to prove to her… everything.

She’ll bring her lunch at the precinct, and she’ll whisper “for the most beautiful woman in the multiverse” in her ear as she slips it into her hands.

She’ll draw her a bath and take off her jacket and boots when she walks in the door, and she’ll murmur “only the best for the best girlfriend in history” into her ear as she slowly strips off her clothes and leads her to the candlelit bathroom.
She’ll pull her close during game night, when she’s forcing a laugh that’s slightly louder than it would normally be, not detectable to anyone else, but Alex knows, so Alex tickles her, and Alex kisses her ear and ignores James and Winn’s whooping as she teases, “I’m so proud to finally have such an incredible and perfect girlfriend to help me kick these losers’ asses”, and she smiles when that’s what gets a genuine smile to flicker across Maggie’s face, and actually reach her eyes.

She’ll text her in the middle of the day, just because, and the just because texts range from thinking of you, beautiful girl to I hope the best cop ever is having the best day ever to Have I told you lately that you’re more beautiful than the most perfect sunrise? Because… you are to I had an amazing time last night, Mags. I can’t wait to be in your strong, gorgeous arms again.

She’ll stare across the living room at Maggie, pretending to read while Maggie pretends to work, watching Maggie’s eyes just fix on a single spot on the ground, her jaw grinding slightly. And Alex will take off her glasses, and she’ll close her book, and she’ll just straight up tell her: “Maggie, you know I… I’ve never been in love before. But I’m in love with you. Because you are the kindest, most generous, bravest woman I have ever known. And yes, yes, I know Supergirl’s my sister, but Kara doesn’t count, okay? I just… Maggie, you are everything I have ever wanted, and you are just… you’re smart, and you’re tough, and you’re just… beautiful. You’re so beautiful. That’s what I told my sister, you know, the day I came out to her. About you. And now that we’re dating, now that I know you better? Maggie, my life changed forever the day Kara came into my life. And the day J’onn came into my life. And it… it changed, I hope forever, the day you came into my life. Because you… you’re amazing, Maggie. You’re amazing, and I admire you. I admire you and I… I’m in love with you. And that’s… you’re worth everything. You are everything. I just… I just want you to know that, in case I don’t say it enough, or show you enough, I just… I need you to know those things.”

And suddenly Maggie is on her knees, on the ground in front of the couch, and Alex tosses her book away and she collects Maggie into her arms, because Maggie is sobbing, her entire body wracked with sobs, with grief, with relief, with disbelief, with I don’t deserve you and why would you say those things and Al, Alex, Al, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry and I don’t deserve you, I don’t, I don’t, I’m sorry.

And Alex is shushing her softly and Alex is rocking her gently, and Alex is kissing her hair and kissing the tears off her face and pulling her closer into her lap and, when Maggie’s breathing finally starts to even out again, she’s cupping her face in her hands and looking her straight in the eyes.

“Maggie, I’m not going anywhere. I’m the one who doesn’t deserve you, but that’s not even the point: let’s just say we deserve each other and call it even, okay?”

This gets a shaky laugh out of Maggie, and Alex kisses her nose.

“You’re worth it, Maggie. You’re worth everything. If I am, you certainly are. Okay? We can be worth it together. Deal?”

There’s a long pause and Alex holds her breath, because she’s never done this with anyone but Kara and maybe she’s bad at it, but then Maggie’s lips are quirking into a smile and Maggie is wrapping her arms around Alex’s shoulders.

“You getting soft on me, Danvers?”

“Always, Sawyer.”
Chapter 203

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hey, i’m the girl who has red moments without using a strap-on. You’d really write one? I’d be so grateful but i know you're swamped. How about one paragraph, just about one of them saying it and the other being like ‘that's okay’? I'm sorry, i know you're really busy. Thank you so much for that kind and thoughtful answer!!

You’re worth more than a paragraph my darling, though I deeply appreciate your sensitivity to my swamped-ness ;) <3 <3 <3

Alex moans into their kiss and grinds her hips up into Maggie’s, drawing her down closer, closer, because all their clothes may be on and they may just be on the couch making out, but Maggie is straddling her and she’s kissing her neck, now, and Alex has never quite been this turned on.

She grabs at Maggie’s belt loops and pulls her closer.

“Color?” she rasps, because Maggie’s always asking for hers, and it’s a habit Alex has picked up.

“Green, fuck, Al,” Maggie’s whining, and Alex tosses her head back farther because god does this feel amazing.

Maggie’s hands slip under Alex’s shirt and her skin is so warm and the way she hisses at Maggie’s touch, the way she tosses her head back, all of it is pure ecstasy, and Alex comes back up, not for air, but for more kisses, and Maggie obliges, because she could kiss this woman forever.

Except, she can’t, because Alex’s fingers are pulling harder at Maggie’s belt loops, now, and Maggie loves it, loves Alex, but doesn’t want more than kissing, more than touching, right now, and she freezes slightly, and Alex imitates her.

“Color?” Alex asks, her voice calmer this time, and Maggie swallows.

“Yellow, red, uh… is orange a thing?” she rambles, and Alex laughs softly because Maggie is smiling awkwardly into her shoulder, and she cuddles Maggie closer into her.

“I got you, babe. It’s all good. Orange can be a thing. But are you okay, did I hurt you, did I – “

“No, no, Alex, you’re perfect, I just… I just needed to stop.”

Alex stops questioning and she smiles softly in relief and she kisses Maggie’s forehead, her hair, her cheeks, her nose.

“You still in the mood to cuddle?” Alex wants to know.
Maggie shifts off of her so she’s laying with her head in Alex’s lap instead of straddling her, and Alex pulls a blanket down on top of her.

“Yes please.”

Alex bends down and hovers above her face questioningly, and Maggie smiles as she leans up to kiss her lips softly.

“Perfect,” Alex whispers as she switches on Netflix and strokes Maggie’s hair, and as Maggie settles back into her lap, she smiles to herself, because she’s never felt quite this wrapped up, quite this cared for, quite this… loved.
Chapter 204

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sanvers just having a laugh and silly night with pillow fights and climbing all over each other and just being adorkable (prompt)

Before Maggie, Alex’s go-to after long days – the days where she needed to be alone, where not even Kara’s company would do – was a bottle of bourbon.

Before Alex, Maggie’s go-to after long days – the days where she needed to be alone, where not even M’gann and the bar would do – was a heavy bag.

Since Maggie, Alex’s go-to became the massages Maggie would give her, the root beer Maggie would crack open for her, Maggie’s fingers running through her hair as Alex laid in her lap.

Since Alex, Maggie’s go-to became the baths Alex would draw for her, the vegan ice cream Alex would buy for her, the soft jazz Alex would play throughout the apartment for her.

But Maggie still needed physical release; Maggie was wired for physical release.

Sometimes, it was sex; sometimes, it was begging Alex to shove her backwards onto the bed and fuck her senseless, and sometimes, it was bending a pliant, panting Alex over the couch and slamming into her until the were both weak in the knees.

But with Alex, she was also learning about other kinds of intimacy.

With Alex, she was learning to laugh again. More than that, she was learning to giggle.

Because one night, after a particularly long day – after a particularly bloody day – she comes home earlier than expected, and there is a pile of blankets, a fort of pillows, meticulously assembled in the middle of the living room.

And in the middle of all this soft pillow-y chaos, her head and wide, deer-in-the-headlight eyes poking out from under one of the blankets, is Maggie’s badass, take-no-prisoners, secret agent soldier girlfriend.

“You weren’t supposed to be home yet!” Alex squeals, and Maggie tilts her head and saunters forward, barely holding in a laugh.

“Do you… want me to leave? You could be alone with your… fort?”

The fort trembles and Alex’s upper body emerges in protest. “It’s not my fort, Maggie! It’s yours! Well, ours, really. I – it – Kara makes me forts sometimes, when I have a really rough day, so I thought maybe you’d like a fort too!”
Her eyes are still wide and her face is getting redder and redder with each syllable, and Maggie kicks off her boots without breaking eye contact with her, and she bites the corner of her upper lip, and she knows she’s never been in love like this.

Without looking away from her suddenly shy, suddenly nervous girlfriend, Maggie reaches out to the couch for one of the only pillows that hasn’t yet been integrated into the fort.

“Do you uh… need extra pillows for our fort, Danvers?” Her eyes glisten dangerously, and Alex fully emerges from the fort now, holding her hands up protectively.

“Don’t you dare, Maggie Sawyer,” she cautions with a growing smile, and Maggie lunges.

Alex shrieks, part with laughter and part with shock, as she tumbles back into the fort, fall completely cushioned by soft blankets and more pillows than Maggie even knew she owned.

Maggie’s frozen on top of her with laughter, and Alex takes the opportunity to flip her over, to wrest the pillow from her hand and bring it down into her side.

“Oh, that’s how you wanna play, Danvers?” Maggie laughs as she grabs above her head at another pillow.

“You started it, Sawyer!” Alex breathes as she rolls over to avoid Maggie’s pillow blow, but Maggie must know some pillow fighting tricks that Alex never learned in the DEO, because before she can regain balance, Maggie’s found her shoulder with the memory foam pillow.

“Oh, bringing the memory foam to a pillow fight! You play dirty, Sawyer.”

Maggie straddles Alex so suddenly that Alex hisses, suddenly turned on beyond belief. “You know I do, Danvers.”

Alex leans up for a kiss, but Alex comes up empty, because Maggie launches herself off of Alex to the other side of the fort to grab at one of the blankets and wrap it around her shoulders.

“Every good pillow fighter needs a cape,” she declares, hands on her hips, and Alex giggles.

“And you call me a nerd,” she laughs as she swings Maggie’s favorite throw pillow her way.

“Takes one to know one, Ally,” Maggie counters as she blocks the blow, and she can’t stop the last syllable from turning into a scream when Alex scoops her up bridal style and spins her around until they collapse in a dizzy, painful, breathless, hysterically-giggling pile on the fort.

They laugh until tears sting their eyes and stitches ache in their sides, and they laugh until they’ve forgotten what sadness feels like.

“Pillow fights need to be an institutionalized part of game night with the gang,” is the first thing Maggie declares when she gets her breath back, and Alex kisses her soundly, relieved and profoundly, profoundly thrilled that Maggie is exactly who she is.

“Kara and Winn are fiends; we’ll have to team up with James to stand a chance.”

Maggie snuggles into Alex’s still slightly heaving chest and smiles. “Teaming up with you, Danvers? I could do worse.”

“Love you too, Sawyer.”
“Oh come on, Kara,” Winn is teasing as Alex eases the pool cue out of his hands before he accidentally puts an eye out or gives another patron an accidental concussion. “You’re a – ” he leans in dramatically, and James and Maggie lean forward too, humoring him, while Alex shakes her head with a smile and sips at her root beer. “superhero.”

He raises his voice back to regular volume. “All you have to do is put your hands on your hips and throw your voice all deep and sexy the way you do when you’re in your suit – ”

Winn throws up his hands at Alex and James, who both look affronted, while Maggie nudges Kara with a wicked grin on her face. “Not that I’ve noticed, you know, no, not at all, but I’m saying. You can have anyone you want, Kara, just like that. Guy or girl. Glasses or no.”

“The glasses, Winn – on Kara or on her person of interest?” James teases, and Winn points a threatening index finger at him until he realizes it’s only actually threatening when Alex does it.

Kara laughs before grumbling something between a moan and a sigh. “But it’s harder, being a superhero. How am I supposed to have a regular dating life, I mean come on? Barry says Oliver and Felicity couldn’t make it work – ”

“But Barry’s with Iris, isn’t he?”

“Well, yeah, but I feel like they’re the exception, not the rule.”

“Hey, Little Danvers, don’t lose hope, okay?” They all turn to Maggie with looks of mild surprise: she’s always warm with everyone, and she’s always kind, and she’s always open to a good joke, a good laugh. But she doesn’t talk all that much, not in front of everyone, so when she does, everyone listens, and Alex beams.

“Dating a superhero, it’s not all that bad.”

“Oh really, Detective Sawyer?” Winn teases, pointing at her with his beer bottle. “And you would know this from personal experience?”

Maggie glances at a suddenly stiff, suddenly intense Alex, and she looks away before she chugs down some solidarity root beer and nods.

“I’ve spent some time in Gotham,” she finally says off-handedly, and James, Kara, and Winn all lean in at the same time while Alex crosses her arms and perches back on the pool table, staring hard.
“You’re not saying –”

“Of course that’s what she’s saying –”

“Batwoman? No. Come on –”

“Well hey, if Maggie’s good enough for my sister, she’s more than good enough for Batwoman!”

“Aw, thanks, Little Danvers.”

“No but seriously! You and Batwoman?”

Maggie glances again at Alex, who’s chewing on the inside of her cheek, now, staring even harder, now.

“Yeah, it was a good time. She’s got great uh… gadgets.” Maggie grins faintly at her own pun and slinks around James to get to Alex, who stiffens slightly at her touch.

“Batwoman, huh,” Alex says. “Funny you never mentioned her.”

“There’s a lot we’re still learning about each other, Danvers. And you already live with the shadow of one superhero. You don’t need another. No offense, Kara.”

“None taken. About time someone sees my sister for how amazing she is.”

James and Winn toast Kara to that, and Maggie grins off to the side at them, but Alex is still frowning, still stiff.

“Apparently not as amazing as Batwoman,” Alex says, and she can’t believe she’s being this childish, this jealous, this wildly insecure, but there it is.

“Babe,” Maggie shakes her head. “You know who I was actually talking about? When I said dating a superhero’s not all that bad?”

“Yeah, your ex from Gotham.”

Maggie shakes her head again, and Kara squeals and buries her face in James’s shoulder, and Winn awwws and puts his hand over his mouth, because they get it, they understand, but Alex doesn’t.

“Al, I was talking about you. Yeah, okay, I dated Batwoman, sure. But when I think of superheroes I’ve been with? The first one that comes to my mind will always be you, Alex Danvers. You. You’re my superhero, babe. My only superhero. No offense, again, Kara.”

“You know what I’ll be offended by, Maggie? You not proposing to my sister right this minute.”

And suddenly Maggie is laughing happily, and Alex is leaning down to bury her smiling, blushing, teary-eyed face in Maggie’s neck, and Kara absolutely can’t wait to plan their wedding.
Chapter 206

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

mqevq asked:

We need an entire fanfic starring Alex and her glasses (ok maybe maggie and a bed too but details...) (referring to the adrian’s one when they’re studying! Alex would totally help out a college student).

(Prompt referencing Chapter 149)

When she first found out she needed them, she cried.

Eliza had gone on about how smart her little girl looked in glasses, and Alex just wanted to cry.

Because she got made fun of enough – she was enough of a nerd, it was hard enough for her to get through lunch without wisecracks or someone spilling a drink on her or general laughter sent in her direction – and glasses? Glasses would just make it worse.

It was Jeremiah that knew. It was Jeremiah that ordered her contacts. It was Jeremiah that fought with Eliza to get Alex to be able to use them, instead of her glasses, when she went out.

Vicky Donahue caught her in her glasses once. She’d dropped by unannounced and Eliza had let her up to Alex’s room without a second thought. It was nice that Alex had such a good friend now, after all.

Alex was laying on her bed, her nose stuck in an astrophysics book, trying to puzzle out the contradictions between the stories Kara told her about Kryptonian physics versus the Earth physics whose math she was scribbling into the margins.

“You wear glasses?” Vicky had asked, and Alex had jumped a mile high, moving to take them off immediately.

Vicky strode across the room quick enough to still her hands, quick enough to push the rectangular frames back onto her face, a small smile tugging at her lips.

“They’re cute,” she said, and Alex felt her face, her entire body, getting hot, felt an odd tugging sensation just underneath her belly, and she adjusted them like Kara did when she was nervous.

“You think?” she asked, and she’d never heard her own voice go that high.

“Yeah! You should wear them more often,” Vicky told her as she pulled Alex’s textbook into her lap before declaring it gibberish and that they should go grab some ice cream.

It was that, more than anything, that made Alex wear them a little more often at Stanford. In her dorm, at least. In her sweater and fuzzy socks and basketball shorts, one pen sticking out of her mouth and one pushed into her hair behind her ear.
They were replaced almost entirely by her contacts, though, when Eliza’s railing on her got too much. When I don’t understand how you could choose your own prestige over Kara’s safety, she’s languishing in Midvale without you, Alexandra became their every phone call, and the alcohol and the clubs and the attention from men with rough hands and cocky smiles at least made her feel… something. Sort of. Not really. But it was worth a try.

So her glasses, then, became standbys only for her worst hangovers, when dragging herself to the bathroom to slip in fresh lenses was just too much to ask.

And then there was J’onn, and then there was the DEO, and the days were so long her eyes would sting, but she would refuse to complain, and she would refuse to put on her glasses – or even acknowledge that she had them – until J’onn showed up, somehow, with her under-used glasses case and insisted that she take a minute to replace her contacts with her frames, because how could she expect to continue training when her eyes were that red, that painful?

He got her improved lenses after that, but he always made sure he kept a pair of glasses for her in storage, for those nights she insisted on working extra late, extra hard, extra, extra, extra.

But for the most part, still, her glasses still only come on at night, when she’s alone, when she’s huddled in her old Stanford sweater and sweatpants and no bra and a single bobby pin keeping her hair off her forehead as she loses herself in reading.

But then there’s Maggie Sawyer.

Because the first time Maggie sees Alex in her glasses – it’s late and they’re settling in for a night of snuggling, of reading, by the fireplace – Alex pads out of her bedroom tentatively, eyes wide, eyes nervous, pajama pants and gray long-sleeved shirt, biting her bottom lip slightly, because what if Maggie thinks she looks weird, what if Maggie thinks she looks ridiculous, what if Maggie thinks her glasses are stupid, that they make her less… perfect?

But when Maggie looks up, her breath hitches and her jaw nearly smacks onto the floor, and she gulps, and she splutters, and Alex reddens, because she’s still just getting used to being this vulnerable, still just getting used to being this… worshipped.

Because Maggie is rasping her name and padding across the floor to her and sweeping her hair away from her face and staring, staring, staring, because “Alex, you… you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

“You don’t think they look silly?”

Maggie gulps and Maggie takes a long, slow breath. “I think they look like the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Alex’s heart flutters and heat pools between her legs. “Really?”

Maggie pulls back to take in the whole picture of Alex looking that domestic, that vulnerable, that trusting, that smart, that sexy, that perfect.

“Oh yeah.”

So she starts wearing them at night, to cuddle, to read, to talk by the fireplace, to have tickle fights and laugh, and she even starts wearing them to some game nights, and god is it a relief to not have to always have her contacts in, to always have her guard up.

She starts wearing them while Maggie fucks her, slow and steady and harsh and ragged; starts
wearing them when she gives Maggie lap dances wearing nothing but her glasses and a slip; starts wearing them when she puts on a tight-fitting suit and takes Maggie out to dinner, and Maggie can barely speak the entire time, and they don’t even make it fully back into the apartment before she slams Maggie into the wall and gives her exactly what she knows she’s been wanting all night; she starts wearing them and nothing else on lazy Sunday mornings while Maggie makes breakfast and coffee and sweet, desperate love to her.

She starts wearing them to tutor Adrian – and, as it turns out as the term progresses, the small handful of friends he starts bringing by every other week, because our professor doesn’t make physics half as cool as you do, Agent Danvers – and she starts wearing them to brunch on weekends and to the park on evening strolls and to the grocery store with Kara, Adrian, and the woman she swears she’s going to marry one day.

Because glasses?

Glasses don’t make her less perfect.

Glasses make her her, and if it’s good enough for Maggie Sawyer, then dammit, it’s good enough for her.
woeohtherclea asked:

hey mom! i know you have a lot of prompts so you don't even need to respond but i was wondering if you would include a badass black lesbian in a fic? like maybe an 18 year old girl that is recruited for the DEO and meets Alex and then Alex and Maggie become her mentors or something. i don't really see myself represented like anywhere so it would mean a lot! but honestly you don't have to.

Maggie notices her first.

She always seems to be on the edge of this week’s crime scenes, always seems to be there just before the NCPD Science Division rolls up. She notices, and she takes note.

But she doesn’t say anything, not yet. Not until one of the other guys on the team notices, and that’s when Maggie jumps into action.

Because when he notices, he assumes she’s had something to do with the spate of Cadmus attacks. Of course he assumes: the girl has gorgeous, natural hair, and perfect, dark brown skin under her denim jacket, her tall black boots. Of course he assumes she has something to do with the attacks.

Maggie grits her teeth, and Maggie tells him in no uncertain terms what she will do to him if he finishes the sentence accusing a young girl of being involved in brutal attacks just because she’s Black.

Because Maggie knows – she just knows, knows from the way this girl’s eyes flit carefully over the smoking streets, knows from the way the girl shields the eyes of a passing littler kid from seeing the bodies strewn on the street, knows from the way the girl watches the cops, counts the cars and notes their deployment, not for plotting, but for her protection – that the girl has nothing to do with the attacks.

“Hey kid,” Maggie calls, keeping her voice the way it sounds when she’s off duty as best as she can.

The girl stiffens and her legs twitch like she wants to bolt. Maggie holds up her hands in surrender. “Hey, it’s okay. My name’s Maggie.”

But the girl is staring at her badge.

“Yeah, I’m NCPD. But that’s not why I’m talking to you. I keep seeing you around this week. Always around the Cadmus attacks.” The girl says nothing, but she watches Maggie closely, and Maggie keeps her hands raised. Keeps her hands far away from her gun.

“They hurt someone you love, didn’t they? That why you keep coming around? Investigate yourself because who the hell can trust the cops to care, right?”
The girl narrows her eyes and Maggie smiles. “I’m off shift soon as I sign some paperwork – why don’t I take you to lunch and we can exchange what we know, see if we make any progress together?”

The girl looks for a moment like she might run, but maybe it’s something in Maggie’s eyes, or maybe it’s the way her hands are still raised in surrender, but the girl nods, and Maggie grins softly. “Wait right here.”

She doesn’t share any classified intel, but she gives what she can and she learns a lot. The girl’s best friend had disappeared in the Cadmus attack on the bus station last week, and she’d uncovered quite a few strands of evidence that Maggie’s colleagues had failed to turn up.

But that’s not all that Maggie learns. She learns that the girl’s name is Yve, that she’s eighteen. That she’s graduating high school in a few weeks, that she wants to be a bioengineer more than anything. That she’s got a quick sense of humor, and that she’s got a raging crush on one of the girls in her class. That she wants more than anything to put her skills to use to put down Cadmus, but she doesn’t want to be a cop, and she doesn’t know where else to try.

“Detective,” Yve interrupts herself halfway through the milkshake Maggie insisted on buying her. Her body is stiff, suddenly, and her eyes are fixed keenly on something over Maggie’s shoulder. “Get down.”

She says it calm and she says it low, and Maggie ducks just in time.

A laser that looks and sounds disturbingly like the one Cyberborg Superman shot her with explodes the old juke box behind their booth, and Maggie reaches under the table to grab Yve’s hands.

“You good?”

Yve nods. “You stay down here, you understand me? No heroics.”

Screams and the sounds of people running out fill the diner, and more shots land just above the table.

She shoots a text off to Alex – ping my phone NOW – and draws her gun.

“Stay put,” she whispers to Yve again, harshly, and she kneels back up on the booth, in an instant finding her targets and firing.

She hits one Cadmus lackey, and he hesitates but doesn’t fall. She fires again, again, again, ducks to reload, jumps over the booth and slams her elbow into the side of man’s head who thought he could surprise her from behind.

He curses and he sneers, and she gets two shots off, and they’re ineffective and she does the only thing she can – she keeps shooting, both her guns out, shooting one across the diner and one right in front of her, backing away from the booth she was just buying a kid a milkshake in, drawing Cadmus fire away from Yve.

The backs of her knees slam into a wall in a moment, and finally the Cadmus soldier at the far end of the restaurant can’t take any more bullets, and he falls.

The one right in front of her, though, with the pale skin and the blonde hair and the sneer? He’s closing his hands around her throat.

And then he’s collapsing and Maggie is gasping for breath and she’s looking across the room at
her girlfriend, weapon drawn but eyebrows raised. She didn’t fire a shot. She hadn’t had to.

Because Yve is standing over the man who’d been hurting Maggie, her jaw set and her knuckles tight around a frying pan.

Maggie gapes at her, and she shrugs with a grin. “I work out. You okay?”

Maggie accepts Alex’s embrace as she rubs her own neck and tilts her head. “Hey Yve. Remember what you were saying about wanting to fight Cadmus, do the whole saving the world thing?” She glances at Alex, and she smiles.

“Let’s clean up and finish that lunch. My girlfriend and I can tell you all about a little organization called the DEO.”

“The hell is this place, Detective?”

It’s a week later and Maggie’s done her arguing with J’onn, and J’onn’s done his begrudging admiration of Alex’s girl’s judgment, and J’onn’s granted the necessary clearances.

“Told you it was like a James Bond spy hideout,” Maggie nudges Yve in the shoulder, and Alex snorts and beams at her girlfriend openly.

“Welcome to the DEO,” Alex spreads her hands back, spinning around as she walks the corridor as agents nod at Yve formally, respectfully.

“You’ll spend the next five months in training, twelve hours a day. Physical, mental, you name it. And on the side, you can work with me and with Agent Schott – and Detective Sawyer – to come up with a way to find your friend. And we will find him, Yve.”

Yve’s eyes are wide and her full lips are open and she’s staring all around. “Twelve hours a day, and work on the side?” She grins and flips up the collar of her denim jacket. “I can do that. But uh – what’s the training?”

“To see when you can beat me,” Alex deadpans, and J’onn catches Maggie’s eye behind Yve’s back and grins.

“Alright, Agent Danvers. Beat you? I took out that Cadmus ass with a flipping frying pan from a diner kitchen.”

“Yeah, after I loaded him through with bullets!”

“Still, Detective. Beating your girlfriend? Sorry, but uh… I’ll get there. When do we start?”

Alex grins and leads her to the green room.

“Right now.”
Maggie makes sure to order three times the amount of pizza and potstickers she and Alex would get if they were alone, because Kara is with them and Maggie’s always prided herself on eating a lot, but Kara’s appetite puts hers to shame.

But Kara is quiet while she eats, and Maggie knows something’s off, knows her brain is buzzing at a million miles a second, knows that even though the two of them had fallen into a comfortable rhythm talking about work and reporting and Winn’s latest pool exploits while Alex slipped into the bathroom to take off her strapon, Maggie knows Kara’s mind is elsewhere.

She knows Kara’s mind is on what she walked in on: Maggie bent over the couch, Alex fucking her, hard, with a strapon, from behind, her jeans pooled around her ankles, Maggie's boy shorts only somewhat down her thighs, Alex moaning and asking for Maggie’s color and Maggie screaming Alex’s name and screaming green, green, harder, please, please Ally, please.

Maggie chews thoughtfully as she glances between Alex and Kara, both of their faces still slightly red, even now.

“You know I might not have your superhearing or J’onn’s mind-reading thing, but I can practically hear your brain buzzing, Little Danvers,” she says, checking with her eyes if the conversation that’s about to unfold is okay with Alex, and Alex nods, because she loves these two women more than anything, so they have to be able to talk about anything.

Kara gulps down an entire potsticker – mostly unchewed, as far as Maggie can tell – and adjusts her glasses. “I… I’m just thinking.”

“About what you walked in on.”

“I’m sorry, I – ”

Alex puts her hand on Kara’s knee and Maggie shakes her head. “No, Kara, I’m not trying to guilt you. I’m trying to get you to talk. It’s okay to talk.”

Kara glances at Alex sheepishly, and Alex wipes her fingers on Kara’s jeans before running them through her sister’s hair slowly. “It’s okay, Kara,” she mirrors Maggie’s words, and Kara nods slowly.
“Why were you asking Maggie what her color is?”

Alex smiles and glances at Maggie, because she remembers when, not too long ago, Maggie was the one explaining all this to her. A swell of pride flutters in her chest, and she leans back into the couch.

“I can’t see her face when we’re… like that. So, especially in moments like that – ”

“But not only in moments like that – ”

“Right. The color thing is a way to check in with each other. Green for keep going, yellow for slow down, red for I need to stop.”

Kara takes Alex’s crust before she gets the chance to bite into it, and Alex just grins and reaches for another slice as Maggie chuckles softly at the Danvers girls’ casual intimacy.

“Why don’t you just say keep going, slow down, or I need to stop?”

“You can. And you do. But two things, Little Danvers: with colors, you’re constantly asking each other, as opposed to leaving it up to the other person to proactively tell you what they need, which can be hard for like, any number of reasons. And, it’s quicker, right, just one word. But also, here’s the thing: words like stop or slow down can be really scary to hear, because I know I’m immediately gonna freak out that I hurt you or something, you know? So it’s a way to communicate what you need without being quite so jarring, even though, like I said, stop and slow down are perfectly valid, too.”

“Except when you don’t want them to be,” Alex offers in a small voice, and Kara furrows her brow.

“She means uh… sometimes, you know… sometimes if you want to roleplay, or play rough, you know, play with power, the color system’s a clearer way to go about things.”

Kara chews slowly and takes another gigantic gulp.

“But you’re gay.” Maggie grins and Alex blushes, and they both wait for Kara to continue. “Why use a…”

“A strap on? A dildo?”

Kara blushes and adjusts her glasses and busies herself with pizza.

“Well first you gotta remember that not all women have the same anatomy, right, so being gay doesn’t have to correspond with anatomical stuff or preference or whatever. But more specifically? It’s hot. Not for everyone, you know, obviously, but if you like penetration, it’s hot. It can be, I mean. To be able to be inside someone and still have your hands free, to be able to have your bodies that close? It’s uh…”

Maggie searches for the word and Alex shyly supplies it. “Intimate.”

Maggie beams softly and kisses Alex’s nose. “Yeah.”

Kara’s eyes flip to Alex, now. “But you don’t get anything out of it, do you? Or like, I mean, how?”

Alex blushes and chews on the inside of her cheek. “It gives you pressure, in uh… the right places.
Even if you’re the one wearing it. You just have to position it right, and figure out a rhythm that works for both of you.”

Kara falls silent for the longest stretch of time yet, and Alex and Maggie exchange glances. Alex’s heart races and Maggie’s heart slows, both of them watching Kara carefully, both of them knowing what she’s going to say next, what she’s gathering the courage to say next.

“Alex, would… would you be mad… I don’t want to take attention away from you again, I don’t want to make it about me again, but… would you be mad if I… if I wanted to do that kind of stuff, too? With… women?”

Maggie smiles and Alex swallows, putting gentle, strong fingers under Kara’s chin and tilting her red face up to meet her eyes.

“Kara Zor-el, you are my sister. You are my sister and the only thing I want from you is for you to be true to yourself, for you to be happy. And if that means that Maggie and I have to take you to all the ladies loving ladies clubs with us now and find you a nice woman to be with, or to hook you up with one you already know, then that is perfect. You’re perfect, Kara. I would never be mad at you for being gay, or bi, or whatever. I love you, Kara. I’m always gonna love you. You understand me?”

Kara trembles and her lower lip wobbles, and Maggie keeps her smile but lowers her eyes, because this is a moment for the Danvers sisters and the Danvers sisters alone.

“I’m always gonna love you too, Alex.”
The rims of her glasses are her safe place.

The feel like Jeremiah comforting her on the bench behind the house after Alex got stitches; they feel like Alex’s strong arms around her – she usually shies from touch, but with Alex, it’s okay, everything’s okay – when she cried after waking up from her first nightmare about Krypton exploding; they feel like Cat Grant’s eyes searching her and telling her, finally, that she always knew she’d be a reporter.

The rims of her glasses are her safe place, and when her fingers go to them, they remind her of all she is, and all she has to pretend to be for the people around her. They remind her of her range, of her depth, of her capacity to be all at once: to be everything; to be nothing; to be on the cover of CatCo Magazine every week; to be invisible.

When her fingers trace their firm outline, when the contours of her fingertips press down just slightly, adjust her glasses on the rim of her nose, comfort seeps through her. Order. It makes sense to her. The world. A little bit more. She can pretend a little bit better. And somehow, at the same time, she can be a little bit more honest. She can be a little bit more her.

She watches Alex’s hands, too, and she loves that she’s not the only one who needs them to feel safe.

Alex’s hands spread open and behind her back, kind of like a shrug, but with her hands down, with her arms splayed. Alex’s fingers find Maggie’s hair, find Kara’s hair, during movie night, and Kara thinks that maybe her hands are talking for her, too. Are comforting her, too.

She starts to watch Maggie’s hands, and she notices that when she’s about to be vulnerable, she holds her left hand just below her lips. She wrings them slightly when she’s nervous. Her thumbs swipe across Alex’s jawline, her cheeks, when they’re kissing in the corner of the bar.
When it’s movie night, their mouths are quiet except for chewing, their lips quiet except for laughter, except for kissing, except for squealing when one of them steals food from the other.

But their hands? All their hands are noisy, all their hands are talking. Maggie’s thumb swipes across Alex’s thigh; Alex’s fingers running through Kara’s hair when a scary part comes on; Kara’s thumb and index finger adjusting her glasses, her glasses, because when she’s with Alex and Maggie, she doesn’t have to stop it, she doesn’t have to hide it.

So she doesn’t. And it feels incredible.
Chapter 210

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

okay J, now that the writers queerbaited the fuck outta us, it's time for you to work your magic and give us a longer version of the "belated valentine's day prom". PLLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

She calls it a pet peeve. But it’s not.

It’s a trauma.

She calls it a pet peeve. But it’s not.

It’s a need.

It’s a need because she was fourteen and high school was amazing because Eliza held her hand and Eliza snuck her dad’s cigarettes down from the house and they crawled into the bathroom of the basement and giggled, their lips so close – Eliza’s lips looking so soft – as they blew the smoke out of the small vent so Eliza’s parents wouldn’t catch them.

But it wasn’t the smoke that Eliza’s parents caught.

It was the card.

The card, the card, the card.

The fucking valentine’s day card.

The betrayal that ended everything.

Because her father called her downstairs with the phone still in his hand and her father smacked her across the face with the back of that hand and her father gave her ten minutes to pack her things and to get out of his house and to never come back because she is filthy and she is ungrateful and she is selfish and she is wrong, and her mother cried but her mother didn’t stop him, and her face stung and her heart stung worse and her hands trembled but her face stayed dry because she would never give anyone the satisfaction of seeing her break for being who she is.

She calls it a pet peeve. Needing to be heard.

Because Eliza didn’t hear her. Her father didn’t hear her. None of her exes had ever heard her.

She calls it a pet peeve because no one has ever loved her enough to let her call it trauma.

Until Alex Danvers, that is.

Because she leaves Alex a card: she leaves Alex a card, and Alex will not give it to her parents. She
gives Alex a card, and Alex will do nothing but love her back.

Or she hopes.

She’s probably stupid for hoping. But she hopes anyway.

James and J’onn help her with the set-up, and Winn whips together the dress at the last minute before running off on his own valentine’s excursion. James kisses her cheek before he leaves, as 8 o’clock approaches, and J’onn puts a hand on her shoulder.

“Ale...
Maggie’s heart sinks and she starts panicking, she starts hyperventilating, but then Alex is talking, and Maggie wants to cry for an entirely different reason.

“Maggie, I… you deserve this. The pomp and the fuss. An amazing romance with a woman who is absolutely crazy about you. And I’m absolutely crazy about you. And that… that means… Maggie, that means you don’t have to make it all about me, all the time. I love that you… I love that you thought about me, I love that you did all this, but Maggie, you…”

She stops and she stares down at Maggie’s wet eyes for a long moment, and there’s nothing but unguarded love in her eyes, and no one has ever existed but the two of them.

“You have nothing to apologize for. You didn’t do anything wrong. Maggie, I… I heard you. I heard everything you said. And because I heard you, I… I don’t want you to just shove all that back down to make everything about me. Again. You did it while I was coming out, and I get it, and you’re so sweet, Maggie, but I don’t… I don’t want you putting yourself second for me, not anymore. I don’t want you burying your pain, your… trauma, Maggie, you were a child, that was traumatic, I… I want you, Maggie.”

She brings her fingers to a lips and kisses them, one by one, slowly, deliberately, all while keeping her eyes locked in Maggie’s, before she continues.

“All of you. And this is beautiful, this is amazing, but Maggie, I want you to feel able to just… to vent, and to scream, and to lose your cool, to cry. With me. Because I want you, Maggie, I care about you, not… not just what you can do for me. You letting me in, you letting me care for you, letting me comfort you? That’s the greatest gift you could ever give me, Maggie. You… you letting me love you.”

Alex stumbles to a halt and Maggie’s breath hitches as they both realize what Alex said, as they both lose themselves in each other’s eyes, in each other’s hands, in each other’s hearts.

“Danvers, you – Alex, I – “

Alex shakes her head with closed eyes. “You don’t have to say anything. I just… I want you to know that you’re cared for. That you’re safe. That you’re allowed to put yourself first, that I want you to put yourself first. That you have absolutely nothing to apologize for. That you’re perfect. That I…”

She stares down at Maggie’s wide eyes and she licks her lips and she is Alex Danvers, dammit, so she dives.

“That I love you. Maggie Sawyer. All of you. And I just want you to let me love you, let me care for you, let me be here for you. Let me love you.”

Maggie takes one breath, and then another, and then one word escapes her lips.

The only word that matters in the entire multiverse.

“Alex.”

And her hands are on the small of Alex’s bare back and Alex’s hands are tangling in her hair, cupping her face, her thumbs swiping across her cheeks, and Alex’s lips are soft and Alex’s lips are healing and Alex’s lips are heaven, and she’s never cried while she kissed anyone, she’s never cried in front of anyone without running out the door before the first tear could fall, but she’s crying now, and Alex is catching her tears with her thumbs and kissing them away with her lips, but Maggie doesn’t want Alex’s lips on her cheeks, her eyes – she does, she does, but later, later,
because there will be a later, because Alex went to the dance with her, Alex didn’t give her note to her parents, Alex came to the dance with her and Alex is kissing her and Alex is holding her and Alex, Alex, Alex – Maggie just wants, right now, Alex’s lips on her own, and she shifts, and Alex knows, because Alex knows her, and Maggie’s lips are parting and Alex is slipping her tongue in her mouth gently, gently, lovingly, and Maggie sighs into their kiss and Alex echoes it and their breathe, their heartbeats, their bodies, are indistinguishable as their bodies sway to music and to swaying lights and to the rhythm of their perfect kiss.

“I love you back, Alex Danvers,” Maggie’s whispering into her lips, and the tears dripping salt onto her lips are suddenly not only her own, and she pulls back, because Alex Danvers crying is heartbreaking, and Alex Danvers crying is beautiful.

Their chests are both heaving slightly and their lips are swollen and their bodies are flush against each other and their bodies are intertwined and their eyes refuse to leave each others.

“May I have this dance?” Alex asks her breathlessly, and Maggie smiles helplessly, because she knows her life will never be the same.

Because she knows that Alex means it when she says she loves her, and god, god, god does it feel good to be loved – and to love – like this.
Chapter 211

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Man I would fucking LOVE to get a scene where Kara finds out why exactly Maggie doesn't like V-Day. Because I know for a fact that if Kara knew, she would have been so supportive and so comforting and would have helped Maggie deal with her trauma and would not have said what she said. (Also I feel like the writers just started a whole new show with different characters but the same names and faces after 2x09.)

She tells her that she should think about Alex.

She tells her that she needs to remember how much Alex cares for her, how much Alex deserves what she never had.

And she’s not wrong: Alex does deserve beautiful things.

But so does Maggie: so does Maggie, and Kara doesn’t understand – not at first – because Kara is projecting, and Kara is pained.

But she is also, still, Kara.

So she sees the pain flashing behind Maggie’s eyes, and she sees the fear laying in wait there.

She knows that kind of pain, that kind of fear.

Well, not exactly.

But it looks awfully similar to the ghosts in her eyes that stared back at her in the mirror when she first got to earth – when she’d lost everything – and after the Black Mercy, when she’d been forced to lose everything again; and after Astra; and after, just, god, everything.

Kara knows ghosts, and Kara squints at Maggie, because there’s something more than irritation at corporate holidays haunting her eyes.

“Maggie, what is it?” she asks, when she’s about to leave, when she’s about to fly away on her own to deal with the crisis she’s not ready to let anyone help her with yet. She asks, because it looks an awful lot like Maggie is having a crisis she doesn’t want anyone to help her with, too. And she looks like she probably does it a lot.

Something Kara is deeply familiar with.

Maggie doesn’t answer for a moment. She seems startled by the question, startled by the idea that someone would notice, that someone would care to ask.

“Nothing, Kara, it – like I said, I just wanted to apologize, that’s all.”
Kara squints at her and takes a long, deep breath. Maggie looks away first, and that’s how Kara knows for certain that she’s right; that something is very, very wrong.

“Maggie, Alex didn’t tell me what happened, but I… do you want to tell me what happened? Maybe I can help.”

Maggie stares for an incredulous moment, and she pffts – she must be getting it from Alex, Kara thinks vaguely – and she crosses her arms over her chest.

“It’s nothing, it’s whatever, Kara, just – just let Alex know I’m looking for her, will you please?”

She starts to walk away, and Kara stills her with a gentle but firm hand hovering just over her elbow, not quite touching her, because Maggie is tense and Maggie is scared and Maggie might not want unexpected touch right now.

“Maggie, my planet died. My people. I know something about that look on your face. That… losing everything face. What happened?”

Her voice is soft and her voice is low, and Maggie’s heart threatens to burst because she’s always wondered what it’s like to have a sister who loves her like this.

“I lied to your sister.”

Kara bristles and Maggie shakes her head and chuckles, just a bit.

“No need to break out the heat vision, Little Danvers, not like that. I… I told her my parents were cool about me coming out.”

She swallows and glances at Kara’s ocean eyes and forces herself to continue, forces herself to talk to Alex’s kid sister, because Alex’s kid sister isn’t exactly a kid, and she looks like she needs to focus on something other than her own worries right now, anyway.

“They weren’t. Okay with it. I was outed. I was fourteen. My dad kicked me out. My aunt took me in. It was… it was Valentine’s Day, when it happened. Why it happened.”

“Oh, Maggie,” Kara whispers, and her hands hover out to her sides, and Maggie nods almost imperceptibly, and Kara brings them gently to touch Maggie’s arms.

“And Alex didn’t know, and she tried to do a Valentine’s thing for you, and it sparked…”

“Memories, right.”

Kara’s eyes are swimming with tears now, but Maggie can’t see because Maggie is looking anywhere but at Kara.

“Maggie, it’s not Alex’s fault, I… I encouraged her, I asked her what you like, and I told her to make a custom-made Maggie Sawyer Valentine’s Day, so that maybe you could like it again, but Maggie, I didn’t know, I… I didn’t really hear you, Alex didn’t really hear you, and I… I am so sorry…”

It’s that acknowledgment, that insight, that makes Maggie force her eyes up to Kara’s again.

“I freaked out, Little Danvers. What if she’s angry, what if she doesn’t want me anymore, what if… what if I’m too… messed up for her?”

To Maggie surprise, Kara smiles softly, and she runs a gentle finger through Maggie’s long hair.
“Maggie, my sister… my sister is wild about you. My sister has never… I don’t think she’s ever really been in love, Maggie, but with you, I… Maggie, she doesn’t care so much about you because of who she *thinks* you are. She’s not dating only *part* of you. She’s dating *all* of you. She *wants* to be dating all of you, she wants to *know* all of you. I know we don’t know each other that well yet, but I know Alex, better than anyone, and Alex lo… Alex really cares about you, Maggie. Deeply. She’s not going to run because you have ghosts in your past. So does she. Maybe your ghosts can comfort each other, you know?”

Maggie is swallowing the painful lump in her throat and she’s forcing tears back into her eyes and she’s tilting her head and clenching her jaw and breathing slow, slow, slow.

“You’re amazing, Kara.”

“So are you, Maggie.”

“I… I want to do something for Alex. I… she deserves… hell, we *both* deserve… the things we never got. I… I have an idea, but… do you think you could get J’onn and James and Winn to help me?”

Kara’s all smiles, now, and Maggie can’t help but smile, too, because damn, the Danvers sisters have the most infectious joy.

“What do you need them to do?”

“Well, for starters, I’m gonna need Winn to whip up a dress…”
Chapter 212

Chapter Summary

thebiwisebrownkid asked:

ALEX WAS WEARING LINGERIE. SHE WAS GONNA DO SEXY TIMES FOR MAGGIE. I CANT. Can u plz write that? Like after the prom they come home either one brings it up and Alex gives Maggie a lap dance and romantic gentle smut.

It's well after midnight when they finally get home. It's well after midnight, and they'd danced the night away.

They’d danced and they’d cried and they’d kissed and they’d laughed, because may I have this dance and actually feeding each other chocolate-covered strawberries is a lot messier than they make it seem on tv, huh and mmm, don’t worry about making a mess, Danvers, I can uh… clean it up for you and I’m proud of you, you know and for what? and For going through all that and still being exactly who you are. For getting through it, for… hell, Maggie, for telling me, even though I retraumatized you, for… for letting me in, for letting me love you and you getting soft on me, Danvers? and have you seen the dress you had Winn make me, Sawyer? How could I be anything but soft for you right now?

They’re holding hands when they walk through the door because they haven’t been willing, haven’t been able, to stop touching each other all night, and there’s a heavy pause as they step over the threshold.

Alex wants her; Alex wants to make love to her, Alex wants to give her pleasure, Alex wants to make her feel loved; Alex wants to give her everything.

But the night has been so tender, and the kisses have been passionate, but they’d stayed just that – kisses. So Alex isn’t sure what Maggie wants, and what Maggie wants is most important.

But Maggie knows Alex, and she sees the desire in Alex’s eyes, and she feels heat pooling in her own core, feels her own need to be made love to, to be touched, to be taken, by this woman, this gorgeous woman who held her and who didn’t run when she bared her soul, who had kissed her wounds and who seems to love her all the more because of them.

So she tilts her head and she licks her lips and she smiles softly, smiles shyly, smiles a little bit wickedly.

“Danvers, uh… before… when I freaked out… With the candles and the music and that… uh… slip…. thing… what uh… what were you planning on… doing?”

Alex arches an eyebrow and puckers her lips off to the side. “Wanna find out, Sawyer?”

Maggie gulps and she nods and Alex kisses her soft, gentle, perfect.

“Sit down,” she whispers in Maggie’s ear, her breath hot and her breath still smelling like
chocolate, like strawberries, and Maggie lets Alex walk her to the couch, and Maggie sits.

“Maggie Sawyer,” Alex whispers as she flicks on the same music she’d had before with the remote Maggie hadn’t seen her grab. “It doesn’t matter what day of the year it is. I want you to feel appreciated. I want you to feel wanted. Because I do. Want you. Always.”

Maggie’s throat is dry because Alex is starting to move, and Maggie has been dancing with her all night, but dancing slow, dancing close, dancing as more of hugging with foot movement and forehead touching and gentle kissing, but now Alex’s hands are playing with her own hair and her hips are finding perfect rhythm and she’s licking her lips and staring down at Maggie and she’s turning her head to the side so she can keep watch on Maggie peripherally as she turns her body around and sinks lower, lower, lower.

Lower until she’s grinding into Maggie’s lap and Maggie is bringing shocked, needy hands to her hips, and Maggie is watching the muscles of her lower back leap in the exposing dress Winn so perfectly made, and she’s hissing because she knew Alex could move but she didn’t know Alex could move like that and she’s whispering her name like the prayer that it is and Alex is bringing her hands back to rest on Maggie’s thighs and Maggie’s head is tilting back into the couch and her eyes are fluttering closed because Alex told her she wants her to feel appreciated, to feel wanted, and god she does, she does, she does.

“Alex,” she prays, and Alex answers, swirling her ass down deeper into Maggie’s lap once, twice, three times more.

“You’re beautiful, Maggie,” Alex rasps as she looks over her shoulder, and Maggie shakes her head vaguely.

“You, Danvers. You.”

Alex presses her ass down one last time and Maggie moans softly. Alex stands and turns and hikes her dress up above her hips so she can straddle the woman she loves.

“I want to make love to you, Maggie. I want to make you feel incredible. I mean, only if you want, only if you’re okay to, I just – “

Her words are lost in Maggie’s lips, and she moans into Maggie’s mouth, around Maggie’s tongue, and Maggie’s warm hands are bringing her body closer by the small of her back and Maggie is whining softly as Alex grinds down into her, as Alex presses kisses down Maggie’s jawline, down Maggie’s throat, gently pressing the collar of her blazer back to kiss her collarbone.

“We don’t have to, Mags,” Alex reminds her, but Maggie’s eyes are on fire when they meet.

“Take me to bed, Ally.”

Alex smiles and Alex shifts off the couch and lowers her dress back over her hips as Maggie chuckles softly. She takes Maggie’s hands and leads her slowly, perfectly, deliberately, to the bedroom.

She hesitates when the backs of her knees hit the mattress, and she stares down at Maggie nervously.

“I’m no more fragile than I was yesterday, Danvers. You wanna make love to me? Make love to me.”

Alex grins and tugs softly at Maggie’s blazer, and Maggie sighs deeply as Alex kisses every inch
of her arms, one at a time, being exposed by the slow, painstaking lowering of her blazer.


She doesn’t stop – Maggie whispers for her please not to – until Maggie is wearing nothing, until every single inch of Maggie’s skin has been thoroughly, thoroughly kissed.

“Lay down for me, princess,” Alex whispers, and Maggie’s heart threatens to explode as she does what she’s asked, her eyes not leaving Alex’s body as Alex slowly, deliberately, steps out of her dress, gaze fixed on Maggie’s face the entire time.

Even as she steps out of her thong, even as she slips off her shoes, her eyes belong to Maggie, and Maggie is breathless and surrounded by the warmth, by the radiance, by the protective shell that is Alex’s love.

“You good?” Alex makes sure as she kneels on the bed in front of her, as she slips her thigh between Maggie’s and Maggie’s hips writhe slightly of their own accord.

Maggie can’t speak so she nods, and she whimpers slightly as she tries to control the rolling of her hips, but Alex smooths the hair out of her face and shakes her head and kisses her lips with a soft smile.

“You don’t have to hold back, babe. I’ve got you.”

Maggie lets out a ragged sound somewhere between a sigh and a gasp, and Alex makes a pillow out of her hand behind Maggie’s head, and she slips her other hand under the small of her back so she’s completely holding her body, and Maggie is safe, and Maggie is home, and Maggie decides to trust her.

Alex starts to move slowly, tentatively, her eyes constantly checking with Maggie, and Maggie is nodding, and Maggie is squeaking slightly, and Maggie is grinding her hips up into Alex’s thigh, and Alex barely holds back a moan because she can feel Maggie’s growing wetness pressing against her leg, her coarse hair a heady contrast with her slick, smooth wetness, and Maggie grabs desperately at Alex’s ass, at Alex’s leg, and pulls her down closer, pulls her down harder, as she grinds up against her thigh, as she lets herself take the pressure she needs because Alex told her she can let go, and she can feel herself starting to, and god, this must be what safety feels like.

“Babe, do you want – “ Alex asks raggedly, and Maggie knows, and Maggie whimpers and nods desperately in affirmation, in pleading.

So Alex kisses her lips, her nose, her eyes, her ear, and she shifts, bringing Maggie’s leg up higher, bringing their bodies closer together, so her own heat, her own wetness, is closer to Maggie’s, is touching Maggie’s, is grinding down gently into Maggie’s, and that’s what makes Maggie scream her name, and that’s what makes Maggie truly let everything go.

Because Alex’s strong hands are framing her writhing, naked body, and Alex’s lips are whispering encouragement, whispering praise, whispering love, down into her ear, and Alex’s clit is hot and wet and perfect against hers, and Alex is taking great care to make sure she’s giving Maggie, giving herself, just the right amount of pressure, just the right amount of friction, without slamming bone into bone, and Alex’s eyes are never leaving Maggie’s as Maggie lets herself scream her throat raw on Alex’s name, on Alex’s love, on Alex, as she cums soft, as she cums safe, as she cums undone.

“Ally,” she whispers as she comes down, and Alex shifts so she can draw Maggie’s body into her
own.

“You’re perfect, Maggie Sawyer. And you deserve to feel perfect. Every single day of the year.”
Chapter 213

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Is there any way you could write something about maggie and the aunt that took her in? whether it be back when she got kicked out or now since they hopefully still talk

It’s nearly 3 am and their bodies are spent, but their minds are buzzing.

Alex is holding her – of course Alex is holding her – and she’s tracing patterns onto Maggie’s skin with her fingertips, the way she knows Maggie loves, the way she knows makes Maggie feel safe.

The silence between them feels good; the silence between them feels comfortable; the silence between them feels like intimacy, because that’s exactly what it is.

When Alex had made love to her – hours and hours spent worshiping every part of her body, every piece of her soul – it was nothing Maggie had expected, but everything she’d needed.

She’d expected to apologize and make the night about Alex, and that would have been perfectly fine with her. Alex did deserve all the fuss.

But Alex had refused, because Alex had heard her – truly heard her – so the night had been Maggie’s.

And Maggie doesn’t know what to say, not yet, because she’s never been cared for like this before.

But she smiles when Alex asks, because of course Alex asks, because Alex is perfect and Alex wants to know her more, wants to learn her better.

“Do you want to tell me more?” she whispers as she traces words of love in Russian onto Maggie’s torso with her fingertips. “About what happened?”

Maggie shifts back closer into Alex’s naked, warm body, and smiles with her eyes closed as Alex kisses the back of her neck.

“I think she knew. My aunt. Before I even showed up at her doorstep. My mom’s sister. I don’t know if my mom had called her or what, but she didn’t seem surprised, anyway. I don’t know. I never asked. I just kind of wanted to forget about it. I showed up with a duffle bag and nothing else and she just took me inside and held me and made me eat something.”

Maggie chuckles, and Alex kisses the nape of her neck again. “She’s always making me eat something. She didn’t ask any questions, and I didn’t tell her anything, except a bunch of jumbled up crying stuff about my dad hating me and saying he never wanted to see me again and calling me filthy and a disappointment and selfish and an ingrate and mentally messed up.”

She feels Alex’s bicep tightening under her head, and somehow Alex’s rage makes her feel safer,
makes her feel more loved, makes her feel braver.

“"It took me like a month to finally tell her the whole thing. I’d come home with black eyes from school and all these bruised ribs and stuff, and she’d just patch me back up and feed me and kiss me and let me sleep in her bed when I would wake up screaming, but she didn’t force me to talk. But when I did, I was so scared, Al. Scared that maybe if she knew the whole thing, she’d react the same as my dad, and then I’d really have nowhere to go. But it was destroying me, inside, you know, and I just had to… and it paid off. She didn’t treat me any different, she didn’t even seem all that surprised.”

Maggie chuckles again and turns slightly so she can see some of Alex’s face, then decides she wants to see all of her, so she shifts completely in her arms so they’re facing each other.

“"Turns out she wasn’t surprised, she’d figured since I was a little kid. I mean.” Her eyes darken. “"I was a little kid. But you know. Littler. And I saw my dad in town a few days later – he ignored me, of course, always did after that, pretended I didn’t… anyway – and he was sporting a black eye, and I’m pretty sure it was her that did it. Wasn’t until years later that she told me she’s bi, that she told me her parents had never minded, not that much anyway, and she’d begged my mom not to marry my dad because of how… because of what an ass he is, but my mom was young and in love and all that whatever stuff. Anyway.”

Maggie looks up into Alex’s eyes and holds them for a long moment with her own. “"Am I talking too much?”

Alex smiles and kisses her nose and shakes her head. “"You’re not talking nearly enough.”

Maggie mirrors her expression and snuggles close into her chest.

“"You know I went to college a year early? We had a nice life together, my aunt and me – we’d go on road trips and she took me hiking and camping and I saw the ocean for the first time with her, and she taught me to cook and she took me to my first gay bar and all that – but the town, I couldn’t… I did everything I could to get out, as fast as I could. And I did.”

She looks back up at Alex. “"Which works perfectly, really, because if the timing had been any different, I may not have been promoted when I was, and I may not have met you.”

Alex beams softly. “"I can’t imagine my life if I hadn’t met you, Mags.”

“"Same, Danvers. Same.”

Maggie stifles a yawn, then, and Alex studies her face with endless fascination, with endless love.

“"Sleep, princess. I’ve got you.”

Maggie blinks, suddenly scared, suddenly somber.

“"You promise?”

Alex kisses first one eye, then the other, then traces every inch of Maggie’s face with soft lips and warm breath.

“"Always,” she whispers, and Maggie falls asleep wrapped in Alex’s arms, a small, safe, home smile on her lips.
Chapter 214

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Ok I'm trying to keep hope, so what if Kara is really only getting with Mon-El so that she can deny and push down her feelings for Lena? Bc if not the idek what to think just I really hope that's all it is.

Oh honey, the Swan Queen fandom has been doing this for years, and it is a beautiful and clever and necessary coping mechanism. Here. Enjoy.

Alex calls for an emergency Sisters’ Night. In fact, she demands it.

And Kara is excited, because Rao, does she need to talk to Alex. And Rao, does she need to hear Alex talk, because so much is going on with Maggie, and with her lab work to find Jeremiah, and with J’on missing M’gann, and with just… everything.

But even more than talking, Kara just wants to snuggle on the couch with her big sister.

So when Alex lets herself into her apartment and Maggie trails in apologetically behind her, Kara bristles.

She adjusts her glasses and she forces a smile. “Hey Maggie,” she strains, reminding herself sternly that Maggie has been through so much, that Maggie was just retraumatized, that Maggie is probably going to be her sister-in-law one day, so might as well start attending Sisters’ Nights now, right?

But Alex is throwing up her hands and taking Kara by the shoulders, because she knows her sister, and she knows the war that’s raging in her head, in her heart.

“So, Kara, I lied. I want to do Sisters’ Night, just you and me. Because Sisters’ Night will always just be for us. But, tomorrow. Not tonight. I lied, and I’m sorry about that, but I was afraid you’d tell us not to come over if I told you…”

Kara backs away from Alex and furrows her brow.

“If you told me what?”

“We’re worried about you, Kara,” Maggie chimes, and holds out a bag of potstickers that Kara hadn’t noticed before, and Kara snatches them with narrowed eyes and a suspicious glare.

She sits down with a grunt and begrudgingly nods her sister and her sister’s girlfriend to do the same. Alex and Maggie exchange a glance, and it’s like they can read each other’s minds, they work together so seamlessly.

Kara feels a stab of something like jealousy, but she knows it’s not about Alex. She’s purely happy
for Alex. It’s about something else, something different. Something that she hopes against hope that Alex an Maggie aren’t going to try to make her talk about, because Rao, she doesn’t know how she can handle it if they do.

She tears into the potstickers and blinks. “So, what are you worried about?”

Maggie and Alex exchange that glance again, and Alex leans forward and puts her hand on Kara’s knee.

“Kara, you know I respect you. And I respect your judgment, and I respect your heart. I love what a big heart you have. It’s what makes you a hero. But Kara, I…”

“You’re getting with Mon-El, Little Danvers, even though you really kind of seem to hate him, and that’s… we’re worried about you, Kara. Not because we don’t think you can handle yourself, or because we don’t respect your decisions, but because I… we… we know what it’s like to be with someone because you feel like you have to, not because you really want to.”

Kara nearly chokes on a potsticker, and Alex thumps her back mechanically, her eyes fixed on her sister’s face.

“That’s ridiculous,” she splutters when she finally swallows. “I don’t feel like I have to do anything, I’m Supergirl, I –”

“Well, Mon-El doesn’t seem to respect that, and you don’t seem to think he does, either.”

“I’ve never told you anything like – what are you talking about, I –”

“Kara,” Maggie says, her voice soft and her voice full of understanding pain, mixed with the beginnings of ironic humor. “The entire DEO heard you yelling at him. And lemme tell you, for secret agents, your people are pretty terrible at, you know. Keeping secrets.”

Alex mock-glares at Maggie before leveling Kara with a look of significant concern.

“Oh please, Detective, it’s not like any of that was a secret. Kara was yelling what a misogynist, unsupportive, manipulative, disrespectful, gaslighting, mansplaining –”

“Nice new vocab, Danvers.”

“Thanks babe, I’m trying.”

“Alex, I –”

“Oh, I’m sorry Kara, did you want me to stop that list?” Alex’s tone, the way she’s caressing Kara’s face, is much softer than her words. “Because I don’t have to. I have more, and they all seem to have come from your mouth in one way or another –”

“Alex –”

“And I love you, Kara. I love you, more than anything, more than life itself, so here’s the thing I can’t understand: why are you throwing yourself at this guy when he spends every waking minute trying to stomp all over the powerful woman that you are? It would be like me actually going for Max Lord or something –”

“You and Maxwell Lord were a thing?”

“Ew, god, no, which is exactly why I can’t understand what you’re thinking, Kara.”
“And she’s not blaming you, Little Danvers, no one’s angry at you –”

“No, Maggie’s right, I’m not, I just –”

“We’re just worried, Kara. Your sister loves you, and I’m growing to love you, a lot, and hell, even J’onn asked us – and believe you me, it was as awkward as it sounds – if we could talk to you to make sure you’re really okay, because this is… we’re worried about you, Kara. So are you? Okay?”

Maybe it’s something in Maggie’s soft eyes, or maybe it’s the way Alex is stroking her hair, or maybe it’s the way they’re both going through so much of their own struggles right now, but they’re making it a point to check in with her. Or maybe it’s all of it, everything, the way his hands were too fast and his tongue too eager, the way he’s an okay guy, she supposes, but as a wayward brother or something, not as a lover, but she was so worn down and she’s just so tired and maybe it’s everything, all of it, because Kara breaks.

She breaks into her sister’s arms and immediately she feels the walls of Alex’s love rise up around her, protecting her from all her enemies, protecting her from herself.

Immediately she hears Maggie kneel down in front of the sisters, in front of her Danvers girls, a hand on Alex’s knee and a hand hovering over the small of Kara’s back until Kara nods through her sobbing that Maggie can touch her, of course Maggie can touch her, because god it feels good to be held by two women who love her for exactly who she is, not for what they imagine her to be, what they wish she were.

“I’m so…” She gasps wildly for breath and Alex kisses her forehead, smoothes her hair, rocks her, rocks her, rocks her. “I’m so scared, Alex,” she chokes through her gasping, through her tears.

“Shhh, I know, it’s okay. I’ve got you, Kara. I love you, I love you, shhhhh. Cry it out, Kara, it’s okay, it’s okay. I’m here. I’m here, always. I’m here, I’m here, I’m here.”

Tears bite at Alex’s eyes, and she glances down across Kara’s body to meet Maggie’s, and she’s almost surprised to see tears gleaming in Maggie’s eyes, as well, and she knows it’s not the time, but she also knows, beyond doubt, that she’s in love with her.

Kara grabs at the back of Alex’s sweater and is forcibly reminded of when Cat grabbed at the back of Supergirl’s suit – her suit – and it’s suddenly all too much, suddenly all needs to come out, no matter how scared she is.

Suddenly, she knows she needs to dive.

“I didn’t want to, Alex, I didn’t want to because you were just coming out and I’ve taken so much from you, so much attention, for so many years, I didn’t want to do it again –”

“Kara, it’s okay, everything’s okay. I’m not angry, I’m not going to be angry, but what… what are you talking about?”

Alex’s face is a map of compassionate confusion and Maggie’s face is a map of compassionate realization, and she glances at Alex because here we go again.

“I was in love with James, so… so in love with him,” Kara gasps, and Maggie nods slowly, and Alex just tries to keep up as she wipes Kara’s running nose with the tissue Maggie passes her.

“And kissing him was nice, it was… he was lovely, he is lovely, and I love him, I do, but it… it didn’t feel… ka-pow.”
Alex smiles uncomprehendingly but supportively, and Maggie smiles knowingly, and they both rub soothing circles onto Kara’s skin as she gathers the courage to continue.

“And I didn’t understand it, I didn’t have to words for it, but then… but then you came out and I was doing research, for you, and I found… I found out that you can be in love, straight love, but not want to have sex with men, be asexual towards men, even though you can be in love with them… and that you can… you can also… at the same time…”

She glances down at Maggie, and Maggie nods slowly at her, a small smile on her lips, because like sister like sister.

“You can also like girls. Women. Romantically. And even sexually.”

Comprehension starts to dawn on Alex’s face now, too, and she gets flashes of Kara spending so many nights crying when Cat left National City, of her terror when Livewire got loose again, because Livewire had tried, so hard, to kill Cat.

Of Kara adjusting her glasses a bit extra whenever Lena came up in conversation.

Of Kara steadfastly refusing to lose faith in Lena, even when everything looked, well, grim.

Of Kara’s desperation to find her. Of her more-than-just-everyday-heroics willingness to die for her. Of her beautifully, passionately written article vindicating her.

“Kara,” is all Alex says, all Alex can say, as she pulls her little sister in closer, closer, closer.

“I’m sorry, Alex,” Kara chokes, pushing back, pushing away, so she can look Alex in the face. “I don’t want to take attention away from your coming out, I don’t… I don’t even know what to label it all, I just know that I… I’m so scared that if I…”

“If you don’t throw yourself into the most easily available thing – if you don’t surrender to the guilt he’s putting you through – you’ll have to confront your feelings for Lena Luthor,” Maggie supplies softly, softly, because Kara is shaking so badly, and Maggie knows that look, knows when someone needs to hear the words before they can say them themselves, and sure enough, when Maggie says it, Kara stops trembling quite so much, and her tears become of the silent variety, and she nods, nods, nods.

“Please don’t be mad,” she whispers to Alex, and Alex does nothing but shake her head and kiss her face, tears and snot and all.

“Kara, listen to me. I need you to really listen, and I need…” She glances down at Maggie as she cups Kara’s cheeks in her hands, and Maggie gives her a small smile. “I need you to really hear me. I would never, ever, ever be mad at you for loving whoever you love. However you love them. Because whoever you love, and whatever kind of love it is, whatever kind of intimacy you want with them? That’s absolutely fine. It’s absolutely perfect. You’re absolutely fine. You’re absolutely perfect. And I would never be angry at you, or disappointed in you, or resentful toward you, for being who you are. I promise. Alright?”

Kara shudders and smiles and reaches for the last of the potstickers.

Alex chuckles and Maggie laughs and Kara chews with a bashful smile.

“Will you help me break up with him? I still care about him, as a person – ”

“We both will, Kara. Whatever you need.”
“You got it, Little Danvers.”

“And then… then maybe you can help me talk to Lena?”

Alex groans with a smile and Maggie laughs and puts both hands on Kara’s thighs as she stands up to slip onto her girlfriend’s mock-traumatized lap.

“Of course we will, Little Danvers. Of course we will.”
Chapter 215

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Okay, nevermind all the episode fuckery we're used to the ballpit of denial anyway. But I need Alex writing Maggie bad poetry all the time to be a thing okay? I just do. And then Maggie going omg Danvers Shakespeare is rolling in his grave but secretly enjoying the hell out of it that sweet dork.

It starts with that damn Valentine’s card, but it doesn’t end there.

It continues with a post-it note that Alex sticks onto Maggie’s coffee cop before she goes to bed one night a couple of weeks later.

“Coffee is good

Coffee is great

But instead of making it yourself

Can I take you on a breakfast date?”

Maggie chuckles and Maggie shakes her head, and she doesn’t stop smiling the entire ride on the back of Alex’s bike to this little diner they both love, because her sweet dork is just that: so, so sweet.

It happens again when Maggie’s rummaging through her gym bag, on an index card this time.

“You’re so hot

All the time

But especially when you’re working out

Damn you’re fine.”

She laughs so hard the woman in the locker room next to her raises her eyebrow, and she finds that she doesn’t care, because what did she do to get so lucky?

It happens with fair regularity, and it happens over the span of months, years.

Sometimes, the notes are at home – their home, now, officially, together – and sometimes, somehow, her secret agent girlfriend finds a way to get them in her locked desk at work, in her lab equipment.

She finds dinner invitations in her jacket pocket.
“Kara wants to do dinner tonight
And Adrian wants to come too,
I’m really excited,
Because I love my family with you.”
She discovers random reminders of her apparent beauty in the side of her boot.
“I saw the sunrise from a chopper
This morning on the job,
But it wasn’t nearly as beautiful as you,
My darling heartthrob.”
She uncovers Alex’s poems in her work notebooks, in her case files, in the box where she keeps her stamps.
“You are my sunshine
And I am your rain
Together we make a rainbow,
And rinse away all the pain.”
She keeps them all.
She jokes with James about how they’re going to have to find a bigger apartment, just to accommodate the ever-growing pile of notes.
But she never throws out a single one.
There is one, though, that they agree to frame.
The one that Alex slides across the table to her, eyes sparkling and nervous and full of life, full of love, full of hope, at a restaurant in the airport whose tarmac hosted their first encounter.
The one that makes Maggie smile hardest, the one that makes her heart soar highest.
The one that says:
“I don’t wanna imagine
My life without you,
And I will treat you right forever;
Please say I do.”
And she does, she does, she does.
anonymous asked:

I am loving all of your fix-it fics you are amazing!!! Could you do one where Alex runs after Maggie when she tries to leave after talking about how her parents found out she was gay and then brings her back in the apartment and comforts her on the couch? I totally get if you are too busy you do so many amazing and supportive things for this fandom

Her voice cracks and Alex knows why she’s running.

“I gotta go, just…” she interrupts herself, and she leaves, and Alex knows why.

Because she’s about to cry. Because she’s about to cry, and she can’t cry, because if she cries now, she’ll never stop. If she cries now, it won’t be whatever. It’ll be something that can still shred her to the core.

But she doesn’t close the door behind her. She lets it linger open, and that’s how Alex knows something else: that Maggie needs to run, because Maggie is about to cry.

But Maggie left the door open, and Maggie is nothing if not deliberate: Maggie left the door open for Alex.

And so she goes, she goes, silk robe and slip be damned, she goes because Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, she was fourteen and she wanted better for Alex and she was fourteen and she deserved a full, happy life and she was fourteen and Alex would be damned if she didn’t give it to her.

“Maggie, stop,” she calls, padding out into the hall in her bare feet, but Maggie isn’t waiting by the elevator. The door to the stairwell is still heaving closed, but the elevator button is lit up: Maggie must have pressed it, pressed it, determined it wasn’t coming fast enough, that her own feet were better, more reliable.

Perhaps the only reliable thing.

But Alex needs to prove that’s not true.

And sure enough, Alex finds her on the stairwell, finds her wracking with silent sobs as she practically flies down the stairs, and Alex tries again.

“Maggie, please.”

Maggie stops immediately, but she doesn’t turn around. Alex gulps, and she’s surprised; surprised it was that easy to get her to stop.

“You’re barefoot, Danvers, you shouldn’t be on the staircase. It’s cold and anyway, you could get
hurt.”

Alex walks down to her anyway.

“I don’t care about… Maggie, I… I’m sorry.”

Maggie turns suddenly, and her face is streaked with tears and mascara and old scars.

“I don’t need your pity, Danvers.”

Alex blinks and stiffens and Maggie immediately retracts. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you, I – “

“No. No, you’re right. You don’t need pity. You need something better. You need to be heard. And I want to hear you, Maggie, I want… I want to… I’m not going to abandon you like that, Maggie, I’m not going to betray you like that. I… I do like you, too.”

Maggie smiles softly and wipes at her eyes at Alex’s self-deprecation, and Alex tentatively reaches up to wipe her tears instead.

Maggie stiffens for a tense moment, but she forces herself to look up into Alex’s eyes and relents. Alex wipes her tears attentively, carefully, diligently. Lovingly.

“I know I can’t make it better, Maggie, but I want to… I want to be able to be here for you. And I am so, so sorry that I didn’t listen better, I… I’m gonna get better at that, I promise.”

Maggie nods slowly, and she takes a deep, deep, long sigh.

“You’re gonna catch a cold, Danvers,” she rasps after a long moment, and Alex shrugs.

“You’re worth it. Hell, Maggie, you’re worth the Bravakian flu.”

A small smile tugs at Maggie’s lips, now. “Or the black lung?” she asks, and Alex returns it.

“You are worth everything, Maggie. Everything. Come back inside? If you want?”

“Alex, I – “

But her phone chirps, and they both grimace, because they know that sound.

Alex helps Maggie finish wiping her tears, finish composing her face so it doesn’t look like she’s been crying.

“Duty calls,” Maggie says bravely, and Alex nods.

“I’ll see you later?” Alex asks in a small voice, and Maggie nods.

Alex kisses her hand and turns sadly to head back upstairs.

“Alex?”

She spins back so eagerly she almost overbalances, and Maggie reaches up with steady hands to catch her.

“You look beautiful.”

Alex flushes and sighs silently. “So do you, Maggie. So do you.”
Chapter 217

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I don't think maggie's afraid of heights but she's definitely afraid of the ocean, I grew up at south Dakota and the first time I saw the ocean I was like "Nope. No. No. Thank you" I mean... it can kill you in so many ways lol alex will definitely have to ease her way in when they visit midvale

Alex will lift her up and have Maggie wrap her legs around her hips and put her arms under her ass and Alex will carry her slowly into the surf, kissing her neck and her cheek and whispering into her ear about how beautiful she is, about how safe she is, the whole time, and Maggie will believe her, because Alex’s arms are strong – stronger than the ocean, stronger than Maggie’s fear – and when they get deep enough that Maggie’s toes dip, that waves start crashing gently on her ass, on her back, she clings tighter to Alex but she tells her to keep going, because she trusts her and she never wants to lose this feeling, this feeling of cold, cold water and warm, warm arms wrapped around her, Alex’s heartbeat pressed up against hers, and when they’re deep enough that they're past the point where the waves break and the surf smoothes out and Maggie is weightless in Alex’s arms, she tosses her head back and she loses sight of where the ocean meets the sky, and Alex watches her like she’s the most beautiful thing she’s ever seen, because she is, she is, she is.
anonymous asked:

Hi mom, I have been having a couple crappy days, and I was just wondering, if you're up to it, if you could write a cute fic where Alex and Maggie either do karaoke or get married using Happy Together (Imagine Me & You) and/or Shut Up and Dance? Those two are my favorite on my Sanvers playlist. :) If not that's ok, look after you first. Thank you! <3

“Wow, Danvers, your sister really outdid herself!”

Maggie’s grinning as she glances around the bar and slides her arms around Alex’s waist from behind, and Alex looks over her shoulder and grins.

“Yeah, she really did, huh?”

The bar is decked out in streamers and remnants from classical musical eras on at least seven different planets – it turns out that karaoke is popular on many of them – and Kara is on the makeshift stage, beaming up a storm.

“You gonna sing, Danvers?” Maggie teases, but it’s mostly just thinly-veiled begging, because god does she love Alex’s voice.

“If you make it worth my while,” Alex flirts back in low tones, turning in Maggie’s arms so she can kiss her, so she can take her bottom lip gently between her teeth and –

“You know it was bad enough when it was just screaming out of your mind, Alex, but now I have to see it live and in person, too?” J’onn is interrupting, and Maggie starts to tense, but one look at J’onn’s big smile and soft eyes soothes her.

“It’s okay, Maggie,” he says as he covers her shoulder with a gentle hand. “I was just teasing. I love how much you care for her. I love seeing her this happy.”

Alex squirms and she beams and she kisses J’onn on the cheek, and Maggie’s heart swells and a look that can only be described as family sweeps over J’onn’s pleasantly surprised face.

But then all three of them are jumping, because there’s a loud, high-pitched boom and squeak screeching through the bar, and when they turn they see a very sheepish Kara at the microphone.

“Winn, is it – yes! Okay, it’s on! Welcome to karaoke night, everyone! I um – well, I really wanted to start us off, if that’s okay.”

James whoops as he comes to stand by Alex and Maggie and J’onn, and Kara adjusts her glasses happily.
“With my friend Winn! He and I um… well, my sister’s girlfriend – hi Maggie! –”

Maggie blushes and gives a little wave as Alex furrows her brow with a confused smile.

“My sister’s girlfriend wanted us to do a special song for her and Alex. Because someone –” Kara stares pointedly down at Alex. “Hasn’t been known to dance – like, really dance, not just stand there hugging someone! – since her college days.”

“Oh, come on, the DEO kinda kicks that out of you!” Alex calls, and J’onn shakes his head and laughs.

“So, Winn, come on!”

Winn nearly knocks over a speaker as he scrambles on stage. Maggie catches him, steadies him, and thanks him in advance with a wink.

He grins at her and gives a little wave as he grabs a mic and kicks off the song Maggie asked them to sing.

As the first bars ring out, Winn and Kara stare at each other in the way only fantastic singers do as the sync up, and J’onn nods, impressed against his will, as Winn starts the song.

“Oh don’t you dare look back,
Just keep your eyes on me,
I said you’re holding back,
She said –”

Kara cuts in flawlessly and James and Maggie cheer.

“Shut up and dance with me.
This woman is my destiny,
She said, ooh, shut up and dance with me!”

Winn and Kara both point down to Alex and Maggie, and Maggie is holding her hands out with a smile and tilted head and questioning eyes, and Alex is shaking her head and yelling, “Oh hell no! Traitor, Kara!”

But her shining eyes and her smile give her away, and she takes Maggie’s open hands and lets herself start to move as she laughs, as Kara and Winn whoop before starting to sing again, their voices flowing over and under each other perfectly.

“We were victims of the night
The chemical, physical, kryptonite”

Kara breaks out laughing and Winn twirls her around as J’onn and James watch laughingly an Alex learn to move again, with only pure happiness, pure affection, running through her veins.

Maggie leans into the song, mouthing along with Winn and Kara, making sure Alex doesn’t dare look back, making sure Alex keeps her eyes on her as she moves, and moves perfectly, moves happily, moves without restraint, moves with only Alex on her brain, on her body.
“I said you’re holding back,

She said.” Maggie mouths, hoping against hope that Alex will pick it up, that she isn’t irritated with her for making such a dorky, such a public display, for enlisting her sister and best friend for help, and Alex? Alex doesn’t only mouth the words right back, Alex sings them.

“Shut up and dance with me.”

She pulls Maggie close and her smile has never been brighter.

“This woman is my destiny,” she sings straight into Maggie’s eyes, and Maggie’s heart leaps, because that, that, that line there, that line there is why she loves this song so much for Alex, and Alex is going right in, and Alex is singing it right to her, dancing it right with her, Alex is… feeling it, too.

“My discotheque Juliet teenage dream,
I felt it in my chest as she looked at me.
I knew we were bound to be together,”

they half-mouth, half-sing together as their bodies move, and they forget that they’re in the bar, they forget that Winn and Kara are singing on the stage above them, forget that James is cheering them on and J’onn is watching with arms folded across his chest and a broad smile, forget everything else, everyone else, because this woman she’s dancing with, this woman whose eyes are sparkling and locked into her own, this woman is her destiny, absolutely and forever.
Chapter 219
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Motivational Sanvers

Maggie makes a particularly harsh, self-deprecating comment and Alex is having none of it.

I just really need something to motivate me through the next couple of days and I make these kinds of comments all the time but the only person who says something to me about them is my best friend and it means a lot.

^^ Prompt above from @ohthestarsinhereyes

She knows Maggie doesn’t know how to take compliments.

*I think you’re a great cop.*

*You getting soft on me?*

All Alex’s questions about how she could possibly not like Maggie, what an amazing woman she is.

Those lowered eyes, the storms that rage in them when she finally does look back up, when she finally does do that thing with her mouth and stare up at Alex in shuttered disbelief, barely concealed shock.

The first time Alex calls her beautiful (to her face, anyway), and Maggie just kisses her, kisses her, kisses her so she doesn’t have to respond, kisses her so she doesn’t have to let Alex see that she doesn’t know what to do with her hands, with her eyes, with her heart.

Sometimes it’s more subtle than others.

When Adrian thanks her for being so amazing with him and all his friends, and Maggie just shakes her head with a small, unreadable smile and puts him in a gentle headlock and kisses his short-cropped hair.

When James comments off-hand that Alex is really lucky to have her, that they’re all lucky she’s becoming part of their family, something flashes behind her eyes and something tenses in her shoulders and even though she smiles, she makes sure that everyone knows that she’s the lucky one to be with Alex, not the other way around.

When she walks in on Kara gushing to J’onn about how amazing her cooking is, how much she makes Alex light up at game night, she pretends she doesn’t hear it, pretends so she doesn’t have to accept the praise, accept the love, accept the appreciation.

Alex knows Maggie isn’t good at taking compliments.
She also knows that she’s getting better, slowly, slowly.

The first day she calls Maggie brilliant and Maggie doesn’t flinch, Alex’s heart swells with pride.

But it’s not all linear progress, and sometimes it’s not just about not being able to take compliments.

Sometimes, it’s about spewing venom about herself.

And Alex is willing to be patient with Maggie learning how to accept praise.

But hearing Maggie talk about herself like… that? No no no. Alex will have none of that.

So when they’re at the bar and Alex is making Winn and James laugh with a story about how some woman had tried to pick her up and Alex had had to explain that she’s already taken, she feels Maggie melt and she hears her when she mutters something about Don’t want to limit your opportunities, Danvers, she could probably give you a lot better than I ever could anyway. Alex is cutting off her story and James and Winn are confused because they didn’t hear Maggie, but Alex did, and Alex won’t have it.

“Maggie Sawyer, being with you is freedom, not limiting. And you… no one can give me better, give me more, than what you do. You’re perfect for me, Maggie: you said it, we’re right for each other. No stupid story about some girl who I couldn’t see anyway because I was too busy thinking about you is ever gonna change that.”

James smiles softly and Winn awws and Maggie doesn’t know what to do other than kiss Alex, so she does, because no one’s ever stood up to her for the sake of herself before.

And when they’re laying at home and Maggie is giving Alex a backrub and her phone chimes and she curses because it’s work and Ugh, you don’t deserve this, Danvers, you deserve someone who can stay and give you everything you want, I’m sorry, you deserve so much better, Alex just straight-up cuts her off.

“No, you know what, Maggie, you’re right. I don’t deserve you. I don’t deserve someone as dedicated and committed and passionate as you are, but I sure as hell am dedicated and committed and passionate to living up to the honor of being your girlfriend. I’m not going anywhere, Mags; when you get home we can both get backrubs, how about that?”

Maggie gulps and she nods and she blinks down tears and her heart races because someone this beautiful, someone this perfect, is fighting, not with her, but for her.

And when they’re at dinner and Maggie is – finally – telling her a story about her father, she interrupts herself, because you know what, it’s whatever, I’m sorry, you didn’t sign up for listening to a grown woman whine about decade-old bullshit that she probably deserved anyway, Alex bristles, and Alex shakes her head firmly, and Alex refuses to let it slide.

“You’re right Maggie, I didn’t. But I did sign up to be here for a beautiful, strong, incredible woman who’s giving me an amazing gift by trusting me enough to share pieces of absolutely undeserved abuse she’s been tough enough and kind enough and brave enough to survive.”

Maggie blinks and Maggie reaches for Alex’s hand across the table and holds onto it like it’s her lifeline, like it’s her reminder, her proof, that she can be loved, that she deserves to be loved, that she is worthy of this beautiful woman who’s all dressed up for her and dedicated to loving her just right.
Because she can, and she does, and she is.
letswreakhavoc asked:

A cool fanfic idea maybe: Alex and Maggie share the couch for movie night and under the blanket Maggie is being handsy and trying to be sneaky - ensue concerned and innocent Kara and her x-ray vision

In her head, she blames Kara.

Blames Kara because she’s the one that picked a lesbian film for movie night, and damn she should have known that a trademark of crappy lesbian films is so. Much. Sex.

So of course she’s going to get handsy.

Under Kara’s blanket.

On Kara’s couch.

Next to Kara.

Next to all of Kara’s friends.

With Kara’s sister.

Kara was the one who chose the film, who had such a fucking hot sister, so damn if Maggie wasn’t going to act on it.

Just a little bit.

So she snuggles closer into Alex, and Alex sighs contentedly, and Winn awws and Alex tosses a lazy, affectionate kick at him and he smiles and she smiles back, because she doesn’t know where she’d be without him.

She wraps the blanket tighter around them, and Kara glances their way and smiles, because she’s never seen her sister melt like this, never seen her sister affectionate like this. Never seen her sister happy like this. Kara meets James’s eyes and they both grin silently, secretly, happily.

Because Alex deserves the world, and Alex has Maggie Sawyer, and that is just perfect.

So Kara digs deeper into her bowl of popcorn and she throws her attention at the movie, at yelling out comments with Winn and James, and she doesn’t immediately notice that Alex and Maggie aren’t quite as verbal as they usually are during movie night.

Doesn’t notice when Maggie raises her head slightly and whispers something in Alex’s ear. Something that sounds an awful lot like I want you, and Alex squirms slightly and nods almost imperceptibly.
Almost imperceptibly.

Almost.

But Maggie detects, so Maggie picks up on it.

Picks up on the way that Alex shifts, slowly, subtly, reaching for Maggie’s hand under the blanket and bringing it between her legs, forcing a slightly belated laugh when Winn shouts out what an awkward camera angle that was, why would anyone film something like that, and when Alex squeaks slightly because she’s guiding Maggie’s hand into her jeans, it’s timed perfectly with a joke in the film that has the other Superfriends laughing uproariously, and Maggie smirks, proud of herself for her timing.

Her fingers explore Alex’s clit and nothing has ever been hotter than watching Alex bite her lip and try to control the rolling up of her hips, trying to control the sounds Maggie knows she wants to make, the way Maggie knows she wants to toss her head back and whine out her name.

She knows, because she wants to do the same things.

But she can’t, they can’t, because when you’re taking the risk of being this handsy under the blankets at movie night, there are trade offs you have to make.

But Maggie forgot about one thing.

Forgot that her girlfriend’s kid sister might be wrapped up in her food, wrapped up in the movie, wrapped up in joking with her friends, but her girlfriend’s kid sister also can detect heart beats. Can detect pulse rates.

Can detect that Maggie’s heart, apparently apropos of nothing, is suddenly racing, hard, fast, and strong. And Alex’s heartbeat is doing the same.

Kara adjusts her glasses and turns with a furrowed brow to her sister and her sister’s girlfriend, confused, because sure, maybe she’s not a relationship expert, but she’s pretty sure that snuggling like that is supposed to calm you down, not rile you up.

Alex shifts her hips slightly, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, even as both her and Maggie’s eyes are fixed devotedly on the screen, and Kara remembers the mission they were on yesterday, another attempt to find Jeremiah, and she remembers that Alex had taken a bit of a beating before getting the upper hand and giving a beating herself.

She must be in pain, and she must be trying to hide it, and if only Kara can see exactly what’s hurting her, she can make sure she gets the right treatment, even if Alex is too stubborn to ask for it.

So she lowers her glasses slightly and she x-rays her eyes through the blanket, and three things happen all at once.

She squeaks, and popcorn from her massive bowl is suddenly all over the living room, and she fixes her eyes on the TV screen like she’s never been so fascinated by any movie ever in the entire history of time and space.

“Sorry,” she mutters as everyone turns to stare at her. “Just had a thought. Um, a story idea. Um, no, not a story idea, just a… just thinking about something, just… wow, isn’t this movie great? Lesbians, huh?”
James furrows his brow at Kara, torn between concern and amusement, but Winn’s eyes are locked on Alex, on Maggie, on Alex, on Maggie. His eyes flit between their matching deer-in-the-headlights expressions, and then lower slowly down to the blanket under which, for some reason, both of their hands are.

He smiles slowly, wickedly, and tilts his head and raises his eyebrows at Alex.

“Shut it, Schott,” she scowls, but her slightly upturned lips and her furiously blushing face, and the fact that Winn is pretty sure he knows exactly how handsy Maggie’s just been, makes her a lot less intimidating than usual.

“Oh, I’m not saying a word. But nice work corrupting both of the Danvers girls, in such different ways and yet in one fell swoop, Detective Sawyer. Nice work indeed.”

Maggie tilts her head in the perfect picture of confusion, the perfect picture of innocence, and James finally catches on, and suddenly his face is all smiles but he’s finding the movie as fascinating as Kara determinedly is.

“Maggie’s awesome, Kara, can we keep her?” Winn asks, still grinning like it’s Christmas morning, because god will he never let Alex live this down.

Kara doesn’t move her eyes from the screen, but she leans over with a slight grin and grabs a fistful of popcorn that had landed in Maggie’s lap.

“As long as everyone wears layers instead of blankets next time, we can keep her forever.”
Chapter 221

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Mom. I had a very terrible day. I was hoping you could make it better, tell me something, a small sanvers love scene? It doesn't have to be long and I know you don't want us to request promt and I totally respect it... thanks mom

“Hey pretty lady.”

Maggie hums contentedly as Alex slips strong arms around her waist and kisses the back of her neck. She lets herself melt back into those arms, and she swears she’s never known any feeling like Alex’s stomach and chest warm and steady against her back.

“Long day?” Maggie asks, because long days either always end with her tied up and writhing under Alex or with Alex snuggling, kissing her neck gently, never letting go of her body.

Alex Danvers doesn’t have a lot of middle ground, and Maggie loves it.

“Mmmm.” Alex traces her lips across Maggie’s neck, and Maggie giggles.

“Ally, I’m making dinner.”

Alex stills immediately, but Maggie reaches behind her to keep their bodies close.

“Wanna turn off the burner?” Alex asks, and Maggie knows the question under her question.

She smiles and she complies and she turns in Alex’s arms, looking up into steady eyes.

“Something you want, Danvers?”

Alex takes Maggie’s bottom lip gently between her teeth, and Maggie swoons.

“Only the most beautiful woman in the world.” Alex tells her in low tones between kisses.

Maggie pulls back and tilts her head, trying and failing to hide a smile.

“So you want… yourself.”

Alex pffts and squirms and blushes, her suave evaporated in Maggie’s warmth for a moment. But only for a moment.

“You, Maggie Sawyer. I want you.”

Maggie licks her lips slowly, slowly enough that Alex’s eyes drag down to watch, that Alex’s breath hitches, and Maggie’s relishes the feeling of being the sole focus of Alex Danvers’s attention.
“Then take me, Alex.”

Alex doesn’t need to be told twice.

Before Maggie can gasp, before Maggie can take another breath, Alex has reached down to the backs of her thighs, picking her up and holding her, legs wrapped around Alex’s hips, and Maggie is glad Alex’s grip is so solid, because she’s swooning again, and Alex’s lips are on hers again and she’s holding her close and if someone didn’t know Alex, they’d think it was going to progress fast, progress hard, but that’s not Alex. Not today, anyway.

Today, the most demanding thing about her is the way she’s holding Maggie up, but everything else – the attention she dedicates to Maggie’s jawline, the homage she pays to Maggie’s lips, the devotion she shows to that sensitive spot at the base of Maggie’s throat – is an act of prayer, an act of solace, an act of worship.

“Can I take you to bed?” she breathes, and Maggie hums her yes into Alex’s mouth.

Maggie doesn’t open her eyes as Alex turns and, still kissing her, carries her up the steps to her bedroom. She doesn’t need to open them, doesn’t need to monitor Alex’s steps, because Alex has her safe, Alex has her steady, Alex has her always.

She can’t count the number of times, the number of languages, that Alex murmurs her I love yous in as she slowly strips off Maggie’s clothes, as she meticulously kisses each newly exposed inch of her skin, marking each burning bit of Maggie’s body as desired, as loved, as worthy, as hers.

Maggie doesn’t scream when she cums in Alex’s mouth, not today, not today, because today is softer than screams, quieter than her usual writhing; but she does still grasp desperately at her hair, does still sigh out her name, over and over and over, does still let her entire body shudder with the soft force of Alex’s love shuttling through her.

“You’re gorgeous, Alex,” she rasps, gravel in her voice, as Alex wipes her mouth on her shoulder and crawls up to hold her. “You’re gorgeous, and I’m gonna love you forever.”

“So... you’re saying you like me.”

“Oh my god, you nerd.”

“So you’re saying you like nerds.”

“Yes, Danvers. This nerd. My nerd. Of course.”
Chapter 222

Chapter Summary

cassiebones asked:

Can I have a ficlet for my bday? Maybe Alex tries to make a tiramisu for Maggie and it ends up going horribly wrong???

She’s swaying her hips absently and interspersing her own stream of curses with an impressively flawless mouthing of Bare Naked Ladies’s One Week.

She forms every word perfectly, stumbling over exactly none of the wild, rapid streams, as the song blasts through the apartment so loudly that she doesn’t notice Maggie leaning against the doorway, head tilted to the side, disbelieving smile on her lips, arms crossed over her chest, staring at the take-no-prisoners DEO agent dancing around her kitchen, singing about she has a tendency to wear her mind on her sleeve and a history of losing her shirt, which is currently dusted with a strange combination of sugar and brandy.

“Oh come on, I can synthesize antidotes to alien poisons, but I can’t make fucking custard?” she’s muttering during a musical interlude, shaking her head with a frustrated grin and taking a swig of the brandy she’s trying to work into the tiramisu she’s attempting to make.

“Alright there, Danvers?” Maggie asks, and Alex jumps slightly, spinning with her eyes wide, with her eyes innocent, with her eyes guilty.

“I’m making you tiramisu,” she splutters anticlimactically, holding up a whisk dripping with egg yolks and frowning down at the bowl of ice she has on standby.

“Looks like you’re several attempts in there, babe,” Maggie grins teasingly as she turns down the music, just slightly.

Alex wilts slightly, a sheepish grin on her face, before unleashing another string of curses as the saucepan starts hissing with too much heat.

“I wanted to make you what you love,” Alex explains with a reddened face as she surveys the sugary kitchen with eggshells scattered across the counter from her previous, failed attempts.

“Oh, babe,” Maggie steps forward, shrugging out of her jacket. “You don’t have to worry, your mama already did that.”

Alex’s heart leaps and she forgets that she’s spent the past several hours failing, failing, failing, at something that shouldn’t be hard, because the way Maggie is looking at her, the way that Maggie is grabbing a dish towel and wiping Alex’s hands without taking her eyes off Alex’s face, the way Maggie is threading their fingers together, the way she’s leaning up on her tip toes to kiss her lips…

This could never be failure.
This could only be perfection.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

So basically once a year Luke just disappeared and nobody knew why just that he was upset and he just disappeared and I was thinking Alex could have a dark day and Maggie gets worried. I'm always freaking out that I'm a burden to others when I'm upset and seeing that in Alex would be kind of cool... Sorry if this is too much

It’s not that Alex does it on purpose.

She doesn’t want to worry anyone. Doesn’t want to burden anyone.

That’s exactly the point.

It’s not that she does it on purpose, the disappearing. The vanishing.

She survived being on a fugitive with a three hundred year old Martian, and she’s not a trained DEO agent for nothing.

She’s good at disappearing. At vanishing.

Very good at it.

But not quite as good, apparently, as Maggie Sawyer is at finding.

Because when Alex does it this time – when they’ve had her father back for a few weeks and she’s just too overwhelmed, too overcome, too everything, too nothing, because she was his pride and joy and then he was dead and then he wasn’t and then she couldn’t save him but then she did and then he wasn’t the same but he was but he wasn’t, so she is overwhelmed and she is overcome and she is everything and she wants to be nothing – when Alex disappears this time, Maggie finds her.

It’s a sunny day – gorgeous – but Alex has all the shades pulled and she courts the darkness like just a few short weeks ago she was courting Maggie Sawyer, and she was courting death, courting danger, courting destruction, as she fought at Maggie’s side, at her sister’s side, to get her father back.

And now everything is fine, and she has no reason not to be fine.

But she’s not fine.

So she courts the slivers of darkness that she can find in the overwhelming sun, the sun with the audacity to shine, with the audacity to boast its brilliance without even doing Alex the courtesy of letting her evaporate.

Because if she is nothing but molecules – just for a little while, just while she rides this out –
Maggie can’t tilt her head and squint slightly like she does when she’s worried, and Kara can’t insist on flying through her window, and Eliza can’t call her Alexandra and J’onn can’t stare at her when he thinks she’s not looking, fighting the temptation to read her mind so he can know exactly what’s wrong and James can’t bring her extra donuts on game night because he knows something’s off and Winn can’t gently touch her arm and remind her that he’s here, always, if she wants to talk about anything.

If she is nothing but molecules, even for a little while, they can’t worry. She can’t worry them. Burden them.

They all have enough going on, anyway.

But Maggie apparently disagrees.

She doesn’t kick down the door of the abandoned warehouse Alex breaks into when she needs to get away, when she needs to kick and scream and collapse on the floor and let herself get dusty, become dust, before her numbed out tears patter onto the cold, hard, unforgiving ground and trace patterns into the cobwebs and sawdust.

She doesn’t kick down the door, and she doesn’t ask what Alex is doing in there.

She’s already asked Winn, and she knows it has nothing to do with DEO business. She knows exactly what Alex is doing, because she knows… Alex.

“Danvers, just tell me one thing, just answer me the one question: are you physically hurt?”

She needs to know, because she knows how hard Alex can punch, and she knows how hard Alex can kick, and she knows how solid concrete is, and how tempting stone walls are when you want nothing to disappear, to be only your own burden.

Alex doesn’t answer for a long moment, because she’s on the ground and she’s shocked at the lack of judgment in Maggie’s voice.

Shocked at hearing Maggie’s voice on the other side of the door at all, because no one’s ever been able to find her before, on these dark days.

Shocked at the question. Not what are you doing in there or why aren’t you letting me in or what the hell is wrong with you.

“No,” she hears her own voice calling before she realizes she’s opened her mouth, before she realizes she’s dragging her body toward the door that Maggie must be crouching on the other side of.

“No, I’m not physically hurt.”

There. Not so bad. She’s used to calling out her condition after an explosion, a shooting, a cave-in. This doesn’t have to be so different.

“Okay. Do you want me to leave, Alex?” Maggie is calling, loud enough to be heard, but soft enough to not send Alex spiraling, and Alex presses her back against the door, and she takes comfort in imagining that, on the other side, Maggie has her hand pressed right where Alex would want it.

She wants to say yes, and she almost does. “I didn’t ask you to come, Maggie. I didn’t even tell you where I am.”
It comes out like an accusation, and she didn’t mean it to. Didn’t mean to sound so angry.

Maggie doesn’t seem to notice. Or rather, she doesn’t seem to mind. “I know you didn’t, Danvers. That’s not what I asked you. I asked you if you want me to leave.”

No. Please don’t leave. Please break down the door, please pick the lock, please break down my door, please pick the lock I chained around myself so long ago.

Yes. You deserve someone whole, you deserve someone full, you deserve someone strong.

No. God, god, god, please, no, don’t leave me, not now, not ever, because if I think I’m broken now, my god, I don’t want to imagine what I’d be if you ever left.

Yes. Your smile is starlight and your laughter is an antidote to my worst poisons and your hands are gentle and your hands are strong and your hands shake when they touch me and you don’t deserve this, you don’t need this, you deserve happiness, not… me.

None of the warring words in Alex’s mind, in Alex’s body, find their way out of her mouth.

She hears Maggie shift outside the door, and she nearly yells out, because she’s nearly convinced that Maggie is leaving.

But she’s not. She’s settling in, with her back against the door – her back against Alex’s, it sounds like – and she’s leaning her head back against it, too, and Alex hears it, feels it, so Alex does the same.

Silence stretches into minutes, into an hour, more.

“I’ve got you, Ally,” Maggie reminds her, just the once. “You are never, ever, ever a burden. And I’ve always, always, always got you.”

She’s so quiet before that, and after it, too, that for a while, Alex wonders if she’s hearing things, if the imposed darkness of the warehouse, of her mood, is clouding her brain.

But the part of her that still knows, even now, that Maggie Sawyer loves her – is even in love with her, maybe – knows that she’s not making anything up.

That Maggie’s got her.

And sure enough, when she’s ready – when she needs to eat and needs to pee and needs to shower and needs to fall into Maggie’s arms and let Maggie play with her hair and whisper sweet everythings in her ear until she falls asleep and wakes to Kara and Maggie making breakfast together and laughing softly so as not to wake her – Maggie’s there, and Maggie’s eyes are soft, and her arms are open, and the way she touches Alex, the way she holds her with her warm gaze, makes Alex think that maybe, just maybe, she’s not a burden at all.

Maybe, just maybe, she’s worthy of being cared for.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sometimes I wonder how badly that telepathic link with the White Martian must have messed with Alex's mind. Do you think she gets nightmares about attacking and taunting Kara now?

Ofc she does.

She remembers everything she said.

Everything.

She remembers every one of Kara’s reactions, every nuance of her fear, every detail of her pain.

And it wasn’t her hand, but she still remembers slamming it into Kara’s skin.

She’s punched her sister before.

In DEO training. That time when she was 17 and they both got a little carried away with Mario Kart (it was an accident).

She’s punched her sister before, and she’s knocked her down. She’s taken the wind out of Supergirl, and she’s made Kara cry.

She’s strong. Very.

But she’s not as strong as the white Martian whose flesh wasn’t hers but was, whose memories weren’t hers but were.

And in these memories, she feels how fragile Kara is, how breakable Supergirl is.

All because of the snarl that’s not her snarl, the unearthly strength that’s not her strength.

The agony of knowing what she was doing – and because she wasn’t doing it, she was laying inert, weak, destroyed, shattered – the agony of not being able to stop it.

And it replays every night.

Every night, she watches the insecurity flicker behind Kara’s eyes when the white Martian had called her whiney, had told her it was exhausting to pretend to care about her feelings.

Because it wasn’t Alex – it wasn’t even Alex’s body – but she remembers it like it was, and she knows Kara saw her, heard her, touched her, like she was.

She’d done it to her again.
Tried to kill her, forced her to fight back.

Under Myriad, and now this. This wasn’t the same. And she’d snapped out of Myriad.

She knows this. She knows it.

But knowing it doesn’t stop the nightmares.

She wakes up sweating and she wakes up screaming, and Maggie holds her with one arm, soothes her with soft lips and even softer words, and she angles her body, both of their bodies, so she can reach her phone, so she can type out a one-handed text to Kara.

And Kara is always there, within minutes.

The first couple of times, neither of them are wearing shirts, and the gravity of Alex’s nightmares is temporarily replaced with the awkward hilarity of the situation.

But Alex starts sleeping in a shirt, because she surrenders to the knowledge that these nightmares aren’t going anywhere any time soon, and Maggie follows suit.

Every time, Maggie will transfer Alex from her own strong arms into Kara’s, and Kara will kiss her forehead and her hair and soothe her heavy, gasping, apologetic breathing, coo that she has nothing to apologize for, that it wasn’t her, it wasn’t her, it wasn’t her.

Every time, Maggie will stop in the doorway and watch the Danvers girls for a long, sad moment; sad because Alex is in pain, because the strain of it is eating away at her, at Kara; but grateful, too, because they have each other through it. They’re closer through it.

Every time, Maggie pads into the kitchen to make them all hot chocolate, and she lingers until Alex’s sniffles slow and, eventually, subside.

Every time, they sip in silence, and every time, once their drinks are finished, Alex settles deep into the blankets between her sister and her lover, and Maggie mouths thank you to Kara over Alex’s exhausted head, and Kara mouths exactly the same.

After nearly a week of this, Maggie asks Kara to just spend the entire night sleeping over, and Kara smiles, and her heart breaks in the best of ways, because she’d wanted to from night one but had been scared to impose on Alex’s private time with her girlfriend.

So it becomes a routine: Maggie cooks four times the amount of dinner she normally does, because Kara is Kara, and she and Kara stay awake long after Alex drifts off in their arms, to make sure, to make sure, to make sure.

And eventually, the nightmares stop, but the habit doesn’t, because still, long after Alex has forgiven herself for something she never did, there are nights that Kara just sleeps over with her sister and her sister’s girlfriend, because if they’re being honest, they all sleep better the closer they are to each other.
Chapter 225

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

How’s it sound if Maggie's first time in subspace is because of Alex?

Referring to Chapter 168.

It’s one of those nights.

One of those nights when Alex comes home with extra bruising on her torso and a legion of ghosts screaming behind her eyes.

One of those nights when words won’t do, and neither will silence.

One of those nights when she needs Maggie, needs her open, needs her pliant, needs her willing, needs… her.

One of those nights when, if she were anyone else, her intensity would scare Maggie.

But Alex Danvers is not anyone else.

And Maggie loves her for her intensity, loves her for how she needs her, loves her for how, even when she’s ragged and rough and wrecked, she is also unfailingly gentle, unfailingly kind, unfailingly giving.

Unfailingly attentive, unfailingly careful to make sure that Maggie wants this, that Maggie wants her.

And she does, she does, she does.

She wants it when Alex kisses her mouth, hard enough to leave her lips swollen; she wants it when Alex sweeps one arm under her thighs and the other behind her back, and carries her bridal style to her bed, their bed; she wants it when Alex asks with her eyes and a growl in the back of her throat if she can strip her naked, if she can tie her ankles down, legs open, if she can cuff her wrists above her head; she wants it when Alex asks if she can gag her, if she can blindfold her, wants it when Alex puts her fingers to her palm and Maggie squeezes because when she can’t say green out loud, she needs to tell her with other signals; she wants it when Alex melts ice on her stomach and drips the frozen water onto her clit, wants it when Alex laps up her wetness and her muffled screams with her tongue; she wants it when Alex leaves her, just for a moment, writhing and whimpering helplessly, unable to speak or see or move, but fully able to feel Alex, Alex, Alex, Alex pulling back and checking in before slipping trembling fingers, steady fingers, inside her soaked opening.

Maggie wants it, wants Alex, so badly, wants to be entirely Alex’s, wants her entire being to just… be, for Alex, wants all of it, everything, so desperately, that she can’t tell when she starts to slip away, can’t tell when her body starts floating, when her words start slurring, even more than they
normally would through a gag, when her body stops registering pain, stops registering anything but pure ecstasy and Alex, Alex, Alex.

She’s never felt anything like this before, and if her brain could form coherent thoughts, she might be proud of herself, because if this is what subspace feels like and this is where she helps Alex get to, my god, she has a lot to be proud of because this is what Alex deserves, this feeling, this bliss, this...

“Maggie, babe. Maggie, it’s time to come down now, princess.”

Alex’s soft, trembling voice reaches her as if from a far, far distance, and something in her protests, but something bigger in her trusts, and she starts coming down, down, down, her entire being searching for the points of connection to earth; the places where Alex’s skin touches hers, where Alex’s lips gently kiss her face before slowly, carefully slipping off the gag, before slowly, carefully slipping off the blindfold.

“You’re amazing, Mags. You did an amazing job for me, babe, but it’s time to come down now.”

Maggie hears herself sighing, hears the handcuffs click open above her head. She opens her eyes slowly, groggily, contentedly, to see Alex’s wide eyes and swollen lips gazing down at her with an expression that can’t be described as anything other than pure adoration.

“Ey Danvers,” she croaks, and Alex smiles softly.

“Hey baby. How you feeling?”

Maggie takes a long moment to answer, and Alex panics a bit, hoping she’s done everything right, hoping she recognized Maggie’s subspace and helped her down from it – just as Maggie does for her – the right way, gently enough, lovingly enough, carefully enough.

“Loved. Feeling really loved.”

Alex’s panic dissipates and she presses a small kiss to Maggie’s nose.

“Perfect. Because that’s exactly what you are, Maggie Sawyer.”
anonymous asked:

Hey, I know that you aren't taking prompts right now, and I want to respect that, so feel free to leave this unanswered. But since Trump has been rolling back the bathroom protection for trans people in school could you maybe write a fic with Adrian reacting to that? I've been stressed because I'm on break right now, but I have to go back to school in a week. Thank you for putting so much kindness into our world, you're the kind of person we need in difficult times like this ❤️❤️❤️

Maggie knows exactly who's banging on her door, and she knows exactly why.

“I’m so sorry, Ade, Kara’s just running a bit late, we were gonna meet you there – “

But the rest of her sentence is cut off by the blur of limbs that surround her suddenly, and tears sting Maggie’s eyes, because Adrian hasn’t hugged her this hard since election night, because she knows he’s crying and she wants to destroy the entire world to take away his pain.

Because he doesn’t deserve it. He doesn’t deserve it at all.

“Ade,” she hears Alex whisper behind her back, and she hears James, J’onn, and Winn grow quiet deeper in the living room.

“Sorry for assaulting your girlfriend, Alex,” Adrian chokes over Maggie’s shoulder, and the three of them let out a strangled laugh as Adrian pulls back from Maggie’s arms and falls more limply into Alex’s firm embrace.

“You smell like gunpowder,” he croaks after a moment, and she laughs, more genuinely this time, as she pulls back from him and lets him step into the apartment.

“Shooting range. Maggie’s go-to when she’s angry is the heavy bag. Mine’s shooting stuff.”

Adrian’s eyes flood with a fresh layer of tears.

“You were that angry… for my sake?”

Alex stares down at him like she’s never seen him before. “Adrian, I… of course. How could I not be… homicidally angry about all… this?”

He takes his full bottom lip into his mouth and turns to Maggie. “Your girl’s a keeper, Detective Sawyer.”

Maggie grimaces at him. “Yeah, you should’ve seen her after he did the Muslim ban. I’d hate to be those targets.”
Adrian steps past both of them toward where James, Winn, and J’onn are standing, eyes all downcast, like they’re afraid to intrude on the three of their moments together.

He pulls up short right before he hugs James, because James’s shirt makes his heart nearly beat out of his chest.

“Trans Lives Matter?” he croaks, and James pulls him in for that hug.

“If some white kid wore it, it’d be irritating and appropriating, but I figure I can get away with it, huh?” James says softly into Adrian’s hair.

“Yeah, I’m stuck with the less cool shirt,” Winn smiles as Adrian turns his attention to him, tugging out his t-shirt, which reads, simply, *This is What a Feminist Looks Like*.

“Nah, feminism’s always a good shirt, man,” Adrian fist bumps him approvingly as Maggie leans into Alex’s side and Alex’s kisses the top of her head.

“Aren’t you the one who said feminism is a drag?”

“I know it doesn’t mean much, but you always have a restroom and a shower in the DEO, young man.”

“It means a lot, sir. Thank you.”

J’onn smiles and looks beyond Adrian to Alex.

“Where is your sister, Ale – “

A rush of papers fluttering everywhere chills the room slightly as a blonde blur speeds through the open window.

“I’m here, I’m here, I’m sorry Adrian, I know we’re late, I just had to make sure we had an entire team of reporters on it, not just me – “

Adrian doesn’t hear the rest of her explanation, because he’s hugging her so hard it nearly knocks the wind out of even her.

“Ready for this, kid?” Maggie asks with her eyes tense on on her watch.

Adrian pulls back from Kara and nods grimly, unzipping his running jacket to reveal a homemade black t-shirt that reads, *I Am Not a Threat* in big white letters, with smaller print blocked under it, reading, *I mean, I am – I threaten your cissexist white supremacy proudly – but I am targeted in your bathrooms, not the other way around.*

It’s not a long walk to National City’s queer Center, and Adrian’s eyes are steady as they all walk together, Alex and Maggie with their fingers interlaced, Kara constantly whooshing here and there as Supergirl, as Kara Danvers, as Supergirl, as Kara Danvers, James snapping photographs, Winn and J’onn keeping a careful eye out for trouble.

Because the crowd is big, the protest is impressive, and Adrian is vulnerable.

Vulnerable because, no matter what his shirt says, Maggie’s colleagues may well be ordered to act otherwise.

But when Val and Yve and Jordan and Mateo and Sam disentangle themselves from the chanting
and the sign-waving to bring Adrian into their arms, Maggie knows he’ll be okay. Because there’s no way his family will permit otherwise.

The crowd goes quiet when Alex helps boost him into the overturned bucket someone had brought out for speakers, and Adrian holds Maggie’s eyes and trembling fists at his side, staring out at a sea of his people surrounded by a sea of people who will now be ordered to keep him out of his own bathrooms, and his voice shakes when he starts speaking, but only for a moment.

“My name is Adrian Rodriguez, and I am a man. I am a man, but that’s not the wildest or most exciting thing about me. The wildest thing, the most exciting thing? You ready for this?”

There are one or two yesses, and he pauses, he grins, he takes strength from the steely pride in Maggie’s eyes.

“Nah, come on, yall ready for this?”

More whoops, now, more cheers, more encouragement, sweeps the whole crowd, and he nods, and he continues.

“The wildest, most exciting thing about me? Sometimes – at least a few times a day, more when I’m keeping hydrated, you know, which I need to do more often – sometimes, I have to pee!”

There’s raucous screaming and raucous laughter tainted with rage.

“The fact of the matter is, that just like the ban that demonizes our Muslim siblings; just like the plans to strip health care from the people who need it most; just like the plans to continue the genocide of Native Peoples for the sake of the same companies that bring you the warmest February day on record – this new order is about nothing but wielding power over those who have least, about spreading hatred and blame onto people who deserve it least. Because when I walk into the men’s room, I am no threat. But I am threatened. And when my sisters – especially my sisters of color – roll and walk into women’s restrooms, girls’ restrooms, they are no threat. But they are threatened, and they are beaten, and worse. And when my nonbinary and gender nonconforming siblings – can I get an amen, Sammy?! – are faced with the agonizing choice of where will be safer, where they are least likely to be assaulted, least likely to have the cops called on them, they are not the threat. Policies like this are the threat. Systems like this are the threat. Hatred like this is the threat. So what do we do?”

“Move up, fight back!” Val supplies, and Adrian grins down at her as he hops down from the bucket into Maggie’s arms, as his chant, her chant, their chant, sweeps across the crowd, into flesh and into bones and into the night.

“Thank you,” he yells to be heard into Maggie’s ear, and she shakes her head with shining, proud eyes at him.

“You, Adrian. You, you, you.”
Chapter 227

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! Hope you are having a lovely day... I know you are not taking any prompts but I've been having a really bad week and well.. I don't know why but the thought of max lord coming back at the DEO as a consultant has been haunting me for a while .. I mean max flirting with Alex, he doesn't know she is dating Maggie and she is there ...

“I told you, we don’t need his help – “

“But we do, Alex. I don’t like the man any more than you do, but he is the foremost expert on this kind of technology, whether we approve of him as a person or – “

“Aw, Director Henshaw, it’s always good to hear a compliment from a man of your disposition.”

Alex tenses at the sound of his voice – but slightly, slightly, so that only J’onn and Maggie notice – and J’onn just rolls his eyes.

“And your expertise doesn’t make it worth my time or energy to go so far as to compliment you, Mr. Lord,” J’onn deadpans, and Alex smirks and turns around, just as Maxwell Lord is stepping into her space.

Close into her space.

“And Agent Danvers. As mysteriously beautiful as ever. I like what you’re doing with your hair; it’s less straight now, are you using new products?”

Winn snorts without turning from his computer console and Maggie shares a silent smirk with him.

“The only new product I’m interested in discussing with you is this weapon. That’s all, Max.”

“You mean to tell me you didn’t call me here because you missed me? Shame, Agent Danvers. Shame. But we’ll get there.”

J’onn glances at Maggie and her eyes are tense, her eyes are alert, but this is Alex Danvers, and Alex Danvers can take care of herself, and she swears to herself that she’ll respect that.

But that doesn’t mean she can’t put her body between his and Alex’s, because she knows Alex, and she knows her face is blank and her eyes are sarcasm and wit, but she knows her skin is crawling.

“A Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division,” she steps forward and puts out her hand.

Max’s eyes sweep her body briefly, and Alex can’t tell whether he’s checking her out sexually or cataloguing all her body language for a psychological profile. She hates it either way.

“I see I’m not the only local assistance you’re bringing in. Good for you, Director Henshaw: pride
costs us more than hunger, or in this case, annihilation.”

Alex rolls her eyes and strides abruptly toward the lab.

“This way.”

He follows, and Maggie watches, Maggie helps, Maggie observes, as – when he actually focuses on the science – Alex and Max work well together.

Maxwell Lord is a world-renowned genius: a stirring of pride swells in Maggie’s chest that her girlfriend not only keeps up with him easily, but outpaces him, surprises him, comes up with things that make his eyebrows rise in surprised delight.

But anger also boils in her blood, because in the moments when Alex is bent over a microscope and he moves to see next, he stands way too close to her body. His eyes trickle down her neckline, and Maggie sees Alex tense in a way the supposed genius doesn’t notice, or doesn’t care about.

His off-handed comments about her missing him, about her missing them, even though Maggie knows – and Alex knows, and hell, even Max knows – there was never a them, build and build and build.

And Maggie swore she wouldn’t be possessive; swore she would let Alex fight her own battles; but as the afternoon draws on, Alex is looking more and more exhausted, more and more frustrated, more and more resigned to having to put up with his incessant flirting until they’re through with his knowledge.

But those days – the days of Alex having to push down her feelings – are over.

So Maggie takes a deep breath and Maggie passes behind Alex and slips her hand from her waist across the small of her back. Alex knows her touch, knows her hands, knows her gentleness, even while staring hard into a microscope lens, and she smiles.

It’s that smile that lets Maggie know that Alex is comfortable, that Alex is ready, that Alex has nothing to hide.

“Babe, have you thought about asking Supergirl to call Star Labs? Because we were talking about it, just randomly, and I think I remember her saying something about a cold gun, and I’m thinking we could adapt some of the principles to – “

“Oh my god, Mags, you’re a genius,” Alex splutters, and blows past Max to get to Maggie, to frame her face with her hands, and kiss her full on the mouth.

Max blinks and he stares and he grimaces.

“So that’s why we never got anywhere, Agent Danvers: you – “

“No. No no no, stop right there, Max. We never got anywhere because you’re a pretentious, selfish asshole. Also, I’m a lesbian. The things are completely unrelated.”

Maggie smirks and Max blinks rapidly and Alex nearly pats her own self on the back.

One of the agents assigned to keeping an eye on Max smirks while the other lets out a soft sigh as he passes his grinning colleague a crisp fifty dollar bill.

“Told you Agent Danvers would snap first. You owe Director Henshaw a twenty, too.”
Come over.

That’s all the text says.

That’s all it says, and that’s all she’s heard from Alex all day, which is unusual, but she’s not surprised.

Not surprised today, because today was her dad’s first day back in the DEO.

Today was all about Jeremiah, all about Alex, and Maggie is alright with that.

Of course she is.

But when she gets her text – her simple text – she rushes.

She knocks, because she could let herself in, but today was bound to be emotional, and today was bound to be hard.

She’s surprised when Alex just says “yeah.”

When the door is unlocked.

Because Alex Danvers never leaves her door unlocked.

But Maggie doesn’t know – not yet, not yet – that Alex texted Maggie and drank her way through a quarter bottle of liquor, straight.

Maggie doesn’t know – not yet, not yet – that Alex left the door unlocked because she trusted Maggie to rush. And she didn’t trust her legs to be able to get her to the door smoothly by the time Maggie gets there.

"Hey,” she offers as she steps inside, locking the door softly behind her because she knows Alex feels better that way. Hell, she feels better that way.

Alex doesn’t turn toward her, and part of Maggie relishes the trust they’ve built in just a few months. The other part of her stomach sinks as she walks around to try to get a look at her girlfriend’s face.

The other part of her stomach sinks as she sees the liquor bottle that she happens to know was much, much more full this morning.
"What’s wrong?"

Alex says nothing, and Maggie braces herself on the counter with a shaky hand.

“How was your dad’s first day?” she asks, her voice soft, her voice nervous, her voice just this side of apologetic.

Alex answers by draining her drink – draining it long and hard and completely – and Maggie’s eyes watch the way Alex’s hands are oh so slightly unsteady, the way her eyes are oh so slightly unfocused.

The way her eyes have been refusing to meet hers this entire time.

“That good, huh?”

She shifts onto the stool in front of Alex, grateful for the way Alex responds to her touch on her calf, the way she automatically moves her foot so Maggie can sit down.

Grateful, at least, that Alex seems to want her there. Seems to accept needing her there.

Even if she won’t speak.

Even if she won’t look at her.

She goes to pour herself another, and Maggie’s heart clenches.

"Whoa whoa whoa, okay. Hold on.” She guides Alex’s hands away from the bottle and Alex just retreats into herself, looking for all the world like a small scolded child, in that little grey hoodie, shoulders rounded, arms limp, body as tiny as she can make it without actually scrunching up.

It breaks Maggie’s heart. But not, she knows, as much as Alex’s heart must be breaking.

"Hey,” she says, and Alex still won’t look up. Maggie touches her arm softly, softly. “I’m here. Okay? You can tell me anything.”

Alex nods, but she still won’t look up, and Maggie’s left hand reaches for her, almost of its own accord, and her index finger settles gently, tenderly, softly, under Alex’s chin.

"Hey, look at me.”

Alex does, and there is nothing but raw defeat in her eyes. Raw pain. Raw agony. Raw torture.

It stops Maggie’s breath, and she tilts her head to keep herself together. Tilts her head to keep her eyes soft, her breathing regular. Because she needed Alex on Valentine’s Day and Alex had held her and listened to her and soothed her all night long.

And tonight is Alex’s Valentine’s Day.


"What happened with your dad?”

Her voice is soft and her eyes are earnest and Alex takes a shuddering breath in, and Maggie’s heart breaks more than it is already broken.

Alex’s lips tremble and she glances up at Maggie’s eyes, on her own for the first time since she
walked in, and Maggie knows.

Knows that her eyes are her words, right now, and that’s all she needs.

She stands and she pulls her close.

"Oh, sweetie. Oh.” She pulls Alex’s face into her chest, draws her back into her body, settles the side of her face onto Alex’s hair, and soothes her, soothes her, holds her, as she starts to cry.

As she starts to sob.

No.

As she starts to weep.

The first two shuddering breaths she takes, Maggie thinks her heart might burst from the pain of it.

And then her voice catches in her tears, catches in her growing hysteria, and Maggie turns her face more toward her, expressionless, expressionless, because her own heart, now, is numb. Because if she allows herself to feel the pain, the rage, the agony, of hearing Alex Danvers, feeling Alex Danvers, come completely apart like that in her arms, she would be the one unraveling.

And her baby needs her. Her sweetheart needs her.

She’s grateful when Alex grabs onto her, more than just a hand on her arm, but her other arm wrapped completely around Maggie’s back and grabbing at her shirt.

Grabbing at her shirt like her grasp and her grasp alone can keep Maggie holding her, can keep Maggie close, can keep Maggie from disappearing.

But she needn’t worry, because Maggie wouldn’t leave her right now, or ever. Not even with the most powerful forces on earth standing against her. Not even with all of Cadmus’s worst weapons trained at her head –

“I…” Alex is gasping, but it comes out like a yelp, like a scream, like a plea, and Maggie kisses her hair and rubs her back.

"I’m here, sweetie, I’m here, shhhh, breathe, Ally. Breathe, breathe, breathe.”

Alex gasps again, yelps again, and Maggie’s face remains motionless.

She swears to herself will murder Lilian Luthor for what she’s done to Alex the first chance she gets, Kara’s feelings for her daughter be damned.

"I coul – I couldn’t kill him, Maggie, I couldn’t… I couldn’t kill him,” she’s gasping, she’s pleading, she’s praying, she’s begging, and Maggie kisses her hair again, again, again, rocks her slightly, holds her face close into her chest.

She doesn’t tell her that she doesn’t understand, doesn’t tell her to slow down and start from the beginning, doesn’t tell her to regulate herself.

Because she loves her, loves her, loves her, and it doesn’t matter if she has all the pieces to the Jeremiah Danvers puzzle just yet: all that matters is that she holds the pieces of his broken daughter together, safe, loved, with her bare hands.

"Of course you couldn’t, Ally, he’s your dad. He’s your dad, he’s still your dad,” she whispers,
because she doesn’t know, but she can imagine, and her vow to destroy Lilian grows that much stronger.

”He said…” She’s gasping again, and Maggie nods as she rubs her back and kisses her damp forehead, because Alex’s entire body is shuddering with agony, and Maggie is so proud of her girl for letting it out.

So grateful that she trusts her enough to cry to her like about Jeremiah the way Maggie had cried about her own father.


”He said he was doing it for me. Betrayed everyone I… I love… for me.”

Maggie’s heart breaks, because she knows Alex.

She pulls back and Alex grabs at her desperately, and Maggie gives her a small, broken smile. “I’m not going anywhere, Al, but look at me.” Alex won’t, and Maggie lifts her chin again tenderly, softly, lovingly.

Alex’s eyes are beautiful, even swimming in torture, even swollen with tears, even red with agony.

”Hi,” Maggie whispers, and the ghost of a smile dances across Alex’s features.

”Alex, whatever he’s done – whatever he’s doing – it is not your fault. It’s not your fault that he started in the first place, and it’s not your fault that you let him go.”

Alex scoffs and tries to reach for the bottle again, but Maggie brings her hands to her lips instead, and kisses each knuckle in turn as Alex watches, as Alex cries silently.

”You are an incredible, powerful, brave, smart woman, Alex. You know – you know – that this isn’t your fault. That none of this is on you. You know what the brave thing was, Alex? Not pulling that trigger. The brave thing was compassion. The brave thing was empathy. The brave thing was looking out for your soul, because you never would have forgiven yourself if you killed him, Alex, and you don’t deserve to live with that. The brave thing was trusting the people you love – the people he betrayed – to fix this. With you. As a team. What is it Kara’s symbol means, stronger together, right? The brave thing was trusting that, Ally. Trusting the people who love you best.”

She pauses and she watches the hope growing in Alex’s eyes, watches the self-loathing seep out of her shoulders, out of her jawline.

She has never been in love like this.

”Trusting me,” she adds in a voice so small she barely hears herself say it. But Alex hears it. She hears it and her eyes widen and her breath pauses and her lips part slightly.


Maggie stares at her, trying to read her eyes, trying to read if the word trust is, right now, a substitute for something else. Something like love.

“I trust you, too, Alex.” Another long pause, and Maggie swears Alex is trying to figure out the same thing she is.

“We’re going to fix this. Together. You and me and Kara and J’onn and James and Winn. You
have people who love you, Alex, to the ends of the earth and so far beyond. I promise you, we’re going to fix this.”

“I don’t deserve you,” Alex murmurs, leaning forward to rest her head again on Maggie’s chest.

“You deserve everything wonderful and nothing less, Alex Danvers. I promise you that.”

Alex sighs and snuggle closer into her, and warmth courses through Maggie’s boiling veins.

“Stay tonight?” Alex pleads into her shirt softly, softly, softly.

“I’m here, Ally. Always.”
Chapter 229

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I think that anon meant when maggie calmed alex down after she freaked at Mon-el but that was a really good fic

Oh holy fuck you’re right well we can tell where my mind is yes yes okay here have the other version too ;)

“You know what, you need to – “

She pauses because she wants to say something stronger, something more threatening, but her dad, her daddy, she’s his little girl, so what comes out is, “back up.”

Kara takes Mon El’s arm and leads him away, because Kara knows her sister better than anyone, and she might be in shock, she might be restraining herself, but Rao that won’t last for long.

And sure enough, Alex is going to follow, but Maggie is there, and Maggie is touching her arms, her hands, and she’s staring up into her eyes.

“Alex, hey, hey, it’s okay – “

“It’s not okay, Maggie, did you hear what he – “

Maggie stands her ground even as Alex tries to work her way around her body, but without any real effort, because she won’t hurt Maggie, and they both know it.

“Yes, babe, I heard him, I did, and he’s an ass, and we know that, and he’s out of line, and we know that, but babe, there’s gonna be far too much paperwork for poor J’onn to fill out if you murder the bastard in Supergirl’s kitchen.”

Alex stares down at her for a moment with shocked eyes and slightly open lips, and then she’s tossing her hair, and she’s chuckling humorlessly.

“You know I’d kill anyone else for making light of this.”

“Well, good thing you know I’m not making light of it, then,” Maggie says calmly, says firmly, says with cool eyes and a soft grip on her hands. “Alex, he’s an ass. He’s an ass who’s screwing your sister, whom he’s uncomfortably convinced that she has feelings for him because he gaslit and wore her the hell down, and now, on top of all the other reasons to kill him, he’s questioning the integrity of the man who Cadmus has spent years keeping from you. I know. I do. And I can easily order a hit out on him. But not tonight, Ally, not now, not like this. This is about your dad. Okay?”

Alex takes a long, deep breath and stares over Maggie’s shoulder to where Jeremiah is telling Mon-
Eliza leaves. She sighs and puts her forehead on Maggie’s gently.

“Thank you, Mags. I…”

Maggie just shakes her head. “Hey, you stopped me from beating down on that racist homophobe last week while I was on duty, that was deeply helpful for my ability to, you know, keep my job. Irony, but, hey.” She offers Alex a small grin, and Alex returns it faintly, but fondly.

“Let me go check on Kara.” Maggie nods and Alex kisses her lips slowly, softly, deeply.

Maggie’s breath hitches and her lips part in surprise as Alex’s tongue flits into her mouth, just traipsing over her bottom lip.

“You’re perfect,” she whispers as she pulls away with still-closed eyes, and Maggie stays standing motionless for a long moment as Alex squeezes her hands slightly and steps around her to find Kara.

“You have quite the effect on my daughter, dear.” Eliza’s voice shakes Maggie out of her Alex-induced trance, and she reddens and immediately reminds herself to unclench her fists, because no one is going to beat her, no one is going to call her filthy, no one is going to tell her to go back where she came from.

Because this is not Blue Springs, and even if it were, Alex would never allow it. Hell, she wouldn’t allow it, not anymore.

She makes herself focus on Eliza’s soft, if sad, eyes.

“Well, like I told your husband, ma’am, Alex deserves the best, and I… I’m not that, but I try ever day to be for her.”

Eliza stares at Maggie for a long moment, silently, and Maggie keeps her gaze as long as she can handle it.

“She’s never been in love before, you know. My Alexandra. Make sure you never stop trying to be the best for her, alright?”

Maggie and Eliza both turn their eyes toward Alex, who’s got her arms wrapped around an apologetic-looking Kara.

“Never, Dr. Danvers. Never.”
Chapter 230

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I could really, really use a fic with suicidal ideation (passive or not) right now. I completely understand if you don't have time for the next few weeks/months as you catch up on prompts, though. Your mental health and sanity and well-being trumps all. Love you & hope you have a good day!

“How could you not have seen this, Alexandra?”

“Eliza, I – “

“No, Kara, you tried to warn her, apparently, but she was too stubborn to – “

“Well, you didn’t see it either, Mom, and you were his wife – “

“That’s enough, Alexandra –”

“And that’s enough, Dr. Danvers.”

Maggie’s voice is soft, and it’s low, but it’s firm, and it’s unexpected, and it makes all three Danvers women jump and turn and stare.

“I respect you, Dr. Danvers, and I care for you deeply because you brought the most beautiful woman I’ve ever known into this world. And I respect that you’re suffering terribly right now, but so is Alex. And I need you to back off of her and let her try to heal.”

“Well, I…”

But there are no other words to say. Eliza stares at Maggie, and Alex stares at Maggie, and Kara stares between all of them as Maggie steadily returns Eliza’s gaze.

“You’re right, dear, of course you are. Alex, I… I’m sorry, I – “

“Sorry doesn’t cut it, Mom,” Alex interrupts, and she swings past her mother and out the door.

“Alex,” Kara calls, but she knows it’s hopeless. She glances at Maggie, and Maggie returns it grimly, and they both know Alex needs to be found. Immediately.

Because Alex isn’t alright. Is far from alright.

Alex is broken, and she’s DEO trained, so she’s already down the stairs and out of the building.

She’s already figuring out the ways she can end it, the ways she can escape it, the ways she can stop being so useless, the ways she can stop being so worthless. The ways she can stop failing.
The ways she can fly like her sister, and die because she can never be her. Never be as good as her. And that’s okay: she wants Kara to shine. Always. Always.


She doesn’t want to leave.

But she doesn’t know how to stay, how to stay with this agony on repeat in her mind, unable to shut off, unwilling to stop, merciless, cold, hateful.

She knows where to go.

Kara takes to the sky and Maggie takes to the garage, and Eliza collapses onto the sofa with her head in her one hand and her daughter’s unfinished glass of scotch in the other.

Kara finds Alex first, and she shoots a text off to Maggie. Just an address. Just the word roof. Just the word now.

“Alex,” she calls, looking for all the world like Supergirl, but sounding for all the world like a scared little sister.

“Alex, come away from the ledge.”

Alex laughs, and it sounds like her, but it doesn’t.

It sounds like her, but it’s tortured.

It sounds like her, but it’s broken.

“You can see it from here. The forest. Where I let him go. Where my father told me I had to kill him or let him go back and help those bastards kill everyone I love. You can see it from here.”

“Alex,” Kara starts again, but Alex is just bringing her toes closer to the edge of the roof, and she’s laughing that hollowed out laugh again.

“Eliza’s right. I should have known. I should have listened to you, Kara, I should have seen it. He’s my father, I should have known that he – “

“Alex, you couldn’t have known.”

The new, breathless voice behind her makes her tremble, and Kara gets ready to dive, but Alex’s feet stay planted.

Maggie approaches from behind her slowly, slowly, carefully, like she’s walking up to a small leopard with her foot caught in a trap.

“You couldn’t have known, Ally.” She uses the name she only uses in private even though Kara is hovering above them; uses it because Alex needs it. Because Alex needs to feel unique. Special. Wanted. Needed.

Because she is.

Alex doesn’t turn around, doesn’t look at Maggie, but she plays along.

“I’m his daughter, I – “
“Yeah, and you know what, babe? I know something about daughters and fathers.” Her voice is soft and her voice is as broken as Alex feels, and it’s enough to make Alex incline her head, just slightly, to the side, just slightly toward Maggie.

Kara nods at Maggie and Maggie steps a little closer.

“I know that when your father betrays you, it doesn’t break your heart. It replaces it with a gaping, bloody hole, just leaves your chest shredded and open and worthless. And you’ll do anything, believe anything, to get him back. Except betray yourself. And you didn’t. Betray yourself. You let him live. You trusted the people you love to help you. To stop him, and Cadmus. You chose you, Alex, and that’s nothing to be ashamed of. But this, Ally? You step off that ledge, babygirl, and I – “

But Alex cuts her off with a harsh laugh that sends chills down both Maggie and Kara’s spines.

“Oh please, you think Kara would let me die? My sister can fly, my sister is faster than a speeding bullet. My sister knows the man who was her father for a year better than I know the man who was my father my entire life, I – “

“Alex, no. It’s not that, it’s not a competition. Your love for Jeremiah isn’t your weakness, Alex. Love never is. You taught me that. Love makes us stronger, Alex. You love hard, you always have. Since the day I came to this planet, you have loved me so hard. And you love J’onn so hard you were willing to throw your entire life away to stand by his side. And you love Maggie, hard. And you love Jeremiah, hard, and you love Eliza so hard that her words feel like knives in your skin because all you want is to feel her love you that hard in return. You love him, Alex, no matter what he’s done, no matter who he’s become. And that doesn’t make you a failure. It makes you a hero.”

“Listen to your sister, Ally,” Maggie whispers, but somehow, Alex hears it.

She’s unaware that she reaches her hand back to accept Maggie’s trembling, outstretching fingertips. She’s unaware that she lets Kara swoop down and carry both her and Maggie away from the ledge, away from her escape.

She’s unaware that Maggie is picking her up, bridal style, that she’s wrapping her arms around her neck as Kara opens the door for them, as Maggie carries her down, slowly, down, Kara spotting her, down the steps, down, down, down, until they reach ground level, when Maggie breathlessly presses a kiss to Alex’s slack forehead and sets her down.

She’s unaware that she keeps her arms wrapped around Maggie’s neck, that she leans them both back into Kara, because standing on her own, standing without her body connected to both of these women – existing without her body connected to both of these women – simply isn’t possible.

She’s unaware of how they wind up getting her home, but she’s aware of Maggie stripping her clothes off while Kara runs her a bath.

She’s unaware of how she gets into the bath, but she’s aware that it smells like all her favorite scents, that Kara has put on her favorite music, that Maggie has set candles all around the bathroom.

She’s unaware of how she gets wrapped in a big, soft towel and when she starts sobbing, weeping, gasping for breath like she’s a newborn just learning how to use her lungs, but she’s aware of Kara’s strong arms around her torso, of Maggie’s soft kisses to every centimeter of her face.

“You are worth it, Alex Danvers,” Maggie whispers as Kara smooths the wet hair from her
forehead and nods softly, profusely, lovingly.

“You are worth everything.”
Chapter 231

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

HC for Maggie/James BrOTP: James picks Maggie up in order to hug her: bending that far down is bad for his back. He puts her on the counter for serious/long talks to save both their necks.

Okay I know you said HC but we all need fluff and we all need James and we all need Maggie and we all need James x Maggie BroTP so like.

Alex and Kara exchange raised eyebrows the first time it happens.

It’s at the bar – of course it’s at the bar – and James and Maggie have teamed up against the Danvers girls (Winn has been banned from playing), and James is leaning over Maggie and repositioning her fingers and giving her soft encouragement, and if anyone else were that close to her woman, Alex would be threatening them with her index finger, but it’s James and he’s gentle and Maggie is laughing and Maggie is relaxed and Maggie is happy, and then suddenly she’s sinking the 3 ball into the corner pocket and she’s letting out a victorious yell and tossing up her arms to hug James, and he just scoops her up by the middle of her back and spins her around at his full height, and she grabs onto him and laughs and laughs and squeals and Alex smiles because she loves them so much and because she knows exactly how she’s going to hug Maggie next time she’s that excited.

It becomes a thing, James picking Maggie up.

And Maggie would normally be distinctly anti-loss-of-control, but it feels safe with James, just like it feels safe with Alex.

Because James is the big brother she always wanted and never had, and Alex is the woman she’s desperate to spend the rest of her life with.

But James is even taller than Alex – and they’re not remotely attracted to each other – so when he lifts her, it’s makes her squeal and giggle in a way that’s somehow different than when Alex does it.

And James goes all out with it.

He doesn’t just pick Maggie up when he wants to hug her and spin her around, like when she sank that 3 ball or when she tossed a dart right in the center of the target or when she finished the 10k they were racing together.

He does it when they’re calm and he just wants to talk.

When they’re at the DEO and Alex is out on a mission and Maggie is starting to panic because she shouldn’t have reported in by now, James scoops her up and plops her on the edge of
Vasquez’s work station – much to Susan’s bemusement – and looks her square in the eyes (he still has to bend down, but not nearly as much).

“Alex is going to be just fine, Maggie. I promise you.”

“You can’t promise that.”

“Oh yes he can – I’m right here, babe.”

He has to grab at her waist and swing her off the table so she doesn’t tumble over and sprain an ankle in her haste to get to Alex, and he smiles broadly as he watches her rush into Alex’s arms.

He does it when they’re at Kara’s for game night and they get into involved chats about DEO and NCPD policy. He sets her on the counter and they’re so involved in each other’s perspectives, in I know right and yes exactly and that’s what I’m saying that they don’t notice Winn, Alex, and Kara snapping pictures, because none of them have ever seen anything quite so adorable.

And he does it when she comes to his apartment late one night, wringing her hands and smoothing down her already skin tight jeans. He lifts her up and sets her on his counter and asks what’s on her mind.

“I wanna marry her, James. I need to marry her. She’s everything, she’s just… Help me plan the perfect proposal?”

And when he smiles his megawatt smile and leans down to wrap her in a massive bear hug, he doesn’t have to go far.

“Welcome to the family, sis. Welcome to the family.”
Chapter 232

Chapter Summary

bi-genius asked:

Hi, I know you're not taking prompts so feel free to ignore this, but I was thinking a fix it where Kara and Alex (maybe after Maggie talks to her about it) actually talk about what happened between them with the whole Jeremiah thing? ("You're either part of the family or you're not.") On another note, I'm so sorry things suck at the moment, I'm thinking of you in this hard time. You deserve all the best things in life, I hope you know that. ❤ (again, feel free to ignore the prompt

_Talk to her, Al._

She’d spent the night weeping in Maggie’s arms, spent the night alternating between gasping sobbed explanations of all that had happened throughout the day and allowing herself to be soothed by the strong arms and soft kisses of her girlfriend.

Maggie had said close to nothing for most of the night. Close to nothing beyond affirmations and reassurances and everything, everything, everything, that she knew, somehow, that Alex needed to hear.

But it was morning, now, and Alex’s eyes were still swollen, but they were dry, and she was slipping into DEO-mode, and she could handle a gentle nudge.

So once they both got to work, Maggie texted her two things. The first read _You are amazing, Alex. Thank you for letting me be here for you._ and the second, twenty minutes later, was _Talk to her, Al._

_How did you know I’m scared to talk to her?_

_I’m a detective, Agent Danvers._

The response made Alex smile helplessly.

_You detect, do you?_

_That’s right, Danvers. Now go talk to your sister._

She does.

She finds her standing with James, his arm around her shoulder, no doubt as she tells him about yesterday, about Jeremiah and, probably, about Alex.

“Kara.”

Her little sister freezes with her back toward her, and James looks over Kara’s shoulder at Alex with deep sadness in his eyes. She tries to convey how sorry she is with the expression on her face,
and maybe it works, or maybe James just understands how hard yesterday was – how hard today is going to be – for both Danvers girls, because he gives her a small, reassuring smile back.

“Yeah,” Kara says without turning around, and she knows she’s drying her tears. Her heart breaks, because these two don’t hide tears from each other.

“I’ll let you two talk,” James says softly as he squeezes Kara’s shoulders gently and steps away, touching Alex’s arm with a reassuring hand as he does.

“What do you want, Alex?” Kara asks without turning around, and Alex’s heart shreds. They’d worked together so well last night, so flawlessly. She’d hoped that meant they’d forgiven each other. That Kara had forgiven Alex.

She apparently was wrong.

Again.

“Kara, please.” She watches Kara sigh and turn around, arms folded across her chest, and it looks like she spent as much of the night crying as Alex did.

“Kara, I’m sorry. I… the things I said to you, they were… they were inexcusable. I failed as an agent yesterday, but more importantly, I… I failed as a sister.”

“So I’m back to being your sister now,” Kara observes, but her voice is more pained than cutting.

Alex steps forward and nods to herself. “I deserve that.” She forces herself to look into stormy blue eyes, blue eyes that have saved her life on more than one occasion; blue eyes that have been her home for so many years.

“Kara, you will always be my sister. You will always be my family. I don’t know what… I just wanted so badly for you to be wrong, I wanted – “

Her voice cracks and her face twists up, and she’s reminded forcibly of the dreadful day she told Kara that she, not J’onn, killed Astra.

“I’m sorry,” she squeaks, and Kara doesn’t hesitate. She takes her big sister into her arms and she rocks her, rocks her, rocks her.

“You just wanted him back,” she whispers as Alex grabs at her collared shirt, hard, messy, desperate.

“You just wanted him back, and I should’ve… I should have come to you, not Mon-El, not Winn, I just… I was trying to protect you, Alex, I…”

“I know you were, I – “

“You’re not alone in this, Alex. I know you felt alone yesterday. Like you were the only one on his side. But J’onn was fooled, too, and it… you are never alone, Alex. Never. I promise you.”

Alex pulls back and stares at Kara with streaming eyes.

“You’ve been feeling alone for a long time now, too.”

Kara freezes and tries to shake it off, but Alex knows her better.

She pokes the space between Kara’s eyebrows with a shaky finger.
“Crinkle,” she explains, and Kara huffs.

“James and Winn were wrong, Kara. They were wrong to lie to you, and I was wrong to let them. I encouraged them to tell you, sure, but it – you – we all failed you. And I wasn’t understanding with Livewire, and no one believed you about Lena, and I…I know you’ve been feeling alone, too. But you’re not, Kara. Ever. I will always be your big sister, and you will always be my person. You don’t have to be in a relationship with someone who constantly disrespects you to feel close to something, to feel needed, to feel close to all that you’ve lost. You have your family, Kara. You have me. Always.”

Kara’s lips are trembling and her body is starting to shake, and Alex just nods – like Maggie does whenever Alex is silently realizing something – and she pulls her back to her, pulls her close.

“I love you, Kara. You and me are always, always family. Alright?”

“Stronger together,” Kara chokes out as she grabs at the back of Alex’s uniform.

“Stronger together,” Alex whispers, because they are.
Chapter 233

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

What about morning after the Hug, Maggie stayed the night and then they talk in the morning like idk I just wanna know what happened after the Hug

It takes Alex about a half hour of full on sobbing to realize that Maggie isn’t going to let her drink more tonight.

She cries harder, then, because she’s never felt loved like this, because she’s never had to just deal with the pain like this. Because Maggie doesn’t care that she’s getting tears and snot all over her shirt. Because she’d failed. She’d failed everyone. Kara, Jeremiah, her mother, J’onn, the entire city. Herself. Everyone.

And Maggie is still here, and Maggie is still holding her, whispering soothing words into her ear and reminding her to breathe and telling her that she’s perfect, she’s perfect, she’s perfect.

So Alex cries harder, and by the time she feels like there is no water left inside her, her body feels like she just spent a solid twelve hours training in the green room at the DEO.

She doesn’t know how Maggie knows, because she doesn’t say anything. But as she tries to stand up – she realizes with a jolt that she must still be drunk – Maggie hops down from the stool and braces herself firmly and lifts Alex off of her feet with surprising strength and balance and ease.

Alex just clings to her as Maggie carries her to the bed – their bed, perhaps – and sets her down gently.

Alex stares up at this amazing woman, this woman that she’s breaking in front of yet doesn’t seem to think less of her – if anything, she’s looking at her like she likes her, loves her?, more than ever – and she doesn’t deserve her, doesn’t deserve her strong arms and steady hands and soft kisses to her head and soothing whispers in her ear and being called sweetie. Doesn’t deserve any of it, no matter what Maggie insists.

She doesn’t deserve her, but she needs the pain to just go away.

She reaches up and grabs at Maggie’s face, pulls her crashing down to meet her lips, pulls her off of feet so she lands in a sprawl on top of her, and she hears Maggie gasp into her mouth, feels Maggie open her lips in surprise, and Alex takes advantage, slipping her tongue into Maggie’s mouth, and Maggie lets out an involuntary moan, but then Maggie is pulling away, away, away.

And Alex breaks, again, because maybe Maggie knows she’s right. Maybe Maggie knows Alex doesn’t deserve her.

She’s leaning up on her elbows and there are tears in her own eyes, now, as she stares down at Alex’s terrified face.
“Al, if you want me, if that’s what you want right now, to lose yourself in this, in me, that’s… that’s fine, you can. You can use my body however you need to. I lo – I’m wild about you, and I trust you, and I always want you, and I understand. But you’re… Alex, you’re hurting, badly, and you deserve… you deserve better than a frenzied fix-it fuck.”

Alex stares up at her for so long Maggie is terrified she’s said the wrong thing, terrified she’s made Alex feel rejected.

“Hold me?” Alex rasps after a long moment, and Maggie smiles softly.

“Of course, Danvers.” Alex shifts so Maggie can pull the covers out from under her, so she can help her out of her sweatshirt. Alex watches as Maggie slips out of her jeans, and Alex reaches trembling fingers up when Maggie’s fingers travel to her shirt.

Maggie assents, stepping closer so Alex can undo the buttons herself. She watches as Alex concentrates through puffy, red eyes, and she knows she’s never truly been in love until this woman.

Her fingers skate across her skin as Maggie shrugs out of her now undone shirt, and she hops over Alex’s body to slip under the covers behind her. Alex automatically lifts her head so Maggie can rest one arm underneath her neck, and she shifts back so her body is flush against Maggie’s, and Maggie smiles as Alex’s entire body relaxes, as she sighs into the safety of Maggie’s arms.

Alex’s breathing evens out eventually, but Maggie doesn’t sleep.

She doesn’t sleep, because she knows.

And sure enough, Alex screams for her father, screams for Kara, as she sits bolt upright, shaking and breathless.

“Hey, hey, Alex, I’m here, I’m here, Kara’s okay, everything’s okay, I’ve got you, sweetie, I’ve got you.”

Alex looks around wildly and stares at Maggie like she’s never seen her before, like she’s trying to figure out where she is. Who she is. Why she deserves the woman with the soft hands and soft voice and even softer eyes. But her breathing regulates the longer she looks, and Maggie lets her look as long as she needs to.

It doesn’t happen again.

Because when she sun starts to rise, Maggie is still awake. Still awake and watching over her girl, watching over her sweetheart, soothing her with kisses to her face designed to rouse her out of a dream but not fully wake her each time Alex’s body starts to tense in sleep.

“Good morning, beautiful,” she whispers when Alex’s eyes start to stir open.

And for a moment, for a blissful moment, she remembers nothing but the warmth of the woman next to her, but the smile greeting her, but the love infused in the beautiful.

Maggie knows, and her hands, her lips, her body, is there to soothe Alex when she starts to remember.


“I know you’ve got a long day coming up, so can I… can I treat you to breakfast, babe?”
A slow, grateful smile battles the agony that had been growing on Alex’s face, and she is so, so thankful that Maggie is treating her warmly, treating her tenderly, but also treating her like she’s a strong, capable DEO agent with a tough mission ahead of her.

“At that place with the apple-spice waffles?”

Maggie scoffs playfully, gently. “Always at that place with the apple-spice waffles. What kind of girlfriend do you think I am, Danvers?”

Alex smiles and pulls her down with groggy hands for a kiss. Her tongue flits across Maggie’s bottom lip and she relishes the way Maggie shudders pleasantly in her hands, the way she moans softly, the way she opens her mouth and gives Alex’s tongue entry, the way she sighs into her mouth and the way her strong body goes pliant in Alex’s arms.

“The best kind, Maggie,” Alex rasps when they pull apart with swollen lips and hearts that are starting to heal. “The best kind.”
Chapter 234

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

So... I was thinking if you could write something to lighten up the mood a bit :/ After all that hurt for Alex and Kara and that much karamel x.x.... How about kara asking alex for a device that would weaken her so she could go on a romantic get away with lena without worrying she's gonna break everything or hurt lena. And maybe some Sanvers Domestic Fluff....

When she hears the fluttering at the window, she smiles to herself and starts brewing extra coffee, starts rummaging around to make extra pancake batter.

“Good morning, Kara,” Maggie sing-songs without turning around. “You realize we have a door, don’t you?”

Kara guffaws and steps into the kitchen with a broad smile on her face. She blushes slightly when she realizes that Maggie is wearing only one of Alex’s old college t-shirts and a pair of boxers, but Maggie doesn’t seem bothered, so Kara decides she won’t be, either.

Especially not if she’s going to ask Alex what she needs to ask Alex.

“Good morning to you, too, woman who makes the best chocolate chips pancakes in the galaxy.” Kara grabs a fistful of pancakes that Maggie had already made and set aside for her and Alex.

“Anahcasathalirly.”

“What’s that there, Sunshine?” Maggie asks with a furrowed brow but a huge grin as she whips up more batter.

“And I can say that literally,” Alex supplies for her sister as she steps out of the shower, hair still wet and wearing nothing but a fluffy purple towel. She pads over to her favorite women and pokes Kara’s nose and kisses her cheek before kissing Maggie’s lips long, soft, passionate.

Kara adjusts her glasses behind them and clears her throat after it seems like they’ve had long enough, thank you very much.

“Sorry, Little Danvers,” Maggie offers, but she doesn’t look sorry at all.

Alex is beaming as she grabs a pancake off of the plate, too.

“God, it’s both of you, isn’t it, what, did Eliza make you compete for food as kids?”

Kara and Alex just lean into each other and laugh, laugh, laugh, because the sun is shining and it’s a new day and they’re all together, together, together.
“Alex, I wanted to ask you something,” Kara ventures when their laughter finally subsides.

“Shoot,” she says, taking another pancake as she perches on a stool, completely unbothered by the fact that she’s naked under her towel.

Kara adjusts her glasses and Maggie glances sidelong at her as she stirs extra batter.

“Oh boy, this is gonna be a doozy,” she interprets, and Kara blushes. Maggie nods, confirming her own diagnosis. “Yep. Out with it, Little Danvers.”

“Well, um, Alex, I… I wanted to take Lena away for a weekend, and I… It’s been so hard, you know, since we defeated Cadmus, you know, for… for all of us, and I… I thought we could use a romantic weekend together…”

Alex cocks an eyebrow and swipes her finger through the batter Maggie’s working on. “You want a destination recommendation or something? Because I’m pretty sure a Super and a Luthor can get a VIP stay anywhere – “

Kara adjusts her glasses again, and Maggie knows what’s coming a moment before she says it. She tries to hide her smirk and watches her girlfriend closely.

“I was… I just… I was wondering if you could maybe make me something. Portable. To drain my powers, just… safely, so I… so I don’t… hurt her or… or break anything…”

Alex blinks and Alex stares and then Alex rounds on Maggie. “Is that why you keep going on those late night runs to Kara’s place? To Lena’s? Are they…” She rounds back on her sister. “Kara, what have you been breaking?”

She adjusts her glasses furiously. “The bed, the couch, the kitchen – “

Alex throws up her hands as Maggie snickers. “Lalalala, okay, yes, good, I’m so glad my sister is happy and getting laid and just… yes, good, but my god I just woke up, Kara, I don’t need a blow-by-blow of my little sister’s kinks – “

“Well you asked her, Danvers. And don’t forget how many times the poor innocent soul’s walked in on our kinks…”

“You hush up or there will be no more kinks for you, Sawyer.”

“Oh please, Danvers, I’d like to see you try and resist me.”

“Um, guys. Still here. Still humbly asking for help.”

“Sorry, Sunshine.”

“Yeah, what she said. Um…” Alex adjusts her towel and stares off into the distance like she does when she’s working on a problem, when she’s conducting an experiment in her head. She nods to herself and she starts muttering slightly, and Maggie and Kara exchange a grin, because they know what comes next.

“It can be done. Yeah. Red sun lamps. We can have them installed in strategic corners of wherever you’re staying, even probably work them up as mood lighting, like regular light bulbs… I’ll have to uh… figure out what to tell J’onn about the allocation of the resources…”

Maggie chuckles. “Oh please, you think he doesn’t know? Alex, your gay thoughts were
apparently so loud he knew even though he didn’t explicitly read your mind. You think Kara
doesn’t think just as loudly as you do?”

Alex smirks as her fingers collide with Kara’s in the batter bowl.

“I don’t believe I’m helping my sister get laid.”

“You love me.”

“That I do, Kara. That I do.”
It’s the middle of the night and Alex can’t sleep.

She tosses and she turns and she sighs and she bites her lip and she tries to run through the astrophysics equations that used to soothe her to sleep in college, but nothing’s working, nothing’s working, nothing’s working, because Maggie’s sleeping, but all she wants… all she wants is Maggie. Her hand starts to skate down her stomach and under her pajama pants, and she whines slightly before she can stop herself.

“Alright there, Danvers?” Maggie rasps sleepily, and Alex jumps slightly.

“I’m so sorry, did I wake you? I didn’t – “

But Maggie is rearing up on her elbow and squinting into the darkness at Alex’s face, and a slow smile is growing on her lips as her eyes rake down Alex’s needy body.

“Something you want, Danvers?”

Alex’s breath hitches and she licks her lips and she stares wide eyed as Maggie’s body wakes fully, as she documents every piece of Alex’s desire just by looking at her, just by reading her like her favorite book.

And Alex hasn’t the faintest idea how, but Maggie reads her perfectly.

“You wanna be a good girl and strip for me? Not that I don’t love your pajamas, I do, but um… I wanna touch what’s underneath them.”

Alex gasps softly and does as she’s asked, lifting her hips so she can drag her pajama pants and thong down off her ankles, sitting up slightly so she can drag Maggie’s henley over her head.

Maggie growls deep in her throat, and Alex’s hips roll of their own accord.

“You are so beautiful, Ally.”

“Maggie, I – “

“I know. I’m gonna give you everything you want, okay?”

Alex nods desperately, her hips continuing to roll into the air, because she needs Maggie, needs her, needs her.

“Get on your stomach,” Maggie asks, and Alex complies eagerly, willingly, desperately.
Maggie kisses the back of her neck tenderly, softly, lovingly.

“Color, sweetie?”

“Green, Mags, green.”

Maggie grins and shucks off her own shirt, her own underwear, carelessly tossing them to the side. Her focus isn’t on herself. It’s on the gorgeous woman laying underneath her.

She kisses every inch of her bare back, every freckle and every birth mark, every scar and every stretch mark, until Alex is breathless just from her tender kisses, until Alex is whining and desperate and wrecked just from Maggie’s worshiping.

“Something more you want, Al?” Her voice is husky and Alex whines and grinds her hips down into the bed at the sound of it.

“You,” she begs, and Maggie smiles.

“Good girl, Alex, I love when you tell me what you want. You wanna do a great job for me and tell me exactly what you want me to do to you?”

Alex loses her breath but Maggie paints kisses across her shoulders, runs gentle hands up and down her sides, and Alex pants her answer out. “Tie me down and do what you want with me.”

Maggie tosses her head back and groans and she knows Alex is smiling from the effect her words are having.

“How do you ask, gorgeous girl?”

Alex whines and grinds her hips down hard into the bed.

“Please, Maggie. Please?”

“Your wish is my command, princess.”

She leans over to their nightstand and pulls a pair of cuffs out of the drawer, and Alex whimpers as Maggie pauses with them just above Alex’s hands, which are sprawled out above her head.

“Color?” she rasps.

“Green, green, please, please.”

The cuff snap closed and Maggie checks meticulously to make sure they’re not too tight, kissing above and below Alex’s wrists before shifting back down her body to continue her ministrations.

“What I want with you, huh?” she asks, and Alex whimpers again.

She runs a finger down Alex’s inner thigh, and Alex barely contains a scream.

“Oh, be a good girl and let me know how you’re feeling. Don’t hold back, baby, I love your voice, I love when you scream for me.”

She accompanies her words with slipping her hand underneath Alex’s body, soaking herself in Alex’s clit, and Alex lets go for her.

Maggie groans under Alex’s unrestrained scream.
“Good girl, darling, you sound so fucking amazing. Do you want me to come inside you baby?”

“Whatsoever you want.” Alex’s voice is wrecked and Maggie loves it, but she’s not ready to give in, not yet.

“Be my best girl and tell me what you want.”

Alex screams at that, slams her hands down into Maggie’s palm at that.

“My clit,” Alex gasps. “Pressure, you, I need…”

Maggie grins and nods and complies. “Good girl, Ally, you’re perfect. I love when you tell me what you need, babe, it’s so sexy. You’re so sexy, you’re so fucking perfect for me.”

Alex moans and tugs at her cuffs and Maggie stops immediately.

“You okay, babe?”

“Yes, yeah, god, Maggie, don’t stop, please.”

Maggie obeys, grinding her palm up into Alex’s clit as Alex slams her hips down, down, harder, faster, soaking Maggie’s hand with how turned on she is, dripping all over for her and making Maggie nearly lose control.

She stops, stops, stops, because she needs to breathe, because she’s so turned on by this woman, this woman naked and on her stomach and cuffed and writhing and begging underneath her.

“Mags, you’re not gonna hurt me,” Alex reassures her, but Maggie remains frozen.

“I love when you’re this turned on, babe. We can stop, we can always stop, if you want, of course, but Maggie, you don’t… you don’t have to be scared. I want you. I want you to be able to let go. I want you to do what you want to me. Please, Mags. If you want.”

Maggie does want. She wants so badly that she can barely rasp out the words she has planned for Alex next.

“God, babe, you are so fucking wet me for me, do you have any idea how hot you are?”

“Fuck, Ally, that’s right, be a good girl and rock your ass back for me, just like that, good girl, good girl.”

“I love when you scream my name like that, Danvers, I love knowing you’re mine.”

“Wanna be my best girl, my only girl, and cum for, Ally?”

And she does, she does, she does, screaming and writhing and begging and cursing and pleading, but the words that surprise them both aren’t the filthy strings of curses or the screaming of Maggie’s name while she rocks through her orgasm.

The words that surprise them both are the words she says as Maggie unlocks her cuffs and kisses her wrists tenderly, gently, lovingly.

“I wanna be yours like this forever, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Well then you will be, Danvers. You will be.”
anonymous asked:

Hi Mom, I'm really struggling at the moment and I know it's your birthday (happy birthday btw) so I don't want to burden you but I have this thing about contact with people I love and sometimes I focus on their hands. It would be cool to see Alex getting relief from Maggie's touch or the way they connect with touch if that makes sense? Sorry if this is weird and thank you for all you do.

It happens when she’s about to gut Mon-El for going after her father.

Maggie’s hands on her body, Maggie’s hands not restraining, not restricting, just… there. Just there, just tender, just loving. Her hands, the extension of her heart.

And immediately, Alex’s body relaxed.

It happens when she wakes up screaming about Jeremiah, screaming that she didn’t mean what she said to Kara, screaming for them not to hurt Kara, that Kara is her sister, her family, her everything.

Maggie’s hands on her too-hot skin, Maggie’s hands sweeping her hair off her slick forehead, Maggie’s fingers tracing patterns of affection, patterns of safety, that sink through Alex’s skin straight into her bones.

It happens in the field, too. When Lilian Luthor is goading Alex, when she’s taunting her with smoothly spoken words about what Jeremiah’s been through all these years, all for the sake of his eldest. Maggie touches her, just slightly, and it’s through her tactical gear, but it’s enough.

It’s enough to calm Alex enough to take the smart shot – the one, not at Lilian Luthor herself, but at the canister of propellant above her, incapacitating every Cadmus agent they were surrounded by.

It happens at breakfast, when Alex is listening to the news and her hands are starting to shake, and Maggie touches the small of her back as she passes behind her to get something from the fridge. Alex’s muscles relax immediately, because her touch mean that Maggie knows.

Maggie always knows, and her hands have become Alex’s anchor.

And she’s never trusted herself to be this steady.
Maggie called Cat Grant when Livewire was on the loose, because her girlfriend’s kid sister needed her then. And she’s calling Cat Grant again now, because Kara needs her now.

She hadn’t expected the Queen of All Media to save her number, but Cat picks up on the first ring and addresses Maggie by name.

“Detective Sawyer, tell me she’s fine and that you’re simply wasting my very precious time for the sake of a social call.”

Her voice is clipped and just on this side of professional, but Maggie easily detects the concern underneath it.

“She’s fine, Ms. Grant, she’s fine.”

She hears Cat sigh and she bites her lip. “Then what, pray tell, are you calling me for?”

“She’s fine, Ms. Grant, but she… she needs you.”

She doesn’t specify who: Kara or Supergirl. She knows she doesn’t need to.

There’s a long pause, and Maggie is about to ask if she’s still there.

“What happened?” Cat asks before she can, and her voice is thick.

“Best for her to tell you details, but the short of it, Alex’s father came back from the dead only to sort of… well, betray everyone. And she’s in this new relationship that she thinks is going to make her feel at least something, and – “

“I’m getting the next flight out. Thank you, Detective Sawyer.”

Maggie expects that to be it, but Cat’s still on the line. A brief pause. Then:

“Alex. Kara’s sister. Your girlfriend, correct? Is she alright? She… from my experiences with her, she’s a brave woman. And Kara idolizes her. You’re taking good care of her, too, I trust?”

Maggie smiles softly. “I’m doing my best with both Danvers girls, ma’am, but I think Kara could use a more familiar face than mine.”
“Well, as I said, I’ll arrange for a sitter for Carter and be on the next flight out. Thank you, Detective. For taking care of those girls. Don’t forget to be good to yourself, too.”

This time, the line does disconnect before Maggie can say any more.

But she smiles, because Cat Grant is on her way to Kara.

She makes sure Alex knows to keep Mon-El away from Kara’s apartment that night. J’onn invents work for him, gladly.

They don’t need a body to be dropped in Kara’s apartment by one Cat Grant.

The paperwork alone would be more trouble than it’d be worth.

The sharp rap on the door makes Kara think of Maggie, so she doesn’t bother checking with her x-ray vision, doesn’t even bother untangling from her blankets or putting down her pint of mint chocolate chip.

“It’s open,” she calls heartlessly, wondering if Maggie is looking for Alex or if she’s looking for another round of speed stacking to take Kara’s mind off things.

“Well, Keira, I have to say, I expected your apartment to be an explosion of millennial mess and absurd color, but I have to admit, it has a certain charm to it.”

The ice cream scatters and Kara falls ungracefully off the couch in a tangled mess of blankets with a series of loud shrieks.

If Cat is at all surprised, she hides it well, but the sparkle in her eyes and the smile tugging at her lips give her away the moment before she springs into action.

“Are you alright?” she rushes forward, just in time for Kara to unravel herself from the blanket and spring to her feet.

She has to remind herself strongly of earth physics as, pretenses and professionalism be damned, she wraps Cat in a full-bodied hug.

“Ms. Grant,” she breathes over her shoulder, and Cat freezes for only a moment before fully returning the embrace, fingers grasping for dear life onto the back of Kara’s shirt.

Cat is the first to pull back, and she wonders if her own tears are reflected in Kara’s blue eyes. She wonders how she ever forgot quite how crystalline they are.

“I hear you’re having a rough time, Kiera, and if the pint of – is that mint chocolate chip? – is any indication, my source is quite correct – “

“Snapper’s been calling you about me? But he’s been liking my work, he – “

Cat is tsking, now, and moving around the living room, collecting the ice cream and spoon and blanket, rearranging everything into its former semi-order.

“Not Snapper, dear. Your sister’s girlfriend. Seems to think you would benefit from my presence.”

Kara stiffens and her eyes widen and Cat remembers how much she’s missed watching Kara adjust her glasses like this. “Ms. Grant, you didn’t need to come all this way, I – “

“Oh nonsense, Keira. What have I told you? You need to learn, competent and efficient and
brilliant as you are, when to ask for help. You’re entitled to do so, you know. And you’re entitled
to receive it.”

Tears swim in Kara’s steady eyes, and she’s forgotten how to form words.

Ms. Grant, back in National City. Ms. Grant, in her apartment. Ms. Grant, seeing her be a complete
and utter wreck.

“Ms. Grant, really, I – “ She tries to object, just once more, but she can’t even get that far. Because
her voice cracks and her knees give out and she collapses back onto the couch, hugging herself
because she’s completely lost sense of what is real.

“Oh, Kara,” Cat breathes, and the sound of her name on Cat’s lips works its way into her skin,
through her muscles, into her bones, into her bloodstream. Into her heart.

“I’m here, Kara. I’m here.”

“Thank you,” Kara chokes, and Cat just nods, sitting softly and putting a hesitant hand on Kara’s
knee. Kara takes it immediately, and a soft smile flits over Cat’s face.

They don’t talk about Jeremiah, and they don’t talk about Mon-El.

They talk about CatCo and they talk about Carter and Cat’s mother and Alex and Maggie and Kara
cries without words and Cat comforts without words and Kara sits up straighter and cries less and
less throughout the night.

Cat even shares a spoonful of her ice cream, and it’s this, more than anything, that makes Kara
smile. That makes Kara feel so, so loved.

To make Kara remember what it was like when her life was like this.

To make her realize what she has to do to get back to that.

She makes a note to thank Maggie in the morning, but for now, sitting on her couch with Cat Grant
and laughing about Snapper, she doesn’t want the morning to come. Not just yet.
chapter 238

chapter summary

thebiwisebrownkid asked:

do you mind maybe satisfying my horny mind with fix it sex as u referred to before? but it is gentle where maggie takes care of alex and gives her what she needs. if u take the prompt or not, thanks:)

it takes a few days.

a few days full of blood and full of agony, full of torture.

a few nights full of shower after shower, red rings around the tub, full of tears, full of screaming nightmares.

it takes a few days, a few nights, for maggie to feel comfortable giving in to alex’s persistent requests for sex. a few days, a few nights, for maggie to feel like she’s not taking advantage of the pain of the woman she… loves. loves. loves.

they’re laying down and they’re kissing, and it’s the first night since jeremiah betrayed them that alex hasn’t wept, that alex hasn’t tried to drink. the first night she’s making jokes – bad ones, granted – the first night that her eyes are clear, that she slept through the night before.

they’re laying down and they’re kissing, and it’s soft and it’s gentle and it’s loving, maggie’s hands on alex’s jawline, her thumbs swiping across her cheeks, alex’s hands skimming maggie’s sides, alex pulling back slightly to ask if her hands can slip under maggie’s shirt, and maggie nods, because yes, god, please, yes.

she sighs in time with alex as her hands traipse up her skin, under her henley, tracing every curve, every contour, and when she breaks their kiss to look up into alex’s eyes, she knows exactly what alex wants.

“You sure?” she asks, and alex licks her lips and nods, because yes, god, please, yes.

maggie’s fingers tremble as she shifts so alex is laying next to her, so she can strip alex’s clothes off, so she can undress the woman she loves, so she can kiss and lick and nip at every inch of her skin.

alex starts with sighs and whispers of her name, but soon, sighs are becoming gasps, screams, and whispers are becoming moans, ragged pleas.

“She sure?”

maggie pauses and stares up alex’s naked body with wide, patient eyes. “tell me, sweetie. tell me what you want. tell me what you need. i’ve got you, ally. tell me what you want.”
Alex chews on her bottom lip as she stares down at Maggie, considering, considering.

“I don’t want you to make love to me.”

Maggie tenses slightly, already cursing herself, because she should have known it was too soon, that Alex was still hurting too much, that –

“I want you to fuck me so hard I forget where I am.”

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Maggie’s mouth runs dry and she has to try to swallow several times before she can croak out something approximating speech, and Alex watches her like she’s the most radiant thing she’s ever seen.

“I uh… yeah. Yeah. I can do that.”

Alex’s eyes flash, and her voice drops an octave or two. “I know you can.”

Maggie gulps and crawls up Alex’s body to kiss her mouth, softly at first, then harder, stronger, firmer. Alex moans and grabs up at her hair, at her strong shoulders, at her back, at her ass.

“Maggie, please,” she begs, and Maggie complies, slipping her thigh between Alex’s open legs, staring down at Alex, already panting, as she starts to move.

“Fuuukkk,” Alex whines, and Maggie tosses her head back and bites her lip, because Alex is so damn soaked for her, because Alex is grabbing at her ass, at the back of her thigh, thrusting up as she yanks Maggie down, scratching perfect lines down Maggie’s back as she tosses her own head back into the pillows because fuck, yes, Maggie, god, please don’t stop, please, harder, please, please, please.

“I love you, Alex,” Maggie tells her, because she might be fucking her as hard as Alex is asking her to, but her hand is resting like a pillow behind Alex’s head and her other arm is wrapped under the small of Alex’s back, enveloping her body, holding her, loving her, embracing her.

“I love you, Ally, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you.”

She repeats it like a mantra. She repeats it like a prayer. She repeats it like a promise, because she’s exactly what it is.

“Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, Maggie,” Alex whispers, prays, cries. “I love you too, I love you, I love you, I love you.”

She clutches onto her like she is her lifeline, like she is her anchor, like she is her rock, like she is her oxygen, because she is, she is, she is, and when Alex cums from the pressure of Maggie’s thigh between her legs, she brings Maggie’s lips to her own and Maggie swallows the soft gasps, the sudden shudders, the perfect convulsions, that rock Alex’s body, that rock Alex’s heart.

“I’ve got you, Alex. Always and always,” Maggie promises as she kisses every inch of Alex’s face. And Alex, trembling and satiated and safe, believes her.
Chapter 239
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey Mum, I don't know right now if you are taking prompts so you don't have to write or even read this but I like had a really shitty day cause my dad yelled at me again for no reason. So I thought could you like write something were Alex talks to maggie about her childhood how she was yelled at by her parents for things Kara did? And Maggie like just listents and comforts her afterwards? I would mean really much to me. Thank you!

Her hand doesn’t only flit to the bottle when her not-dead father betrays her and everyone she’s ever loved.

Alex also reaches for the bottle – hard – when her very much alive mother comes within a fifty foot radius. Whenever her mother fixes her eyes on her and asks about work, about Kara, about oh Alexandra I don’t understand why everything has to be such a production with you, I only said you look tired because I’m worried about you.

Maggie notices – of course she does – and she switches her wine glass with her water glass, and she rubs her thigh with a steady hand under the table.

She doesn’t make Alex talk about it – she knows that there are some pains neither of them are ready to put to words – but after a particularly harrowing evening of how could you not have known, Alexandra, your sister apparently tried warning you, I thought you were trained to know when someone is manipulating you, Alex lays in Maggie’s lap, and Alex cries, and Alex talks.

“You know Kara broke my arm twice when we were kids? I mean it wasn’t her fault, she was still learning earth physics, the extend of her powers, you know? The first time I just cried – it hurt like nothing I’d felt before, physically – but the second time, I was angry. I yelled. I yelled at her, and my mom defended her. Kara. Which like, you know, sure, it was an accident and Kara was so upset. But instead of letting me calm down and comforting both of us, because we both deserved it in different ways? No no no. Not only did she scold me for yelling at Kara, but somehow it also became my fault that Kara had hurt me in the first place, something about I should have been more diligent about teaching her about our planet.”

Maggie grinds her teeth in bubbling rage, but she doesn’t stop stroking Alex’s hair gently, doesn’t stop nodding in soft encouragement for her to continue.

Because now that the flood gates are open, Alex doesn’t want to stop.

“I’d be doing things like my homework, you know, because nothing less than a perfect score was ever even an option, and suddenly she’d be in my room carrying on about something I had no idea about, like Kara had gotten made fun of or Kara was called out for daydreaming in class or Kara hadn’t chosen the right colleges to apply to – right according to Mom, obviously – or she’d said yes
to the wrong boy for a date or she hadn’t pursued the right boy hard enough, hell, I don’t wanna think about what she’s gonna say now when she finds out Kara’s bi, that’ll be my fault somehow too.”

She groans slightly and turns her face into Maggie’s stomach while Maggie leans down to kiss her ear. She smiles against Maggie’s henley and turns back so her wet eyes are gazing up at Maggie again, and her voice cracks as she goes on.

“You know when we thought Dad died in a plane crash, I… I figured that was my fault, too? Because hell, everything else was. All the time. All my fault, everything…”

Her voice squeaks and her lips tremble, because suddenly she’s not in her past – suddenly her past is firmly in her present, and she’s seeing Jeremiah’s destroyed but enhanced but destroyed arm and she’s hearing Jeremiah telling his own daughter to shoot him dead and it’s her fault, her fault, her fault, how could it not be, he’d even gone as far as to say it, her fault, her fault, just like everything, her fault, her fault, her fault.

She doesn’t realize that she’s started to sob until she’s gasping desperately for breath, and Maggie holds her, soothes her, kisses every part of her face she can reach. Alex grabs at Maggie’s shirt and covers the visible part of her face with her other hand, but only for a moment, only for a moment, because Maggie’s soft lips and warm breath and sweet words are more important than hiding, more helpful than shame, more powerful than every ounce of guilt her mother had instilled deep into her bones.

“You’re perfect, Ally,” Maggie whispers when Alex’s breath evens somewhat, when she can breathe rather than gasp.

“You’re perfect, sweetie, and not because you got good grades or because you always did exactly what your mother expected of you. You’re perfect because you’re exactly who you are: because you love so fiercely, because you feel so hard. Because you had every reason to hate Kara because of what your mom made her to you, but you love her so spectacularly, and that… that’s perfect, Alex. You are perfect and you are so, so, so worth it, babe. None of what you’re saying is your fault. None of it. And if I have to spend my entire life arguing with the parts of you that are convinced it’s your fault, I will. I will. And I’ll win.”

Alex swallows a soft sob and she lets Maggie wipe the tear tracks from her face.

“If you win, will I have to eat more vegan ice cream?”

“Oh my god, Danvers.”

“You love me.”

“I do. I do. I do.”
anonymous asked:

Hiya I sent you an ask about a fic about Kara dealing with body issues (I know you're swamped so please don't worry about answering it soon!) b/c I have a lot of issues with my own body and it's just getting really bad. I feel like there's this voice in my head every time I walk by a mirror that's just really fucking mean and I feel crazy. But I've been working harder at the gym for the last year and I'm hoping that'll make it stop. It just sucks b/c I can't go too often now with school and all.

Alex used to tease her about it – I hope you get fat, she joked as she passed her the last potsticker – and it didn’t feel bad when Alex did it. In fact, it was pretty funny, because it’s Alex.

It still feels funny when the woman at Noonan’s asks how she eats so many sticky buns and still looks like she does, because she answers that she's an alien, and the woman thinks it's a joke.

So it’s funny.

But it’s also not funny.

It's also not funny because her muscles aren’t what her cousin’s are.

It’s also not funny because Mon-El just assumes he’ll be stronger than her because he’s a man, because he’s bigger than her, and she knows he never will be, but sometimes she’s not sure.

It’s also not funny because Alex is solidly human, and James is solidly human, and they can survive – they do survive – without any powers. Without any powers except their training and their wits and their very small, very human, very not-Kryptonian, strength.

They can do what Kara does, but they distinctly cannot fly and they distinctly cannot bench press an airplane.

And she doesn’t hate it. But she hates it.

Because if they’re that strong, and she has powers, but they can survive the same kind of work she does, how weak must she be? How much weakness, how much mediocrity – and Alex wasn’t the only one raised by parents who expected perfection – lives in her skin?

Skin that lasted when everyone else died.

A face that forces a smile when she doesn’t feel it at all.

Hands that all the social media feeds make jokes about what they can do, but really, she just wants to be able to touch someone full force, outside of the green room, without worrying about breaking them?
Because they might be better than her, tougher, more innately strong, more innately special, but she can still break them, completely by accident.

Because her body is not in her control. But it is. But it isn’t. But it is.

But it isn’t.

Mirrors remind her.

Remind her that she must really be nothing special, must really look like nothing special – must really be on just this side of ugly enough to ignore, to not even register, to be completely indifferent to – because they’re all fooled by glasses, because Leslie Willis wasn’t wrong about her awkwardness, her inability to know what to do with her hands, with her face, with her whole damn body.

Her whole damn body that can lift busses and deflect bullets, but that she can’t bring herself to love.

Leslie Willis – Livewire – saw right through her uniform, straight into her damn body.

And everyone else probably does, too.

So she changes in a rush, always.

She changes with Barry Allen-type speed. Always. Even when there’s no emergency.

No point dwelling on what no one’s ever going to notice anyway, unless the uniform catches their eye. No point dwelling on what no one’s ever going to want anyway, unless for the power trip of bedding a Super.

Except, no one sees her with her glasses, so that would never even be a thing.

She doesn’t think about Maggie.

Doesn’t think about how her sister’s girlfriend saw her.

She doesn’t think about how Cat saw her.

How James saw her (sure, he already knew. But still. Still.).

How sometimes, she sees flickers in Lena’s eyes that make her think she sees her, too.

She doesn’t think about these people, these people who see her, who would tell her without hesitation that she is worth seeing – that her body is worth seeing, worth lingering on, worth living in. Worth loving.

She hates how scattered her thoughts are. How contradictory.

How nonsensical.

How raging.

How real.

Alex notices first, that it’s getting worse lately. Kara’s hatred of her own body, of its contradictions, of its dual invisibility and hypervisibility, how everyone wants it and yet nobody
notices it. How everyone wants her and yet nobody notices her.

Alex notices.

The way Kara skips quickly over the photos that include her when they’re scrolling through which pictures from game night to throw up on Instagram.

The way she jumps and squirms when Eliza is visiting and tells her how beautiful she looks.

The way she avoids mirrors like a vampire desperate to not be discovered.

“So you’ve seen it, too?” Maggie whispers to her one game night as she watches Alex squinting closely at the way Kara’s hand keeps running over her abs, like she’s trying to reassure herself of something, like she’s trying to wish herself into something, out of something.

Because apparently, Maggie notices, too.

Alex just nods, because she doesn’t bother being surprised with what close attention, with what close concern, Maggie watches over her little sister. She’ll reward her for it later. For now, she’s just scared.

Because Kara’s been particularly unsteady lately, and Kara is training harder than ever at the DEO, and she’s eating less potstickers than normal, and it’s a horrendous and scary combination.

By unspoken agreement, Alex and Maggie linger after game night. They linger after Winn and James give their hugs and leave together, still laughing about who would have won Jenga if a certain someone hadn’t faked a sneeze.

“Hey Kara, I just… I wanted to let you know that you’re gorgeous,” Maggie says casually as she washes dishes, and Kara nearly drops a plate.

“Hey, you’re dating my sister, I mean – “ She tries laughing it off, but the hue of her face and the strickeness of her eyes and the way she’s adjusting her glasses furiously give her away.

Alex smiles. “She is, and I’m standing right here, and you know what? I love that she loves you like she does. That she sees you. All of you, Kara. And she thinks what she sees is beautiful. Because it is. You are.”

Alex is talking casually, too, drying dishes and putting them away in the shelves Maggie can’t reach.

Alex might not have superhearing, but she hears her sister gulp, and she might not have mind-reading abilities, but she can all but hear the voices in Kara’s head telling her that her sister and her girlfriend are lying, they’re being nice because they feel bad for her, they’re exaggerating because they love her – for some reason she can’t possibly fathom – and more importantly, if she’s not feeling good about herself, she’ll be less effective as Supergirl, and…

Kara doesn’t know she’s started sniffling and crying until Alex’s arms are wrapped around her, until Maggie’s turned off the sink and is standing against the counter with her arms folded across her own chest, hugging herself as Alex hugs Kara, as Alex holds the body that feels worthless to Kara up from falling, up from figuring out how best to destroy itself, up from figuring out how best to dismantle itself in disguise as trying to make it better.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Alex is soothing her, and Kara tries to push her away, because she doesn’t deserve to be soothed, she didn’t mean to break, she didn’t mean to tell anyone, she didn’t mean to,
but her body’s betrayed her again with its tears and its quaking, but Alex knows, and Alex has planted her feet, and Kara doesn’t put any real heart behind the push anyway, because Alex is kissing her forehead like she loves her and supporting her weight like it’s nothing and rubbing her back like it’s beautiful and whispering to her like she’ll never lose faith in her, even if Kara loses faith in herself.

“You’re perfect, Kara,” Maggie is whispering, then, because Alex is using all her energy holding her little sister up. “It’s okay if you can’t feel it now. Your sister and I will feel it enough, believe it enough, for you, until you can figure out a way to believe it yourself. Okay?”

She’s helpless in Alex’s arms and under the thrall of Maggie’s soft words, and she nods as she sniffs and sobs and sobs and sobs.

When she’s stopped shaking quite so much – when she feels like there’s no water left inside her, when she’s wept her way through her thoughts, through her deepest fears, through her stickiest shames, through her toughest contradictions – she just clings to Alex life the lifeline that she is.

She lets Alex carry her to bed and tuck her in like she used to when they were kids and she’d had another nightmare.

“Stay?” she grabs Alex’s hand after she kisses her forehead and starts to stand.

“Of course,” she says without hesitation, and Maggie leans in to kiss Alex’s cheek.

“See you in the morning, ba – ” she starts, but Kara cuts in.

“You too, Maggie?”

Maggie grins down at her girlfriend’s little sister and nods. “Anything you need, Little Danvers. Anything you need.”
Chapter 241

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

benedoodlecumberpoodlestudyblr submitted to queergirlwriting

Hi there :) could you please write a fanfiction about: Alex getting bitten/scratched by some alien during DEO assignment but she thinks of it as nothing and after work goes home to see Maggie (pizza night). But in the morning she feels really bad and her temperature is rising so Maggie calls Kara. When Kara gets there Maggie is in the shower holding (barely conscious) Alex, trying to lower her temperature. Kara decides to get Alex to Barrys Earth (with that thing she got from Cisco) but Maggie won't leave her side so she comes too…? :)

She shrugs it off and she brings home pizza and she smiles as Maggie fawns over the scrape on her wrapped arm, as Maggie presses soft kisses all around her bandage, as she dotes on her girl even as Alex insists, insists, that she’s fine, that it’s just a scratch, that it was no big deal, really.

But she secretly loves the attention Maggie is giving her, the big deal Maggie is making; how strong, how heroic, Maggie is making her feel.

Maggie knows. She lays it on extra thick, because Alex has spent enough time neglecting herself – enough time being neglected – enough time in the shadow of other heroes, of other injuries, to have hers attended to, to have hers honored.

But in the morning?

In the morning, they both realize that she wasn’t fawning over just a scratch.

Because in the morning, Alex is burning up and Alex is dry heaving and Alex’s temperature is rising by the minute.

Maggie calls Kara with the phone balanced on her shoulder as she half drags, half carries Alex into the shower, stripping her drenched clothes to run her body under cool water, to try, to try, to lower her temperature. To try to keep her somewhat stable until Kara can get her medics that will know what the hell alien poisons are.

The DEO’s med bay was trashed in the attack the night before, so for a moment, Kara panics. But only for a moment.

“Cisco,” she calls into the communicator he gave her. “I need you. Now.”

Maggie knows better by now than to be shocked when a swirling blue vortex appears behind her in Alex’s bathroom.
“Flash,” Alex giggles vaguely as her head lolls loosely onto Maggie’s shoulder. “Bastard took Kara. Dangerous. Without me. Need words with him.”

“Shh, that’s right, Ally,” Maggie whispers, looking askance into the vortex as Kara lands in the bathroom door, ignoring the vortex all together as she rushes toward the shower.

“What the hell happened?” she asks Maggie, grabbing a towel to wrap her sister in, switching off the water as she kneels over her. “It’s okay Alex. I’m here, I’m here. I’ve got you.”

“Kara,” Alex babbles. “Flash vortex.”

“That’s right, Alex. Star Labs is going to help you.” She glances at Maggie. “It’s gotta be an infection from that scratch last night.”

Maggie nods, and her eyes are wide as she watches her girlfriend slip in and out of consciousness. She barely notices when two men appear in the bathroom behind them, breathing slightly heavily, the one with the strange goggle-glasses with his hand on his chest and a vague grin on his face.

“Only took one try this time! My man, we’re getting better at this!” He holds up his hand for the man in red to hit, but the Flash leaves him hanging as he goes to kneel next to Kara.

“This isn’t how I wanted to see you again. Or how I wanted to meet your sister.”

“Thanks for coming, Barry.” Kara gives him a sideways hug as he looks down at Alex’s drenched body.

“Hey, secret identity,” the other man murmurs, but Kara waves him off.

“Maggie’s family, Cisco.”

Maggie glances up at him – at Cisco – and grimaces a greeting, too numb with fear to fully register the impact of Kara’s words.

“Looks like an infection, obviously, but metas aren’t exactly like aliens, so I don’t… Come on,” Barry tells Kara. “We have to get her back through the vortex. Caitlin’ll come up with something, Kara. I promise.”

Kara nods grimly and picks up Alex’s limp body in her arms like she weighs nothing. Barry gingerly positions the towel more completely around Alex’s body while somehow averting his eyes from her nakedness at the same time, and Maggie immediately decides she likes this Flash character.

She rises to follow Kara into the vortex, and they all look at her and hesitate.

“It’s a parallel earth, Maggie. It’s not… the more people we take over, the bigger the risk of –”

“Look, I know you don’t know me, and I know you have this big superhero system on your earth, and I know you have super speed and you have some vibing shit, but I swear it doesn’t matter what superpowers you both have. She’s my girlfriend and I am not leaving her side.”

Barry stares for a moment and then nods grimly, once, while a broad smile grows on Cisco’s face. “Dude, she gay?” he asks Kara. “Nice work!” He grins down at Alex’s unconscious form, and soberes immediately. “I guess I’ll… congratulate her when she comes to.”

Kara rolls her eyes and Maggie grins faintly at Cisco’s enthusiasm for queerness, at his persistent
belief, his obvious faith in this Caitlin person to save Alex, the way his eyes grow somber and focused and intense as he turns back to reopen the vortex.

“Nothing bad’s gonna happen to your girlfriend, Maggie. We’re not gonna allow it.”

He reaches back for her hand and squeezes slightly before he opens the vortex, and Maggie gulps her appreciation, because her throat is too constricted to allow for any more words.

“Kara,” a beautiful white girl rushes forward when they step through the vortex. “Lay her right here.”

Kara obeys and the woman – “Caitlin Snow. Best doctor on this or any earth. She’ll fix your girl. I promise,” Cisco leans in and whispers to Maggie – slips into mode immediately, with an intensity of focus Maggie has seen in Alex so many times, both in the field and in the bedroom.

“Do we know anything about the species that gave her the wound?” Caitlin is streaming through questions with Kara, with Maggie, as she checks Alex’s vitals, as she drapes a medical gown over her body, as she makes notes to herself and exchanges significant glances with a concerned-looking Barry.

Kara and Maggie are fielding answers as best they can when two more people burst into the lab, one in a yellow suit that almost matches Barry’s and one in a pair of jeans that would have Maggie gulping under other circumstances.

The woman with the jeans falls into Barry’s arms after pulling Kara into a long hug. “Are you alright? I know what it’s like to watch a sibling in danger,” she says, shoving the boy who ran in with her gently.

“I trust Caitlin,” Kara says softly, but her eyes are wide and her eyes are terrified.

“Iris West, and my brother, Wally. Kid Flash,” the woman holds her hand out to Maggie. “You’re Alex’s girlfriend.”

Barry, Wally, and Cisco all turn to stare at Iris, and even Caitlin glances up with an arched eyebrow.

Iris shrugs. “Journalist. Also, I know a little something about watching your unconscious superhero partner get prodded and poked on a medical table: I know that look.”

She nods her head toward Barry, but her warm eyes don’t leave Maggie’s.

“I trust Caitlin,” Kara says softly, but her eyes are wide and her eyes are terrified.

“Iris West, and my brother, Wally. Kid Flash,” the woman holds her hand out to Maggie. “You’re Alex’s girlfriend.”

Barry, Wally, and Cisco all turn to stare at Iris, and even Caitlin glances up with an arched eyebrow.

Iris shrugs. “Journalist. Also, I know a little something about watching your unconscious superhero partner get prodded and poked on a medical table: I know that look.”

She nods her head toward Barry, but her warm eyes don’t leave Maggie’s.

“Maggie Sawyer, NCPD,” Maggie recites automatically, and Kara reaches out and squeezing the hand that Iris doesn’t have.

Iris offers Maggie a small smile. “My dad’s a cop, too. He’d approve of you for someone as amazing as we’ve heard Kara’s sister is.”

Maggie gulps and her hand clenches Iris’s harder without meaning to. “Caitlin’s the best. Alex is gonna be okay.”

“Alex is gonna kill Barry for letting Kara go fight an army of aliens without her alien-fighting sister,” a ragged, exhausted voice croaks from the medical table.
“Alex!” Maggie and Kara both exclaim, and Caitlin smiles as she steps back from the table to allow Alex’s family to surround her.

“Babe, I’m here,” and “Alex, I’ve got you,” accompany “Damn, Caitlin, alien infections stand no chance against you!” and “It was simple, really, and important that Maggie got Alex’s temperature down as fast as she did” and “Told you Caitlin’s the bomb” and “Please no bomb references, not after last week” and “Should I leave before she comes to fully? Because I really think she might make good on her threats to kill me for bringing Kara over here without her” and “Run Barry, run.”

And Star Labs had never been quite so full of superheroes, or quite so full of relief, or quite so full of love across earths.
Chapter 242

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
So how about Maggie being really scratchy in bed, Alex gets really turned on by the pain so soon she gets scratch marks all over her back and she loves it (bonus points if someone noticed cue very flustered alex)

Chapter Notes

This was originally chapter one -- where it all began lmao -- but some lovely tumblr human who wishes to remain anonymous made a content guide to the first 171 chapters (I've had too much anxiety to put it up until now, where *just do it already* is taking over), so that content guide is now the first chapter! Shoutout to you, wonderful one!! <3 <3 <3

The first time Maggie does it, it’s an accident.

Alex hisses and Maggie immediately lifts her hands off of Alex’s back, mentally chastising herself for not being more careful, more mindful, more gentle with Alex and more considerate of her lack of experience with all this.

But at the loss of her hands, Alex whines and looks down at her, confused, wide-eyed, hungry-eyed.

“Why’d you stop?” she half gasps, half squeaks, and Maggie’s breath hitches.

“I thought I hurt you,” Maggie apologizes, running her fingers gently over the spots on Alex’s shoulders, Alex’s rippled back, that she’d just scraped her nails down.

Alex can lie during a lie detector test, but she has absolutely no desire to lie to the very naked, very beautiful woman laying underneath her.

So she doesn’t tell her it didn’t hurt.

“I liked it,” she says in a small voice, and Maggie takes a deep breath. “A lot,” Alex clarifies, eyes not quite meeting Maggie’s.

Maggie’s lips twitch up into a smirk, and her eyes narrow slightly. “Good then,” she says raggedly, and leans up to bring Alex back down into an open-mouthed kiss, moaning into her lips, grinding into her hips.

When Alex shifts her lips, her teeth, her tongue, down Maggie’s jawline, to her throat, Maggie sends tentative nails down her back again. Alex gasps and growls and shifts her lips to clamp onto
Maggie’s nipple, shifts her thigh to grind down onto Maggie’s clit.

It’s Maggie’s turn to scream, her head slamming back into the pillow, her nails full-out scraping down Alex’s back now, and Alex fucks her all the harder, gasps all the louder, growls all the deeper, because the harder she fucks her, the louder she gasps, the deeper she growls, the harder Maggie’s fingernails dig into her back, the louder Maggie screams, the deeper Maggie cums.

By the end of the night – by the end of most nights after that – Alex’s back is covered in scratch marks, covered in thin red lines that sting so good when she showers, that she smiles at over her shoulder in the mirror because they remind her of Maggie’s screams, of Maggie’s writhing body, of Maggie’s tender kisses all down each scrape afterwards, of the fact that not all pain comes from menacing threats and cruel intentions.

Maggie never leaves marks that are deep enough to pain her during the day; nothing that chafes against her tight-fitting DEO shirt, her sports bra for her morning runs.

So, in the field, Alex – focused entirely on her mission – will forget that her back is a map of her love life.

After a particularly harsh mission, Alex rips off her shirt when she slips into the DEO lab, J’onn, Winn, and Kara hovering worriedly over the second-degree burn that had scorched her side.

“Whoa,” Winn exclaims, standing behind her, and she furrows her brow because she didn’t think the burn was that bad.

“Alex, what happened to your back?”

Alex’s frown gets deeper, still confused.

“Agent Danvers, you need to call in all your injuries, you never know what infections you might acquire in the field – “

Realization dawns on Alex slowly, harshly, and her stomach swoops and her eyes fly wide open and she jumps off the med table she’d hopped onto and turns to face her little sister, her space dad, and the annoyingly lovable little brother she’d never had but always wanted.

“It… you know what, guys, I’ll uh… I’ll finish up here myself, it’s just a burn, no need to – “

“But Alex, those scratches – “

“Are no problem, no problem, not an issue at all, nope, I uh, I mean hey, you know, I’m not a bio-engineer for nothing, I can take care of some little scratches that aren’t even a big deal – “

“But they’re all over your back, Alex, how could you properly treat – “

Winn squints intently at Alex’s burning face, at her wide-eyes and fidgeting hands, and gasps suddenly, backhanding Kara’s concerned arm softly.

“Um, Kara, I think Alex can take care of – “

“No, Winn, did you see those marks, she needs – “

“You know what, Kara, I’m sure Alex has it under control – “

J’onn is looking back and forth between Winn’s pale face and Alex’s red one, and suddenly he gets it, too.
“Good god, I have lived too long on this planet,” he mutters to himself and sweeps out of the room with his face buried in his palm.

“Come on, Kara, you know what, let’s call Maggie, get her to help Alex with that burn – “

“But – “

“Come on, Kara,” Winn insists, and pushes her out of the room.

“You owe me, you kinky woman you,” he mouths over his shoulder at Alex with a shit-eating grin on his face, and he barely dodges the rolled up shirt Alex chucks at him on the way out.
Hi! ♥ Smut request! :-) Sanvers pre first sex making out, Alex on top, she instinctively starts moving against Maggie's leg between hers. Alex is embarrassed when she realizes what she's doing. Maggie is supportive and encouraging.

She has no idea how she wound up on top.

She just knows that Maggie's body is soft and Maggie’s body is pliant and Maggie is moaning encouragingly, her hands firm but tentative on Alex, and maybe that’s why she wound up on top, because Maggie is being so careful with her, and she wants more, fuck, and god Maggie tastes like scotch and just a hint of earl grey and something Alex can’t quite identify, but she wants to spend as long as it takes to investigate properly, and Maggie is suddenly grabbing at her hips at moaning louder, harder, her head tossed back in surprised ecstasy, and Alex has never been this turned on but she can’t figure out why Maggie’s responding like this until her body tenses up and she realizes.

Realizes that she’d opened her legs for the woman beneath her, realizes that Maggie’s knee is slightly bent and her heel is planted firm down on the mattress so that when Alex moves her hips – and god, she hadn’t realized she was moving her hips like that – there’s a firm, sweet, indescribably perfect pressure on her clit from Maggie’s thigh, even through the denim they’re both sporting, and it’s the hottest thing she’d ever felt because every cell in her body is on fire, but now that she’s realized that she’s been grinding down on Maggie’s thigh, a lump forms in her throat and redness rises to her chest and her face and her face and she freezes, freezes, freezes.

Because nothing’s ever been about her pleasure before. Nothing’s ever been about her being able to let go, being able to take what she wanted, and god, she’s never wanted anything like this.

So her body is frozen and her face is beet red and Maggie’s glazed eyes are looking up, are focusing, and her hands are reaching to smooth Alex’s hair out of her burning face, away from her suddenly stinging eyes.

“Did I hurt you, Alex? I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, I didn’t want to pressure you, I didn’t –”

But Alex is shaking her head profusely. “No, no, Maggie, you didn’t – you – I just…” She chews on the inside of her cheek and can’t quite meet Maggie’s eyes, so she doesn’t see it when a heady mixture of realization, compassion, rage, and affection does battle for dominance on her face, in her eyes.

Affection wins.

“Alex, are you… are you embarrassed?”

She can’t look at her. She can’t. She just nods, and tries desperately not to cry, because god, what’s
sex going to be like for Maggie if she even fails at making out? She’ll probably leave, it’ll be so bad, if she won’t leave now.

“Alex… can you look at me?” Alex almost shakes her head, but Maggie’s voice is soft, and her hands are gentle, and her body is already becoming home, and Alex is a DEO agent, for chrissake, so she forces her wet eyes to look down and meet Maggie’s soft ones.

“Listen Danvers, I… you’re perfect. What you were doing, grinding down on me like that? It felt good?”

Alex blushes at least three shades deeper, which Maggie didn’t think possible, but she nods, and Maggie can’t help but smile.

“Good. It’s supposed to. I… I want you to feel good, Alex. I want you to take what you want from me, I want…” She sighs and leans up on one elbow and pauses halfway to Alex’s face, and Alex gives her a trembling, almost-but-not-quite-disbelieving smile and leans down further to meet her lips softly.

Both of their eyes stay closed, their foreheads touching, for a long moment after their kiss ends.

“Alex, I care about you, I care about your… pleasure. And it was hot. You grinding down on my thigh like that. Did you not… notice?”

Alex bites her lip and stares down at Maggie’s tentative smile, growing more confident with each of Maggie’s words, with the shyness that’s suddenly coming over Maggie’s features.

“I noticed,” she rasps almost cautiously, and Maggie gulps.

“Wanna… get back to it, then, Danvers?”

Alex’s response is in the force of her kiss and the upturn of her lips; the gentle power of her touch and the low moan that rises in concert with Maggie’s when she lets herself, simply, enjoy.
Chapter Summary

guiltyfandoms asked:

I know you got about a Billion Requests (cause you're damn good) but, if those ever dwindle down I'd love to see Adrien introducing Maggie to his college's trans+queer group "this is my queer mama Maggie and her wife Alex" (regardless of whether sanvers is married yet, bratty kids y’know)

Alex wrings her hands in the car the entire drive over.

Until, that is, Maggie takes one hand off the wheel, reaches over to the passenger’s seat, and laces fingers with her girlfriend.

“They’re gonna love you, babe.”

Alex takes a deep breath and nods and just turns up J. Cole, losing herself in mouthing every word flawlessly (closing her lips, of course, at every n-word), and Maggie’s thumb swipes across Alex’s hand in understanding silence until she has to make the sharp turn onto Star City University’s campus.

“You ready for this?” Maggie asks after she parks in front of the Student Union building, and Alex’s eyes are in secret agent overdrive as she assesses every single student walking by.

“I had a… rough time in college.”

Maggie watches her with soft eyes and a tilted head. “The drinking?”

Alex nods, eyes fixed on a passing group of pajamas-wearing students, one of the boys jumping up on the other’s shoulders, making the entire group erupt in raucous laughter and a humorous backpack fight.

“I wonder how different it would have been if I’d known I was… gay.”

Maggie smiles faintly and leans across the car to kiss Alex’s nose. “Wanna go find out?”

Alex bites her lower lip and adjusts her jacket. “You’ll hold my hand?”

Maggie grins. “The entire time. On that note… wait there.”

Alex furrows her brow as Maggie practically hops out of the car and jogs around to the passenger side. She yanks the door open and holds out her hand to help Alex out.

“I’m a woman of my word, Danvers. You want me to hold your hand the whole time, then I’m gonna do it the whole damn time.”

Alex blushed and slips out of the car, gulping at the idea of finally holding another woman’s hand
on a college campus.

“Adrian says the club room’s in the basement, first left after the bookstore. This way.”

Alex holds tight to Maggie’s hand as they weave through college kids with faces buried in their smart phones and college kids with faces buried in their books and college kids with faces turning up into grins that Alex doesn’t quite know how to interpret at the sight of Alex and Maggie’s interlaced fingers.

But Maggie’s stride doesn’t lose cool confidence, and Alex finds herself turned on at the way her girlfriend moves in the world, the way she navigates every space like she knows it so well, even when she most certainly doesn’t.

Like she has a right to be in the world, even though it’s worked so hard to convince her that she doesn’t.

They’re staring at a door utterly covered in an explosion of rainbow flags before Alex knows it, and Maggie shakes her head.

“Well, Adrian’s clearly made his impact,” she chuckles, and the sound relaxes Alex.

True to her word, Maggie doesn’t let her hand leave Alex’s once, even as they nod at each other and Maggie pushes the club room door open; even as there’s a high-pitched scream and Maggie stumbles backward slightly with the force of Adrian’s hug; even as the blurry mass of excited college boy shifts from Maggie to Alex.

“Good to see you too, Ade,” Alex wheezes, wondering vaguely what would happen if Adrian and Kara ever had a competition to see who could hug hardest.

Adrian beams, his new silver stud earring glistening almost as brightly as his brown eyes as he bounces on his toes and splays his hands open to the rest of the room, which – Alex only now notices – is littered with old couches and arm chairs, nearly every inch of the walls covered in artwork, in posters, in rainbow flags, bi flags, ace flags, trans flags, flags for orientations and identities Alex doesn’t have the words for yet.

And scattered across those couches, chairs, and upturned crates are teenagers in varying states of studiousness. Two are crouched in the corner and utterly absorbed in their laptops, headphones in; others have notebooks in their laps but conversation on their lips; and some are sprawled in each other’s laps.

“Everyone!” Adrian announces with all the flair of a theater major. “This is my queer mama Maggie and her wife Alex!”

Even the kids on their laptops grin at that, and one of them takes out one of their earpods and gestures with a pen in Maggie and Alex’s direction.

“Good to meet you two – we were all starting to suspect that Adrian made up his mythically supportive cop friend and her lovely girlfriend, Adrian, no one’s trying to pretend we believe you that they’re married yet.”

Maggie laughs and Alex blushes, and Adrian gasps in mock horror.

“Are you questioning my honor, Dani?”

Dani arches a lazy eyebrow, a grin on their face, and looks right past Adrian to Maggie. “Detective
Sawyer, right? Are you two actually married yet?"

“Not yet, kiddo,” Maggie answers, squeezing Alex’s hand as she beams and Alex’s stomach somersaults pleasantly.

“Well, married or not yet, we’ve heard a shitton about you both from this one;” a girl with buzzed hair and a green streak on one side grins up from her sprawl on a femmey-looking girl’s lap.

“And we’ve heard a lot about you all. Lemme see if I can do this;” Alex perks up, and Maggie beams proudly as her girl gets animated with the rush of excitement, the rush of acceptance; the rush of a challenge where she won’t be punished if she gets something wrong.

“You’re Mariah, and unless you’re up to something on the side, that must be Carrie.” The girls squeal and Adrian and Maggie exchange glances and beam.

Alex squints around the room and rattles off the names and random facts about everyone in the room, and they all cheer more and more raucously the farther along she gets. When she circulates back around to Adrian, she holds her hand out to him.

“But I don’t believe I’ve met this handsome young man. Alex Danvers, FBI. And who is your absolutely beautiful lady friend?” she asks, cocking her head toward Maggie, and the kids in the room – even Dani on their laptop – explode with laughter as Maggie blushes deeply and hides her smiling face in the hand that isn’t still holding Alex’s.

Adrian doesn’t miss a beat.

“Pleasure to meet you, Alex Danvers, FBI. I’m Adrian Rodriguez, National City born and bred, Star City transplant, general badass. And my absolutely beautiful lady friend is Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division: into motorcycles, girls, badassery, reforming the system she works in, and wildly kinky sex. I think you two’ll get along just great.”

Dani shrieks and Mariah leans over and smacks Adrian’s arm lightly, and he ducks as both Maggie and Alex go for a playful headlock.

“Is anything I said untrue?!?” he squeals, and Maggie’s blush grows as she buries her face in Alex’s shoulder.

“You’re lucky I love you, Ade!” she stammers when she finally turns around, Alex wrapping her arms around Maggie’s waist from behind as Adrian laughingly leans in for a kiss on both cheeks, which Maggie happily gives him to a chorus of awwwws.

They’re in a completely different city; in a public college, whereas Alex had gone to Stanford; in a club room in the basement of the Student Union, whereas Alex had spent her entire college career in the lab or throwing up in the bathroom; surrounded by queer kids with bright smiles and barely hidden scars, whereas Alex was just coming out a decade older than them.

And she’s somehow never felt more at home.
Chapter 245

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

More fics with Maggie getting hurt please. Not by alex, but in the line of duty. I like Alex fussing over her

She’s not used to being fussed over.

The first time she fell off her two-wheeler, her dad started to run after her to gather her in his arms, but when he saw her friend Tommy – six years old and already walking on the tips of his toes and swishing his hips – he stopped, grimaced, and let her cry it out on her own.

She’d stopped crying at flesh wounds after that.

When she went through the torture they put her through at the academy, she nursed her bruises privately, iced her pride in secret.

The first time she was hurt on the job – getting in the way of some white guy trying to beat on a queer brown kid – her girlfriend at the time had arched an eyebrow, had asked why she’d bothered anyway, and I guess you can’t take me to dinner then.

When she was kidnapped and Alex first patched her up – when she was still in awe of the James Bond spy lab this smoking girl who literally threw herself into fire to keep her safe, who’d insisted on treating her herself, whose fingers could break someone’s neck but were so gentle in the medical bay – she didn’t even bother telling the woman who dumped her soon thereafter about her kidnapping, about her injuries, because she didn’t want to be accused, again, of being obsessed with work, and when her ex had stripped her clothes off that night in a rush of fuck me so I know you’re still mine, she’d ignored the wince of pain she barely made, because I thought tonight was supposed to be about me and well it’s your precious job and you came out with me anyway, so it really can’t be that bad.

When she was shot by Cyborg-Superman and finally let herself pass out after telling Supergirl, Kara, Supergirl, to just get the bastard, she came to in Alex’s arms, Alex’s steely eyes angry, focused, rimmed with just a touch of terror, as her fingers worked to carve out the infection, to synthesize the right balance of chemicals to counteract the poisons his laser shot was laced with.

She hated needles, and she hated stitches, but she’d never felt so… cared for.

And now?

Now that she and Alex are officially dating?

She’s never been fussed over before, but Alex is making up for lost time like it’s going out of style.

Because one night she comes home limping, and Alex won’t even let her hobble to the chairs at the
breakfast island. She carries her, bridal-style, to the couch, and she helps Maggie off with her jeans, and she mutters about incompetent easy bake local cop medics and does it hurt when I do that, babe and honestly who do I have to kill for hurting you like this and I’ll have Susan come by with some meds from the DEO, you’ll be pain-free and healed in no time.

And another night – one of those graveyard shifts for both of them – they’re in the field together and Maggie takes a blow to the ribs and Alex is on the guy before Maggie even knows she’s within range, and Alex’s hands are gentle as she tugs up Maggie’s shirt, as she checks for bruising, for breaks, and when she gets her home, her lips trace a hundred different pathways over Maggie’s purple torso, her lips make art of Maggie’s bruising, her lips forge a home in easing Maggie’s pain.

And when Maggie makes her work partner swear not to call Alex, because it’s the middle of the day, man, she has a very important job, you know and it’s fine, it’s barely a fracture, come on, I don’t want to worry her, he calls Alex anyway, and she’s there within ten, and within thirty she has Maggie laid up in bed with eight different pillows and a veggie burger and fries from her favorite burger joint and a two-liter bottle of seltzer and three books on Maggie’s to-read list and the TV remote with Netflix all cued up and ready to go.

“Babe, why do you always make such a fuss when I get hurt?” Maggie finally asks after Alex spends a full hour soothing her burnt back with aloe and absent-mindedly serenading her with that soft voice of hers.

Because even after all this time, she can’t quite understand. And she doesn’t quite believe it.

A look of pure confusion settles over Alex’s features. “Maggie, why wouldn’t I make a fuss? Hell, I don’t make enough of a fuss, I… you deserve to always be fussed over, whether you’re hurt or not. Don’t you… don’t you know that by now?”

It takes a long time for Maggie to swallow the lump in her throat down deep enough to answer the woman with the lethal, gentle fingers and the steely, soft eyes.

“Alex, you’re the one woman who can make me believe that. Thank you.”

“It’s called being loved, get used to it, Sawyer.”
Chapter 246

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

the first time Maggie finds herself staring at Alex with heart eyes and thinking "i'm going to marry this woman"

She feels something stir in her when she first hears her voice, when she first sees her face, on her haunches in that tarmac, on that crime scene.

Something that feels like fate.

Something that feels like forever.

She feels it harder when Alex comes to rescue her, when Alex notices that she’s gone. When Alex literally walks into fire for her, to keep her safe.

When M’gann tells her later, over comped drinks, that Alex had damn near killed someone to find out where she was, to find out how to get her back safely.

She feels it when Alex puts her fingers on that pool table, her voice an octave lower than it usually is, asking Maggie if she’s still good for those drinks she promised, and she feels it when she pulls Alex in for a hug, and she feels it when Alex’s lips touch hers.

An explosion. A shift.

A destiny.

It keeps happening.

In the field.

On the phone.

At… home.

Because Alex’s home is quickly becoming hers, and Maggie’s home – so desolate for so long – is quickly becoming Alex’s.

She feels it, but she doesn’t put it into words.

Fear – no, absolute terror – prevents that.

Until one day, it doesn’t anymore.

Until one day, she’s watching Alex with Adrian, with Kara.
It’s Adrian’s first game night with the Superfriends, and he’s getting into it laughingly with James about the proper protocol for playing Twister with an alien who can fly, and Kara is leaning into Alex and laughing, laughing, laughing, and Alex is kissing her little sister’s forehead and then she pulls Adrian forward, too, to press her lips against his forehead, too, and James and Kara are awwwing and Adrian is beaming and Winn is don’t get any ideas, kid, Sawyer might love you to bits but she might have to kill you if your teenage boy hormones go anywhere near her woman and Alex and Adrian are laughing, and she’s drawing him into her shoulder with one arm while the other is around Kara.

Her little siblings.

Both adopted, both misfits out there in the world.

Both safe in Alex’s arms.

In Alex’s home.

Their home.

She jumps when James’s soft voice is suddenly whispering in her ear, standing next to the fridge, because she hadn’t noticed him get up.

“What’s up, Maggie? Everything okay?”

Maggie realizes only then that her eyes are wet, that her cheeks are hurting from smiling so hard for so long.

She doesn’t take her eyes off Alex as she leans into James’s chest and answers his question.

“Nothing’s wrong. Nothing at all. Just… I’m going to marry that woman.”

James wraps his arm around her and kisses her forehead – Alex isn’t the only one who’s gained siblings with this whole Superfriends, Superfamily thing – as he beams.

“I’ll take all the photos you could possibly want.”

“Good. Good. No. No, not good. Perfect.”
Chapter 247

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

mrriggerworld asked:

Imagine Maggie as a softball coach, teaching kids how to throw, how to catch, pushing them to improve their skills, taking the team out for pizza after games, making sure that they remember winning's great, but not the most important thing, listening to problems when necessary, and basically being the coach you still talk about after you've grown up. All the kids insist on vetting Alex after she shows up at one of their practices, because they have to make sure she's awesome enough for Maggie.

It’s not like she’s swimming in free time, but she can’t resist the kids.

The kids with the big eyes and uncoordinated runs, who want to play softball but don’t want to be separated along gender lines from their friends; who don’t want to be chewed out by people three times their age for missing a catch; who want to be part of something, but don’t want to go through the ritualistic humiliation that is most organized sports to get it.

So every Saturday, without fail, her work phone is off. Her captain knows; her captain approves. *I think he might be... you know... in your community*, he tells her out of the side of his mouth one day about his nine year old son, and she immediately takes the boy onto the team.

Every Saturday, she pulls her ponytail through the back of a beat up Brooklyn Dodgers cap, and trades in her boots for cleats, and slings two bags more than half her height over her back, full of bats and balls and mitts and caps and water bottles and other assorted treats for the horde of nine year olds who stream onto the field she’s reserved just for them in varying states of readiness, varying states of dress (sometimes in skirts, sometimes in older sibling’s baseball jerseys, once – memorably – in a rabbit onesie because *it’s Purim, okay, and who says rabbits can’t play softball*?), varying states of excitement to get away from their parents, their homes, their schools, for a few solid hours under the California sun.

The only thing she doesn’t accept on the field is giving up; but she does accept anxiety and she does accept tears, because whoever said there’s no crying in baseball clearly has never played softball with a band of misfit kids who spend so much of their time trying to be perfect that sometimes it takes a while for them to realize that on this field, with these kids, with this coach, they can revel in their uniqueness, in their imperfections.

She has a system worked out for their little bodies slipping into existential crises: the swing set nearby. She holds the crying kid, whoever it may be at the time, and she rocks them, and she wipes their tears and she gives them a bottle of water and some animal crackers, and she sends them with two friends – always two friends – off to the swing set for a few minutes, so they can swing the sad away.

She keeps on eye on the ball and the other on them, and they always sprint back with smiles and
giggles, ready to keep going, ready to learn more, ready to be more.

So she teaches them to throw and she teaches them to hit; she teaches them to move their hips right along with the rest of their bodies, and most importantly, she teaches them to let go. To let go of what everyone’s ever told them about perfection, about winning, about success, about their self-worth. Because each of them are stardust, and doesn’t that sound cooler than defining themselves by winners and losers.

They run drills and they support each other when the ball trickles through someone’s feet and they eagerly shout me me me me me! when Maggie stands at home plate with a bat in one hand and a ball in the other, knees bent and ready to aim a hit at each of them in turn.

They play against the other local teams, and even though they don’t always win, they always shock the smug-looking parents and coaches of the other teams, and they always win over some new friends – with the more expensive uniforms and pressure to win constantly on their backs – because they always look like they’re having more fun, like they’re feeling more confident, than anyone else to ever step onto the field.

And the first time Alex Danvers steps onto the field, Maggie’s spare cap backwards on her head and a red bandana sticking out of her back pocket and a nervous but thrilled grin on her face, they decide that they need to interrogate this pretty new lady holding Maggie’s hand and helping her carry her bags.

Because Maggie’s never held another girl’s hand before in front of them before, and she’s certainly never let anyone carry her bags for her before.

“Everyone, this is my girlfriend, Alex. Alex, this is the squad.”

They all form a line, squinting up at her and trying their best to look intimidating, and Alex is forcibly reminded of that Sandlot movie Kara made her watch over and over when they were kids.

She glances at Maggie, who’s regarding them gravely, and she follows her girlfriend’s lead, biting down her amusement and contorting her face into seriousness as she squats down on her haunches to be more on their eye level.

“You all seem like you have something to say to me,” she says, doing her best to not address them like they’re nine, but rather, like they’re a threat to her physical safety.

A girl with Bantu knots and a serious set to her jaw steps forward and gestures at Alex with her red glove.

“You all seem like you have something to say to me,” she says, doing her best to not address them like they’re nine, but rather, like they’re a threat to her physical safety.

A girl with Bantu knots and a serious set to her jaw steps forward and gestures at Alex with her red glove.

“Coach Maggie told us she was bringing someone special to meet us. Coach never brings anyone special to meet us.”

“Yeah, even though we’re pretty sure you’re not the first girl she’s dated. She’s pretty pretty!”

“Shhh Andy, let Chase talk, we all agreed!”

Maggie closes her eyes to keep from doubling over with laughter and Alex reminds herself that she can beat a polygraph test.

“So we just want to make sure you’re really special enough for her.”

“Because Coach Maggie’s the best!”
“She brings us for pizza after every game!”

“Even when we lose!”

“And she told off Janelle’s parents when they tried to tell her she couldn’t wear a tie or shop in the boy’s section!”

“Yeah, and look how fabulous I look now!”

“And she – ”

“Order on the field!”

Alex’s eyes open wide and wonders if in a decade or so, Chase would be interested in a job at the DEO.

“So,” Chase continues happily when silence falls immediately. “Tell us why you’re special enough for her. What are your intentions with the best coach ever to coach?”

Maggie bites her lip and stares down at Alex for a moment before squatting next to her.

“Guys, you’re like the inquisition, Alex doesn’t have to – ”

“No, no, Maggie, it’s fine. I love how much they love you.”

She looks squarely at Chase, then at each of the children in turn as she takes a deep breath and speaks.

“And you’re right: Maggie only deserves the most special things and the most special people. Because – and you guys all already know this – she is so, so special. And she’s special to me. The most special. I ask myself the same question every day, you know: am I special enough for her? And honestly? I don’t know. I don’t know if anyone can ever be special enough for Maggie Sawyer. Except maybe you guys, but that’s different. And as for my intentions?”

She turns to look at Maggie and puts a hand on her knee, and Maggie immediately puts her hand on hers to steady herself, because her heart is in her throat and her eyes are waterizing at Alex’s words.

“My intentions with the best coach ever to coach – the best girlfriend ever to girlfriend – are to try, every day, to be special enough for her. To care for her – to love her – better than she’s ever been loved. Every day, every night, and every moment in between.

“Ally.” Maggie’s whisper is barely a breath, and it’s almost lost in the whisper-shouting conferring of intensely defensive nine year olds.

After a few long moments of staring into each other’s eyes, a few long moments during which the softball team confers with each other in the consensus-driven style Maggie taught them, Chase nods and clears her throat for Alex’s attention.

“Dr. Danvers, would you like to play ball with us today? We’re going to learn how to slide into second base, and we think it’d be great if you learned with us.”

Maggie beams and kisses Alex’s hand as Alex shakes Chase’s with her other one.

“It would be my distinct honor.”
She didn’t go with Alex because she knows Alex.

She knows Alex will be more focused if Maggie is safe. Knows she will be less likely to get herself killed if Maggie is safe.

She hates it.

But she knows her.

And anyway, there are other refugees to keep safe.

And that’s the point of a power couple, right? Stronger together, but sometimes ride or die means riding solo on different parts of the same mission.

So she kisses her like she loves her – because she does, god, how she does – and she tries not to think about the kind of danger Alex is strutting into while she makes rounds on every alien in National City she knows, warning them, smuggling them out when necessary.

She has a few bruises of her own by the end of the day, but that pales in comparison to the pain that shoots through her core when Susan Vasquez calls her with a tight voice and shaking hands.

“Maggie, it’s Cadmus. They’re launching a ship with the refugees into space. Alex… Alex is on the ship.”

She doesn’t hang up the phone so much as she drops it, and she only bothers with her helmet because of muscle memory, and she only pays attention to red lights so she can swerve away from creating four-way crashes, and she forgets what speed limits are because Alex, Alex, goddammit how could she have ever let her go alone, Alex.

“What’s happening?” she demands, and Vasquez won’t let her into the control room. She takes Maggie around the waist and she holds her and she pins her arms to her sides and she rocks her when she breaks.

“Supergirl’s up there with her. She’ll save her, Maggie. They’ll both save everyone.”

“Then why won’t you let me into the damn control room?” she chokes with a wet rage she hasn’t felt since the massacre at the bar.

“I – “

But a cheer rises up, then, and Vasquez choking out a dry laugh and lets Maggie run out of her arms.
“They’re okay? She’s okay?”

J’onn’s face is in his hands but he nods at the sound of her voice, and she takes Winn into her arms and doesn’t complain when he lifts her off her feet and spins her around.

She does complain a little when he damn near drops her, and Susan has to run over to stabilize them both.

But only a little.

She doesn’t let go of Winn’s hand until the troops return.

The troops, of course, being Supergirl, Alex, and a ship full of refugees, brutalized for being their very selves, abducted and maimed and hunted to satisfy the agenda of xenophobic supremacists who would surely add Winn and Maggie to the list of deportees, gladly, after finding that both of them had dated, had loved, aliens.

Only Supergirl and Alex come back to the DEO, of course, and Winn kisses Maggie’s cheek, hard, before sprinting off the moment he gets a text from Lyra telling him to meet her at the bar.

When a cheer erupts from the agents in the hall, Maggie sprints, too.

Straight into Alex’s arms, and Alex lifts her off her feet – more effectively than Winn – and pulls her in for a deep, breathless kiss that has J’onn averting his wet eyes and Susan whooping and all the agents clapping and Kara somehow laughing and crying at the same time.

Maggie pulls back first and starts checking over Alex’s body with worried hands before Alex has even put her down yet.

“Are you hurt, are you – you – fucking space, Alex!”

Because suddenly the laughter, the relief, is gone from her eyes, and only sheer terror fills them. Alex splutters and Maggie shakes her head and yanks Alex down for another hard, long, desperate kiss.

She’s the first to pull back. Again.

“Space, Danvers! That wasn’t part of our deal!”

“Deal was, you help me save everyone – “

“Alex – “

“They needed me, Maggie, my father – “

“Yeah, I know, I’m proud of you, babe, and I’m in love with you for exactly that, but damnmit, Danvers, I need you too!”

Her voice is thick with tears and her eyes are shining with them, her face a map of defiance, of rage, of relief, of agony, of love, of loss, of fear, of hope, and the agents who were laughing and cheering moments before are now being shooed away by Supergirl and Susan, because the kissing was fun, but the confessions are private.

“You… Maggie you’re… you’re…”

“Not exactly how I wanted to tell you,” Maggie chokes, not meeting Alex’s eyes, her arms wrapped
around her chest now, her jaw set, now, her heart shredded with feeling an infinity of different things at once, now.

Alex stares at Maggie’s downturned face for what feels like a millennium – which is how far away she could have been from her, forever, if her sister hadn’t saved them all – and when she can’t bear it anymore, she touches her index finger to Maggie’s chin and gently – gently, so gently, and god she’d almost forgotten what a gentle touch feels like in the last few hours – lifts Maggie’s face up to meet her eyes.

“I’m in love with you, too, Maggie. I… If Kara hadn’t saved us, I… my only regret would’ve been… I’m in love with you, too, Maggie.”

For a long moment, neither of them moves, and for a long moment, neither of them breathes.

“Ally.” Maggie breaks the silence, and this time, her kiss is soft, her kiss is open, her kiss is tender and firm and healing.

Her kiss is forever.

“Alex. When you get a moment to disentangle from Detective Sawyer, I need to speak with you upstairs.”

J’onn’s voice makes them jump apart, but they stay in each other’s arms.

“Acknowledged, sir,” Alex’s voice trembles, but her eyes keep locked in Maggie’s.

“They’ll want to question me, too, I imagine. It might be a few hours.”

“I’ll be here. Always.”

Alex smiles softly and squeezes Maggie’s hands and starts to walk away, though it makes her body ache.

But Maggie pulls her back, and Alex hears her breath hitch.

“I’m home, Maggie. I’m home. I’ll only be upstairs.”

“Not in space.”

“No, not that far upstairs.”

They share a watery laugh.

“Nerd.”

“Your nerd.”

“No one else’s, Danvers. No one else’s.”
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

We need to see Maggie getting to Alex's place after J'onn's test right? How Alex explained it and how Maggie reacted? Basically from him leaving to Kara showing up. Cause they are ride or die and all.

She texts her before she stares into the glass of bourbon she was about to down.

She texts her, because she needs her.

And aside from Kara, Alex never admits to needing anyone.

The text is simple.

_I need you._

Maggie’s response is instant.

_I’ll be right there._

And sure enough, she’s there within ten.

In those ten, Alex stares into the bottom of the glass, into the amber liquid, and she swirls it around and she relishes how it will feel burning down her throat.

She thinks of Maggie.

_I need you._

She thinks of Maggie and she thinks of Kara – because of course she’s sent Kara the same text – and she screams, and she throws the glass across the room with all her force.

It shatters against the far wall, and she shatters with it.

Maggie opens the door with her gun drawn and her shoulders set.

“Alex.”

“Here, it’s fine, I’m not – it’s fine. Ow.”

Alex is crouching near the wall, cleaning up the glass with trembling fingers, and Maggie puts the safety on and slips her gun into her waistband immediately.

“Sweetie,” she whispers as she crosses the room, as she squats next to her gathers Alex into her arms, holding her head to her chest.
She glances at the different spills across the apartment, and she reaches her free hand down for Alex’s fingers.

“Sweetie, don’t use your hands to clean glass, I’ll do it later, it doesn’t matter right now.”

“It’ll stain – “

“I know a guy who can fix that. What happened, Ally?”

Alex shakes and she sobs and she lets Maggie pull her up and to a chair by the table, shushing her protests about being too big as she gathers her into her lap.

She says nothing as Alex talks. She says nothing as Alex’s voice gains strength, as she stands up from Maggie’s lap and starts to pace.

“Kara’s on her way,” she offers as explanation, and Maggie just nods quietly.

And she just listens while Kara gently, lovingly, worriedly, tells Alex that she thinks J’onn was right. She sits forward a bit, just a bit, because this is going to be a long night.

Hell, it’s going to be a long few days.

Because Alex is wrong when she takes Maggie’s silence this whole time to mean that she has been thinking what Kara thought.

“Ride or die,” she tells her, and god, does she mean it.

They’re up all night crafting a plan.

Figuring out which explosives are strong enough to blow wherever Cadmus is holing up to hell.

“You’ll need something to detonate on drop, babe, here, look at these schematics –”

“Ugh, Detective Sawyer, NCPD Science Division, I love it when you talk technical.”

“Keep it in your pants, Danvers, we’re working here.”

Figuring out their likeliest next victim.

“It would be Brian.”

“Of course it would be Brian.”

“It’s always Brian.”

Figuring out exactly how many seconds it will take to hack the information off their GPS.

“Yeah, but look, Winn taught me a trick, this’ll get it to work faster – “

“Well thank god he’s better at his job than he is at pool –”

Figuring out what lies Maggie is going to concoct for her captain, and figuring that “family emergency” is not, in fact, a lie.

“I mean, it’s not untrue.”

“Maggie, I – “
“I know, I know, we’re not really family – “

“That’s… that’s actually not at all what I was going to say.”

“Oh. So you… agree. That it’s not untrue?”

“We ride or die for family, right?”

“Take this,” Alex tells her as they finally get ready to head out.

Maggie splutters and stares and shakes her head.

“Alex, that’s your baby, I – “

“No. Well, yes. But also, you’re my baby, and your NCPD gun and very perfect aim – “

“Aww, Danvers, you noticed – “

“That my girlfriend’s a badass, of course I noticed – “

“Buuuut you’re about to insult my lowly local cop glock.”

“Yes. I am. Please take it, Maggie. I’ll feel better knowing you’re safe.”

“I’ll be with you, Alex. Of course I’ll be safe.”

“I feel the same.”

“Good. You should.”

“You ready to do this?”

Maggie slips Alex’s favorite gun into her waistband and kisses her like she’ll never kiss her again.

“Let’s go.”
Chapter 250

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I could use some Maggie raging about the actual aliens being deported across the universe.

She’s at it earlier than she normally is.

The heavy bag.

And hard.

Alex is still groggy and still sore – she can’t tell whether the last part is more from Cadmus or from the possibly dangerous amount of sex they’d had when she got back from nearly being flung halfway across the galaxy – and if Maggie were anyone else, Alex wouldn’t be able to possibly fathom why or how Maggie is up this early, slamming at the bag as hard as she is.

But Maggie is not anyone else, and Alex knows her.

“Give the poor bag a break and give me a shot, Sawyer,” she greets, and Maggie stills on the balls of her feet, and she tenses just slightly in her left thigh, and she turns into a high kick that Alex parries.

“The tension in your left leg is one of your classic tells. Again,” she says, keeping her eyes on Maggie’s.

They’re red, as she knew they would be.

Because Maggie’s been crying.

“I hate them,” she says between blows, all pulled so as not to hurt Alex, all somewhat more gentle than she would be in the field, because this woman is the woman she lives and breathes for.

This woman is not who she wants to be fighting.

“I hate,” she hisses as she ducks under Alex’s swing. “The whole fucking lot of them. And I know, I know.” She sidesteps a punch and lands one of her own, pulled, easy, gentle. Alex nods so Maggie knows she’s okay.

“I know, empathy. Even for people who act like they have no soul. Fine.”

She turns and slams her wrapped fist into the heavy bag, because pulling punches on her girlfriend isn’t good enough anymore, because she can’t bring herself to imagine Lilian Luthor’s face interposed on her beautiful, perfect girlfriend’s concerned, open, loving one.

“But I just… it’s just more of the same… fucking… white supremacist… bullshit.”
She punctuates each word with a different combination, and Alex watches, and Alex listens, and Alex hears.

“What, oh, you don’t belong here according to our goddamn KKK roster, but hey, listen, we’re generous people, we’re good people, we’re just gonna destroy your lives instead of end them, hooray, look what humanitarians we are.”

She plants her feet and rotates her hips and slams over, over, over again into the bag. Fast, hard, angry. Hurt. Terrified.

“Why, Alex?” She’s sobbing now, her voice cracking, sweating forehead on the bag, and she lets Alex wrap her arms around her waist and she lets her warring body go limp in Alex’s strong arms.

“Why are they like this? Why… No, how. How can they… how can they hear those screams and see that pain and not… how can they so completely convince themselves that they’re not people? Hell, that James and Susan and Adrian and me aren’t people? I don’t… Ally, I…”

She breaks and Alex nods and Alex turns her pliant body around so her face is buried in Alex’s shoulder and she kisses her forehead, her hair, and she tells her it’s okay, to let it out, that she’s not alone, that she’s loved, that she’s seen, that she’s heard, that she’s perfect.

Because she is, she is, she is.
anonymous asked:

This is so extra™ but is there any way you could write a smut fic as a continuation of the last scene with Alex and Maggie, where they're both incredibly turned on by each other and they can't help but get it on at the DEO

“So, arm candy, huh?”

“I mean have you looked in a mirror lately, Danvers?”

“Ugh, not lately, god Maggie, I probably look like hell.”

Maggie stops walking and Alex almost stumbles, but Maggie steadies her as she looks up at her gravely.

“You look perfect, Alex Danvers. Perfect. As always.”

Alex’s eyes flit down to Maggie’s lips, and Maggie is a detective.

So she detects.

And she bites her own lip and tries not to gulp.

Alex is a secret agent.

So Alex notices.

“Maggie,” Alex whispers, and her voice is ragged, and Maggie needs her.

Now.

“Tell me, Agent Danvers. Does being so newly reinstated mean you’re opposed to um… reminding your girlfriend what it’s like when you go rogue?”

Alex practically growls, and Maggie swoons.

“Say for example… right now? I mean this place has to have supply closets or something, ri – ”

Her sentence is lost as Alex tugs her forward, and if Maggie were anyone else, she wouldn’t notice Susan Vasquez subtly raising an index finger to point Alex in the direction of a room where the cameras were currently experiencing an inexplicable glitch.

But Maggie isn’t anyone else. She sees the gesture, and she mouths her thanks, and Susan just winks.
Alex doesn’t stop tugging on her arm until they’re reached supply room number 237, apparently, and they’re barely through the door before Alex has Maggie pinned against it, chest already heaving with need.

“Color?” she demands, and her voice is as rough as her eyes.

Because she was just almost flung across the galaxy.

She almost just lost this woman staring up at her with soft lips and eager eyes and desperate hands.

“Neon green, Al,” she rasps, and Alex practically lunges.

Her mouth, her teeth, her hands, are everywhere at once – Maggie’s lips, her throat, her chest (because Alex checks in with her eyes and when Maggie whines and nods desperately, Alex makes quick work of her shirt, of her bra), her stomach.

“Fuck me, Alex,” Maggie begs, and Alex growls as she picks her up effortlessly, and Maggie wraps her legs around Alex’s waist and her arms around Alex’s neck and Maggie screams, because Alex is holding her up with one arm and fucking her with the other hand and Alex is biting down onto her neck and Alex is crying and Maggie is crying but both of them keep reminding each other, green, green, green, please don’t stop, more, please, Alex, yes, fuck, more, harder, fuck, Alex, I’ve got you, I’ve got you, I’ve got you, mine, mine, mine, mine, and Alex isn’t satisfied with Maggie only cumming once, twice, three times, drenching her fingers and staining her underwear and leaving scratches all across Alex’s upper back.

“Let me get you home,” she rasps, and Maggie nods, and Alex makes a show of licking her fingers clean and Maggie whines and writhes and tries to kiss her, but Alex shakes her head.

“She can get you home,” she says, because she wants to go home, but also because she is home.

Maggie knows, and she steps forward and hugs her, just hugs her, hugs her long and solid and safe and loving.

They might hug longer than they’ve fucked – neither of them are quite sure – but eventually Alex helps her get dressed, lethal fingers suddenly tender again, burning eyes suddenly soft and shy and timid again.

Until, that is, they get home.

Because Maggie glances at the way Alex’s leather jacket is unzipped just low enough that she can start to see her cleavage, and Maggie gulps, and Alex notices.

Of course Alex notices.

And she sweeps everything unceremoniously off the kitchen island and bends Maggie over on top of it.

“All good, babe?” she asks, even though she’s already read the answer in Maggie’s wrecked eyes.

“Don’t stop,” Maggie prays, and Alex promises to oblige. But some business first.

“Be a good girl and strip for me, Maggie,” she orders, and Maggie gasps at the command in her tone, at the confidence in her voice, at the authority in her heady gaze.

The authority, the determination, the audacity, the brazenness, that had been turning her on all day.
And while Alex was in agony – while she herself was in agony – she’d kept it to herself as much as she could.

And they’re both still in agony, but Alex’s roughness is an escape and Maggie’s compliance is a balm, and their skin touching skin is heaven on earth, and they’re safe, safe, safe, safe.

For now.

So they use it for all it is, and Maggie strips for Alex slow, strips for her determined, strips for her deliberate. She never takes her eyes off of Alex’s hungry ones, and the nearly feral look on Alex’s face is reward enough.

Enough, that is, until Alex has her begging for more, because Alex has turned her around again, has bent her over again, is slipping inside her again, is whispering how beautiful she is, what a good girl she is, supporting Alex like that all day, is this a good enough reward, how wet she is, how tight she is, how perfect she is, into Maggie’s ear, and Maggie comes completely undone in Alex’s strong, solid arms, backing up wildly against Alex’s strong, solid body.

And when Alex carries her to bed and presses kisses against every hickey, against every birthmark, against every old scar and every new bruise, Maggie knows only one thing in the entire multiverse:

That she is in love with prodigal-DEO-agent-gone-rogue-loyal-daughter-perfect-sister-gorgeous-ruthless-determined-genius-unrelenting Alex Danvers.

And she’s pretty damn sure Alex Danvers is in love with her, too.

Which is why Alex lets her crawl on top of her.

Why Alex wants her to crawl on top of her.

Because after a day of being impenetrable, of being almost worryingly hard-headed, of being a coiled muscle, a veritable force of nature, Alex is in love.

Alex trusts her.

Trusts her enough to let her guard down.

Trusts her enough to believe that letting Maggie give her back what Alex just gave to her doesn’t make her weak and it doesn’t make her less.

It makes her loved.

“You want this, sweetie?” Maggie asks, and Alex just arches her hips up so Maggie can strip her naked.

“Oh, Ally,” she whispers as she catalogues every new bruise, every fresh cut, painted onto Alex’s torso, onto her arms, onto her legs.

And Maggie kisses each one of them, memorizes their locations, their severity, in a map in her mind, so she will know exactly how to move when she does what she does next, what Alex is starting to whine for, what Alex is starting to grind her hips up for.

“Alex, you – “

“Yes, Maggie. Please.”
And Maggie obliges.

She starts slow, but she doesn’t end slow.

She starts soft, but she doesn’t end soft.

Because Alex begs her for more and Alex begs her for harder and Alex begs her for faster, please, please, Maggie, god, fuck. I’m yours, I’m yours, I’m yours, fuck just like that, god, fuck, Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, please don’t stop, please please please.

She shifts so her thigh is between Alex’s legs, and she groans as Alex grabs at her ass and bites at her shoulder as she pulls her down, harder and harder, closer, closer, struggling to find friction because Maggie’s thigh is so slick with how wet Alex is, and she kisses Alex’s hair and puts one hand behind her head and braces herself with the other and times her movements perfectly with Alex so that proximity, rhythm, outweighs friction and Alex is so wrecked underneath her that Maggie forgets what air is, that she can have this effect on a woman so powerful, so ruthless, that she single-handedly infiltrated and exploded Cadmus’s lair, and that woman cums screaming Maggie’s name and it’s almost more than Maggie can handle, because even without direct pressure, she cums again, too.

“I’ve got you, Ally,” she whispers, kissing her face as Alex shudders through the last waves of her orgasm. “I’ve got you.”

“Promise?”

“Ride or die, Danvers. Ride or die.”
Chapter 252

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

gayasever asked:

kara and alex talking about her job instead of m*nel

They don’t quite have sex all night.

Because when they’re – eventually – taking a breather, Alex checks her phone, and Maggie knows why.

And she tosses one of Alex’s sweaters onto her face immediately.

“What gives, Sawyer?” Alex emerges from the sweater with even more tousled hair than she started with, and Maggie can’t help but lean down and kiss her nose.

“You wanna go see your sister. And you should. Do you want me to come with?”

Alex squints at her for a long moment and reads everything in her eyes.

I don’t want to intrude on your sister time, and I don’t want to get in the way. But I almost lost you, Alex, forever, and I need you near me, I need you close, I need you, I need you, I need you.

“Course you can come, babe.”

“Funny, I thought I already did. Several times, in fact.”

“And you call me a nerd.”

They carry on the snark and the flirtation – and the hand holding, always the hand holding, because they’ll have to deal with the fallout of living through hell in the morning, but god at least they’re both alive and very much on earth to get through it together – until they reach Kara’s door with two bags overflowing with potstickers.

Alex doesn’t knock, and Maggie finds herself wondering how her life would be different if her family loved her as much as Alex and Kara love each other.

Unconditionally.

Kara’s eyes are droopy and even Maggie knows it’s a terrible sign that she’s not even stress-eating anything.

“We brought potstickers,” Alex sing-songs softly, but there’s a sadness underneath her voice.

Kara hears it, and she appreciates it beyond belief. Her lower lip wobble, and she’s in Alex’s arms almost before Maggie can grab the potstickers and get them to safety.
“You almost were on the other side of the galaxy,” Kara sobbed. “I didn’t think I could do it, but you… you never stopped believing in me, and I… but that was as Supergirl, not…”

She sniffs and straightens and tears bitterly into the bag Maggie’s holding.

“Apparently Kara Danvers isn’t even worth keeping around at CatCo.”

“Kara, no.”

“Karayesh,” Kara mutters with a full mouth, and Alex is relieved that at least she’s stuffing her face.

“Oh, Little Danvers, I’m so sorry,” Maggie reaches for Kara’s forearm. “But listen, kid, you did what you thought was right. Alex lost her job, too. And she got it back. You’ll get it back, Kara.”

But Kara just shakes her head at the potstickers. “Snapper would never let me. He was… so disappointed. If Ms. Grant was here… Well, no, Ms. Grant would have run the story in the first place, she…”

Kara’s shoulders shake and Alex gathers her into her arms as Maggie leans back to send off a quick text.

_Ms. Grant – Maggie Sawyer again. Sorry to bother, but Kara went out on a limb to save lives with an article, and Snapper fired her. Anything you can do?_

“Kara,” Alex is whispering, over and over and over again, relishing the feeling of her sister’s safe, safe, safe, alive body in her arms, even if that body is wracking with sobs.

“CatCo was my normal, Alex, it was everything, it – I’m nothing without CatCo, I – “

“No. No no no no no. First, Maggie’s right, you might get it back, but even if you never did, Kara, you… You were the one who refused to believe us all about Lena Luthor. And look who was right? You were the one who wrote those expose articles, you were the one who figured out how to save all those missing people. You. Not Supergirl. And you… Kara, you were my sister such a long time before you were Supergirl. And my sister? My sister’s a hero. Always has been. Because my sister – you, Kara, you – you started saving my life so long before you ever put on that cape. You’re loyal, Kara, and you’re compassionate, and you are so much better, so much kinder, than I could ever hope to be. And that? After all you’ve been through, all you’ve survived? That is a superpower, Kara Danvers. And I know how much you love CatCo, and I know what it does for you, but I promise you, sis, you don’t need to ever worry that Supergirl is the only thing you have going for you. Because Kara Danvers? Pretty amazing all on her own.”

“Argyle sweaters and all, Little Danvers” Maggie kisses her cheek, and Kara smiles as she sniffs.

“I haven’t been wearing that much argyle lately.”

“Yeah, you’ve been dressing a lot gayer, Little Danvers, been meaning to ask you about that and a certain Luthor – “

Kara jumps when her phone rings and Alex arches an eyebrow at Maggie.

“Ms. Grant! Is everything alright, is Carter okay, I – “

“I don’t know what you were thinking, Keira, with this Danvers.com fiasco, but I certainly hope that the reason you didn’t simply reach out for advice in such a dire situation was because your
phone only just now miraculously recovered from whatever millennial beverage you spilled on it – “

“Ms. Grant, I – “

“No need for apologies, Kiera, I’ve called your boss and explained that in no uncertain terms is her permitted to let the most promising young reporter I’ve ever seen get scooped up by some scrap of a publication like The Planet simply because he was too hard-headed about priming you to be a reporter to see the broader picture you were trying to paint for him about, you know, that little matter of saving lives. So you’re to report back to your desk tomorrow morning, Kiera, and you are going to tolerate his wrath and you are going to tolerate the whispers from your co-workers and you are going to hold your head up high because I seem to have heard something about a ship full of refugees being rescued, and don’t think I don’t know you had quite a lot to do with that.”

Alex and Maggie beam as Kara blinks and adjusts her glasses furiously.

“No no, none of your tired excuses or gratitude speeches, it’s too late and I’m too exhausted for either of them, just one more thing before I end this conversation: I’m proud of you, Kara. I am so, so very proud of you.”

The line disconnects before Kara can splutter out anything even resembling words, and when she falls asleep an hour or two later snuggled between Alex and Maggie on her bed, it’s with a smile on her face and something that feels like confidence in Kara Danvers in her heart.
Chapter 253

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

a post-ep fic with Sanvers cuddling in bed and Maggie notices a cut or bruise on Alex and has to kiss it all better. ;)

When they get home from Kara’s – it’s almost sunup, now, and the only reason they come back to Alex’s is precisely because Kara has no bathtub and Alex is stiff as all get out from falling asleep at such an awkward angle, cuddling both her little sister and her girlfriend – Maggie draws her a bath while she brews her a strong coffee.

“Maggie, you don’t have to do that,” Alex’s voice is soft as she tries to work out the stiffness in her own torso at the same time as she sends a text to James and Winn to please be there with Kara when she wakes up.

“Don’t have to do what, dote on my beautiful arm candy who almost got flung across the galaxy after single-handedly infiltrating and exploding a genocidal hotspot last night?”

Alex quirks her lips to the side and shakes her head.

“When you insist on putting it that way – “

“I do, Danvers. Come here.”

She leads her to the bathroom, where bubbles are nearly overflowing the bath, and candles are glowing softly on the sink.

“Maggie,” Alex breathes.

“Take your time, sweetie. I’ll be here when you get out.”

But Alex grabs her hand.

“Stay?”

Maggie’s heart trembles with gratitude, because god, she hadn’t wanted to let Alex out of her sight for more than a second, but she also hadn’t wanted to overwhelm her.

“Of course.” She puts the toilet seat down and sits, fiddling with her phone until she finds some soft jazz. She watches without comment as Alex strips slowly, painfully, and she mentally catalogues every new bruise, every new gash.

When Alex slips out of the bath a full hour later, Maggie wraps her in a towel and leads her to bed, shrugging out of her own clothes and cuddling up close to her.

Her fingers trace soft patterns on Alex’s arms, her torso, her face, and every time she comes upon a
fresh injury, she stops.

“Can I kiss it better, Danvers?” she’ll always ask, and always, Alex will swoon.

Always, Alex will say yes.

Her lips always flutter around the injury first, tracing its limits and its boundaries, as though delineating them and mandating that the bruise will spread no further than the border she’s marked with her mouth. And then slowly, gently, so softly Alex can sometimes barely feel it, Maggie presses her lips to each bruise, to each cut, to each scrape, to each soon-to-be scar.

She says something different each time.

“You’re perfect, Alex.”

“You are so fucking brave, Danvers.”

“Do you want me to take care of whoever did this to you? Because I’m just saying, if you let me borrow that gun again, or just give me that grenade, I’m down. Hell, I’m down without them, too.”

“You are so goddamn precious, Ally.”

“I’m yours, you know. And you’re never gonna lose me.”

Alex leans up on her elbows at that.

“You’re never going to lose me, either.”

Maggie trembles, her bravado, her care-taking, gone, transforming in an instant to let Alex see the pure terror, the rage, the pain, the agony, of coming so close to losing her forever.

“You’re never going to lose me, babe.”

She gathers Maggie into her arms and presses soft kisses to the back of her neck while Maggie cries, while Maggie trembles, while Maggie grabs at her hands and holds them tight.

“I’m here, I’m here, I’m here.”

“Don’t leave,” Maggie whispers raggedly, and Alex nods away her own tears.

“I won’t, babe. I won’t, I won’t, I won’t.”
Chapter Summary

2x15 Sanvers Love, Slow and Steady This Time

anonymous left the following comment on The Girls We Wanna Kiss

could you please do a slow passionate, emotional sex scene between maggie and alex after alex almost got sent into space? Thanks so much

She draws her a bath and she kisses all her fresh injuries, and she thought she was overcome before, but then Alex turns the tables on her.

“You didn’t have such an easy day, either. Smuggling all those refugees out of the city. You have any injuries I should see?”

And Maggie never answers her girlfriends like this – is never this open, is never this vulnerable, but Alex is different, Alex is the one woman who is, in a word, everything – so she lets her lip tremble instead of forcing her jaw to clench, and she lets her eyes water instead of forcing her tears back down her throat.

“Only this one means anything,” she chokes, tapping trembling fingers to her heart. “I almost lost you, Ally. I almost lost you.”

Her tears reflect in Alex’s soft eyes – eyes that were forged in fire and carved into lethal steel just hours ago – and Alex takes Maggie’s face into her hands and kisses every single part.

“I’m here,” she reminds her with each kiss she presses to her nose, to her eyes, to her eyebrows, to her dimples, to her forehead, to her chin, to her jawline, to her temples. “I’m here, I’m here, I’m here.”

She hesitates before kissing her lips, unsure if that’s what Maggie wants, what she needs, right now. Their eyes lock and their breath freezes and they decide what they want, what they need, in the same moment.

Maggie sighs into Alex’s mouth and Alex shifts to cover Maggie’s body with her own, holding her weight up on one elbow, her other hand cupping Maggie’s face.

“I’m here,” she whispers again before Maggie opens her lips and Alex slips in her tongue, slow and soft and needy and intense.

She gasps slightly when Maggie flips her over, when Maggie’s heart threatens to break at the way Alex’s strong arm is shaking now with the task of holding herself up so all her weight doesn’t fall on Maggie’s body; when Maggie rolls them over so she’s on top, so her hand is pillowing Alex’s head and her lips have free reign on her throat, her collarbone, her lips, her forehead, her chest.

“Maggie,” Alex whispers, and Maggie freezes immediately. Alex smiles faintly, dazedly, at her
attentiveness. “No, I didn’t… please don’t stop.”

Maggie nods and complies, kissing every surface of Alex’s trembling skin, always with her eyes on Alex’s face, always waiting for Alex’s nod before moving lower on her body, always waiting for Alex’s hands buried in her hair to direct her where to go next before assuming what she wants.

“My gorgeous soldier, gone rogue to save the world,” she murmurs as she kisses the swollen bruise on Alex’s torso, not sure if she even means Alex to hear it.

But she does, and hot tears sting her eyes, and she pulls Maggie back up her body to meet her lips.

“You could have died helping me,” Alex breathes between kisses, and Maggie shakes her head.

“Small price to pay.”

Alex freezes. “Don’t talk like that.”

“I’m not, I didn’t mean… I just meant…”

“Ride or die.”

“Yeah.”

“You’re safe.”

“So are you.”

“Make love to me, Maggie.”

“Your wish is my command, Danvers.”

They smile soft and they smile broken and they smile hope into each other’s lips, and Alex exhales loudly as she arches her hips up, and Maggie moans slightly, because she knows what her soldier wants.

She shifts so her thigh is between Alex’s legs, so her fingers are caressing Alex’s nipple, and sure enough, Alex tosses her head back into the pillows and grinds her hips up onto Maggie’s thigh and grabs Maggie’s ass and pulls her down with one hand, using the other to reinforce Maggie’s hold on her chest with another.

“Maggie.” Her breath is ragged and her breath is wrecked, and the sound washes over Maggie like coming home.

“I’m here. I’ve got you, Ally. I’ve got you. You need to stop?”

“No, no, Maggie, please. Please.”

Maggie nods into Alex’s neck and grinds down into her until her thigh is slick with how wet Alex is, with how desperately Alex wants her.

“I wanna be inside you, Mags,” Alex moans, and shocked heat courses through Maggie’s body as she nods, as she lets Alex flip her over, as she bends her own knee and plants her heel on the mattress so Alex can ride her thigh, her knee, while she fucks her with her fingers deep, slow, thorough, complete.

“Al,” is all Maggie can choke out as Alex grinds down on her leg, as Alex pushes so deep inside
her with fingers that took lives today, but now are only about pleasure, about passion, about need, about love.


So she does let go, and she arches her hips up and tosses her head back as Alex worships her neck with her lips, as Alex curves her fingers inside her, beckoning forth an orgasm that tears through Maggie’s body hard and intense and quiet.

Alex feels her pulsing around her, feels her thigh shaking between her own, watches the ecstasy, the passion, the love, flashing across her face, and she lets herself cum, too.

“I’m not going anywhere,” they whisper to each other at the same time, when the waves have crashed through them both and they’re sated and shaking in each other’s arms.

They laugh softly at the simultaneity.

“Thank you,” Alex croaks, and Maggie pulls back and tilts her head.

“I can’t say I’ve ever been thanked for sex before, Danvers.”

Alex pffts and blushes and warmth courses through Maggie’s heart because if Alex can still be this soft, this nerdy, maybe they’ll both be able to heal from this Cadmus-induced string of agonies after all.

“No, I meant… for having my back. For supporting me, unconditionally, for… for you.”

Tears mist over Maggie’s eyes. “I mean, you let me borrow your gun, Danvers, it’s not like there wasn’t anything in it for me.”

“Maggie.”

“Always, Alex. Always.”

“Same in reverse, Mags. Same.”

“I know.”

“Good. But you’re still not getting that grenade.”
Chapter 255
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I was kinda disappointed Maggie wasn't at the DEO after the explosion. I liked J'onn finding Alex beating up that Cadmus crony but like maybe Maggie comforting her after that scene cause she seemed like she could really use a good hug?

“I would have stopped,” she repeats over and over to Maggie – or to herself, Maggie can’t quite tell – as Maggie examines and ices her knuckles.

“I know, sweetie,” she whispers after something like the tenth time Alex says it, and Alex startles like she’s just now realizes Maggie is there, kneeling in front of her and caring for her lethal hands.

So she was repeating it to herself, after all.

Maggie didn’t know her heart could shred any more than it already has since she got the text from Winn – Alex went rogue on a Cadmus prisoner, I’ve got her for now, but I think she needs you – but it does.

“So, look at me?”

Alex stares down at her with a mixture of defiance and desperate need for validation in her eyes. Maggie envelops the first and provides the second.

“Alez, you were trying to save lives. I know it…” She looks at Alex’s hands and wonders how much worse the prisoner must look, and her heart shreds just a little more. “But I know you would have stopped. Wanna know how?”

Alex gulps and blinks down tears and shakes her head. Maggie runs gentle fingers across her cheek.

“Because you’re so upset over it now. You wouldn’t be if there wasn’t something inside you setting your own lines that you will and won’t cross for the people you love.”

“But what if…” Alex’s voice cracks and she looks up to gather herself. “What if I’m just like him? Like my dad? He… He’s being used, he’s being manipulated, he’s… what if I’m like that? Doing more harm than good because I’m… trying to settle some sick equation in my head?”

“Are you like that, Alex?”

She thinks about her body count and how she’d made sure to set that alien weapon to stun.

She thinks about the mothers who’ve hugged her for saving their children and J’onn’s hand on her shoulder telling her that the world was a safer place because she was in it.
J’onn.

Alex trembles.

“I don’t think so? I don’t know.”

“Well, you know what the good thing about being part of a team is, Danvers? You get to lean on each other when you don’t know something. Come here.”

She reaches up and brings Alex into a long, close, quiet hug.

And Alex melts right into it, and she grabs at Maggie’s jacket and holds her closer and revels in the way her arms feel safe and strong and trusting around her, because she doesn’t usually do well with partners, either.

But they do make a pretty good team.
anonymous asked:

After the attack on the alien bar when Maggie got pushed by the explosion and Alex got held at gun point they both worriedly checked each other to see if they were hurt (and Alex definitely hugged tight her and kissed the top of her head)

Lyra’s screams, Winn’s screams, aren’t going to leave either of their minds for a long time.

If ever.

Maggie pulls him back and she holds him close to her body, not noticing or caring that her hair is still in her face, in the corner of her mouth.

Because god, that’s how ICE does it with people who look like her, who look like James, and now Cadmus is on that same xenophobic, genocidal list.

But with much better weapons.

“We’re gonna get her back, Winn,” she says, but even to her, her voice sounds hollow. She blinks an tries again, turning his numb body to hers and holding him by both shoulders.

“Winn. We’re going to get her back. Whatever it takes.”

“Yeah. Yeah,” he breathes, but his entire body is shaking. “Are you okay, and Alex? Guardian?”

He turns toward the others, they both do, to find James with his mask off, holding Alex to his metal-plated chest.

“We’re fine. We’re gonna get her back, Winn,” James calls. “All of them. All of them. Come on, man, let’s… come on.” He kisses Alex’s temple before striding over and putting his arm around Winn, leading him back to the van where he can change, where he can offer Winn an anti-anxiety pill, where he can offer Winn all the quiet, soft hugs he needs.

“Thank you, Maggie,” Winn tells her as James nods and starts leading him away.


James smiles and glances between Alex and Maggie. “Always.”

Both women smile and watch Winn and James leave.

“Alex.” Maggie is the first to break out of it, and she rushes to Alex’s arms, stopping just short of hugging her, her hands running everywhere on her body, checking for injuries.

“Did he hurt you, did – “
“No, I – you? You shouldn’t’ve come after me like that, it was just a regular police gun – “

“Alex, I would come after you with my bare hands if that’s all I had.”

Alex’s breath hitches and her body trembles and she pulls Maggie into a deep, hard hug. Maggie hisses slightly and Alex yanks back immediately.

“The explosion! You must have gotten burned, I – “

“Alex, I’m okay. You can check me out later at the DEO, I promise, okay? Just – we’ve gotta get back in there before any of them come to, but I – I want to feel you right now, just… just hold me?”

Alex presses her lips to Maggie’s forehead and Maggie lets herself melt, lets herself be not alright, lets herself be comforted, because Alex is safe, safe, safe, and they’re going to get the others back. They have to. And they will.

Together.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Maybe a quick, lighthearted scene of Maggie being playful/seductive with Alex talking about toys in the bedroom but really she's just trying to get Alex to let her use the laser gun again or sexual favors for said laser gun

“You know you’ve been down with learning a lot in the bedroom, Danvers.”

Alex looks up from her book and quirks an eyebrow behind her glasses.

“I have.”

“Mmmm. Strap-ons and vibrators, and all kinds of bondage toys.”

Alex purses her lips to the side and closes her book, because Maggie is licking her lips and looking at her with a smile that needs a reward and eyes that are hotter than fire.

“Go on.”

“Well, I was just thinking.” Maggie crawls closer to her, seeking permission with her eyes, and Alex grants it by lowering her knees so Maggie can straddle her.

“You’re all about toys in the bedroom, and I know how much you love your… mmm… outside the bedroom toys.”

“I’m not giving you that flash grenade, Sawyer, you’re a pyromaniac, I – “

“Nnhnn, not the grenade.” She sweeps Alex’s hair away from her neck and places her open lips on her throat. Alex exhales raggedly and tosses her book to the side, putting her hands on Maggie’s hips instead.

“I was just wondering… since we share all the toys in the bedroom…” She nips at Alex’s neck and Alex bites down a gasp. “If I could make it worth your while to share your laser gun with me again.”

“Baby, that’s the third time this week!” Alex protests, but her smile gives her away, her rolling hips give her away, and the whine she emits when Maggie pulls back gives her away.

“Exactly, and you haven’t lent it to me again yet. So I thought… like I said…” She gently pushes Alex’s silk robe to the side so it falls off her, and her lips find the newly revealed skin, and Alex damn near starts panting. “I could make it… worth your while.”

“What’ve you uh… got in mind, Sawyer?”

“I can make you cum in my mouth until you don’t even remember your name,” Maggie offers with
the innocent nonchalance of offering to go to the store and get Alex a donut.

Alex hisses and licks her lips and rolls her hips up into Maggie’s body, fixing her with desperate eyes behind her glasses.

But she’s still got some shred of pride, some shred of stubbornness, left.

“You do that anyway, Maggie, so why would I give you my gun to – “

But she interrupts herself with a desperate whine and grabbing out for Maggie, because Maggie has shrugged and started to swing her body off of Alex’s.

“No, you know what, babe, you have a point, so you might as well go back to your reading – “

“Don’t you dare, Maggie Sawyer.”

Maggie pauses and tries to hide her smile, but her burning eyes do it for her.

“Don’t I dare what, Danvers? Leave you all hot and bothered and desperate for my tongue on your clit and my fingers stretching you out?”

“Maggie.”

“Alex.”

Alex groans and smiles and shakes her head, because this woman, this woman, this amazing woman who can somehow make her laugh and make her safe and make her more turned on than anything she’s ever known all at the same time.

“Okay, you can borrow my gun.”

Maggie grins smugly and settles down between Alex’s legs.

“And you can cum in my mouth as many times as you can handle.”

“Deal.”

“Now about that grenade – “

“Oh my god, why are you like this?”

“Oh hush Danvers, you love it.”

“That I do. That I do.”
Alex picks him up on her bike because his car’s broken down, his girl lives in National City, and she and Maggie don’t want him to have to pay for a train all the way back from Star City.

And, instead of shelling out the money themselves – which they’ve had no problem doing on numerous occasions – Alex decides she’ll finally give in to his persistent requests to learn how to drive a motorcycle.

“I’m not teaching you to drive today, kid, but we’ll see how well you can take in the turns with me – you gotta move with me, but not too much or I’ll spend all my time overcompensating, okay?”

Adrian nods with the same big eyes he gets when he’s working on a physics equation with her.

“Oh, and here,” Alex says with practiced nonchalance, pressing a package from her saddle bag into his hands.

“Alex, what – “

His response is lost in his sob, in the bone-crushing hug he pulls Alex into. She kisses his cheek and makes a big show of pulling back from the scratchiness of his scruff, which makes him bounce on the balls of his feet.

“Alex, it – why – “

“Maggie and I decided if you’re gonna ride with me, you need a proper jacket to go with it. Synthetic leather, of course.”

And what a proper jacket it is. Thick and masculine, sheer black with just the right amount of toughness, just the right amount of softness. Just the right amount of everything.

He hugs her again and when he pulls back, a mischievous grin combines amusingly with the tears in his eyes.
“Maggie has no idea, does she? That I’m riding with you, that you bought this for me.”

“Had it made, actually. And pfft, no. Why would she – “

“Because she’s terrified of me riding a bike.”

“Dude, if you’re old enough to ride a girl, you’re old enough to ride a bike.”

Adrian doubles over with laughter and Alex has to resist patting herself on the back.

“Come on, kid,” she says, putting his helmet into his hands. “Let’s go meet your girl.”

They drive right to the restaurant, because Adrian and Maggie had decided that for first meeting
his first girlfriend, a public setting would be less intimidating than his queer moms’ den.

“Seriously, Danvers?” Maggie asks with a tilted head and quirked eyebrow when Alex pulls up
smoothly and revs the engine as Adrian holds onto her shoulders and swings off shakily but
smoothly.

“Hey, listen, first girlfriends are a big deal, I wanted him to be able to pull out all the stops,” Alex
defends herself as she pulls off her helmet and shakes her hair out.

“Slash you wanted to look like the cool mom,” Maggie mutters with a grin and wink at Adrian as
she smooths his jacket and pulls at the rugged collar affectionately.

“It suits you, Ade,” she kisses his cheek, and he beams as he slips his phone out of his pocket.

“Myra should be here in a couple minutes, so are you two gonna kiss out the sexual tension now or
wait until appetizers?”

They both mock glare at him as Alex steps into Maggie’s space tentatively, and Maggie looks up
into her eyes and smooths her hair while she shakes her head.

“I love how much you love him, Al. And if I’m going to trust him on the back of anyone’s bike, of
course it’s yours.”

“You’re not mad?”

“Only if your next ride’s with me.”

“Ew, Maggie, come on, innocent child’s ears here!”

“How come you’re a grown-ass man when you wanna be and a child when it’s conven – “

“Adrian!”

“Myra!” He jumps and his voice lowers an octave and Alex and Maggie exchange nervous,
excited, happy glances.

“Hey, glad you made it – “ He touches her arm and kisses her cheek sweetly, and when she beams,
Maggie nods slowly. “Sorry I couldn’t bring you flowers or anything, I uh… Alex picked me up in
style.”

He gestures to the bike and Myra oohs and Alex mutters “see? Total girl magnet” and Maggie
nudges her in the shoulder and mutters back “Fair enough. Worked on me, didn’t it?” before
stepping forward and extending her hand to Myra.
“Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD. And this is my girlfriend, Special Agent Alex Danvers, FBI.”

“Thought we talked about introducing yourself with titles, Maggie.”

“You talked, Ade, I didn’t say I was listening.”

Myra giggles as Adrian and Alex roll their eyes at each other.

“No, it’s good. You’re protective of him, I… I like that. He deserves it.”

Alex grins as she shakes Myra’s hand while Adrian gulps and beams and tickles Maggie’s sides behind them.

“Shall we?” Maggie sweeps toward the restaurant, and Adrian steps back to let Myra pass.

“Such a gentleman,” Alex murmurs, and Adrian only beams brighter.

“Reservation for four for Sawyer,” Maggie leans on the welcome table casually, disguising the way she’s scoping out Myra’s body language with her easy body language. Alex notices, of course, and kicks her softly.

“So kids, get whatever you want, okay? Tonight’s on Alex and me.”

“See, I told you they’re basically married.” Myra giggles again as Alex blushes and looks at the ceiling and Maggie squeezes her hand and kicks Adrian gently under the table.

“So Myra, you’re from National City, too?”

She nods and gulps at her water to quell her nerves. “Adrian and I actually went to the same elementary school. We had Ms. Beckendorf together in second grade – “

“Ms. Beckendorfffff,” Adrian groans, and Myra puts a casual hand on his.

“And have similarly traumatic memories of gym class. But he went to a different high school than me, so we sort of fell out of touch until um…”

Adrian nods supportively and runs his thumb over the pad of her hand. “It’s okay, they know how we reconnected, they’re cool.”

“That drag show?” Maggie supplies with a head tilt and a soft grin.

Myra nods. “Sorry. I guess I’m still not used to adults who are…”

“Queer as all get-out?” Alex offers, and Maggie shakes her head at how far her girlfriend’s come.

“I guess so, yeah.”

“And what drew you to Adrian?”

“Maggieeee!”

“Sorry Ade, queer mama’s gotta do what queer mama’s gotta do.”

“His kindness. All the other boys were all raucous and crude, and Adrian knows how to have fun – “

“Oh, we know – “
“But he was always so respectful, you know, of the performers, and he just… he stood out.”

“Also didn’t hurt that I was the only brown boy in the bunch, I bet.”

“I mean listen, it wasn’t the best venue to find people, but we both wound up there, right?”

Adrian puts his forehead down to hers and kisses her hand.

“We did, yeah.”

Alex squeezes Maggie’s hand under the table and Alex’s grip is the only thing keeping Maggie from sobbing because her little boy is growing up.

And even if it’s not forever, it looks like he’s found love.

A strange and unfamiliar feeling sweeps over her, and it’s with a jolt that she realizes she’s only ever really felt it on game nights with the Superfriends or grocery shopping with Alex, Kara, and Adrian or Sunday mornings with Alex’s glasses and the newspaper and burnt toast and coffee at midnight.

Family, she realizes.

It feels like family. And when Alex squeezes her hand again, when Adrian meets her eyes and reaches for her hand across the table, she knows they both feel it, too.

“Good answers, Myra. Good answers.”

Myra beams and maybe, just maybe, she feels it, too.

Maggie sure as hell hopes so.
Chapter 259

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Missing Phone and Home

“Come on, Maggie! Kara and James are already waiting for us!”

Maggie groans from her bedroom and Winn exchanges an arched eyebrow with Alex.

“You alright in there, babe?” Alex calls.

“I can’t find my phone!”

Maggie’s voice is muffled, and Winn leans into Alex.

“She sounds like she’s… is she checking under her bed?”

Alex snorts. “Pfft, no, why would her phone be there?”

“Babe, do you remember if I took it out of my pocket last night before we – “

“I’m calling you right now, hold on!” Alex cuts her off, a blush rising in her face as Winn’s smirk grows.

“Nice work, Danvers,” he mutters, and Alex smacks him lightly, gently, affectionately, on the back of the head, but her own pleased grin gives her away.

She dials Maggie’s number and Maggie appears in her bedroom doorway, head cocked to the side, waiting for the call to go through.

John Legend’s Save Room starts blasting through the apartment from somewhere near the couch, and Maggie bites her lip with wide eyes as Winn awes and Alex blushes and bends to scoop the phone out from between the cushions.

“Babe – “ She says when she glances at it, and Maggie closes her eyes like she’s waiting to be hit, like she’s thinking she’s done something so stupid; like she’s thinking she forgot something, and that something might destroy everything.

Alex stares down at the caller ID picture of herself on Maggie’s phone – a beautiful shot, one that James took at game night a few weeks ago, Alex with her face frozen in laughter, holding Maggie’s hand and leaning into Kara’s shoulder – but that’s not what has her attention, what’s made the blood rush from her face.

The picture isn’t what’s tearing Maggie’s stomach into knots and making Winn stare between them, completely unaware of what’s happening, wondering if he’s going to need to call Supergirl and Guardian.

“I’m sorry, Danvers, I’ll change it, I know it’s probably uncomfortable, I – “
Winn leans over Alex’s shoulder just before her call goes to voicemail. “Maggie, no, that picture’s beautiful, why – oh. Oh.” He stares between them now, and he knows what Maggie’s afraid of. But he also knows Alex, and he knows Maggie has no reason to be apologizing, no reason to be scared.

“No, Maggie, I…” Alex holds up Maggie’s phone numbly, even though the screen’s faded to black by now. “You have my cell number listed as Home.”

Maggie lowers her gaze and licks her lips. “Like I said, Danvers, I’ll change it, I’m sorry, I – “

Alex is across the room before Maggie can say anything else, and she’s lifting her chin up with gentle, gentle fingers. “No. No, no. You’re not reading me right, I… I’m not angry, I’m… I love it, Maggie. That I’m…”

“My home,” Maggie supplies in a soft, tentative, terrified voice, and Alex’s smile has never been more tender.

“Why… why would I be upset about something so… beautiful?”

Maggie shrugs and tries to look away again. “It’s clingy, it’s – “

“No,” Alex corrects gently. “No, it’s not. It’s amazing. You’re amazing. I… I want to be your home, Maggie, I want to give you that. I want to give you everything, because you… you deserve everything. And I… I want to build mine with you. My home. If you want.”

Maggie is silent for the longest of moments, trying desperately not to cry, trying desperately not to weep.

“You getting soft on me, Danvers?”

Alex laughs and it’s the best sound Maggie’s ever heard.

“When you’re done proposing to each other, any chance we can go meet Kara and James at the brunch place? Kara’s blowing up my phone with texts, and I’m pretty sure if we don’t get there soon, she’ll fly in here and forcibly carry us or something. You know how she gets when she’s hungry.”

Alex laughs again but doesn’t turn around, her eyes still locked in Maggie’s. She kisses her knuckles before turning and tossing one arm around Winn’s shoulder and the other around Maggie’s.

“Tell Kara we’ll be there in ten.”

“And to get extra nachos when she inevitably orders the entire left side of the menu.”

“Mmm, I love how well you know my sister.”

“Do you two just… wanna text her yourselves? Or keep… making out… right next to… me… How can you walk while you’re doing that? Is it some kind of special lesbian superpower? Okay you know what, I’ll just be over here.”

Alex tousles Winn’s hair without looking at him as she and Maggie come up for air and press their foreheads together softly.

Being such an obvious third wheel has never left Winn feeling so happy, so peaceful.

Because their joy is infectious.
Because he’s not really a third wheel, because they are his family.

Because really, they’re his home, too.
Chapter 260

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi, I know you're swamped with prompts right now so totally understand if you give this a pass. I just really love the care you put in writing ace Alex. My partner is ace too and when I 'take care of myself' sometimes they're there holding me and kissing my face, neck, or shoulders and just whispering to me, and it's just so wonderful and intimate and I was wondering if you'd write that for Maggie and ace Alex? :P

Alex knows the look well: that somehow both raw and guarded expression Maggie gets sometimes when they kiss, when they touch, when they cuddle; when Alex talks about science, when Alex talks about herself, when Alex does something ridiculous, when Alex goes rogue and lights up an entire terrorist group on her own.

Alex knows the look well: when Maggie’s turned on. When Maggie wants her.

She never asks for anything Alex doesn’t want to give. She actually never asks for anything at all.

And usually, when she masturbates, she’s alone. But sometimes, Alex wants to help. Sometimes, Alex enjoys the intimacy of the closeness, of the raw desire that Maggie has for her; of the intensity with which Maggie respects her, wants her close, loves her.

And tonight is one of those sometimes.

One of those sometimes when Alex is reading in bed, all silk slip and glasses, and Maggie stops when she steps into the room, all tank top and boxer shorts, and splutters and stammers and seems to forget how to breathe.

Alex chuckles fondly and quirks her lips to the side.

“Something you want, Sawyer?”

“You’re beautiful,” is all Maggie says – all Maggie will ever say, never anything about wanting to fuck her, never anything about wanting things that Alex just isn’t interested in.

Alex blushes and tilts her head to the side – something she’s picked up from her girlfriend.

“Come here.” She pats the bed next to her and puts down her book but leaves on her glasses, and shifts down so she’s leaning on her elbow, facing where Maggie will lay when she’s finished gulping and stammering and remembering how to put one foot in front of the other.

“Alex, you don’t have to – ”

“I know,” Alex tells her as she lays down on her stomach, as she turns serious eyes to Alex’s, as she runs a hand through Alex’s hair in the way she knows Alex loves.
“We can just cuddle,” Maggie tries one more time, but Alex just grins.

“I can cuddle. You can… take care of yourself. And I can help a little.”

Maggie’s eyes flutter closed and her chest heaves and her hands shake, and Alex leans forward and kisses her lips soft, slow, deliberate.

“You sure?”

“Sawyer.”

“Yes ma’am.”

They both grin and Maggie lets her hands slip underneath her own body, sighs as her fingers find where they need to be, as her hips find the rhythm she needs.

Alex runs her fingers through her hair and kisses her earlobe. “You’re beautiful,” she whispers with a soft smile, and Maggie bites down a groan as a shudder runs through her body.

As Maggie’s breath starts to quicken, Alex wraps an arm around her body, loving the closeness, loving the warmth leaping from Maggie’s body to her own, loving how gorgeous Maggie looks with her eyes closed like that, face turned to the side, facing Alex, and Alex leans down to kiss her cheek, her nose, her eye, her temple.

“Alex,” Maggie whispers softly, and Alex smiles into her hair.

“I’m right here babe, I’ve got you,” she assures her quietly, shifting so she can kiss Maggie’s rippling shoulders, her neck, her hair, her face again.

Maggie hisses with each kiss, and Alex runs gentle fingertips up and down her raised tank top as Maggie’s breathing gets more ragged, as her movements get more chaotic.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex whispers with a final kiss to her earlobe, and Maggie’s body stiffens, and she moans Alex’s name with closed eyes and pulsing hips and shuddering breath.

Alex relishes the way the muscles in Maggie’s back tighten so they’re rock solid as she cums, relishes the way Maggie’s tongue caresses her name, making it sound like a prayer, relishes the way Maggie immediately shifts closer to Alex’s body as the waves of her orgasm calm down, the way Maggie wants immediately to kiss her hands, her face.

The way Maggie wants immediately to hold her, to cuddle her, to take her own turn whispering about how beautiful Alex is into Alex’s ear.

To give her the kind of intimacy that makes her feel as complete as Maggie does right now.

“I love you too, Danvers. I love you, too.”

Alex smiles into Maggie’s hair, because this is what intimacy feels like. This is what perfection feels like.
Chapter 261

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

maggie/james brotp is my favourite thing in the whole world oh my gosh that thing you wrote about their gym sessions !!! i can so clearly imagine maggie getting so competitive even though james is a foot taller than her and generally huge and she's a lil pip squeak

“Oh come on, Alex, what’s the harm?”

“The harm? James, she wants me to give her a flash grenade. A flash grenade, James! Don’t be fooled by that perfect smile and those shining, gorgeous eyes and that – “

“Okay, okay, Alex, I get it. I won’t be seduced by your girlfriend.”

“That’s not what I – “

“Alex, it’s just a gym date. And I’m – “ James glances around shiftily before leaning in and whispering in Alex’s ear. “I’m Guardian, Alex, I think I can handle your incredibly strong but also incredibly tiny girlfriend in the gy – “

“James, hey! Ready to go? Hi babe! James and I are gonna work out together, did he tell you? Wanna come with?”

Alex’s eyes go wide and her mouth opens hesitantly and her eyes swivel to J’onn, who smirks but looks away, offering absolutely no help. Her eyes land next on Winn, who’s leaning back in his desk chair and already gesturing at her with a pen.

“You know, I think I’ve had enough of a workout for the day – “

“You call scampering in here late for your shift a workout, Mr. Schott?”

“Not helping J’onn,” Winn says through clenched teeth, and Maggie goes over to him and slaps a welcoming hand on his shoulder.

“Next time, Winn, I know how to take a hint.”

“Thank you,” he whispers with relief, and Alex snickers.

“You, on the other hand,” Maggie says, running a finger from Alex’s throat down the slight neckline of her uniform’s zipper. “You’re just lucky I don’t want to crash James and my plans.”

She leans up on tiptoes to kiss her and James laughs as he tosses an arm around Maggie’s shoulders.

“See you all later,” he waves, looking back at Alex over Maggie’s head. “Nothing to worry about,”
he mouths at her.

“There are cameras in the gym they’re going to, aren’t there?” Alex mutters to Winn, and he grins and points at his screens.

“Already on it.”

“Mr. Schott, Agent Danvers, I hope that you’re not planning to use DEO resources to surveil your closest friends – and for you, Alex, your girlfriend – while they’re working out together.”

“J’onn,” Alex holds up her hands, and the innocence on her face reminds him of when he’d keep an eye on her when she was a little girl, laughing with Kara in the back yard. “You have no idea how competitive Maggie is. James doesn’t know what he’s walking into. It’s gonna be hilarious.”

J’onn has never felt more like her father as he realizes where Kara learned to pout from, as he takes a deep breath, sighs, and walks off in the other direction, muttering as he goes, “At least Vasquez can be counted on to do her job.”

Winn snorts, because he knows Susan is bound to be on her way to join them any minute now, that even Pam might come up from HR to catch the latest.

Alex grins fondly after her space dad, her heart swollen with love, with pride, with feeling, unusually, like a child while also feeling perfectly loved, perfectly happy, perfectly confident.

She hopes James has his confidence in tact, too, because Rao, is he going to need it.

Because when Maggie and him hop on a treadmill to warm up, it takes him a minute to notice that she’s eyeing his speed and consistently keeping hers a few notches above his.

It takes him a minute to notice that when he runs through some dynamic stretching, she makes sure to flex slightly farther than he does.

He grins good naturedly and winks at her. She grins right back, because god it feels good to be working out with a man who’s going to love her and admire her and keep up with her, not want to overcompensate for his masculinity with her.

“Squats, Olsen?” she asks, and he wonders vaguely how sharing a rack is going to work with their… well… height difference, but if Maggie’s workout rotation is on leg day, he’s not going to get in the way of her having the most effective workout she can.

She doesn’t surprise him when she cranks out a beautifully formed workout set with just the 45-pound bar, but she does surprise him when she gestures him into the rack for his own warm-up set and she gets right down to bang out a set of perfect tricep pushups.

“So you superset, Sawyer?”

“Always.”

And she surprises him again when – after he lowers the bar to her shoulder level after his own warm-up – she leaves the 25 pound plates that he used to warm up on the bar and cranks out another perfect set with no problem.

“Maggie, doesn’t that weigh almost what you do?”

She shoves into his chest with her shoulder as they switch places. “Please, Olsen, I’m not that tiny,
don’t believe the slander my woman spreads.”

He realizes quickly that Maggie is integrating endurance training with strength training – a lot more reps than he would normally do with heavier loads, even putting weighted plates on her back while she does her pushups – and her dedication makes him smile. The way she’s attentive to him when they’re both panting, when she’s spotting him, but the way her eyes seal themselves off in pure focus when she unracks the bar on her shoulders and sets her feet, the way her form is perfect every time, the way it’s like nothing else exists in the world while she’s lifting.

“Alex is a lucky woman,” he pants after his own set of weighted pushups, after Maggie’s latest set of squats.

“Why’s that?”

“You share her passion for focus. It’s something photographers have to have, too. No uh… no pun intended.”

Maggie looks around and grins before putting both hands on his shoulder and pulling herself up toward his ear. “And karate-style superheroes too, huh?”

James laughs as she lowers herself down.

“Apparently.”

And she helps with his own focus, too, counting out his reps for him, her voice pushing him to do more, more, more.

He’s so lost in his own focus during his next round of pushups that he almost doesn’t notice when the location of her voice rises from where she’s leaning back on her haunches next to him.

He doesn’t notice, that is, until she’s straddling him, full-out sitting on his lower back.

“Seriously?” he chokes, trying desperately to hold in his laughter, to keep his arms from shaking.

“Oh come on, Olsen, you can get in at least another ten, I thought you all are always saying I’m supposed to be microscopic or something.”

He laughs so hard at that that they both collapse in a heap on the padded gym floor, and as they’re gasping for breath, as they’re waving away the concern of other gym-goers, Maggie nudges him and points to one of the security cameras in the corner of the room.

“Say hey to the DEO, James,” she grins, and he groans with a broad smile.

“They hacked in, didn’t they?”

“Of course they hacked in. And you know what they saw?”

“Oh, god. Winn and Alex – and Vasquez, too, probably – oh thank god Kara’s at CatCo all day – seeing me collapsing with you on my back.”

“Wanna redeem yourself, Olsen?”

“You’re on, Sawyer. You’re on.”
Chapter 262

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we expect another fic tonight? Maybe a small cute one about them going to sleep?
Their nightly routine

Maggie loves getting home after Alex.

If she doesn’t find her at Kara’s -- which is about half the time -- she’ll find her in her bed, in one of Maggie’s henleys and adorable pajama pants, propped up with three different pillows, glasses on, pen in her mouth, medical journals sprawled across the bed.

“Ehay!” she’ll say brightly, pen still in her mouth, and Maggie will know, but she’ll ask anyway.

“What’s that there, Danvers?”

And Alex will blush and take the pen out of her mouth and start the clumsy process of disentangling herself from the blankets and pillows without spilling reports on the most cutting edge medicine all across the floor.

“I said, hey babe!”

And Maggie’s smile will light up the entire apartment, hell, the entire building.

The entire city.

“Stay in bed, Alex, I’ll be there in a few,” she’ll laugh as she bends to give her a kiss, and Alex will kiss her back and try to pull Maggie down on top of her but Maggie will pull back and kiss Alex’s nose and giggle that perfect giggle.

And Alex will settle and content herself with watching Maggie from the tops of her glasses as she moves across Alex’s apartment -- their apartment? -- like she’s been living there her whole life.

She’ll put away her gun and badge first, then kick off her boots, and she’ll sigh softly each time.

She’ll strip her shirt off and stride around without it, or with her button-down open but not quite off, and Alex sometimes wonders if she does it to make her throat run dry or if she does it when she’s alone, too.

Water is next, an entire glass downed in one go, and she’ll refill her cup and bring Alex one, too, giving her another kiss as she checks in about Alex’s day. And they fill each other in about the big things -- another fight with Eliza, who sends her love to Maggie anyway, and a case closed almost single-handedly -- and the little things (or the big things, depending on one’s perspective) -- whether Pam from HR and Jess over at LCorp are just friends of something more, Winn’s latest antics, Maggie’s partner’s latest date with his wife.
Some of these stories are slurred, because Alex has long since brushed her teeth, but Maggie does it while they talk, and Alex loves how thorough she is, loves how she flosses meticulously, loves the sound of her rummaging around in the bathroom, the sound of her jeans dropping so that when she strides back into the bedroom, it’s in nothing but a bra and boy shorts, boxers, or a thong, depending on the day.

And Maggie will pick up one of the medical journals Alex has been studying and flip through it while Alex watches, and she’ll intentionally garble the pronunciation of eight-syllable words just to watch Alex’s smile, and she’ll want to know what’s wrong with a good novel every now and then and she’ll want to know if Alex knows how happy she makes her, because god, god, god, she’s never had anything nearly as perfect as this.
Chapter 263
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Maggie saving Alex's number as "Home" had me in tears.... (thank you, you're the bomb!).... Also how would Kara's number be saved?

And thank you so much – that meant a lot to me. It was a lowkey fic but it was hella emotional to write...

As for how Kara’s number would be saved?

Chapter Notes

The other fic referenced in this lil thing (Alex being away and Kara and Maggie cuddling at night) is here --
http://archiveofourown.org/works/9122290/chapters/21524555

It changes from time to time. First it’s “Kara Danvers”, but after Kara invites Maggie to her first game night, she changes it to “Kara.”

When Alex flies to Geneva for a week and Kara sleeps over at Maggie’s every night because she’s lonely without her big sister, Maggie changes it to “Little Danvers.”

From there, it changes just for fun, from “Little Danvers” to “Sunshine” to “Specs” to “Tiny Danvers” to “Fav Reporter” to “Just Ask Lena Out Already, Kara.”

When she and Alex get engaged, she changes Kara’s contact info in her phone one last time.

To “Little Sis.”

When Alex sees, she cries and says she wants to marry her right then and there.

And when Kara sees, she bawls and almost breaks Maggie’s ribs with the force of her hug, but god, is it worth it.
It was a relief when they chopped their hair off.

Sure, it was because J’onn – well, Hank at the time (Alex wasn’t the only one who’d gone through some identity clarifications in the last couple of years) – strongly recommended it because their training wouldn’t necessarily work too well with long hair.

But it was a relief nonetheless, even if they wouldn’t acknowledge it as such at the time.

Even if they wouldn’t let themselves acknowledge why the mirror made them feel like they were crawling out of their skin, like they had to drink into a stupor nearly every night to force it down, to forget, to erase.

To want girls?

Bad enough.

To want girls and maybe not quite even be one?

Worse.

But it hadn’t been bad, and it hadn’t been worse. Not really.

It had actually been… good.

Because J’onn had smiled his “of course I knew, I’m psychic” smile and pulled them in for a hug, and Winn had asked if it was still okay if he called them “dude” or if it made them uncomfortable, and James had hugged them and kissed their temple, and Kara?

Kara had wept because she thought it was her fault it had taken Alex so long to realize and be okay with such important things. But she swallowed it quickly enough, because it was about Alex right now, and she wanted to hear everything.
And now? On the extra low dose of T that they got from the local clinic— they didn’t want to change their body that much, just a little bit, just enough—and with everyone at the DEO using the proper pronouns for Agent Danvers and J’onn, Kara, James, and Winn all threatening to destroy anyone who intentionally didn’t, Alex had never felt more alive.

And then some cocky NCPD detective showed up at their crime scene, and they knew they were screwed.

Because coming out to family had been one thing.

Dating? Now? Or like… ever?

No no no.

T or no T, supportive family or no supportive family, Alex Danvers was not exactly good at the flirting thing. At the being good with people thing.

Except the strangest thing was that Maggie Sawyer didn’t seem to think so. Because Maggie Sawyer trusted them enough to take them to the alien bar.

To touch them when they reached for their gun.

Alex couldn’t remember when the last time was that they were touched by someone who wasn’t family, and the touch wasn’t violent.

“How do you think she learned English? She’s my ex,” Maggie was saying, and Alex’s eyes were wide, because god, god, god, the cute girl with the dimples and that voice and those eyes and that hair is queer, she’s queer, she’s queer.

But their stomach dropped almost as quickly as their heart rose.

Because she’s probably exclusively into girls.

God dammit.

“I don’t exclusively date aliens, though,” Maggie was saying, and a lump rose in Alex’s throat. “Or women, not exactly,” she continued, her eyes sharp and her voice a little low and her gaze locked both tentatively and headily on Alex’s face.

“Not exactly,” Alex repeated questioningly, never more aware of their T-lowered voice than they were right now.

“I mean you’re pretty cute, wouldn’t say no to a person like you,” Maggie had said, and Alex had promptly spilled their drink.

And Maggie hadn’t rolled her eyes or pointed and laughed. She’d shot up from her seat and she’d grabbed the towel off of Darla’s passing shoulder and she’d patted down Alex’s hands, their lap, their chest. Her fingers brushed their collared shirt, the tight nylon of the binder underneath, and Maggie’s breath hitched and her eyes locked with Alex’s.

“Hi,” she gulped, and Alex just stared, because their brain had stopped working.

*Girl, pretty girl, smart girl, badass girl, close to me and not disgusted and looks a little turned on by just… who I am, by being close to me, what do I do what do I do what do I do what do I –*

“Sorry there, Danvers, I didn’t mean to get all up in your space,” Maggie said as she backed up.
“Darla, can you get them another beer please?”

She said nothing about how or why it had spilled, just offered Alex a soft grin and pressed the towel into their hands and padded back to her seat across the table.

“So this is where you get all your intel,” Alex tried to steer the conversation back into terrain they knew, terrain they were confident in, terrain they could excel in.

Maggie tilted her head and squinted for a moment, like she was trying to figure out if Alex was flustered or just disinterested.

Alex wasn’t quite sure what conclusion Maggie came to, but her reply was light, banter-y. Maybe even a little flirty.

“Well, when our labs are about as effective as Easy-Bake ovens, we make do with what we’ve got”, Maggie scoffed and nodded her thanks as Darla set down another beer.

“Thanks,” Alex offered Darla, a crooked grin on their face. “And hey, sorry, I didn’t mean to be a jerk out there. I just get protective of my crime scenes.”

“Please Danvers, it was my crime scene.”

“Wanna bet?” Alex asked, smiling, because now they were sure Maggie was flirting, because those eyes, that smile, couldn’t mean anything else.

Alex felt like they were flying as they stood and grabbed both of their beers in one hand and offered Maggie their other, nodding toward the pool table.

“You say this is where your informants go? No better place to gather intel than at the pool table, right?”

Maggie squinted up at them and licked her lips and accepted their hand. Electricity crackled and Alex’s heart soared.

“A fed who knows how to play. Better every minute, Danvers.”

And Alex had never seen a more perfect smile, or felt more perfect in their life.
Chapter 265

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Since you made a minific about sanvers nightly routine yesterday, maybe you could do one about maggie trying to figure out which side of the bed she likes to sleep pretty pleaaase

“Danvers.”

“God, Maggie, again?”

Maggie whines slightly and rolls over and gives Alex her best puppy eyes.

Alex melts, but tries to pretend she doesn’t.

“Oh come on, Ally, you should be complimented.”

“Complimented that you keep me up all night every night?”

Maggie smirks at that and nips at her neck. Alex moans softly and her hips roll of their own accord.

“I thought you like me keeping you up all night, Danvers.”

Alex whines and squirms and tosses her head back and tangles her fingers in Maggie’s hair.

“That’s not what I meant, Sawyer, and you know it,” she giggles, and that mixed with her soft moans is music to Maggie’s ears.

She pulls away, and the whine of protest Alex emits is a symphony that makes Maggie feel wanted, safe, needed. Happy. Loved.

She grins and she winks and she kisses Alex’s nose and shifts so her body is closer to hers.

“Okay, but I meant you should be complimented that I’m having this problem. I’ve never shared a bed with anyone consistently enough to know what side I like better. Because see, if I’m here – “

She flips over onto her back and bounces on the mattress, and Alex laughs softly at her girlfriend’s antics.

“ – then I’m closer to the window, but also I’m off center with the rest of the apartment. And if I’m here – “

She crawls quickly over Alex, nudges her over, and plops herself down onto the right side of the bed.
“– then I’m more on center, but this side is more squishy, and I’m not sure if I like that, like I do sometimes, but then – “

“Baby.”

“I love being your baby.”

“And I love that you are my baby. But Maggie. You know we’ve had this conversation every night for the last week, right?”

“It’s important, Ally!”

Alex smiles, hard, because she knows she’s the only person in Maggie’s life that knows how ridiculous, how silly, how insistently and intentionally whiny, she is when she’s sleepy.

She knows she’s the only one who Maggie trusts enough to be like this.

So she sighs with a smile and she kisses her softly and she settles in for what will be a long half hour of Maggie’s wide-eyed chatter and pushing of Alex to different sides of the bed – and sometimes, even tossing their pillows to the bottom of the bed to see what that angle is like – because Maggie is absurd, and Maggie is ebullient, and Maggie is all hers.

And she wouldn’t have it any other way.
“Stay still there, Sawyer, or it won’t be my fault if I stick you with this pin again.”

“That sounded dirtier than you intended, Schott.”

James laughs and Maggie tries not to squirm again as Winn finishes his final adjustments to the suit he’d designed for her.

“Are you guys sure this isn’t stupid? Or like, arrogant or something? Like, really, a photoseries of me as a present? Like come on, how conceited can I get?”

“’a-ee.” Maggie and James smirk down at Winn and he takes the two pins out from between his lips.

“Maggie. Okay first, you’re gorgeous. Handsome. Whatever you’re feeling. And Alex is gonna be gaga over this. Seriously, she’s not gonna know what to do with herself. And anyway, hey, it was James’s idea.”

James uncrosses his arms and nods. “You look incredible, Maggie. And Alex is gonna love it. I promise.”

“Yeah?”

He reaches for the coat Winn designed and slips it over her shoulders as Winn stands up with a satisfied grin.

“Oh yeah. Come on, let’s hit the park.”

Maggie’s shy at first, intimidated by being photographed – in public, no less – by the Pulitzer Pride winning photographer she’s spent years secretly idolizing.

“I keep telling you, he posed for that shot,” James smiles when she shyly mentions it.
“Doesn’t make you any less amazing at what you do.”

James sighs and looks around, casting about for something that will convince her how incredible she looks, something that will convince her that the honor of this photoshoot is truly his.

“Okay, listen. I want you to look at the lens, and think about two things, one layered on top of the other. And this might be hard, okay, but the best photoshoots are, okay?”

Maggie nods, curious, her heart hammering. She adjusts the fedora Winn had bought her in a thrift shop and based the suit and coat design around.

“All right, so the first thing to think about is something hard you’ve been through, something devastating. Something that lays at the core of your being and won’t let go.”

Maggie gulps and James’s hand covers hers, because he has a fair guess about where her mind is.

“And then, on top of that, I want you to layer your feelings about Alex. How badly you want her, how much she means to you. Not separately from the pain: integrated with it. Look into the lens like you’re looking into her eyes, like you’re letting her look back into yours, like you’re letting her read every part of your soul. Okay?”

“Damn, Olsen, when you go, you go deep.”

“Maggie.”

She smiles and she flips her palm up so she’s squeezing his hand. “I think I can do that.”

James nods and arranges some of her hair so it’s framing her face, ghosting onto her neck.

“You ready?”

She nods, and he squeezes her thigh and adjusts her collar just so before shifting back to sit on the bench next to hers.

He snaps photo after photo, and she channels everything she has into the lens, and he smiles behind the camera, because god, Clark was right when he told him he could find himself in National City.

When he has the photos developed, Maggie insists that both he and Winn are there when she gives them to Alex; they helped, after all.

Alex gasps at the display and her eyes flood, and Maggie rings her hands, and Winn watches with a massive grin and James puts his hand on Maggie’s to calm her nerves.

“Maggie, you’re – you’re perfect, these are perfect, I… you did all this for… me?”

“You seemed to like how I looked at our private prom,” Maggie shrugs, and James lets go of her hands because Alex is taking them now, and kissing every knuckle, and gazing deep into her perfect eyes.

“James, Winn, I’m going to thank you both later. But right now I’m going to thank Maggie, and I really don’t think you want to be here for that.”

“Yes, point taken, on our way.” Winn is up like a shot, and James follows with a soft laugh.

“You two have fun now,” he teases as he closes the door behind them.
“Dude, did we do all that to get Maggie laid?” Winn asks as they both grimace as Maggie’s ecstatic moaning of Alex’s name somehow follows them out the door.

“I mean hey, as long as they’re happy, man, we’ve done our part.”

Winn grins mischievously. “Well, it sure sounds like they are. It sure sounds like they are.”
Chapter 267

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

cantcontrolthegay -- hellooo officer
queergirlwriting -- Someone make the Officer Danvers and Detective Sawyer AU immediately.

That awkward moment when I prompted myself before the gifset was just too alluring.

She knows there’s a cute rookie with a penchant for ponytails wandering the halls, getting acclimated.

She knows because she’s heard the guys, and she really wishes she hadn’t, because whoever this new kid is, she doesn’t deserve to be talked about, gawked at, that way.

But she doesn’t actually see this rook – Officer Danvers, she remembers hearing – until they wind up at the same crime scene.

The kid’s not even sitting on her haunches next to the three bodies in the alleyway – she’s just standing. Gaping. Standing as the ME and other officers examine the scene, gather evidence from the scene. Just… standing.

With a sad, sad look on her face that’s just this side of nauseous, just that side of shocked.

“First murder scene’s always rough, kid,” Maggie says softly as she goes to stand next to her, and the rookie jumps, but only slightly. Her fists are balled at her sides, and Maggie wants to reach out and make sure she’s not digging her nails too hard into her skin, but the kid hasn’t even looked at her yet, so any intimacy further than conversation is simply not an option.

“I’ve seen dead bodies before,” the girl answers, and Maggie takes a deep, slow breath.

“Well, that can make it even harder, then.”

Officer Danvers furrows her brow and, finally, turns toward Maggie. “How do you mean?”

The girl blinks rapidly when they make eye contact, when she takes in the gentleness in Maggie’s face, and Maggie immediately knows she’s queer. But quite probably not out, possibly not even to herself.

“Well, it can just… make it harder, is all. Give you memories of a specific person or people, or something.”

Officer Danvers crosses her arms across her chest and stares at Maggie for a long moment, shifting from foot to foot as she does so. Maggie wonders what she’s searching for in her face, and if she’ll find it.
Apparently she does, because next thing Maggie knows, she’s shaking the rookie’s outstretched hand.

“Kara Danvers.”

“Maggie Sawyer.”

Kara glances down at her lack of uniform, at the badge on her hip.

“A detective. Sorry, I don’t want to waste your time with rookie problems.”

“Not at all, kid. That’s my job.”

“Helping me with my rookie problems?” The girl – Kara’s – voice is deeper than it was a few minutes ago, less distant, and Maggie smirks.

“Yeah, don’t you know? Detecting rook issues and sorting them out’s part of the job description.”

She’s pretty sure Kara blushes, and they both jump slightly when someone calls out for Maggie.

“Detective Sawyer!”

Maggie nods Kara along with her.

“Your assessment, Detective?”

She turns to Kara with a small grin quirked onto her lips. “What do you think, Officer Danvers?”

Kara squints and gulps and looks panicked for a moment before reading Maggie’s eyes. Before reading in Maggie’s eyes that she’s trying to help her, that she believes in her, that she’s trying to give her a chance to be heard, not testing her.

So Kara crouches, and Kara examines, and Kara assesses the scene.

And she’s spot on, as far as Maggie can tell.

“Nice work, Danvers. You’ll get your detective shield in no time.”

Maggie switches some things around with their captain so Kara’s assigned to her detail, and she spends the rest of the week showing her the ropes.

Kara’s a quick study, always eager to learn, always eager to impress, if a little clumsy sometimes, if a little distant sometimes, in those moments when she doesn’t think anyone will notice.

Maggie notices, and she keeps an extra eye out to make sure she’s okay.

They’re leaving the precinct together one evening later in the week when Kara squeals, her distance gone, her guard completely tossed down, and suddenly she’s in the arms of the most beautiful woman Maggie has ever seen.

She shifts and stares at the ground, because dammit, of course Kara would have the hottest girlfriend on the face of the earth.

“Detective Sawyer!” Kara’s calling, and Maggie deliberately arranges her face into an expression of pleasant neutrality. “I want you to meet my sister, Alex.”
“You’re the sister! Wow, um, I’ve… I’ve heard a lot of great things about you from Kara.”

“And I’ve heard all about you,” Alex shakes her hand, and her grip is firm and her hands are somehow both smooth and calloused and Maggie has to concentrate to avoid swooning.

“Nothing incriminating, I hope,” Maggie says, and she wonders if Alex notices that their hands are still connected, that Kara is furrowing her brow and starting to smile as her eyes shift back and forth between them.

“Pfft, no, she um… she actually told me you’ve been a really great mentor to her, and I… thank you.”

Maggie forgets how to breathe but damn, does she remember how to feel.

“Well, I mean, she’s a great kid, gonna make a fabulous cop.”

“She’s… also standing right here,” Kara murmurs with a small grin to no one in particular before perking up and saying, perhaps a little louder than intended, “Okay, you two, um, I’m actually gonna go meet James at Noonan’s, so um… maybe you two should grab dinner or something. Together. Okay, um, bye!”

She’s gone, somehow, before Maggie or Alex can snap out of their spell and turn to her to protest.

“So… I guess it’s just you and me, Danvers.”

“Looks that way, Sawyer.”

“Dinner on me?” Maggie offers, and doesn’t at all regret how suggestive it sounds.

“Perfect.”
Chapter 268

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

you dont gotta do this but id rly like to see Alex calling out Maggie for standing on her tippy toes in pictures so they are the same height! It seems cute in my head... Thanks!! love your fics!!! <3

“Oh my god, Maggie, get down.”

“Um, Danvers, we’re kind of… in front of your sister… and all our friends…”

Alex takes a moment to get it, and when she does, her jaw drops open and her eyes go wide and she turns beet red.

“No, not – Jesus, Sawyer – I meant get off your tip toes!”

Maggie’s eyes get wide and innocent, and James rests his camera on his hip in resignation and exchanges bemused and slightly terrified grimaces with Winn and Kara, because lord, this might take a while.

Because all of them had been perfectly happy to get away with it. With trying her best to look as tall as Alex in pictures.

Kara had even stood behind her and lifted her slightly once or twice to spare her calves.

But Alex Danvers loves everything about her girlfriend. Everything. Including how her stature makes Alex feel strong – though she knows, of course, that Maggie can and does kick some serious ass – and like she can protect her, like she can hold her, like she can dote on her, like she can toss her arm around her and just wrap her up and let the world know mine, mine, mine.

And if she likes to record that feeling in photographs, she should be allowed to, shouldn’t she?

She won’t be thwarted by Maggie standing on her tip toes and thinking her secret agent girlfriend doesn’t notice.

“I don’t… I’m not on my tip toes, come on, Danvers.”

Maggie glances around the family for support.

Kara suddenly has found something very interesting to stare at on the ceiling, Winn has suddenly gotten a very urgent text, and James bravely – probably because his Guardian suit is in the bag on the couch – furrows his brow, purses his lips, and pumps a supportive fist at Maggie.

“I saw that, Olsen.”

“See Alex, I think you might be imagining things. Imagining Maggie standing on her tiptoes,
imagining me doing something out of the ordinary just there…”

Alex swings her arm off of Maggie’s shoulder and starts toward James.

“Give me that camera, Olsen.”

He backs away quickly, backwards, and reminds Winn forcibly of that scene in the last Harry Potter movie when Hermione demands Harry give her wand back and – even though she’s unarmed – he scampers away from her with the kind of terror he’s never shown Voldemort.

“Relax, Guardian, I’m not gonna destroy it, I just need proof.”

He lets her snatch it from his hands to avoid doing it damage, and he winks at Maggie over Alex’s shoulder.

“Seriously, James?” Alex’s indignation spreads across the whole apartment.

“None of these pictures have our feet in them? Even the full body shots? None of them? Come on. I thought you were supposed to have a Pulitzer Prize or something.”

“Hey, listen, I was told to take great pictures of you two. I wasn’t told they had to include your combat boots.”

Maggie beams at him behind Alex’s back, and Winn gives her a secret solidarity high five while Kara adjusts her glasses and tries to take her sister’s faux-rage seriously.

“Maybe Maggie’s just trying to be closer to your pretty face, Alex,” she offers, and Alex quirks her lips off to the side as she turns toward Maggie.

“Is that what it is, babe?”

“No idea what you’re talking about, Danvers,” Maggie maintains staunchly.

“You know what then? Fine. You wanna not look shorter than me. Come here, you.”

“Alex what – “

But Maggie’s sentence turns into a laughing shriek, and suddenly her arms are around Alex’s neck and Winn and Kara are cheering and James is adjusting the camera Alex had thrust back in his hands and snapping photograph after laughing photograph.

Of Alex with Maggie in her arms, bridal style, laughing.

Alex with Maggie in her arms, staring into each other’s eyes like no one else had ever existed or ever would exist again.

Alex’s hair falling over her face as she kisses Maggie like her sister isn’t desperately adjusting her glasses just a few feet away.

Alex setting Maggie down and standing behind her, head over Maggie’s shoulder, smiling into the camera like she’s never been this happy in her life, and Maggie holding Alex’s hands – which are wrapped around her waist – and smiling the same exact way.

Alex turning her face and kissing Maggie’s cheek, and Maggie swooning and giggling back into her strong hold, the most brilliant of smiles on her face.
Winn and Kara leaping behind both of them, mouths wide open in hilarity, as Maggie turns her face to kiss Alex’s lips.

Every single photograph gets framed, and Maggie never feels the need to stand on her tip toes next to Alex again.

Except when she needs to kiss her, of course.

Because that? That is just perfect.
Chapter 269

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

at some point adrian storms into maggie's apartment and just starts ranting about how people always call it lgbt and half the time there's never any mention of the t (oh hi alex how are you didn't see you there) and gender =/= sexuality and if peoPLE MEAN LGB THEN GODDAMMIT JUST SAY LGB i'm sorry this is happening all through my uni atm and i'm about to blow a gasket and i like to think adrian would too (this isn't a prompt just a rant but y'know you always make me feel heard hope that's okay)

(I’m gonna treat it like a prompt because it deserves to be a prompt kthxbai)

The door slams open and Maggie doesn’t even jump – this has happened before – but Alex grabs her gun.

Maggie takes her hands into her own. “Whoa whoa whoa, hey, it’s okay, it’s okay.”

Alex’s eyes fix on the door and relax as Adrian steps through, but before either of them can say anything, he does.

“You know what I can’t deal with? They all walk around saying LGBT this and LGBT that, and they don’t give any shits that they’re leaving out our ace and nonbinary siblings and they give no shits, which should be their first clue that they’re doing something wrong, but you know what they do, they say the T, they say it, they do, ain’t nobody’s trying to talk about LGB, but you know what they all – oh, hey Alex, I didn’t see you there, why do you have your gun out? How you doing, I heard Cadmus gave you a rough time, you should let me know if you need anything, okay? – because of no, we’re so inclusive, like oh my gawd we’re just so inclusive and welcoming here, like, we’re a rainbow right, so like, I don’t understand why we don’t have more trans people or people of color here, like, we’re just so accepting, but you know what they should say instead of all that bullshit? They should just say LBG, goddammit, they should just say what they mean if they’re gonna keep leaving us out and not giving a shit about any of our issues or any of our fucking lives, and I just – ”

Maggie had chuckled as he did his best rich white kid imitation, but stood with her arms crossed over her chest when his voice got higher, when he said he wished people would just say what they meant, because she knows Adrian, knows him, and knows he’s about to break.

So she’s right there when he does, when his voice cracks completely and his face scrunches up and he falls forward into her body as she uncrosses her arms, nods softly, whispers softly, and holds his head to her shoulder, to the side of her face.

“Okay, okay. I know, sweetie, I know. Cry it out, Ade, it’s okay. I’ve got you. I’ve got you.”

Alex’s eyes well with tears as Adrian’s chest starts wracking with sobs, as he clings to the back of
Maggie’s shirt and lets her support his weight, and she quietly slips into the kitchen, heating up almond milk on the stove to make him hot cocoa with.

She hears only snippets of the rest of their conversation as Maggie guides him softly to the couch.

“Shit about we can’t spread ourselves too thin –”

“Ugh, Ade, I’m so sorry, that’s such bullshit –”

“I just don’t –”

“I can go rough the assholes up –”

“Or we could sic your girlfriend on them –”

“That we could –”

“I just… how can we just not matter to them, I –”

“I know, honey, I know. Come here, come here.”

Eventually, Adrian’s sniffling evens out and his cracked, ragged voice raises to carry across the apartment.

“Looks like someone’s got you all domesticated, Alex,” he teases her, and she turns with a soft grin.

“Not so domesticated I can’t take out anyone you need me to, Adrian.”

He stands and he strides over shakily, wiping his eyes with the backs of his hands, and pulls Alex in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“I’m so glad I have you guys,” he whispers into her ear, and Alex meets Maggie’s red-rimmed eyes and soft, I’m-so-in-love-with-you smile over his shoulder.

“Always, Ade. Always.”
Chapter 270

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I need Alex and Barry to meet! Imagine those nerds talking about science ❤ Brotp at first ramble

The first time they meet – because Cisco has opened a vortex in Kara’s living room, again – she pins him up against the back of the couch, holding him up by only the collar of his shirt so he’s constantly in danger of toppling backwards as she lights into him, all how could you even think of bringing her to another universe without backup, and don’t tell me you gave her backup when the entire reason you brought her over was because you and your supersquad was so out of their league, whereas her family is literally trained to fight off alien invasions, and I don’t care how fast you are, Barry Allen, if you so much as consider taking her anywhere without me to back her up again I will chase you down, and I will catch you, and I will –

She stops only because Kara takes one arm and Maggie the other, gently, cautiously, Kara all okay Alex, I think he gets the point and Maggie all whoa whoa whoa, babe, come on, it's okay, Kara’s safe, it’s okay and Cisco’s all well damn I think we know who the Sith in the family is, and I kinda like it and Barry’s all I see now that thinking Kara was the most powerful one in the family was the wrong thing.

But when she lets him go, a small victorious smirk on her face at the wide-eyed fear in his, she actually lets herself listen to what he has to say – once he’s straightened up and dusted off and taken a deep breath and apologized, at least four times, for his error in judgment and it’ll never happen again.

“And actually Alex, um… Kara tells me that you and your girlfriend – it’s Maggie, right? Nice to meet you, I’m Barry Allen, and this is Cisco Ramon – are the science geniuses and forensics nerds in the family, so I’m actually here for your help.”

Alex would be irritated by the obvious flattery, but his eyes tell her that Barry’s sincere – that he doesn’t have an insincere bone in his body, and god, he so naturally called Maggie family – so she lets her stance soften as she watches Maggie and Cisco immediately develop the most complex, nerdiest nice-to-meet-you handshake she’s ever seen, and she can’t help but share Barry’s bemused smile.

“You’re a CSI, right? And you work at Star Labs? What could you need from me?”

Barry’s eyes sparkle, and Kara beams in the background. “Glad you asked.”

He digs in his back pocket for what looks like a small marble to Kara, but Alex gasps and leans forward and touches her fingertips to Barry’s to get closer to the metallic marble, tilting her head in a way she’s picked up from Maggie as her eyes flit between the marble and Barry’s excited eyes.
“That’s not a –”

“Bioelectric dampener with the capacity to shut down the neural circuitry in cyborgs? It is.”

“But you don’t have a charging module –”

“Exactly. That’s why I thought we could use your help. Disabling circuitry without killing the part of a cyborg that’s still human? Caitlin’s been working on it, but without the right –”

“Capacitor, right, you’d need to –”

“Stabilize the energy flow –” Maggie’s leaning forward now, too, and Cisco and Kara glance at each other above the three of their heads.

“Pizza and potstickers and Star Wars?” Cisco suggests. “We still have to look for any differences between our earth’s original trilogy, and it looks like they’re gonna be a while.”

“Yeah, exactly! If you ever get tired of that red suit, you should come work for the DEO –” Alex is practically squealing.

“Oh my god, I loved it in there, I mean Star Labs is amazing but you guys have space ships –”

“You know I flew Kara’s pod into space last year –”

“No way –”

Kara grins.

“A while might be an understatement. You get the movie ready – I’ll order the food.”

“Donuts too!” Barry, Alex, and Maggie all call in unison, and Cisco and Kara laugh.

A while’s an understatement indeed.
Chapter 271
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Mom, I’ve been feeling so down bc my (ex) girlfriend broke up with me and she just told me that all she ever wanted was sex and i was so in love and idk. You can totally ignore this but if you can could you please write Alex feeling insecure and Maggie reassuring her, that she loves her and its just not great sex. I'm sorry if it bothers you

She spends the nights laying up in bed, a thin sheen of sweat still clinging to her bare skin, because she’s just waiting.

Because it’s happened before.

Faking an orgasm – not that she’s faking now, god, god, she doesn’t have to fake a damn thing anymore – and feeling his (hers, now, and god, god, how could she not have known?) and he’ll be gone in the morning, no matter how many times he told her it was great, no matter now many times he told her she felt incredible; he’ll just be gone in the morning, every time, every guy. Which is fine because it wasn’t ever good for her anyway, she was just trying to feel something anyway, she just always failed again anyway, but you’d think she’d be worth at least a phone call the next day, right?

But it was always just sex, and it was fine with her, it was, because she didn’t want them, with their clumsy hands and careless thrusts, but she wanted… to be worthy. She wanted to be more. More than just a warm body to get off on, in. More than just a good fuck on a Friday night when she should have been at the lab.

It never stung, not exactly, because it was always uncomfortable anyway, always mildly repulsive anyway.

But now?

Now, there’s Maggie.

Now, there’s Maggie, and her laughter makes Alex’s heart backflip.

Now, there’s Maggie, and the way she says her name – over dinner, on the phone, at game night, in the field, underneath her body in bed – makes Alex’s entire body swoon.

Now, there’s Maggie, and she’s smart, and she’s tough, and she’s beautiful… so beautiful.

And Alex is wildly in love.

So when Maggie tears her throat on Alex’s name, Alex tries not to get her hopes up, because it’s probably just sex to her.
And when she asks if it’s okay before she scrapes her nails down Alex’s back, Alex tries not to feel cared for, because for sure Maggie’s done this before, for sure it’s nothing more than common courtesy to her.

And when she tells Alex how amazing it feels to be inside her, how beautiful she is, how incredible her body feels, Alex tries not to let her heart take in the words, because it’s just dirty talk, it’s just sex talk, it’s just… sex.

It has to be.

And she’s a secret agent, and a damn good one, and she prides herself on her poker face, but now?

Now, there’s Maggie.

And Maggie sees right through her.

“Alex, what’s wrong?” she asks as she’s pulling Alex close to her after they’ve both cum – and Alex is still trembling from that, because god, god, god, that’s never happened before – and concern is etched all over her perfect face. “Did I hurt you, babe, did I go too fast, did I – “

“No, no. It’s fine, it was… amazing, Maggie, everything’s…”

But Maggie’s head is tilted and her eyes are soft and her hands are gentle and her face is patient and kind and… something like loving, Alex dares to, maybe, hope.

“You can tell me anything, Alex, it’s okay.”

She’s fought off entire armies, goddammit. She can say an honest damn sentence in bed with a beautiful woman.

Right?

Right.

“It’s not just sex for you, is it? Like, I mean, it’s great, right, having sex with you, it’s great, it’s amazing, I’ve never… it’s amazing, Maggie, and don’t get me wrong, I don’t want to stop having it, but I don’t just… I don’t just want that, I don’t just want sex, I… but… for you, is it – I mean, I don’t want to be clingy, god, I’m not – “

“Whoa whoa whoa, Danvers, slow down.” She puts a gentle finger to Alex’s lips and Alex kisses it automatically and Maggie’s eyes light up softly, perfectly, and Alex tries not to feel loved, because what if she’s wrong? Because Maggie is perfect, and she’s so… broken, and damaged, and inexperienced, so how could it possibly be anything other than… sex?

“Alex, I would never…” Maggie bites her lip and strokes Alex’s hair and blinks tears away from her eyes. “I get it. Feeling insecure like that. Alex, I feel that way all the time. You… how could a gorgeous, genius woman like you even give me the time of day, let alone… share my bed? I… Alex, those questions you just asked me? I want to ask you those all the time, too. Because I… I’m crazy about you, Alex, and I just… yes, yes, I just want to kiss you, but I don’t only want to kiss you. I want… I want everything with you, Alex, I want to… to build things with you.”

“Like… Legos?”

“Nerd.”
“You said build things.”

“A life, Danvers. I wanna build a life with you, I… I’m wild about you, Alex. You could never, ever just be sex to me. You are so much more than that, I promise you. And if you ever feel insecure like that? Then I will move entire continents to make sure you know how I feel about you. Because how I feel… how I feel is amazing. I’ve never felt this way before, for anyone. You’re special, Alex. You’re perfect. I promise.”

“So you’re saying you like me?”

“You’re never gonna let that one go, are you?”

“You love it.”

“I do, Danvers. I do.”
Maggie’s never used the term partner before, with anyone she’s dated.

Not that she’s introduced any of them to Adrian – none of them have been special enough, kind enough, open enough.

Until Alex.

But he’s always grilled her about her love life like it was going out of style, so he knows all the stories; the girlfriend who loved zip lining, which was great, but ultimately left Maggie for another woman; the girlfriend who was verbally abusive and the one time it got physical, she tried to not talk about it with him and he just stared at her gently until she did, because how many times had she been there for him; the girlfriend who Maggie constantly fought with about race, but the sex was amazing and after the last relationship, she was just about broken enough to stay until she was dumped.

Adrian hadn’t met any of them, but he’d heard all the stories. All of Maggie’s girlfriends.

She never used the term partner.

Too close to work – she had a cop partner, after all – and it had always felt too clinical for her.

Until there was Alex.

Adrian’s ears perked because now when she said the word – partner, my partner – it wasn’t about the guy she spent her days driving around with in an NCPD car.

The word, now, is laced with adoration, laced with love, laced with intensity that Adrian has never heard Maggie have for anyone before.

“So, when do I meet them?”

Maggie beams at his automatic use of Alex’s pronouns, at his intuition, at his heart. But then she blinks.

“You’ve never asked me that before.”

“And you’ve never swooned like that before.”

She tilts her head and glares slightly, but denies nothing, and the quirk to her lips gives her away.
“Please, Alex does not make me swoon.”

Adrian just stares, and Maggie’s phone buzzes. “Hey babe,” she answers eagerly, her voice rising an octave or two, and Adrian chuckles to himself.

“Sure you don’t swoon,” he mouths, and Maggie sticks her tongue out at him.

The three of them decide – through a series of gestures and mouthing and suppressed giggling between Maggie and Adrian – that Alex should come for dinner that night.

Maggie paces while Adrian does most of the cooking.

“They’ve never met anyone really, from my life. And you’ve never met anyone really, from my life. What if you two don’t get along, what if – “

“Hey. Hey hey hey, Maggie.” He wipes his hands on the “Kiss the Cook, He’s Hot, Just Look at Him” apron Maggie keeps in the cabinet for him, and rests them on her shoulders. “It’s gonna be fine. I promise.”

She sighs and she nods and she grabs a spoon and pokes at the simmering rice.

“Hey, get outta there, it’s not ready!”

She scowls and sighs again and surrenders the spoon.

“Was I like this before you met my friends when I was in high school?”

“Please, you were so much wors – “

The sharp but somehow also gentle knock at the door interrupts her, and Adrian kisses her cheek as she heads to the door.

“Hi babe,” she greets, and Adrian watches carefully from the kitchen as this new person in Maggie’s life presents her with flowers – red roses, so they’re serious, he observes – and kisses her cheek and holds up a small paper bag and says something softly.

They’re in loose fitting jeans, a spectacular belt, and a henley over a pretty flat chest that makes him grin – it’s always nice to not be the only one binding in a space – and their hair is a short, almost red mess of post-motorcycle emotions.

“Hey there,” he calls from the kitchen. “Sorry I’m not coming to you, I don’t wanna burn the plátanos – “

“No, you’re fine.” Alex says with an easy grin, and he observes their confident stride, their low voice, the way they casually kiss Maggie’s hand before letting it go to walk toward him, with a deep-seated joy.

“I’ve heard a lot of about you from Maggie,” they smile as they lean on the counter next to Adrian, offering their hand and smiling deeper as Adrian rushes to dry his own before taking it.

Alex’s handshake is firm and confident and Adrian hopes his matches up – from the nod Alex gives him, he’s pretty sure it does.

“So, I hope this isn’t weird – I mean, it might be totally weird, and you can tell me if it is – “

Adrian glances at Maggie as Alex’s swagger melts into adorable prattling, and Maggie is beaming and Adrian makes a note to tell her later that yes, Alex Danvers definitely makes her swoon.
"But I know how much you mean to Maggie, and I wanted to get her flowers, but I didn’t want to not bring something for you – I mean, not that I think you’re a child and wouldn’t be okay with it or anything, but – I wanted to bring you something. Anyway, I hope you like it.”

They slide the paper bag they brought close to him, and he lowers the stove’s flames under his various dishes before diving eagerly into the bag.

“I always like presents! But you didn’t have to bring me anything, I – whoa, cool!”

He digs out a pair of astronomical binoculars and turns them over and over in his hands, his eyes wide and his smile even wider as he presses them to his eyes.

Maggie shifts to stand behind Alex, wraps her arms around their waist, and stands up on her tip toes to kiss the back of their neck, their cheek. Alex melts into the touch, but Adrian isn’t watching to be able to note that Maggie also makes Alex swoon, because he’s too busy with his new toy.

“Maggie said you were taking astronomy in Star City, and I figured you might as well be able to see the places you’re studying. They’ve got really great resolution, you can see the – “

“Do you like hugs from people you don’t know?” Adrian is interrupting, something he generally tries not to do, but his eyes are flooded with tears and his heart is moved beyond telling.

“I – no, not usually, but if you’re asking if you can hug me right now, then yeah, I’d like that.”

Maggie beams and steps back from Alex so Adrian can slip into their arms, and Maggie notes with both a full and broken heart that Adrian is almost as tall as Alex, and given another growth spurt, he’ll probably wind up taller.

He meets her eyes over Alex’s shoulder and winks.

“This one’s a keeper, Maggie,” he says softly, but intentionally loudly enough for Alex to hear him, and they hug him closer.

“You take care of her, okay?” he tells them as he pulls back from the hug.

“Always.”

“And fortunately, you have all of dinner to give them the shovel talk, but for now, can we eat, is everything ready?”

Adrian and Alex laugh.

“You sound like my sister, babe” Alex comments, and Maggie flinches with a lopsided grin on her face.

“I’m pretty sure I didn’t sound like your sister last night – “

“ Innocent child is present, please don’t corrupt innocent child!”

Maggie laughs because she knows he’ll be grilling her for details about their sex life later, but for now, his interest is in feeding his queer mom and her partner, in making them laugh, in feeling like the kid in the… family.

Family. Family.

She stands on tip toes and kisses Alex’s cheek again. They turn to her and beam down at her. “You
and his parents have raised a beautiful son,” they tell her, and Maggie burrows into Alex’s chest as they watch Adrian taste-testing the rice.

“I mean he can cook like a god, so he’s worth keeping around.”

“Oh my god, he should meet Kara! Adrian, you should meet my sister, she exists to eat!”

“Sounds like my kinda woman! Now sit down, you two, I will accept no help from any mere mortals in my kitchen.”

“Technically, it’s my kitchen, Ade.”

“Technically, now I will make you help, so go set the table with your partner, Mags.”

“Yes sir.”

“Thank you ma’am.”

Alex laughs. “Are you two always like this?”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Oh please, Maggie, tell them the truth!”

Maggie looks up into Alex’s shining eyes. “He brings out the worst in me.”

“Really? Because you look like the best to me.”

“There will be no making out in my kitchen! No – it – okay, fine, just don’t knock over the – okay. I’ll clean it up, I… oh well, they’ll come up for air eventually.”

And when they do, it’s to grab onto each other and gasp with laughter.

Between the three of them, it doesn’t stop all night long.
Chapter 273
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

woeohtherclexa asked:

hey mom!! i really love Yve and i was wondering if u could write a fic where Yve goes on her first mission and takes a bullet for Maggie and then Maggie gets mad at her and Yve says she did it because it's something Maggie would do for her.

First Yve fic here -- Chapter 207

She swears she’s not nervous, and they’ve been training her to – among other things – be an expert liar.

But Alex puts her hands on Yve’s shoulders and stares her steady in the eyes anyway.

“I was terrified my first time out, Agent Butler. But you have done incredible things: you’re ready for this. You were born ready for this: to protect your friend, and beyond. I believe in you, okay?”

Yve nods and wishes vaguely that they’d let her wear her denim jacket instead of this damn DEO uniform thing, but Alex had known exactly what to say: calling her an agent, to invoke her protective streak. To tell her she was born ready.

Because she was.

“Yes ma’am.”

Alex grins. “Let’s move out then.”

It’s a routine recon mission, coordinated with the NCP – Alex hadn’t been expecting too much danger, and Maggie met them at the scene.

She was wrong about the not expecting too much danger part.

Because within a few minutes of them infiltrating the old Cadmus warehouse, they discover what even Winn’s most sensitive equipment couldn’t – that it’s not so old after all.

Because within a few minutes, bullets are raining down on them from all sides, and Alex’s stomach twists, because Yve is trained, and Yve is ready, but Yve is a child, and Maggie, Maggie, Maggie.

She swallows her fear, just as she was trained to, and shouts out orders and covers the techies brought along to salvage what they could from the old Cadmus computers behind her.

She glances at Maggie and all the has to do is jerk her head, and Maggie knows. The two of them circle around behind their Cadmus attackers while Alex’s team lays down cover fire and, moving as one body even across the warehouse from each other, they slap cuffs on their targets.
“Nice work, Danvers,” Maggie grins grimly, and the bang comes out of nowhere.

So does the yell of Maggie’s and the sickening sound of bullet meeting flesh, and Alex doesn’t shoot to injure, she shoots to kill, because Yve is bleeding on the ground and it could have easily been Maggie and Yve’s blood is on her shoes and Maggie is shouting for a medic and Alex Danvers is nothing if not ruthlessly protective of her team.

Of her family.

“Hang in there, Agent Butler, you’re gonna be just fine,” Alex tells her steadily as she kneels next to Yve, biting her lip and trying not to groan, her head in Maggie’s lap and Maggie’s fingers joining Alex’s on Yve’s upper arm to pressure the wound and stop the bleeding.

“Why would you do that, Yve? Why the hell would you do something so stupid?” Maggie’s voice cracks, and she runs a shaking hand across Yve’s sweaty forehead.

“The gratitude,” Yve chokes, and Maggie lets out a shaky laugh as Alex takes over on Yve’s arm.

“She’s alright, babe, I promise, it’s just a graze,” she whispers to Maggie, and Alex’s voice, Alex’s skills, Alex’s confidence, Alex’s reassurance, is the only thing that keeps Maggie together.

But it doesn’t take away her anger.

“Yve – “

“You’d do the same for me, Maggie,” she cuts her off through gritted teeth. “Look down into my gorgeous eyes and tell me you wouldn’t.”

Her voice is weak and strained and painful, but she forces her eyes open to look up from Maggie’s lap at the woman who recruited her, at the woman who thinks it’s her fault she’s been shot, but Yve knows differently: it’s Cadmus’s fault she’s been shot, and Maggie is the reason they found her friend all those months ago as she was starting training, and Maggie is the reason she founded a queer support group in the DEO last month, and Maggie is the reason she gets to wear this stupid, non-denim, amazing uniform.

“I would in a heartbeat, Yve,” Maggie tells her and leans down to kiss her forehead, and Alex wants to kiss Maggie’s lips, but she waits because the medical evac team is loading Yve out of Maggie’s lap, out of Alex’s hands, and onto a stretcher now.

Alex wants to kiss Maggie, to make love to her, but not yet.

Later, later, later.

Soon.

“Agent Butler,” she calls, standing, and the evac team pauses. Alex bends over and strokes Yve’s cheek.

“Thank you. For protecting Maggie. It should’ve been me, not you, it… thank you.”

“What are secret agents for, Agent Danvers? And hell, it’ll make a great first mission story,” Yve grimaces bemusedly.

“And here’s to many more.”

Yve grins broadly. “Alright boys, take me away on my throne to the med bay!”
“Do we only recruit massive nerds to the DEO?” Maggie asks as she stands shakily, hugging her arms around her own chest. Alex goes to stand behind her and wraps her arms around her waist, pulling her close and kissing her hair.

“Naturally. Come on babe, I’ll give you a ride back to the DEO. Yve’s gonna be on some great painkillers when they take the bullet out of her arm, and Adrian is definitely gonna want to get on the phone with her for that.”

“Good god, what have we done?”

“Bringing Yve into the fold? Made the world a safer place, that’s what we’ve done.”

“You promise she’s alright?”

“I promise. I promise.”

And she is. When later that night, she walks out of the med bay with her arm in a sling, it’s to the applause of all the agents on shift.

“Glad you’re back on your feet, Agent Butler. We need that courage and those smarts of yours,” J’onh nods in solemn gratitude and approval, and Yve bites her lip as seasoned agents applaud her, thank you, wish her well.

Because she’s sacrificed for people before – too many times before – and she’s never gotten recognition, gratitude, appreciation, love, from virtual strangers that welcomed her into family, not like this.

Because this? This is the start of the rest of her life.
Chapter 274

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

rushman2-0 asked:

Hey mom, I know you're not taking prompts right now and I totally get if you can't bc you always come first (never forget that) but I'm having a really rough night and I was wondering if you could write something for Alex having OCD and needing to control things and she's pretty good at knowing herself (she'd have to be) but sometimes she can't and she throws herself into work and training bc they're the things she can control and Maggie pulls her out of it? idk if that makes any sense sorry ily

She’s generally got it under control.

It’s generally not something that gets visible to anyone else.

J’onn knows. Of course J’onn knows. And Kara knows. Of course Kara knows.

They help, when it gets overwhelming.

When her thoughts spiral and won’t stop, won’t stop, won’t stop, when she needs to have everything in the lab just so because it won’t stop, won’t stop, won’t stop, when she needs to get out of the apartment and get into work because she knows what will happen if she stays. Which is how Eliza knows.

She wishes Eliza didn’t know.

That never helps. Eliza never helps.

Eliza makes her cycles stronger.

It won’t stop.

Now? Now, it’s Maggie. Now, it’s Maggie, because she’ll find out that Alex isn’t cool and badass and calm and kickass. She’ll find out that Alex is a complete wreck inside. She’ll find out and she’ll leave and Alex will break and she needs to be in the lab. She needs to be training new recruits.

She’s good at those things.

She’s good at those things.

She’s good at those things.

J’onn sighs when he sees her – feels her, really – slip back into the DEO after two long shifts that most certainly mean she should be home sleeping and eating ice cream and resting, not coming back for more.
He tries to make a habit of never deliberately dipping into her or anyone’s thoughts, but strong, powerful surface thoughts always leave impressions in his mind.

So he sighs, because he knows, and smiles softly, because he’s proud. Because somewhere in Alex’s struggle right now, she remembers that she copes better when she doesn’t close herself off, alone. And she’s doing what’s best for herself by dragging herself here.

He will never stop being proud of his eldest Earth daughter.

And he’s hardly surprised when his newest daughter shows up with a bewildered, concerned look on her face a few minutes later.

“Hey J’onn, I’m sorry, is Alex here? I thought she’d be home, I know she just got off some really long shifts, but she’s not picking up her phone, and – “

He puts his hand on Maggie’s shoulder and leads her to one of the sparring rooms without a word.

“She’s not feeling so great, is she?” Maggie asks, and J’onn glances down at her, curious and impressed.

“I may be new, but I know her,” Maggie answers his unspoken question, and his eyes smile down at her.

“She’s not feeling so great, no,” J’onn confirms softly as they stop in the entryway of a room identical to the green room except lacking in Kryptonite-emitters. She’s got some new recruits lined up and she’s teaching them a new set of moves, and damn, is she good at it.

She’s good at it.

Excellent.

A demanding but thorough teacher. A ruthless, smart fighter.

Excellent.

She can’t control her mind, maybe, but dammit, she can control the way her body wraps around a new recruit’s and shows him how to throw her down. She can land perfectly, and call attention to the way that she let herself fall without breaking any bones, so the rookies can learn how to both throw down and be thrown down most effectively. She can flip herself off of her back and back onto her feet without using her hands, because she can control her strong, how agile, how useful, her body is.

Maggie watches her with a tilted head and soft eyes, and she sees the battle raging in Alex’s, and she knows that she’s in love.

J’onn can feel it radiating off of her, and he smiles.

“I’ll leave Agent Danvers in your very capable hands,” he says, because Alex’s family is growing and he couldn’t be happier. Even if it added another child for him to worry over. It was worth it.

“Hey Danvers, you about done beating up the newbies?” Maggie calls, and Alex stiffens, and the rookies grin.

“Oh come on, it’s just training, once we finish basic, we can take her,” Yve calls, and Alex scoffs.

“Doubt that, Butler,” she parries, but stiffness and dismisses them to practice on each other in a
different room nonetheless.

Maggie squeezes Yve’s hand on the way out, and Alex has barely-controlled terror in her eyes. “I’ve got to go join them, supervise their session,” she tells Maggie quickly, efficiently.

Maggie nods softly. “You can do that if you need to, babe, but I think you need some sleep.”

Alex gulps and her breathing starts to get ragged, her heart rate starts to skyrocket. “Can’t sleep.”

Maggie is quiet for a long, long, long moment, and then, “Thoughts spiralling, Danvers?”

Alex blinks rapidly and swallows and fights the instinct to run. “How – “

“I know you, Alex. Here babe.” She puts her hand on Alex’s chest. “Breathe out into my hand, okay? Just breathe into my hand. Just breathe into my hand.”

Alex glares for a long, panicked moment before closing her eyes and conceding. Her coiled muscles relax somewhat in a few breaths, and Maggie strokes her cheek softly. “Come home with me, Ally. You need to rest.”

Alex tenses again.

“Breathe into my hand,” Maggie repeats, and Alex does.

“I have to…” She splutters, at a loss for explaining, and thinking, hoping, from the kind, patient, affectionate look on Maggie’s face that maybe, just maybe, she doesn’t have to.

“I know. I know. What if I promise not to leave your side until it gets quieter in there? Hm?”

“And then you’ll leave?”

“Would you want me to?”

Alex shakes her head fearfully.

“Then no, I’d stay to celebrate the quiet with you.”

“Why are you – “

“Because I love you, Danvers. Because you’re amazing and you’re allowed to feel what you feel and be supported every step of the way. Okay?”

Alex quirks her lips to the side and Maggie nearly swoons.

“You’re the best.”

“I certainly hope so, because the best is exactly what you deserve.”
It starts with a shaking that she can feel, but that no one can see.

It starts with a trembling, like she’s trembling on the inside but it won’t translate into the outside of her body.

She doesn’t know whether to be relieved – at least no one can see – or scared – is it in my head?

She runs tests on herself and she tells no one.

Maggie notices anyway.

So does J’onn.

But when she loses balance on a basic mission and misfires her gun and Kara doesn’t believe her explanation that she’s fine, she’s fine, she just got distracted, she’s just tired, she submits to a full work up. Finally.

Maggie’s eyes are wide as she hugs herself in the back of the room, as she watches Alex get a full neuro exam, as she watches tubes get filled with her blood, as she watches the DEO medics whisper to J’onn and Alex’s body tense as she sits up and Kara has to hold her down.

“You people realize I’m a doctor, right? You realize I’ve been practicing longer than the both of you combined, that I – ”

“Alex – ”

“No! No whispering! No whispering and no sad eyes and no – just tell me what’s going on.”

And they do, and she expects Maggie to cry. Hell, she expects Maggie to leave.

Because already, Alex is running it all through in her head.
She won’t be able to hold a gun. Not even the ray gun that shoots so easily.

She won’t be able to reliably keep herself or others safe out in the field. Hell, she may not be able to navigate in the field.

And forget lab work, forget sticking needles into people’s veins and stitching up her fellow agents and conducting emergency field surgeries and...

And saving lives.

Forget saving lives.

Failed. Again. It figures.

And not just at work.

Because Maggie loves how steady Alex’s fingers are inside her, how strong. Maggie loves Alex’s precision, Maggie swoons under Alex’s touch. Maggie moans in ecstasy when Alex lifts her up and carries her into the bedroom, when she holds her down and fucks her senseless while whispering how much she loves her into her ear.

And now?

And now the failure is physical. Now the failure is everything. Now the failure is permanent.

She keeps her face steady and she listens as J’onn steadily instructs the medics to listen to Alex, to do as she says and continue giving everything to her straight up.

So they do.

Kara bites her lips and adjusts her glasses and holds Alex’s hand and asks more questions than Alex knew her little sister could have about biology.

Maggie doesn’t say anything at all. Not with words, anyway. She crosses the room and sits on Alex’s other side, and she kisses Alex’s forehead, but that’s all Alex knows because Alex won’t look at her eyes. She doesn’t want to see resigned obligation, and she doesn’t want to see pity, and she doesn’t want to see heartbreak.

She doesn’t know that if she looks, she’ll just see warmth.

“Yoga can help a lot, right?” is the first thing Maggie says, after a long while. “In addition to the DBS, if she decides to have it?”

“I’ll have it,” Alex says immediately, without hesitation and without emotion and without looking at her girlfriend.

“For a lot of people, yeah, holistic treatments can be quite effective.”

“See Danvers, I finally have the perfect excuse to get you to come to yoga with me.”

Alex hears the grin in Maggie’s voice and turns to her, finally, disbelief on her face.

“Why are you being so – ”

Maggie cuts her off – not something she makes a habit of, but she knows Alex, and she knows this isn’t going to be something Alex wants people to hear – “Guys, could you give us the room,
J’onn nods the DEO doctors out, and Maggie lifts her hands to stop J’onn and Kara from leaving. “No, you guys are Alex’s family, I didn’t mean you guys should leave.”

They both beam down at her, and Alex waits.

“What were you saying, Alex?”

“Why are you being so… calm? I’m going to lose my job, my entire life, hell, our sex life, Maggie, it – ”

“Danvers, I’m not calm. I’m furious. You don’t deserve this kind of pain, and I know, I know, that this is going to be so hard for you. But ride or die doesn’t mean bouncing when things change, Alex. And it’s change. And that change is gonna be hard. Dead hard. But I don’t love you because you shoot guns and beat the shit out of people and are incredible in bed. Sorry guys.”

“Should I leave?”

“No, J’onn, that’s the most graphic I’ll get for now.”

“Thank god.”

“Alex, I love you because of why you do those things. Because you’re so desperate to protect the people you love, to fight for what you know is right, to take care of people, to make me… to make me happy, to give me pleasure. Wasn’t too graphic, was it?”

“Getting there, Maggie.”

“Sorry, Little Danvers, I promise it’s done now.”

Alex smiles, shocked that she still can, and her heart warms, shocked that it still will.

“Those things, Ally? Those things haven’t changed. Those things aren’t going to change. You’re still you. And we have a lot to figure out, a lot about how you’re going to move differently in the world now. But we’ll figure it out together, Alex. You and me and Kara and J’onn and James and Winn. We’re gonna figure it out. Together. Okay? You haven’t failed a damn thing. I promise.”

“You’re perfect, Alex,” Kara echoes, and Alex is shocked by the lack of pity in her voice. She sounds exactly like she did when Alex came out to her: full of love, full of emotion, but not full of pathetic sympathy.

And that? Alex can stomach that. She squeezes Kara’s hand, and when her own trembles with the effort, Kara just smiles.

“You’re my big sister, Alex. And you’re never gonna stop being a badass.”

“We should still come with a warning?” Alex asks, and Maggie kisses her hand as she watches the two of them.

“No one ever gave me a warning about you two,” J’onn deadpans, and Alex laughs at the normality in his voice, in the good god they’re going to figure out a whole new set of danger to get themselves in now voice.

“The Danvers sisters will always come with a warning.”
Chapter 276

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! Can I call you mom? The situation at home is not good, mom is literally avoiding the fact that I'm bi, and every time she is mad at something she yells at me and it's horrible.... okay not why I'm here, but could you write something about sanvers in high school? Or something? That would be awesome, sorry if I bother you, you are really incredible and thank you for always taking the time to write and answer us. :) 

Oh sweetheart, I am so so so sorry things are so tough for you right now. Please don’t forget that you are perfect and you never deserve to be yelled at, and of course you can call me mom. I am sending you all my love, darling: and you never have to apologize: you are never, ever a bother. You are worthy of all the best things, always!!! <3 <3 <3

She always walks Kara from class to class. Always.

Because Kara’s still getting used to the whole earth thing and it’s her job to take care of her and she has to take care of her and no one other than Vicky is trying to walk through the halls with the science nerd freak with the even freakier little sister, anyway.

But her stupid English teacher kept her whole stupid class a whole stupid three minutes late, so now she’s sprinting through the halls, weaving through overconfident jocks and small-looking freshmen and that girl with the gorgeous eyes until she skids to a stop outside of Kara’s algebra class.

Where Kara is talking to another girl, an older-looking girl – certainly not a freshmen, anyway, but she can’t be a junior because Alex has never seen her – and Alex knows this can’t be good.

No one in this school talks to Kara without wanting a laugh out of it.

“Kara!”

“Hi Alex!” Alex furrows her brow because she’s bouncing on the balls of her feet, the way she does when she’s excited, not scared or hurt or confused. And she’s not furiously adjusting her glasses: she’s just… smiling.

“This is Maggie! She just moved here from a place called Nebraska – have you heard of – anyway – and she asked me how to get to the science office and I was showing her and she likes my glasses and she wants to be friends!”

Alex turns her attention to the girl next to Kara. Her jeans are ripped like they’ve seen a lot of wear, and her ponytail is high and her eyes are as guarded as the beaten-up leather jacket that covers her basketball jersey.
“Maggie Sawyer,” the girl sticks her hand out, the grin she’d worn while watching Kara ramble still on her mouth, but her eyes cautious now, as she regards this new arrival.

“Alex Danvers,” Alex shakes, wondering why the core of her stomach feels this hot just from touching this girl’s hand, wondering why she seems so solemn, why she was apparently being so nice – so normal – to Kara.

“Danvers – so you’re the sister! I’ve already heard a lot about you from Kara. Apparently I’m not the only one looking to spend study periods in the science office?”

Alex grins, guardedly.

“You like science?”

Maggie stiffens, and Kara’s wide eyes flit between her big sister and her new friend.

“You find that surprising?”

There’s something in the way Maggie defends herself, something in the way her hurt is masked but somehow also oozes out of her lips that makes Alex stop, and smile. That makes her desperate to reassure her.


Maggie’s posture relaxes somewhat, and she shifts her backpack on her right shoulder. “All of the above. You?”

“Same.”

“Ladies, you need to be in your classrooms now!” one of the sophomore math teachers calls, and they all jump.

“Kara, see you after!” Alex pushes her gently into her classroom.

“I’ve got my study period now. You?”

“Yeah.”

“Ladies!”

“We’ve got a free! We’re going!”

Maggie grins at Alex’s indignation. “Don’t like being yelled at much, huh?”

Alex grimaces. “Does anyone?”

There’s something behind Maggie’s nod that Alex wants to hug, which feels odd, because she’s never really wanted to hug anyone but Kara. And Vicky.

“So, Nebraska, huh?” Alex asks as she leads Maggie down the hall to the science office.

“Trying to put it behind me. Kara says she’s not from around here, but that you grew up in Midvale.”

“You two talked a lot in a few minutes, huh?”
Maggie laughs gently and steps back to hold the door for Alex as they get to the office. “Kara did most of the talking.”

Alex searches her tone, her face, for mockery, but she finds only disbelief that someone can be that nice, and something that looks a lot like affection. Like relief that the girl she asked directions from wasn’t looking to hurt her.

“She seems like a really great kid.”

Alex’s heart twists guiltily. “She is.” She shows Maggie where she can set up her books, on the table where the science teachers let the nerds work and eat and rest from the stimulation, the abuse, of outside, during their free periods.

“Alex, you brought a friend!” her freshman biology teacher calls with equal parts pride and shock from her desk in a slightly separated room, and Alex blushes furiously.

“Maggie Sawyer. Just transferred, ma’am,” Maggie says in a small but trained-with-confidence voice, and Alex wonders why she had to develop it.

And she wonders why she didn’t correct her teacher – that Maggie wasn’t her friend, just a tagalong who was nice to her sister.

Because maybe she’s right.

Maybe the girl with the guarded eyes and adorable dimples – who’s already pulling out a peanut butter sandwich and offering Alex half – is going to be her friend after all.
Chapter 277

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

superfan94 asked:

Hi! So this is a prompt for whenever you have the time I just need to get it out there before I forget! Totally not a priority right now! So I got this scene in my head of Lucy (I miss her!!!! And Jenna) walking in on Maggie and Alex in the middle of sexy times! And a week later still teasing Alex about it! Sorry it's just you've made me obsessed with Alex/Lucy friendship. Again not sure priority just wanted it written down before I forget.

If they absolutely had to be walked in on by Lucy Lane – if it had to happen – Alex would have wanted it to be on one of the times she was on top, one of the times she had Maggie held down and screaming her name and begging her for more.

Because that? That, Lucy would have congratulated her for and teased her about, but the teasing would have been more of the same, more of what she already got from her friend.

But as it is?

As it is, Lucy lets herself into Maggie’s apartment when Maggie has Alex wearing nothing but her glasses, on her knees in front of the couch, cuffs on her wrists above her head as Maggie holds a vibrator inside her, tilted to pressure Alex’s clit, and Alex is nothing if not wrecked.

Lucy’s jaw drops and her eyes widen and her mouth goes completely dry.

And she promptly trips over her own feet.

Maggie swears and Alex pants, barely able to react to the interruption, and Maggie holds up a hand to Lucy, leaning over Alex to grab a throw blanket to wrap her in.

“I’ve got you, babe, okay? It’s just Lucy, everything’s okay, alright?”

Alex nods and lets her eyes flutter closed as Maggie uncuffs her hands, kisses her wrists, and wraps her up.

“So Agent Danvers,” Lucy starts as Alex recovers from the interruption, safe with Maggie’s arm around her. “Badass in the streets, bottom in the – “

“Don’t finish that sentence, Lane, or I’ll show you that badass part right now.”

“What, you naked except for a blanket and those sexy sexy reading glasses that your girlfriend apparently loves so much?”

Lucy smirks and Maggie chokes and Alex pffts and takes off her glasses immediately.
“We’re going to never speak about this again, clear?”

“Mmhmm. Clear as crystal, Danvers.”

But that doesn’t stop Lucy from asking Alex to read out an ingredient list for her and Maggie while they cook, nudging her glasses toward her as she acts.

“Wanna make sure you can see properly, Alex.”

It doesn’t stop her from, a few days later, asking Alex how her wrists are doing. If her throat is still sore from all that screaming of Maggie’s name.

“Just looking out for you, Danvers.”

And it doesn’t stop her, a full week later, from checking in with Alex while she’s watching her spar with new trainees at the DEO.

“Careful there, Agent Danvers, you don’t wanna reopen the rug burns on your knees.”

Each time, Alex wants to be irritated and she wants to be annoyed.

She really does.

But each time, she can do nothing but blush, and splutter, and gulp, and pfft, and forget how to string words together.

Which is exactly why Lucy keeps doing it.

Until, that is, J’onn overhears her latest crack about whether Alex’s ray gun has as many settings as her vibrator, and begs her, for the love of all that is decent on this god forsaken planet, to leave Agent Danvers’s love life at home.

“I will if she does,” Lucy mutters at that, and Vasquez snorts.

“Good god, I need to retire.”
anonymous asked:

I just discovered your fics and holy hell you're amazing! Any chance you can do one about Alex's first reaction to Maggie calling her babygirl?

She doesn’t register it for a minute or two.

“Can you pass me that measuring cup, please, babygirl?”

Their relationship is new – not so new that Maggie doesn’t know her way around Alex’s kitchen, that Alex doesn’t know exactly how many yoga classes Maggie goes to per week – but it’s new enough.

New enough that Alex is still getting used to calling Maggie her girlfriend; new enough that Maggie is still trying to calm herself down, trying to convince herself that Alex is worth trusting, that she isn’t just Alex’s coming out affair.

New enough that Maggie has called her gorgeous, but not babe; new enough that Maggie has called her sweetie, but only when she was crying; new enough that this? This whole babygirl business?

Makes Alex’s heart jump and makes her cheeks grow red and makes her stammer and splutter and generally lose her grip on the whole language thing.

But only a minute or two after the endearment slips out of Maggie’s mouth.

Because it feels natural, it feels right. And it feels… it feels like coming home.

“Here you go, Detective,” she flirts, making sure to graze Maggie’s fingers with her own, to bend down and kiss her forehead, her nose, in a way that always brings out Maggie’s dimples.

But then Alex freezes, and then the spluttering begins.

“Wait, Maggie, I – what – did you – it – babygirl?”

“I’m sorry, is – is that not okay? If it’s not okay, I don’t – ”

“I didn’t say it’s not okay – ”

“Because I don’t wanna make you uncomfortable, Danvers – ”

“No, I wanna be. Your babygirl. I want… that’s what I want.”

“Yeah?” Maggie looks up at her with wide eyes and the beginnings of a smile.

“Yes.” Alex’s voice is soft and her lips are softer when she leans down to kiss Maggie’s.
“Good then. My babygirl.”

Alex blushes and preens and squirms in the way James swears only Maggie can make her do.

Because she’s never liked being anyone’s, never liked the possessiveness, never understood the intimacy of endearments like that.

But being Maggie’s? And Maggie integrating that affection, that… love… into her language?

That kind of intimacy feels, now, absolutely perfect.
Chapter 279

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I know prompts are closed and I feel bad about asking this but my girlfriend just broke up with me because she doesn’t have enough time in her life for me so could you maybe write something about Maggie feeling like Alex doesn't have time for her and Alex comforts her? I just need someone to have a happy ending that I didn't get. But if you don't have time don't worry about writing it.

It’s always the other way around.

She’s always the one accused of putting work ahead of the relationship, always accused of not caring enough – even though she bends over backwards, every day, every night, every moment in between, to be as affectionate as she can be, to be as thoughtful as she can be, even when she’s exhausted, even when she’s a nervous wreck, even when god this really has to get done, but she needs to know she means something to me – but now?

Now that she’s dating a secret agent with a superhero for a sister?

Now, she thinks she knows a little bit what it feels like.

And she understands, she does. She truly, truly does. Because their jobs are so different, but they’re also so the same.

So when Alex’s workplace is on lockdown and she misses their first concert together, she gets it.

And when Alex gives her a quick kiss and a grimace and a promise to make it up to her and sprints to the DEO in the middle of dinner at one of the fanciest restaurants in the city because Kara – well, Supergirl – needs something that only Alex can give, she understands.

And when Alex leaves early – so early the sun isn’t even up yet – and Maggie wakes up to a cold, empty bed, she’s not angry.

(Especially because Alex leaves the sweetest notes: You’re so beautiful while you sleep, princess, I didn’t want to disturb you; I can’t wait to see you tonight, beautiful; Thank you for an amazing, amazing, mind-blowing night (I always thought that was an exaggeration. Thank you for proving my hypothesis wrong, Detective); There’s coffee and a dry double-toasted bagel (gross) on the table for you, beautiful.)

So it’s not Alex. Truly, it’s not.

It’s the ghosts of everyone else – everyone else who’s left her, everyone else who’s done everything in their power to prove she isn’t worth anyone’s time, anyone’s effort, anyone’s real love – that seep into her head, her heart, and twist her stomach into knots.
So when Alex comes home—three hours later than she’d said she would—and kicks off her boots and pulls Maggie into a soft kiss, Maggie melts.

She melts, but she’s also fighting tears, fighting fear, fighting the terror that Alex only wants her when it’s convenient, that Alex only wants her because it’s convenient, that Alex only wants her when Alex wants her, and nothing more.

Alex feels it, feels her stiffen at the same time as she melts, and she runs her hands down Maggie’s arms until she’s holding her hands, and she pulls away from their kiss and she looks down with concerned eyes and a soft voice.

“What’s wrong?”

Maggie steps back automatically. “Nothing, I—you guys get that last weapon back in containment?”

“Yeah, we did, Winn and I had to—no, Maggie, no. Something’s wrong.”

“Nothing’s wrong, Alex, it—I—”

Alex’s stare is fixed, but her eyes aren’t angry. They’re worried, and more than a little tired, and guilt digs into Maggie’s veins.

“I’m sorry. Nothing’s wrong, Danvers. Did you eat dinner?”

“Maggie.”

“Danvers. Did you eat dinner?”

“Maggie, please.”

Maggie’s back is to her, now, and Alex watches as her shoulders stiffen, as her hands open and close, as her left hand rises to her chin, then falls and rubs nervously up and down her own thigh.

“I don’t want you to feel like you have to spend time with me.”

Whatever Alex is expecting to hear, it isn’t that. “Like I have to—what?”

Maggie whirls around, and her eyes are calm on the surface, but raging just beneath, terrified just beneath, and Alex’s heart threatens to break.

“You just got off a—what—sixteen hour shift? After yesterday’s twelve? You should be able to rest when you come home, not listen to your girlfriend.…”

Alex shakes her head and furrows her brow and steps forward tentatively, stopping just short of touching Maggie. “Listen to my girlfriend what?”

“You know what, Danvers, it doesn’t matter, I—if you didn’t eat, I made you that pesto pasta stuff you like, there’s leftovers in the fridge, I’m going to bed—”

“Maggie. Are you angry that I didn’t come home on time?”

“No. No, I’m not angry, I’m not, I just…I don’t want to take up more of your time, Danvers. You’re only human, even though you don’t treat yourself like one. You run yourself into the ground at work, for Kara, and that’s…that’s what I love about you, Alex, but I don’t want to be…a distraction, or an annoyance, I don’t want you to feel like you have to come home and entertain
me, like you’re obligated to spend time with me when you’re tired or you just want to be alone or –"

“Yeah. Yeah, you’re right. Alone time’s important. But I go for my runs, and you do your heavy bag, and I think we’ve been pretty decent at carving out other separate time. Your outings with James, mine with Winn, and with Kara, your video games sessions with Winn… But if you think we need to get better at that, Maggie, that’s okay – I didn’t have to come over tonight, I just thought –”

“Right, exactly, you thought I needed you to, and I don’t want to put that burden on you, Alex.”

“Can I touch you?”

“What?”

“Can I touch you? Would you like it if I touched you? I want to hold you. If you want to be held.”

Maggie blinks down tears and nods defiantly, and Alex wraps her up in her arms and kisses her forehead.

“Maggie, you are never a burden. I love spending time with you. I love coming home to you. And yeah, okay, I don’t have the most spare time in the world, but the spare time that I do have, Maggie? The spare time that I’ve created for myself since I met you? And no, stop, please, don’t apologize – I love it, Maggie. Because I love… I love you, and carving out time for you, for us? That’s part of carving out time for me. Because you make me so happy, Mags. I never could have imagined being as happy as I am with you, I… you’re never a burden, Maggie. I don’t care how many hours I work, or how demanding both of our jobs are. Loving you, Maggie Sawyer, will never be anything but an honor and a joy. I promise.”

“Even when I get all whiny and insecure like a twelve year old?”

“Even when you get all self-deprecating and have legitimate trauma from being abandoned so often and need some understandable reassurance, yes.”

“Big words there, Danvers.”

Alex preens. “I went to Stanford.”

“Nerd.”

“Your nerd, Maggie. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“You said you made pasta?”

“Your favorite.”

“Ugh, you really are the best.”
Chapter 280

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

am i the only one that imagined alex or maggie stalking one another on fb or instagram after they met at the crime scene just because something about them was bugging one another? like can u imagine maggie seeing alex’s pictures with kara as suprgirl and being like "interesting.." someone needs to write this

She would pfft and deny it if Kara asked her, and she’d come dangerously close to breaking his nose if Winn asked her.

But no one asks her, because she only does it on her phone, and only when she’s sure she’s alone.

“Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division,” she mutters to herself, irritated that the arrogant woman – it was her crime scene, dammit – won’t leave her mind.

Irritated that the arrogant woman… does things to the inside of her stomach.

Things that she’s not entirely sure are unpleasant.

She pours herself a glass of bourbon and opens Instagram on her phone.

Just because she wants to check this hard-headed cop out, of course.

Not that way. Just… check out what she gets up to off the job. See if she can figure out if she’s actually any good at her job.

She must be – she knew Infernians, Kryptonians, heat vision, could spot sloppy methods of bagging evidence from twenty yards away – but Alex finds herself needing to know more.

For no reason, really.

To feed her irritation, probably.

She drinks deeper and types her name into the search function.

She doesn’t have to scroll long before she finds that infuriating grin, that gorgeous hair, that…

She knows she shouldn’t, but she does it anyway.

She clicks and she scrolls – slowly, more slowly than she would ever admit to – through photos of the detective sitting at a table with her hand up, a confident but somehow still soft, but somehow still edged, somehow still unreadable, expression on her face, in something just off black and white; photos of the easy-bake local cop sporting a gym bag and a confident, head-tilted stare that captivates Alex for longer than she’d care to admit; photos of the hardcore, unshakeable detective shrieking with apparent laughter on the back of a tall boy with a silver earring and dapper shirt,
banter that’s cuter than Alex would care to admit in the comments section between Sawyer and some kid with the username arodriguez_nottheballplayer.

She idly slips over to the boy’s Instagram and finds that Maggie is all over his, too, at Pride parades and activist events, at college visits and a high school graduation, the boy beaming with his diploma and the detective on her tip-toes, kissing his slightly scruffy cheek, his skin darker than hers but his eyes just as bright.

Alex wonders how the apparently hard-ass detective wound up so full of smiles around this kid, and she wonders if maybe he’s Maggie’s Kara.

But no, Maggie can’t have a Kara.

Maggie can’t be a person to Alex.

Maggie’s just a local cop who got in the way of her investigation, who impeded on her territory, who stepped into her jurisdiction.

And is, apparently, refusing to leave.

“Hey M’gann, what’s the wifi this month?” Maggie wants to know, and M’gann smirks.

“Morn made it up this time – guess.” She grins as Maggie laughs into her beer and types in the quiet but ever-present alien’s name into her phone, and she goes immediately to Instagram.

“My lab is not an easy bake flipping oven,” Maggie mutters to herself as she searches the name of the overly self-assured, overly hot – that suit, my god, why would she do that to a person? – secret service agent who’d trampled onto her crime scene earlier today.

“Ooh, new hot date?” M’gann asks as she passes behind Maggie with a tray of north Bravakian ale. “She’s cute.”

Maggie rolls her eyes. “Come on, M’gann, you know I’m still with –”

“Yeah, I know, and you know I don’t think you should be.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

Maggie sighs and drinks deeply and squints as she scrolls through photos of Alex with pursed lips and smoldering eyes that set Maggie’s core on fire; older photos, it seems, of the secret service agent with shorter hair, a few with longer hair; a few of an apparent game night with two men with broad smiles and collared shirts, and a pretty blonde who makes Maggie’s stomach twinge with unwarranted and completely inexplicable jealousy; and even a couple in the field with Supergirl, their easy, intimate rapport clear even from the way they’re standing, from the ways they’re looking at each other.

“Interesting…” she murmurs.

“What’s interesting?” M’gann wants to know, and Maggie closes the app on her phone, knowing she shouldn’t be going down this rabbit hole, she shouldn’t be looking up photos of some – beautiful – woman just because something’s bugging her about her, just because she can’t get her out of her mind, just because…
“Nothing. Nothing. Just someone I met in the field today.”

M’gann arches an eyebrow; she doesn’t need her telepathy to know better, but she doesn’t push.

“Scotch? On the house?” she offers instead.

Maggie grins and pushes her empty beer bottle at her friend.

“Only if I can interest you in a game of pool when you get off shift.”

“You know you have no chance, Sawyer,” M’gann laughs.

Maggie thinks of that agent – Alex Danvers – her name feels better than she wants to admit on her tongue – and shrugs.

“I’ve got hope.”
Chapter 281

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

sandstonesunspear asked:

Hi mum! Here’s the prompt: Eliza deliberately misgenders nb!Alex and stuff, and Maggie comes to Alex's defense and completely loses it.

Maggie has held her tongue through a lot. She’s only had gentle, measured responses to Eliza – and a firm, supportive hand on Alex’s thigh – through the worst of it so far.

*Oh honestly, Alexandra, putting Kara in the position where she had to blow out her powers again just to save you from your own reckless decision?*

*Respectfully, Dr. Danvers, if Alex hadn’t been so incredibly brave, we would have had no way to stop that ship at all, and hundreds of innocent people would have been stranded all the way on the other side of the galaxy and most likely left to suffer and die.*

*Alexandra, I know you’re still upset about your father, but really, that’s no reason to drink yourself into another stupor.*

*Actually, Dr. Danvers, it’s root beer, so the only stupor anyone will be in is from sugar overload.*

She always does it with a gentle tone, and she does it with a modicum of respect in her voice, because Eliza likes her – really likes her – and she knows it’s better for everyone, better for Alex, if it stays like that.

But that doesn’t mean she’s going to just watch Alex get gaslighted, get beaten down, get loved so painfully by a woman who doesn’t know how to love properly, doesn’t know how to say Alex I love you to the ends of the earth and you terrify me because I’m always so worried about you.

And since then?

Since then, Maggie has held Alex’s hand while they managed to stumble through yet another coming out to Eliza – another I feel more like me than I ever have, and that reason is – what, no Barry Allen mystery portal this time? Great, I was kind of counting on – Mom, I’ve never felt more like myself than I do now, because I realized that I didn’t grow up knowing any labels that fit me right, but now I – I’m nonbinary, Mom, I’m – I’m me, same as ever, but they and them instead of she and her, because it just… it makes so much sense, you know? – and Alex had nearly broken her fingers with the force of their grip as Eliza had blinked, had blinked again, had stood, had swallowed, had looked directly at Alex and after long, long minutes of Alex quietly begging her to say something, said, So you’re not quite a boy but you’re not quite the beautiful young woman I raised, and I assume your very lesbian girlfriend is for some reason okay with this because she’s holding your hand, and your sister is giving you that unconditionally supportive look because her heart is purer than mine will ever be, so I assume I’m alone when I say I’m a little bewildered and am going to have to get used to losing my daughter.
Kara’s arms are around Alex before the first sob can choke out of their lips, and Maggie holds them from behind and Alex splutters and Alex breaks as Eliza retreats to Kara’s bedroom.

Kara – once her own temper with Eliza has calmed somewhat – runs interference between her sibling and her foster mother, enough of it to get them back in the same room, enough of it to get Eliza’s arms around a crying Alex while Maggie watches with rage on her face. Kara slips her fingers into Maggie’s.

“They’re going to be okay. They have us. They have you,” Kara whispers, and Maggie kisses her on the cheek.

“I love you, Little Danvers.”

Kara smiles with sad eyes as they both watch Alex sniffle in Eliza’s arms.

And now?

Now it’s been a month, and there have been good phone conversations – Alex, you’re my da – my child, and I will always love you, and I will always be proud of you, however you are – and there have been explosive phone conversations – I’m sorry, Alexan – Alex – it’s a mother’s instinct, I’ve known you one way for twenty-eight years and you’re expecting me to catch up with all these sudden changes overnight! – and now, there’s another family dinner.

Alex throws up with nerves beforehand, Maggie and Kara taking turns between rubbing Alex’s back and holding their hand and making sure the apartment is in order for Eliza’s arrival.

“How’re they doing?” Maggie calls into the bathroom as she sets the table, deliberately addressing Kara so Alex can hear their pronouns, so Alex can hear their validation, and sure enough, Alex’s stomach settles somewhat.

Kara smiles and kisses the back of Alex’s neck and calls back out, “They’re doing just great, they could infiltrate Cadmus single-handedly all over again!”

Alex laughs wearily and leans back into their sister gratefully.

It’s the last laugh they get that evening.

Because Eliza blinks a little too much before complimenting – stiffly – Alex’s new haircut; stares a little too hard when Maggie switches easily between calling Alex babe, honey, Alex, and Al; completely blanches when Kara calls Alex both Al and Alex and refers to the Danvers siblings; and clenches her jaw when Kara passes behind Alex to get the cookies from the oven and rubs the back of their head, with its newly buzzed style, and laughs about how scared she is that Lena – who’s unfortunately out of the country right now – might just leave her for Alex, if the way she loves touching Alex’s new cut is any indication.

“So you’re saying your sister’s doing this to be more, what, butch, is that the word? That she just wants to be more attractive to women? I thought she – I thought you already have Maggie, dear, and everyone’s completely fine with you being a lesbian, no one would care if you cut your hair this way and wore those shirts and were just a woman, so I don’t understand why you feel the need to make things more complicated by – “

Maggie is up before Alex can start crying and she’s up before Kara can say more than Eliza, you need to –

“You know what, I’ve been respectful and I’ve held my tongue and I’ve – no. No more. Dr.
Danvers, you’re having trouble processing your kid’s identity? Fine. Whatever. Talk to people, talk to Kara, talk to me. Hell, talk to Alex if you want to, but don’t you dare misgender them just because you can, just because that’s what makes you feel more comfortable, more righteous. Not in this place, this place where Alex feels at home with their sister. And you know what else, did you ever stop to think that Alex lives in the same damn world as you do? That they have been forced to swallow the same heteronormative bullshit about you’re either a man or a woman, this way or that way, nothing else, no complexity, no wiggle room, and if you feel outside of that, you’re a freak, you’re just trying to get attention, you’re just trying to make your life harder, you’re being selfish, you’re being ridiculous? Did you ever stop to think that Al has been forced to swallow those same toxic lies, so maybe they have the same questions, the same insecurities and fears and fears and self-doubts, that you’re interrogating them about? That you’re hitting every one of their fears, every one of their triggers, and to what? You think they haven’t already been over and over all of this with themselves, with me, with Kara and James and J’onn and Winn and Vasquez and Lena, nights of agonizing and crying, not because the nonbinary part is the hard part, but because toxic expectations like the ones you’re laying out are the only thing that surrounds them? It’s not about being difficult, and it’s not about making anything harder, it’s about discovering that there is something that fits you better, that helps you breathe better, than the little boxes we’ve all been hacked and wrangled into. It’s not Al’s fault that they grew up without the proper language to fit themselves, with all the shame that you’re shoving onto them with this interrogation. Because you know, don’t you, Dr. Danvers, that there’s a difference between questions and interrogations. This is your child. Love them. That’s it. Just love them. And if you can’t do that properly right now, I’m sorry Kara, I know this isn’t my house, but you need to leave. Now.”

There’s a long silence, and Maggie’s chest heaves slightly as she glowers, trembling, at Eliza; Kara beams sadly at the woman she hopes her sibling marries; Alex stares up at Maggie in disbelief, in relief, in shock, in gratitude; and Eliza stares between the three of them in a very different kind of shock.

“Alexan – Alex, you’re going to let your girlfriend speak to your mother that way?”

It’s Kara who answers. “Eliza, please. Not now. Maggie said what Maggie said, and I… I agree with her. And so does Alex. Please. We’ll try this again another time, okay?”

The pit in Maggie’s stomach – the pit in all of their stomachs – doesn’t even begin to fade until hours later, when they’re sharing two tubs of vegan ice cream, Alex cuddled between their favorite girls under layers of throw blankets, and Maggie’s phone buzzes.

Maggie dear. I’ve thought a great deal about what you said, and I wanted to thank you for saying it. You clearly love my child very much, and I am very grateful that they found you. I don’t imagine they want to speak with me right now, and I understand that. But when they’re ready, perhaps you can show them this message? Thank you for fighting for Alex when I don’t know how to. They’ve always fought for everyone else; I’m so glad they’ve finally found someone to fight for them.

“What’s that, babe?” Alex asks. Maggie stares at their red-rimmed, still swollen eyes and kisses their nose.

“Show you later. For now, more cuddles.”

“Cuddlessssssss,” Kara throws her arms over both of them, and as their girlfriend leans over them to tickle their little sister, Alex can’t help but smile; can’t help but laugh; can’t help but feel safe, and loved, and wanted, and defended. Can’t help but feel perfect.

Because they are, they are, they are.
They’re up just as the sun is rising, and the most beautiful woman they’ve ever seen is wrapped up in their arms.

They kiss her forehead and Maggie sighs in her sleep, shifting close to Alex, her lips tilting up into a smile in the tendrils of dawn’s light.

Alex groans internally, but the way they stroke Maggie’s hair gives them away: sure, they want to go for their run, but if this – this amazing woman – is the thing preventing them from leaving the warmth of the blankets, the warmth of her naked body heat, the warmth of her still-sleeping smile?

Well then, Alex Danvers figures they have it pretty damn good.

They watch the growing sunlight dance across Maggie’s sleeping face, and they run their fingers over Maggie’s bare shoulder, torso, ass, thigh, which is hitched up over Alex’s stomach so she’s half on top of them.

“My little koala,” Alex whispers to no one in particular, and kisses Maggie’s hair.

They don’t know how long they watch Maggie sleep, how long they wonder what she’s dreaming, how long they wonder what they ever did to deserve this kind of peace, this kind of happiness, this kind of perfection.

“You’re staring at me, Danvers,” Maggie croaks eventually, without opening her eyes, her smile growing and her voice thick and gravelly with sleep.

“Pfft, no, I’m not – no,” Alex splutters, and Maggie cracks open first one eye, and then the other, shifting groggily so her body is fully on top of Alex’s.

“You were, Danvers, no point denying it.” She plants sleepy kisses on Alex’s face, on their very slightly fuzzy jawline, on their neck.

“No?” Alex asks, running their hands up and down Maggie’s body, making sure the blankets are still over her so she’s still completely wrapped in the warmth their bodies have made together all night.

“Nope,” Maggie concludes, her tongue flickering out against Alex’s throat, and Alex tosses their head back and groans softly. “I’m a detective, Agent Danvers, or have you forgotten?”

“Such a detective you even detect things in your sleep, huh?”
“Mmmhmmmm. And I detect you didn’t go for your run this morning.”

“An accurate assessment, Detective Sawyer.”

Maggie swoons and pretends not to, and Alex kisses her fully on the mouth. She can’t pretend not to swoon anymore, and neither, quite frankly, can Alex.

“So here’s what we do,” Maggie proposes between soft kisses. “You go out for your run, and when you get back, I’ll have coffee and pancakes and much fresher breath than I currently have.”

Alex chuckles and kisses her deeper.

“But I’ll miss you if I go for my run,” they protest, and Maggie beams and rolls off of them. They whine and Maggie mercifully rolls back halfway to kiss them again.

“And you’ll be grumpy all day if you don’t go, Danvers. Miss me for an hour and come back to coffee and breakfast and me wearing nothing but one of your flannels, how’s that?”

Alex tries to pull Maggie back toward them, and Maggie shrieks a giggle and dodges before getting twisted up in the covers and surrendering happily to Alex’s touch.

“Okay?” Alex confirms, and Maggie kisses their shoulder.

“Yes.”

“Was that a promise?” they want to know, and Maggie tilts her head as she looks up at the person she loves like she’s never loved anyone before.

“Was what a promise, Ally?”

Alex swoons at the use of the nickname that only ever feels right off of Maggie’s tongue, that feels perfect off of Maggie’s tongue.

“To only be wearing one of my flannels when I get back.”

Maggie bites her lip and Alex practically growls with desire. “Hurry back and find out.”

It takes several kisses and a mild tickle war that leave them both gasping for air and finding it in each other to get Alex dressed and out the door, and Maggie sighs into the silence when they leave.

She’s never had this before – this intimacy, this domesticity, this perfection – and she never, ever wants to lose it.

She takes her time in the shower, remembering as she does each place Alex touched her, licked her, bit down gently – and, at her urging, not so gently – into her skin last night, each place Alex had worshiped her, and she’s never felt more cared for. More beautiful.

As promised, she slips on one of Alex’s old flannels as she makes four times the amount of pancakes she normally would, because it’s Sunday and Kara will be over soon after Alex gets back from their run. She hums to herself the entire time, even as she listens to the news and occasionally interrupts her own rhythm to yell indignantly at some story or other.

Before long, the scents of coffee and homemade pancakes – some plain, some with cinnamon, some with bananas, some with chocolate chips – fill the entire apartment, and by the time Alex steps back in, the red bandana just above their forehead dark with sweat and their cutoff, sleeveless Stanford sweatshirt perfectly highlighting the rippled muscles in their arms, the table is set and soft
jazz has replaced the news and Maggie’s hair is still wrapped in a towel and Alex’s racing heart stops at the sight and scent and sound of it all.

Because before?

Before, their apartment was just that: an apartment. A place to store things, a place to sleep, a place to drink, a place to function.

And now?

“What, no double-toasted dry-as-the-desert bagel this morning?” they ask, and Maggie laughs and shakes her head as she presses a glass of water into Alex’s strong hands.

“I love you too, Danvers. I love you, too.”

And Alex beams, and Alex kisses her, and Alex pours every emotion they have into it, because together, they’re home, home, home.
Lena Luthor does not shy away from challenges.

She’s tackled hostile business men – perhaps not literally (that’s her new girlfriend’s job), but effectively – and she’s survived her mother (enough said).

But this? This overly-casual invite from Kara?

“You don’t have to, you know, I know how busy you are, but if you wanted to, I’d love you to get to know everyone, but you know, you don’t have to – “

“Don’t be ridiculous, Kara, of course I’d love to spend more time with your friends.”

This sends her into a spiral that has her digging into her purse for her anti-anxiety medication, because she wasn’t lying when she told Kara that she was her only friend in National City.

But she was exaggerating slightly; because Kara was her only friend… anywhere.

So this idea? This idea of taking off her CEO blazer and fuck-me pumps to sit on a throw blanket with Kara and her sister and her sister’s girlfriend and their best friends – their family – and play board games and Mario Kart like she’s not horrific? Like she’s not vile?

Like she’s not a Luthor?

This idea is at once the nicest, kindest, sweetest thing anyone has ever proposed to her; and also the most terrifying.

Maggie knows, and Maggie talks her way past Jess: it’s not that hard, she just mentions Pam from HR and their outing the other night when Jess had that late meeting, and when it becomes clear that Maggie had no love for arresting Lena earlier; when it becomes clear that she’s concerned about her girlfriend’s kid sister’s girlfriend (“queer girl geography, right?” she jokes), Jess lets her through.

“Here to escort me out of my own building in handcuffs again, Detective Sawyer?” Lena glances up, holding in the amount hostility she’d normally show for Kara’s sake.

“Here to escort you to your girlfriend’s place for game night, actually.” Lena looks up from her paperwork with a slightly furrowed brow, and Maggie puts left hand under her lip briefly.

“Look, I… I didn’t have much by way of family. Before National City. Before Alex. And now… it’s scary. It’s scary, having people who just… accept you without an agenda, and want you to come eat potstickers and play crappy 90s board games in your socks on their living room floor, especially when they’re all already…”
“Family,” Lena supplies, skepticism still in her voice but shocked warmth growing in her eyes.

“Yeah. But Kara… Kara’s wild about you, Lena, and I… Here’s the thing. I understand what it’s like to feel like you don’t deserve a Danvers girl. But instead of beating myself up about it, I just try to earn it – earn her, earn Alex – every day. And I know you do the same for Kara. And she wants you there tonight, Lena. No one’s going to test you, no one’s going to ask you to prove yourself.”

Lena tries to swallow the tears stinging her eyes – she’s deeply unfamiliar with this feeling – and she bites her bottom lip slightly, at a loss for words.

“Unless you try to verse Winn in Mario Kart. He will try to crush you.”

Lena laughs, softly but irrepressibly, and Maggie grins. “Yes, he would be competitive about that sort of thing, wouldn’t he?”

Maggie nods and shoves her hands deep in her pockets. “I know Kara was gonna pick you up to take you over to her place, but I just… I don’t know. I could have used a pep talk from someone that wasn’t my girlfriend before my first game night with the squad, so… consider yourself pep talked.”

If Lena is expecting Maggie to ask anything in return – to hold anything over her for her kindness – she’s mistaken, because by the time she and Kara slip into an already full apartment about an hour later, Maggie greets her warmly from the floor, from Alex’s arms, but doesn’t give any indication that they’d just talked. Doesn’t give any indication that she’d just reached out to try to be Lena’s… friend.

“James Olsen,” James shakes her hand near the door with a small smile, and Lena gulps almost imperceptibly.

“A Pulitzer Prize winner, I daresay I know who you are, Mr. Olsen.” Also Kara’s ex. The pit in her stomach grows wider, but James smiles broadly.

“It’s just James,” he assures her, and pulls Kara into a hug.

“I’m happy for you,” he whispers, and she kisses his cheek while still holding Lena’s hand. Or, more accurately, while Lena keeps her hand in a vice-like grip.

She’s already met Alex, Winn, and Maggie, so none of them bother getting up, all engrossed in some sort of card game that has Winn screaming something about cheating and index fingers and unfairness in between waving enthusiastically at Lena.

She perches on the couch in front of them all as Kara sinks back in the pillows.

“It’s okay, Lena, you can relax. I promise,” she whispers, and Lena melts and leans back into her.

Alex glances up and grins.

“I hope your thumbs are ready for war,” she says, and Lena blanches slightly. Maggie leans her head back into Alex’s shoulder so she can meet Lena’s eyes.

“She means Mario Kart.”

“Winn takes it very seriously.”
“Hey, so does Kara, it’s not just me!”

“Oh please, Schott, you almost gave Maggie a bloody nose with your flailing last week!”

“The key word is almost, Danvers!”

“Yeah Alex, no need to take out my tech man with some index finger trick just because your girl’s face got in the way of his maneuvering – sorry Maggie – “

“Not at all, Olsen, I’ll just make sure to toss some turtle shells at you – “

“You wouldn’t – “

“Try me!”

Kara laughs along with the banter, and Lena just tries to follow it all. Kara watches her carefully, a soft smile on her face. “I’m so glad you’re here,” she kisses her cheek, and James smiles affectionately and nudges Winn.

“We’re outnumbered, man.”

Winn laughs happily and tosses aside his cards – he would never admit it to Alex, but he was losing anyway – to set up Mario Kart as Alex takes the opportunity of Kara’ diverted attention to kiss Maggie senseless.

Between Winn’s excited yelling and wild gesturing, James’s cheering a squinting, focused Kara on, and Maggie’s cheering a pursed-lips, focused Alex on, none of them notice immediately.

None of them notice immediately that Lena is silent but Lena is determined. That Lena’s expression is set, is fire, is blazing with the shock of being surrounded by people who love having her there, who toss their arms around her to grab more popcorn easily, who make sure she’s getting enough to eat, to drink.

Who only ignore her when they’re focusing on driving their Mario Kart characters forward.

Who notice her – who care – at every moment except exactly when she wants to be stealthy. When she wants to sneak up behind all of them, perfectly calculated to pull ahead with a burst of speed just on the last lap, with a brilliantly timed maneuver that puts her strategically-chosen Toad kart ahead of everyone else’s for a first-place win.

Kara beams and bounces on her seat and squeals because if she can’t win, then her girlfriend definitely should; Alex tosses down her controller and exchanges a slack-jawed expression of begrudging admiration with Winn; and James and Maggie try their very hardest not to giggle, not to tease Kara, Alex, and Winn over the ultimate Mario Kart upset.

Lena smiles nervously into the silence and shrugs. “It’s all about strategy, isn’t it?”

She gulps and she fights down panic and she fights down agony because maybe she shouldn’t have won. Maybe they accepted her only before she stole their spotlight, their rush.

But then Alex is leaning in and Alex is grinning and Alex is more than the hardcore, take-no-prisoners agent that unflinchingly and single-handedly blew up Lena’s mother’s most updated facility, because Alex is congratulating her and Alex is, “Okay, you’re definitely coming to this every week. Anyone who can make Winn lose like that? Definitely a keeper.”
She squeezes her sister’s knee and Kara beams and practically tackles Alex with a hug and Maggie nudges Lena softly while James and Winn egg on the tickle fight that ensues.

“Our Danvers girls, huh?”

Lena fights down tears again, worn out Play Station controller still in her hands. But this time, the tears aren’t anxiety or disbelief or distrust.

This time, the tears are just happy.

“Our Danvers girls, indeed.”
They know they’ll fall asleep.

These days, Alex has trouble falling asleep in bed. Unless it’s in Maggie’s arms, immediately after being thoroughly fucked. But tonight? Tonight’s a cuddle night.

So they know when they fall asleep, it’ll be on the couch.

It has been lately.

Since the white Martian infiltrated her brain.

Since Jeremiah.

Since… since Jeremiah.

And Maggie’s been having her own difficulties.

Her own traumas.

With her own set of memories that Valentine’s Day stirred up.

With her own set of memories, of terrors, of the bar full of her friends’ bodies, of wounds that haven’t even gotten the chance to scar yet, that Cadmus’s latest attacks stirred up.

That Alex nearly being launched across the galaxy, being held at gunpoint, conjured.

Maggie doesn’t like to talk.

But Alex knows.

Alex knows, and she makes her dinner and she pours her scotch even though Maggie’s insisted she doesn’t need to keep any in the house – and she surprises herself, because she’s not even tempted to have any for herself – and she pops popcorn, allegedly just for Maggie (I don’t know how you eat it with just coconut oil and sea salt, it’s gross, Sawyer and Doesn’t stop you from stealing it out of my bowl, Danvers and Any excuse to be closer to you, babe and Get over here, woman, you never need an excuse to be closer to me).

Alex melts when Maggie moans happily with her eyes closed at the pasta Alex made, because unless Maggie’s cooking for someone else – namely, Alex and Kara and Adrian – she never bothers being much more than utilitarian with her food. (Tiramisu doesn’t count. It has its own category, Danvers.)
And Maggie melts when Alex gets out the pillows and the blankets and refuses to let Maggie get up to put her dishes in the sink, because you work so hard all day, Sawyer, let me take care of you for once, and Alex’s top is lacy and low cut and Maggie watches her move, listens to her hum to herself, watches her smile over her shoulder because Alex knows – she always knows – that Maggie’s eyes are glued to her body, to her bare skin and to her collection of bruises, and she almost swoons.

She would claim almost, anyway.

But Maggie knows the truth: that her gaze doesn’t make Alex almost anything.

She full-out swoons, and Maggie settles back into the couch and waits eagerly for Alex to return, because she has never felt quite this domestic, quite this safe, quite this… home.

“Thank you, Ally,” she says softly as Alex sits back down and throws out her arm and puts Maggie’s favorite pillow onto her own lap, inviting Maggie to lay down on her.

“For what?”

“For…”

_For dinner. For giving me scotch but not drinking any yourself. For that top with that lace and for that smile and for letting me lay in your lap and letting me put on Doctor Who episodes that you didn’t love but I did as we fell asleep and for putting the dishes away and for knowing, just knowing, that I’m spending the night, for pulling the blanket over my legs but not my torso because you know how claustrophobic I can get if the blanket is up too high, for putting your arm on my waist and making me feel safe, for making me feel wanted and making me feel loved. So, so, so loved._

“For you, Danvers. For you.”

Alex tilts her head – a habit she’s quickly acquiring from her girlfriend – and tilts her mouth to one side.

“Come here.”

Maggie does – eagerly – and when their lips meet, it’s fire under a waterfall and it’s stars exploding in the vacuum of space and it’s lethal hands turning tender and strong hearts being vulnerable and soft lips on tossed-back necks and low moans growing louder and unspoken love transporting on hitched breath and passionate sighs and whispered names.

“You knocked my pillow on the floor, Danvers,” Maggie teases, her voice several octaves lower than normal, when they part for breath, their foreheads pressed together, their arms around each other, their legs somehow, now, entwined.

“Oh, it’s your pillow, is it?”

Maggie freezes and Alex realizes her mistake, and she takes Maggie’s face into gentle hands and strokes her hair and kisses her nose.

“I love that you’re at home here. I want… I want you to be. Hell, Mags, you can have all the pillows in the universe if it means you sleep in my arms more often.”

Maggie swallows tears and Alex bites her lip, because maybe it was too much, maybe –
“I don’t want all the pillows in the universe, Alex. Only the ones that keep me here.”

They both lean down for the pillow at the same time, with the same smile, with the same hope and the same fear and the same love, love, love.

And the promptly knock their heads together.

They laugh and they take turns spluttering apologies and kissing each other’s foreheads and eventually – somehow – Maggie makes sure a pillow is behind Alex’s head (she always forgets), and Alex resets Maggie’s pillow on her lap, and Maggie lays back down, and Alex puts the blanket back on her, and Alex sighs, and Maggie sighs, and Alex plays with her hair and holds her safe, holds her close, holds her perfect.

And if they both breath soft I love yous when their eyes are dragging and they’re drifting into a more peaceful sleep than either of them have ever gotten on their own, the air between them holds their most cherished, most exciting, most terrifying, most beautiful secret.

Until they’re ready to speak the obvious into existence in the full awareness of day and not just the soft glow of sleepy perfection on the couch at midnight.
Chapter 285

Chapter Summary

gayasever asked:

i was v turned on by maggie interrogating and i high key feel like alex would be to
(aka we always need more smut written by you)

Alex watches.

Watches still with disbelief that this is her girlfriend.

That her girlfriend is interacting with her best friend.

That her best friend is clapping his hand on her shoulder because she’s fighting for him – she was fighting for him from the beginning – and he has no idea how hard.

Alex does.

Alex knows that her ass of a partner’s been racking up the number of lives he shatters and calling it fun in the precinct pool – the one competition that Maggie always turns down.

So she watches as Maggie makes that adorable little oh my god you weren’t exaggerating he really is as extra as Kara I love him so much what the hell how is he real face in response to Winn’s boom; watches as she teases Winn and maybe makes him a bit terrified: a good big sister’s job, as Alex comforted him lovingly last game night.

Watches as the woman she’s falling in love with – is already in love with – what’s this supposed to feel like, anyway? – whatever it is, it’s perfect – entwines deeper and deeper into her life.

“Think I scared him?”

Alex slings her arm around Maggie’s shoulder and relishes the way Maggie automatically leans into her, relishes the way she reaches up and puts her own hand on Alex’s shoulder.

“Almost as good as I do.”

Relishes Maggie’s adorable giggle, her perfect smile that Alex feels, hears, rather than sees.

“Take me home,” she tells her, and she relishes the way Maggie swoons at the intimacy of the statement, the way that – for the first time – it feels right, it feels natural, it feels perfect.

“Mmm, Danvers, my place or – “

“Nice work today, Sawyer. Good to see you arresting the bastards instead of protecting them for once, huh?”

And suddenly the perfection is gone, because Maggie’s body is stiff and her stance straightens and
her perfect smile vanishes.

She nods stiffly at her partner, and Alex could kill him, and Maggie knows it, because Maggie feels the rage coursing through Alex’s blood. And that rage? That rage is what keeps her calm, keeps her voice level, keeps her suddenly slightly trembling arm around Alex’s shoulder bravely, as she counters smoothly, “Well, not all of us need to beef up our records with profiled cases, partner.”

“You accusing me of something, Sawyer?” His thin lips curl and Alex nearly reaches for the laser gun in her waistband and Maggie nearly lets her.

“Cool it, man, I’m just trying to go home for the night.”

His eyes drag up and down Alex’s body and he smirks.

“Bet you are, Sawyer.”

Maggie is out from under Alex’s arm faster than even her DEO agent girlfriend can react, and she is mere inches from her partner’s body and despite having nearly half a foot on her, he backs up. He’s seen her in action too many times not to.

“You look at her like that again and I swear to god you won’t have eyes left to look with, we clear?”

“No need to get all – “

“We clear?”

“Yeah. Yeah. Clear.”

“Apoloize to the lady.”

“Maggie, it doesn’t – “

“Yes, it matters. You matter, Alex. Donnelly. Now.”

“Apologies, Agent Danvers. You have a lovely night now.”

He retreats through the hall quicker than Maggie’s ever seen him move when not chasing down an innocent suspect, and she sighs with her eyes closed and relishes the way Alex’s arms wrap around her waist, the way her lips nudge aside her hair and find the nape of her neck.

“You didn’t have to do all that for me, Maggie. I don’t want to make work harder for you.”

“He makes work harder for me, Alex, not you. You never deserve to be disrespected like that, you – what?”

She’s turned her face to look at Alex, and Alex’s eyes are fire and fierce, fierce desire.

“What?” Maggie asks again, a slow grin starting to form, because she knows Alex, and she also knows what excited Alex Danvers looks like.

“Take me home,” Alex repeats, and Maggie gulps and grins and giggles and practically yanks her out of the precinct.

They’re barely even in the door before Alex finds herself slammed against a wall, Maggie’s lips
crashing up into hers, Maggie’s tongue slipping into her mouth and making her melt, making her moan, making her reach down to undo Maggie’s belt.

“Uh uh, Danvers. You gotta earn it,” Maggie chastises with a kiss to her nose and a grin so sexy Alex’s knees threaten to buckle.

“I didn’t earn it, Maggie? I busted a crime ring for you, I – “

“Yeah, you did, and while we can… discuss… how attractive I find that later, while you were spending your twenty three hours and fifteen minutes beating the shit out of bad guys, I spent my twenty three hours and fifteen minutes jumping through administrative hurdles and holding off my terror of a partner from hauling Winn’s ass back into the precinct and getting my ass investigated for assisting a criminal enterprise.”

“Well, see now,” Alex gasps as Maggie nips at her neck and runs her hands through her hair. “That’s the kind of day that deserves a reward. And that’s all I wanna do, babe. Reward you. For protecting my friend, for protecting his girlfriend and her brother, for putting yourself on the line for someone I love, for your principles. For putting yourself on the line for me. For looking so damn sexy in that blazer – “

“Oh, you liked that blazer, did you?” Maggie asks between open-mouthed kisses, letting Alex back her over to the couch, nodding when Alex asks with her eyes if she can lay her down and, practically whining with desperation when Alex asks if she can nudge her legs open with her thigh, if she can hold her hands down above her head, and grind down with her thigh. Hard.

Maggie gasps and tries not to let it become a scream, and Alex smirks.

“I did. So much authority in that interrogation room, Detective Sawyer.”

Maggie chuckles breathily and glances at the way Alex’s hands are holding her wrists down.

“Not so much here though, huh?”

“You can change that if you’re in the mood to,” Alex invites, and Maggie moves.

Moves faster than Alex has yet seen her move in bed, until Alex is pinned beneath her, panting and whimpering and spreading her legs and sighing in relief when Maggie presses her thigh between them.

“So am I any closer to earning it?” Alex wants to know, and the frustration of Maggie’s day, the tension in her muscles, all ripples across her face, throughout her body, as she practically growls down at her beautiful, perfect, preening girlfriend.

“Keep being a good girl for me and we’ll see.”

Alex shrieks and Maggie grins and kisses her forehead. “All good?” she makes sure, and Alex rolls her hips up into Maggie’s thigh in response.

“Please,” she pants.

“Please what, Danvers?”

“Take me.”

Maggie tosses her head back and groans from deep in her throat. “Yeah, Ally? You want me to
“Well you already took me home, so…”

Maggie’s heart leaps and Alex’s eyes soften from the lust because they’re not in Alex’s home. They’re in Maggie’s.

Home.

Their home.

In the same moment, Alex leans up and Maggie leans down and their lips crash together because home, home, home, and Maggie makes good on Alex’s plea to take her.

Takes her with her jeans still on and her hair a tousled mess, takes her with her thigh between Alex’s legs and her wrists held carefully above her head. Takes her with Alex’s desperate pleas for more and Maggie’s body shifting so she can unzip Alex’s jeans, so she can slip her hand beneath her underwear, so she can check in one, two, three more times before Alex begs her to just fuck her, please, please, please, and Maggie does, she does, and Alex grabs at her ass and prays for more and Maggie obliges, bracing herself with one hand next to Alex’s waist so she can get a better angle, so she can fuck her deeper, fuck her harder, palm her clit firmer, and she reminds her what a good girl she is, and she reminds her how tight she is, how amazing it feels to stretch her out, how incredible it feels to take her, her, her, hers.

“All yours,” Alex breathes right before she slams over the edge, and Maggie watches her face because her face is beautiful and her face is rapture and her face is lust and her face is something that Maggie dares to hope is love.

And it is, it is, it is.
Chapter 286

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we please have Sanvers comforting Kara after the break up. Like... We all hate him but she thought he was special and she's probably hurting a lot right now and could use some older sister TLC at the moment.

She cums hard and she cums loudly – something she’s never done before, with anyone – and she cums so many more times than once that even competitive nerd Alex loses count.

And normally, she’d drift off to sleep.

Safe and happy and peaceful and home in Alex’s arms.

And normally, Alex would press endless kisses to her forehead and they’d whisper to each other – about work, about their teenage years, about their exes, about their adventures, about their terrors, about the random cat memes that Kara would send and Maggie’s latest gym shenanigans with James and her latest pool hilarities with Winn and how beautiful you are and how lucky I am and what did I ever do to deserve you – until they fell asleep.

But tonight, they both lay awake.

Tonight, they look into each other’s eyes and they smile, and then they laugh resignedly, because they both know what the other is thinking.

Kara.

“I’ll order ahead for the pizza and potstickers. You let her know we’re coming,” Maggie says as she passes Alex her shirt, her bra, and grabs one of Alex’s for herself, a habit that Maggie has never had with anyone else and a habit that Alex loves, loves, loves.

“I lo – you’re… you’re incredible, Maggie.”

“In bed? Yeah, you seem to have informed me – oof!”

A pillow smacks her shoulder lightly and they both giggle as they languidly pull their clothes back on.

“For knowing. For caring. About Kara. For not… for not being mad at me. For needing to go be with her.”

“Alex, she’s your sister. Of course you need to go be with her.”

“You’ll come too? She’s kind of gotten attached to you.”

Maggie smiles, thinking of the last game night when Kara had encouraged Mon-El to go home and
get some sleep, but practically begged both Alex and Maggie to stay, and she fell asleep in both of their arms with a safe, comforted smile on her face that was too rare nowadays.

“Of course I’ll come, if you think she wants me to.”

Alex laughs as she looks down at her buzzing phone, and she holds it out to show Maggie.

Yes. Please bring potstickers, pizza, and your girlfriend.

They hold hands the entire drive over – taking Maggie’s car because Alex’s bike needs an oil change and they’d walked home from the station, and because they can’t bear the loss of physical contact – and they somehow still manage to keep holding hands while carrying three pies and two heaping bags of potstickers up to Kara’s apartment.

She’s curled in a ball and she’s sniffling and she’s red-faced and puffy-eyed when they get there, and she holds out grabby hands for the food and for her sister and for her sister’s girlfriend, but she says nothing, because there’s nothing to say.

“Do you feel relieved at all?” Alex asks softly, only after Kara’s torn through five potstickers and a slice of pizza.

Kara’s lip wobbles and she shrugs and Maggie squeezes Alex’s hand and elaborates gently.

“It’s okay if you do, you know. He was a piece of home. Or, well, closer to home than any human could give you. Because he might be the prince of all assholes – no, not might, he is – but Little Danvers, he knew your language. Your history. And not because you told him about it, but because he grew up knowing them. Like you did. That’s important, and it’s powerful, and it can make you overlook a lot. Hell, Kara, you could kiss him without breaking his nose, you could be… intimate without hurting him. That… that’s special, Kara, those are… those are special things, and they’re hard to… They’re hard to lose, even when maybe we should. It’s okay if you feel relieved, though. It’s okay. You’re not betraying your history. You’re being true to yourself.”

Alex beams at her girlfriend and kisses her sister’s forehead and strokes her hair and pulls her into her arms.

“I’m proud of you, Kara. Do you… your text said he told you he loves you. Do you…”

She nods, and then she shakes her head, and then she nods, and then she shakes her head again. And then she shovels three more potstickers into her mouth, and Maggie grabs four subtly – two for her, two for Alex – before they’re gone.

“It’s what Maggie said, I think, I… Daxam was… complicated, it was wrong, but if I’ve learned anything about my past since coming out as Supergirl, it’s that Krypton wasn’t all that much to be defended, either. That weapon my father made, Fort Rozz, I… he’s part of home. Not like you, Alex, not – you’re my home, Alex, you’re the only home I’ll ever need, I just – “

“I know. It’s okay, you don’t have to explain. I know.”

Kara sighs her head into Alex’s shoulder and Alex draws her closer and Maggie’s heart warms watching them.

“I just can’t believe it took me this long to realize that he just… I deserve so much better than someone who lies like that, who invalidates me and manipulates me and – that’s what he was doing, right? Am I making that up just because I’m hurt now, I – “
“No, you’re not.”

“Absolutely not – that’s what abusive, gaslighting relationships make you think, Little Danvers, that you’re out of touch with reality, that things are your fault, that you’re making things seem worse than they are…”

“It wasn’t abusive…”

“Alright. That’s okay. That’s a big word, and it’s a scary one. I get it, I do. You can process that how you need to, at whatever pace you need to. We’re here, both of us, through all of it, okay?”

Kara nods slowly, her brain spinning, and Alex kisses the crinkle between her eyes.

“Kara, you’re amazing. And I’m so proud of you for knowing what you deserve. You know that, right? That you deserve only the best?”

Kara sighs and takes her glasses off and rubs her eyes and Alex smiles.

“You are so beautiful, Kara. For yourself. Not for some man to redeem himself for. For yourself.”

“You have to say that, you’re my sister.”

“Well I’m not, and I say she’s right.”

“You have to agree with her, you’re her girlfriend.”

“I – “

“She’s got a point, Sawyer, I mean, ride or die, right?”

Kara laughs softly as Maggie fake scowls up at Alex and kisses her knee.

“I want what you two have.”

“Ugh, just like Brian.”

“Briannnn.”

“Please don’t compare me to – “

“Then please don’t use his phrases.”

“How was I supposed to know he said – “

“You don’t wanna know more, trust me.”

Kara sighs into a laugh and snuggles into Alex’s lap. “Don’t leave?”

“Never, Kara. Never.”

“You too, Maggie?”

“I’m right here, sunshine. I’m right here.”

Kara smiles sleepily – all the crying, all the pain, will knock her right out – as Alex strokes her hair and Maggie wraps her in a blanket.
“I love you, Kara. For exactly who you are.”

“I love you too, Alex. For the same thing.”

Maggie doesn’t say anything – not yet – but in her mind, she repeats their words over and over, because as the three of them drift off to sleep in a bundled, pizza-heavy heap on the couch, she feels that love, too.
Chapter 287

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi mom... recently my anxiety has gotten really bad and to cope i squeeze my hand really hard and dig my nails into my palm.... I don't care if you write a fic or not, I know you're super busy. I just needed to tell someone. Thanks

It always happens before Eliza visits – without fail – but it will also happen when Kara is sad, and she feels like she can’t do anything about it.

It’ll happen when someone mentions Jeremiah, or Cadmus, and glances at her quickly, furtively, to see if she’ll nod efficiently and talk strategy with them and slam them into the nearest wall or console and threaten their life with her index finger.

And it’ll happen seemingly at random, for no apparent reason.

When she thinks of a project in the lab she’s not completing as fast as she’d wanted to, or when she thinks of that time last week she was late for dinner with Maggie – Maggie had assured her it was fine, but was it, really? – or when, for no apparent reason at all, her chest just seizes up and she starts to panic but god, god, god, she is ruthless, blew-up-Cadmus-single-handedly DEO Agent Alex Danvers, so god, god, god, no one can see.

So she just clenches her fists – and who would be surprised to see her with a resting pre-punch pose, really? – and she digs her nails into her palm, and she digs harder, and harder, and harder, the stinging, the beginnings of blood under her nails, the pain, so sweet, so needed, so focusing, so sanity-inducing, so grounding.

So perfectly invisible to anyone looking at her, she convinces herself.

But Kara notices.

And Maggie notices.

Of course Kara and Maggie notice.

They exchange a glance over the pool table when it happens in the bar, when Alex is clenching her fists and staring off into the distance, because Maggie had told her they could find a pool hall without alcohol, but Alex insists on the bar, but she’s surrounded by drinks she wants to have and highs she needs to numb the pain, and she’s surrounded by her failure to save everyone that night – doesn’t matter that she wasn’t there – and the burns Maggie got on her back in that explosion, and combined with the sweet, sweet memories of falling in love and first dates and long laughs, her body, her brain, goes into a bit of an overload and she clenches her fists to steady herself, to calm herself, to ground herself.

“Alex, you’re up,” Kara calls gently after getting a nod from Maggie, and they both watch her
hands, Kara from over her glasses, to x-ray and see the scrapes, the little nail marks, Alex has pressed into her own skin. She nods at Maggie as Alex squares her shoulders and fakes a smile and gingerly picks up a pool cue.

“It’s okay if you’re not alright you know, babe,” Maggie runs a gentle finger down Alex’s back, and Alex stiffens.

Maggie pulls her hand back immediately, but Alex melts back into it.

“Why wouldn’t I be alright?”

Maggie looks at her, head tilted, for a long moment – her face completely lacking judgment, her face completely lacking anything but adoration and love – and she glances at Kara, who nods, because she knows Alex, and she knows she needs this.

Maggie gently takes the cue from Alex’s hands and holds up her palms, bringing her lips to each indentation gently, softly, tenderly.

“You know, holding ice cubes helps, Ally. When your body needs a release. It won’t damage you, but it’ll give you that rush. That grounding.”

Alex blinks and pffts and looks wildly over her shoulder for help from Kara, but Kara has her arms gently across her chest and her eyes full of love and concern and unwavering support.

“And you can tell us, Alex. You can tell us when you’re tense, when you’re… panicking.”

Alex shifts, but she doesn’t move her hands from Maggie’s gentle grasp. “I don’t panic, Kara, I’m a DEO agent, I – “

“Alex. It’s okay. You’re okay. It’s okay.”

Alex stares between the two women she loves most – between her girlfriend’s soft eyes and supportive half-smile, and her sister’s trembling hand as she strokes her hair and those ocean eyes that have seen worlds of agony – and she wants to feel defensive. She wants to feel angry. She wants to lash out and she wants to deny and she wants to rage and kick and scream.

But Kara’s eyes are nothing like Eliza’s, and Maggie’s hands are nothing like any that have ever touched her, and Alex surrenders to being supported. To being loved.

“Can we go home? Ice cream and cuddles?”

Because getting support is making her panic more, because she’s not worth it and she’s making a big deal out of nothing and she should be stronger than this, better than this, but their eyes are telling her that’s not true, that she is perfect and valid and real and worthy and her heart is racing and if she’s going to panic and have it be acknowledged, have it be honored, have it be loved as she is loved, she wants it to be at home – any of their homes, because they’re all home, now, to her – so that if the tears come, at least they will come only in front of her family, not in front of aliens and humans alike in front of whom she has a reputation to uphold.

“Ice cream and cuddles it is, Danvers,” Maggie kisses her cheek, and Kara snuggles into one of her sides as Maggie wraps an arm around the other as they head out of the bar, Alex looking for all the world like she’s confident and cocky, draping her arms around two beautiful girls, but feeling for all the world like her girlfriend and her sister are holding her up, are the only reason her legs are moving forward, are the only reason her palms are alright, the only reason her heart hasn’t beaten out of her chest yet.
And she knows, somehow, that it’ll be alright. That she’ll be alright. That she’s loved. That she’s not weak for leaning on them. That she’s strong for leaning on them.

That they love her all the more for it.
She’s sleeping in Maggie’s arms when her phone buzzes. Persistently.
Maggie rouses before she does and fumbles her hand across the scattered sheets for the phone.
“I think it’s yours, babe,” she mumbles sleepily, and manages to find the phone in Alex’s jeans pocket, dangling at the edge of the bed.
“Mmm, thank you,” Alex kisses her cheek with a sleepy smile as she checks the text – the texts – that are coming through.
Alex, I’m so sorry, but I miss you.
I know you’re spending time with Maggie, but – you know what, never mind, forget that last text.
I’m sorry.
I love you.
I hope you’re sleeping well. Or whatever you’re up to. Say hi to Maggie for me.
Maggie watches Alex read and kisses her bare shoulder. “Go, Ally. I’ll be here when you get home. Or if you want to spend the night there, I’ll see you at lunch tomorrow.”
“How do you – “
“I know your Kara needs me face by now, Alex. Go. And give her a hug from me too, okay?”
Alex squints and quirks her pursed lips to the side as she examines Maggie’s sleepy, perfect face.
“You’re the best, you know that?”
Maggie’s smile broadens.
“Not so bad yourself, Danvers. Don’t forget to put on pants.”
She chuckles as she tugs them on and she relishes the crisp coolness of the night’s breeze whipping
over her body as she speeds her Triumph to her little sister’s apartment.

“Hey sis,” she calls softly as she opens the door, finding Kara exactly where she expected to: wrapped in blankets, surrounded by donuts, on the couch.

She sighs at the sight of her sister’s sad, confused face, and she shrugs out of her jacket as she approaches the couch and perches on the edge.

“You didn’t have to come,” Kara mumbles through a mouthful of donut, and Alex’s heart breaks.

“Do you want touch?” she asks, and Kara nods without looking at her.

Alex shifts closer and strokes Kara’s cheek with a gentleness that, until Maggie, she’d only ever had for her little sister.

Kara sighs and closes her eyes and leans into her touch, so Alex brings her other hand up to stroke her hair, too, and lets Kara lean into her shoulder.

“I can’t make anything work out right, and there’s never a break,” Kara says after how long, she couldn’t tell. Alex nods quietly and watches her sister.

“Can I be closer?” Kara asks, and Alex opens her arms.

Kara cradles herself into Alex’s chest, because her steady heartbeat is even more comforting on contact than it is with her superhearing.

“You’re not the reason things haven’t been going well, Kara. You’re not responsible for the horrible things other people do, for the way the world works. I know you think you are, I know you take on the weight of all that. I know you’re a hero, Kara, but that… that doesn’t mean you can fix everything, every time. It’s okay to just… take this. Carve out breaks. You deserve to be loved, Kara. You can make this time for yourself. It’s okay.”

“But I’m taking you away from your girlfriend.”

“There’s enough of me to go around, Kara. I have enough love for both of you, I promise. And you will always be my sister. I will always, always be here for you. Okay?”

Kara tilts her head so she can look up into her big sister’s eyes, and Alex smiles down at her.

“Hi.”

Kara grins softly. “Hi. Can I show you something?”

Alex furrows her brow but nods, and Kara scrambles out of the blankets, stands, and offers her hand to Alex.

“Where are we going?”

“Up.”

“Flying?”

Kara chuckles. “We don’t have to fly to go up. I just want to be Kara tonight.”

Alex nods and accepts her hand eagerly. Their fingers lace automatically.
It’s a short flight of stairs to the roof, and Alex is glad Kara grabbed her jacket on the way out. She tugs it around her and Kara hugs herself and Alex steps behind her, following her gaze up, up, up.

“I know you’re Kryptonian and therefore above things like chilly California nights, but since you’re just Kara tonight, you want to snuggle away the cold?”

Kara smiles and nods, and Alex wraps her arms around her little sister, and they sit, Alex’s legs open around Kara, Kara leaning back into her sister slightly; like they used to in Midvale, like they used to when they went sledding on those ski trips that Kara pouted Eliza into taking them on.

“Tell me,” Alex asks.

Because she knows all the stellar classifications and distances from Earth and proximity to exoplanets and all the facts, all the science.

But she doesn’t know the stories.

Kara does, and Alex never, ever tires of hearing them.

Her little sister’s soft voice brings her across the sky, to planets she could only imagine, to planets that have amazing desert, but nothing as incredible as Eliza’s chocolate pecan pie; to planets with three suns and planets whose governments aren’t governments so much as consent-based communities.

Neither of them notice when the sun starts to come up, but they both notice that they feel lighter, feel happier, feel safer. Feel home.
Chapter 289

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey Mum :) might you at some point be able to fic college Alex pulling an all nighter and Maggie looking after them/putting them to bed/checking on them afterwards, please? It's been a rough term.

If they were anyone else, they wouldn’t feel the need to pull an all-nighter.

If they were anyone else, they would have deemed that they’d studied enough, that they deserve a break, that they’d reached their limit and that they needed sleep, or at least time with friends or Netflix.

But Alex Danvers is not anyone else.

So they settle into the dorm’s study room so they don’t keep Lucy up in their own room, and they completely take over the long table with notes, with textbooks, with scrambled calculations and their glasses case and their granola bar wrappers.

They don’t notice when the door opens behind them because they’re muttering about exothermic reactions and the possibility of harnessing the energy created to –

“Delivery for Dr. Danvers,” a soft voice behind them makes them jump before smiling tiredly.

They turn and their girlfriend is behind them, decked out in reindeer pajama pants and a tank top that perfectly highlights her arm muscles, holding out a bag with a couple slices of pizza and a latte.

“Pfft, I’m not a doctor yet,” Alex splutters, and Maggie sets the pizza down on one of the only clear spaces on the table and presses the latte into Alex’s hands along with a kiss to their lips.

“Might as well be, Danvers, the amount of shit you know that even our professors can’t keep up with. What’s the game tonight?” she asks, her hand lingering on Alex’s waist as she turns to rifle through some of their papers, making sure to keep them all in the order Alex has them in.

“I can’t crack the formula I need, and I wanted to have it all squared away before the presentations tomorrow.”

They run their hand through their hair and moan with relief as they sip at the latte, and Maggie has to forcibly restrain herself from not lunging at Alex and taking them then and there.

She knows there’s no point in reminding Alex that the presentations are meant as progress updates, not finished products, because she knows that the call Alex will inevitably get tomorrow afternoon from Eliza asking how it went will send them into a spiral if they can’t report at least somewhat adequate progress by her standards.
Hell, the call will probably send them into a spiral anyway, but Maggie’s just grateful she doesn’t have classes tomorrow afternoon, so she’ll be able to be there.

“Eat, Alex. You can’t live on granola bars, okay? Eat. And here.”

She tugs a water bottle out of her pajama pants pocket.

“Drink all of it. The pizza’s salty and the caffeine’s not gonna help.”

The chaotic, stressed look in Alex’s eyes fades for a moment as they look down at Maggie.

“You’re amazing, you know that?”

Maggie grins and reaches up to adjust Alex’s glasses and kiss their nose.

“I have my laundry in the wash, gotta go switch it out. While I do that, can you do me a big favor please? Go take your binder off? You’ve been wearing it a long time today, I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Why are you this perfect, huh?”

Maggie beams and licks her lips. “Takes one to know one, Danvers. Go. I’ll be right back.”

And she is, and Alex smiles as she curls up in the armchair in the corner of the study room and falls asleep. Alex strips their sweatshirt off and wraps Maggie in it, complete with a gentle kiss to her temple.

It’s nearly sunrise by the time Alex falls asleep, and Maggie stirs in the chair.

“Oh, Al,” she sighs as she takes in the sight of Alex face-planted in their papers, leaning forward on what has to be the most uncomfortable chair in the entire dorm.

“Baby,” she whispers, padding over to Alex and kissing their hair.

“Babe, come to bed, come get some sleep. Your presentation isn’t until nine. I’ll wake you, I promise.”

“All my stuff – “ Alex mutters, more asleep than not but leaning compliantly into Maggie’s arms.

“I’ll come back and clean it up. Come on, handsome, let’s get you to bed.”

Even half asleep, Alex smiles broadly at the term of endearment Maggie knows they’ve come to love, and they let Maggie guide them to their room, all the while muttering about the breakthrough they made around three a.m.

“You’re so brilliant, Alex,” Maggie assures them as she tucks them in, nodding good morning at a bleary-eyed Lucy, shuffling through their shared space in a long ROTC t-shirt and slipper socks.

“They pull another all-nighter?” Lucy asks quietly as Maggie kisses Alex again and tip-toes out of their room.

“Mmhmm. Got coffee?”

Lucy pffts. “Got coffee? Whose room do you think you’re in, Sawyer? It’s coffee paradise in here.”

Maggie laughs and rubs sleep out of her eyes.
“Perfect. Just black please?”

“Das gross, Mags!” a very groggy voice calls from Alex’s room, and Maggie and Lucy collapse in silent, loving giggles.
anonymous asked:

Do you have any fics dealing with feeling worthless as a bottom? I'm very femme-y and I love being taken care of in bed. Being aggressive and dominant don't come naturally to me. I've accepted that I'm a giant softie who likes a more dominant partner. The problem is THEY do the work. I can initiate a kiss and fondle and go down on a girl and all that stuff, but I'm truly in my element under a nice pair of breasts, feeling safe and taken care of. It feels selfish/greedy, though. :/

Maggie absolutely loves topping her.

She loves how pliant her body is underneath hers, loves the sounds she makes, loves the way her eyes flutter closed, the way she scratches at her back, the way her own back arches helplessly. The way she screams her throat raw on Maggie’s name.

She loves the way that badass, take-no-prisoners, ruthless, perfectionist, take-care-of-everybody-and-what-do-you-mean-I-have-needs-too DEO agent Alex Danvers surrenders to being worshiped by her. Submits to her love. Writhes and begs and whines and lets everything go for the prayers she plays out on Alex’s body.

The way Alex trusts her.

Fully, completely.

The way Alex gives her everything by taking everything: the way Alex gives her everything by letting her love her, by letting her adore her, by letting her be trusted.

But the first time Alex’s eyes flash and she asks with her eyes, with her gentle touch, with her body, if she can put Maggie’s wrists above her head and return every bit of worshiping she’s gotten in their first times, Maggie doesn’t hesitate.

Because Alex’s desire to please her, to touch her, to do everything with her, to her, is palpable. Is radiating.

And god, does Maggie want her.

Want to be taken by her.

And god, does Alex take her.

She makes sure Maggie’s head is resting perfectly on her favorite pillow and she kisses every centimeter of her face and she takes her time stripping her naked, and every time Maggie tells her that she doesn’t have to do anything she doesn’t want to, that they can stop whenever Alex wants, that she doesn’t owe Maggie anything, Alex pffts and Alex rasps, “do you want me to stop?”, and
Maggie splutters – no woman has ever made her splutter before, and she wonders if she picked it up from Alex or if Alex was just always fated to have that effect on her – and she shakes her head and Alex grins and Alex continues.

Alex is a quick study – of course Alex is a quick study – and she takes her time bringing Maggie to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm, her mouth exploring her breasts, figuring out exactly what rhythm of her tongue over her hardened nipples makes her whine loudest, pant hardest.

Takes her time figuring out which spots on her stomach make Maggie giggle and which spots – when Alex’s teeth gently, and then at Maggie’s desperate urging, not so gently, graze her skin – make Maggie unravel.

Takes her time figuring out that Maggie has no problem keeping one leg up on Alex’s shoulder so Alex can fuck her deeper, can fuck her harder, can reach deeper inside her, touch places in her body, her soul, that no one has ever bothered to explore.

Takes her time figuring out that if she puts her thigh between Maggie’s legs and arches to take one of Maggie’s nipples into her mouth at the same time, it won’t take her long to cum. Hard. Again.

And because Alex is a quick study, Alex imitates Maggie’s constant checking in, her constant questioning – “are you sure, babe?” “do you want this, Maggie?” “all good?” “like that?” “do you need a break?” “do you like when I lick your clit like that, or like that? Both? Mmm, excellent” – and Maggie is so swept away, so caught up, in being the center of this gorgeous woman’s attention, the sole focus of this brilliant soldier-scientist’s incredible brain and body power, that her answer, truly, madly, deeply, is always yes Alex, please, god, don’t stop, Alex, Alex, Alex.

But when Alex wipes her mouth on her bare shoulder and kisses the insides of Maggie’s thighs, a satisfied, deeply affectionate but also deeply smug grin on her face after making Maggie cum for the upteenth time, Maggie panics. Panics because it’s almost sunrise, and she’s done nothing for Alex all night.

She can’t count the number of times she’s cum, and the only thing she’s done has been begging Alex for more.

The only thing she’s done has been selfish preening and worthless whining and god, how can she be this self-involved, this lazy, this unwilling to work for such a gorgeous, perfect, dedicated woman?

How can she have let Alex dedicate herself solely to her pleasure and offer her absolutely nothing in return?

So she panics. She panics, and shame sweeps through her stomach because maybe this, this, this is why she’s never truly bottomed for anyone before, because she isn’t lazy, she isn’t selfish, she isn’t worthless, she isn’t greedy, she isn’t… except she is. Because the last few hours – god, the last few incredible hours – prove that she is exactly those things.

“Hey, hey, hey, I’ve got you. I’ve got you. Did I hurt you, are you okay?”

And suddenly Alex is out from between her legs and crawling up to where she could cradle her body, hovering because she’s unsure of whether to touch her, but concern is radiating from her eyes – genuine, full-throated concern – and that concern just makes the shame sweep harder through Maggie’s stomach.
“You didn’t hurt me, I’m fine. It’s nothing, it’s whatever, it – “

“No, Maggie. It’s not whatever. Your whole body tensed up, you… it matters, Maggie. You matter.”

Alex’s face is a map of confusion, a map of worry, a map of god please tell me I didn’t hurt you.

Maggie makes a futile grab for the covers – being naked right now is just a reminder of how selfish she is – and Alex immediately lunges down the bed to get them and tuck Maggie in.

“No, no, you don’t have to… see, that’s just it, Danvers, I…”

“I’m sorry – “ Alex drops the sheets and holds up her hands immediately in soft surrender.

Surrender. Surrender.

“No, Alex, I’m sorry, you didn’t do anything wrong, I just…”

She looks away and she clenches her jaw and she can feel Alex staring down at her, can feel Alex thinking, can feel Alex calculating.

“We’ve never had sex quite like that before,” Alex observes softly, so softly, after a few long, silent moments.

Maggie still won’t look at her, and she desperately tries to control the burning in her eyes, the churning in her stomach, but she tries to remember the trust that led her to let Alex top her to begin with, so she nods.

“I’ve never really… taken the lead.”

Maggie nods again.

“Was it bad? Was I bad? Because I can get better, I – “

“No! No, Alex, you were… you were amazing, it…”

“You can tell me if I – “

“No. You were perfect, Alex, I promise, it’s not that – “

“Then what is it, Maggie? You can tell me.”

A long silence. Alex rests her body down on one elbow and holds out a hovering hand, a question in her eyes. Maggie nods again and Alex strokes her hair softly.

And that’s exactly what Maggie needs, which is exactly why Maggie breaks.

“Why would you… what did you get out of all that, Alex? I just… I just laid there, I didn’t do anything for you, I… how selfish could I be, it… I didn’t do anything for you, Alex, all night, I just _ “

“Maggie, wait. That’s not… are you kidding? Do you seriously want to feel how wet I am right now?”

Maggie pffts at Alex’s earnesty with wet eyes. “Nerd.”
Alex smiles with relief and kisses her forehead.

“Maggie, I… I’m so glad you let me… top you? Is that the way to say it? I…” Alex pauses and searches Maggie’s face for the right words. “Maggie, you’re always in control of everything. You’re always responsible, you’re always making decisions. Life and death decisions! And you… you always take care of me, you always just… you make me so happy, Maggie, and I… you deserve it. You deserve to be taken care of. You deserve to lay back and let me worship you, because you… you’re amazing, Maggie, and you deserve to let go, you deserve to be cared for. And – and… it’s giving me a gift, Maggie. You trusting me like that. You letting me lo… letting me care for you like that, that’s a gift, Maggie. It’s perfect. You’re perfect, and you deserve to be shown that. And, if you’re worried that you weren’t doing anything for me… you’ve gotta be kidding. That was the… sexiest, hottest… thing I’ve ever done… the… you… I came, you know. A bunch of times, not that that was the point, but I’m just saying, feeling you like that, touching you like that? Listening to you like that? I came. Because it was so incredible, I just… I didn’t make a big deal out of it, because I wanted to focus on you. You deserve to be focused on, Maggie. I promise I love…d it. I promise.”

Another long pause, another thick silence.

“So you’re saying you liked it. Cause that’s… that’s what I’m getting."

“Oh my god, you’re never going to let me live that down, are you?”

“Not a chance, Danvers. Not a chance.”
Chapter 291

Chapter Summary

Sara Lance Decks Man-Hell, ft. Sanvers and SuperCanary feels

She takes risks every day.

She throws herself in front of bullets – with or without the kevlar-lining in her suit – and she’s long since learned how to stitch her own body back together.

It’s a lesson one tends to learn on that island. On that boat. In the League.

She’s long since learned how to channel fear into a cocky strut and rage into spinning kicks and blood lust into herself.

She’s long since forgotten what safety feels like.

Because when your entire life is a risk – risk of death, risk of torture, risk of rapidly-building panic, constant drowning in self-loathing, that (you hope) no one but you can detect – when your entire life is a risk, you tend to forget what it feels like not to take one.

But then there’s Kara.

Supergirl.

She can’t quite remember, she can’t quite keep it straight in her head.

Well that’s a pun.

Can’t quite parse out how the girl with the glasses and awkward laugh and brilliant smile is also the bulletproof woman with the lowered voice and laser eyes and undefeatable stance.

Well, no.

No, that part, she can understand.

She can understand that part because when people look at Sara? When people look at Sara, they also see a helpless blonde with stars instead of the seven levels of hell in her eyes; until she starts to fight.

So she understands that part, actually: Kara and Supergirl. The contradictions, the agony of stitching them together, of keeping them apart.

Sara understands that because she lives it herself every day.

Except the flying. The flying part would be cool.

Maybe one day Kara will take her flying…
But no. No, she won’t, because she’s busy, now.

And not the kind of busy that they all are: busy saving lives, busy pretending they don’t need saving of their own, busy pretending their stitches will hold.

No.

No, now Kara is busy with some man who’s gotten in her head and won’t leave. Some man who tells her her loves her in the same breath that he that he tells her his mistakes are her fault.

Some man who’s worn her down and shattered the light in her eyes by replacing it with his own.

And that? That, Sara understands all too well, too.

But she wishes she didn’t.

“You approve of this guy for your sister?” she leans into Alex, elbows on the table, both their eyes fixed on Kara, laughing in the guy’s arms one second, scolding him harshly for something or other the next.

“Hell no.” Alex leans over quick as anything to grab Sara’s drink and chugs deeply, and Sara knows that type of swig, the desperation behind it. The need behind it. Knows it too well from her father, from her sister.

Her sister. Her stomach lurches.

She glances at Maggie, who nods grimly, confirming Sara’s fears about Alex, about alcohol, about need. Sara gently pries the glass out of Alex’s distracted fingers.

“Why don’t you stick to your club soda there, Danvers?” she suggests gently, and Maggie smiles gratefully, softly, sadly, at her.

Alex grunts and grumbles, but clearly she and Maggie have had this talk before, because she returns to her own, non-addictive, drink sullenly.

“No, I don’t approve of him. How could I? She’s screaming at him every day, do you know she told him explicitly not to tell anyone they’d slept together and he literally made a public announcement about it at her job not five minutes later?”

“And let’s not even go there with the guilt trips,” Maggie chimes, and Sara’s blood boils.

Because Sara’s life is one risk after another.

But visiting Earth 38 because Iris and Barry told her that Kara seems to be in trouble, that Kara seems to need an extra arsenal of help disentangling herself from this web he’s created around her?

It’s one of the scariest risks she’s taken.

Because she has to watch sisters who love each other. Has to watch one watch the other suffer with a smile, and she remembers that feeling, but god, at least Kara is alive for Alex to watch.

Laurel would’ve liked Kara. Laurel would’ve killed this guy. Laurel…

“You okay, Sara?” Alex interrupts her train of thought, and she shoots back the rest of her whiskey.

“You know it’s harder for Kara to listen to you and your girl because you’re her family, right? That
happens sometimes.”


She shudders slightly before rising steadily.

“Lucky for her, I’m not family.”

Alex and Maggie watch with excited trepidation as Sara stands, straightens her shoulders – even at full height she’ll come up to something like his chin, and Maggie grins because she knows that or his super strength won’t matter – and struts over to the pool table, where James is rubbing his forehead and Winn is trying his best to look anywhere but his best friend as she tells her off-again-he-insists-that-it’s-on-again boyfriend that, for the hundredth time, she hates when he touches her like that in public.

“You know what I love about this earth?” Sara cuts off Kara’s needed rant, and Kara whips around with a sliver of hope in her pained, furious eyes. “That it’s got men who will let a woman defend herself, but stick around in case she asks for backup, because you know what? She can. I know a few guys like that myself.”

She thinks of Mick and Snart and their first bar brawl together, the way that Leonard grinned at her when she asked him to hold her beer, the cocky confidence they’d had in her as they watched her fight off an entire bar’s worth of men more than twice her size.

She claps Winn and James on the shoulders and gives them both a soft, genuine smile before her eyes blaze again.

“But you know the thing I can’t understand? Why other guys just can’t seem to get the meaning of the word no.”

Kara licks her lips and starts to speak, but one look into Sara’s flashing eyes keeps her quiet. Because he won’t listen to her.

He won’t listen to her, and he won’t listen to Alex, and he won’t listen to Maggie.

He listened to Winn, but only for about a minute.

But maybe he’ll listen to a former member of the League of Assassins?

Kara dares to hope, and Sara dares to breathe, because it was lust at first sight with Supergirl, and it was I-wanna-get-to-know-you-because-god-I-could-probably-fall-in-love-with-the-light-in-your-darkness with Kara.

Her boyfriend straightens up and starts to speak, starts to rage, starts to twist words into weapons that will keep Kara his.

Sara winds up, rotates her hips, and decks him clean onto the ground before he gets the chance.

James oofs and Winn puts his hand over his mouth and Kara gapes and Sara stares down at him with fists on her hips and death in her voice.

“The lady told you she doesn’t like when you touch her like that in public. So you know what you’re gonna do, since you can’t seem to stop yourself? You’re gonna leave. Now. Because you think the DEO teaches you a lot of different ways to kill people? I can do it a lot slower than Alex Danvers can.”
“That… sounded dirty,” Winn mutters, and Sara tries her best not to smirk when James backhands him lightly on the arm as Maggie – coming over to stand behind Kara with Alex – snorts.

Kara’s boyfriend – ex, soon, Sara’s hoping, they’re all hoping, hell, Kara’s hoping – tries to object again, but Alex, Maggie, James, and Winn all turn to him with crossed arms and stony expressions. Kara’s lips part and she takes a step toward Sara, like she wants to collapse into her arms and just might if she lets herself.

“I’ve said it before, and I’m saying it again for the last time – it’s over. We’re over. We never should have even started. Sara’s right, just… just leave.”

Sara’s pulse quickens in her neck at the way Kara’s tongue wraps around her name, but she keeps her hands – and her thoughts, and her wants – to herself as she watches, as they all watch, the prince of Daxam stomp his disbelieving way out of the bar.

Brian applauds from a side-table, and Alex, Maggie, and Kara all call out at the same time.

“No one asked you, Brian.”

“Hush, Brian.”

“Don’t you have your own life to be living, Brian?”

Sara puts a tentative arm out toward Kara, and Kara leans into the touch. Maggie nudges Alex and Alex’s eyes fly wide, and Sara imagines a potential shovel talk in her near future.

She gulps, clears her throat imperceptibly, and forces words out of her throat.

“You okay?”

Kara takes a long, long moment of leaning back into Sara and reaching out for Alex’s hand to answer. “No. But I’ve got my family. So I will be.”

Sara swallows quietly and Maggie catches her eye with a smile. She knows exactly what the detective is thinking.

See? You’re family, after all. I didn’t expect it either. But isn’t it amazing?

And yes. Yes, it is.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Okay but have we discussed Adrian and Maggie walking into their apartment and Alex is in a bad place and it's the first time Adrian has seen her that way and Maggie is amazing with her because when is she not?! And Ade realises how healthy communication works and please may you write this it would mean the world?

She forgot Adrian’s coming over tonight.

Forgot because she’s desperate for the bottom of a bottle but Maggie doesn’t keep alcohol in her apartment anymore, and Maggie believes in her, and Kara believes in her, Kara, Kara, Kara.

Kara, who’s on a fact-finding mission with J’onn at the Fortress of Solitude.

So instead of being face-down in a bottle, Alex is face down on Maggie’s couch, just sprawled.

Sprawled and utterly depressed and utterly unable to move.

Almost unable to breathe.

Waiting for Maggie to come home.

Waiting to be able to breathe again.

Her heart leaps – but it feels distant from her body, like she’s hovering over herself, watching herself, not really feeling anything except numb pain, numb agony, numb restlessness and worthlessness – when she hears rustling in the hallway outside.

Maggie.

But she panics because a voice rises alongside Maggie’s footsteps, and Alex remembers.

Remembers that Adrian’s coming over for dinner tonight, that she was supposed to tutor him in physics again tonight, that she was supposed to be put together, on top of things, efficient, Stanford-grad, smart, collected.

Not sprawled face down on the couch, unable to move because the gravity of her pain is stronger than the gravity of the sun.

She scrambles and she jolts and she tries to arrange her body, her face, her brain, into a space that fits the laughter she hears as Maggie’s key scrapes into the lock.

“Oh come on, it wasn’t even like that, Maggie – “

“Oh sure it wasn’t Ade, because you didn’t have a crush on that girl at all – “
“Oh.”

“What – oh. Oh. Alex – “

“Hi guys! Sorry, I forgot to start dinner, I just got home and – “

The laughter freezes on Adrian’s face as he turns to Maggie, because Alex’s eyes are wild, her voice is strained, her body is tense. Her body is about to break.

“Alex, hey, it’s fine. It’s fine, sit… sit down, come on.”

“No, Maggie, everything’s fine, hi Adrian, let’s – “

“Alex.”

“Maggie.”

“Alex. You don’t have to… you don’t have to perform for me.”

“Yeah, Alex, I can leave, you’re allowed to take care of yourself, it’s cool – “

“No, Adrian, I promised I’d tutor you, I – “ Alex’s voice cracks and her knees give because sometimes, sometimes, people being understanding, being caring, is the thing that breaks her hardest.

Because, aside from Kara, it’s the thing she’s been least used to in her life, and now it just surrounds her and she…

She’s in Maggie’s arms and Maggie is cradling her head into her chest and she’s kissing her hair and she’s whispering that it’s okay, it’s okay, come sit down, babygirl, I’ve got you, I’m here, it’s okay, and Adrian is bringing her a glass of water and sitting quietly on the floor because Alex grabs at his sleeve when he tries to leave, so he waits with water in hand and he stares down at the floor and he’s never seen Alex anything but perfectly composed before.

“Did something happen, sweetie?” Maggie’s asking her gently, lifting her chin gently so their eyes meet, and Adrian lifts his own head to watch, because he knows depression, he knows anxiety, he knows breakdowns, but he’s never known a romantic partner to hold it so beautifully, so patiently, so lovingly, before.

Alex shakes her head and her bottom lip wobbles and Maggie nods and draws Alex’s head back into her chest.

“That’s okay, Al. There doesn’t always have to be a reason. It’s okay. I promise you it’s okay. You’re okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Alex gasps. “Adrian, I’m sorry, you shouldn’t have to – “

“Al,” Maggie interrupts her softly, carefully, lovingly. “Adrian cares about you. Just like I do. I mean, not exactly like I do, don’t get any ideas, kid, she’s my woman.” Adrian grins and even Alex laughs softly. “He cares about you, and you’re important. You’re important, and you deserve an evening of us taking care of you, if that’s what you need.”

“Yeah. Fuck physics. We can watch sci fi all night – that counts as physics, right?”

Alex turns her face to rest on Maggie’s shoulder and looks down at Adrian, accepting the water glass he holds out to her with wide eyes.
“I’m sorry, Adrian, you just caught me at a… bad time.”

“Hey, I… it’s like Maggie said. I care about you, and…” He looks at Maggie, and she nods softly at him, love shining in her eyes. “And I get it. That whole depression, can’t get up, can’t breathe, but shit other people are here so I have to act natural thing. It’s so hard. But it’s like Maggie said, I don’t want you to have to act around me. If you’re comfortable. You can just be sad. That’s okay. If you like blankets and Netflix and food, I know where Maggie keeps her softest blankets and you can pick the show and I’ll make you both the best dinner you’ve ever had. And if you want me to leave so you can be alone, or alone with Maggie, I can do that too. But if you want me to stay, I… it’s okay if you’re just sad. You’re allowed to be sad. We’re here for you. Whatever you need. Right Maggie?”

And Maggie’s crying now, because how did she get this lucky? She reaches down for his face and pulls him close to her and kisses his cheek for a long, long moment.

“So spiky,” she mumbles when she pulls back, and he grins proudly and sits up straighter. “My little boy becoming a man. And he’s right, Alex. Everything he said. He’s absolutely right.”

Alex smiles through drying tears watching them, her breathing coming slightly easier now.

Gravity, agony, numbed pain that feels like it might never end is still tugging at her, but now? Now it can tug all it wants, and she doesn’t have to hold herself up, because her girlfriend and their might-as-well-be-son and the texts she hears pouring in from her sister?

They’ll keep her steady. They’ll keep her safe.

They’ll keep her loved.
Chapter 293

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey there, I hate to bother you but life is pretty hellish for me right now and praise kink Alex is really keeping me going, any chance we could get a lil bit more?

It’s one of those nights.

One of those nights when Alex is restless, reckless. One of those nights when Alex feels worthless. When Alex wants a drink.

When Alex wants nothing more than to lose herself in Maggie’s bed, underneath Maggie’s body, inside Maggie’s heated breath and even hotter words.

One of those nights when Alex needs to be reminded that she is worth a damn, that she is not just wanted, but fiercely, desperately, desired. Needed.

One of those nights when cuddling and pillow forts and laughing and exchanging stories about Pam from HR and Brian at the bar and their college crushes just won’t cut it.

One of those nights when she needs to be as reckless as she feels, so she can feel more worth it than she thinks she is.

Maggie knows. Maggie always knows.

Knows from the feverish look in Alex’s eyes when she kisses her; knows from the way she surrenders to Maggie taking the lead, the way her strong body goes pliant under Maggie’s touch, the way she whines and whimpers and begs.

“Bedroom?” Maggie asks, because she knows, but she needs to be as certain as possible, and she is when Alex nods eagerly, desperately, hungrily.

Maggie knows how she wants it when Alex stops next to the bed, tentative and breathless, turning and looking at Maggie, waiting. Waiting for orders.

“I want you to strip for me, Alex,” Maggie tells her, softly, and Alex bites down a whimper.

“Understood,” she breathes, and it’s Maggie’s turn to bite down a groan.

She watches carefully as Alex undresses – never, ever breaking eye contact, even as she bends to slip off her pants, her thong – and when she’s standing naked and open and vulnerable, waiting for Maggie’s next move, Maggie needs to make sure, again.

“Color, Ally?”

“Green,” is her soft reply, and Maggie nods slowly, surveying Alex’s body with nothing short of
“Be a good girl and lay down for me,” she asks, and Alex complies readily, with another soft understood.

“Spread your legs.”

Alex can’t control her whimpering, now, and she opens her legs for Maggie, trembling with need to be taken, and to be taken care of.

“God, Alex, you’re perfect. You know that?” Maggie kneels at the edge of the bed and kisses her feet, her shins, her knees, her thighs.

She punctuates each kiss, each lick, each soft nip, with praise for the woman who deserves it more than anyone but has always gotten it less than anyone.

“You are so brilliant, Alex.”

“I’ve never seen anyone as gorgeous as the woman laying underneath me right now, babe.”

“I am so lucky to be with you, Ally. You are so damn perfect.”

Alex pants and Alex sighs and tears sting Alex’s eyes and she tangles her fingers in Maggie’s hair and begs for more, begs to be taken completely, please please please, I’m yours Maggie, please make me yours.

And Maggie does.

“God, you taste amazing, you know that, Alex. My amazing woman.”

“Alex Danvers, you are so fucking wet for me. Be a good girl and tell me what you want next.”

“That’s right babe, you’re moving so good for me, my perfect girl.”

“Oh Alex, you like when I stretch you out like this? Yeah? Be a good girl and show me how much you like it, babygirl.”

“I love having your nipples in my mouth, you know that, babe? They get so damn hard under my tongue, it’s so hot, Alex. You’re so hot.”

“Your body is so fucking perfect. Reflects what’s on the inside, huh?”

“You wanna be a good girl and cum all around my fingers, Ally? Let me feel you tight and pulsing for me, there’s my good girl.”

“Mine, Alex Danvers. All mine.”

Alex screams her throat raw on Maggie’s name, on filthy strings of curses she didn’t realize she knew until Maggie started whispering in her ears, started talking her into sweet oblivion, perfect ecstasy.

“I’m yours, Maggie. Yours,” she whispers when she comes down from her high, from her waves, from her thoroughly wrecked release.

“And I’m yours, sweetie. I’m all yours.”
Chapter 294

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

We want more of Maggie bottoming

She knows the look the moment Alex walks in the door.

The look that means that Alex wants her.

The look that means that Alex has been thinking about her – about her naked, about her panting, about her whining, about her on her knees, on her stomach, legs spread and lips swollen – all day.

She knows the look, and the look alone is enough to get her completely wrecked.

She tries to keep her cool, to play it smooth.

She tries.

And she utterly fails.

Because when she tries – “Alright there, Danvers? You seem – “ – Alex cuts across the room and, hesitating only long enough to read the eager consent in Maggie’s eyes, kisses her senseless.

And Maggie surrenders immediately.

Surrenders to being surrounded by her girlfriend. Surrenders to Alex’s tongue in her mouth, teeth on her throat, hands up her shirt.

“All good?” Alex growls, and Maggie moans, and Maggie swoons, and Alex reaches a strong arm around the small of her back to keep her up, to keep her flush against her body, as Maggie’s knees nearly give out.

“Bedroom?” she begs, and Alex complies, sweeping her up easily into her arms and kissing her hard, kissing her passionate, kissing her permanent, until she sets her down on the bed and steps back to survey her breathless body.

“Clothes off,” Alex commands, but the way she doesn’t touch her, the way her body doesn’t demand it, makes Maggie feel safe, makes Maggie feel like she can say no, like she can stop at any moment.

But god, god, god, she can’t imagine wanting to stop.

So she strips for Alex.

Strips completely and strips slowly, lifting her hips off the bed to pull down her jeans, her boy shorts, sitting up to unbutton her flannel, to unhook her bra, to take down her hair, keeping her eyes
locked on Alex’s face the entire time.

“What do you need, Alex?” she asks, and Alex kneels at the foot of the bed.

“You.” Her voice is full of gravel and her voice is full of reverence and her voice is full of raw, raw need.

“Then take me,” Maggie whispers, and Alex? Alex does.

She takes her soft and she takes her hard. She takes her on her knees and she takes her on her back. She takes her screaming her name and she takes her whimpering in desperate ecstasy.

She kisses her way up and down and across her body, leaving no surface untouched by her lips, her tongue, and – when Maggie whimpers, tangles her fingers in her hair, and begs her please, please, please – her teeth.

She flips Maggie on top of her, holding Maggie’s hips and bending her own knee, planting her heel into the mattress, and encourages Maggie to ride her thigh, to leave her leg soaked with how desperate she is, to cum all over her body, to bottom for her while she’s on top of her, and god, she does, and she does hard and screaming for Alex and Alex reaches up and takes her nipples between her fingers because she knows how sensitive they get when Maggie cums and she screams louder and rides her harder and god, god, she’s still not done with her.

Because all that time grabbing Maggie by the hips, by the ass, pulling her down harder into her so she can get as much pressure from Alex’s thigh as she needed?

Now, Alex needs Maggie’s ass against her clit, and now, Alex asks with her eyes and Maggie pleads yes, yes, yes, so now, Alex flips her over onto her stomach, onto her knees, and gets Maggie’s ass soaked with her own wetness, because god, god, god, topping Maggie Sawyer, watching the muscles in her back ripple like that, watching her hands slam down in ecstasy and grab at the sheets like that, listening to her scream her name into the pillows like that, is the hottest thing Alex Danvers has ever experienced.

That is, until she rasps, “Be a good girl and touch yourself for me, Mags,” and Maggie gasps raggedly and Maggie obeys, bringing both of her hands underneath her body so she can slip her fingers inside herself, so she can pressure her clit with her palm as hard as she needs while Alex pounds her from behind, and that? That makes Alex cum all over her ass, makes Alex cum hard, cum ragged, cum undone, completely and utterly wrecked, and Maggie follows close behind.

“All right,” she whispers, and Alex kisses her way up Maggie’s spine, smoothing her hair away from the base of her neck to kiss every part of her skin she can, covering Maggie’s trembling body gently with her own.

“All good, babe?” Alex makes sure, and Maggie sighs contentedly, her dimples peaking out from her mess of hair, of pillows.

“You’re amazing, Danvers,” she murmurs, voice thick with sex and sleep, and Alex kisses her temple tenderly.

“That’s you, Maggie. You.”
Chapter 295

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Pretty pretty please can you write something where Alex and Kara see Maggie when she's on the heavy bag or upset and Kara goes to comfort her but Al's like 'sweetie, I've got this' and it's sweet and comforting and amazing and I've been crying since I woke up this morning please give me something fluffy!

Kara knows something’s wrong the moment she enters the building.

Maggie’s heartbeat is steady, but elevated, hard, and while she’s generally learned to avoid walking into Alex or Maggie’s places – or her own bedroom during game night – when their heartbeats are quick and rapid, Maggie is alone.

She’s alone and loud hip hop that Kara can’t identify is pounding along with a rhythmic thudding.

Kara sighs.

Maggie’s working on her heavy bag.

Normally, Kara wouldn’t give it a second thought – Maggie loves that thing – but she’d had breakfast with James this morning and he’d regaled her with tales of how hard Maggie had just pushed him – and herself – in the gym.

So this probably isn’t her regular workout.

She gives up on the door after it becomes clear that Maggie’s not going to hear it, so she jets around the building and raps, instead, on the living room window.

Maggie’s face – sweat-streaked with focused, furious, intense eyes and messy hair swept off her neck in a high bun – doesn’t change when she sees Kara, and she doesn’t stop bouncing on the balls of her feet.

But she does tug at her gloves with her teeth, and she sheds one to yank the window open for her girlfriend’s little sister.

“Need something, Little Danvers?” she yells over her music, glad she doesn’t have to turn it down because of Kara’s superhearing. Without waiting for an answer, she replaces her glove and goes back to slamming combinations into the bag, working on her breathing and hip rotation with singular focus.

Kara watches her for a long moment.

“How do you do that? Alex says I always drop my left shoulder before I throw a punch, that it gives me away.”
Maggie sighs and gestures Kara in front of her, still weaving up and down on the balls of her feet.

“You shouldn’t have to drop your shoulder because it shouldn’t be up like that to begin with. Keep the tension in your core, not your shoulders.”

She reaches around Kara’s body and hesitates before touching her. Kara nods, suddenly breathless, suddenly shy, and Maggie is somehow both gentle and firm as she shows Kara with a splayed hand on her stomach, how to brace her abs, with gently tapping fingers on her shoulder, prompting her to relax it.

“Good, Little Danvers. Now when you punch, try not to send my bag through the wall, okay?”

Kara grins and pulls her punches, and Maggie surveys her with sharp eyes.

“You seemed pretty in danger of putting it through the wall yourself, Maggie.”

She catches the question in Kara’s voice, and she grunts and shifts Kara by the hips to the side so she can go at the bag again.

“It’s nothing, it’s whatever. Just a workout.”

“I heard you already had an exhausting one this morning.” There’s no judgment in Kara’s voice, just concern, but Maggie launches a rough roundhouse kick at the bag anyway.

“Our line of work, you can’t train too hard.”

“Actually, you –”

“I’m fine, Kara. What did you need, anyway?”

Kara slips her phone out of her pocket and texts Alex as Maggie launches a new assault on the bag.

“Winn and I are in the mood for pool, and we wondered if you wanted to come.”

“No phone?” Maggie asks without looking at her, and Kara’s heart threatens to break, because she knows her sister’s girlfriend is breaking, but she doesn’t know why.

And her worst nightmare – both of their worst nightmares, she imagines – is not knowing how to help.

“You weren’t answering.” Kara finally reaches over and turns down the music, because her own senses are starting to overload. Maggie opens her mouth to object, but glances at Kara’s face and nods immediately, silently, like she understands without needing an explanation. Because she does.

Kara finds herself hoping that her sister marries this woman.

Maggie keeps her gaze on Kara’s face and her eyes soften somewhat. She stills for the first time since Kara flew in and rips off her gloves with a sigh.

“You ever just… for no reason, everything feels like the world’s ending? Except it’s not actually?”

Kara nods softly, slowly. “This one of those days?”

Maggie just stares at her face for a long moment, like she’s evaluating how much she wants to risk, and before she can decide, Alex’s key scrapes the lock.
One look at Maggie’s somehow both guarded and open face, the sweat pouring down her body, the slow swiveling of the heavy bag, and the concern in Kara’s eyes tells her everything she needs to know.

“Oh sweetie. I got this.” She strides over to Kara, squeezing her hands and kissing her cheek gratefully. “You wanna go get us some takeout?”

“I’ll go to that organic place in Austin, okay?” she tells Maggie, who fights tears and shakes her head, struck silent by the way the Danvers girls just… want to care for her. For some reason she can’t fathom.

“You don’t have to, Little – ”

But Kara’s already kissed her cheek, smiled softly at her sister, and flown back out the window.

Silence rises in her wake, and Maggie goes to put her gloves back on.

“Whoa whoa, okay,” Alex reaches out with gentle hands to stop her. “You don’t have to talk, babe, but you need to be gentler with your body, okay? Can you do that for me?”

Maggie stares at the ground and Alex kisses her forehead.

Maggie backs up.

“I’m all sweaty and gross.”


Maggie sighs and Alex waits until she knows Maggie’s ready for a tiny push.

“One of those days?”

Maggie nods, humiliation written everywhere on her body, and Alex’s heart shatters.

“Well, Kara will be back in a little under an hour. You know what that gives us enough time for?”

“I’m not really up for sex, Danvers.”

Alex pffts. “No! Here, you shower. It’ll help. I’ll warm the towels for you. And I’ll have a surprise waiting when you come out, okay?”

Maggie sighs skeptically, exhaustedly.

“Do you trust me, babe?”

Maggie nods, because if she’s not beating the life out of something, it’s about all she can do.

“Good. So go. Shower.”

She does. She does and she hates every moment of it, especially the parts that make her feel somewhat, somehow, better.

But her throat unsticks and when she steps out of the bathroom in the tank and boxers Alex had slipped in and left for her, she speaks, because she panics.

Because her studio isn’t all that big, yet she can’t see Alex.
Alex, who told her to trust her. And yet she couldn’t see her anywhere.

“Alex.”

“Down here, babe!”

Alex’s voice is muffled and the smile in it, the barely restrained, bursting enthusiasm, is so clear that Maggie’s lips start tilting upward of their own accord.

“Danvers, what—“

Because as she rounds the couch, she finds Alex buried in a fort made, it seems, of every single pillow and blanket Maggie owns.

“It’s the Bad Day Tunnel. Or hole. Or fort. Or burrow. I can’t decide what it should be called. Kara would always call it the Fortress of Sistertude, but I very much don’t want you to be my sister, so I figure we should come up with something else.”

In spite of herself, Maggie plops down in the fort next to Alex, who tosses a blanket over her shoulders and lets her lean into her body.

“What does one do in the Bad Day… thing?” she asks in a monotone, because she’s scared that if she allows any emotion into her voice – like the overwhelming feeling of being cared for, being heard, being seen, that Alex is giving her so perfectly – she’ll break.

“One has a bad day. It’s where you go when you’re extra sad. You can do anything you want in the fort. Drink scotch – don’t worry, the scotch is for you, I brought myself root beer – ” And sure enough, there are bottles and glasses in the center of the fort – “and when Kara gets back, eat food. There can be music and there can be crying and there can be yelling and there can be cuddling, and I brought tissues and your favorite stuffed animals and your phone in case you want to just zone out and scroll through Instagram or something.”

“So basically you made me a depression tent. Where I can be depressed and it’s okay.”

Alex’s eyes fly wide, thinking that Maggie hates it. Thinking that she’s messed up, thinking that she’s hurt her more, offended her, been insensitive to her, not heard her.

“Yes?” Her voice is small and her voice is terrified, but then Maggie’s soft lips are on hers, and it’s one of the softest kisses they’ve ever shared, because Maggie has the energy to beat a heavy bag senseless but she doesn’t have the energy to sustain a passionate kiss, so Alex lets it stay soft, stay gentle, stay tender, stay perfect.

“I love you, Alex,” Maggie whispers into her lips, and Alex swears she won’t cry.

“I love you too, Maggie. However you feel, whenever you feel it.”

They’re both asleep in the depression tent when Kara returns with three heaping bags of takeout, and she smiles and sets the bags down and crawls into the fort, the tent, the safety, with her sister and her future sister-in-law. Alex feels Kara’s warmth and hums happily, shifting in her sleep so Kara can slip onto Maggie’s other side and help Alex hold her safe, hold her steady, hold her loved.
Chapter 296

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Not a prompt unless you wanna write it: Sara lance hitting on Alex constantly until she says "if you kiss me I'll never flirt with you again" and she assumes Alex won't do it right? Wrong. Alex spins around and just straight up plants one on her while Maggie and the entire DEO watch Sara splutter, while Alex just struts off leaving multiple turned on agents (including Maggie and Sara because duh)

It’s all in good fun.

Maggie doesn’t mind because I mean hey Danvers, I plan on sticking around, but I can’t be the only hot woman you ever get to flirt with and because it’s Sara, and Sara is kind and Sara is fun and Sara is protective and Sara is deeply respectful of their love and Sara is… well, Sara is hot.

So it’s all in good fun, but Alex?

Alex keeps rebuffing even Sara’s smoothest (and corniest) moves.

At the bar.

Hey, Danvers, I know your sister can shoot lasers out of her eyes, but did you know you can make me wet with yours?

Oh please, Lance, if that’s the line you used on the Queen of France, it must not translate well into English.

In the green room.

Nice maneuver, Alex. Wanna try it out horizontally?

I did last night with Maggie, but nice try, Sara.

In the DEO control room.

Hey Maggie, does she look as good out of that uniform as she does in it?

Even better, Sara.

Good god, can the three of you take this outside? It’s bad enough how loudly you all think, I don’t have to hear it verbalized, too.

And that’s when it happens.

“Well, if you kiss me, we can stop traumatizing J’onn, because I’ll never flirt with you again,” Sara tells her, the smirk on her lips matching the playful one in Alex’s eyes, and Maggie arches an
amused eyebrow as Sara turns to head out of the room.

But Alex grabs her arm and Alex spins her around and Alex glances at Maggie and Maggie nods because hell, why not, she’s coming home to her tonight, and Alex kisses Sara hard, kisses Sara hot, kisses Sara with tongue and with fervor.

J’onn groans and Winn trips over himself and Maggie’s grinning jaw is on the floor and Vasquez is resisting the temptation to take her phone out and film it and the only thing that tears Sara’s swooning body away from Alex’s strong arms is the loud clatter of a very flustered, very turned on rookie agent dropping the pile of paperwork he was supposed to be bringing down to Pam.

Alex stares at Sara’s flushed face and swollen lips and heaving chest and spluttering words for a moment before smirking, winking, and strutting out of the room, head high and hips swinging more than they normally would.

“So I…it… damn, Sawyer, your girlfriend can kiss like… does that mean I have to stop flirting with her?”

Maggie grins and watches Alex’s strut, her head tilted and eyes smouldering.

“You know what… I’ll just go… go…. ask her…”

And Maggie rushes off after Alex, fire in her core and a proud smirk on her face.

“You know they were somewhat more well-behaved before you came aboard, Ms. Lance,” J’onn mutters, and Sara winks.

“I can’t help who I am, J’onn,” and he turns away before she can see him grin, because god, he’s going to need to draw up more adoption papers.
Chapter 297

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

emotional-ish prompt: I've got a few weeks sober and a couple weeks in the program. I like how you write newly sober alex. Could you maybe write maggie going to an open meeting with her. or just like generally just alex doing pretty well in recovery and maggie being her usual supportive self? Thanks!

Alex still hates the whole meeting thing.

She doesn’t talk on the way, and she doesn’t talk there, and she doesn’t say much on the way back, either.

But every single day – sometimes twice a day, those days when J’onn practically forces her downstairs to one of the agent meetings because Jeremiah, because Eliza, because Kara got hurt, because Maggie got hurt, because Winn got hurt, because James got hurt, because J’onn himself got hurt – she makes herself go.

Every single day, sometimes twice a day, Kara drops her off. And every single day, sometimes twice a day, Kara picks her up.

And every single day, sometimes twice a day, Maggie’s waiting there with Kara after.

It becomes a routine.

“How was it?” Kara will ask.

“I want a drink,” is all Alex will say, and Kara will pale as she holds her hand, but Maggie will grin softly, sadly, knowingly.

“You gonna have one, Danvers?” she’ll ask, and Kara will always be awestruck at how gentle, at how loving, at how adoring, the steel-edged detective’s voice gets around Alex.

And that’s where the response varies, and that’s where sister and girlfriend can gauge how Alex is doing.

On the nights that are going to be full of raging and full of misdirected anger and full of begging, she’ll start by answering Maggie with a, “why not, it’s all I’ve been doing for the past few years anyway,” and Kara and Maggie will exchange a soft glance and Kara will take one side and Maggie will take the other and they’ll take her home and they’ll listen and they’ll validate and they’ll hold her when she breaks and they’ll soothe her while she drifts into restless sleep.

On the nights that are going to be full of Kara going home alone because Alex is going to fuck Maggie senseless, is going to fuck Maggie hard, is going to fuck Maggie rough, is going to fill Maggie up with her fingers, fill her own lips with Maggie’s wetness so she doesn’t fill them with
bourbon, she’ll start by answering Maggie with a, “not if I can have you instead,” and Maggie will gulp and blush and lick her lips and Kara will groan and adjust her glasses and speed away muttering about some emergency or other.

And on the nights that are going to be full of soft touches and easy laughter and old musicals and prank calling Winn as he’s out on a date with Lyra, she’ll start by answering Maggie with a, “no. No, I’m not. You can be proud of me now,” and Maggie will kiss her softly and Kara will blush and Alex will swoon and they’ll debate which movie to start the evening with the entire way home.

She doesn’t slip up, even though she wants to.

She doesn’t give in, even though she’s burning for it.

She doesn’t let go, except when she’s in Maggie’s arms and nothing can hurt her.

“You know I’m proud of you, Ally.” Maggie whispers one night, a few weeks into Alex’s sobriety, a couple weeks into her program; a couple weeks into what makes DEO training seem easy in retrospect.

“For making you cum five times in as many minutes?” Alex counters, her voice thick with sex and her own orgasms, thick with love and her own release.

Maggie chuckles and splutters, and decides not to point out – not right now, anyway – that Alex is the only woman who’s ever made her splutter. “I didn’t – it wasn’t five min – “

“It kinda was, Sawyer.”

“You timing me, Danvers?”

“I mean – “

“Alex. Seriously. I’m proud of you.”

Alex sighs and turns – Maggie had been holding her, had been kissing the nape of her neck, but she wants to see her eyes, now, wants to watch her face, now – and waits for Maggie to elaborate.

“You’re so gorgeous, Alex,” she whispers, and Alex’s entire being melts. “I…” She strokes Alex’s hair and she kisses her nose and she surprises herself to realize she’s almost crying. “You know, everyone thinks you’re tough because you scare the shit out of Winn and can defeat a team of hit men with a pool stick, and they think you’re strong because you single-handedly blew up an entire Cadmus facility and all that. And they’re right. But you… to me? Those aren’t the reasons you’re strong, Alex. Not the only ones, anyway.”

Alex nearly chokes on her own breath and her eyes widen and her pulse quickens.

“What are the reasons? To you?” she asks, and Maggie hasn’t heard her voice this small since Jeremiah, since ‘babe ride or die includes AA meetings, okay, it’s okay, I’m not going anywhere, you’re perfect, it’s okay.’

Maggie kisses her nose and she kisses her eyes and she stares at her like she’s never seen anything quite as beautiful, because she hasn’t.

“You didn’t have a drink today. And you didn’t have one yesterday, or the day before that, or the day before that. And you’re not going to have one tomorrow, or the day after that, or the day after that. But you know what, Alex? If you did? You’d just fight harder, because that’s how strong you
are, and you’d get back here all over again. Because you’re that powerful. Because you let Kara take care of you. Because you let me take care of you, and J’onn and James and Winn. Those things are the strong ones, Alex. Not just you being what everyone else needs. You letting people be what you need. That’s… you’re amazing, Alex. You’re amazing, and I’m so proud of you, I… I’m so proud to be yours.”

Alex blinks out tears and quirks out a soft grin and kisses Maggie’s still slightly swollen lips gently.

“Mine, huh?”

“It’s called being cherished, get used to it, Danvers.”
Chapter 298

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I had to get teeth pulled yesterday and i get your not taking prompts so i feel really bad for asking but i could really use a fic where alex or maggie gets teeth pulled and its just funny because laughing gas and novicane

Of course she’s avoided going to the dentist.

“I have worlds to save and a superhero little sister to take care of, Kara, I don’t have time to let some stranger poke around in my mouth with sharp implements.”

But Kara pouts, and Alex has a acquired a limited immunity to it, but when Maggie joins in with a “Danvers, you were in so much pain last night we had to stop while you – “, Alex yelps and blunes and “alright, alright, alright, I’ll go to the damn dentist.”

Of course her wisdom teeth are impacted.

Of course they are.

Maggie holds her hand even though Alex mutters something about being a grown woman, but Kara just laughs gently and spills the secret of how much Alex hates, hates, hates needles.

Alex would normally mind, but it’s Maggie; it’s Maggie, and Kara knows this, and sure enough, Maggie doesn’t laugh – she hates needles, too – and she doesn’t tease. She just kisses the inside of Alex’s arm, the underside of her wrist, gives her hand to Kara, and tells her she’ll be right back.

Turns out she’s asked if they can give Alex gas before they give her any needles, and she’s given them death glares when they tell her they usually only do that for children, and they’ve acquiesced and Alex?

Alex is bad enough at being taken care of normally, but coming out from under laughing gas while on novocaine? She’s an absolute terror.

“Alex, hey. Maggie’s in the waiting room, do you want her to come in, too?”

“Kara! Heyyyyy. You know those glasses don’t make you look all that much different. Maggie knew. Maggie’s so smart. Isn’t she smart, Kara? And pretty? Isn’t she so pretty? Hehe, my girlfriend. Isn’t it funny that she’s so smart and she’s so pretty and she’s so my girlfriend? And your glasses. Hehe. People are stupid.”

Kara fetches Maggie immediately.

“Hey soldier, how you holding up?”
“Hey, Kara look! It’s my girlfriend! You know I was just talking about you. I mean, I think I was. Was I, Kara? It’s… did they do the thing yet? Oh, hey, there’s all this stuff in my mouth… That was fast, wasn’t that fast? Hey, Maggie, you know if you kissed me right now I probably wouldn’t feel it? How weird is that? Not feeling your kiss? Because your kisses are amazing, I’ve never – “

“Well, I’ll leave you two alone – “

“No, little sis, stayyyyy! Stay, we won’t make out, Maggie doesn’t kiss me when I’m not sober, she’s annoying like that, all consenty and stuff – “

Maggie kisses her forehead and Alex preens and her gauze slips out of her mouth and Maggie chuckles as Alex splutters and she replaces it tenderly with a fresh one. Kara’s heart melts and Alex’s heart swells.

“Oh heyyy, I get to have smoothies, right?”

“Yes, babe, I got you all kinds of – “

“Ugh, is it vegan ice cream? Because I… it… gross…”

Kara and Maggie exchange smirks as Alex passes out. It’s another half hour or so before she wakes up again, before she’s cleared to be taken out of the recovery room and into Maggie’s car home.

“Ally, it’s okay, you’ve gotta go slow – “

So naturally, Alex tries to sprint down the hallway.

Kara and Maggie both wonder when they became the parents instead of Alex and Maggie.

In the car – another ordeal, because Alex is exhausted and high and rebellious all at the same time, and keeps trying to get into the driver’s seat, something about Maggie’s legs not being long enough to reach the gas pedals – Kara pulls Alex’s head into her lap in the back seat and strokes her hair until she falls back to sleep.

Maggie adjusts the rear view mirror before she pulls out of the parking space so she can take a long glance at her Danvers girls, a soft smile on her face and an unfamiliar warmth in her heart.

She’s not sure, but she thinks the warmth might be something like family.
Chapter 299

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

ok, but if you're taking prompts again could we have ace!alex and hardcore kinky cuddle porn? with alex restrained well maggie gives her a deep massage, the kind that hurts at first but it's a good hurt? with lots of kisses and caresses and some sweet smelling lotion or oil? and lots of praise kink? (i might be a touch-starved ace baby gay, i won't confirm or deny...)

Maggie watches her while she works and she squints and she tilts her head and she bites the inside of her cheek, a habit she’s recently picked up from her girlfriend.

“You’re tense, Danvers,” she observes softly, wanting Alex to ask for it, not wanting to suggest it, because she knows Alex is still struggling with not trying to be overly accommodating, still struggling with not trying to be the ‘perfect girlfriend.’ Especially since she's come out as ace.

Alex looks up at Maggie over her glasses and kneads her hand into her own shoulder. “Yeah, well, you know. Long day at the lab bench, long night with med journals. Sometimes I think the days getting beaten around in the field are easier on my body.”

Maggie grins and nods, relieved to finally be with someone who not only gets it, gets her, but feels it, too. Because no one Maggie’s ever been with has understood what Alex just said; but Maggie feels it, too, every single day her life isn’t on the line.

She thinks vaguely that they both might want to bring that up in therapy, but she pushes the thought to the side for now, because Alex is shifting, and Alex is stewing in nervous thought.

“Maggie, would you… would you want to give me a massage?”

Maggie gulps and licks her lips and nods and beams, because god is she proud of Alex for asking for what she wants, asking for what she needs.

“I would love absolutely nothing more. Roll over, Danvers.”

Alex flushes and tosses the journals she has scattered across the bed to the floor and lays on her stomach eagerly. Maggie takes a long, slow, deep breath staring at her girlfriend, at her perfect body, at her perfect openness, at her perfect… god, everything.

“Tie me up?” Alex asks, her voice small but full and low and so, so, so damn hot.

“Tie you up to… to give you a massage?” Maggie gulps, and Alex buries her face in the pillow.

“I’m sorry, it’s weird, forget it, I – ”

“No no no no no, Alex, no. I… it’s not weird at all, it’s just… hell, Alex, it’s really hot, I was just
clarifying, I promise, just clarifying.”

“So you want to, then?”

“Want to tie the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen up so I can give her the deepest, most amazing massage she’s ever had? What do you think, Danvers?”

Alex blushes and pokes her face out from where she’s buried it in the pillow.
“I think you’re saying you like me.”

Maggie grins and kisses her temple, kisses her cheek, and Alex turns so she can kiss her lips, and they both sigh deeply into the kiss, Alex opening her lips and Maggie trying not to moan and failing in a strangled way that makes Alex smile, that makes Alex giggle, that makes Alex want more.

Maggie complies, bringing her lips down the side of Alex’s jawline, her neck, her shoulder blades.
“You’re so beautiful, Alex.”

Alex preens and Maggie grins, slipping away from Alex’s body. Alex whines and reaches behind her in protest. Maggie catches her hand and kisses each knuckle.

“Shhh, sweetie, I’m just getting some things I need to give you a proper massage, okay? I’ll be right back. I promise.”

Alex sighs in mock disapproval and Maggie can’t help but lean down to kiss her lips again. Alex goes to deepen it and Maggie pulls back, dimples on full display.
“You want this massage or not, Danvers?”

Alex concedes and Maggie smooths her hair away from the nape of her neck and kisses her gently.
“Just close your eyes and rest, babygirl. I’ll be right back.”

She fiddles with her phone for a moment until she finds her playlist of the most calming music from FFX, and Yuna’s Theme starts up on her speakers. Alex hums in contentment and Maggie can’t help but lean down and kiss her again until she pads into the bathroom to collect what she needs.

True to her word, she comes right back, armed with lavender scented massage candles and sticks of incense scented the same. Alex keeps her eyes closed as she listens to Maggie padding around the bedroom, the sound of a lighter striking up and the scent of woody, sweet spice starting to fill her senses.

“Do you wanna take your clothes off, Ally?” Maggie asks, and Alex smiles, because she knows it’s a genuine question, not a hint or subtle command.

And she does, taking her time shirking out of her sweatshirt and pajama pants, knowing exactly what that kind of thing does to Maggie and relishing every second of it.

Maggie’s breath goes ragged at the sight of Alex wearing nothing but her glasses, laying on her stomach, trusting and waiting and open for her.

“You still want…?” she confirms, and Alex grins, lifting her hands above her head and raising her wrists for Maggie to tie them with the bondage rope they’ve invested in.
“Too tight?” she asks, and Alex hums and shakes her head. Maggie straddles her and leans down to kiss her bound hands before shifting back down her body, settling around her ass, and she runs her fingertips up and down Alex’s back lightly while she waits for the massage candle to melt enough wax to use.

Alex hisses when Maggie drips the wax onto her shoulders, and Maggie pulls back, wipes it up with her hands rapidly.

“I’m sorry, was it too hot? I should’ve waited – “

“No no, don’t stop, it just… your touch, the… the heat… it feels amazing.”

Maggie takes a deep breath and settles herself, starting by digging the pads of her thumbs into Alex’s knotted shoulders, working the waxy lotion into Alex’s skin, the heat into her muscles, and Alex moans loudly, tugging at her rope.

She answers Maggie’s unspoken question, obvious hesitation.

“Please don’t stop.”

So she doesn’t.

She digs her thumbs, her palms, her knuckles, into every one of Alex’s tightest muscles, letting the wax and the music and the incense surround them both as Alex moans with the slight pain of the release, moans and whispers for Maggie – always scared of hurting her – to please keep going, right there, just like that.

Her shoulders, her lower back, that spot in her midback that she’d strained when she’d gone rogue the other week. Maggie traces her muscles with nothing short of reverence, with nothing short of intimate knowledge of how Alex holds her body, of how Alex keeps her tension. She digs into exactly the right spots, circles around exactly the right places, making Alex moan and arch her body and beg for more of Maggie’s touch, more of Maggie’s hands, more of Maggie’s love.

And when Maggie shifts lower, Alex moans louder, because Maggie is working the tension out of her ass, out of her hamstrings, her calves, her feet, leaving a trail of soft kisses all along the path hands trace, the path her hands carve, the path her hands memorize.

“That feel good, Danvers?” she asks, and she smiles when Alex’s affirmative response is less comprised of actual words than of sighs and moans and arching of her body to get more of Maggie’s touch.

“Your hands must be tired, babe,” Alex murmurs after a long while, after the incense has burned itself out and Maggie’s crawled her way back up Alex’s body to work on her bound arms, her ragged breath in Alex’s ear as she kisses her neck, licks at her earlobe.

“They’re not nearly as tired as you are beautiful, so…”

Alex chuckles, her voice full of relaxed ecstasy that she’s never really understood before.

“Come hold me?” she asks, and Maggie immediately goes to untie her hands, kissing the spots Alex had made a bit pink with her writhing under Maggie’s touch.

“I’ll always hold you, Alex. Okay?”

“I can get used to that.”
Chapter 300

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

The Yoga Class

She lies when Maggie asks if it was really that bad and she says yes.

She lies, but it’s okay, because Maggie knows she’s lying.

She knows because Alex knows that Maggie saw the way her jaw was on the floor the whole. Entire. Time.

The whole entire time, because the things Maggie can do with her body?

How she can hold herself up with only her hands, how she can go from stiff body slams on the job to graceful, steady, peaceful movements on that adorable pink mat of hers? (She’d laughed when Alex had insisted on getting a blue one for herself – to match – and she’d kissed her and she’d looked like she was in love.)

True, there were parts Alex hated.

Like the parts where she wasn’t the best one in the class.

Like the parts where the instructor had welcomed her as a newcomer, and the only okay part about that was the way Maggie had reached over and touched her arm and beamed because she was hers, hers, hers.

“Why do you do this stuff anyway, Mags? Isn’t it too… calm for you? Don’t you love your heavy bag?”

“I do, Danvers, but if I only got my release through my heavy bag, I’d just kind of stay angry all the time.”

“And this… breathy stuff… helps you not be angry all the time?”

“How do you do this stuff anyway, Mags? Isn’t it too… calm for you? Don’t you love your heavy bag?”

“I do, Danvers, but if I only got my release through my heavy bag, I’d just kind of stay angry all the time.”

“And this… breathy stuff… helps you not be angry all the time?”

“Some days,” Maggie had explained, and Alex could kind of see why.

Because, though she’ll never admit it, she found that it was kind of comforting – and kind of hot, okay, very hot – to watch Maggie move so peacefully, to watch the way her eyes fluttered closed.

Even if it earned her a gentle, smiling reprimand from the instructor, who softly reminded her to focus on her own practice for now.

Alex refrained from retorting that Maggie was her practice.

Because part of her? Part of her wanted that. Wanted to be like that. Like Maggie.

Because she admires the crap out of her, and damn, it would be kind of nice to be just as flexible as
her girlfriend.

It would be… helpful.

In sting ops and such.

And in bed.

Her practice. Right. Focus on her practice.

And when she tried – when she took inspiration from Maggie’s soft breathing, from the way she wasn’t embarrassed to keep her eyes closed in this room, wasn’t scared, wasn’t guarded, like she was everywhere else in public spaces, and even alone together sometimes – Alex could see where this stuff was… relaxing.

Not to mention a little physically challenging.

Okay, a lot physically challenging.

Alex was used to motion. She wasn’t used to stillness.

And stillness? Stillness can be so much harder.

Stillness can require so much more strength.

The kind of strength she sees in Maggie. The kind of strength that makes her love her even more.

The kind of strength she wasn’t to develop in herself.

So she lies when Maggie asks if it was really that bad, because it’s funny and because they love teasing each other and because she’s still Alex Danvers, and she has a reputation to uphold, after all.

But really? She can’t find the words to tell her. Not yet.

How much she’s inspired by her.

How in awe of her she is.

She’ll find the words, one day.

But today? Laughing and nudging each other and flirting and teasing in the rain, neither of them caring enough to take their umbrellas out of Maggie’s gym bag, because god does everything, including the mist on their skin, feel perfect right now?

Today, this minute?

She’s got Maggie’s smile, and Maggie’s got hers, and that’s enough for now.
Chapter 301

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Maggie’ POV Running into Emily

No one makes her giggle.

Not anymore, anyway.

But Alex Danvers?

A league of her own.

So she finds herself practically squeaking in the middle of the street, because Alex is just… Alex is everything.

And here she is, slinking her hand through Maggie’s arm, calling them that couple, and it’s perfect, and Maggie says as much, because it is perfect, because Alex is perfect, but then her stomach drops, and nothing, nothing, nothing is perfect anymore.

“Emily?” she calls, because she can’t help it, because it was years ago, but it was for five years years ago, and because god, god, god, she knew they were lesbians in rain boots and carrying yoga mats but she didn’t realize they signed up to be on an episode of The flipping L Word.

“Maggie,” is all she says, and she remembers that look, she remembers that voice, like it was yesterday, like everything was yesterday.

“Hiiii.”

“Uh – “ Emily starts, and Maggie starts at the same time.

“Are – are you, um, back in town?” Because she’d only left because of Maggie.

Only left because of those stupid, drunken nights, those stupid, fucked up mistakes.

Those stupid, reckless blunders – because Emily was starting to talk about getting married, because Emily was starting to talk about Maggie being the one, and no, no, no, that couldn’t happen because no, no, no, it couldn’t be real, it was too good to be true, how could it ever be true, she’s just a fucked up kid from nowhere Nebraska with more scar tissue than skin – that ruined everything, everything, everything.

Just like she always does.

“Yeah. Yeah, just for the week. I’m staying at the Baldwin.”

Of fucking course she’s staying at the Baldwin.

The Baldwin, where Maggie had taken those women, during that awful week, that stupid week,
that self-destructive, hey-baby-my-girlfriend’s-out-of-town week, to crash, to drink, to fuck away the terror of being loved, because she’d only leave in the end anyway, because everyone did.

Might as well speed it along.

Or at least get some release out of it.

Of course she’s staying at the fucking Baldwin.

“Oh. Okay.” She forces a smile and she closes her mouth and she stares, because she doesn’t deserve to be happy, and Emily was right, she was right, and she was right to take that little dig, that little reminder that you cheated, that you’re a terrible person, that you could never be happy because you don’t know what happiness actually feels like, because I was always at arms length all these years, wasn’t I, you don’t deserve to be happy because hell, Maggie, you don’t even want to be.

“Hi! I’m Alex.”

Alex’s voice makes her jump slightly, and the pit in her stomach grows. Something she didn’t know was possible.

“Oh, I’m sorry. This is my – my girlfriend, Alex.”

Her voice softens when she says her name, because her name is her only anchor right now.

Her name is her only anchor.

Period.

But it shouldn’t be. It shouldn’t be because god, god, god, she doesn’t deserve it.

And she certainly doesn’t deserve Emily seeing the way Maggie’s found herself another white girl with kind of red hair, the way she knows they look perfect together. Emily doesn’t deserve that.

And Maggie doesn’t deserve an anchor.

“I’m Emily, nice to meet you.”

Maggie knows that tone, even after all these years; that tone, that face. The rushedness of her words, the curtness, but the politeness.

Knows she’s in pain.

And god, she thought she couldn’t hate herself more than she already did, but she can still stir that up in Emily, and god, what if one day she does that to Alex?

No.

Not to Alex.

It was years ago. She was a kid. She was… she has no excuse.

But not to Alex.

“We used to date,” she tosses up her hand, because what else is there to say, and from Alex’s “oh” and little hand clap, she knows Alex already knew, knows Alex already detected, but hearing it out
loud is probably giving her a pit in her stomach something akin to what’s roiling in Maggie’s.

Another thing to hate herself for.

“It’s been – “ Maggie starts.

“A lotta years.”

Three years, about eight months, give or take a couple of weeks.

“Yeah.”

Emily’s eyes rake her body and she remembers the sex they had – the wild, unrestrained, loud, rough sex, in the Baldwin, because Emily wanted her to fuck her one last time, wanted her to fuck her like she’d fucked those other girls, where she’d fucked those other girls – and she knows, she knows, that Emily’s thinking about it, too.

Knows because of the way her voice drops like it always had when she was thinking about sex when she says, “We should catch up sometime.”

Maggie almost splutters, but manages not to. “Sure, yeah. That would – that would be good. Sometime.”

The ground. Alex. Her anchor.

Doesn’t deserve an anchor.

The ground again.

Back to Emily’s face. Emily’s face that had been tear-stained and angry the last time she’d seen it, when she’d begged for forgiveness, knowing she didn’t deserve it, not knowing if she really even wanted it.

“I should go. Let you guys get up to whatever you’ve got going on, but it was really good to see you.”

“You too,” Maggie answers, a little too quickly. A little too quickly because god, this hurts.

“Uh, nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, yeah.”

She turns to Alex – oh, Alex, Alex, still playing with her hands, because she doesn’t know what else to do with them when they’re not around Maggie’s body, when they’re not holding a gun – and she starts walking away, because she needs scotch. Preferably sooner than later.

But Alex stops her. “What about tonight?”

“Huh?”

“What, she wants to catch up, we don’t have any plans.”

Maggie’s stomach sinks again, and her heart starts racing, and now she thinks she needs a Klonopin instead of a scotch.

“No, I can’t, come on, it’s cold – “
“Hey, do you see how cool I’m being about that?” She can’t help but smile, because this nerd. This nerd.

She doesn’t deserve this nerd.

“I mean, come on.”

She doesn’t think. She just does.

“Emily. Do you wanna have dinner with us tonight?”

A long pause, during which Maggie wants to disappear into the wet concrete.

“Uh, yeah. Sure. I have the same email, just… let me know where.”

Maggie nearly throws up at the mention of the same email – the same email that they’d sent countless letters from, countless dirty pictures, countless everything – but she knows she deserves it.

She couldn’t be more grateful when Alex answers for her.

“We will.”

“Okay.”

Alex puts her arm around her as they turn again. “See, that wasn’t so bad.”

It was, it was, it was.

But Alex had said “we.” We. Us. Alex and Maggie.

She isn’t going anywhere.

And Maggie isn’t going to fuck this up.

Not again.

Even if she doesn’t deserve the woman kissing her cheek as they walk, asking what kind of food Emily likes, and where she thinks they should go tonight.

Even if she doesn’t deserve her at all.
Chapter 302

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Waiting for Emily (Sanvers at Dinner)

Maggie doesn’t say much, and Alex lets her stew.

She lets her because she knows Maggie isn’t into the whole talking thing anyway.

She lets her because Maggie changed three separate times before settling on one of Alex’s sweaters, and she lets her because she’s been off all day, and she lets her because she looks at the door every single time it opens with equal parts relief and terror when it’s not Emily.

And Alex isn’t used to seeing Maggie terrified.

Not even when they’re fighting back-to-back against assassins who’d like to see them both skewered. (Alex being held at gun point is the exception. She still has nightmares about how scared Maggie had looked.)

But she looks scared, tonight, and so Alex lets her stew.

She lets her stew while she feeds her small talk about her and J’onn’s latest training sessions with Winn, “because honestly that boy needs to be able to do more than wield a stapler at someone if he’s gonna be out in the field,” about Pam from HR’s latest scoop on whether Theresa from accounting is leaning in the sapphic direction, about Kara’s latest health-food kick with Lena.

The benign topics are a nice break from the heaviness of their days, their lines of work; the benign topics make Maggie crack small smiles, make Maggie hold Alex’s hand instead of wringing her own.

“You look absolutely beautiful, you know,” Alex tells her at some point, because lord almighty, she does.

Maggie just shakes her head, and Alex squints.

But she lets it go. For now.

She doesn’t ask. For now.

Because Maggie doesn’t talk until she’s ready.

And Alex isn’t going to push.

For now.

But she might, soon.

Because Maggie looks like she might break, soon.
And Alex cares too much for her – loves her too much – to let that happen.

So she lets her sit and she lets her stew and she lets her listen to Alex’s DEO gossip until it’s forty-five minutes later and Maggie and Emily apparently used to fight about Emily’s distaste for parking regulations and Alex hates her, she hates her, she hates her, because who tells someone they don’t deserve to be happy?

She tries to tell her on the drive home.

“You know she was wrong, Maggie. Don’t you?”

“Alex, I told you, it’s whatever, it – “

“It’s not whatever, Maggie – “

“Danvers. Drop it. Please.”

Alex takes a deep breath and Alex does. For now.

For now.

For now.
“Look, Alex, I just wanna be alone, okay? It’s not… it’s not you, I just… I just need to be alone.”

Alex swallows rage and Alex swallows the desire to scoop Maggie into her arms and never let her go, ever. To kiss her every scar and to extract her every pain.

But she needs to listen better.

Because Maggie needs to be heard.

So Alex hears, and Alex drops her off, and Alex kisses her good night, and tells her to call if she changes her mind.

She knows she won’t.

She thinks about heading home herself for about .38 seconds. But she’s driving to the Baldwin before she even consciously decides to.

She leans on a pole and she checks her watch and she tries some of those breathing exercises from this morning to keep her somewhat calm, to keep her able to talk instead of punch, to keep her able to speak instead of scream.

Even though her blood boils when she sees her. Even though her body is running through all one hundred six ways she knows how to kill someone with her bare hands.

“Emily.”

God is she suddenly grateful for those damn yoga breathing exercises.

“Alex, right?”

“Yeah. I wanted to come… see you. I wanted to talk to you, just to see if…”

She takes a step closer and she’s almost grateful when Emily starts speaking, because she might have just punched her instead of finishing her sentence.

“Look, if this is about missing dinner – “

“Why didn’t you show up?” Her voice is low and her voice is death, and she can’t sink her fists into Maggie’s father, so Emily will have to do. For now.

“I should’ve, but… the whole situation, it just brought up too many painful memories.”

“What about Maggie? All the things you said to her back then, that wasn’t painful?” She wants to
say more. She wants to say so much more. Do so much more.

She doesn’t, because she doesn’t want to make things worse for Maggie. But god, god, god, does she want to.

“Everything that I said to her, she had coming.”

“She dedicated five years of her life to you, and you bailed on her.” Her voice feels like it does before she splits her knuckles on prisoner’s faces, before she drops bombs that blow up buildings she’s still standing in.

“I bailed on her? Seriously, that’s – that’s what she told you? – she cheated on me.”

The bottom drops out of Alex’s stomach and the fight goes out of her gut.

And suddenly she’s picturing Maggie in bed with Emily, in bed with Darla, hell, in bed with her yoga instructor, naked and writhing, screaming someone else’s name.

Someone’s name that isn’t hers.

She gulps and she hates herself because she’s done it again.

Caused someone pain. Again.

Failed. Again.

“I’m sorry, I… I didn’t know.”

She can’t look at her, at this woman with hair that’s only just a little redder than hers, with a voice just a little deeper than hers, with a body just a little more perfect than hers.

This woman who Maggie apparently cheated on.

And Alex knows it’s true.

Knows because she knows Maggie.

Knows because she knows what Maggie is like when she’s scared.

Knows what Maggie is like when she hates herself more than she usually does.

“I shouldn’t have said anything.”

Alex isn’t looking at her, so she doesn’t see the way Emily’s eyes run up and down her body, just once, quickly. Just once, imagining Maggie underneath her, on top of her, whatever she’s feeling these days, and she can see why Maggie chose this woman. This woman who just wanted to defend her.

This woman she’s apparently lying to.

And she knows Alex knows it, because when she looks up, her eyes are wide and terrified and regretful.

“I just… really wanna forget about it.”

Because that shell-shocked look on Alex’s face?
She wore that look for almost two whole years.

She only just recently stopped wearing it all the time.

Alex looks off to the side because she can’t look into the eyes of the woman Maggie slept with, spent five years probably doting on, and then cheated on.

“Sorry, I… I’mma go.”

She doesn’t give Emily a chance to say anything else.

She can’t hear anything else.

She just walks.

She walks and she walks, and she takes out her phone and she calls her sister.
Chapter 304

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Kara Comforts Alex Post Emily-Confrontation

She’s walking away and she won’t stop walking because if she stops walking she’ll break.

She takes out her phone and does the only thing she knows how to – aside from hitting the bottle – when she’s going to break.

She calls her sister.

“Maggie cheated on her ex,” she says without preamble, and she can practically feel Kara clenching her fists in rage.

“Alex, no. Are you okay? No, that’s a stupid question, of course you’re not okay. Do you want me to – “

“No no no, don’t hunt her down and kill her, that’s not why I – I just… I need my sister.”

“Where are you? I’ll come get you – “

“No, Kara, you can’t, you need to keep a low profile, remember? I just… Do you think it’s possible for someone to change?”

She might not have J’onn’s telepathy, but she practically hears Kara thinking about Mon-El, and this isn’t the moment – because Maggie has started to get her a little bit better at focusing on herself when she needs it, and god does she need it right now – but she wishes she’d think of other people who were complicated, who changed. Astra. Jeremiah. For better or worse. Hell, even Eliza was trying. Alex herself.

“I do,” Kara says, but her voice is careful and her voice is protective. “I do, but Alex, a lot of times when someone cheats – “

“It doesn’t make you a bad person, Kara – people are allowed to make mistakes, and it was years ago, it – “

“I know that, Alex, but you’re my sister, and I only want you to have what you deserve.”

“I know. And I want the same for you. And we’re going to talk about that, because Kara, there’s a reason you’re breaking up with him every other day.”

“Alex – “

“I’m just saying. But I… look, it… Maggie… she’s guarded. Too guarded. After her dad, growing up in that town she grew up in, she… she doesn’t talk, Kara. To me. I mean, she does, she talks, but not really. Maybe I’m not a good listener, I don’t know – “
“No, Alex, you’re an amazing listener. It just… it sounds like Maggie has a pattern. A not talking pattern. She didn’t tell you about her dad, and now this, it… didn’t you say she keeps telling you that you’re not supposed to shove your feelings down anymore?”

“Yeah, she reminds me at least twice a day.”

“Well, she’s right. But Alex, maybe she has the same struggle you do. Shoving her feelings down. To protect herself. And that’s not an excuse for cheating! Or for not telling you about it! And you have a sister with laser vision, I’m just saying, I can – “

“Kara, no – “

“Just a warning shot – “

“Kara.”

“I will kill her if she hurts you, Alex.”

Alex stops walking and runs a hand through her hair and looks up at the stars and sighs.

She needs a shower. She needs a change of clothes. She needs to give Maggie more of the time alone she asked for.

And then she needs Maggie.

“She won’t. I trust her, Kara, I… let me hear her out before you go all rogue on her.”

“So, before I go older Danvers sister on her.”

“Right.”

“Alex.”

“Kara.”

“I love you. You only deserve the best.”

“She is the best, Kara. I… I think she is.”

“She’d better prove it.”

“She will. She does, every day. And hey, Kara. He’d better prove it, too. And not just with bacon. You’re worth more than that, Kara. So much more than that.”

“I love you, Alex.”

“I love you too, sis. I love you too.”
Chapter 305

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

The Alex Comforting Maggie Scene We All Deserved (aka Alex doesn’t get called away, and “I love you” happens)

She is so fucking proud of her.

She walks away.

She snaps and she freaks out and she walks away, but she doesn’t try to head out the door.

Instead, she heads straight to the couch and sits down.

And Alex is so fucking proud of her.

And that?

That’s the final proof Alex needs that Maggie is perfect.

Not perfect.

But perfect for her.

Because Alex had told her that it was a relationship and she didn’t get to just walk out.

And Maggie?

Maggie had listened.

So Maggie’s on the couch and she’s in agony and Alex hates it, hates the catches in her voice and the not-quite biting she does to her lips to keep them from trembling when Alex brings up her parents, hates the nod and the anguished “I know” and the terrified drop and tremble of her jaw.

She hates it, because she’s defeated and she’s helpless and she’s destroyed.

But she loves it, too, because she… because… because she’s Maggie.

She hears her own voice tremble on the word heal and the only thing that keeps her from breaking herself is how warm Maggie’s face is, how soft her hair is, the way that Maggie finally looked at her when she said her name, the way she’s leaning into her hand, probably without even realizing it.

“You don’t think I’m a bad person?” she asks, and Alex knows how many years Maggie’s spent feeling like she is, and Alex knows exactly, exactly, exactly what that kind of self-hatred feels like.

She looks off to the side because she knows Maggie, she knows that there’s only a certain amount of intensity, of vulnerability, that she can handle at once. So she looks off to the side and she quirks
her lips and she says, “Actually, I always thought that you were perfect. But it’s really nice to see that you have problems, too.”

Maggie’s voice shakes when she says thank you, and Alex smiles because god, she’s never been so... she’s never felt this...

She pulls back because she needs to see her face again.

Pulls back – but not before pressing the side of her face to Maggie’s hair, because god she loves how close it feels, how perfect – because she needs to tell her something.

Because if she’s going to call Maggie out for keeping things to herself, she can’t do the same.

“Yeah,” she whispers as she strokes her hair, as she looks into wet brown eyes and steels herself for the scariest thing she’s ever done.

And she’s a DEO agent with a superhero little sister.

Scary is her job.

“Listen, I know we haven’t been together for five years, I know... I know it’s not... I know we’re still learning each other, and ourselves, but I... I never want to stop learning each other together, and I... No, Maggie, I don’t think you’re a bad person. I think you’re the most... Maggie, I’m not going to run. I’m not going to run just because you have a history – hell, I have a history, too, we all have histories – and I’m not going to let you run just because you’re scared. I’m going to prove you can trust me, I’m going to prove I’m going to be here for you, unconditionally, always, no matter what ghosts you have or what scar tissue you’ve got, because I...”

Maggie’s eyes are wide and her lips are trembling and her heart is bleeding and Alex needs her to know, needs her to understand, needs her to feel it.

“I love you, Maggie. I love you, I love you, god, Maggie, I love you, and I’m not going anywhere, and you’re not a bad person, and you – “

But her next words are lost in Maggie’s lips, in her tongue, in her arms and in her sob, in the way she pushes Alex back onto the couch, in the way her body wracks with sobs even as her lips cover Alex’s.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” Alex pulls back, and Maggie stills immediately, sits up immediately. “No, no, you don’t have to get off, come back, come here, please, I want to be near you, I want to kiss you, I just... you’re crying, Maggie, I don’t – “

“You shouldn’t.”

One of Maggie’s tears drips onto Alex’s cheek, and Alex reaches up to wipe her eyes, to stroke her hair, as she shakes her head, as she furrows her brow and confusion defines her every feature.

“I shouldn’t what, Maggie?”

She reads the answer in Maggie’s eyes before Maggie can force the words out of her lips, and it shatters her heart.

“Love me. You... you shouldn’t love me.”

Maggie sits up and crawls off of Alex, crawls to the opposite end of the couch, and Alex stays
laying down, leaning up on her elbows, watching her. Watching her, scared to move, because if she moves, Maggie might run.

And she would understand why.

Because if Maggie loved her, and said so, god, she would say she didn’t deserve it, too.

Because she didn’t, she didn’t, she didn’t.

“I’m sorry, Maggie, I shouldn’t have said anything, I should have just kept my mouth shut – “

“No, Alex, it’s not you.” Her voice is distant and her voice is firm because she cheated, she lied, she destroys everything, not Alex, and she won’t have Alex blaming herself for this, too.

Alex stiffens and Maggie notices out of the corner of her eye, so she forces herself to relax her shoulders somewhat and she sighs and wipes her eyes roughly. Alex stays leaning back on her elbows, stays watching her carefully, stay wishing she would be gentler with herself when she wipes her own tears away. Wishes she were as gentle with herself as she is with Alex.

“I’m sorry. It’s…” She chances a glance at Alex, and the confusion, the adoration, the pure concern, the pure… love… in her face makes her want to scream, and makes her want to weep, and makes her want to cling to Alex and never, ever, ever let her go.

“You are the most amazing woman I’ve ever met, Alex. You… I loved Emily, yeah. I did, a lot. She was… we met in college, and she… and we were together a long time, my longest, like I said, but it… I wasn’t… I loved her, but not… not like this. Not like I love you.”

Alex’s heart stops beating and she sits up slowly, slowly, slowly. Maggie’s crying again, soft tears, silent tears, and Alex is pretty sure she’s crying now, too.

“But I shouldn’t, Alex, and you shouldn’t, because I don’t… you see what I did to her, what I… what I do. To the people closest to me. Because it’s not only about not trusting them, or you, it… it’s about trusting myself. I tore my family apart, Alex. I did that. Me.”

“Maggie, no, it wasn’t – “

“I know. I know. But that’s never… that’s never how it felt. It felt like it was me. Everyone told me it was me. And I believed it, Alex, because hell, you know, you believe what your mother says about you, too.”

Alex looks down and Alex takes a deep breath and Alex is in shock because she loves me, she loves me, she loves me.

“It’s why I tried not to date you, Alex, because… yes, because you were just coming out, but also because I… I ruin things, Alex. It’s what I do, and I never… I never want to ruin you. You’re… you’re a masterpiece, Alex. You’re the greatest thing this damn planet’s ever come up with, and I just… I destroy things. And I shouldn’t have gotten with you, because I don’t know what I’d do if I ever destroyed you, but I couldn’t help it, because Alex, I… I’m so sorry. You deserve to be loved by someone… whole, someone… Someone who doesn’t ruin everything she touches.”

Alex is sitting up fully, now, is kneeling back on the couch in front of Maggie, now, her hands in her own lap, now.

“Are you done?” she asks softly, gently.
Maggie nods and looks away, and Alex raises her index finger to her chin and helps Maggie meet her eyes.

“You do not ruin things. You do not destroy things. You aren’t broken, Maggie, and you aren’t a… a curse. You’re the masterpiece, Maggie, because you… you have survived hell – hell that your own family put you through, hell when you were a child and needed all the love and protection that I wish I could have been there to give you then – and after all that, the worst thing you do, what, you cheated on someone? Okay, that’s bad. That’s really, really bad. But Maggie, doing a bad thing doesn’t make you a bad person. It makes you a person. I’ve tortured people, Maggie, I’ve… I’ve killed people. People with families, people… people. And you still say I’m… those things you said I am.”

“A masterpiece, the most incredible woman in all of creation, the – “

Maggie’s smiling now, and it makes Alex smile, too, but she shushes her softly, because she’s not done.

“Maggie, I don’t love you because you’re perfect, or because I thought you actually were perfect. I love you because you like gross food like double toasted bagels and vegan ice cream, and I love you because you take care of the queer kids of color your precinct would rather lock up, and I love you because you have terrible morning breath and I love you because you make me laugh and I love you because you stand up for yourself and I love you because you’re stubborn and because you’re loyal and because you’re passionate and because you’re neurotic about parking regulations and because you’re into weird things like bonsai trees.”

“Hey, don’t hate on my trees.”

“And I love you because that’s the thing you decide to pipe up about. I love you, Maggie, and god, I’m sorry, am I saying it too much, I just… it’s like a floodgate, now that I told you I have to keep saying it, because Maggie, you deserve it. You deserve to be loved, and you deserve to be loved for exactly who you are. For everything you’ve ever been and everything you’ve ever done and everything you are now and everything you will be in the future. I want to be in your future, Maggie, I… you’re amazing, Maggie. You’re amazing, and you just… I love you, Maggie. I love you. I love you, I – I’m going to stop talking now. Sorry.”

“I don’t deserve you, Alex.”

“But you said you love me?”

A silence. A long, long, long silence.

Alex’s eyes are wide and Maggie’s eyes are soaked and she reaches to cup Alex’s cheeks in her hands and she kisses every centimeter of her face because “Yes, Alex. Yes, yes, yes. I love you more than I’ve ever loved anyone.”

“Well then. I don’t feel like I deserve you, and you don’t feel like you deserve me. But I love you. And you… you love me? You love me.” She can’t help but straighten and smile and Maggie chuckles wetly.

“Nerd.”

“You love that I’m your nerd.”

“My nerd. I like the sound of that.”
“Maggie. I want to be with you. Let me be with you. But like… really with you. So you have to try to trust me, to let me love you properly. Okay?”

“Do I have to?”

“Maggie.”

“I don’t like talking about myself, Alex.”

“I know.”

“But I… I trust you.”

“Well that’s a start.”

“Yeah.”

“You know what else would be a start?

“Mmm?”

“Heading over to the Baldwin and talking to Emily. You deserve closure, Maggie. You both do.”

“Alex, I – “

“I’ll drive you. I’ll be right outside the whole time.”

“You won’t leave?”

“Never.”

“Because you love me.”

“Who’s the nerd now?”

“For you? Every time, Alex. Every single time.”
Chapter 306

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

The Ride Home (with the Passionate Sanvers Kiss --> Smut we all deserve)

Alex drives her and she promises her once, twice, three times, four, that she’ll be waiting right outside.

That no matter what Emily says, no matter what feelings it brings up, Maggie will have a woman who loves her unconditionally – no judgment, no shaming – to take her home.

Maggie shakes and Maggie very nearly starts crying again, but she puts on her cop face, her impenetrable face, and Alex kisses her hand and watches her stride out of the car, watches her call after her ex.

“Emily. Hey. I… I’m sorry, I don’t mean to keep bumping into you like this, I just – “

“Listen, Maggie, if you’re here to tell me off for telling your girlfriend the truth, I don’t want to – “

“No, that’s not it, that’s not… Emily, I never… I never apologized. Not really, not enough. I apologized for… for myself, to make myself feel less guilty, less at fault. And then you said some things – which I totally don’t blame you for – and I… it made me feel justified in what I did, so I stopped trying. And I shouldn’t have. Stopped trying. I mean, I should have respected your space and all that, sure, but I… I’m just trying to say that you never deserved the hell I put you through, and you didn’t do anything wrong to cause it, it was me, it was all and only me, and I know I can’t do anything to make it right but – “

“Maggie, stop. Just… stop. Look, I’ve moved on. And clearly, so have you. I… you’re right. You’re right. You did a lot of damage. I loved you, I wanted to spend my life with you, I…”

Maggie looks down and tries not to feel, tries not to hate herself, tries not to… But Emily’s talking again, and she looks back up to listen to her like she deserves to be listened to.

“You shouldn’t have cheated. You know that. We don’t need to rehash that. It’s been too many years to… but look. You deserve to be happy. Of course you do. You made a mistake, you… but clearly, you’ve changed. You found yourself a great girl, you really have. And it looks like you treat her well.”

“I do.”

“Good. Do that. Don’t do to her what you did to me. That’s how you make it up to me, okay?”

“Yeah.”

Maggie’s voice is small, but Emily’s smiling, because that’s the Maggie she wants to remember; the girl who loves hard and fights hard and plays hard and hurts hard.
She turns and she looks out the window to see Alex is waiting, leaning on the hood of the car, and Alex puts up a hand and offers a small smile and waves.

“She’s great,” Emily says, because who else goes to defend her girlfriend, finds out she cheated on her ex and lied about it, and then drives her to make amends?

“I know,” Maggie says, because she really, really does.

“You’re lucky to have her.”

And then, “It’s good seeing you,” because really, oddly, it is. They hug and it’s brief because if it’s any longer it’ll burn, but Emily gives a soft wave to Alex as Maggie walks away, because she hopes she doesn’t need luck, she hopes she just needs Maggie.

Which is exactly what Alex needs.

All Alex needs.

All she needs when she asks how it went and Maggie thanks her, and tells her that Emily said she was lucky to have her, but god, god, god, it’s the other way around.

She grabs the lapel of Maggie’s jacket and she pulls and Maggie’s lips are soft and warm and perfect and Alex keeps hold of Maggie’s jacket even after they pull back, and Maggie reads the look in Alex’s eyes.

Reads the needs, reads the want. Reads the excitement, the desire.

“Let’s go,” she says, and heads back into the car, because she knows what comes next, and god, does she want it.

Alex smiles and practically hugs herself, because it’s called being happy, Danvers, and she’s getting used to it, kind of, but she thinks she may never get fully used to the feeling of being smiled at by Maggie Sawyer, of being kissed by Maggie Sawyer, of being…. god… loved…. by Maggie Sawyer.

So she smiles and she practically squeals and she follows Maggie into the car.

“Thank you, Alex,” Maggie says without preamble, and Alex strokes her hair and shakes her head.

“Always.”

“Kiss me again?”

“Always.”

She leans across the car and she kisses her soft and she kisses her slow and she kisses her like she’s falling and Maggie is the only one who can catch her, because god, she is.

Maggie opens her lips and sighs into the kiss and reaches over to tangle her hands in Alex’s hair and Alex lets out a soft moan and god, does Maggie taste incredible.

“Home?” Alex asks, because she might not be fully briefed in lesbian cultural norms, but she’s reasonably certain it would be rude to have sex in the car right outside one of your ex’s hotels after making amends with said ex.

And she’s reasonably certain that if Maggie keeps touching her like that – touching her like she’s
the only thing that exists in the world – that’s exactly what they’ll wind up doing.

So they settle for holding hands as Maggie drives with her other, their fingers interlaced, neither of them speaking, but both of them glancing at each other, both of them with small smiles and barely suppressed giggles because somehow, somehow, somehow, they found each other and somehow, somehow, somehow, they’re each other’s healing.

They’re barely through the door before Maggie has Alex’s jacket off, before she’s kissing her way down Alex’s jawline, but Alex hums and Maggie stops immediately, eyes concerned and hands up and off Alex’s body in surrender.

“I’m sorry, I thought you wanted – “

“I do, Maggie. I want you. But I want… I want to focus on you. I want to make you feel special. I want to make love to you, I want… I want to worship you, Maggie. Will you let me? If you want?”

“Alex, I don’t deserve – “

“Maggie. Let me show you what you deserve. If you want.”

Throat too tight with love, with gratitude, with disbelief that someone can love her like this, that someone can look at like this, that Alex Danvers can love her like this, that Alex Danvers can look at her like this, Maggie just nods.

And Alex smiles, and Alex does the last thing Maggie expects her to do: she walks away.

Before Maggie can panic, Alex takes her hand and kisses each knuckle.

“I’m not going anywhere,” she promises, and she sets about the apartment, turning on soft jazz and lighting candles and humming to herself.

“Pour yourself a drink, babe,” she offers, but Maggie declines, because she doesn’t want Alex to have to taste the alcohol on her lips. Alex notices, and her heart expands so much she thinks her chest might burst.

“Make yourself comfortable,” she whispers as she crosses behind her to light the candles on the kitchen island, and Maggie fights off tears, fights off weeping, because how can she possibly deserve this?

Candles lit and music on, Alex offers Maggie her hand.

“Let me show you what you deserve, Maggie.”

A stream of violent images – things Maggie deserves – flash unbidden through her mind. She shakes them off, forces herself to focus on those eyes, that soft smile, those perfect lips, that gentle touch.

And she lets Alex Danvers show her exactly what she thinks she deserves.

She thinks she deserves to be carried to bed while being kissed gentle, kissed passionate, kissed perfect. Kissed soft but hard, somehow at the same time, while being held, being carried, being surrounded, like she weighs nothing, like she’s nothing of the burden she’s always believed herself to be.

She thinks she deserves to be stripped naked slowly, being told how beautiful she is with every
new inch of skin revealed, being told how perfectly the candlelight plays off of her skin, how it’s like the most beautiful piece of art she’s ever seen, but better.

“Nerd,” she whispers, and Alex just chuckles as she shucks off her own clothes.

“And Maggie can’t disagree, doesn’t want to, because Alex is kissing each of her toes and her shins and her knees, concentrating on the old soccer scars, and she’s pausing and waiting for permission before proceeding up her bare thighs, and Maggie grants it because god, Alex, Alex, Alex, and Alex asks if she wants this again before spreading her curls open with her thumb and index finger and closing her lips around Maggie’s clt, and Maggie can do nothing but whimper, can do nothing but gasp, can do nothing but scream, because this worshiping is what Alex Danvers thinks she deserves, and god, no one’s ever told her she deserves to be quite this cherished before.

Because Alex’s eyes are glued to her face, even as her tongue slips inside her, even as her tongue revels in how soaked she is for her. Alex’s eyes are glued to her face, making sure she’s good, making sure she wants everything Alex is doing, and the look in her eyes is nothing if not reverent.

Nothing if not the most moving, most sexy thing Maggie has ever seen.

Until, that is, Alex reaches up and brings one of Maggie’s nipples between her fingers, and that image? Alex, tongue between her legs, watching her face intently, lovingly, hotly, with her fingers teasing her hardened nipple?

She has no idea what she’s done to deserve Alex Danvers, but god is she grateful she has her.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth, babe?” Alex pulls back to ask, and Maggie tosses her head back and screams in response, and Alex grins and takes that, accurately, as a fuck yes.

She works her tongue over her clt and she asks with her eyes if Maggie wants her fingers inside her, and Maggie begs and Alex complies and fills her up, deeper, harder, deeper, harder, because Maggie keeps begging for more and Alex keeps providing, and when she cums pulsing around Alex’s fingers and streaming wetness around Alex’s palm, around her tongue, Alex moans in delight, in ecstasy, in perfection.

“I love you, Maggie,” she whispers, her voice thick with Maggie’s cum in her mouth, and Maggie has never heard anything so perfect.

“Do you want more?” Alex asks as she wipes her mouth and nose and chin on her shoulder and kisses a trail up and down Maggie’s inner thighs.

“Do you… want to give me more?”

Alex grins and crawls up Maggie’s body so she can kiss her lips, so she can feel their bodies touch everywhere.

“When are you going to get it, Maggie? I always want to give you more. Because that’s always what you deserve.”

“That sounds fake, but… please.”

Alex chuckles and Maggie giggles and Alex shifts and asks with her eyes and Maggie nods and grabs at Alex’s ass and begs please, please, please, Alex, please.
So Alex slips one leg between Maggie’s and shifts back, shifts close, so her own wetness can slip onto Maggie’s, and they both moan and scream and writhe and grasp at each other’s skin with the heat, the overwhelming heat, of their bodies pressed together.

“Too much?” Alex makes sure, and Maggie shakes her head.

“Please don’t stop,” she begs, and Alex doesn’t.

She grinds her hips down slow and firm and careful and perfect, her clit on Maggie’s in perfect rhythm, with perfect pressure, with perfect timing. It’s something that’s taken them hours of giggling and practicing and yelping and toppling over, but now that they’ve gotten their own bodies, their own needs, each other’s bodies, each other’s needs, it’s automatic, and it’s absolute ecstasy.

Maggie grabs at Alex’s ass and pulls her down deeper, closer, harder, and Alex moans as the slick heat of Maggie’s clit under hers, the firm grasp of Maggie’s hands on her naked body, the desperate writhing of Maggie’s torso, the needy whimpering of Alex’s name from her lips, tosses her over the edge, and when she arches back and moans Maggie’s name, it’s the most beautiful thing Maggie’s ever seen, and she thinks that maybe, just maybe, if this woman – this ruthless, stubborn, guarded, passionate, badass, blows-up-buildings-while-she’s-still-inside-them woman – trusts her enough to let her watch her cum like that, to let her watch her unravel like that, to watch her vulnerable and undone and open like that?

Then maybe she might just deserve her love after all.
Chapter 307

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Alex Goes After Kara to the Daxamite Ship (because I’m still happily living in Season 1)

She leaves Vasquez in charge, because J’onn might have told her not to come, to monitor the transport from this side, but he knew better than to think she’d obey this one. She knew, because she’d seen him going over the specs with Vasquez earlier.

She leaves Vasquez in charge and she sprints through the transport, remembering the unpleasant, swooping feeling it had left her with last time and feeling no different about how much she hates this form of travel this time.

Not to mention the fact that the last time she was in space, she was almost flung halfway across the galaxy.

But her sister needs her.

Earth can wait.

She lays her new gun straight into the chests of the first three guards she sees – set to stun, because Maggie had insisted once Alex finally let her get a look at the thing – and she slams her elbow into the armor of one who tries to come up behind her.

She feels something in her body crack – she has no idea what the hell kind of armor it is, but she knows she wants some for the DEO – and she promptly ignores it, twisting around to shoot him point blank in the leg, and down he goes.

She ignores the pain in her arm because there are still four more guards, four more guards between her and her sister, and J’onn is fighting Mon-el’s father and Alex has only death on her mind, because her sister, her sister, her sister.

Still four more guards, and she ignores whatever’s broken in her body to kick and to shoot and to slam and to disarm, until there is nothing but an unconscious slew of bodies around her.

Because Kara isn’t the only badass in the family.

But she has no time, and quite frankly, no desire, to catch her breath, because Mon-el’s mother has not one, but two, Kryptonite daggers.

And her sister is on her knees. And Alex will not have any of that.

“Hey,” she calls, death in her voice and plasma in her eyes.

“You make one more move toward her and I swear to whatever gods you have on Daxam, I will make sure you meet them right now.”
“A human with fire. What an interesting diversion,” she drawls, and goes to strike Kara anyway.

Alex shoots. And shoots again. And again. And again.

The Kryptonite blades fall and Alex sprints forward to kick them away, and she grabs her sister and she holds her close, holds her steady, holds her permanent.

“I got you. It’s okay. I got you.”

She nods at J’onn because Winn’s jogged back in with Mon-el, and J’onn gives the man’s father one final push, one final shove – one final nod, because as the man looks across at his son, he knows that he’s made his choice, and he’ll convince his wife of that when she comes to, he must – enough to give them all time to go, go, go, back through the transport, back home.

“Kara!” two strangled cries go up on the other side of the transport, and Kara spills from Alex’s arms into James and into Maggie’s.

“Are you hurt? Babe, what about you, are you okay?”

Maggie touches Kara’s cheek and James holds her to his chest and Maggie looks Alex over and hisses with rage when she notices the awkward angle of her arm.

“J’onn, she needs a medic.”

But Vasquez is already on it, and they’re dragging both Alex and Kara off to the med bay, despite their protests, despite their insistence that they’re fine.

“Can you two be less alike when it comes to resisting what you need?” J’onn wonders aloud, and Kara and Alex’s responding pouts are nearly identical.

Maggie laughs, relieved, into James’s shoulder.

“Our Danvers girls, huh?” she asks him, J’onn, and Winn. They grin and they nod and they breathe in, breathe out, because their Danvers girls are home, are together, are safe.
Chapter 308

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Winn, Get me a Wrench (ft. Sara Lance and Oliver Queen)

Alex has always been a little on the side of reckless.
A little on the side of ruthless.
But lately?
Since Cadmus, since Jeremiah, since Kara has almost died again, and again, and again?
Lately, “gone rogue” has been Alex’s middle name.
Lately, “you can catch me torturing people on my lunch break” has been her first name.
So when the bounty hunter goads them that humans don’t have what it takes – that they’re too weak-willed, too sensitive, too soft, too moral – to get the information they need from him, Alex demands a wrench.
And she doesn’t only mean it.
She wants it.
And J’onn steps in, not only because his way is less messy. But because his way will spare the shattered remains of his eldest earth daughter’s soul.
“So I heard about the wrench thing, babe,” Maggie tells her, because of course Kara called her, and of course they made a plan.
Because she’s been getting better in some ways: she’s been drinking less, laughing more. Sleeping more. Taking more time to herself. Learning to assert what she wants, what she needs.
But she still also needs, apparently, to beat the living shit out of people when she feels out of control. When she needs to protect the people she loves.
“Don’t get me wrong, babe, I love that about you. How fiercely protective you are of the people you love. I admire it. I admire you. But Danvers, have you considered – ”
“That I have anger issues? Yeah, your friend at the bar suggested it.”
A long silence. A kiss, because Maggie, too, isn’t here to judge. She’s here to help her heal.
“Have you considered he might be a little right?”
Alex pffts and Alex stands and paces and stares to Kara and J’onn for support, and they give it to her, but not the kind she wants.

She wants the kind that says Maggie’s wrong, that it’s leadership skills, that it’s part of being a good soldier.

Instead, they give her the support of, we understand, we love you anyway, we’re here for you.

So she concedes – she’s not quite sure if it’s J’onn’s concerned eyes or Kara’s pout or Maggie’s soft, reassuring kisses – to heading over to Earth 1 to grab a coffee with Oliver Queen and Sara Lance.

He’s stoic and she’s flirty, but she’s also serious, because there are storms just behind her impossibly blue eyes that Alex is surprised to realize that she’s seen in her own mirror.

“So Alex, your sister says you’re enjoying torturing people these days,” Oliver begins, and Sara groans.

“Way to kill all possibilities of small talk, Ollie. He does this. I’m sorry.”

Oliver shrugs and allows himself a small smile, and Alex can’t help but grin. “Well she didn’t travel to a different universe to chat about the weather.”

“No, apparently I came for an intergalactic intervention therapy session… thing.”

Sara sighs and nods across Jitters to the table where Kara and Maggie are sitting with their heads together, whispering about who knows what.

“They really care about you. To bring you all this way to talk to the most messed up people they could think of.”

“That’s not quite how Kara –”

“No, of course not, Kara’s made of literally nothing but sunshine over all that grief she keeps so well hidden, but even if she had said it directly, she wouldn’t be wrong,” Oliver deadpans, and Alex furrows her brow.

“He’s always like this. Except when he’s all domesticated by Felicity. He makes soufflés.”

“I tried to make Maggie tiramusu. It didn’t work.”

“The trick is in the ice –”

“Oh god, they have something else to talk about other than torturing people. Can I go sit with Kara and your girlfriend?”

“Sara.”

“Alex, it’s a rush, right? To control someone’s life like that, because you can’t control whose they take? The more of someone else’s blood is on your knuckles, the less blood your sister, your girlfriend, will shed? Right? But then it becomes a rush. An addiction. A thirst.”

Alex swallows and looks down into her coffee cup.

“We’re trained to not feel anything, but then we’re told that there’s a code,” Oliver says softly. “It can get confusing for your body to know which way is up.”
“And how much blood is too much.”

Alex blinks and grips at the table, because they understand, they understand, they understand.

“I just want to protect her. Both of them. J’onn. My friends.”

Oliver and Sara both nod, and Sara hesitates with her hand hovering above Alex’s until Alex nods, and their hands touch softly on the table.

“Our hands – his too – are lethal. Our hands were made to kill. But yours? I bet they’re so gentle when you touch her.”

She nods over at Maggie, and a soft smile grows on Alex’s lips. “You have to let her love you, Alex. Both of them. All of them. Getting lost in it is so easy, and it happens before you even can identify it. But you have to. That rage, that anger, that hate… you can’t take it out on yourself, not completely, because if you do, you won’t be able to protect them. But you’ve gotta get it out, and why not on a prisoner you need information from, right? But Alex, you… they love you. They love you, and you have to love you, or you’re not… You love them so hard you’ll torture and kill for them, Alex, but you’ll make yourself less human in the process. You’ll make yourself the thing you’re trying to protect them from.”

“The road back is the hardest one,” Oliver says softly, thinking about Felicity and Diggle and the League and falling off a mountain with a hole in his torso.

“Let them love you, Alex,” Sara almost whispers. “It’s not a cure. There isn’t one. And you’re going to have to keep fighting. Every day. But look at them. Look at the way they love you.”

Alex turns to see her girlfriend and her little sister both pretending not to watch the three of them, and she can’t help but smile.

“I used to believe the hero couldn’t have the girl, Alex. And I…” Oliver thinks of Felicity and he swallows and he moves on. “But that girl? Don’t let her go. Don’t let her go, Alex. She just traveled to a parallel universe to get you help. Let her love you. Alright?”

Alex watches as Maggie makes Kara’s face red with laughter, and she smiles faintly and squeezes Sara’s hand.

“Yeah. Yeah, I will.”
Chapter Summary

Help You Heal (ft. James, back from the war)

Prompt from recklesslove over at Ao3 – You have been a goddamn legend to write and post all of these scenes we deserved from this episode and if it’s not too forward I love you for it and I sincerely thank you. Absolute and utter goddamn perfection in each and every one of these.

If you’ve got any juice left in the tank (and I’d completely understand if you didn’t because 8 fics in a few hours is a mammoth effort), I’d love to see what Maggie did after Alex left up until her return, maybe to just before your fic where they went to talk to Emily together.

Regardless of anything, you should be ridiculously proud of yourself for your contribution to this fandom and your amazing talent <3

“I wanted to,” she’d told her when Alex said she wasn’t going to tell her about cheating on Emily, and god, god, she’d meant it.

Alex, I was with this woman for five years, and she told me she wanted to think about getting married, she told me she wanted to take the next step, and I... I panicked, and I did some fucked up things, and I just... But it was a long time ago, Alex, and I would never do that to you, to myself, again.

Alex, I cheated in the longest term relationship I’ve ever had. Please, please, please, god, please don’t leave me because of it. Please. I told you I don’t want to imagine my life without you in it, but now I just can’t. So please Alex. Please don’t leave. I’m sorry.

Alex, if I tell you that I have more scar tissue than skin, will you still think we’re perfect? Will you still want to be that couple with me? How could you? How could you if you knew that all my exes have been right, that I’ve never deserved happiness, that I can’t ever deserve it because I... because I destroy everything I touch, and every single day, I’m terrified of destroying you?

Alex, I don’t know how to let myself be loved. Teach me?

She’d wanted to. God, she’d wanted to.

But she only had words for other people’s pain, other people’s pasts, other people’s agonies.

Never for her own.

Because if she gave that to someone, of course they’d leave. Of course they’d send her away.

And why wouldn’t they?
She was just damaged goods.

Nothing more.

“You don’t like to talk about you,” Alex had said, and she’d countered with an immediate “I know,” with an immediate this is why everyone leaves, this is the kind of thing everyone says before they leave, god Alex please, please don’t leave.

Because you’re a rock, Maggie, and you never let me in, do you not love me?

And how can I possibly love something so hard, Mags, jesus, how could anyone?

And you go around like such a badass, but really you’re just broken inside. And I don’t think you can ever be fixed.

So when Alex’s tells her she doesn’t like to talk about her, she knows what’s coming, and she can’t tell if she needs a Xanax or a scotch, or hell, both.

But those aren’t the words coming out of Alex’s mouth. No.

Not Alex.

Because Alex is saying that she totally gets that, and Alex is saying her name, and it’s soft and it’s sweet and it’s pleading and it’s something like loving, and it’s certainly not the way you say someone’s name before you abandon them.

“You don’t think I’m a bad person?” she asks, and she leans into Alex’s hand, because it’s warm and it’s gentle and she might break if it gets pulled away.

She asks because the answer – from everyone else – has always, unequivocally, been yes.

The answer, from everyone else in her life, has been that she’s bad, that she’s broken, that she’s damaged, that she’s not worth it.

But Alex is talking about healing like it’s something to be done with love, something to be done together. She’s talking about healing like it’s something that means that Maggie is worth it to her. That Maggie might not be useless, worthless, terrible, after all.

“No,” is Alex’s immediate answer, and she starts talking nerdy and she opens her arms, and Maggie scoots into them like Alex is oxygen and she’s drowning.

Because she has been, for nearly two decades, and Alex is her first breath above water.

“Thank you,” she says, because she doesn’t know what else to say, because there is nothing else to say, nothing but I will never hurt you like that, nothing but I don’t deserve you, nothing but I love you, I love you, I love you.

Alex pulls back and goes to stroke her hair and it’s everything she needs, but then the bottom drops out of her stomach, because Alex’s phone is vibrating, is ringing, and Alex is standing, and Maggie won’t speak, won’t ask if there’s anyone else who can help Kara, won’t ask if there’s anyone else who can save her, anyone else who can keep her from breaking, because she needs help, she needs saving, she needs to keep from breaking, too.

But she won’t speak, she won’t ask, because she would never do that to Alex. Because Alex is pale and Alex is scared and Alex is choking on words that sound like she wants to say I promise, that
sound like she wants to say the same words Maggie wants to, but then Alex is gone and Maggie is alone and she hasn’t been this small, this exposed, this naked, since she showed up at her aunt’s door with the little duffle bag her father had given her five minutes to pack when she was a child.

She finds herself wishing M’gann wasn’t so damn far away, because M’gann had known about not talking.

She finds herself wishing it had been her job that called, not Alex’s, because at least that way, she’d be forced to shove it all back in, to shove it all into her gun and her steely expression and her badge.

She deliberately tries not to think about the irony of telling Alex she doesn’t have to push down her feelings, when that’s all Maggie knows how to do with her own.

She doesn’t know how long she sits there, hands in her lap, staring at the door, like a child, conjuring up the image of Alex, forcing into her mind Alex’s soft hands and soft voice and I’m not here to judge you for things that happened in the past, I am here to help you heal.

She doesn’t know how long she sits there, still, as though the longer she stays in this position, the more likely it’ll be to preserve Alex’s presence near her.

She doesn’t know how long she stays there, but she suddenly knows she can’t stay.

Knows because this is Alex’s home, this is… okay, so she has a baby bonsai tree and recipe books and all kinds of cooking utensils she hadn’t had months ago.

Okay, so she has Maggie’s toothbrush and favorite mouthwash in her bathroom, and okay, she’s slept here more in the past few months than she has at her own place.

But it’s Alex’s home.

Alex’s. Not hers.

Because Alex is sweet and Alex is kind, and that’s exactly the point: Alex is too good for her. She doesn’t know what she’s asking for when she’s asking Maggie to not be so guarded with her.

She doesn’t know what a massive disaster she would unleash.

And she won’t do that to Alex.

She’s standing up and she’s hugging herself and she’s trying not to break – at least not until she gets home, at least not until she’s on her own, as always – when her phone buzzes.

She doesn’t know if she hopes it’s work or if she hopes it’s Alex.

It’s Alex.

Stay there, please, Maggie. My home is yours. I’ll come back to you as soon as I can. Please stay.

She doesn’t know how Alex knew. Doesn’t know why Alex cared.

Doesn’t know where Alex found the time between getting to the DEO and doing god knows what to save her sister.

Doesn’t know why Alex bothered putting in the effort.
It’s not like she was worth it.

Her phone buzzes again.

You’re amazing, Maggie. Please don’t run. Please.

She doesn’t run.

She doesn’t run, because she collapses instead, a heaping mess on Alex’s living room floor, clutching her phone to her chest like it’s Alex herself and shaking her head and fighting, fighting, fighting, because every single awful thing in her life is flashing through her mind, is screaming in her skull, is activating her hands, wanting them to lash out at her own skin, wanting them to give herself what she really deserves.

She rocks herself and she clenches her fists and she pounds them into her thighs because she can’t, she can’t, she can’t.

Because Alex cares about her, and she has to be worthy of that, she has to be –

Her phone buzzes again.

Hey Maggie. It’s James. Alex said you’re having a hard night – no details, don’t worry – but since she and Winn are helping out Kara, I wanted to let you know I can come over. If you want. Keep you company. No pressure.

He doesn’t tell her that Alex had begged him to hang back from this mission she he can be on standby for Maggie. He doesn’t tell her because he knows it’ll make her feel babysat, not cared for.

She knows anyway.

And it stills something in her heart, something that, a moment before, had been raging about how she can’t possibly, ever, be truly lovable.

No worries, James. I’m fine. Thank you though.

His response is immediate.

Alex said you’d say that. You don’t have to talk. We can watch crappy movies or set up some shooter games on Alex’s TV.

Shooter games.

Maggie grins and rubs a tensed fist over her eyes.

Bring pizza.

She can’t see James smiling, but she imagines he is.

And, true to his word, he doesn’t ask her to talk. He doesn’t ask if she’s okay and he doesn’t tell her that her eyes are still swollen or that she still has some lint from the floor on her jeans.

He just glances around Alex’s apartment and nods, impressed. “Somehow I always pictured her as living in a cave of some sort.”

“Oh, it basically was before I got here,” Maggie jokes, in a voice that doesn’t sound like her own.
Because her voice sounds like she has friends. Her voice sounds like her girlfriend cares enough about her to send someone to make sure she’s okay. And that someone doesn’t mind at all, because he cares about her, too.

No strings and no sex and no demands in return.

Just the offer of pizza and the question of do you prefer Halo or Call of Duty?

She doesn’t think about how strange it is to sit on the floor she was just breaking on with a straight man she barely knows, letting him yell out at the game through a mouth full of pizza. Normally, she’d yell right with him, but tonight, her throat isn’t working.

And he doesn’t ask. He just nudges her with his shoulder when they pause so she can grab a slice, and he looks down at her and he says, “Alex is really lucky to have you, Maggie.”

She says nothing, because if she says anything, she’ll break. Like she’s not already broken.

If she says anything, gravity will win and word vomit will win and no, no, no.

Not yet, anyway.

When Alex returns, it’s to questions of are you hurt? and in space again? and how’s Kara? and I’ll go be with her right now and thank you, James and anything for the Danvers girls and the people they love, right?

They stare at each other long and hard, Alex with her head slightly tilted, trying to read Maggie’s face, trying to read her body.

“I am so sorry I left, Maggie, I – ”

“Alex, your sister was in danger, I get it – ”

“But so were you. Not… not in the same way, but I… you know I was thinking about it on the way back. She’s only here for a week.”

Maggie stiffens. “Yeah. And.”

“And, babe,” Alex reaches out, pausing before touching her, and Maggie nods, and Alex touches, and Maggie’s body immediately relaxes. “If you’re going to work on being less guarded with me, you’re going to also have to work on being gentler on yourself. And that means forgiving yourself. And sometimes, that means asking someone else’s forgiveness first. Even if you don’t get it, asking can be important. If you do it for the right reasons.”

“I never meant to hurt her,” Maggie’s voice is small, and Alex kisses her forehead.

“I know, babe.”

“Why do you just trust that?”

“Because I trust you.”

“Alex, I – ”

“I know. Me too.”

“What – ”
“I love you, Maggie. I love you more than I’ve ever thought it was possible to love someone who’s not Kara. And I want what’s best for you, always. So let me drive you to the Baldwin. Okay? You deserve closure, and Emily does, too.”

“You…”

“Yes.”

“I don’t deserve you.”

“Actually, it’s the other way around, but if I work on deserving you, and you work on deserving me, then really, what can go wrong?”

“Nerd.”

“Should I get the car?”

“Yeah. But first, I… I love you, too, Alex. I love you so fucking much.”

Her chest heaves and Alex pulls her close and Maggie rises on her tip toes and kisses her like she’s never kissed her before and like she’ll never kiss her again, hands in her hair and hands up her back and hands on her face and lips parted and tongue in her mouth and Alex swoons and Maggie holds her and Maggie swoons and Alex steadies her and they only part when neither of them can breathe, when neither of them can think, when neither of them can do anything but she loves me, she loves me, she loves me.
The last time Alex gathered them all to make an announcement, it was a little bit anticlimactic.

James and Winn had blinked for a moment, and thought about it for a moment more, and immediately it made sense that of course Alex was dating a woman, and of course that woman was Maggie.

The most dramatic thing that happened that night was Winn trying to play geometry with sticks.

So they’re not sure what to expect tonight, and Kara’s not spilling.

“Maybe they’re getting engaged,” James suggests, and Kara just grins and adjusts her glasses.

“Or maybe that supposed mission out of state the other week was really a shotgun wedding in Vegas,” Winn suggests.

“Mr. Schott, they returned with three members of Cadmus in handcuffs, in what way does that strike you as a fake mission?”

Winn’s voice goes up slightly and it reminds Kara forcibly of Cisco, and she smiles to herself.

“They could’ve had some downtime, we don’t know!”

“Hi guys,” Alex interrupts, face a combination of flushed and terrified and excited.

“Look at them holding hands like that, see, totally shotgun wedding!” Winn splutters, as Alex and Maggie cast him identical mock glares.

“We didn’t get married, Winn,” Maggie sing songs as she plops down next to him, her hand still in Alex’s vice-like grip.

“What’s up, Alex?” James asks, and J’onn looks on with soft eyes.

Alex looks, wide-eyed, at Kara, at Maggie. They nod and Alex gulps and Alex fiddles with Winn’s bottle of beer and Alex speaks.

“So since I’ve come out, as gay, I’ve been… doing a lot of research. Learning a lot of things. About… about queer life. And about myself.”
“I knew those lesbian movie nights were a good idea!” Winn high fives Maggie, and she laughs softly and shakes her head, her eyes fixed supportively on Alex.

“And I’ve been learning new concepts… identities… well, not new, but things I didn’t know… possibilities I didn’t know were there. And I’ve been realizing a lot of things… about myself… and who I am. Inside. And I… who I am is… do you guys know the word nonbinary?”

J’onn smiles proudly and James cocks his head and Winn raises his hand like a proud nerd in math class.

“Neither one extreme nor the other!”

“In terms of gender, Winn.”

“Sometimes it means neither woman nor man; for others, it means both; for still others, it means different things at different times,” J’onn supplies softly, and they all turn to him with identical expressions.

“I’ve lived long lives on two planets,” he waves them off, gesturing back to Alex, still wearing a proud, soft smile.

“Is there a different pronoun you’d like us to start using for you, Alex?” he invites, and Alex could cry with relief, and squeezes Maggie’s hand, hard.

Maggie brings it to her lips and kisses each knuckle.

“They,” Alex says, softly at first, but then they clear their throat and look into Kara’s warm eyes as they say it louder, stronger.

“They. I want they pronouns. It just… it fits me better than… than anything else. I just didn’t know it was a possibility before.”

“And you’re still okay with Alex, or do you want us to go with something else?” J’onn prompts into James and Winn’s silence.

“I like Alex. Or… or Al. I like Al… a lot. But Alex is… Alex still fits.”

Maggie kisses their hand again, and Kara nudges her shoulder into James and tosses her hand toward Winn.

“You two are awfully quiet,” she speaks her sibling’s fear for them, and Maggie rubs her thumb across their hand as they wait for the boys to respond.

“No, no, I’m sorry Alex, I’m not… I’m just processing, that’s all. Come here,” James gets up and leans over and Alex hugs him hard and trembling and terrified.

“Is it okay if I have questions?” he asks, and Alex nods nervously.

“Do you want us to treat you different? Like, I want to treat you how you want to be treated, and I guess now that I’m thinking about it, I’ve treated you kind of like a sister. Do you need me to adjust that? Treat you more like a brother? Or both? Or neither? Or different things at different times? Is it okay to ask that?”

Alex grins and nods and touches his shoulder. “Yeah, I said you could ask. Uh… you know I don’t know yet? I like… I like feeling like… like the boyish parts of me are acknowledged, that makes
me really happy… like, Winn, when you call me dude, it makes me feel really proud. Like you see me, you know? But I don’t think I would want to be treated basically like one of the guys all the time. I still feel like a lesbian. So there’s that. I guess I’ll let you know what I like and don’t like as it happens?”

James nods and smiles at them, and reaches out to touch their hand. “I’m really proud of you, Alex. Al. You’re amazing, you know that? Whatever pronouns you use.”

Alex grins again and suddenly Winn is up and suddenly Winn’s arms are around their shoulders.

“I never had a brother or a sister. Then I got James, and then I got you. And Maggie. And now I have a brother and a sister and a sibling, and it’s… I always wanted a full family. I love you, Alex. I love you so much.”

Alex pats his arm and pulls their head back to look at him. “You alright there, Winn?”

“I’m just proud of you, okay?”

They smile and kiss his cheek.

“You’re not so bad yourself, Winn. You can get off me now.”

“Yes soldier,” he murmurs as he scurries back to his seat.

“And you knew already,” they say across the table to J’onn.

“I had a feeling, Al. And your brothers aren’t the only ones who are proud of you.”

Alex bites their lip and Alex battles tears. “You’re not disappointed? Because you don’t have two daughters anymore?”

Their voice cracks and everyone reaches across the table toward their hands all at once, because suddenly not a single Superfriend has dry eyes.

“Alex. I watched you grow up, and I watched you turn into the finest child any man could ever ask for. You’re a protective sibling, a loving partner, a brilliant doctor, a fearless agent. And you’re the best child any parent could ever ask for. I’m not losing a daughter, Alex: I’m not losing anything. I’m gaining a child who’s learning more about themself, who’s growing more comfortable, more happy, within themself. And that is all I could ever want for you, or for your sister.”

Before he’s even finished talking, Alex is up and across the table and kneeling next to his seat and burrowing themselves in his chest.

“I love you,” they whisper as Maggie squeezes Winn’s hand and Kara cries happily into James’s shoulder.

“I love you too, Alex. I love you too.”
Chapter 311

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey could you maybe write another physical injury/hurt/comfort fic? I’d really need some comfort and the only way my mind accepts it is if it comes because of physical pain. It's like non-physical pain isn't 'worthy' of comfort for my mind. Logically I know that's stupid but my feelings still beg to differ, if that makes sense. And not even that works in real life lol. I ended up in a hospital a couple months back and I refused to let anyone visit and insisted to help out everyone. My mind sucks :(

She’s not wearing her vest when she gets shot.

She’s not wearing her vest and the bullet just misses collapsing her lung and she’s in surgery for eight hours.

Eight hours during which it takes the combined strength of the Martian Manhunter and Supergirl to keep Alex from torturing and killing the man who shot her.

Despite their unearthly strength, Alex still gets a few solid hits in.

She tries to wash off most of his blood before they finally tell her that her girlfriend is in recovery, that she can go see her (J’onn and Kara had delivered a few carefully worded threats about the hospital’s “family only” policy ahead of Alex’s arrival, mainly to prevent Alex from straight up murdering a nurse or physician’s assistant).

“Danvers.”

Maggie’s voice is groggy and unfocused, but it’s her voice, it’s her voice, it’s her voice.

“Hey.” Alex’s voice is hoarse from eight hours of screaming and raspy with unshed tears and quaking with she’s alive, she’s okay, she’s okay.

“You look like you’ve been through hell,” Maggie whispers like she’s not the one with oxygen tubes in her nose and IVs in her veins and stitches holding her torso together.

“You were touch and go for a while,” is Alex’s only explanation, and tears flood Maggie’s eyes.

“I’m sorry.”

“What? No. No, Maggie, you have nothing to – why would you – Maggie, please don’t apologize, I should be, I wasn’t there to protect you – ”

“It was a routine patrol, Danvers. It’s fine. I’m fine. I’m not going anywhere, okay? I’m fine.”

And she is, she is – Alex has to repeat it like an unending mantra in her head – but her recovery is
going to be long, and if Alex thought Maggie was stubborn before, she reaches a whole new level with this.

Because she’s not supposed to walk unassisted.

But Alex catches her getting up to go to the bathroom alone in the middle of the night because “you looked so peaceful sleeping, Danvers.”

And she’s not supposed to change her own bandages, but Alex catches her trying anyway, because “Why should you have all the fun, Danvers?”

And she’s supposed to take her pain meds regularly, but Alex finds the bottle just as full as she left it when she headed out to the DEO, because “They get me loopy and it’s whatever, it’s just a flesh wound at this point.”

“Maggie. I need you to listen to me, and I need you to try and hear me. Okay?”

Maggie gulps because she thinks she knows what’s coming, and her lip trembles and she clenches her jaw because who wants to be with someone who’s gonna take so long to recover from a stupid injury, who wants to be stuck in the house when she could be playing pool, making out, with someone else?

Someone who’s not scared of getting addicted to the pain meds, someone who doesn’t need the damn things to begin with?

“I know you don’t like talking about yourself. And I know you don’t know how to be taken care of. Because I don’t think anyone’s ever really taken care of you. But I want to, Maggie. I want to take care of you. That’s what I’m here for. But I need you to not sabotage that, okay? You have to let your body heal, okay? You have to try and trust me, just a little bit, just enough to take care of you while you’re still healing up. And then you can go back to pretending you can kick my ass at sparring.”

“I can, I can do it right now, Danvers – ”

Alex laughs and Maggie cracks the first real grin she’s had in days.

“You’re not mad at me?”

“Maggie, how could I possibly be mad at you?”

Maggie’s lip wobbles and her jaw clenches and she looks away.

“I’m all needy, and… and boring.”

Alex sighs and lays down next to her, tossing the covers over both of them and propping herself up on a stack of pillows. She grabs at the remote and puts her arm around Maggie’s shoulders and snuggles her close, flipping on Netflix as she kisses Maggie’s temple.

“Mandatory bed rest, Netflix, comfy pillows, and an even comfier girlfriend? How could I ever be bored, Maggie?”

The next time she has to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, she pokes Alex awake timidly and lets her help her hobble inside.

The next time she has to change her bandages, she watches how gentle, how loving, how attentive,
how skilled, Alex’s hands are, and she makes Alex blush with a series of comments about her hot doctor girlfriend.

The next time she needs pain meds, she lets Alex regulate her amount and makes sure she eats and has plenty of water.

And the next time she feels like she doesn’t deserve to be taken care of, like it’s just a flesh wound and she should be able to take care of it all herself, she lets Alex kiss her and whisper sweet everythings in her ear, and she lets Alex help her heal.
“What?”

Maggie just grins and looks away, dimples out and blushing full force.

“Nothing, Danvers.”

Alex tilts her head and furrows her brow, clapping her book shut and shoving it down onto her mattress, flipping her glasses up to rest on the top of her hair for good measure.

“No, Maggie, you were staring! What?”

Maggie bites the inside of her cheek and puts her left hand up to her chin, shuffling her feet slightly.

“Nothing, Alex, you just… You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. And sometimes it just… hits me, you know? That you’re… everything that you are, and for some reason, you want to share yourself and – ” She tosses her hands up at Alex’s apartment, toward her massive, room-sized bed. “ – all this, with… me.”

Alex takes a deep, silent breath and purses her lips off to the side before shoving her book to the foot of the bed and patting the mattress next to her.

“Come here,” she invites, and she delights in watching Maggie pad forward, jumping up slightly to kneel beside Alex.

“You know I think the same about you? About how lucky I am to have you? I’m in awe of it every day. I’m in awe of you every day.”

“Alex,” Maggie whispers as Alex runs her fingers over her hair.

“Come here,” Alex invites again, and this time it’s a whisper. This time, it’s a plea. This time, it’s a prayer.

Maggie smiles and complies, letting her eyes flutter closed as her hair sweeps over to frame both her face and Alex’s, to frame the way their lips meet, soft and sweet and slow.

Alex sighs into Maggie’s mouth, and Maggie melts into Alex’s arms.
“Can I come on top of you?” she asks softly, and Alex brings her knees down immediately so Maggie can bring her body closer, so she can crawl up and over her legs and straddle her, their lips close the entire time.

“You’re so warm,” Alex whispers when she runs a tentative hand up Maggie’s shirt, and Maggie leans back with a grin.

“Nebraska girl, California weather,” she breathes, putting her hands on the hem of her own shirt and asking with her eyes if Alex wants her to take it off.

“Please,” Alex whispers eagerly, and Maggie tugs the t-shirt over her head smoothly, leaving Alex breathless because she’s not wearing a bra under it, because her skin is bare and Alex can see every scar and every stretch mark and Alex loves every part.

Maggie grins and goes back down to kiss her, but Alex stills her with soft hands.

“Wait, wait, wait. I just… I just wanna look at you.”

Tears sting Maggie’s eyes and she nods and breathes deep, breathes slow, breathes the way Alex outlines her body with trembling fingers, leans forward to paint murals on her torso with reverent lips.

“May I?” she asks with her hands, her lips, hovering just shy of Maggie’s breasts.

“Yeah,” Maggie whispers, and god, Alex’s fingers, her lips, her tongue, are gentle fire, tracing every nuance and every bump of Maggie’s chest, tracing circle after smaller circle until she looks up to confirm and Maggie whimpers softly with gentle fingers tangled in Alex’s hair, and it’s all the permission Alex needs to close her mouth around Maggie’s slowly hardening nipple.

“Ally,” Maggie pants with her head tossed back, and Alex moans softly as she works her tongue every which way across her nipple, one hand snaking around her arched back to hold her up, to hold her steady, the other grasping at her other breast, teasing her other nipple in gentle rhythm with her tongue.

“Alex, I – ”

Alex stops immediately, but Maggie whines in protest.

“No, god, don’t stop, I just… I want more…”

“More of what, princess?” Alex husks softly, and Maggie whimpers again and grinds her hips down around Alex’s.

“More of you.”

Alex beams and shifts Maggie easily off of her, not worrying for even a moment that she won’t have room, because her bed can more than accommodate what she has in mind for her girlfriend next.

She kneels and she shucks out of her own clothes slowly, keeping her eyes the entire time on Maggie, who’s topless and panting and leaning up on her elbows like she’s staring at a work of art.

Alex leaves her glasses on top of her head for good measure, and Maggie grins softly, appreciatively.
“Like I said, Danvers. The most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

“I want more of you too, Maggie,” Alex tells her, and her statement is a question, and Maggie answers with a smile, answers by digging her heels into the bed and arching her hips up so she can pull off her boxers, giggling along with Alex as she tugs off her socks and chucks them somewhere into the kitchen.

“I hope they didn’t wind up under the counter again,” Alex muses, and Maggie smirks.

“That really the life problem you wanna occupy yourself with right now, Danvers?”

She licks her lips and she spreads her legs and Alex gulps and Alex splutters and Alex nearly passes out because Alex is very, very in love and Alex is very, very gay.

“I uh… I wouldn’t call this a… a problem…”

“Two choices, Danvers. Argue semantics with me, or get over here and make love to me. Or get over here and let me make love to you. So, three choices, I guess.”

Her words are sarcastic, but her voice is honey and her voice is affection and her voice is, in a word, love.

“The last two, please,” Alex whispers as she crawls forward with a smile, and Maggie returns her grin into their deep, deep kiss.

“Good choice, Alex.”

Alex hums in response and Maggie relishes the vibration the sound creates through Alex’s tongue in her mouth. She gasps softly as Alex shifts so her thigh is between Maggie’s legs.

“Good?” Alex confirms.

“Very,” Maggie grabs gently at her ass and pulls her closer.

It’s Alex’s turn to gasp as Maggie raises her own knee and takes Alex by the hips, her eyes never breaking contact as she uses her hands to encourage Alex up and down, up and down her thigh, moaning contentedly when Alex picks up her own rhythm and lets herself ride Maggie’s thigh with abandon, with peaceful recklessness, with trust and with soft screams of her name, of you’re beautiful, of I love you.

“You wanna cum for me, gorgeous?” Maggie asks, her voice thick with raw need, and Alex unravels, her entire body convulsing around Maggie’s thigh, in Maggie’s strong hands, her glasses falling off the top of her head and onto Maggie’s chest, and Maggie doesn’t care because god, god, god, this woman is perfection.

“Switch places,” Alex husks as soon as she rides out her last wave, but Maggie shakes her head.

“Babe, rest, you don’t have to – ”

“Oh, I am gonna rest. I’m gonna lay on my back for you and you’re gonna ride me like I just rode you until you cum as hard as I just did. Sound good?”

Maggie splutters and Alex chuckles as Maggie eagerly flips her over onto her back, slipping her thigh between Alex’s legs.

But when Alex goes to bend her knee, Maggie shakes her head.
“I wanna ride you, babe, but not your thigh right now. I want to feel your clit on mine.”

Alex hisses and tosses her head back into the pillow and shifts eagerly, shifts desperately, so Maggie can turn enough, adjust enough, until she’s dripping onto Alex’s own wetness, and the overwhelming heat of it, the way Maggie’s eyes flutter closed at the contact, wrecks Alex completely, thoroughly, permanently.

She knows Maggie can’t cum like this, no matter how hot they both find it – she can never get enough pressure, even on top, to toss her over the edge without hurting them both – so when she feels Maggie starting to lose control of her rhythm, when she feels her clit throbbing and soaked and desperate, when she hears her hissing in ecstatic frustration, Alex rasps, “Maggie, I wanna be inside you,” and Maggie practically topples over in eagerness to accommodate Alex’s hand between her legs.

“That something you want, babe?” she teases, her voice pure love, and Maggie chuckles raggedly.

“Hush up and fuck me, Danvers,” she croaks, and Alex makes sure her wrist is at a good angle, and Alex complies.

Maggie’s back arches and she tosses her head back and Alex’s name is a plea, a prayer, a hymn on her lips.

Alex slips one finger, two, more, deep, deep inside her, resting the back of her hand on her own thigh so that when Maggie grinds down for more pressure – riding Alex’s fingers for all either of them are worth – she gets enough of it to wreck her completely.

To toss her full and hard over the edge, to make her she collapse forward on top of Alex, bracing her hands onto the mattress, crashing her lips down to Alex’s as her body tightens around Alex’s fingers, as Alex whispers everything she needs to hear into her ear, everything about you’re beautiful and I love when you let go for me and I love you, Maggie, you, you, only you.

They’re so lost in each other’s eyes, in each other’s heartbeats, in each other’s arms, in each other’s love, that neither of them notice the front door opening.

And neither of them notice the front door closing, a blonde streak clutching at her chest and clawing at her glasses and muttering about “who doesn’t have a bedroom door? My sister. My sister doesn’t have a bedroom door. Sweet Rao I will never unsee that.”
Chapter 313

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Superfamily Trip to the Zoo

A birthday commission from a very beautiful and brave person, for a very beautiful and brave person.

Last time they’d all had a day off – a day away from attacks and betrayals and offices and labs – it was the beach.

Today? Today, it’s the zoo.

Kara practically skips on the way, holding Alex’s hand on one side and Maggie’s on the other, and James grins broadly behind the Danvers girls and their Maggie to snap photo after photo after photo.

“Hey, what about me, Olsen? I’m photogenic too! Where’s the love?” Winn teases as J’onn chuckles with his arm around M’gann, and James pulls Winn into his chest for a selfie.

Kara whines slightly about the line – “Shouldn’t Supergirl get to stroll in for free? And, you know, without waiting?” – and Alex laughs and asks before pulling Kara into her arms, because it’s going to be a long day of sights and smells and overstimulation of Kara’s Kryptonian senses, and the more love she buoys her with, the better. Kara sighs and leans back into her sister, letting her eyes close, blocking out – just for a moment, because Alex has got her, Alex won’t let anything happen to her – all sights, all sounds, all scents, all senses, except the ones that are anchoring her to the ground, to Alex.

“All good, sis?” Alex asks, and Kara takes a deep breath and nods as she opens her eyes.

“I wanna to see the birds. Can we see the birds first?”

“You don’t get enough time with them spinning around up there, Little Danvers?” Maggie teases as she tries to hold out her credit card to the cashier, but J’onn waves her away.

“DEO mental health budget. Pam will make sure Theresa approves it,” he leans down and whispers in her ear, and Maggie grins, leaning into M’gann.

“Young man’s got moves.”

“Oh, I know he does.”

They giggle and J’onn casts them a baffled look as he distributes the tickets to his children and his girlfriend.

“I take it we’re starting with birds for Ms. Danvers?” he asks, and Kara squeals in delight, tugging Alex’s hand forward. Alex yelps and grabs at Maggie, and the three of them lurch ahead, Winn
stumbling after them and James racing to the front, weaving between throngs of children and parents and strollers and balloons, to get in front of his friends – his family – to photograph their laughing faces.

“What do you think they think about?” Kara wonders aloud as they slip into a steamy recreation of a forest, her head cast all the way back to skim the tops of the trees, Alex’s hand in hers the only thing keeping her on the wooden floor.

“Their songs!” a passing toddler chimes as they bump full speed into Maggie’s legs. “Sorry!” Maggie doesn’t miss a beat, getting down on one knee to be eye-level with the kid.

“That’s okay, kiddo. It’s an exciting place! So you think the birds think about their songs, huh?”

“Yeah!” The kid launches into an elaborate imitation of the chirps and calls all around them, and James asks the parents’ permission to snap a photo of the child laughing with Maggie, with Kara – because of course Kara’s dropped to her knees and started singing along with the child – Alex beaming behind them, leaning into Winn and smiling like she’s never seen such a beautiful sight as her girlfriend and her sister making bird songs with a random child.

When eventually the child’s parents thank James for happily agreeing to email them his photos – “that’s James Olsen, honey!” – they set off toward the reptile house, and Winn shudders.

“Do we um… do we have to go… you know… there? That’s usually connected to where they have the spiders and um… you know spiders and I don’t really see eye to eye…”

“Well yeah, they have so many more than you do, man,” James puts his arm around Winn’s shoulder, and Winn jumps.

“Distinctly not funny, James!”

“No, come on, we’ll avoid the spiders for you, okay? Besides, I think I know where Alex wants to go next,” James grins.

“Aww, babe, do you have a secret favorite animal you’ve never told me about?”

Alex blushes when they wind up gaping at the polar bears, a look of pure joy and pure sadness somehow mingling perfectly on Alex’s face.

“Iorek Byrinson, huh?” Maggie asks, and it’s the only thing that could make Alex tear her eyes away from the majestic creatures.

“How did you know?”

“All the other girls wanted to be Lyra. I bet you wanted to be Iorek. All that perfect armor, always protecting people he loves.”

“Are they… are they bonding over The Golden Compass?” Winn asks no one in particular, and M’gann burrows into J’onn’s chest as they all watch Alex kiss Maggie soft and tender and warm.

“See, this is why I need to finally meet Cisco, I’ll have someone to bond over Star Wars with,” he groans, and James and Kara clap him on the back supportively.

They all have to stop and wait for Alex and Maggie to finish kissing again when Maggie discovers that Alex absolutely loves butterflies – “don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone at the DEO, Danvers,
wouldn’t want to ruin your ruthless rep with how gentle and melty and soft you actually are” – and James snaps a fantastic series of photos of Winn jumping up and down alongside a group of toddlers, in excitement to see a few zebras full out sprinting in their dwelling.

Maggie and Kara both break down squealing over the otters, Maggie reduced to utter mush as she gushes about how smart they are, how thy use rocks as tools, and Alex breaks down squealing over her girlfriend and her sister’s adorableness.

James squats down and stares, long and hard and serious, at a small family of elephants, and Maggie takes her turn photographing him, because “he doesn’t have enough pictures of himself, and look how sweet he looks.”

She snaps even more photos when Kara goes over and squats behind him, wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her chin on his shoulder as they both watch the creatures watching them.

Maggie earns another series of kisses from Alex – “god, Danvers, can you keep it in your pants for like a minute?” “No one asked you, Schott!” – when she buys Kara half the food court, and as Kara happily stuffs her face and debates loudly with James and Winn about the ethics of zoos and Alex and Maggie take the opportunity to thief some of James’s fries – Alex giving a portion of her share to Kara, who can never have enough – M’gann leans against J’onn, snacking on a bag of peanuts.

”And to think I was convinced I’d never have children again,” J’onn says softly, and M’gann leans up to kiss him gently.

"In your defense, no one could possibly have predicted you winding up with this crew.”

They watch as a food fight breaks out and Alex shields Kara from flying french fries while Maggie goes on the offensive against James and Winn nearly falls off the bench with laughter.

"No. No one could possibly have predicted this crew. And honestly, M’gann? I wouldn’t have it any other way.”
Chapter 314
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Comforting Winn

Alex’s phone chirps and she grabs it immediately, instinctively, before it can wake the woman sleeping next to her.

She squints at the caller ID, at the time, and her stomach drops.

“Winn, are you okay? Is Kara okay? Is –”

“No, no, relax Alex, it’s not DEO stuff, it’s – everything’s – you know what, that’s your I-was-sleeping-so-hard-because-I’m-recovering-from-a-wild-night-with-my-lady voice, so I’m just gonna let you –”

Alex rubs her eyes and sits up, making sure the covers stay wrapped around Maggie’s nearly naked body as Maggie sighs and shifts around at the loss of contact without opening her eyes.

“I don’t have a voice for – you know what, no, Winn, what is it?”

“I – it – I’m sorry Alex, it’s just… Kara and James are in this really intensive training with J’onn and Lyra’s out of town with her brother and I –”

“Spit it out, Schott, what is it?”

“My dad… my dad called. I didn’t take it, but I – he –”

Alex’s stomach lurches and she runs a hand over her face, her heart breaking more than she wants to portray in her voice.

“Where are you?”

“I’m home, where else would I –”

“Come over. I’ll leave the door open for you.”

“No, Alex, I shouldn’t have called, you’re with Maggie, I –”

“Winn, get over here. And bring coffee.”

Maggie rolls over and gropes sleepily for Alex’s body with her eyes closed. “And donuts,” she calls groggily, and Alex grins down at her.

“You hear that, Winn?”

“Loud and clear. Give me a half hour. And Alex –”
“Don’t make me regret being nice to you, Schott. Just get over here.”

She hangs up before he has the chance to change his mind, before he has the chance to talk himself out of reaching out to her.

She purses her lips and shudders slightly and sighs, slipping out of the bed to unlock the door for him.

“He okay, Al?” Maggie croaks, sitting up to watch Alex pad across the living room sleepily.

“He will be,” Alex whispers across the house. “Sleep, babe. He won’t be here for another half hour.”

She slips back into bed and Maggie melts into her arms immediately. “You’re not mad? I mean, you don’t mind?”

Maggie turns and puts a clumsy, groggy hand to Alex’s cheek. “Why’d I be mad at you for being a great big sister, Danvers?”

Alex pffts and shakes her head and is grateful Maggie can’t see her blush.

“You’re the best, you know that?” she kisses her, and Maggie grins with her eyes closed.

They’re not sure how or exactly when they drift back to sleep, but they both immediately snap back awake when the front door creaks open and light from the hallway spills into the apartment.

“Don’t shoot, don’t shoot, it’s me,” Winn holds up his hands as best he can with coffee and donuts, because if he knows nothing else, he knows the women in his life.

“C’mere, you,” Alex invites, and Maggie remembers with a jolt that she’s not wearing a shirt.

“Also, pass me that t-shirt on the floor in the kitchen, would you?” Maggie asks with a cocky, sleepy grin, and Winn chuckles slightly.

“Kitchen fun times, huh Danvers? Nice – ”

“Don’t – don’t say anything else,” Alex cuts him off, and Maggie chuckles this time.

He steps up into Alex’s room and passes Maggie her shirt with his eyes studiously closed.

Alex takes the opportunity to study him. His shoulders are stooped and he’s in one of James’s old hoodies and his eyes, even closed, are swollen. He looks tiny and he looks terrified.

She remembers sobbing into Maggie’s arms about her father.

She remembers Maggie sobbing into her arms about her own father.

How small it made Alex feel. How small it made Maggie look.

“Okay,” Maggie tells him, shirt on now, and Alex shifts and pats the bed between her and her girlfriend.

“Come on,” she says, and Winn just stares.

“You tell anyone about this and you will find out exactly what those index finger techniques are – ”
“You know it’s not as scary when you have sex-bed hair and your girlfriend just needed me to collect her shirt from your kitchen floor – ”

“Yeah, babe, also, index finger threats? Like, has a whole new meaning now, doesn’t – ”

“Traitor! You’re supposed to be on my side!”

“Actually, um… you invited me over to support me? So, it’s all about my side?”

Alex sighs and shrugs and holds out her hands for her coffee, and Winn provides.

Maggie holds out her hand too, but when he offers the coffee, she just shakes her hand again. He grins and presents her with the entire box of donuts.

“Now you’re getting it,” she says through a mouthful of chocolate glazed. “Get over here before Danvers and I make like Kara and eat the whole damn box.”

Winn gulps and sets his and Maggie’s coffees on the bedside table and crawls over Alex – she doesn’t move to make it easier for him, a shit-eating grin on her face and a mock-glare on his – to settle between them. Maggie tosses the covers over him and holds out the donut box.

“So what happened?”

Winn sighs and shrinks into himself and stuffs a donut into his mouth.

“Caooellheae?” he tries to ask around a mouthful of chocolate frosting.

“Try again, Schott,” Alex furrows her brow at him, and he tastes a gigantic gulp.

“Can you tell her, Alex?”

Alex heart breaks and she sips at her coffee and she almost reaches out to touch his face. Almost.

“Winn’s dad called him tonight. And he’s… he’s in prison – for um – ”

“He’s the Toyman,” Winn supplies quickly, like ripping off a bandaid, leaning over Alex to get his coffee so he doesn’t have to meet Maggie’s eyes.

But Maggie just nods and puts her hand on his knee and urges him to take another donut.

“I figured, Winn. I just – it’s not mine to bring up if you don’t wanna talk about it.”

Alex and Winn both turn to Maggie with looks of identical shock.

“Detective, guys. It’s kind of my job. And it’s not like your names aren’t, you know, the same.”

Winn casts his eyes down and digs into a jelly-filled.

“Funny thing, though. Because the names are the same, but the people are so different,” she continues, softly, softly, and Winn looks up at her with wide eyes and a set jaw.

“That’s not what he says. He says we’re the same. He said it when he escaped, and he said it again in the voicemail he left tonight.”

Alex does reach out to touch his face this time, briefly, softly, and Maggie smiles sadly across the bed at her girlfriend.
“Well, my dad says the reason he was willing to forcibly deport thousands of innocent people is me.”

“And mine says I’m a disgusting disgrace and selfish and am going to hell and he never wants to see me again.”

Alex exhales with tears in her eyes and Winn turns to Maggie with a furrowed brow, concern and sadness all over his face.

Maggie tilts her coffee cup toward his in salute, and offers simply, by way of explanation, “Lesbian.”

“Maggie, I… I didn’t know. I’m… I’m so sorry.”

“Well hey, dysfunctional, abusive relationships with fathers’ club in this bed tonight. At least there’s donuts, right?”

Winn smiles and leans to put his head on Maggie’s shoulder, and Alex wishes it were game night, not comfort night, so she could take a picture.

“Invite Kara and James with their dead dads and we’ll have a real party,” Winn deadpans from Maggie’s shoulder, and Alex tosses her arm around him, her fingers playing on the back of Maggie’s neck.

“You’re nothing like your dad, Winn. Nothing. And even if… even if you have those things inside you, it’s the choices, you know, that you make. And you’ve chosen to… to save the world, dude, not destroy it.”

Winn sighs and sits up, grabbing a third donut from the box at Maggie’s feet, biting into it and offering the rest to Alex miserably. She accepts and keeps her arm steady around his shoulders.

“How can you be sure?”

Alex sighs and chews thoughtfully.

“You know, Kara didn’t really have a lot of friends. Growing up. She was the weird kid, the freak who never quite fit in. People always took advantage of how kind she is, how… how amazing she is. And then she interviewed at CatCo, and she met you, and you know when she first told me about you, about this IT guy who takes her to lunch and explains all of Cat Grant’s idiosyncracies so she doesn’t get fired, and laughs at her terrible jokes and makes terrible jokes of his own, and has toys all over his desk and stammers when he gets nervous but always, always stands up for her when people try to dismiss her as incompetent just because she’s… well, Kara… I was suspicious of you. I… I didn’t trust it. You. I thought you just wanted her, that you wanted to use her for something, that you were making fun of her. But the stories never stopped. The stories about how good you were to her. And then I met you, and you… you were real. You just… you just really cared for her. And then she started dating the only other friend you had and you just… you took care of yourself, and then you just… you kept caring. You’re rare, Winn. You… you saw Kara. You always saw her. So no. You’re nothing like your dad. Because you see goodness in the world and you’re not threatened by it, you don’t want to destroy it, you just want to make more goodness yourself.”

“Alex, I – ”

“No, nope, don’t say anything. I’ve just fulfilled my yearly quota of being nice to you, so really, you don’t wanna push it.”
“I was just gonna tell you that you have some powdered sugar on your lip.”

“I can get that for you, babe – ”

“God, guys, I’m right – ow, Maggie, that’s my foot – it – okay – I’ll just… I’ll be on the other side of your inexplicably massive bed…”

“Winn.”

“Mmhmm.”

“I love you. Okay?”

“I love you too, Alex. I love you too.”

“Aww, guys, you’re so sweet!”

“If anyone at the DEO finds out about this, I swear to god, Sawyer – ”

“What are you gonna do, babe, threaten me with your index finger? Cause that’s not a threat – ”

“Oh my god, why are you both like this?”

“Oh Alex, come on. Look at my puppy eyes! And your woman’s dimples! You love us!”

Winn activates his best puppy eyes and Maggie flashes her biggest smile, and Alex, for once in her life, is defenseless and feels amazing about it.

“Yeah. Yeah, I do.”
Anonymous asked:

Would you write NB Alex having sex with Maggie for the first time since coming out?

They haven’t had sex since Alex came out.

Not that Maggie hasn’t wanted to. God, has she wanted to.

And not that Alex hasn’t wanted to. God, have they wanted to.

But their fear’s been outweighing their need, and Maggie reminds them every day that she’s here, that she’s not going anywhere, that Alex is the one she wants, the only one, no matter what – “ride or die doesn’t exclude pronouns, Danvers” – but every time they kiss, Alex feels Maggie holding back.

So every time they kiss, Alex feels like Maggie’s just being nice to them, just sticking around until Alex is secure enough with this whole coming out part two thing to be fine on their own.

“Do you not want me?” they splutter on the couch one night, a week or so into binding – only on some days, only in some moods – a few weeks or so after the haircut, a month or so after starting to come out.

“I… what? Al, what are you – yes, of course I want you, I – ”

“You’ve been holding back. You’ve been… I don’t know, Maggie, I just feel like you’re not into me… physically… since…”

Their jaw sets and they look away and Maggie gasps softly and Maggie curses internally because of course, of course she’s fucked everything up again, of course she has.

“Alex, babe, no, that’s not… I’m sorry. Alex, look at me. Please? Al, I want you. I do. More than I ever have, I’m just… you are going through so much right now, with yourself, with your body, and I wanted to let you take the lead, I wanted to let show me what you want, in case what you want is different now, and it’s okay if it is, but I can’t know unless you tell me, unless you show me, so I held back and when you didn’t go forward, I just thought… I thought you weren’t ready. That you didn’t want to start having sex again yet, that… that you were still figuring things out.”

“So… so you do. Want me.” Their eyes are soft and vulnerable and hopeful, and god, yes, yes, yes, does Maggie want them.

“Alex Danvers, I can’t imagine myself ever not wanting you.”

Alex gulps and runs a hand through their newly shortened hair and takes a deep, long breath, eyes
locked into Maggie’s.

“Then let me take you to bed.”

Maggie’s breath hitches and she nods and accepts Alex’s hand and chews on her lip watching Alex walk, watching Alex’s thumb caress the pad of her hand, watching Alex turn at the bed and look at her like they’ve never been quite this starving for anything before.

“Kiss me, Al?” Maggie asks, her voice so small, and Alex obliges with a sureness, a steadiness, that reminds Maggie of their very first kiss; with a sureness, a steadiness, that makes Maggie swoon in a way she wouldn’t allow herself to that first time in the bar.

Alex’s strong arms keep her standing and turn her around, even as they keep kissing her, even as their tongue slips past her open lips and they groan their relief into Maggie’s mouth.

“You wanna lay down for me?” they ask, their voice ragged and needy and everything Maggie wants to hear.

“Yeah,” she breathes and lays back on the bed, smiling when Alex, as always, rushes to make sure her head rests on the softest pillow.

“I missed your body,” Alex whispers, straddling her and staring down at her like she’s got nothing on even though she’s still in her henley and jeans.

“I’ve missed yours,” Maggie answers, and Alex stiffens.

“Al. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. I meant… You tell me what you want, you show me. I’m not gonna ask to touch you wherever or however you don’t wanna be touched. And if you wanna be touched somewhere and then you change your mind, that’s okay. And if what we do tonight is different from what we do tomorrow night, that’s okay, too. I just want you, Alex. I want all of you, whatever you want to give me. And if you’re not sure, we’ll figure it out together. Okay?”

Alex swallows their relieved tears into a searing kiss that has Maggie whining and writhing underneath them, and Alex moans into her mouth, their hands pausing at the hem of Maggie’s shirt.

“Yes, please, please, please,” Maggie begs, and Alex grins as they lean back and tug Maggie into a sitting position, tugging her henley above her head and bringing their fingers to rest on the back of Maggie’s bra.

“Can I?” they ask, and the wrecked raggedness in their voice almost destroys Maggie, and she decides she never wants to be anything but ruined underneath Alex again.

“Yeah,” she husks, and Alex unhooks Maggie’s bra in one go, a shit-eating grin forming on their face.

“Proud of yourself there, Danvers?” Maggie flirts, and Alex pffts.

“I… No. That’s ridiculous, I can diffuse bombs, I’m not proud of myself for… yeah. Yeah, I’m pretty proud of myself.”

“Good, you should be,” Maggie rasps into their ear, and Alex groans and pushes Maggie back down on the bed.

“Okay?”
“Oh yeah.”

Alex grins and kisses their way down Maggie’s collarbone, pausing above her whimpering form to ask with their eyes if they can take her nipple into their mouth. Maggie nods wordlessly, because words won’t form right now, and Alex’s mouth is warm and wet and hot and Alex’s mouth is absolutely perfect.

Maggie grabs at Alex’s short hair and Alex moans and Maggie grabs harder.

“Fuck,” Alex swears into her chest, and it’s Maggie’s turn to be proud of herself, even as she lays writhing under Alex’s tongue, Alex’s teeth, Alex’s lips.

“I want… Al, I… do you want my mouth on you?”

Alex stills and looks up, a combination of lust and confusion in their eyes.

“What do you have in mind?”

“Well, I um… I love what you’re doing to me, and I just kind of… wanted to know if I could return the favor. Maybe… suck you off? If you wanted?”

Alex’s eyes roll into the back of their head and they moan deep from the back of their throat.

“And I can’t wait for when you do. But um… there’s other ways to suck you off. Sit up. If you want.”

Alex furrows their brow, but they’re curious and god, god do they want what Maggie’s suggesting, and god, god, god do they trust the woman licking her lips and looking at Alex – boy haircut and boy tank top and marks from their binder still on their skin under that tank top – like she’s never seen anyone more attractive. More beautiful or more handsome. More desirable.

So Alex sits and Maggie gestures them to the edge of the bed, and Maggie slips off the bed and Maggie kneels and Maggie looks up at them with swollen lips and raw passion in her eyes and Alex nearly passes out because fuck, fuck, fuck.

“Do you trust me?” she asks, and Alex nods because yes, of course, yes, of course they do.

“If you want to take off your shirt for me? You don’t have to.”

Alex’s heart races and Alex gulps but Maggie’s been helping them with their binder and Maggie’s been perfect and it’s nothing Maggie hasn’t seen and it’s Maggie, it’s Maggie, so yes, Alex slips off their shirt and Maggie grins softly and kisses a trail along the small marks left from the binder they took off when they got home.

And then Alex’s heart really starts racing, because then Maggie leans up from kneeling and runs her tongue along one of Alex’s nipples, and Alex hisses and Maggie stops and Alex shakes their head because they think they know what Maggie’s doing and god, god, god, Maggie is perfect.

And sure enough, she takes Alex into her mouth like she’s going down on them, and her eyes are glued on Alex’s as her lips close around Alex’s nipple, around their chest, and Alex looks down and Maggie’s kneeling for them and Maggie’s respecting them and Maggie’s sucking them off because Maggie doesn’t care what pronouns Alex uses, she just wants to make Alex happy, make Alex feel validated, make Alex feel connected to their body, make Alex feel fucking incredible, and god, fuck, dammit, they do.
“You like it, Al?” she pauses to ask, and Alex doesn’t remember words, so they tangle their fingers into Maggie’s hair and bring her head back toward their body, and Maggie moans happily, eagerly, and continues with her tongue, with her mouth, with her lips, with her eyes.

When Alex can’t take anymore – when the visual, the feeling of pure validation, of Maggie giving them a blowjob on a part of their body that they’d been feeling so confused about and suddenly felt so fucking alive with, but in their own way, is too much, is going to make them pass out from relief, from desire, from intensity – they pull back and offer Maggie their hands, pulling her off of her knees and back onto the bed.

“Can I take your pants off?” they ask clumsily, because right now, all they need is Maggie, and words are getting in the way of that.

Maggie chuckles and brings her pants down herself, her eyes on Alex’s face the entire time.

“Something you want to do to me, Danvers?”

Alex shakes their head, their lust, their need, paused for a moment, because god, Maggie is gorgeous. And they tell her so, and Maggie bites her lip and smiles, suddenly shy, and that shyness makes Alex love her even more somehow.

They slip their tank top back on and Maggie nods softly, making a note in her head, and shrug their jeans off but leave their boxers on, something else that Maggie smiles at faintly and nods softly about.

Alex loves being paid this much attention to, being this heard, but right now? Right now, they want to give all that attention to Maggie.

“Spread your legs for me?” they ask, and Maggie gasps harshly, loudly, and Alex grins as they kiss their way up Maggie’s open thighs, Maggie whimpering and starting to thrash her hips and twist her fingers into the bedsheets to try, in vain, to control her need.

“Al,” she pants, and Alex smiles up at her.

“I’ve missed the way you taste,” they tell her, and Maggie tosses her head back in ecstasy, and it’s all the permission Alex needs to seal their lips over Maggie’s clit and lick slow, hard, solid, steady, until Maggie comes completely undone, until Maggie begs please, please, Al, I need you inside me, Alex, please baby, please, and god, does Alex love fulfilling Maggie’s requests.

They slip their fingers one at a time into Maggie’s soaked opening and Maggie whimpers and screams and keeps begging for more, and Alex gives more, takes more, does more, bringing their lips back down onto Maggie’s clit until she cums, hard and chaotic and loud and perfect, all over Alex’s fingers, all over their eager tongue.

“Alex,” Maggie sighs as she comes down from her high, as Alex crawls back up her body and wraps her up with theirs.

“I got you, babe,” they tell her, and she curls contentedly into their shoulder.

“I wanna get you too,” she tells them, but Alex just grins and kisses her forehead.

“Next time, Maggie. Right now? Right now I wanna hold you.”

Maggie nods and tosses one of her legs over Alex, burrowing onto them completely.
“Don’t let go?” she asks, and Alex kisses her hair for a long moment.

“Never,” they tell her, and they mean it as a promise.
Maggie’s used to taking care of people.

She’s used to it because it’s really all she ever does.

She overempathizes – she always has – but not deep, not hard, not desperate.

Because what she told Alex is true: there aren’t a lot of people that she cares about. Like, really cares about.

Abstractly, she cares about everybody. It’s why she is who she is.

But personally, passionately?

She cares about Alex.

A lot.

So when Alex sinks into a deep depression after Jeremiah, after almost losing Kara again, again, again, and when Alex tries – hard – not to drink, and fails once, and fails again, and Maggie picks up the pieces, she’s happy to do it.

Happy to do it, because god, she loves her, she loves her, she loves her.

Which is precisely why it’s so hard to watch Alex gasp for breath, tears streaking down her face, apologizing, apologizing, apologizing, her words slurring and the kisses she tries to give her sloppy – kisses that Maggie doesn’t accept because “not like this, baby, not when you’re drunk” – tasting like whiskey.

Which is precisely why it’s so hard to watch Alex sit on the couch, remote in hand, bottle of club soda open next to her, eyes vacant, not moving, not doing anything but staring at god knows what on the television, for hours, hours, hours on end.

She and Kara develop shifts.

To be with her. To take care of her.

Because alone time is important.
But right now, for Alex, alone time is a bit dangerous.

It was going to be Maggie’s night – they were going to watch movies and cuddle.

But she watched a child nearly die in the field today, and she can’t, she can’t, she can’t, be even partially responsible for someone else’s mood, for taking care of someone right now.

She calls her, though, because she needs to make sure.

Needs to make sure Alex feels loved. Feels cared for. Feels adored.

Because she is, she is, she is.

“Hey babe, how you doing?”

“Bored. I want an invasion or an explosion or something.”

Maggie grins and shakes her head faintly. “You’re in a league of your own, Danvers. Listen, I was thinking about tonight – would it be okay if I duck out of movies and Kara comes over instead? I had a rough case today, and I kind of just wanted to blow of some steam and lose my cool a little bit – “

“No, no, of course. Kara’s here right now, I – hey, wanna do a movie tonight?”

Maggie pulls the phone away from her ear at the sound of Kara’s excited squeal. There’s shuffling and static and then Kara’s voice takes over from Alex’s.

“Hey Maggie! I have just the musical in mind for me and Alex to watch! But um…”

Maggie hears footsteps, and Kara is clearly walking rapidly away from her sister.

“Are you okay?”

Maggie sighs. “Yeah, Little Danvers, I just… I need to take care of myself a bit, I need – “

“Yeah. Yeah, of course Maggie, whatever you need. Should I send Winn and James over to your place with boxing gloves and beer?”

She’s ready to say no.

No because she already feels horrible – like she’s abandoning Alex, pawning her off onto Kara, like she’s being a terrible girlfriend, like she’s being unsupportive and insensitive and a general, all around selfish asshole – by canceling their date, but she can barely breathe because her own depression is so strong, she can barely fight the gravity pulling at her chest because the weight of her own hurt is so heavy.

But Kara would die to protect Alex.

Hell, Kara has none of Alex’s ruthlessness, but she would kill to protect Alex.

And Kara isn’t angry. Kara isn’t calling Maggie selfish and accusing her of abandoning her sister.

Instead, Kara is offering to send in the cavalry to make sure that Maggie, too, is getting what she needs.

And the idea of Winn with boxing gloves really is hilarious.
“Yeah. Yeah, okay, ask them. Please.”

“Great! Okay, let me give you back to Alex – “

“Little Danvers – thank you.”

“Thank you, Maggie. I’m proud of you. Here’s your girl.”

“Hey.”

“Hey beautiful. I’m sorry – I think Kara’s gonna make you watch another musical.”

“Pfft. That’s what she thinks.”

“Al.”

“Maggie?”

“You know I love you, right, babe? And you know I’m so proud of you for how strong you’re being, with everything that’s going on?”

There’s a long silence, and she thinks she hears Alex sniffle.

“I love you too, Mags. Have a good time unwinding with the boys tonight, okay? Maybe we can get breakfast in the morning?”

“I’d love that.”

And, in the morning, she does.

But she also winds up loving her night.

Because James and Winn don’t ask questions when they come over.

Winn has pizza and beer, and James has a gym bag, and he admires the heavy bag Maggie has set up in the corner of her studio while Winn bustles through her kitchen grabbing plates and tugging through drawers for her bottle openers.

They don’t talk about anything real until James and Maggie have finally taught Winn to throw a proper punch, Maggie showing him how to align his fist, James helping him rotate his hips properly.

Winn begs for a break – “I finally did it right! Gotta go off on a high, right?” and collapses onto her couch with a slice and a bottle in his hands. He watches Maggie wrap her wrists, James steady the bag, and Maggie dig into it with perfect form, with perfectly dispassionate passion.

Of course Alex is in love with her.

Winn cheers her on around mouthfuls of pizza and gulps of beer and she grins and punches harder. But her punches become less about form and more about rage after a while, and James and Winn exchange glances. Winn changes tactics.

“So how’s she doing? Your woman?” he in between Maggie’s blows and James’s soft encouragement.
Maggie freezes and James gently reminds her to relax her shoulders, and her nearly clips the side of his face with the force of her next punch.

“Not great.”

Jab, jab. Uppercut.

“I mean, of course she’s great. She’s amazing. I just… It’s never hurt me this much.”


“What’s never hurt you this much?” James asks, eyes on Maggie’s, hands bracing the bag.

She slams into it until she can’t anymore.

“I love her. I love her. I love her like I’ve never loved anyone, and watching her hurt? It… it makes me want to… to murder people, you know, but… but sometimes there aren’t any people to murder, sometimes it’s just… brain chemistry or something, you know, and I can’t do anything about it, at all, so it’s helpless, I’m helpless, and I just… I love her. You know? I just love her so much.”

She rests her forehead on the bag for a moment, panting, sweating, staring at nothing in particular. At anything but James or Winn’s face.

The boys glance at each other, James with a soft smile on his face, because god, Alex has long deserved someone who loves her like this.

Winn swallows a gulp of pizza – he’d stopped chewing while Maggie was talking – and stares at her for a long moment.

“You know what makes everything better, Maggie?”

She grunts and halfway turns her face in his direction.

“Pizza.”

“You know I can still toss you in lockup for fun,” she deadpans, but she tugs off her wraps and grabs a slice, collapsing on the couch next to him anyway. James follows suit and settles on the floor in front of them.

“You know Lois almost died. A lot. When Lucy and I were together. Hazard of being Superman’s girlfriend, I guess. And Lucy would really get… well, down. She’d collapse in on herself, kind of like Alex tends to do.”

“It’s not a coincidence they’re both soldiers,” Winn chugs his beer, and Maggie toasts him silently, thoughtfully, with her own bottle.

“And it was hard. Watching her going through it, and feeling like I couldn’t do anything about it. But what you’re doing right now, Maggie? Taking a night to take care of yourself, to make sure you have the boundaries you need? Letting yourself acknowledge when you have your own tough day, and do what you need to do for yourself? That’s just as important as taking care of Alex directly, Maggie.”

“The man speaks the truth, Sawyer,” Winn chimes softly, and Maggie exhales slowly, softly.

“I’m not abandoning her?”
She keeps her voice steady and she keeps her voice invulnerable, but the question itself almost tears her throat on the way out anyway.

“No.”

“Absolutely not.”

“Anyway, Alex told me she’s going to make her watch Not Another Teen Movie.”

“Alex hates that movie,” Maggie’s brow furrows.

James grins. “Kara hates it more.”

“That’s… unexpected.”

“The Danvers girls are unpredictable,” Winn declares, and Maggie grins.

“And lovable. Super, super lovable.”

The boys both sigh with soft, resigned grins, and all three of them drink – deeply – at the same moment.

“Yep. Yep, they are.”
Chapter 317

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

syllabicacronyms asked:

ok, but when and how does adrian find out kara is supergirl?

Something’s familiar about Kara the first time he sees her, when she walks almost timidly into Maggie’s apartment – which Adrian’s filled up with the scents of the cooking his dad and Maggie have taught him to do over the years – and hugs her sister and hugs Maggie.

There’s something familiar about her when she walks toward him, where he’s stationed in the kitchen with the “Kiss the Cook, He’s Hot, Just Look at Him” apron Maggie keeps in his little cabinet.

Maggie squints and watches him closely, her lips pursed with the beginnings of a grin.

Alex nudges her gently in the shoulder.

Maggie nudges her gently right back.

Kara adjusts her glasses, and Adrian – ever relishing the opportunity to play host, especially tonight; the first night that he’s meeting anyone from Alex’s life – wipes his hand on his apron and extends it toward her.

“Firm handshake,” they both say, impressed, at the same time, and Maggie and Alex exchange a partially nervous, partially excited glance.

“I’ve heard all about you from Maggie and Alex,” Kara tells him after they power through their slightly awkward giggling and let their hands drop awkwardly to their sides.

“And I’ve heard all about you. So I cooked a lot! I love food, too,” he enthuses, and he gives her a whirlwind tour of all the dishes he and Alex have been making.

Kara is groaning within seconds, and she leans into Maggie eagerly.

“Can I borrow him sometimes? He cooks so much!”

“I helped!” Alex protests, offended, and Maggie, Adrian, and Kara exchange a secret glance that has all three of them stifling laughter.

The tickle war that ensues – Adrian only joining the Danvers girls and their Maggie after Alex yanks him in – bonds him and Kara into a solid tickle team against their older sisters.

As the night goes on, Adrian’s initial impression of familiarity with Kara fades as he gets to know her.

Gets to know the way she snorts sometimes when she laughs; the way that Alex and Maggie really
weren’t exaggerating when they told him to cook extra food; the way she doesn’t flinch, not once, when Adrian and Maggie swap queer jokes; the way she laughs along, because maybe, just maybe, she’s queer, too.

He doesn’t think about it – that familiarity, that jolt of ‘haven’t I seen you before’ – until he’s face down on the cracked concrete, his university in Star City under some sort of Cadmus attack.

He doesn’t think he’s injured – he thinks he can feel all his limbs – but his hands shake on his phone.

Everyone around him must be calling 911. He knows that. Him?

He doesn’t care if she’s entire cities away.

He calls the only police number that makes him feel safe.

Maggie’s.

“Okay, Ade, can you get somewhere out of the way? Somewhere hidden? I’m sending someone for you. I promise we’re getting you out of there, I promise you. Just stay on the phone, okay, kid? I’ve got you. Just… just stay on the phone. And no heroics, kid, you here me?”

He can’t hear what she shouts next – it’s garbled and there’s so much screaming on his end that he can’t get his head around it – and he doesn’t have time to protest that whoever she sends can’t possibly get there in time, because these guys have guns that look like they can blow up the entire quad with one or two shots…

And he heard her, he did, when she said no heroics, but there’s some kid that looks like a freshman and he’s sitting ducks, looks like his ankle is broken, and Adrian doesn’t think – Maggie wouldn’t think – and Adrian sprints, and Adrian hauls him to his feet, and Adrian turns, and there’s a Cadmus weapon trained at him, and Maggie’s voice will be the last thing he hears, and somehow, that’s okay.

But then there’s a shadow flying low above him, and there’s a rustling and his hair flutters and there’s a red cape and an explosion from the weapon that was pointing at him but the explosion doesn’t hit him or the kid he’s supporting, doesn’t hurt him or the kid he’s holding.

He doesn’t even feel its heat.

Because Supergirl has landed in front of him, and he hears his schoolmates scattered across the broken quad, cheering, because Supergirl is snapping the weapon over her knee and knocking the Cadmus guy out cold easily.

She turns to Adrian and the boy with the broken ankle with her hands on her hips, like she hadn’t just flown across multiple cities and beaten up an armed Cadmus lackey with her bare hands, grinning faintly at the applause in the background.

“Oof, looks like you need a doctor,” she tells the boy, and he nods breathlessly.

“Can we get a couple medics here?” Supergirl calls, her voice low, and something twitches in the back of Adrian’s mind, that familiarity, but he can’t place it.

She doesn’t look at him and he vaguely wonders why as two paramedics on scene run up to help the boy Adrian had protected. The boy kisses Adrian’s cheek with a soft thank you, scribbling his number onto Adrian’s forearm as they help him limp somewhere he can get his ankle looked at.
Adrian watches him go with wide eyes, and he raises his phone to his ear again, but Supergirl takes
it from him before he can speak.

“I thought you told him no heroics!” she scolds into the phone, and suddenly Adrian knows why he
felt that sensation of familiarity when he met Kara.

“Well, apparently he’s just about as good at obeying orders as you and my sister are; when I got
here he was busy rescuing some kid with a broken ankle – I know, I’ll tell him – I – well, I think
he’s earned it. I mean, you trust him, right, and he just proved he’s got the heart of a hero – I know
you’ve always said that – okay, you know what, I’m on duty, I’m putting him on the phone. I’ll see
you at movie night tonight. Tell Alex everything’s under control here, but they should still send a
team to clean up the mess. Here, Adrian,” she finishes, handing him back the phone.

“Thanks Kara,” he says faintly, softly, looking levelly into her eyes, and she grins softly at him.

“Welcome to the Superfriends,” she puts a hand on his shoulder with a soft wink, letting her voice
rise more into Kara’s than Supergirl’s for a moment.

He puts the phone back to his ear, still slack-jawed, as Kara flies up, up, and away with a whoosh
that blows his jacket back, over to survey the rest of campus, to make sure there’s no lingering
threat.

“Maggie – “ he begins, but stops, because he has no idea what to say.

“The glasses really don’t help, do they, kid?”

He laughs explosively, because in the last five minutes, he’s almost died, he’s saved a boy’s life,
he’s gotten said boy’s number, and he’s found out that his queer aunt slash sister-in-law just
happens to be Supergirl.

He’s alive, and he has a boy’s phone number on his arm, and Supergirl – Kara, Kara, Kara – trusts
him with her biggest secret.

So he laughs explosively, he laughs happily, he laughs with relief and with love and with affection,
because no. No, the glasses really don’t help.
Hi! Don't mean to bother, I'm really sorry, I just wanted to ask something. There is this part in many of your fics when Maggie or Alex has a rough day and they go home and the other 'let's them use their body'. I get it, i really do, but maybe once when you're writing a scene like that—for whatever prompt— in the future, could you write it in a way that the other says no to that? I understand that it's all consensual and out of love, it'd be just great to see one of them say no for once.

They talk about Maggie hating to talk about herself.

But Alex kind of hates it, too.

She prefers alcohol and she prefers forcing other people to talk. By whatever means necessary.

But Maggie and Kara have her working on her drinking, and they’re both teaming up with J’onn to make her work on her rage, so sex?

Sex is a great option for not talking, too.

And most nights – most nights when she can’t talk, when she just wants to strip Maggie naked (or not) and fuck her hard and fuck her fast and listen to her scream in ecstasy so she doesn’t have to listen to the screams of agony blaring through her brain – most nights, Maggie lets her.

Most nights, Maggie likes it.

No.

Most nights, Maggie loves it.

Not that Alex is in pain. Never that Alex is in pain.

But most nights, Maggie loves letting her body be Alex’s bandage.

Most nights, Maggie begs for more and takes her deeper than Alex ever thought she could go, lets her pound into her harder than she ever would without Maggie’s desperate encouragement, eager hands, open legs, heaving chest, soaked opening.

But tonight? Tonight, Maggie’s tired and Maggie’s got her mind on the cases she’s working and she’s still sore from that sparring session with James and tonight, if they’re going to have sex, she wants it gentle and she wants it slow and she wants it tender.

Tonight, she doesn’t want it hard and fast and wordless.

So when Alex kisses her in greeting, she kisses her back, because god, her lips are like coming
And when Alex keeps kissing her, she opens her mouth readily, because Alex has still got her afternoon coffee on her breath, and god does she taste perfect.

And she sighs softly when Alex’s hands slip up and under her shirt, because Alex’s hands are cool to the touch and Alex’s hands are calloused and soft all at once, just like Maggie’s.

But when Alex pushes her back into the counter and pulls back and raggedly asks, “Yeah?” – Alex’s hands bracing, Maggie knows, to spin Maggie around by the hips and fuck her from behind over the counter – Maggie takes a nervous, terrified, panicked breath and tries to say the word no.

She can’t.

Her throat closes, because god, what if Alex gets mad?

What if she doesn’t feel loved, cared for?

What if she just leaves because Maggie’s not going to give her what she wants, so she’ll get it elsewhere?

Or she’ll get it from alcohol, and it’ll be Maggie’s fault?

She thinks about what she would tell Adrian, about what she tells the kids at the queer youth center when they’re talking about sexual health and safety, and she breathes deeper.

And she shakes her head.

Alex blinks and squints, looking down at her like she’s focusing through a fog for a long moment.

And then her hands drop away and she backs away so hard, so quickly, Maggie almost overbalances.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Maggie, I shouldn’t have – it – I’m sorry, I should go – “

“Alex, no. Remember what you told me? That it’s a relationship, and you don’t get to walk out? You don’t get to walk out, Ally. I don’t…”

She takes an enormous gulp of mostly air and she reaches out for Alex’s hands, and Alex takes hers, and the rapidly-forming pit in Maggie’s stomach shrinks somewhat.

She continues softer, continues quieter, continues with one of her hands leaving Alex’s to stroke her cheek.

“Alex, I need to be allowed to say no without you getting this upset and wanting to leave.”

Alex’s lip wobbles and she looks for all the world like Maggie just told her they’re breaking up, and she gasps out another apology.

“No, Alex, it’s not… you didn’t do anything wrong. Okay? You didn’t. I was okay with everything – I liked everything – until I said no. And then you stopped. And the whole reason I had the opportunity to say no is because you stopped to make sure. Right? So you didn’t do anything wrong, Danvers. Okay?”

“Do you not… am I not…”
Maggie shakes her head and lets her thumb trace a path down Alex’s trembling jawline.

“Yes, I want you. And yes, you are incredibly attractive. I just… I can’t do the rough and tumble tonight, Alex, I… I don’t want to.”

She tilts her head and studies Alex’s face as she processes, as she thinks it through; studies Alex’s face as she tries to convince herself that Maggie is not rejecting her, that Maggie is not angry with her, that Maggie just doesn’t want to have sex right now.

She watches as Alex nods slowly, and her own heart rate settles down, because god, god, god does she love this woman.

“But,” she offers quietly, and Alex brings still shaky eyes to meet hers, “seems like you had a pretty rough day. So even though rough sex isn’t on the menu, I can offer you fairly aggressive cuddles.”

A grin starts to tug at Alex’s mouth and a spark starts to return to her dulled, terrified eyes as she tilts her lips to the side.

“Aggressive cuddles, Sawyer? Is it even possible to cuddle aggressively?”

“Oh, Danvers. Come. Let me show you. Okay?”

She lets Alex hold her firm, hold her hard, hold her close, every single curve of their bodies snug against each other like puzzle pieces.

“I love you, Maggie,” Alex whispers, letting the sound of Maggie’s soft breathing and the candles she lit and the music she flipped on block out the agonized moaning, panting, begging, and screaming instead of ecstatic moaning, panting, begging, and screaming.

She would never have thought it would work.

But Maggie’s body is soft and pliant, and Maggie’s body is safe, and Maggie wraps her own hands over Alex’s arms around her body, cradling Alex to her even as Alex cradles Maggie to herself.

And god, does it work.
Chapter 319

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

More hogwarts AU of Maggie and Alex?

She loves flying.

Loves it.

The wind in her hair, the broom between her legs, the way her robes whipped back behind her, like they were her wings and she can soar over the Forest, over the castle, over the lake, over Hogsmeade. Over everything.

It makes her forget. Or, almost, anyway.

Forget – or, almost, anyway – that she can’t go back to her parents’ place over the holidays, because they tolerated her being a witch but dammit, he would not stand for her being a… a homosexual…. too, because how could she possibly be so selfish?

“God, you’d think he’s afraid of getting hexed for even saying the word ‘lesbian,'“ she mutters mid-flight.

Almost forgets.

Almost.

But a voice calls her back, a voice calls her down.

“Maggie! Maggie, it’s almost dinner, and if Professor J’onzz catches you using the pitch without permission again – “

“Alright, alright, I’m coming, Little Danvers!” she calls, and she grins, relishing the way the third year looks after her, cares for her. No one’s ever done that before.

She takes in a deep breath, and she catapults her Comet 260 into a nearly ninety degree dive. She hears Kara scream for her to be careful, and she pulls up cleanly – well, less cleanly than she would have with a less rickety broom, but hey, at least she’s not a pile of mush on the grass – just above the ground, just before it’s too late.

“You know I get so nervous when you do that,” Kara says shakily as Maggie swings her leg off her broom and tosses her arm around Kara’s shoulder, setting off toward the Great Hall.

“I’m sorry, Little Danvers. I just couldn’t resist. I love the feeling, you know?”

“You love the feeling of practically getting yourself killed?” a voice drawls as they stroll past the greenhouse, and Kara lights up, but Maggie stiffens.
“Danvers,” she greets as Kara slips away from Maggie’s side and into Alex’s arms.

Kara – the Hufflepuff third year – is the only one who touches Slytherin fifth year Alex Danvers and lives to tell the tale.

Maggie – proud Hufflepuff fifth year – would love to join that elite crew.

Because Alex is rumored to be ruthless, but Maggie only ever sees that streak when someone she loves is threatened.

And Alex is rumored to be cold, but she’s spent too many nights listening to Kara’s stories of Alex’s warmth to believe the facade the Slytherin puts up.

But she’s always afraid that Alex only ever tolerates her because, in Kara’s first year, Maggie put her body between Kara and a bunch of Slytherins who didn’t yet know Kara was The Alex Danvers’s kid sister.

Maggie doesn’t know that she’s nearly all Alex ever thinks about.

But Maggie has a smile that lights up the entire Astronomy Tower at midnight, and Alex is withdrawn and distant and cold to everyone but Kara.

Maggie is kind and Maggie is selfless and Maggie is so brave Alex often wonders why the hell she’s not in Gryffindor and she’s so smart Alex often wonders why the hell she’s not in Ravenclaw, but the only House Alex knows Maggie doesn’t belong in?

Her House.

Slytherin.

And Maggie deserves someone better than someone who lives in the dungeons and likes it.

Maggie deserves sunshine.

Kara is sunshine, but Alex? Alex is the opposite.

So she keeps her distance and she keeps her cool, because anyway, she doesn’t want to imagine Eliza’s response if she came home saying she wants women, not men. Because how could that ever be good enough? How could that ever be perfect?

“So what do you call that?” she greets, her eyes cooly raking Maggie’s body up and down. “You pulled that off on that old Comet?”

Maggie shrugs and tosses her broom from hand to hand.

“It’s a reliable enough old thing.”

Alex stares between Kara and Maggie and Maggie’s rickety old broom, and Alex thinks about Kara’s pleas, which come in almost daily now – Alex, come on, I think she likes you, and I know you like her even though you pretend not to; wouldn’t it be amazing, for my sister and my best friend to date? Because let’s face it, you already have huge crushes on each other; Alex, guess what spell Maggie taught me last night?; Alex, Maggie loves astronomy, too, you should ask her on a date to the Astronomy Tower, I can set it all up for you! – and she bites her lip, and she sighs, and she thinks about how she wouldn’t be afraid to put her name in the Goblet of Fire, so dammit, she’s not going to be afraid to be vulnerable with a girl anymore.
“Well hey. If you ever want to take a ride with me, I um… I can lend you my Nimbus 2001. The ride would be smoother and the way you fly… it… you know, with the maneuvering and the control and the finesse… watching you fly on a steadier broom would be… I mean… kind of beautiful. If you wanted. Whatever. Isn’t it dinner time? We should get to the Great Hall.”

She squeezes Kara’s hand and sweeps off for the Great Hall at breakneck speed, and Maggie is left spluttering and stammering, and Kara is left with a grin that lights up the entire dusk.

“Little Danvers, did your sister just… did your.. your extremely badass, super hot sister just ask me out?”

Kara just squeals in response, and tugs Maggie along.

“Alex! Wait up! Maggie says yes!”

Alex stops without turning around, because her smile is bright enough to match her sister’s, and her cheeks are more crimson than that Olsen kid’s robes.

So she doesn’t turn around, but she waits for her little sister and the girl who – maybe – is going to be her girlfriend, and they head into the Great Hall, hearts pounding with everything that has been and everything that might be, together.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

More smut please I'll pay you (not really I'm poor)

She breathes in and she breathes out, and she’ll never admit it, but god she’s thankful Maggie’s been taking her to those yoga classes, because otherwise she’s pretty sure she’d have forgotten how by now.

Because her hands are bracing against the brick wall that serves as a headboard to Maggie’s bed, her triceps tensed with the pressure of holding her steady, of holding her up.

Because she’s kneeling and her legs are open and Maggie’s hands are on her ass and Maggie’s tongue is on her clit and she’s trying to focus on breathing because they’ve already gotten several noise complaints in the last week alone, and sitting on Maggie’s face?

Is not really helping her keep quiet.

Especially not as Maggie reaches up to tease one of Alex’s nipples between her fingers; especially not as Maggie drags her tongue lower to slip inside her, letting her lips, her face, keep pressure on Alex’s clit; especially not as Maggie moans and her hand tightens on Alex’s ass, encouraging her to let go, encouraging her to enjoy herself fully, encouraging her to let her hips rock.

Encouraging her to fuck her face without holding back.

So she focuses on breathing and she focuses on not tearing her throat on Maggie’s name.

And generally, when Alex Danvers focuses, she succeeds.

This time?

This time, she fails.

Hard.

Because Maggie is doing that thing with her tongue where she’s alternating between fucking her and licking her clit, and she’s moaning into her pussy and she’s grabbing at her ass and she’s teasing at her nipple and Alex can feel her rocking her own hips beneath her, and she can’t help the way her whimper becomes a scream, the way her ragged breathing becomes a series of gasps.

And it just makes Maggie lick her harder, fuck her deeper with her tongue, thrash more erratically with her own hips, desperate for a pressure she’s not getting right now.

And suddenly, Alex grins. Because suddenly, she knows how to focus her energies, how to distract herself from screaming.
She shifts to lean up on her knees and Maggie whines at the loss of contact.

“You good, babe?”

Her voice is thick with raw desire, coated with sex, and her lips, her chin, are covered in how wet Alex is for her, and her eyes?

God, her eyes love her so much.

“Yeah,” Alex whispers, bringing a shaky hand down to wipe Maggie’s lips. “Just uh… shifting.”

“Oh, no no, this is… this is perfect. I just… You may proceed,” she teases with a grin, and Maggie smiles back, but only briefly, because Maggie doesn’t hesitate before bringing Alex back down onto her mouth, moaning at the reconnection.

Repositioned slightly, subtly, Alex has the balance, now, to lean back like she wants to, needs to, to rest one hand, not on the wall in front of her, but on Maggie’s thigh beneath her.

Her other hand? Her other hand goes hovers right above Maggie’s clit.

She pauses and lifts her hips slightly.

“Seems like you wanted some… pressure. So um… this okay, babe?” she asks, and Maggie’s eyes are wide, and her eyes are wild, and her eyes are completely, completely wrecked.

“Oh, no no, this is… this is perfect. I just… You may proceed,” she teases with a grin, and Maggie smiles back, but only briefly, because Maggie doesn’t hesitate before bringing Alex back down onto her mouth, moaning at the reconnection.

Repositioned slightly, subtly, Alex has the balance, now, to lean back like she wants to, needs to, to rest one hand, not on the wall in front of her, but on Maggie’s thigh beneath her.

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She pauses and lifts her hips slightly.

“Seems like you wanted some… pressure. So um… this okay, babe?” she asks, and Maggie’s eyes are wide, and her eyes are wild, and her eyes are completely, completely wrecked.

“Yeah,” she answers raggedly, and Alex lowers herself onto Maggie’s face again with a sigh and a grin, her fingers smoothing down through Maggie’s curls and trembling ecstatically when she feels how soaked Maggie is.

“Damn, Sawyer, you’re dripping for me,” she rasps, and Maggie shifts so she breathe, so she can talk.

“What’d you expect, Danvers? I love when you sit on my face like this. I fucking love it. I love… I love it.”

Alex’s breath hitches and she licks her lips and she feels the way Maggie’s chest starts to heave, sees the way her pupils are dilating, even in the dim light.

She loves her too. God, she loves her, too.

But they both know that now, naked and sweaty and completely ruined for each other, might not be the best first time to say it.

And as if by unspoken agreement, they say it with actions, not with words, Alex lowering back down onto Maggie’s waiting, eager lips; Alex bringing her fingers to rest on Maggie’s increasingly thrashing hips; Alex riding Maggie’s face, making Maggie moan in encouragement, in ecstasy, until she cums hard, cums fast, cums unrestrained.

Maggie thinks her upper lip might be bleeding with the force of Alex rocking into her, but god, god, god she doesn’t care, because Alex Danvers coming undone on her face is the most beautiful thing she’s ever felt, the most incredible thing she’s ever heard, the most erotic thing she’s ever known.

And if she has some explaining to do to some rookie cops about the sixth noise complaint in as
many days in the morning, well, damn, it’s absolutely worth it.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I have my first crush on a girl and it’s awesome. Also, thank you for being such an awesome person. One more thing, do you think that Alex and Maggie ever drive to the desert or someplace outside of the city and stare up at the sky and talk about nothing all night, just for a break from life? Thanks again!

Ofc course they do.

The first time they go, Alex just picks Maggie up on the back of her bike after Maggie’s had a long, rough day on the job. She doesn’t say anything other than, “wanna go for a ride?”, and Maggie immediately accepts the spare helmet she’s holding out for her, because there’s no need for any other words.

Maggie guesses that Alex drives for maybe three hours, always sticking to long, winding roads, always taking the routes that avoid traffic lights, traffic signs. Always taking the routes that avoid human beings.

Because sometimes, Maggie likes aliens better than humans, and this? This, Alex knows, is definitely one of those days.

So she takes her out way past the city limits, DEO’s old spot in the hills. Takes her out into the desert, takes her out far enough to get away from lights, from sound, from any people, alien or human.

Far enough away so that the only lights are the headlight on her bike, the stars starting to peak out of the increasingly velvet sky.

Far enough away so that the only sound is the soft roar of her Ducati’s engine, the wind whipping past their helmets.

Far enough away so that the only people are the two of them, the only people are present in the way Maggie’s arms wrap snug around Alex’s waist, the warmth of Maggie’s body pressed against Alex’s back, leaning into every curve, of her body and of the road, the thoughts, the love, the appreciation, passing between their bodies like oxygen that they’d starve without.

“Alex,” is all Maggie breathes when Alex finally pulls over and tugs off her helmet, her eyes not on the beauty above her, but on the beauty in front of her.

Because Maggie is holding her helmet slack at her waist and her perfect lips are parted and her eyes are wide and her head is tilted back because the stars, now, are endless, are infinite, are… everything.

Alex smiles and doesn’t bother trying to keep her lip from trembling as she slips off her jacket and
puts it on the ground next to her bike, sitting and taking Maggie’s hand, drawing her down, drawing her close, drawing her head down to rest on a pillow made of Alex’s arm, of Alex’s love.

Neither know how long they lay in silence together, and neither cares.

Occasionally, one of their hands will shoot up and point, to make sure the other doesn’t miss the random meteors that soar over them, dying embers on a canvas of dying plasma.

Occasionally, they’ll see the same meteor at the same time, and they’ll both point, and they’ll both exhale a small laugh, and their fingers will intertwine as they bring them slowly back to earth.

Occasionally, they’ll be tempted to tell the other that they’ve always wished on shooting stars, and right now, there is absolutely nothing to wish for.

Because they have absolutely everything.

Alex thinks about telling Maggie of all the nights alone, and with Kara, and alone, on her roof in Midvale.

Maggie thinks about telling Alex of all the nights alone – just alone – in the back of her pickup in Blue Springs.

And they will, they will.

They will.

But right now?

Right now, the stars do the speaking for them.

Right now, the stars tell them everything they need to know about what it means to, finally, be home.
“Hey pretty lady,” Alex greets from the couch after Maggie’s key scrapes the lock and she steps inside, and she looks up from her reading and smiles, watching.

Because she told Maggie that she thinks she’s starting to get used to this whole happy thing, but god, she doesn’t think she’ll really ever get used to Maggie coming to her apartment like its her own home after a long day at work; doesn’t think she’ll really ever get used to the way Maggie’s smile lights up the entire night when Alex’s words wash over her ears; the way Maggie freezes slightly and licks her lips and her eyes flash when she sees Alex in nothing but a henley and pajama pants and glasses, god, those glasses.

And Maggie? Maggie doesn’t think she’ll really ever get used to coming home to Alex Danvers, feared and renowned for her ruthlessness, being soft and domestic and vulnerable and relaxed, in her glasses, laying on the couch, waiting for… her. For her to come… home.

So she shrugs off her jacket and she tosses down her gun. She kicks off her boots and she makes sure her eyes never leave Alex’s, because she doesn’t want to miss any nuance of the way Alex watches her, the way Alex’s eyes widen slightly when she takes off her jacket, when she strides over to the couch.

Alex’s couch.

Their couch.

The way Alex gulps slightly and immediately tosses her bioengineering journal to the floor when Maggie says, “May I?” and Alex nods so Maggie straddles her and Alex gulps again.

“I missed you today,” Maggie whispers, stroking Alex’s cheek, and Alex immediately reaches up and mirrors her activity.

“Yeah?” she flirts.

“Yes, Danvers, I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it.”

“Show me.”

Maggie blinks.

“Show you.”
“Show me how much you missed me?” She says it like a question, because it is a question, because she still does need to be shown, not just told, because she still can’t wrap her mind around the fact that someone like Maggie would miss her, would like her, would love… her.

Would come home to her.

“Oh, Alex,” Maggie shakes her head, and she leans down and lifts her glasses, resting them on top of Alex’s head, so she can kiss her eyes, her nose, her temples, her forehead. She kisses her cheeks and her chin and, just when Alex’s contented sighs turn into small, needy whines, she kisses her lips.

They both sigh into the contact, into the kiss, because it’s only been ten or so hours, but god, that’s ten or so hours too long.

Alex parts her lips and runs her hands over Maggie’s hair and Maggie takes the invitation, slipping her tongue softly, gently, slowly, into Alex’s mouth, nearly moaning in relief at Alex’s response, the way her hips roll of their own accord, the way one of her hands wanders down Maggie’s back and grabs at the back of her shirt, making sure she doesn’t let go.

And she won’t.

God, she won’t.

“You good?” Maggie pulls back slightly to ask, because Alex had propped a pillow on the couch’s ledge while she was reading, but couches aren’t always the most comfortable places to be laid down and kissed senseless.

Alex answers by pulling her back down into a kiss, and Maggie does moan softly this time, Alex’s tongue teasing her lips before traveling down her jawline, down to her throat. Her teeth graze Maggie’s pulse point and Maggie’s entire body trembles.

Alex freezes but Maggie shakes her head. “You don’t have to stop.”

So she doesn’t. She marks Maggie’s neck like she knows Maggie likes, and she lets herself get lost in the sounds Maggie makes, the way she smells, the way her skin tastes, in the way Maggie’s hands travel haphazardly across her entire body, always reaching for more, groping at Alex’s breasts over her shirt, making Alex sigh and gasp and smile into her ministrations before shifting to return her lips to Maggie’s mouth, and Maggie kisses her back eagerly, desperately, hotly.

“You are so fucking beautiful, Danvers,” she murmurs in between kisses, in between Alex’s hands exploring her body like a randy teenager, in between her own hands doing exactly the same.

“Yeah?” Alex asks, pausing, and Maggie pulls back to look her in the eyes, in her perfect, perfect eyes.

She smiles softly and tilts her glasses back down from the top of her head onto her face, and she smiles deeper.

“You are the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen, Alex,” she reiterates, and Alex melts up into her body.

“I love kissing you,” Alex whispers, because she doesn’t know what else to say, doesn’t know how else to respond, to the intensity, the thing that looks a lot like love, in Maggie’s eyes, in her voice, in her hands and in her lips.
“Well that’s good, Danvers. Cause I love kissing you, too,” Maggie chuckles sweetly, leaning back down to kiss Alex gentle, kiss her slow, kiss her always.

She makes a map of Alex’s mouth with her tongue, a guide to Alex’s lips with her own, a prayer to Alex’s breathless sighs with her thumb on her cheek, her hand on her waist.

She almost whispers that she loves her, but decides, for now, to show her instead.

And it works – the way her lips part for Alex’s, the way she pays attention to and fulfills her every need, the way she makes out with her like she’s never been made out with, and god, nothing’s ever felt this perfect – because, who knows how long later, Alex’s eyes are glistening and her lips are quirked into a shy smile when she asks, “So you’re saying you missed me. Cause that’s… that’s what I’m getting.”

Maggie chuckles and her heart thrills at the game that’s become their own.

That’s become their coming home.

“Of course, you’re not gonna go crazy on me, are you?”

“Probably.”

Maggie licks her lips and shakes her head slightly and kisses Alex again, again, again.

“Perfect.”
Chapter 323

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

What Maggie Didn't Tell Her

She didn’t tell her that she knew, the moment she looked up on that tarmac and saw her, that she was going to fall in love with her.

And not because Alex was the most beautiful woman Maggie had ever seen (even though she was). It was the way she carried herself, her confidence, her fierce protectiveness. Hell, even her territorial, borderline condescending arrogance.

She didn’t tell her that knowledge put a pit in her stomach, because she’d made the mistake of cheating before. She’d been self-destructive enough to let herself get caught in that damn Baldwin hotel with some girl she barely knew, because Emily had suggested moving in together, taking the next step. And it couldn’t be real, it couldn’t last. So she’d made sure it didn’t.

She wouldn’t do that again. Even if her current relationship – now her ex – was on the rocks anyway, was borderline abusive anyway.

She didn’t tell her that her ex never picked her up from the job. Certainly not from the field.

She didn’t tell her that her ex was the jealous type, that the night they’d busted – and then been forced to release – Roulette, her ex had texted, wanting to know where she was. If her new secret service friend was with her. The one who’d busted up the bar just to find her. The one who literally threw herself into fire to save her life. The one who’d patched her up after.

She didn’t tell her that her ex only showed up to pick Maggie up that night because she wanted Alex to know that Maggie was hers, hers, hers.

She didn’t tell her because telling her would involve telling her that she was falling for her. And that wouldn’t be fair. Wouldn’t be safe.

For anyone.

She didn’t tell her that when Alex first kissed her next to that pool table, she saw stars, she saw fireworks. She saw everything she’d ever wanted, and nothing she’d ever had.

She didn’t tell her that pulling back, that telling her no, was one of the hardest things she’d ever done. And she’d done a lot of hard things.

She didn’t tell her that her ex’s words stung her, bad, cut her, hard, but that underneath it, she was relieved. Relieved to be dumped, because maybe, Alex, maybe, it could… no. She didn’t tell her because she couldn’t tell her because she couldn’t destroy someone as perfect, as beautiful, as gorgeous – inside, outside – as Alex Danvers.

She didn’t tell her that her only thought after getting shot by Cyborg Superman, on feeling the
mechanical poisons from his laser rip through her bloodstream, was Alex. Alex, Alex, Alex.

She didn’t tell her that confessing that she wanted to kiss her was scarier than her first mission out with the Science Division.

She didn’t tell her that she could never quite believe that they were together, that Alex wanted to be with her, that Alex wanted to love her. Didn’t tell her that she didn’t think she was worth it. That she only ever destroyed the women she touched. Only ever destroyed herself.

The first time they made love, she didn’t tell her that no woman had ever made her moan like that, scream like that. Ever. Until Alex.

The third or fourth time they made love, she didn’t tell her that no other woman had ever made her cum. She didn’t tell her that she’d just thought she couldn’t cum during sex. She didn’t tell her that when her body rocked through the deepest, hardest orgasm she’d ever had, all over Alex’s thigh, with Alex’s strong hands on her hips, on her back, she almost wept, because god, god, god, she didn’t tell her that no one had ever paid attention to her needs, her raw desires, like that.

She didn’t tell her that she was in love with her. Fully, irreparably, completely, absolutely in love with Alex Danvers.

She didn’t tell her, that is, until Alex was laying in the DEO’s med bay, barely breathing after a series of surgeries, barely recovering from a collapsed lung, second-degree burns over a quarter of her body, a series of broken ribs, courtesy of Cadmus’s revenge for Alex’s single-handedly blowing up their biggest facility.

She didn’t tell her that her stomach was sicker than it ever had been, even when her father stood over her fourteen-year-old self, watching her pack the one bag she’d been allowed to take before she had to leave his house forever – she didn’t tell her, because Alex, barely conscious, didn’t need to hear that right now. Alex only needed to hear one thing.

“You have to get better, Danvers. You have to get through this. You are the strongest person I’ve ever met, Ally, and I need you. I need you, and I’ve never… I’ve never needed anyone. But I need you, Alex Danvers, because I… because I am so wildly in love with you, and I… I love you, Alex. I love you, I love you, I love you. Please be okay. Please.”

Alex’s eyes stirred under closed lids and Maggie’s heart leaps when Alex’s lips twitch and her eyes, slowly, blink open. Kara inhales deeply on Alex’s other side, hope returning to her tear-stained eyes.

“You… love me?” she croaked in a voice so ragged that it almost sounded nothing like hers. Kara reached for the cup of water and straw by the bedside and put it to Alex’s cracked lips. Alex sipped and gave her sister a faint smile.

“Hey Kara,” she tried to lift a groggy hand to Kara’s face. Kara stilled it, kissed it, gave Maggie an unsure glance because maybe Alex didn’t remember what she just heard two seconds ago.

“The pretty lady I’m in love with is in love with me too. Whaddaya know?” she whispered, and Maggie sobbed with relief as Kara laughed and J’onn, at the foot of the bed, breathed for the first time in hours.

So maybe, just maybe, telling Alex Danvers the things that she felt wasn’t such a terrifying idea after all.
Chapter 324

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

like-rain-and-phones asked:

I live in the gym. Can we get a Maggie/Alex gym routine?

It’s James’s fault.

Or at least that’s who Alex blames.

Because at first, she had her morning runs and DEO sparring sessions, and Maggie had her pullup bar and heavy bag.

Separately.

But then somehow – she still can’t figure out who brought it up first – James and Maggie started hitting the gym together.

And Alex got roped into yoga with Maggie.

And then she got roped into the gym, too.

Maggie would be the eager one.

“Come on, Danvers, it'll be great. James is picking up protein shakes on the way!”

“What the hell shake place is open at this unholy hour?”

“What, so you can go for runs before sunrise but the gym is too much?”

“I don’t have to talk to anyone on my runs.”

Maggie grins bashfully and takes the hint, but preens when Alex softens her words with a kiss.

Maggie drives. Alex tries not to complain about the time and instead tries to focus on how damn good Maggie looks in her Adidas running jacket.

But the moment they step into the gym – and Maggie bounds up to James and leaps into his arms (“Look, Al, I’m giving him his warmup!”) – Alex tunes into her body and tunes out her general distaste for all things morning (all things morning, that is, except Maggie naked in her arms. Because that morning thing? That morning thing, she’s in love with).

She hits the treadmill while James and Maggie hit the mats for a more plyo-oriented warmup – there’s always been something calming to her, something like running on the beach to get her body primed for a long day surfing, about the rhythm of running – and generally, they’ll meet somewhere in the middle to push each other through their workouts.
Twice a week, it’s sparring, it’s weighted vests and double-unders and box jumps and sprint drills. Twice a week, it’s who can push harder, who can jump higher, who can run faster, who can recover quicker.

The rest of the time, it’s bodyweight drills and it’s cardio intervals and it’s weight training, Alex and Maggie grabbing sweaty kisses between sets while James racks the weights with a small grin on his face.

Alex isn’t used to the stillness of weight lifting, but – like with yoga – she trusts Maggie to show her, she trusts Maggie to build her skill at moving slower, at pushing her body differently, steadily, mentally, without her life on the line.

And it’s hard – hard, because Maggie and James are better at weight training than she is, and she’s unaccustomed to being bested – but neither of them tease her. Both of them meet her where she is, help her learn to move her body, to move with control when she isn’t aiming for someone’s throat, to move with explosive discipline when she isn’t trying to save the world.

And when she realizes that it’s both calming and exhilarating – when she realizes that it’s both centering and energizing – she lifts harder, she lifts better, she lifts more. And she watches James’s eyes glint with pride and Maggie’s sparkle with a combination of pride and lust, and she stands a little bit straighter, grins a little bit harder, because this whole gym thing?

Is totally worth getting up early for.
Chapter 325

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Alex’s Hands

Her hands are ruthless.

Her hands are lethal.

Her hands can snap, break, squeeze the life out of human beings, out of nine foot aliens – out of people.

And her hands have.

Many times.

Her hands are strong and her hands, even when clean, are constantly coated in blood.

Her hands are aggressive and her hands are vengeful.

Her hands are fearless and her hands are deadly.

Her knuckles are a map of the men she’s broken, of the soldiers she’s cracked, of the rage against herself that she’s brought down on someone else’s jaw.

Her fingers are loud, her fingers are expressive; her fingers know exactly where to apply pressure, exactly where to stick needles, exactly where to stop a person’s breathing, end a person’s life, make a person scream in agony.

Her palms are accustomed to breaking her falls, accustomed to burning but not sweating, the better to hold the guns, the grenades, the rocket launchers, that she needs to end the people who threaten her family.

Her hands are ruthless.

Her hands are lethal.

Her hands are her little sister’s home.

Her hands protected Kara from the terrifying sounds of the popcorn-maker when she first got to Earth, and a few days later, her hands broke under Kara’s too-firm grasp, but when they came out of their casts, Kara’s tear-stained face was the first thing that her gentle, soft, forgiving hands reached for, caressed, loved.

Her hands hold Kara’s when her little sister cries, scoop out ice cream and fold homemade potstickers and carry box upon box of pizza into Kara’s apartment when her sister needs an impromptu Sister’s Night.
Her hands tuck Kara into bed after long days of a double life that only Alex can really understand, and her hands smooth Kara’s hair away from her forehead, and her hands watch over her and protect her from the nightmares that her teenage hands started protecting her from all those years ago.

Her hands are forgiving.

Her hands are protective.

Her hands are Maggie Sawyer’s home.

Her hands stilled in shock the first time Maggie held them, and her hands told the rest of her body, the rest of her soul, that her life would never be the same.

Her hands caress Maggie’s hair and her thumbs sweep across her cheeks, her jawline, and her hands make Maggie feel loved, make Maggie feel appreciated, make Maggie feel worshiped.

Her fingers trace words of love in Russian, in Kryptonese, in Portuguese, in English, onto Maggie’s naked torso after her fingers slip deep, deep inside her and bring her to oblivion and back, her palm serving as a pillow for Maggie’s head the entire time, holding her, protecting her, loving her, the entire way through.

Her knuckles let Maggie’s lips heal them and her palms let Maggie’s fingers trace them and her fingers interlace with Maggie’s because this woman, this woman, this woman, is the woman she’s going to spend her life with.

Her hands are ruthless, and her hands are lethal, and her hands are forgiving, and her hands are protective.

Her hands, like the rest of her, are made of the stuff it takes to love and to love hurt and to love hard, and her hands, in Maggie’s, on Maggie’s body – and, eventually, on her own, too – are gentle, are firm, are simply, simply, love.
Chapter 326

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Facetime Healing

So I’m having kind of a really crappy day… Can you make a one-shot with lots of fluff where Alex or Maggie are out of town or something like that, and the people around them are being terrible, so they call the other or they tell the other about it when they are together again? I understand that you’re busy but I would love to see this… Thanks

^^ prompt from LittleSanvers over at Ao3

She’s never really used facetime.

Kara would just fly over when they wanted to see each other, and whenever she called Eliza, it was better for everyone involved that they couldn’t see each other (Eliza seeing Alex’s eye rolls and tightening lips and – pre-Maggie – chugging of bourbon to get through the conversation wouldn’t exactly help matters).

But with Maggie?

Now, facetime is the only way either of them get through their respective trips for work, because now? Now, going an entire day without seeing the other’s face would be cruel and unusual punishment.

Especially when one of them had had a day like Maggie’d just had, alone at a specialized training conference with a bunch of cishet white dude cops who weren’t even a little bit interested in listening to the small brown woman giving them a workshop on addressing the needs of – rather than punishing – queer youth who live on the streets.

Alex knows the moment the calls connect, the moment Maggie’s slightly pixelated face pops up on her phone’s screen, and her smile of anticipation fades into a look of cautious concern.

“What’s wrong?” she asks instead of her usual greeting, and she watches Maggie stiffen, watches Maggie work harder to arrange her face into something that’s not exhausted, something that’s not defeated, something that’s not rage boiling under resignation, under determination, under self-hate and under hopeful hopelessness.

“What? Nothing, it’s whatever, Danvers – how was your day? I heard Supergirl – “

“Yes, Kara had an eventful day, and yes, Kara is fine, but you, Maggie? You’re not. Talk to me,” she insists gently, she insists firmly, she insists steadily.

And it’s that steadiness – Alex’s steadiness – that makes Maggie gulp, that makes Maggie talk.

“Whatever, just… some assholes pulling some all lives matter shit, making a joke out of the kids I
work with, and they don’t…” Maggie’s face swoops out of Alex’s view for a moment as Maggie shifts on her hotel bed. “They don’t get it, or care, I don’t know, who they’re hurting. How violent they’re being. Whatever, it’s whatever, I – “

“No, no, Maggie, it’s not whatever. You’re not whatever. I… Maggie, I’m sorry. I’m sorry you have to hear all that nonsense. I… what do you need? What can I do? I can get Vasquez to come out there with me and we can kick some ass with you.”

That gets Maggie’s lips to turn upward, and she shakes her head before staring deeply at the screen for the first time this call, at Alex’s face, her eyes, for the first time this call.

“You’re beautiful, Danvers, you know that?”

“So are you, Maggie. So are you.”

A long pause. A lot of staring at each other. A lot of silent wishing that their hands could touch everything their eyes were feasting on.

“Why do they have so much hate in them? I mean, them, my… my father, hell, Lena’s mother, it… why – do you get it? Because I don’t.”

Her voice is small and her eyes are liquid and Alex’s heart breaks as she shakes her head slow, soft, somehow reassuring.

“I wish I could hold you right now, babe.”

Maggie’s breath comes out in a ragged exhale, and the static from it grates Alex’s ears, making her wish even more she were actually with her instead of just Facetiming her.

But they both have good imaginations. So Alex smiles faintly at Maggie’s trembling jaw.

“Close your eyes, babe.”

“So the yoga has been catching on after all, ey, Danvers?” Maggie tries, and Alex hears the sadness, the defeat, roiling underneath Maggie’s attempt at levity, but she lets it go.

“Hush up and close your eyes, Sawyer,” she teases right back, and she’s almost surprised when Maggie complies immediately.

A stray few strands of hair fall over her face, and Alex itches to tuck it behind Maggie’s ear.

A few days. She’ll be home in a few days.

Until then…

“Okay, so,” Alex starts, and she’s awkward, because she’s not good at this kind of intimate, emotional thing.

Or, rather, she never used to be. Because she never used to like it. But now? With Maggie? She’s miles away and she’s in pain and she doesn’t want to talk and it’s unfair to try to get her to when she’s all alone, and Alex just wants to help her.

So she’s awkward, but she tries.

“So,” she repeats, “imagine where you want my hands. I want… I want to smooth your hair out of your face…” Maggie smiles faintly with her eyes closed, and she pushes her own hair out of her
“Like that?” she whispers, eyes still closed.

Alex nods before realizing Maggie can’t see her.

“That’s right, babe. Except… except I’d kiss you, too. Your cheeks, your temples, your forehead. The bridge of your nose. And um… and I’d hold you. If I were there. I’d pull you close to me and kiss the back of your neck and let you listen to my heartbeat and I’d… I’d tell you I love you, and I’d tell you that you’re worth it, and that your feelings are real, and that I know you did an amazing job today, no matter what those assholes said. I’d tell you you’re perfect and I’d give you a backrub and I wouldn’t let you go until you fell asleep in my arms and had the sweetest dreams. Okay?”

Another long silence. So long Alex is mildly concerned that Maggie’s fallen asleep sitting up.

“You love me?”

Her voice is so soft, so low, that if Alex hadn’t watched her lips move, she wouldn’t have realized she’d said anything at all.

“I love you more than I ever thought it was possible to love anyone, Maggie,” she says, and her voice shakes, and Maggie’s lower lip quivers, and her eyes open, and they’re full of tears, and they’re full of something Alex swears means I love you too.

And she’s absolutely right.
Chapter 327

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

Talk to Me (A Coming Home Story)

@peggycarterislife wrote: Hmm idk… I’m dealing with my homophobic family rn… so maybe you could write Maggie running into her family or something like that?? Or some smut? That’s always great Don’t wanna bother you though… and as follow-up,
@all-the-gay-feels wrote Maggie doesn’t like to share her emotions AND is also killer in bed and hot af. She uses her body/ sexuality w/ women to avoid digging deeper/ feels. What if she doesn’t wanna talk and throws herself at Alex to use her body instead of words and Alex calls her out on it.

I combined the prompts, and this is what happened.

She calls her mother every year on her birthday.

She probably shouldn’t.

She should have been defended as a child.

She probably shouldn’t call.

But she does, anyway, in the early hours of the morning when she knows her mother will be awake, but her father won’t be.

But this year? This year, for whatever damn reason, he’s awake. And he answers her mother’s phone.

He wants to know why she would ruin her mother’s day by starting it off with a call from such a selfish child who could have been such a beautiful daughter, but chose to abandon them all with her filth.

He wants her to know how much her mother loves her, how much he loves her, that she was the one who left them. That she was the one who broke their hearts. That she was the one who chose to be selfish. That she was the one who abandoned them, just like – he’s heard – she keeps abandoning these women she engages in such sin with.

He wants her to know – she hangs up the phone.

She doesn’t cry and she doesn’t think and she barely even breathes.

She tugs on her jacket. She tugs on her helmet. She kicks her Triumph to life and she speeds to Alex’s apartment.

She knows Alex will just be returning from her morning run. She knows Alex’s body will be warm, will be sweaty. Will be perfect.
“Maggie, hey, what – “ Alex asks as Maggie lets herself into her living room, as Maggie tosses her helmet onto a chair, as Maggie cuts off her words with a searing kiss.

A searing kiss that tears through Alex’s entire body, that makes Alex swoon, that makes Alex melt.

“Maggie,” she tries to say again, and Maggie pulls all the way back, fire burning in her eyes.

“You wanna talk or you want me to make you see stars?” Maggie asks, her eyes hard, her voice wrecked, her hands somehow both demanding and trembling, her body somehow both gentle and rough.

Alex gulps, because god, god, god, she knows what kinds of stars Maggie can make her see. Not even your typical G-class star. No, Maggie makes her see stars explode, makes her see supernovae, makes her see the birth and death of the universe in the curve of her fingers, the arch of her hips, the heat of her tongue, the insistence of her teeth. The intensity of her eyes, the relentlessness of her hands.

Alex gulps, and Alex wants, but there’s something off about Maggie’s stance, off about Maggie’s voice, about her eyes.

“Maggie, what’s wrong?”

Maggie grunts dismissively and backs Alex against the kitchen counter, eyes on her lips, on her body, like she’s starving for her, because god, she is.

“Wrong? The fact that you’re not writhing and screaming for me right now, Danvers.”

Alex’s body swoons of its own accord, and Maggie takes her weakened knees as consent, swooping in for another burning kiss.

Alex melts under her lips, her tongue, for a long, lingering moment, her lips parted and her body achingly pliant for Maggie’s aching hands, but only for a moment.

Only for a moment, because Alex knows Maggie.

She knows Maggie, and she knows she’s avoiding talking. Knows something’s wrong.

knows she has something to say – so many things to say – and wants to write them into Alex’s skin with her body instead of forcing the words out of her lips, because fucking is easier than talking, because I want you is easier than I love you.

So she gathers all her strength, all her resistance, and she pulls back. Maggie growls, and the sound makes keeping from drowning in Maggie’s lust that much harder, but Alex loves her more than that.

“Maggie, stop,” she says soft, she says gentle, she says insistent, calibrating her voice carefully, intentionally, so Maggie doesn’t think she’s hurt her, because she hasn’t, she hasn’t, but god, she’s hurting herself.

“Tell me what’s wrong, Maggie.”

Maggie pushes away from Alex and retreats to the other side of the kitchen, the opposite counter, by the fridge. She crosses her arms over her chest and she glares.

“Why does something have to be wrong for me to want you, Danvers?” she counters, and Alex
studies her with sharp eyes and a breaking heart.

“I love that you want me, Maggie. And I love when you’re rough with me. I love how much you tell me with your body. You make me feel wanted and cared for and respected and paid attention to. You make me feel…” She stops ahead of the word “loved,” because god if she’s wrong, she’ll never get over the humiliation.

“But you… you can fuck me like this, Maggie – I love it when you do, hell – but you can’t fuck me like this instead of talking to me. You can’t do it as a replacement. In addition, sure. But whatever’s bothering you, hurting you, right now? You have no intention of letting me help you with it. You have every intention of dealing with it alone, and the only way I get to help you is by spreading my legs for you. Is that right?”

Her voice is firm but her eyes are gentle, are brimming with empathy. With understanding.

And it’s that understanding that breaks Maggie.

She clenches her jaw so hard it might break, and she takes a shuddering breath, and she uncrosses her arms, and she steps forward.

Alex meets her in the middle and wraps her in her arms and kisses her hair as she shudders, as she counts her breaths, as she tries to still her own trembling.

“I got you,” Alex whispers. “I got you.”

“I’m sorry,” Maggie responds, her voice full of gravel. “I’m sorry, Alex, you don’t deserve… I… I tried to… it’s my mom’s birthday, and I tried to… I call her every year, but my… my dad answered and it… When he kicked me out, Alex, I never felt at home anywhere. Ever again. Anywhere. Not in college, not in Gotham, not when I first moved out here. Nowhere.”

She takes a shuddering breath and she steps back from Alex’s arms so she can look her in the face, because Maggie Sawyer is nothing if not absolutely brave.

“And then I met you. And then you kissed me, and then I kissed you, and then I… Alex, you’re… you’re my home. Now. You’re my home. My first home, my… my only home. So when my dad said all those things this morning, I… I had somewhere to go. For the first time in my life, I could… I could go home. To you. But I…”

“But you don’t like talking about yourself.”

Maggie nods, and Alex strokes her hair, and Alex dives, because if Maggie can be that brave, then dammit, so can she.

“You’re my home too, Maggie. And I… I love you. I’m here. Okay? I’m not going anywhere. Because I love you.”

Maggie doesn’t speak – she’s far exceeded her speaking quota for the day – but Alex doesn’t need her to. Not right now, anyway. Because the way she lets Alex hold her, the way she holds Alex back?

Those are all the words, all the promises, that she needs. All the words, all the promises, that she’s ever, ever wanted.
superspies-and-apple-pie asked:

Hey Cap! If it's not too much to ask, could you write something about Alex or Kara getting migraines/massive sensory overload and Maggie helping them deal with it? I'm home from work today because of a horrible migraine and I feel achey and useless and bummed out. one of those ones where everything is just a shade too much and where you want to go curl into a huge pile of pillows and never leave.

She can’t fly – not like this – so for once, she actually does take the bus.

Turns out, the bus doesn’t help.

Because the bus itself is almost as loud as weaving through National City’s wind tunnels, and because on the bus, people touch you – even by accident – and people talk loudly and babies cry and the bus swerves and it squeaks when it makes a sudden stop and Rao, she should have just flown, because this migraine is starting to blur her vision but at least the overload from sound, from scent, from touch, from everything, might have been less in the air, alone, alone, alone...

Except she doesn’t want to be alone.

She wants to be with the only person who’s ever understood her overloads, her migraines, her panic attacks from too much, too much, too much.

So she nearly vomits with relief when the bus finally slams to a stop a block from her big sister’s apartment.

She doesn’t know how she makes it up the stairs and into Alex’s apartment, but she knows immediately – because the only heartbeat in the apartment isn’t Alex’s, is slightly higher than Alex’s – that Alex isn’t home.

“Hey, Little Danvers,” Maggie looks up from the couch, a newspaper lowered as she looks up at her, her legs bare until the very tops of her thighs where her boxers end.

Her sister’s girlfriend starts talking, but immediately stops with one look at Kara.

She nods and she tosses aside the paper and she stands.

“Come sit,” is all she says, her voice softer than her initial greeting, and Kara doesn’t ask how she knows, doesn’t ask if she’s mad at the intrusion, doesn’t ask anything at all.

Kara stumbles to the couch and sits, and before she can wish desperately that Maggie would turn off the jazz she has playing through the entire apartment, Maggie switches it off, in the same motion that she strides over to switch off all the lights.
She says nothing as she pads up the step into Alex’s bedroom and returns with the entire comforter – because she’s noticed how much Kara loves that thing – and manages to wrap Kara up without once touching her skin.

She says nothing as she slips into Alex’s bathroom, then into her kitchen, and returns to press a pill from a bottle labeled “Kara’s Aspirin” and a glass of water into Kara’s hands, gently, gently, gently.

Kara accepts them docilely, swallowing the pill, the water, in slow, shaky gulps.

“Can I snuggle on you?” she asks in a small voice after a few long, long moments of silence, of Maggie sitting on the opposite end of the couch, waiting patiently, waiting quietly.

“Come here, Kid Danvers,” Maggie whispers, and Kara all but topples over to Maggie in her massive buffer of Alex’s massive comforter.

Maggie would normally swipe her thumbs in circular patterns on Kara’s back, but today, she keeps her hands still. She would normally pepper her hair with random kisses, but today, she barely moves.

Because today, Kara needs the contact, but Rao, does she need the stillness just as badly.

And Maggie is happy to provide.

She lets her own head tilt back on the edge of the couch as Kara snuggles into her chest, and when she hears Kara’s breathing slow, when she feels Kara’s body lose its tension, she lets her own breathing slow, lets her own body relax.

She doesn’t realize she’s fallen asleep until the front door opens and a crack of light seeps into the apartment.

Maggie’s eyes open immediately, but she realizes who woke her before her body has the chance to tense up.

“I think she got overwhelmed and had a migraine,” Maggie whispers softly, so softly, before Alex has the chance to ask.

Alex slips off her boots and pads over to the other side of the couch quickly, kneeling in front of Kara and smoothing the hair gently out of her face, kissing her forehead and feeling it with the back of her hand like she’s checking for feverishness.

“You gave her aspirin?”

Maggie nods.

“And she drank water? And no music, and no lights, and no movement, and no talking?”

Maggie nods at each need, a soft smile on her face, loving Alex for the way she loves her sister, for how hard she loves her, for how fully she loves her.

Alex blinks, and Alex stares, and Maggie gets the distinct impression that Alex would throw herself at her and kiss her senseless if her little sister wasn’t out like a light in her lap.

“Thank you,” is all Alex says, but she injects it with all the love, all the passion, all the disbelieving gratitude, that she’s ever had.
“Anything for my Danvers girls. Anything at all.”
Chapter 329

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

hazingblur asked:

Hey mom I went out with some friends on tuesday night and have been sick since then
Could you write some sanvers being sick? Maybe Maggie starts throwing up and is a very bad sick person? Ps. Congrats on your engagement

She hasn’t thrown up in front of anyone since that party in college after that cute girl from organic chem lab dumped her, and god, how that backfired.

(Instead of taking care of her, her supposed friends had laughed and her supposed friends had let her drag herself back to her dorm and her supposed friends couldn’t be bothered to check in on her when she missed classes the next morning because, surprise surprise, she was still throwing up.)

This time, the cause wasn’t alcohol.

This time, the cause was the damn flu.

And Maggie is used to taking care of herself. She’s used to powering through, because no one had ever… offered. No one had ever taken care of her.

At least, not without making sure she knew what a burden she was, what other, better, things (or people) they could be doing. How grateful she should be.

So she doesn’t text Alex to come over, because sure, she’s a doctor, but why the hell would she want to be around Maggie when she’s gross and snotty and achy and – yep – there it is again – throwing up?

Alex wants to be happy with her, not be a caretaker, for crying out loud.

But when she doesn’t show up for work – because even Maggie isn’t stubborn enough to go infect the entire precinct with this damn flu – and Alex asks after her, and her cop partner tells her she’s got the flu, Alex is livid.

And she’s at Maggie’s apartment a half hour later, with medicine and tissues and cough drops and crackers and soup and and chapstick orange juice and a handful of old 90s and early 2000s DVDs she grabbed from Kara’s on the way over.

“I can’t believe I had to hear you have the flu from Donahue, Sawyer! This is a relationship, you need to tell me when you’re – Maggie?”

Because she’s not on her couch and she’s not on her bed.

But there’s retching coming from the bathroom, and Alex’s heart breaks as she deposits her grocery bags hurriedly on the counter and rushes to the bathroom door.
She pauses before opening it – because even alone, Maggie is a door-shutter – and she inclines her head toward the door, knocking softly.

“Mags. It’s me. Can I come in?”

“I didn’t call you, Danvers,” Maggie rasps miserably, and Alex hears her spit, and she sighs silently.

“I know you didn’t, Maggie, but I’m here now. Let me help you. Please?”

Maggie wretches and Alex flinches, because she knows that pain, and she hates that pain, and god, she’s only two feet away from her and the only thing between them is a very breakable wooden door, but she’s never felt farther from her, more useless to her.

“It’s okay, babe, it’s okay. I’m here, it’s okay. It’s gonna be okay.”


Maggie, poking her head out of the bathroom, looking up at Alex like she’s terrified, like she’s just killed someone and Alex is here to clean up the mess, like she’s wracked with guilt, like she hates herself for being sick, for being weak, for inconveniencing her. For being gross.

“You don’t have to be here,” she croaks, and Alex just tilts her head and smiles softly.

“I want to be here, Maggie.”

“I’ll get you sick.”

“Worth it.”

“Danvers – “

“Sawyer.”

“I have to throw up again.”

“Okay.”

To Alex’s surprise, Maggie lets the door stay open, and Alex slips inside as Maggie kneels, as Maggie starts holding her own hair back. Tears sting Alex’s eyes as Maggie retches, because her entire body is wracking with the force of her vomiting, but her hands are steady, calculated, holding her own hair back expertly, and Alex’s heart breaks wondering how much practice Maggie has had being sick and all alone.

Not anymore.

Alex’s gentle hands replace Maggie’s, stroking her sweaty temples and holding her hair back, one hand focused on her hair, the other focused on keeping a steady hold on her back, a comfort, an anchor.

“It’s okay, Maggie, I’ve got you. Get it all out, babe.”

Maggie starts to apologize, but her entire body tenses, and she convulses again, emptying whatever could possibly be left in her stomach.
She sniffs and she trembles and she shakes her head and she spits once, twice, three times. She wipes her mouth with toilet paper, and she shudders, and Alex thinks she might be crying, but she doesn’t let Maggie know her suspicions.

She starts to rise on her own but Alex shifts so Maggie can brace herself on Alex’s arms. Maggie hesitates, but concedes, and Alex smiles softly, flushing for her as Maggie gropes for her toothbrush. Alex moves to put toothpaste on it, and Maggie grimaces a disbelieving thank you. Alex keeps her hands out and waiting for Maggie to stumble as she brushes, rinses, mouth washes, spits.

When she’s ready, Alex puts a gentle hand around her shoulder, gingerly avoiding touching her queasy stomach, and guides her out of the bathroom.

“Do you like the couch or the bed when you’re sick, babe?”

“Couch,” Maggie grunts, and Alex smiles.

“Me too.”

Maggie’s exhausted eyes go wide when she notices the grocery bags Alex brought on the counter.

“Danvers, what – “

“I got you the necessities. Including…” She tucks Maggie in and darts across the house, pulling out old L Word and Sex in the City DVDs and holding them up excitedly.

“You know I have netflix, right Danvers?”

Alex grins, looking just like her little sister, and Maggie cracks out a smile.

“It’s better on DVD!”

Maggie doesn’t question her nerd’s logic, just watches as she bustles around the studio, bringing Maggie chapstick and water and tea.

“Why are you here, Danvers?”

“You’re sick,” Alex says like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“I’m gross,” Maggie amends, and Alex shakes her head and kneels in front of Maggie, stroking her hair and kissing her nose.

“Maggie, you’re my girlfriend. I want to take care of you. You deserve to be taken care of. Let me? Please?”

She doesn’t understand why, and she doesn’t really think she deserves it, but god, do Alex’s hands feel nice on her clammy skin, and god, do Alex’s eyes sparkle when they look at her.

She nods, slowly, nervously, and Alex’s smile goes straight to her heart, and she swears it’s that smile that’ll make her flu go away.
Chapter 330

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! I really loved your fic where Kara came out to Maggie! Do you think you'll write/would you write a follow up of the next morning where Kara says all the things to Alex? You are amazing and I am in awe of your artistic gifts

(The first fic that this wonderful Anon is referring to, chapter 109.)

“Hey, hey, I can walk. Or fly. Should I fly?” Kara’s sleepy words are stumbling almost as much as her feet, and Alex and Maggie both smirk softly.

“Nah, Kid Danvers, best save the flying for later, huh? When you’re a little less – ”

“Groggy,” Alex supplies, and presses a kiss to Kara’s forehead as she and Maggie work to lay Kara down squarely in the center of Maggie’s bed.

They tuck her in from either side, and Kara whines when they start to retreat back into the living room space of the studio.

“Nooo, Alex, you just got home, don’t go! Maggie’s comfy, tiny, so tiny, but she’s comfy, and you’re comfy, and – ”

“Shhh, Kara, I’m gonna eat something, and then I’ll come right to bed, okay?”

“Maggie too?”

“Yeah, Little Danvers, I’ll come too.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Satisfied, Kara grins sleepily and settles down into the pillows, her breathing starting to even out again.

“She’s been crying,” Alex whispers to Maggie, and Maggie nods as she pours water for Alex and gestures her toward the two slices of pizza they’d left for her.

Alex digs right into it cold, a habit she’d picked up from Maggie; and normally, Maggie would made a snarky comment, but tonight? Tonight, she lets it go with a soft, affectionate smile and a passionate kiss to Alex’s cheek.

“Mmmm,” Alex hums, leaning into Maggie as she chews, and as soon as she swallows she turns her face to put her lips on Maggie’s, and Maggie sighs and sinks into the kiss, and her lips part and Alex wants to take her right here, right now, but Kara, Kara, Kara.
She pulls back and both of their bodies keen at the loss.

“She’s okay, Alex. She just… like I said, she just has some stuff she wants to talk to you about.”

Alex chugs water and pizza and more water and more pizza.

“Okay but what stuff? Is she alright? Did someone hurt her? Why didn’t she come to me? What – ”

“Whoa whoa, okay, Danvers, listen to me. Eat your pizza and come to bed. Okay? I’ll go out in the morning to get you both breakfast, and Kara will talk to you then. She’s fine. I promise. And if you’re not fine when she tells you what she has to tell you, that’s okay. I’ll be here. And so will she. Okay? Nothing’s wrong.”

With anyone else, Alex would fight. With anyone else, Alex would resist and insist and push harder, harder. But with Maggie? Alex stares at Kara’s sleeping form – she’s safe, she’s safe, Maggie’s been taking good care of her, she’s safe – and sighs, and chews, and swallows, and nods.

“Let me brush my teeth. And then you’re going to find out what it’s like to share a bed with a little sister who fidgets in her sleep. And has Kryptonian strength.”

“Well, her sister’s pretty damn strong, and I can handle her in bed just fine,” Maggie lowers her voice an octave or two, and Alex nearly swoons.

“Maggie! Kara’s right there!”

“She’s sleeping – ” Maggie tickles her.

“No funny business with Kara around, even when she’s in dream land. Yes ma’am. Come to bed, Danvers.”

And she does, and she stays awake long after Maggie settles on the other side of Kara, long after Maggie’s breathing evens out, long after the soft circles Maggie’s tracing on Alex’s arm – both of their arms thrown over Kara’s stomach – slow and stop because Maggie’s fallen asleep.

She stays awake, and she relishes the heat of her little sister next to her, the way that Kara, even in sleep, feels safe enough to snuggle with both her and Maggie.

She stays awake, and she wonders what Kara could possibly have told Maggie before telling Alex.

She doesn’t remember falling asleep, but she’s woken up by a soft kiss on her lips.

“Morning, beautiful,” Maggie greets, and Alex smiles groggily and reaches for Maggie’s cheek.

“Hey,” she croaks, and Maggie’s smile deepens.

“Hey there. Listen, your sister’s in the bathroom, and I’m gonna hit the gym with James and then bring you both back breakfast. Okay?”

“Mmmmmmm.”

She’s still yawning and stretching when Maggie kisses her one more time – two more times, three more times – and slips out of the apartment.

She jumps when Kara speaks, not having noticed her slipping out of the bathroom. She’s wearing
one of Maggie’s college hoodies, and Alex’s heart warms.

“You really love her, don’t you?” Kara asks, and Alex rubs her eyes and sits up.

“What makes you say that?”

“You’re usually out of bed like a shot. But you trust her. She makes you feel safe.”

Kara plops on the bed in front of Alex as her older sister sits up, nodding.

“She makes you feel safe too, apparently. What was so scary you couldn’t come to me first, Kara? I mean, not that I mind you going to Maggie. I like it, I like that you trust her, love it, but I… Kara, what is it?”

Alex might be more relaxed in the morning, being with Maggie, but she certainly hasn’t lost any of her directness. Kara sighs and adjusts her glasses before staring at her sister and taking them off completely.

Alex’s stomach twists. That means they’re in for a really intense conversation. She puts her hands on her sister’s, careful not to interfere with the way her fingers fidget with themselves, with Maggie’s sweatshirt, with the comforter.

“Kara, I love you. Whatever it is, you can –”

“I like girls. Women. I like men, too. I’m bisexual, Alex. Or, pan. I – I don’t know. I’m not sure what word feels right yet. Maggie says it’s okay that I don’t know yet. She says I don’t have to be sure. But the thing I am sure of is… is that I like girls, too. Not just guys.”

She looks more terrified than she did when facing off with Reactron, and Alex blinks once. Blinks twice. Blinks again.

“So, you’re queer.”

She stands and she paces and her brow stays furrowed and Kara’s lip trembles.

“I’m sorry, Alex –”

“Sorry?” Alex drops to her knees and gathers Kara’s hands back into her own and smooths the hair out of her face and shakes her head. “Sorry? Kara, why would you apologize?”

“Sorry? Alex, no, I’m not angry! I’m just… I’m just trying to figure out why you’d tell my girlfriend before you’d tell me. And like I said, I love that you’re comfortable with Maggie, I really do, I just don’t understand –”

“Because you just came out, Alex! You just came out, and you’re just figuring yourself out, and the whole reason you didn’t figure yourself out earlier was me and how selfish I was and now I’m doing it again, I’m taking up that space from you again, and I don’t want to, I don’t want to take anything away from you, I just like her so much and I can’t keep it to myself anymore, but I don’t want to take space from you, not again –”

“Kara. Kara. Kara. Stop. Stop it. Please, Kara, listen to me. You… you didn’t… Eliza gave me responsibility over you, you didn’t ask for it. You’d just lost your entire planet, Kara, you didn’t ask for me to… to give up my whole life for you. You just wanted a family, and that’s… that’s
what you are, Kara, and nothing – nothing, you understand me? – is ever going to change that. You’re not taking anything away from me, Kara. You can be bi, or pan, or queer, or whatever label you like, but you are my sister before you are anything else, Kara. And you deserve to figure yourself out with me at your side, not with… with tears on my girlfriend’s shoulder in the middle of the night when I’m not home. Okay? It’s okay, I just… I want what we’ve always wanted – to share our lives. And if that’s queer lives, all the better. Kara, I love you, always, I – wait. Wait, Kara, did you say – who do you like so much? Who’s her?”

Kara’s wet, smiling eyes suddenly go wide, and Alex’s hand that had been so busy stroking Kara’s hair, wiping her tears, stills.

“Kara.”

“Yeah, this um… this is the other part I was scared you wouldn’t like.”

“Kara. It isn’t Livewire?”

Kara busts out a laugh that nearly causes Alex to overbalance. “What? No! No, it’s not – it’s Lena, Alex. Lena Luthor.”

Alex is quiet.

Alex is quiet for a long, long moment, and she bites the inside of her cheek, and Kara tries desperately to keep breathing.

“Well, she definitely likes you back. And you, Kara, not just Supergirl. So, you know, when Maggie gets back, we can strategize. If you want.”

“Strategize?” Kara’s voice is small, strained, because Alex says Lena likes her back, Alex says Lena likes her back, Alex isn’t mad, Alex isn’t mad, Alex loves her always, always, always.

“Well, come on, Kara. You have about as much game outside of that suit as… as Winn has.”

Kara reaches to adjust her glasses and fumbles when she remembers that they’re not on her face. Alex arches an eyebrow and leans back, her case in point.

“It – I – that’… I – I have plenty of game – ”

“As Supergirl, maybe. We’ve gotta figure out a way to channel that SuperSuave into Kara Danvers.”

“I… you love me, Alex?”

“Always, Kara. Always.”
They’ve been having lunch every couple of weeks since Maggie arrested her.

Since Maggie had brought her an apology bag of donuts – having gleaned the intel from Kara that Lena secretly appreciates the fried sugary dough – and they’d accidentally discovered they’d had a lot to talk about.

At first, nerd stuff. Science stuff, tech stuff, police stuff.

Then, their Danvers girls.

And, Maggie suspected, Lena did, indeed, think of Kara as her Danvers girl.

She didn’t know if Kara knew it – hell, she didn’t even know if Lena herself knew it – so she said nothing about it.

She said nothing about it, that is, until Alana – something’s off about her, Maggie thinks to herself, and files it away for things to bring up with Lena at lunch – lets her into Lena’s office when she absolutely shouldn’t have.

Because Lena’s legs are open and her head is tilted back and a blonde woman with fantastic arms is standing between her legs, holding her up with ease against her desk, a reddish glow bathing the office as the blonde’s lips trace their way up Lena’s throat, and –

Oh.

Oh shit.

Shit shit shit shit fuck damn dear god Kid Danvers isn’t such a kid after all.

Because the blonde currently fucking Lena senseless against her desk?

Is Kara Danvers.

Kara whispers something in Lena’s ear that makes Lena gasp and claw at her back, that makes Maggie infinitely grateful that she doesn’t have her girlfriend’s little sister’s superhearing.

Her girlfriend’s little sister.

Little Danvers.
Fuck.

She slips out of Lena’s office and she gives Alana a stiff nod, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing shock on her face, of seeing anything out of the ordinary on her face. Because she’d definitely known exactly what was going on in that office, and she’d her walk in anyway.

She texts Winn to pull up files on her.

And then she texts Lena.

_Hey – I am so sorry, I’m all tied up at the precinct – could we reschedule for tonight? Six? At the bar?_ 

And then she texts Kara.

_Hey Little Danvers – meet me at six, at the bar?_

She grins and shakes her head when, half hour later, they both respond with a certain overeagerness that Maggie recognizes all too well from her post-orgasm text checks.

She grins again when, that night, Kara’s eyes fly wide when she sees Maggie sitting with Lena in the bar.

“I – it – Lena! Hi! Maggie didn’t say you were going to be here, I – hi! How, um… how are you?”

She adjusts her glasses and she shifts her body like she’s not sure whether to go in for a hug, a kiss, or to run away. Or better, to fly away.

“Have a seat, Little Danvers,” Maggie nudges out a stool toward her.

“What’s this about, Detective?” Lena asks, back to formalities and back ramrod straight, terror growing in her eyes.

Maggie shakes her head and gives the softest smile she knows how.

“Relax, Luthor. This isn’t an ambush, it’s just… Kara, you gotta tell your sister. She might have preconceptions about Luthors, but she trusts you, Kara, and Lena, you’re… you’re not your mother. Or your brother. If anyone can get her head around that, it’s Alex. And Kara, you… you deserve to not go through this whole liking girls thing alone. Or… only with your girlfriend. Okay? Alex should know. And Lena, I can be your… person. If you want to talk about… things.”

Kara and Lena fumble for words, exchange a glance, Lena sitting back tensely and Kara furiously adjusting her glasses. Lena remembers verbal communication first.

“And how did you come to the conclusion that there are… things… that Kara and I should be discussing? With her sister and with you?”

Maggie blinks and Maggie sighs, knowing she’ll never – try as she might – get that image out of her mind.

“You know what, let’s not focus on that. Let’s focus on, congratulations! You two look like you make each other really happy! And I don’t want you to have to hide it. And let’s be honest here, I don’t want to have to hide it from Alex. I want to go on double dates instead, and do all the cutesy double date things that queer women get up to, like… like bowling!”

“Bowling,” Lena deadpans, and Kara just laughs before sobering and asking,
“You’re not mad?”

“Why the hell would I be mad?”

“Because I… because we…”

“A Luthor and a Super? Kara, you gotta know me better than – ”

The rest of Maggie’s words are lost, choked off by the strength of Kara’s arms around her body, by Kara’s sobbing relieved tears into her shoulder.

“Kara, sweetie, there are no red sun lamps in here, surely you don’t want to come out to your sister by means of accidentally breaking her girlfriend’s ribs.”

Kara squeals out a series of apologies and Maggie exhales carefully, rubbing her ribs and wheezing her thanks at Lena.

“I’m happy for you, Little Danvers. And for you, Lena. Our Danvers girls, huh?”

Lena blushes as Kara slips her hand into hers, her heart slamming and her head spinning, because she’s not ashamed to be with me, she’s not ashamed to be seen with me, she’s not ashamed, she’s not ashamed, she’s not ashamed.

“Danvers girls, indeed.”
Chapter 332
Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

iiithisismyusernameiii asked:

I know this isn't your norm but can we have some kind of SuperCorp Bridal Style something? Because you know they are obviously dating now... right?

“Oh come on, Alex, she totally knows.”

Alex pffts and looks away and looks back and looks away and looks back.

“Noooo.”

“Alex. Yes. She does.”

Alex squints and leans across the bar to get a better look at Lena, at the way she’s fawning over Kara, at the way Kara’s leaning into her, the way Kara’s arm looks like it’s just twitching to toss itself over Lena’s shoulders.

“I’m not saying she doesn’t like Kara for Kara – hell, she seems even more in love with Kara than she’s enamored with Supergirl – but I’m saying, Danvers. She’s not stupid. And we’ve already agreed that the glasses really…”

“Are ridiculous, yeah,” Alex murmurs distractedly, staring all the harder at her sister and her sister’s maybe-not-really-what-are-you-talking-about-Alex-we’re-just-friends-come-on-I-meanure-I-like-her-what’s-not-to-like okay-I’m-gonna-stop-you-right-there-Little-Danvers-because-what’s-not-to-like-is-literally-the-phrase-your-sister-used-about-me-right-before-she-became-my-girlfriend girlfriend.

“What do you think they’re talking about?” Lena asks Kara on the other side of the bar when she catches Alex and Maggie both staring.

Kara has to try – hard – not to tell her exactly what Alex and Maggie are talking about, because in a bar this crowded, this loud, there would be no other way to explain her knowledge except superhearing. And she’s going to tell Lena – really, she is – but not yet, because she’s terrified, because Lena likes Kara for Kara, which is unbelievable and amazing but what if when she realizes that Kara is also Supergirl, she doesn’t like her for... her... anymore?

But she can’t say all that, not yet, not yet, so she splutters and she adjusts her glasses and she tries very hard not to spill her club soda all over her baby blue collared shirt that Lena had commented earlier brought out her eyes beautifully.

“Oh, um… probably… girlfriend stuff. Definitely girlfriend stuff.” She adds an authoritative nod for good measure, and Lena’s laughter sounds like faerie wings, and Kara’s heart leaps because she’s laughing, but she’s not laughing at Kara, and that... she... is perfect.
“Girlfriend stuff,” Lena deadpans, her voice rich and low and full of barely contained amusement.

Kara adjusts her glasses again. “Yeah. Like uh… what… hey, what do girlfriends talk about, anyway?”

Lena takes a long sip of her wine, and Kara tries – and fails – not to look at her lips.

“The same things we do, probably.” Lena answers after a thoughtful swallow, and Kara’s stomach flips because sometimes she thinks she knows Lena so well, but when they go anywhere near… *this* territory… she just can’t figure out what her feelings are… if she’s just happy to have a friend, or if these dates they’ve been going on are actually… you know… dates.

She should ask Alex. Or Maggie. Or both. But not now. Not now, because now, Lena is draining her wine and standing up and Kara’s ex-boyfriend – not the amazing one – naturally chooses that moment to cross behind her, causing Lena to overbalance, to stumble, to start to fall.

Kara doesn’t think and she doesn’t calculate. She just sweeps one arm under Lena’s thighs and the other, strong around her back, scooping her up bridal style so she doesn’t fall, so she doesn’t roll her ankle, so she doesn’t…

But oh. Oh. *Oh no.*

Because now Lena’s breath is hitched and Alex and Maggie’s jaws are both on the bar and Lena’s pupils are dilating and her breath smells of wine and nothing has ever smelled so perfect and Kara can hear her heartbeat, feel it, and she hasn’t had anything but club soda but Rao does she suddenly feel drunk, and Rao is Lena’s body warm, and Lena’s arms are wrapped around her neck and Lena is speaking, softly, speaking, low, speaking, intimate.

“Well, these arms certainly do feel familiar,” Lena’s practically whispering, and it doesn’t matter that the bar is crowded, and it doesn’t matter that the bar is loud, and it doesn’t even matter that Kara has superhearing: the words penetrate her every cell with subtle, heated precision.

“I… I didn’t want you to… fall,” Kara splutters, and neither woman says anything about the fact that Kara still hasn’t put her down.

“Oh, Kara Danvers,” Lena husks softly, “I told you. You are my hero. I know you’d never let me fall” She brings her lips to Kara’s ear easily, protective of her secrets, of her safety, of her comfort and of her happiness. “Whether you’re in or out of that suit and cape.”

Heat sears throughout Kara’s entire body, and she has no words because she barely has breath, and she pulls back so she can look Lena in the eyes, and Rao she can’t help the way she glances down at her lips once, twice, three times, until Lena breathes, until Lena wets them, until Kara can’t take it anymore and closes the gap, because she can’t process anything except Lena, Lena, Lena.

They startle apart at a loud whoop from across the bar, and Kara sets Lena down gently, carefully, though they stay entangled in each other’s arms, entangled in each other’s breath.

“Boom! You owe me that flash grenade, Danvers!”

“I never said the glasses aren’t ridiculous!”

“Flash grenade!”

“Do we want to know why your sister’s girlfriend wants a flash grenade to begin with?” Lena grins into Kara’s ear.
“Not even a little bit,” Kara grins, and finishes what she started, and Rao, are Lena’s lips soft, and perfect, and smiling into their kiss, and Rao, Rao, Rao, she likes me for me, for me, for me.
anonymous asked:

Can we pls have suicidal!someone, if it's not too much trouble? I know that you already wrote one but I just really really need it right now. Maybe trying to keep it a secret until there's an attempt or something. idk. whatever you write will be fantastic, I'm sure :)

It’s not something she talks about – Danvers is right.

She doesn’t like talking about herself.

And with good reason. Who’d stay, if she really let herself talk?

Who’d stay, if she said that the first time she tried to kill herself, she was fourteen and the second time, she was seventeen and nearly wrapped her beloved pickup around a tree?

Nearly, because at the last moment, she couldn’t bear the pain she’d cause the tree with the damn truck.

The concussion and the stitches from the crash off to the side were almost enough pain to make the attempt worth it.

Almost.

But it was still pain.

Which was exactly the problem.

So it’s not something she talks about.

But it’s something she thinks about – usually passively, sometimes actively, sometimes a painful combination of both – nearly every day.

Because who the hell would miss her, anyway?

For a long time, she didn’t know how to answer that question.

For a long time, the idea that her father might miss her spurred her to do it, to end it, to spite him, to relieve him, because look what he did to the daughter he called disgusting. He might miss her, but he’d also be happier if she were out of his life.

Is having a daughter who killed herself more or less humiliating than having a daughter who loves other women?

No one would miss her.
But now?
Alex would.
And she loves her for it.
And she hates her for it.
Loves her, because god, god, god, no one’s seen Maggie’s scars and not flinched before. Alex just
looks and listens and holds her, and tells her things about helping her heal, about not judging her,
about wanting to be there for her.

Hates her, because god, god, god, if she didn’t feel guilty enough, selfish enough, before, well,
having someone care about her? Having someone care about her, maybe even love her – Alex says
she loves her, and god, Maggie wants it to be true, doesn’t want it to be true, because god, so much
pressure – having someone love her gives her all this responsibility.

All this responsibility not to break Alex’s heart.

And she’ll fail.

She knows she will.
She always fails.

Better sooner than later, she figures, on one of those nights.

One of those nights when her one side convinces her other that she’s not enough, that she’ll never
be enough. That it’ll never get easier, that there’s no point in hoping in a hopeless world, because
turn on the news, because look out the window, because check the twitter feed.

Everywhere there’s hope, there’s even more pain.

Because hope is just that – pain. Delayed. Pain brewing, pain waiting to bloom, to consume, to
destroy.

She sits on the edge of her bed and she fiddles with the bottle of sleeping pills she holds loosely in
her hands. She turns it over, and over, and over.

She reads and rereads the note she wrote – and wrote, and destroyed, and wrote, and destroyed, and
wrote, and destroyed – the note she’s been writing since she was fourteen years old, now finally
addressed to someone who might cry over it. Not that she wants that. Not that she wants her to be in
pain.

But better pain now than later, right? She’ll move on better, the sooner it is.

Alex. Alex, Alex, Alex.

Her hands don’t shake with the fistful of pills, but her entire body jumps, because there’s a knock
on her door. An insistent knock.

A knock with a voice.

“Maggie. Maggie, open the door.”

Alex.
“Gimme a second, Danvers,” she calls, and she’s surprised and a little bit impressed by how normal she thinks her own voice sounds.

She’s not sure if she’s relieved or disappointed or infuriated.

She’s probably all of the above.

She thinks she spills all the pills back into the bottle, and she thinks she puts the bottle safely under her pillow.

She does neither successfully, and Alex? Alex notices right away.

“Maggie,” is all she says, because she must read something in her face, she must see something in her stance, she must have gleaned something from her overly affectionate, then overly withdrawn, then overly affectionate, then nonexistent, texts.

She strides past her and she crosses the studio in one step and she sweeps the random pills Maggie missed off the floor and her hands shake when she retrieves the hastily stashed bottle from under the pillow, and her hands shake even more as she takes Maggie’s folded note into her fingers.

She doesn’t open it, but she stares at her name on the front of it – ornately written, beautifully written, simply written – like she’s burning the script into her memory, and she doesn’t look up at Maggie for a long, long time.

She sits on Maggie’s bed – where Maggie had been sitting, just moments before – and she stares at the note without reading it, and she stares and she stares and when she speaks, her voice is calmer than Maggie expected it to be, and her voice is deader than Maggie expected it to be.

“I’m not gonna ask you to tell me why and I’m not gonna ask you to talk more than you want to. Which, I get, is probably not at all. And I’m not gonna ask to read this note, because dammit, Maggie, I never want to have to. I’m not going to call you selfish because you’ve had enough of that bullshit in your life, and I’m not going to tell you it’ll get better, because I can’t promise that it will. But I am gonna be here for you, I can promise that. Whether you like it or not, I can promise that I’m gonna be here and I’m gonna love you and I’m gonna make you as happy as anybody can, as often as anybody can, and I’m gonna promise you that you’re worth it, because god, Maggie, you’re everything good in this world and you don’t even know it. But before I promise you all that, before I show you all that, I need you to step outside the apartment. Just for a minute.”

Maggie’s too bewildered to argue. Too bewildered to protest, too bewildered to do anything but turn and step out into her own hallway.

She tries not to listen. Tries not to listen, but she does.

Because Alex is letting out muffled screams, probably against a pillow, and then the chain on her heavy bag is clanging and punch after punch after punch is being thrown, and Alex is sobbing and Alex is raging and Alex is beating herself senseless because she’s not enough, she’s never enough, and god, god, god, she doesn’t know what she’d do if Maggie wasn’t… here… one day, if… she can’t…

Maggie waits in the hall like Alex told her to, because she’s too numb to do anything else, and the silence that soon fills her studio is scarier than Alex’s fists, than Alex’s muffled screaming. But still, she waits. Waits. Waits. Not sure if she’s feeling nothing or everything.
Alex opens the door again, and Maggie catches a glimpse of bloodied knuckles before Alex holds her hands out, palms forward, telling Maggie that she’s gotten out what she needed to get out, that she wants Maggie in her arms. If she wants to be there.

Maggie shakes her head and pushes past Alex into the apartment, dragging her by the wrist into her bathroom.

Neither of them speak as Maggie sits Alex on the edge of the tub and rummages for alcohol and neosporin and gauze.

Neither of them speak as she kneels in front of her and cleans Alex’s knuckles and bandages Alex up.

Neither of them speak until Maggie, inexplicably, chuckles.

“I’m the one trying to kill myself and you’re the one getting injuries cleaned up.”

Alex inhales sharply, and Maggie shakes her head, leaning forward to rest her forehead on Alex’s chest.

“I’m sorry, I know I shouldn’t joke, I just – ”

But Alex’s arms are around her and Alex is kissing her hair.

“I know. I know. I know.”

“It’s not that I want to leave you – ”

“I know.”

“Or for you to be hurt.”

“I know.”

“I never want you hurt.”

“I know.”

“I just – ”

“Maggie. This isn’t about how I feel. This is about you. And we’re still somehow talking about me.”

It’s Maggie’s turn, this time.

“I know.”

They both smile a little at the role reversal. Smile through bloodshot eyes and stinging tears and shattered spirits.

“You don’t think I’m a bad person?” Maggie chokes out, not for the first time, and what’s left of Alex’s heart breaks.

“No. I think you’re a brave person. I think you love so deep it feels like it can kill you, so I think you need to learn to let me love you, to let me be here for you. To love you… yourself. But no, Maggie. Of course I don’t think you’re a bad person.”
A heated combination of disbelief, disgust, relief, and pure, pure agonized love do battle on Maggie’s face, and she shudders in Alex’s arms.

“You’ll stay with me tonight?” she’s terrified to ask, but Alex doesn’t think she’s a bad person, Alex thinks she’s worthy of her love, Alex thinks she’s worthy of loving herself, Alex is… here.

“I’ll stay with you always, Maggie.”
Chapter 334

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

woeohtherclexa asked:

hey mom!!! two things: 1) my gf is in china rn and i miss her more than i thought would like it's physically painful. 2) could i please get a badass Yve fic to cheer me up? oh and congrats on your engagement!!!

First Yve fics linked here: Chapter 273

She usually doesn’t like to show off.

Actually, she’s not trying to kid anyone.

She usually loves to show off.

So when Adrian texts to tell her he’ll be at Maggie and Alex’s for dinner that night, she takes a few deep, steadying breaths, and she snaps to attention, and she strides with as much outward confidence as she can into the command center.

“Agent Danvers. A word, ma’am?”

Alex smirks slightly before turning around. Rookies are always so formal.

“Agent Butler. What can I do for you?”

“Um, I was wondering if it would be appropriate to… well…”

“You wanna have dinner with us and Adrian tonight.”

“I – “

“Don’t worry, Yve, Director Henshaw’s the one who can read minds, not me. Adrian just sent me a… very animated text.”

She holds up her phone as proof, and Yve relaxes somewhat.

“You haven’t seen him since you made Agent, have you?”

The beginnings of a smile tug on Yve’s lips.

“No ma’am.”

“And you want to show off a little bit.”

“No ma’am.”
Alex quirks her lips off to the side and leans into Yve’s ear. “You want to show off a lot.”

“Yes ma’am.”

They share a private smirk and Alex straightens, nodding.

“See you at seven, then. Maggie’s place. We’ll leave the job at the job, understood?”

But the idea of leaving the job at the job fades rapidly, because it’s 6:50 and there’s a Cadmus attack three blocks down from Maggie’s apartment, and it’s Yve who first spots Adrian in his beat-up old Ford.

Right in the line of Cadmus fire.

“Agent Danvers!” she shouts, and Alex sees, and Alex yells, and Alex sprints.

Maggie and Yve are right alongside her, shorter legs notwithstanding, and Alex shouts a command, and they both understand without really hearing, and Alex shoots from one angle, Maggie from another, Yve from another, and the enhanced Cadmus soldier is down right before he could take aim at Adrian’s car.

“Ade!” Maggie keeps sprinting, trusting Alex and Yve to deal with the aftermath, at once both grateful and infuriated that the attack was so close to the apartment, that they were all on the scene so quickly.

She tugs him into her arms as he gets out of his car, shaking slightly.

He lets her kiss him and run her hands up and down his body to check for any injuries, to check for any pain.

“You know you three looked like something out of Baywatch meets The Terminator, sprinting down the street with your guns out like that,” he says, his eyes locked on Yve and Alex, a broad, shaky grin on his face.

Maggie exhales, hard, with relief into his shoulder, and Alex glances up at Yve as they both work to cuff their newest Cadmus prisoner.

“One decent thing about Cadmus: gives you plenty of opportunity to show off. Nice work, Yve. Really nice work.”

Yve grins.

“Well, I learned from the best.”

Alex straightens slightly, and Yve swallows a laugh.

“Maggie’s really great.”

“I can demote you any time I want, rookie.”

“I thought I just did really nice work, Agent Danvers.”

Alex thinks about keeping up the charade of being offended, but J’onn is arriving in the van to collect the Cadmus lackey, and they’re officially off-duty.

And they officially have a dinner to get to.
“That you did, Yve. That you did.”
Chapter 335

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hi mom if it's not too much trouble this v thirsty queer would love some EXTRA SMUTTY SMUT (maybe some lena x kara (or sanvers it's up to you and i'm not picky!) with some strap-on riding? (either maggie or alex on top, but preferably lena riding if u choose to write some supercorp

She tugs at her own hair and she tries – and god, she fails spectacularly – not to scream Maggie’s name.

Tries because on one hand, she loves being vulnerable with Maggie, for Maggie.

On the other, that smug grin and that little chuckle Maggie will sometimes give as Alex starts to unravel?

She’s got her competitive streak to think of.

Fails because her legs are spread open wide and god Maggie looks amazing with her hair all around the pillow she’s laying on, her breasts moving freely each time she slams her hips up into Alex’s.

Fails because Maggie’s hand is resting on her own body, and her fingers are burying deeper and deeper into Alex’s each time she thrusts her hips up.

Fails because Maggie’s knee is raised and Alex is somehow riding both Maggie’s fingers and her thigh and fails because Maggie is reaching up with her other hand to play with Alex’s nipples and fails because Maggie is talking to her just like she knows Alex likes.

“Good girl, Alex, ride my fingers just like that, babe. You can let go, sweetie, you’re not gonna hurt me. I want to feel you let go, Ally,” she’s saying, and Alex tries, and she fails, not to scream Maggie’s name.

But this time, Maggie doesn’t give a smug chuckle and she doesn’t smirk that cocky smirk, because the image, the feeling, the sound, of Alex riding her fingers, of Alex coming unraveled all over her, Alex dripping onto her body and slamming her hips down onto Maggie’s fingers hard, harder, fast, faster, riding her thorough and riding her with the reckless, passionate abandon that made Maggie fall in love with her in the first place?

Maggie’s too damn wrecked to do anything but moan, to do anything but writhe, to do anything but fuck her woman harder.

But harder soon isn’t enough for Alex, because Alex needs more, more, more, Maggie, please, please.
“What do you want, babe?” Maggie asks, because she needs to be sure, she always needs to be sure.

Alex answers by leaning up, leaning over, reaching across Maggie’s body to the bedside table, tugging out her strap-on and harness.

Maggie takes full advantage of Alex’s suddenly horizontal position, taking one of her nipples in her mouth and flicking her tongue the way she knows drives Alex out of her mind, sucking the way she knows makes Alex whine just like that, and sure enough, Alex pants harder, and sure enough, Alex whimpers, Alex freezes and lowers her body more, so Maggie can put more of her into her mouth, reach more of her with her tongue.

“Thought you wanted to ride me some more, Danvers?” Maggie shifts her mouth to tease, and Alex moans at the loss of contact.

“Intermission?” she squeaks, and there’s Maggie’s cocky chuckle, and god, Alex is in love.

Maggie throws herself fully, completely, absolutely, into intermission, and Alex rides her face with her chest like she was just riding her fingers, and only when she’s desperate for more pressure between her legs, to be fucked deeper, deeper, harder, by Maggie, does Alex lean back up and shift off Maggie’s body temporarily so Maggie can slip on the harness.

Alex pants while she waits, and Maggie’s eyes are just as eager.

“Want me to fill you up, Danvers?” she husks, and Alex could cum then and there.

Instead, she crawls back over Maggie’s body, straddling her again, and they both pause, staring deep into each other’s eyes.

“All good, Al?” Maggie asks, and Alex nods.

“You too?” she confirms.

“Yes please,” Maggie pants, and Alex grins, and Alex lowers herself onto Maggie’s strap-on.

Maggie groans and Alex sighs, Maggie forcing her hips to keep still as she leans up to watch herself disappear inside Alex’s body, as slow as Alex needs to get adjusted, to make sure everything feels right. To make sure everything feels perfect.

Because god, does Maggie want to make her feel perfect.

“How you doing?” she asks, and Alex nods with closed eyes.

“You feel so good, Mags,” she rasps, and Maggie smiles.

“So do you, babygirl.”

Alex nearly screams into Maggie’s mouth and she gives her one more kiss before lifting herself back up, vertically on top of her, and Maggie’s breath goes even more ragged than before because Alex is riding her hard, and deep, and fast, her head tossed back and her breasts moving in time with her reckless fucking, and Maggie puts both of her hands on Alex’s hips, Alex slamming up
and down harder and faster, stretching herself out on Maggie’s strap-on, pounding down onto Maggie’s clit, onto her own clit, until she collapses forward and holds herself up above Maggie’s body with trembling arms, pausing only to check with Maggie, to check to make sure she’s not hurting her, scaring her, and Maggie just tells her to let go, and Alex?

God, she does.

She lets go and she rides Maggie harder than she’s ever done, her clit getting all the pressure she needs from Maggie’s body, her g-spot getting all it needs from her persistent thrashing, from Maggie slamming her hips up in perfect time to meet hers, from the control Alex has over their rhythm, their speed, their angle, her heart getting all it needs from the way Maggie is staring up at her, raw want and raw love naked and shining in her eyes, from the way Maggie whispers her name over, and over, and over, with each exhale, with each moan, with each thrust.

Alex, Alex, Alex, Alex.

She comes undone just when she thinks she can’t take anymore, just when she thinks her body’s going to give; she feels herself squirting all over Maggie’s strap-on, all over her harness, all over her thighs, all over her sheets, and she feels Maggie’s fingers tighten on her hips, on her ass, because her own orgasm, her own screams, have tossed Maggie over the brink, too, and she watches Maggie’s eyes squeeze shut as she rides out her waves in time with Alex’s.

“Damn,” is the first word either of them says, who knows how many minutes or hours later.

“Damn, Danvers.”

Alex grins smugly, her face still buried in Maggie’s chest, still catching her breath.

“You like when I ride you, Sawyer?”

“Like it? Shit, Danvers, did you not feel how hard I came?”

“Oh, I felt it, Maggie. And you know I um… I think I’d like to feel it again.”

“Would you now?”

“Mmhmm.”

Alex shrieks with laughter and Maggie does the same as she flips herself on top of Alex, as they go from kissing to tickling to kissing to tickling, as they laugh and shriek and giggle and gasp deep into the night.
Chapter 336

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Is Alex or Maggie more of a grump in the morning?

Alex swears it’s Maggie.

Maggie swears it’s Alex.

Alex argues her case with meticulous evidence.

“You won’t get up and go for a morning run with me, but you’ll beat the crap out of your heavy bag in the middle of the night, Sawyer?”

“You only ever get up after I get in the shower, and you eat the driest things – gross – because your stomach can’t handle anything else so early, but you call me a morning grump, Maggie? Come on.”

Maggie counters with just as much ease.

“Danvers, let’s face it. The only reason you go for runs in the morning is to delay any kind of human interaction. Running doesn’t mean you’re a morning person: it means your body is capable of doing things before your brain is capable of not snapping at people.”

“Oh, okay Danvers, dry bagels are gross but my little babygirl can’t eat anything at all in the morning and you’re still claiming to be less grumpy than I am at sunrise?”

“Um, guys. You realize neither of you are morning people, right? Like, you realize you’re even more terrifying in the mornings than you are the rest of the time, don’t you?”

“No one asked you, Schott.”

“Go play with your computer, Winn.”

“You know he’s not entirely – “

“No one asked you either, James.”

“Don’t you have something to be guarding, Guardian?”

“Agent Danvers, Detective Sawyer – “

“Not you, too, J’onn!”

“I… I wasn’t going to weigh in on your morning habits, Agent Danvers. There’s an attack unfolding in the city square.”
“Right. Yes sir. On it.”

They turn as one to suit up, Alex already barking orders at her team.

J’onn leans into James and Winn, arms crossed over his chest as he watches his crack team of Earth daughters jog out to battle, to keep each other safe, to watch each other’s backs.

“My money’s on her girl being right.”

Winn claps and whoops and holds his hand up for J’onn to slap. “Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about, J’onn!”

James shakes his head behind J’onn’s back and J’onn just stares at Winn as he keeps holding his hand up, spluttering now, pursing his lips and muttering nonsensibly now.

“I’m not going to give you five, Mr. Schott.”

“Right, I’ll just… I’ll just go monitor the… attack…”

He lowers his hand, swivels in his chair, and turns to typing, turns to saving his big sisters with his intel, once again, for which they’ll all take him for drinks and revelry later.

As long as their mission doesn’t last until morning.

When both of them will be competing degrees of grumpy.
Chapter 337

Chapter by queergirlwriting

Chapter Summary

statuepuppie asked:

O Captain, My Captain! (Janeway would approve!) Would you please feed my soul with some Kara and Maggie bonding? Thanks!

Alex hasn’t been dating her long.
And Kara is still adjusting, is still stiff about it.
Not around Alex – around Alex, she’s all heart eyes and thrilled that she’s with Maggie, that she’s happy.
Because she is happy that she’s happy.
But around Maggie?
Kara’s still stiff, still distant.
And Alex knows her sister. And Alex knows her girlfriend.
So one night, she does one of the things she does best: covert operations.
And they both show up at Alex’s door at the same moment.
Kara, through one of the hallway windows; Maggie, up the staircase.
Kara, bearing ice cream and potstickers; Maggie, with pizza and root beer.
“What are you – “
“Why are you – “
“She had a rough day – “
“She texted me – “
“I just thought she’d want some – “
“I wanted to bring her – “
“Sorry, you go ahead – “
“Sorry, I keep interrupting – “
“Ahh!”
“Okay.”

“Hi Kara.”

“Hi Maggie.”

“So your sister had a rough day.”

“She did.”

Kara’s voice is just a little more tense than it usually is.

Just a little more prim than it usually is. A little more reserved, a little more… maybe… angry?

Maggie’s heart tears.

She doesn’t exactly have a good history with the families of girls she likes.

And Kara’s always nice to her, she’s always… cordial. But there’s a distance, a nervousness, maybe. A protectiveness. And Maggie gets it. She does. But it still scares her. It still hurts.

Both of their phones buzz at the same time. They have an identical novel of a text.

_Kara, Maggie – my day was fine. I just didn’t know how else to get you two alone together. To bond. And I want you to bond. Because you’re the most important women in my life. Kara, I know you’re not used to sharing me, and Maggie, I know you feel like you don’t fit in with my family. So… surprise? I’m with James and Winn for the night – use my apartment, have at it. Kara, just don’t make her watch old musicals. She’ll probably like them, and then I’ll have to hear random bursts of corny old songs from both of you._

Kara finishes reading first, and she gulps a rough gulp and studies Maggie while she finishes reading. While she tries not to shake. Kara knows, because Kara can hear her heartbeat. She tries to pretend she can’t. She adjusts her glasses and waits. Watching.

Maggie gulps, too, and glances up nervously.

“So I guess she thinks we’re not sufficiently bonded, huh?”

“Well, you did break her heart. And she is my sister. I’m going to be protective.”

To Kara’s surprise, Maggie smiles.

“I like that you’re protective of her. She deserves that. Someone to fight for her like you do.”

Kara adjusts her glasses and stares.

“And you want to fight for her, too?”

“I never want to stop.”

“Why?”

“Are you finally giving me the shovel talk?”

“Why do you want to fight for her, Maggie? Because you didn’t, when she left that bar hysterically crying, trying to convince herself she wasn’t even a lesbian to make the pain go away. The
Kara starts at the intensity of the hurt that flashes across Maggie’s face, and she regrets her uncharacteristically harsh words immediately.

Maggie swallows and nods for Kara to open Alex’s apartment door and follows her inside, putting the pizza and root beer on the counter and pacing immediately, left hand settled below her lips.

“You know Alex. She’s… she’s quick, and she’s brave, and she’s… she’s the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen, but not just on the outside. Your sister… she didn’t give up on me. Not when I was kidnapped, not when I was being stupid and thinking that she’d be better off… I didn’t want her coming out to be about me, Kara, I was… I know it’s screwed up, but I was trying to protect her. I was trying… I was trying to be good enough for her. And I know I never can be, but I want to try. Every day. I want to try to be good enough, because Alex deserves that. You… you know what I mean?”

Kara stares and Kara thinks and Kara thinks about that goofy grin Alex has developed in the last week or so, that distant look in her eyes that means she’s daydreaming about Maggie, about this girl who makes her smile, who makes her giggle, who makes her laugh like Kara’s never seen her laugh before.

“More than you know,” she answers softly, and then her face splits into a grin.

“I know you have a thing for vegan ice cream – and I agree with Alex, gross – but how do you feel about potstickers?”

“That all depends, Little Danvers – how do you feel about pizza and root beer?”

“Like you’d better be ready to give me most of it.”

“Done.”

When Alex gets home late that night, she doesn’t expect Maggie to still be there.

But she’s pleasantly surprised.

Because it might be midnight, but the two women that mean most to her – that she… loves… – are still awake, still there, surrounded by empty root beer bottles and pizza and potsticker boxes and pints of ice cream.

And her apartment is full of 90s boy band music and raucous laughter and deliberately off-key singing.

She’s not sure what she’s started by giving her sister and her girlfriend a compulsory bonding night, but she’s sure of one thing: she loves it, she loves it, she loves it.
Chapter 338

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey mom! (Is it cool if I still call you mom? Or you prefer another word?) I’ve been feeling kinda down because I had the opportunity to come out to my friend but I didn’t. I really like your fics :) I know you are not taking prompts, and I feel that I’m bothering you, so sorry. Could you write like.. maggie meeting clark, and Alex has to come out to him and it's really cheesy and cute, idk I need this right now. You are awesome and I really really like your new look.

Alex is pacing.
It’s not the same as the way she paces when Eliza comes to National City.

But it’s close.

She’s pacing and she’s wringing her hands and she keeps glancing at the freezer, even though she knows that Kara has long since cleaned out her apartment of liquor.

Maggie glances at Kara, and Kara grimaces a small smile before taking Alex by the hand.

“Alex. Clark loves you. Okay? You might not be Kryptonian, but you’re his cousin, too.”

Alex nods distractedly, glancing behind her at Maggie, who nods silently, letting Kara take the lead, because this is a moment for her Danvers girls. The Danvers sisters.

Kara sighs and strokes Alex’s hair, bringing her face back toward her. “Alex. He’s going to love Maggie, too.”

“Well yeah, what’s not to love? But I mean… my girlfriend?”

“He’s not going to care, Alex, he – “

“Yeah, but he’s so… white bread good old boy.”

Maggie snorts and Kara pffts.

“Alex – oh! He’s here!”

Maggie furrows her brow and Alex shrugs, a small grin on her face. “You get used to the superhearing after a while.”

“Oh. Right.”

“Clark!!!”

Because suddenly Kara is throwing open the door and barreling into her cousin’s arms, and he’s kissing her forehead and spinning her around slightly, and she’s giggling madly and Alex takes a
deep breath, because yes, he abandoned her, but yes, he loves her, and god, family is complicated.

And speaking of complicated –

“Alex!” he says, and she doesn’t need to be looking at him to hear the huge smile in his voice. He steps out of Kara’s arms and pulls Alex into his, and she revels in it despite herself, because there aren’t a lot of men she lets touch her, ever, but Clark is one of them, and his arms make her feel… accepted.

And speaking of accepted –

“And who’s this?” He’s pulling back from her, still with a warm smile, but stiffening slightly but nearly imperceptibly in the way that he does when he has to maintain his cover.

“Um, Clark, this is Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division. Maggie, Clark Kent.”

“Big fan of your work, Clark,” she says, shaking his hand with a smile that matches his, and Kara’s eyes almost burn through Alex, knowing – because she can hear it – exactly how hard her heart is pounding.

And Clark can hear it, too.

“Well, Science Division, seems like something I’d be a big fan of too. Even though Alex is the brains of the family.”

He looks at his adoptive cousin, then, trying to give her an opening, for whatever she wants to say, because clearly – if her slamming pulse is any indication – she wants to say something.

And she says it, sudden, fast, rambling.

“Clark, Maggie’s my girlfriend. She’s my girlfriend, because I’m gay. A lesbian. And a lucky one, too, because um… yeah, she’s my girlfriend.”

She bounces slightly on the balls of her feet, Maggie and Kara delicately channeling their amused chortles into their proud smiles.

Clark doesn’t raise his eyebrows and he doesn’t comment about men not being good enough and he doesn’t seem disappointed and he doesn’t laugh and he doesn’t do anything except pull Alex back into his arms, kissing her hair and smiling, smiling, smiling.

“I’m proud of you, Alex. And Maggie, welcome to the family. This one’ll take good care of you – you’re gonna do the same for her, right?”

“That’s the plan,” Maggie beams, and Kara tugs a relieved, exhaling Alex sideways into her own arms.

“You don’t seem… surprised?” Alex narrows her eyes along with her smile.

Clark digs his hands deep into his pockets, glances at Kara, glances at Maggie, and grins.

“Well, Lucy has been telling Lois for a while that she thought…”

“What’s a while? She knew? And J’onn! God, you’d think they could’ve told me! Did everyone know before I did?.”

“Not me, I thought I was falling for another straight girl – “
“Ever been more happy to be wrong, Sawyer?”

“Never.”

“Um, guys… we’re… right here?”

Clark and Kara adjust their glasses and turn away in tandem, identical smiles on their faces and identically wide can’t-erase-that-from-my-mind-but-Rao-is-it-good-to-see-her-happy eyes.
anonymous asked:

hi! my depression's been acting up lately and I've been having a really tough time. I know you've written similar things before but i could really use a comfort fic. Most likely with lots of hugs and honest feelings and talking. Thank you and keep up the great work!

“I wanted to,” she’d half choked out, half snapped. Wanted to tell her. About the cheating.

And she meant it.

Sort of.

She’d wanted to tell her because Alex had said she didn’t want there to be any secrets between them.

Secrets.

Ha.

Secrets, like Maggie’s father. Like cheating on Emily.

Like the senior guys on the football field when she was a freshmen – because she was fourteen, she was a freshman, and a tiny one at that.

Like getting spit at in the street.

Like her depression.

Like her anxiety.

Like her tendency to bottle everything up until she just bursts.

Sometimes – well, once – by cheating.

Usually – much more than once – by punching, by drinking, by punishing herself, by pushing people away (hence the cheating).

She’d wanted to tell her.

But telling her would be a can of worms, a bombshell of damage, that she’s terrified will make Alex run. Will make Alex look at her like…

Will make Alex lose that spark in her eye, that smile, that softness. For her.

But when Alex shows up at her door – “Maggie, come on, I know you’re home” – Maggie has to text her instead of call out to her, because she can’t open her mouth right now. Doesn’t have the
energy for it.

Barely has the energy to move her fingers over her phone’s screen.

*Come in. I gave you the key for a reason.*

Alex is in faster than Maggie even thought the text would send, and her eyes are swooping over Maggie’s body, scanning for damage, for injuries, for pain.

But it’s all inside.

“Maggie, what happened? You weren’t answering your texts, your captain said you called in sick but you weren’t sick this morning – “

Maggie just looks up and Maggie just stares, and tries not to let her chin tense, her lip wobble. But they do.

“Can I touch you?” Alex is asking, because Alex doesn’t miss a thing.

Maggie nods and she sighs with unexpected relief when suddenly she’s enveloped in Alex’s arms, when suddenly she’s gripping at her like she’ll drown if she lets go, and she will, she will, she will.

“I just hate it sometimes, Alex,” Maggie chokes, hating herself for her weakness, for her whining, for her patheticness.

“Hate what, Maggie?” Alex asks, trying to pull back so she can look at Maggie’s face, but Maggie doesn’t let her, because she can’t see those perfect eyes, that perfect face, right now, because seeing would mean Alex seeing her, and she is messy and she is a mess and she is damaged and she is damage itself.

“Life,” Maggie chokes, and she feels Alex tense.

She braces for goodbye, she braces for ableist shaming, she braces for this is too much, you’re too much, you’re not worth it, you’re not worth anything.

But she should know Alex better, because Alex just hugs her closer.

Alex just turns her face to kiss her temple. Alex just strokes her hair and whispers sweet nothings, sweet everythings, into her ear as she starts to shake, as she starts to break, as she starts to let the bottle burst through her tear ducts, through her chest wracking, through her hands grabbing, holding, needing.

“Did something happen? Or does this… do you get this feeling a lot?”

Maggie’s stomach churns, because she knows what Alex is asking.

Did something happen, or are you crazy?

“I’m not crazy,” she defends against an attack that isn’t there, and she feels Alex shake her head, and Alex succeeds in pulling back this time, in taking Maggie’s face between her hands and making sure she’s looking into Alex’s warm, warm eyes.

“Depression isn’t crazy, Maggie. Or whatever word fits for you. And hell, if anyone has a monopoly on crazy in this relationship, it’s me. You should see my rap sheet with the DEO shrink.”
“Psychiatrists don’t have… rap sheets, Alex, that’s not… how it works.”

“But it made you smile.”

“Nerd.”

“Shrink says I have BPD. And PTSD. All the acronyms. Kara has a few, too, but those are for her to tell you about if she wants – my point is, I get it, Maggie. I hate life so much sometimes I just… were you afraid? To tell me?”

Maggie sniffs and lifts her hand to her face, but Alex stops her and wipes her nose with her own sleeve, and Maggie has never been so moved.

“Well you know how much I love talking about myself, Danvers.”

“Maggie, I meant what I said. I’m here to help you heal. Even if there are things you can’t heal from. Even if there are things you’re always gonna to experience. Okay?”

“But why? I… I have zero emotional intelligence and I attach super quickly – hell, if I ever went to therapy they’d probably knock me with a BPD diagnosis of my own – and I do stupid things like cheat and lie about my parents and how do you know, Alex? That I won’t cheat on you after five years? Because you want to take the next steps with me, because I can’t handle it and I bottle things up and I lash out because I don’t know how else to end things, how else to destroy everything? Because that’s what I do, Alex. I destroy things. People. I destroy people.”

Alex strokes her hair and she takes a long, quiet breath, and she kisses her temple and she pulls her back into a soft, passionate hug.

“I don’t know, Maggie. I don’t know that you won’t cheat on me after five years because I want to take the next step with you. But I do know that we’ve taken a lot of steps already, and you’ve already stopped leaving the house and going to the couch when you need to walk away. And I know that you’re wrong. About yourself. You don’t destroy things, Maggie. You maybe don’t always make the best decisions, but you know what I see? I see the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen trying so hard to navigate so much pain. And sometimes, you’re gonna make mistakes. I will, too. You’re human, Maggie. And I love you for it. I love you for how human you remind me that I am. Because I forget, too. So maybe… maybe we can remind each other?”

“You… love me?”

It’s Maggie that’s pulling back so they can make eye contact now, Maggie with the wide eyes and stilled breath, Maggie framing Alex’s face with trembling hands.

“Yeah, Sawyer. I love you. I’m soft on you. That okay with you?”

“Only if it’s okay that I love you back.”

“That’s more than okay, Maggie. So much more than okay. And you’re gonna be, too. I promise.”
Anonymous asked:

Prompt: Sanvers in the rain!! One of them is grumpy and hates it and is complaining that they’re getting all wet and the other is skipping and twirling and getting soaked and pulls her girlfriend into the joy of it and it’s happy and they’re happy and it’s pouring and they’re soaking wet and kissing and don’t care that it’s the middle of the night or they’re wet and freezing give me all the sanvers fluff

They only bring one umbrella because Alex hates carrying things and because Maggie likes the idea of snuggling close together under the same one, anyway.

But that’s not at all what happens.

Because Alex is twirling and Alex is laughing with her head back and Alex is splashing into puddles and Alex is giggling and Alex is tugging at Maggie’s sleeve.

“Danvers, it’s cold,” she grimaces as Alex splashes into a puddle so hard that droplets jump up and into Maggie’s boots.

“Maggie, it’s beautiful!” Alex retorts, tossing her arms back and spinning around.

“Not worried about your badass agent reputation there?”

Alex stops spinning and tilts her head, a habit she’s picked up from Maggie, and her eyes are sparkling, and her hair is dripping, and Maggie has to try hard to stay grumpy.

“Maggie. I just got out of an hour of staring at you while you do all this flexible stuff, and it’s pouring but that’s okay because last night you told me how beautiful I am while you fell asleep holding me and it’s pouring but it’s warm and everyone’s safe and we’re here and we’re together and this is all so cliche but you told me that’s just being happy and I should get used to it, and I am, Maggie, and we’re that couple, and we’re always gonna be that couple, because I love you, and the rain is perfect just like you’re perfect, and we’re perfect together, and I am – ”

But she can’t ramble anymore, because Maggie’s abandoned her umbrella, abandoned her pretense, scaled the walls that she’s built, leaping over the fears that have been slammed into her, and her lips are on Alex’s, and it’s wet and whatever Alex says, this is cold, hell, it’s freezing, everything is freezing, except Alex’s lips, because Alex’s lips are warm, and when she opens her mouth and tastes Alex’s tongue with her own, it gets even warmer, like their mouths are the only sources of warmth in all the universe, and her hair is getting soaked and she’s soaked and they’re soaked and that’s okay, that’s okay, everything’s okay, everything’s happy, because Alex is lifting her off the ground and spinning her around while they kiss and Alex is giggling into her lips and god, she’s giggling right back because this woman, this woman, this woman?

This woman is both the rainstorm and the rainbow afterward, and god, Maggie’s never been so in love.
Chapter 341

Chapter Summary

superspies-and-apple-pie asked:

Also possibly a bit of NB!Alex? Maybe more of domestic Sanvers and Kara and Adrian interacting? Today’s been a bit of a shit day in terms of feeling like I’m normal and valid and not being purposefully ignored and shot down.

It’s Sunday.

It’s Sunday, and – miraculously – they both have off.

It’s Sunday and they both have off and there’s not a Cadmus invasion in sight.

It’s Sunday, and it’s noon, and they’ve refused to get out of bed – a combination of naked Sunday morning cuddles and lazy Sunday morning sex, and Maggie tracing, kissing, caressing the scars painted on Alex’s torso, and Alex whispering how much they love her in as many languages as they can speak, traipsing their gentle fingers, their tongue, down Maggie’s throat, her collarbone, her breasts.

It’s Sunday and Kara and Adrian don’t bother knocking, but they probably should have.

“Whoa, guys, seriously? It’s noon! Did you forget about us?” Adrian squeals and turns around, covering his eyes even though his back is now to his queer moms.

Kara does the same, groaning and furiously adjusting her glasses.

“Maggie, can you please get some clothes on my sibling?”

“And yourself, Mags, I mean let’s be real: both of your bodies are bangin, but I’m your kid and Kara’s your sister and we’re not trying to think about you like that.”

“Wait, Ade, does that make me your aunt? Oh Rao, that is just – ”

“Nope, nah, I take it back. Brother. I’m their little brother. We’re all siblings here. Except those two. Are you dressed yet?”

They both have to fight their instincts not to turn around when they hear a small crash, a string of curses from Alex’s lips, and giggles and dirty talk from Maggie’s, which Adrian might not be able to hear, but Kara sure can.

She hums loudly and sticks her fingers in her ears and turns to whisper-shout to Adrian.

“They still need a few minutes.”

“No we don’t you nerds, you can turn around now.”

They do, and Maggie’s in boxers and Alex’s flannel and Alex in flannel pajama pants and an oversized NCPD shirt.
“Well if that’s not the gayest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Adrian dodges the pillows Alex and Maggie both launch at him, and Alex turns away, chuckling.

“I’m gonna shower. Babe, coffee please? Do you mind?”

“You got it, handsome,” Maggie kisses them softly, and Kara sighs happily.

“Aww, Maggie, they make you so happy. And, you know, more than a little bit whipped.”

He squeals as Maggie lunges to wrap her arms around his waist and tickle him senseless.

“He’s not wrong,” Kara chimes as she takes down four mugs.

“Sure, but he’s still fun to tickle. Lucky your binder gives you some shielding, kid.”

Adrian grins and preens. “You notice my arms are getting bigger?”

Maggie puts her hand on his bicep and kisses his cheek. “Oooh, look at you! Oh, I got that, Kid Danvers. You wanna go set chill on the couch? You had a long night last night, you don’t have to make the coffee.”

“How about you two are a bad influence on each other.”

Kara and Adrian beam and put their heads together like they’re posing for a picture.

Maggie chuckles and wonders when this family started happening. If it was always destined to happen.

By the time Alex comes out of the shower, their pajamas replaced by their glasses and the Star City University hoodie and sweats Adrian bought them during his first term, Maggie and Adrian have pancakes cooking and coffee brewing, and Kara – despite Maggie telling her to rest on the couch – is padding around the kitchen with them, sticking her fingers in the pancake batter and licking them clean at every opportunity.

“Hey pretty lady,” Alex kisses the back of Maggie’s neck, and Maggie melts into their arms.

“Mmm, you smell good.”

“I should hope so, they just showered!”

“You’re such a menace, Ade.”

“My straight mama raised me better than that, but queer mama raised me right.”

Alex fives him around Maggie’s body and Maggie heaves a mock groan.

“Maggie, can I flip the pancakes?” Kara wants to know, and Maggie normally doesn’t let anyone other than Adrian cook in her kitchen – and she does, now, consider Alex’s kitchen hers – but Kara’s eyes are wide and eager, and Alex’s arms are strong and warm, so she leans her head back into Alex’s shoulder and hums.
“Flip your heart out, Little Danvers.”

Kara and Adrian high five eagerly and giggle as they each grab a spatula and do battle over the pancakes.

Alex grabs two mugs of coffee and they pad over to the couch with Maggie, giving her the mug with no cream or sugar – gross – and giving her a space to sit, to snuggle, between their legs.

“I make you happy?” they ask after a few minutes of watching Kara and Adrian’s pancake wars.

Maggie turns to look up into Alex’s eyes, a grave expression on her face.

“Of course you do, Danvers. And I make you happy?”

Alex kisses her soft, smooth, permanent, in response, and when they pull back, Maggie’s eyes are shining and her dimples are on full display.

“I like when you answer things nonverbally.”

“Mmm, I bet you do.”

“Not to interrupt the continuance of Sunday morning sexy times, but breakfast is ready!”

“Breakfassstttt,” Kara moans, reaching across Adrian to grab a pancake with her bare hands.

By the time the coffee is nothing but dregs and the pancakes are nothing but syrupy crumbs, Alex and Maggie are sprawled on the floor, intertwined in each other’s arms, and Kara and Adrian have claimed either side of the couch, his Supergirl socks occasionally doing battle with her fuzzy slipper socks.

They don’t say much as they nap and giggle their way through food coma, through the musical Kara’s put on in the background, but they’re all thinking, feeling, the same thing:

Chosen family feels so, so, so good.
anonymous asked:

So... Can we please have a demisexual Maggie who's never been close enough to any of her girlfriends to develop sexual feelings for them but she's actually opening up with Alex and stuff and eventually realizes that she's actually reached that point for the first time in her life which leads to her and Alex sleeping together for the first time and it's all super emotional and shit. (My grandmother told me she wants me to see a therapist so I can "get over" being demi and I kinda need validation.)

She doesn’t panic when it’s just kissing.

Kissing is nice.

And kissing Alex Danvers is spectacular.

So she doesn’t panic when it’s just kissing.

She loves when it’s just kissing.

And Alex is aggressive in the way she starts things, the way she pulls Maggie into her body – at the bar, in her living room – and puts her lips on hers, but Alex always freezes, like she doesn’t quite know what to do next, like she’s on overload.

Like maybe, she’s like Maggie. Like maybe, she doesn’t know Maggie well enough yet to want to do anything more with her.

Anything more sexually, that is. Because god, does Maggie want to do everything else with Alex.

Late night pizza and Netflix, rainy morning yoga, kissing and cuddling until they fall asleep, shooting pool until Maggie finally can win, movies and books and science and the job.

Saving the world.

Together.

Maggie wants all of it, and apparently – to her perpetual disbelief, because how could someone so powerful, so gorgeous, want her? – Alex wants all that with her, too.

And it’s gradual.

It’s gradual, the way Maggie starts wanting different kinds of intimacy. With Alex.

Gradual, the way she realizes that she’s kissing her deeper, that her hands are slipping under Alex’s shirt, that Alex’s body is arching in response to her touch and her own body catches fire at the sound of Alex’s soft moans.

That she’s breathing her own moans into Alex’s parted lips.
And that’s when Maggie panics.

Because Alex is going to leave.

Maggie’s sure of it.

Because Alex has been teasing – a lot – about how inexperienced she is, about how much experience Maggie must have, how Maggie should feel free to give her kissing tips, touching tips, ladies-loving-ladies flash cards, whenever she wants.

But Alex has slept with men. Not that she loved it, or even liked it.

But Maggie? Maggie hasn’t slept with anyone.

She’s never… wanted to. She’s never felt close enough to anyone, never known someone enough to feel for someone else what she does to herself with her own hands, alone, when she needs to cum before falling asleep.

She’s never wanted to, not with anyone else, but with Alex?

God, with Alex, she’s starting to… to want everything.

But when Alex finds out? That Maggie’s just as inexperienced as Alex is, in some ways moreso, that she’ll probably be an emotional mess – not to mention a physical one – if they keep going in this direction, if they keep taking off each other’s shirts and touching each other over bras and panting at grinding their thighs between each other’s legs?

She’ll leave for sure.

Right? Because everyone leaves. Because Maggie drives everyone away.

“Whoa, whoa, hey, you alright? Did I hurt you?” Alex is asking, jolting her out of their kiss, her thoughts, her terrors, her fears. And, apparently, her shaking.

Alex’s eyes are wide, concerned, and Maggie knows, knows, that even though Alex is amazing, she’s going to think Maggie’s broken. Going to think Maggie needs to get over it. Going to think Maggie’s weird and unworthy and too much, and she should have her coming out affair with someone who can have sex with whomever, whenever.

“I want you,” Maggie chokes out in a whisper, and it’s the first time she’s ever said it to anyone, because getting herself off at night is one thing, but sleeping with another person is completely, completely another.

They’re the scariest three words she’s ever said, and Alex? Alex just smiles, strokes her hair, kisses her forehead.

“You have me,” she tells her, her voice at once a reassurance and a question.

Reassurance because she’s there, she’s there, she’s not going anywhere; a question because yes, yes, she wants her too, but why is that making her this scared?

“I want to have sex with you,” Maggie clarifies, tears in her eyes and her body on fire and her lungs barely working, and Alex’s breath hitches.

“Yeah? Good, because I um… I’ve been thinking about it. Wanting it. A lot. And I’ve been… researching a little, and I… I want to have sex with you, too. I… if you want. I mean, I know I’ve
never done this with a woman, but –"

“I’ve never done it at all.”

There’s silence and Maggie braces herself for goodbye, braces herself for laughter, braces herself for mockery and judgment and all the things that part of her brain, her heart – the parts that have let herself fall in love with Alex Danvers, the parts that have let herself want Alex Danvers – know Alex would never do. But she’s terrified, anyway.

Alex just cocks her head and squints and freezes slightly, but she blinks and she swallows and when she speaks, her voice is soft and her lips are twitching up into the same supportive smile Maggie wore when Alex stumbled her way out of the closet.

“God, you must think I’m such a jerk.”

Maggie blinks. If she was expecting any reaction, it wasn’t that. “What?”

“I’ve been teasing you this whole time about being so experienced, and I… I’m sorry, that must have made you so uncomfortable, I didn’t… I just assumed. I shouldn’t have. Maggie, I’m so sorry. But… can I ask you something?”

Maggie nods because something in her throat might be broken.

“Do you really want me, or do you just… are you just trying to give me something you think I want? And I mean I do. Want it. Want you. But only if you do.”

“No, I… I want… I want you. Alex. I… I’ve never… I don’t get attracted to people. Sexually. If I don’t… know them, if I don’t feel a certain way for them, I…”

She stammers off, because what kind of loser tells someone they love them before sleeping with them? How pathetic can she get?

But Alex’s eyes are light, are happiness, are reciprocal, and Alex’s touch is gentle, and Alex’s lips press against her own so slightly, so carefully, it’s like they’ve never kissed before but she wants to for the rest of her life.

“So you’re saying you like me? Enough to want me.”

“Danvers –”

“Cause that works perfectly for me. Because I like you, too, Maggie Sawyer. Enough to want you.” Her eyes drag down Maggie’s body, slow and steady and hungry, but also… reverent, somehow. Maggie’s heart contorts into fireworks. “All of you.”

Maggie forgets what breathing is, and her heart’s never raced like this before, but Alex’s hands are warm and comforting on her cheeks, and god, does she want those hands all over her body.

“So take me. All of me.”

Alex grins like it’s Christmas morning – or maybe Chanukah, Maggie’s not sure what the equivalent would be, and makes a mental note to ask her later – and then all thought exhales out of Maggie’s body because Alex is up and Alex is tugging her up, too, and Alex is carrying her to bed, all the while kissing her, kissing her, kissing her like she’s oxygen, and she is, god, she is.

“Alex,” Maggie breathes as Alex lays her down, careful to put a pillow under her head, careful to
not put all her weight on top of her, and Alex stops immediately, concern back in her eyes.

“Too much? I’m sorry, we can stop, or slow down, I’m sorry, I just… I’ve been wanting to do this,” she husks, her eyes again raking down Maggie’s body, like they did after she first kissed her in the bar, and the path of her eyes ignites heat in Maggie’s core that no one’s ever made her feel before and no, no, no, it’s not too fast.

Because it’s not fast enough.

“Kiss me,” she begs, and Alex grins again, and Alex complies, and Maggie shifts so her thigh is between Alex’s legs, and Alex tosses her head back and she moans and she looks down into Maggie’s eyes like she’s the entire universe, because she is.

“You are so beautiful,” she says, and one of her hands traces up Maggie’s shirt. “I want… I want to feel your skin. On mine.”

Maggie nods and Alex slips off her, shucking off her own shirt and watching as Maggie does the same, watching as Maggie arches her hips off the bed and tugs down her jeans as Alex kneels and mirrors the action.

“Wait,” Maggie asks as Alex reaches for her own bra clasp, eyes still on Maggie’s. “May I?”

“Yeah.” Alex voice is ragged and wrecked and Maggie imagines hers sounds about the same.

She gasps softly when Alex’s bra slips down her shoulders, and Alex bites her lip.

“Don’t be nervous, you… you’re perfect, Alex. You are so fucking gorgeous.”

“Can I?” is all Alex says in response, nodding at Maggie’s chest, and it’s Maggie’s turn to bite her own lip, because her heart is slamming so damn hard but she nods because yes, yes, yes, please.

Alex smirks when she unhooks Maggie’s bra in one try, and Maggie scowls but gives a laugh that turns into an excited gasp when Alex leans back down on top of her, both now wearing nothing but their underwear, Maggie in boxers, Alex in boyshorts.

The difference in the heat between their legs without their jeans; the difference between being shirtless and topless; the difference between being nearly naked and mostly clothed, makes both of them freeze, makes both of them stare, makes both of them shake.

“I love you,” Maggie breathes at the same moment that Alex says the same, and Alex drops her forehead to Maggie’s as they both giggle, as they both exhale in shaky relief, as tears prickle both of their eyes.

“May I… I want to make love to you, Alex.”

“Yeah, same.”

“Good then.”

They have to stop every few moments, every few touches, to catch their breath. To avoid hyperventilating with excitement, with nerves, with new sensations, with overwhelming need. And each time they do, they kiss; each time they do, they stare into each other’s eyes; each time they do, they ask if the other needs to stop; each time they do, they giggle slightly with relief, with shared nerves, shared excitement, shared exhilaration; each time they do, they press their foreheads together and breathe. Just breathe.
When their need to have skin on skin outweighs their fears, outweighs their nerves, so that they’re completely naked, Alex freezes, and Maggie freezes, and Alex holds most of her weight up on her left arm while interlacing her right hand through Maggie’s fingers.

“All good?”

“This feels perfect. You?”

“I want you so bad.”

“So do something about it instead of talking about it, Danvers.”

They both giggle at that, but Alex swallows their soft laughter in the ferocity of her next kiss, her eagerness to live up to Maggie’s teasing challenge.

Her teeth graze Maggie’s throat, her tongue traces her collarbone, her lips claim one of her nipples. Maggie screams and Alex pauses, and a tear streams down Maggie’s cheek and Alex crawls up to kiss it, to kiss her, before Maggie shakes her head and pushes her head back down.

“Please don’t get all soft on me now, Danvers,” she teases, and Alex grins wickedly instead of pointing out that Maggie’s crying – it would be a useless argument, because she’s got tears in her own eyes, too – and she occupies herself again with Maggie’s breasts, knowing that yep, yep, yep, she’s definitely gay, and she’s definitely gone completely soft on this woman.

She slips one of her thighs between Maggie’s legs tentatively, and when Maggie lets out a gasp that’s more of a scream, she freezes again, but Maggie just raises one of her own legs so Alex has pressure between hers, too. And it’s Alex’s turn to gasp, to scream, and they keep their eyes locked as Maggie arches her hips up, as Alex arches her hips down, each riding the other’s thigh slow, soft, frictionless.

Frictionless, because, “Damn Danvers, you’re so wet,” and “Never for anyone but you, Sawyer,” and “Same, Alex. Same.”

They arch their hips harder, faster, both of Alex’s hands now holding Maggie’s down against the mattress, fingers interlaced, Maggie nodding constantly to let Alex know yes, yes, yes, and when the muscles in Alex’s back tense with her orgasm, she screams Maggie’s name and her eyes squeeze shut and that image, that sound, that feeling of how wet Alex is all over Maggie’s thigh, that feeling of Alex’s body hot and sweating and firm on top of her, of Alex’s leg between hers, giving her all the pressure in all the right places, sends Maggie over her own edge, with Alex’s name on her own lips, but softly, softly, softly, sending up a perfect harmony with Alex’s louder screams.

“Maggie,” Alex whispers as they both come back down, as she untangles their fingers and lifts her body to make sure she doesn’t collapse her entire weight onto Maggie’s, resting her forehead on Maggie’s collarbone, breathing, breathing, breathing.

“Was that okay?” she asks, and it’s tears, not just sweat, on Maggie’s face.

And, she realizes with a start, on her own, too.

“More than okay, Danvers. You?”

“Yeah. Definitely yeah. Uh… was that something you’d… wanna do again?”

“With you, Alex? Definitely yeah.”
anonymous asked:

no rush obv but if you're so inclined: we're not gonna see it on sg but i'd like to see how alex processes being queer (post-coming out & being w maggie). like, she had some brief gay panic but we didn't get to see her really accept and then get comfortable w it.

If people want, I’ll do more follow-ups like this, but in keeping with minific style, here’s a oneshot of her reaching out to Kara about Things. I also have this piece that I wrote much earlier about Alex coming out -- Chapter 8 of I Didn't Know You Were Into Girls

She said she couldn’t do this without Kara.

This coming out… thing.

This realizing that her entire life isn’t what she thought it was. That she’s completely different than she thought she was.

Except she’s not. Except she is.

Because Alex knows what she’s good at. And she’s good at training.

Training to be Kara’s protector, at the demand of her mother and the passive agreement of her father.

Training to be a scientist, under the tutelage of the most renowned bioengineers in the country.

Training to be a soldier, under the sometimes harsh care of the man who’s come to be her… well, her father.

Training is something Alex is good at.

But this? This thing, this… this liking Maggie? This… this being… whatever this is…

Gay?

Lesbian?

The words still make her flinch inside.

This… thing? This thing that she can’t do without Kara?

It goes against all her training.

It goes against her training – and she’s good at her training – because she’s been trained to be sexy for me. She’s been trained to appeal to men, she’s been trained to not even consider her feelings for
women as real, as noticeable, as an option that wouldn’t be… imperfect.

Because she’s been trained to be perfect.

And she’s pretty damn good at it.

But this?

She’s fallen out of a spaceship, she’s freefalling to earth, and god, she hopes Kara knows how to catch her, because she doesn’t know if she can catch herself.

She tells her mother that she knows better about people. And she wishes she didn’t.

And she does know better about people.

About men. About men whose hands are too rough – not that she minds things rough – but she minds when the roughness isn’t for her, isn’t about her, doesn’t consider her, doesn’t realize that she might have needs, too.

About soldiers. About watching people die and about having to kill. About having to sleep at night, somehow, with the last breaths of people whose lives she’s ended lingering in her ears, under her fingernails, deep in her throat.

About perfection. About the way perfection tastes like the bottom of a bottle of bourbon and sounds like her mother’s ringtone and feels like Kara’s smile hiding the storm behind Kara’s eyes that Alex will never, ever be able to soothe.

No matter how perfect she is.

So this? This… gay… thing?

She means it when she says she can’t do it without Kara.

She calls her late one night, late one night after shooting pool with Maggie, because Maggie had shown up at her door and told her she didn’t want to imagine life without Alex, and who could say no to that?

And Maggie had been kind, and Maggie had been gentle. Maggie had been careful and she’d been funny. She’d been her normal self, on just this side of cautious.

Because Alex knew it then, more sure than she’d been even when she kissed her – knew from the way her stomach swooped when Maggie bent over the pool table to line up a shot, from the way heat pooled between her legs when Maggie’s tongue stuck out slightly in concentration, from the leaping of her heart when Maggie touched her arm and the flight of her soul when Maggie laughed, when she was the reason Maggie laughed, the reason she smiled, the reason she seemed happy – that she was falling in love.

With a woman.

She’s nearly vomiting when she calls Kara, so distraught that she barely even registers Kara’s sleepy tone, the way she clearly just woke her little sister up from a sound sleep. It is well past midnight, after all.

“Alex?”

“I’m…”
“Alex, are you okay? What happened, do you need me to – ”

“No, no, I’m not hurt, Kara, I… I’m g… I like Maggie.”

She’s collected enough, now, to hear Kara’s relief, her soft smile, in her voice.

“I know you do, Alex. Do you want me to come over so we can talk about it? About her? Or about you?”

Alex’s stomach swoops, because talking about Maggie? That would be hard. It would be hard, but it would be easier. Because if it was just about Maggie… just about this girl she liked, and then kissed, and then rejected her, and they were just being friends, so it was no big deal, really, it was just this one thing, this one little phase, this one little mistake, misinterpretation, right?

But Kara knows, and Kara said they could talk about… Alex.

So Alex’s stomach swoops, and she stammers out a no, no, go back to sleep, she’s sorry for calling, but then there’s a tapping on her window and she sighs, because her sister is Supergirl, and her sister is just as fast as Barry Allen.

She lets her in and Kara takes the bourbon out of her hands immediately.

“Talk to me, Alex, not the whiskey.”

Alex sinks back onto the couch and shrugs and sighs and thinks about the way Maggie smiles and the way she smells faintly of motorcycle exhaust and something sweet that Alex can’t quite identify, and –

“Alex.”

And then she’s crying, and god Kara’s arms are strong, and she’s never been more grateful for it, because she’s breaking and it’ll take a lot of strength to hold her together.

More strength than she has on her own, apparently.

It’s while she’s gasping for breathing and trying not to hyperventilate that she chokes the words out.

“Kara, I… I’m g… I’m… a lesbian.” It churns her stomach just to say it. It churns her stomach and it burns her face and it makes her sob harder, but god, god, god, relief also sears through her like oxygen. Relief and truth and something that feels an awful lot like… herself.

“I’m so proud of you, Alex. I’m so proud of you.”

Kara is kissing her forehead and stroking her hair and wiping her tears, and Alex’s phone vibrates and she and Kara both laugh wryly, because maybe one day they can cry on each other without being interrupted by work.

But it’s not work.

It’s someone that makes her heart leap, that makes Kara smile when she sees the caller ID and how quickly her sister goes to open the message.

*I had a really great time with you, Danvers. Thanks for coming. Let me know you got home safe, if that’s okay?*
Kara arches an eyebrow – when Alex’s tears are dry and her heart rate is a little steadier, it might be a better time to talk about the fact that Maggie sounds an awful lot like she might like her, after all – and smiles as she watches her sister’s normally steady fingers type out a response, as she watches her sister’s normally shrewd eyes sparkle like a teenager’s.

“I’m so proud of you, Alex,” she repeats, because Alex might have been trained by the world to think that being gay, being a lesbian, is less than perfect, but Kara knows better: because the happiness, the hope, the excitement, the affection in Alex’s eyes right now?

That look defines perfection.
They use silly string like a weapon. Like a training exercise.

Or at least that’s how their stoic, badass exteriors justify it to their inner nerds.

Sometimes, they’ll hide behind furniture and spray each other all over whenever the other blows their cover.

It gets all over the walls and they both scramble to peel it off right away so the residue doesn’t stay for too long.

Alex always knows Maggie wants a silly string war when she comes home to find a plastic tablecloth spread over the fluffy rug.

Maggie always knows Alex wants a silly string war when she steps out of the bathroom and gets sprayed all over.

She’ll shriek and Alex will laugh maniacally and toss her her own can of the stuff because even though she’s not opposed to sneak attacks, she is opposed – with someone she loves, anyway – with going against someone who’s perpetually unarmed.

Alex assumes she’ll always have the upper hand because of her long and seasoned history of silly string wars with Kara, and of sneak attacking Winn and James at game nights.

But she doesn’t account for Maggie’s resourcefulness, the way she’ll keep an extra bottle in her back pocket and spray with two hands at once.

Maggie wants a silly string grenade.

“How would that even work, Sawyer?”

“You’ve got the fancy James Bond lair lab, Danvers, you can figure something out.”

And she does, because when Maggie asks, Maggie receives.

(Except for the flash grenade. No way she’s getting her hands on that.)

And they have to shower together – long and hot and not entirely about cleaning each other off – to get all of the silly string pieces out of Maggie’s hair.

Alex notes that if silly string grenades result in showers that incredible, she should explode them in
Maggie’s path daily.

Maggie wholeheartedly agrees.
I would love to see Alex and Maggie comforting Kara after Kara gets blown up in a car and watches the person who is confiding in her die just because he's confiding in her.

Alex is her first phone call.
Alex is always her first phone call.

Her shirt is burned through and her jacket smells of gasoline, smells of fire, smells of ash.
Smells of the ash of the man who had just been speaking to her, confiding in her.

Trusting her.

And she failed him.

Failed him, like she failed all the aliens in the bar that night she wasn’t there to stop the massacre.

Failed him, like she failed to save Kelly the night of Myriad, because James and Winn were her friends, and somehow that made their lives more valuable than the life of someone she barely knew but saw every day for two years.

Failed him, like she failed time and time and time again.

So she calls Alex.

She calls Alex, and she can do nothing but sob.

Alex comes to get her, and she’s in DEO gear, and she’s in the DEO van, but that’s not how they’re leaving.
Because Alex isn’t there to pick her up to report for work.

She’s there to take care of her sister.

Of Kara Danvers, Kara Zor-El. Not Supergirl.

Supergirl can be debriefed later.

Kara needs comfort, now.

“I got you,” is all Alex says as Kara falls into her arms, as Alex covers her burnt-through shirt with a pullover sweater as Kara shrugs out of the jacket that smells like her failure, like his death, and then there are sirens, and Maggie is sprinting out of her cop car like a bat out of hell, and Kara dimly assumes that she’s running for Alex, but she’s not, she’s not, because when she grinds to a
halt in front of them, it’s Kara’s name that’s on her lips.

“Kara, I am so sorry, are you – are you hurt, I mean, physically? You know it wasn’t your fault, right? The explosion pattern, there wasn’t anything you could have done – “

And Kara breaks, then, because Maggie knows, and Alex knows, exactly what is on her mind.

That a man with a husband and kids and a mother and a father and a best friend from high school is dead.

And it’s her fault.

Maggie knows, and Alex knows, because they’re both experts in blaming themselves for deaths they couldn’t possibly have prevented.

“Sawyer! You gonna get a witness statement or what?” her partner calls, and Maggie tilts her head at her girlfriend’s little sister.

“Do you want to go home, Kara? I can hold off my guys for you if you need to breathe for a while before we – ”

But Kara, still wrapped in Alex’s strong arms, shoots out a hand for Maggie’s wrist.

“I want to go home. But come with us,” she barely whispers, and Alex almost sobs, and Maggie has to fight down tears, and Kara doesn’t even bother, her tears tracking through the ash on her face.

“Come on, you two. I’m gonna get her attended to, I’ll have the statement for you later. Catch a ride back with Taylor, would you?” Maggie calls, and her partner gives a curt nod, and Maggie ushers her Danvers girls into her squad car.

She doesn’t comment when Alex slides into the back seat with Kara instead of riding in the front with Maggie, and she doesn’t comment when instead of buckling up, Kara just lays down on the seat and puts her head in Alex’s lap and lets Alex pet her hair, whisper in her ear, kiss her forehead, hold her steady.

She doesn’t comment. She just drives extra carefully, because she has precious cargo in the back seat.

Alex helps Kara stumble out of the car when they get to her apartment, and Maggie carries Kara’s jacket as Alex half-carries her upstairs.

“It’s my fault,” are Kara’s first words when they step inside.

“I get to live because I can just fly out of there, because nothing’s going to penetrate my skin, but he… he doesn’t even… his family won’t even have a body to…”

“Kara. This… this isn’t your fault. You couldn’t have anticipated it, you couldn’t have known – ”

“Alex, what good am I if my reporting puts people at risk and I can’t even rescue them as Supergirl? How… what good am I, then? Any of it?”

“Kara, listen to me. If you start blaming yourself for things you can’t control? You’re never going stop. Ever. Trust me. I know. You can’t let this get inside you like this. You can’t. This wasn’t your fault.”
“Alex, I’m not a soldier, I don’t –”

“Hey, Little Danvers, listen, neither am I. Look, you can grieve, Kara, and you can rage and you can mourn, and James told me you used to set up a car next to his heavy bag and have a punching fit, and I can take you out to the garage right now if you need to. But your sister’s right. You start blaming yourself for this, and it’s not gonna stop, and you don’t deserve that. I promise you, you don’t.”

“But I lived. And he died.”

“There’s no shame in surviving, Kara,” Alex whispers, and Kara sobs, and Alex wraps her in her arms, shushing her and soothing her and holding in her own tears because her little sister needs her right now.

Maggie kisses Alex’s forehead and puts a hand on Kara’s shaking shoulder before she stands up and pads into the kitchen.

“Where you going?” Kara mutters from where she’s buried her face in Alex’s polo.

“To order you some potstickers, Kid Danvers.”

Kara sniffs and Alex grins.

“So can I keep her?” she asks, and Kara sniffls and nods.

“You can keep her,” she agrees, and she thinks that maybe, just maybe, if she has big sisters like this, she might be worth something after all.
Chapter 346

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Ok but what if maggie joins Alex for her knife throwing practice and that's like their idea of a date

She used to practice with J’onn.

And she still does, on Tuesday evenings, but their Thursday mornings?

Those have recently been taken over by either Cadmus attacks or Pam from HR making sure J’onn is actually keeping on top of the budgetary requirements, because Jim from accounting ironically isn’t getting his checks on time and he’s got those three pitbulls to feed at home.

J’onn shrugs and he sighs and he tries to pass the paperwork off to Vasquez, but Vasquez is in charge of managing his weekly calls to M’gann, and he’d rather not put those in jeopardy.

“Why don’t you practice with Detective Sawyer, Agent Danvers? You two seem to enjoy… getting physical.”

It’s the closest he’s come to a sexual joke, and she doesn’t know if it makes her feel giddy because she’s still so thrilled with how supportive he is, or odd because he’s her father, for crying out loud. But he’s grinning and he loves her, god, he loves her, and he’s filed all the proper paperwork for Maggie to be admitted into the DEO whenever she pleases, so Alex?

Alex starts bringing her in for Thursday morning knife training.

“Not your basic NCPD tactics,” she says, and Maggie rolls her eyes, flips the blunted sparring knife around in her hand, shifts her feet with bent knees, and grins.

“Bring it, Danvers.”

Alex grins, and it’s almost carnal, and Alex knows exactly what that does to Maggie (in bed, anyway), and she takes full advantage, lunging and going for the left side that Maggie tends to leave vulnerable, until she’s got her arm twisted behind her back and her blunted practice knife gently at her throat.

“Distracted by something, Sawyer?”

Maggie grins and shoves away from Alex, grabbing the arm that was wrapped around her and forcing it up, up, so that Alex’s knife clatters to the ground.

“Surprised, Danvers?”

“Not at all, Sawyer,” Alex retorts, but there’s a husk in her voice as she picks up her knife, as she and Maggie round each other, glaring slightly, grinning slightly.
They’re so focused on each other that they don’t notice the small crowd of agents peering through
the training room’s doorway, nudging each other, whispering to each other, placing bets, trading
cash around.

“Keep your ribs protected, Mags,” Alex instructs as she lunges, and Maggie deflects her blow with
her forearm.

“Good. Now what do you do if I do this?”

Alex switches the knife, lightening fast, to her left hand, holding Maggie from behind again, and
Maggie tenses, freezes.

“What’s wrong? I’m sorry, I thought you wanted to – ”

“No, I do, Danvers, I’m sorry, I just… can we switch places?”

Alex furrows her brow, but she nods and does as Maggie asks, stepping in front of her so Maggie’s
holding her from behind, holding her practice knife at her throat.

“Can you get out of this, Alex?”

Alex feints an elbow into Maggie’s face while she slams down with her heel, just shy of actually
slamming onto Maggie’s foot, and Maggie releases her accordingly, nodding to herself, over and
over and over again.

“What is it, Maggie?” Alex asked, knife limp at her side.

“Just… outside the bar, that night. The night they took all the refugees… When he had that gun to
you… you would have been okay, right? Even if James hadn’t come by?”

“Yes,” Alex nods, dropping her knife and taking Maggie by the shoulders, her eyes burning from
her devotion and her forehead sweating from their sparring. “I’m not going anywhere, Sawyer. I
promise.”

Maggie gulps and Maggie nods, and then she tilts her head toward the door.

“Looks like we have an audience.”

Alex glances over and her nearly feral grin is back.

“Should we give them a show?”

“I’m sure they’d love to see their commanding officer get whomped by a lowly local cop,” Maggie
grins, and Alex pffts.

“Who’s lowly? My girlfriend’s all powerful,” Alex brags.

“Nerd.”

“A nerd who’s about to bring DEO training to an NCPD knife fight.”

“I love it when you talk dirty.”

“Come at me, Sawyer, you’ll see how dirty I can talk.”

Maggie grins and Alex mirrors the expression, and by the time the rookies need the room for
training, Alex has nicked Maggie with the training knife just as many times as Maggie has nicked Alex with hers.

“Draw for now, Danvers?”

“We’ll see who draws tonight, Sawyer.”

“Deal.”

J’onn’s passing by as they toss towels at each other to dry off, as they think their thoughts about later tonight loudly, loudly, loudly.

Too loudly.

“Good god, we need crime to increase in this city, stat.”
Maggie tends to have odd hours.
Part of her odd hours?
Thursday mornings off.
J’onn knows, when Alex mutters something about Thursday morning knife training.
Winn knows, when Alex walks away with that gleam in her eye.
Kara doesn’t know, and if she did, she’d wish she didn’t.

Because Alex is grabbing her helmet and ignoring Vasquez’s knowing smirk and she’s speeding her Ducati to Maggie’s apartment, and she’s letting herself in and she’s grinning because her girlfriend is still in one of Alex’s tank tops and boxers, and, gloriously, nothing else.

“Danvers!” she greets, her dimples shining along with her eyes.

“Know what happens when crime is slow in National City?” Alex asks by way of greeting as she strolls across the studio to take Maggie into her arms.

“Mmmm, you get bored and decided your girlfriend could be adequate entertainment?”

She arches up on her tip toes and kisses Alex softly, but with promise, with a question, and Alex answers with parted lips and an exploring tongue. Maggie swoons and Alex holds her and nearly swoons herself.

“Something like that.”

“That’s a tall order, Danvers. Keeping you entertained.”

“Well I didn’t say the burden would be all on you. I could uh… keep you entertained too, you know.”

“Oh, could you?”

“Mmhmm.”

They’re talking between kisses, between breaths, between eager hands running over each other’s bodies like they hadn’t only parted a few hours before, and Maggie giggles when Alex’s fingers skim over that pesky part of her side that is always, eternally, ticklish.
“I want you,” Maggie breathes into Alex’s lips, her own turned up into a smile, and Alex moans into her mouth.

“Do you now?”

“Danvers.”

“Sawyer.”

“If I said I want you, it means I want you.”

Alex grins at Maggie’s need, at Maggie’s openness, at her grinning vulnerability, at her trust.

“You have me, Maggie. You have me.”

So she lifts her up, right under the thighs, and Maggie wraps her legs around Alex’s waist eagerly, their bodies pressing together as Alex kisses her, as Maggie whimpers and pants in anticipation, as Alex lays them both down on Maggie’s bed.

“You sure, babe? You don’t have to, just because I came home – ”

“Alex Danvers, I want you to cum all over my thigh, and then I want you to fuck me until I can’t remember my own name. Think you can do that for me? I mean, if you want – ”

Alex pffts. “If I want,” she growls, grinning as she leans down to kiss Maggie slow, soft, sensual.

“Is it okay if I take my time? Before I cum all over your thigh and fuck you senseless?”

“Alex,” Maggie just breathes, her hips arching up of their own accord, and Alex grins deeper.

She kisses her mouth and she kisses her cheek. She kisses her eyelids and she kisses her temples. Her eyebrows and the bridge of her nose, and her jawline and her earlobes – which has Maggie whimpering and panting and writhing – and her throat and her collarbone. She takes her time undressing Maggie, takes her time undressing herself.

“You don’t have to go back into work, babe?”

Alex chuckles. “Thursday morning knife training.”

“Oh, is that what I am?”

“Oh, Maggie. You are so much better than that.”

“Coming from you, that’s high praise, Danvers.”

“Want high praise? Spread your legs for me, Sawyer.”

“Alex,” Maggie gasps.

“Only if you want. I’m sorry, was that okay – ”

“Yes, Alex, god, yes,” Maggie says, complying with her request, and Alex moans as she trails kisses down Maggie’s chest, paying special attention to her nipples, to that sensitive spot right under her navel.

She pauses when her lips are just above Maggie’s curls.
“I know going down on you wasn’t on your agenda, but um… do you want me to? Because if you do, I’d like that. A lot.”

“As part of your training?” Maggie husks, her voice thick with humor, thick with raw desire, raw need.

“Well, it’s a certain kind of training, isn’t it?”

“You want to? You sure?”

“Oh god, yes.”

“Then please, Alex. Please?”

Alex obliges, and moans into Maggie’s clit when she lowers her tongue to taste her, when she parts her curls with her fingers and traces her tongue through her wetness, paying close, close attention to Maggie’s rhythms, her sounds, the ways her fingers tighten in Alex’s hair, the ways her hips arch up, the way she whimpers “god, Alex, just like that, fuck, yes, please please please,” and Alex grinds her own hips into the sheets because god does Maggie taste incredible and fuck, fuck, fuck she never imagined going down on someone could be this hot.

But then Maggie is tapping her open palm, their safe gesture for stopping, and Alex stops immediately, her eyes wide with concern, but Maggie’s shaking her head and grinning.

“I love cumming in your mouth, Danvers, but that’s not what I want right now. Flip over for me? If you want?”

And god, does she.

So she rolls over, wiping her mouth on her bare shoulder as she does, and spreads her legs obediently, excitedly, and Maggie eagerly kisses Alex’s mouth, moaning at the taste of herself on her girlfriend’s lips, moaning at how wet Alex is when she asks if she can slip her thigh between Alex’s legs and Alex is yes, yes, yes, Maggie, please, fuck, please.

“You wanna be a good girl for me and cum all over my thigh, Agent Danvers?” Maggie asks, and the words alone could make Alex cum as she slams her hips up, up, down, down, desperate for friction, desperate for pressure, and Maggie gives it to her hard, and Maggie provides it for her perfect, one of her hands bracing herself up on the mattress, the other resting as a pillow underneath Alex’s head, and it’s that, even more than the dirty talk – that protectiveness, that care, that thoughtfulness – that send Alex over the edge, that send her nails running down Maggie’s back, that send her screaming Maggie’s name as she sees stars, stars, supernovae, stars.

Maggie smiles and starts to cuddle Alex close, but Alex shakes her head, and Alex asks with her eyes if she can push Maggie onto her back, and Maggie nods wordlessly.

“You said something earlier about wanting to make me cum all over you, and then you wanted me to fuck you until you can’t remember your own name. Can I do that for you, Maggie? Do you still want that? Because we don’t have to – ”

“Why are you still talking, Danvers?”

So Alex grins and Alex leans down for a crushing, gentle, passionate, tender kiss, slipping her hand between Maggie’s legs, asking her once, twice, three more times if this is what she wants before slipping one, two, three fingers deep, deep inside her. Maggie moans and writhes and grabs at Alex’s hips and tries to keep from screaming Alex’s name.
Tries, and fails.

“Deeper Alex, please,” she whines, and Alex moans, and Alex obliges, making sure her palm stays right on Maggie’s clit, giving her all the pressure she needs as she arches her fingers inside Maggie’s body, working her up as much as she can handle, as much as either of them can handle, because god she loves feeling her fingers stretch Maggie out, loves feeling Maggie come completely undone beneath her, loves watching Maggie whimper and whine and gasp and scream and writhe, because it’s all from pleasure, all from ecstasy, all from Alex, Alex, Alex.

Maggie cums hard and she cums loud, just as Alex’s phone starts buzzing, just as Alex is being called back into work.

“Decent timing then, huh Danvers?” Maggie rasps, and Alex kisses her face, kisses her lips, kisses her forehead, kisses her hair.

“Never decent timing to leave you, babe,” Alex romances, and Maggie would swoon if she were standing up, if she had any coordination at all.

“What are you doing?” Maggie asks, bewildered as Alex pulls her into a close snuggle.

“It’s not an emergency. They can wait for a few extra minutes – I’m not gonna leave you all naked and sweaty with no cuddles to be had.”

“Aww, Danvers, are you getting soft on me?”

“Pfft, no.”

“Don’t worry, babe. I won’t tell your secret. I promise.”
It’s not the double date she expected, but god, is it more than she could have dreamed of.

It’s months after Jack and it’s months after Kara gave her ex boyfriend the final rejection she should have given him from the start.

It’s months after, and the double date isn’t with Lena and her partner and Kara with hers.

The double date is Lena and Kara.

With Maggie and Alex.

Lena shakes a little beforehand, and she doesn’t bother trying to hide it. Kara can hear her heartbeat, but even if she couldn’t, she knows her. Really knows her. In a way no one else ever has.

“Lena, it’s going to be fine. You already know them, and they’re going to love you even more after getting to know you better.”

“You sister’s DEO, and Maggie’s a cop. She’s arrested me, for crying out loud, Kara. I’m… just a Luthor, to them.”

“You’re not,” Kara says, and her voice is firm, less like Kara and more like Supergirl, and Kara’s power, her strength, sends a heady rush through Lena’s body, calming her. Soothing her. Reminding her.

Kara chose her. Kara will protect her. Always.

She doesn’t know that across town, Maggie is having a similar meltdown.

“I’ve arrested her, Alex. For something she didn’t even do!”

“And you’ve apologized, babe, and she said she understood, and she – ”

“I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“Maggie, how… how would you ever disappoint me?”

Maggie shrugs, her eyes averted. “I don’t want to mess the date up.”

“You won’t. You’re going to make the date perfect. Okay?”
Maggie can’t help but smile at the calm confidence, the steady faith, in Alex’s eyes.

“Yes. Okay.”

A sudden breeze blows through both of their hair, but they don’t bother jumping.

“You just love the fact that you can carry her around like that, don’t you?” Alex asks without even turning around, and Lena laughs lightly as Kara sets her down from her bridal-style position in her arms.

“You’re telling me you don’t carry your woman around like that, Agent Danvers?” Lena teases, and Maggie smirks as Kara shoves her fingers in her ears and starts humming loudly.

“Oh, Kara, your sister’s allowed to have a sex life,” Lena laughs.

“Yeah, but not in front of me, she’s not!”

“Don’t worry, Little Danvers, we’ll keep things PG for you.”

Kara gives her a fake glare, and Alex pulls her into a laughing hug.

“So – we said bowling?” she asks Lena, and Lena nods gamely.

“Lex taught me – it’s one of the ways I learned physics, largely,” she offers almost shyly, and Alex’s eyes light up.

“I learned physics from surfing! I would study it obsessively before I even…”

Maggie and Kara hung back as Alex and Lena strolled out of the apartment.

“We both just lost our dates to science, didn’t we, Sunshine?”

Kara grins. “Maybe we can team up and beat them at bowling!”

They both smile, relishing the idea, but once they have a chance to think about it, they frown at exactly the same moment.

“Maybe we shouldn’t do that,” they course correct at the same time, and they laugh the entire way there.

Lena and Alex keep rolling perfect strikes.

Of course they do.

Maggie isn’t bad – she’s slightly better at this than she is at pool – and Kara is, by painful necessity, excellent at Earth physics, but for the sake of fun, she’s trained her body to not always be the best at every single sport.

So Lena is really holding their team up.

And Alex is holding up hers and Maggie’s.

They grab pizza and fries and root beers and club sodas in between rounds, and Lena’s eyes sparkle at how enthusiastically her girlfriend eats.

“Get you a girl that looks at you the way Lena Luthor looks at Kara Danvers,” Maggie writes on
her snapchat to James, and Alex glances over at it and laughs.

“What about a girl who looks at you the way I do?” Alex wants to know.

“What other girls? I only see you, Danvers.”

Kara and Lena have to toss french fries at them to get them to stop making out and carry on with the game. Maggie just wears a shit-eating grin as she thanks them for the fries, collecting them off of her and Alex’s laps and popping them into her mouth.

Lena rolls her eyes, but it’s out of happiness, out of laughter, out of… friendship.

It’s midnight before any of them are ready to leave, before both couples have won enough games to safely call it a draw.

It’s midnight before Alex takes Maggie home and shoves her up against the door of her apartment the moment they get inside.

“This okay?” she asks, and Maggie giggles.

“What brought this on, Danvers?”

“Have you seen those jeans you’ve been wearing all night?”

Maggie looks down at her own body and shrugs. “You certainly have.”

“I want them off. If you do, I mean.”

“So take them off, Danvers.”

And she does.

Across town, Kara and Lena are having a similar… conversation, though Kara’s is about Lena’s bra, about how she’s conflicted because it’s so lacy, so pretty, but so is what’s underneath it, and Kara just can’t figure out what the best course of action is.

“Why don’t we do an experiment?” Lena proposes in her richest voice, and Kara’s insides melt in the best of ways.

“I’m listening,” she husks, an almost feral grin on her face.

“You can fuck me with my bra on, and then you can give it another go with my bra off. And we can… evaluate the results.”

“I like the way you think, Lena.”

“And I like the way you make love to me, Kara.”

“So I will then.”

“That, my darling? Is the best news I’ve heard all night.”
“Okay, okay, yes, Lyra and I were there last night, but her brother’s safe and sound now, so no art thievery, I swear, we just – ”

“Whoa Winn, slow down. I don’t know where you and Lyra were after your Guardian stint last night and I really don’t want to. That’s not why I’m calling.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. But I do have donuts for you, if you… I kind of… I need to talk to you… alone… I mean, I’m sorry, you and Lyra probably have plans – ”

“Name the time and place, my favorite pool shark, and I’ll be there.”

“You gotta stop calling me that.”

“You love it.”

“Do we wanna go back to the public undecency you and Lyra apparently got up to last night?”

“Time and place, Maggie. Uh, Detective Sawyer.”

“8 o’clock. The bar okay for you?”

“Only if we can shoot some pool, my favorite… um… girlfriend of Alex’s…”

“Sure, Winn. Sure.”

She hangs up and she glances at Alex and James and Kara.

“Still not sure why you guys wanted me to be the one to call him.”

“You’re new, Maggie. If you say you want to see him without his girlfriend, he’ll come. He likes you and he doesn’t want to get off on the wrong foot with you.”

“Because he’s scared of me?”

“Yes, babe. You’re terrifying.”

James and Kara snort, and Alex and Maggie glare teasingly.

“You’re sure Brian’s information’s accurate?” Kara asks one more time.
One more time because Winn is happy, and Winn is giddy, and she doesn’t want to take that from him.

Or, worse, have him turn away from all of them because he’s offended by their intervention.

“Winn might be more scared of your sister than he is of me, but I’ve got fear down to Brian’s boots. He might be a little… odd. But his intel’s never failed me before.”

James sighs and rubs his hand over his face.

“It’s not hard to believe, Kara. I mean, I wish it were, but… you should have seen Lyra go after that boy at the liquor store. He was just a kid, you know, and it was like she had no empathy.”

Maggie sighs and Alex twitches. Maggie takes her hand, because she knows that Alex, of all people, understands Lyra’s tendency to go overboard. To cause pain, and to enjoy it. And they’re working on it together. Slowly. Excruciatingly.

They’re pretty quiet until 8 o’clock rolls around and Winn strolls into the bar.

His brow furrows immediately, and he points to each of his friends in turn.

“Is this an ambush, Sawyer? I thought it was gonna be just you and me, mano a mano, shooting shots and shooting pool and – ”

“Stop talking and sit, Schott,” Alex cuts him off, and Kara leans over to tone Alex down.

He obeys, silently, staring at James.

“What’s this about, man?”

James clears his throat and folds his hands on the table. He adjusts in his seat and he glances at Kara and he looks back at Winn and he takes a deep breath.

“Winn, man, listen. I haven’t felt… I haven’t felt like I’ve had a brother since Clark. But you, Winn? You’re my brother. And I love that you’re happy, and you deserve that, man, you deserve it so much. But Winn, you’re such a nice guy that it… it can be easy for people to take advantage of you.”

“Like Kara. With Mon-el,” Maggie supplies gently, and Kara nods while holding Alex’s hand across the table.

“But we had an intervention for Kara about Mon-el, it… wait…” Winn looks around and almost stands back up, but James takes one shoulder and Maggie takes another, and they gently, very gently, push him back down to sit. “Is this an… intervention? About Lyra? Because I talked to her, James, and I told you, if you don’t want her on team Guardian, she won’t be, I talked to her – ”

“Yeah, and she apparently broke a glass and did a lot of screaming and accusing you of calling her crazy, Winn,” Kara says, her eyes soft, her voice almost softer.

Winn looks at each of them in turn, stammering.

“She’s… she’s passionate, okay? She just wants to help, and she felt like I was calling her crazy and telling her she wasn’t worth it – ”

“But that’s not what you were telling her, man. And even if you were – to break a glass like that? To yell at you like that?”
“Dude, my sister has superpowers. If she broke every glass she came across when she’d be angry, we… Winn, she’s gotta have more control than that. It’s abusive, dude, she can’t – ”

“Oh, right, Alex, and you can talk about control, and abuse, Miss Get Me a Wrench.”

Alex almost stands, the shadows behind her eyes bursting into flame. Kara and Maggie still her with their hands, their whispers, and James stills Winn with his own.

“Alright, alright! I’m sorry, Alex, that was out of line, I didn’t… I’m sorry, I just… got defensive, I… I’m sorry, Alex.”

“You’re not wrong,” she mutters, like she’d rather admit anything else in the world. “But it just makes me get it even more, Winn. It wouldn’t be acceptable if I carried that… rage… into my relationship with Maggie. Hell, it’s apparently not even acceptable when I carry it into the DEO. So dude, I get it. I sympathize with Lyra, I do. But Winn, she can’t treat you like that. She can’t. It’s not okay.”

His eyes bore into Alex’s for a long, long, long moment. Maggie and Kara exchange a tense glance, and James keeps his eyes focused on his brother.

“But I think I might love her.”

Kara stands and crosses to Winn’s side of the table, kneeling next to him and pulling him into a soft hug. “I know. And I’m so sorry, Winn. But that’s the thing. About you. And, I guess, about me. We love so hard and forgive so easily that it’s almost impossible to see when we’re being treated badly. And you don’t deserve it, Winn. You don’t.”

“You’re all not… mad at me?”

“No!”

“Absolutely not!”

“No.”

“Dude, why would we be mad at you?”

“Because I’m stupid, apparently, I’m just… stupid.”

“You’re not. You’re not stupid, Winn. Your kindness is… it’s beautiful, man. But you gotta look out for yourself. And sometimes you forget to, or don’t know you deserve to, so…”

“So you have your family to help get you there.”

“Family, huh, Kara?” he looks down at her, his lips twisting into a soft smile.

“Family,” she confirms, and Winn doesn’t remember ever feeling this loved. This cared for. This… home.

Chapter End Notes

I know this wasn’t Sanvers per se, but I feel like you all react so positively to my
Winn-related fics that you'd appreciate me including this here!
Chapter 350

Chapter Summary

Sanvers in College: Alex Drunk Dials the Cute Girl from Bio Class

Original prompt from @wlwprompts: “Person A is drunk and decides to randomly call that cute girl from biology class to tell her she’s pretty”

@lesbapocalypse you also asked for this so like.

She’s drunk and she’s stolen Kara’s phone, because it’s finals week and all bets are off and that cute girl from biology class?

She’s 1000% sure that her name is Maggie – Maggie Sawyer – not that she paid attention.

Pfft.

No. Of course she didn’t.

And she’s 1000% sure that said Maggie Sawyer is the same Maggie that her little sister has befriended.

And therefore, that cute girl’s number – and when she says cute, she means it, but god, she also means blazingly sexy – must be in Kara’s phone.

So she swipes the phone from her sister’s bag while Kara laughs with James and Winn. Swipes it and chugs another gulp of illegal punch and she finds Maggie’s name – complete with a picture, god, a gorgeous picture, because damn, those dimples, that hair, those downcast eyes – in Kara’s contacts.

Finds the name, and tries once, twice, three times, to successfully hit the big green button that makes the phone dial.

She giggles and almost bounces on the balls of her feet as the phone rings, rings, rings.

“Hey Kara!”

Alex freezes at the sound of her voice – her voice that she’s used to hearing only asking the best questions, only giving the best answers, in bio lecture, in bio lab – and she contemplates hanging up and leaving it to her sister to explain the butt dial.

“Kara?”

But now Maggie sounds concerned, because she must hear the party in the background, and Alex has seen her smile, seen her nerdiness, but she’s also seen her motorcycle, her leather jacket, her gym bag. And she doesn’t want her to be concerned, to feel like she has to speed to the party to rescue Kara from whatever situation she might be in.

“Hey! No, nope, not Kara. I mean, of course you thought it was Kara, I took her phone, I mean,
obviously you thought it was her – ”

“Danvers?”

“Not the blonde one!”

“Alex.”

“Hiiii.”

There’s a pause and she thinks she hears Maggie shuffling something.

“Danvers, you drunk? Are you with people, drinking water?”

“Awww, Sawyer, you care about me!”

“Well I sure don’t want you passing out in your own vomit, Danvers. I’ve been there, it’s not pleasant.”

Her voice is pleasant, though, and Alex collapses drunkenly onto a half-occupied couch, completely oblivious to the couple that had been making out, who shoot her irritated looks as they get up to find a better spot to kiss.

Alex thinks she hears that shuffling again, and maybe some wind, but she’s drunk and everything is oh so slightly hazy, but pleasantly so – pleasant, because Maggie Sawyer is on the phone with her, Maggie Sawyer cares whether she throws up or not. Maggie Sawyer. God. How can anyone be that perfect?

“I’m finnneee. I just… it’s just, I know you’re Kara’s friend, but we’ve never really talked, and I… even if you weren’t Kara’s friend, I’d have noticed you, you know. I mean, how could I not notice you? Do you know we’re in the same bio class? You’re always so smartest. The smartest girl in the class. The smartest and the cutest. And my sister’s friend! What are the odds, huh? Maybe we can calculate it with genome mapping or something. But we’re more than our code, right, we have to be. You believe that, right, Maggie?”

“Hey, Danvers, I’m not cutting you off, but can you do me a favor?”

Alex preens. Her last name sounds so nice on Maggie’s tongue. She wonders what else would feel nice on Maggie’s tongue. Everything, probably.

She nods before she realizes vaguely that Maggie can’t see her.

“Mmhmm.”

“Remind me which house is throwing the party you all are at.”

Alex squints as she tries to remember. “The one across from the science building. Where we take bio. Together. But now term is ending and maybe we won’t do anything together again. Not even that we did anything in bio together, because I was too nervous to – ”

“Danvers, whoa whoa. Can you do me another favor, sweetie?”

Alex’s heart backflips and she almost careens off the couch, because she called her sweetie, she called her sweetie, she called her sweetie.

The sound of wind on the other line increases in her ear, but maybe that’s just a side effect from
how hard she’s pressing the phone to her ear, like the closer she clutches it, the closer she’ll be to Maggie.

“Yeah.” She thinks her voice might be higher, might be breathier, than it normally is, but that’s alright, because Maggie Sawyer called her sweetie.

“I know you have things you feel like you want to tell me right now, and I want to hear them, but only if you still want to tell me when you’re sober, okay?”

Alex blinks and furrows her brow at the phone, because – maybe she’s more drunk than she thought – Maggie’s voice seems to be coming from two places, now. One, through the phone, and one, less static-y, closer to her body.

She looks up from the couch and she startles, because Maggie is standing over her, crouching down next to her as she hangs up her phone, all basketball shorts and hoodie and flip flops and hair hastily tied back into a messy ponytail.

She’s grinning softly, but she’s breathing kind of heavily, like she’d just sprinted from her dorm room. Because, Alex realizes dimly, that’s exactly what she just did.

“Hey Alex,” she says as Alex splutters, as Alex fumbles to sit up straight, to fix her hair, to hang up Kara’s phone without dropping it.

Alex thinks she may be imagining it, but Maggie’s voice is softer, now, more breakable, now, more vulnerable, now, than it had been when they’d been on the phone. When Maggie had been on a search-and-give-water-to-the-drunk-girl mission.

But now that she’s arrived, water bottle she must have grabbed on the way out of her dorm in hand, her voice is shy, and her eyes are shy, and her eyes are something that look a little scared.

“Hi Maggie,” Alex whispers, and then giggles because she’s not sure why she’s whispering. Maggie grins, and it’s the sweetest sight Alex has ever seen. She made Maggie Sawyer smile.

“Why did you come all the way here? You didn’t have to come all the way here, I – ”

“Well, clearly your sister doesn’t know what you’re up to or how drunk you are, because if she did I would have heard her in the background telling you to think before you dial and all that stuff.”

Alex covers her face with hands made clumsy by alcohol.

“Ugh, I’m sorry, you’re right, I shouldn’t have – I ruined your night, I embarrassed myself, I’m sorry, Maggie, I – ”

“Hey, hey, no, that’s not what I meant.” Maggie gets up from her crouch to sit on the couch next to Alex, and she opens the water bottle for her and presses it gently into her hands.

“Drink. Please?”

“I’m not that drunk.”

Maggie just nods, and Alex does as she’s told.

She finishes the entire bottle in one chug, and Maggie just watches her with cautious but glistening eyes.
“Okay, come on. Kara!” she calls across the room, and Kara seems to materialize next to them instantly.

“Maggie! I thought you weren’t in the mood to party toni – Alex? Are you okay? What –”

“Here. Your phone.”

“How did you –”

“Tell you in the morning. Right now, I’m gonna take your sister back to my room – no funny business, I promise – and help her sober up a little. Okay?”

Kara glances between Maggie’s disheveled appearance and Alex’s drunken one, and she kisses Alex’s cheek.

“Don’t give her a hard time, okay, Alex?” she teases, and Alex giggles as she stands unsteadily, both Kara and Maggie stabilizing her.

“When do I give anyone a hard time?”

Kara just kisses her again, just thanks Maggie, doesn’t object to their arrangement, because she trusts Maggie not to take advantage of her sister, and she knows that her sister would like nothing more than to get to know Maggie better. She just wishes she’d have had the courage to reach out sober. But they’ll work on that. The three of them.

Alex leans on Maggie, who’s wrapped her arm around Alex’s waist, and revels in the contact.

As they walk, she rambles about the chemical structure of alcohol. About its impacts on the brain. Maggie listens and Maggie smiles and Maggie nods in all the right places, and Maggie lets her talk, lets her talk, because she’s focused on making sure she doesn’t let the taller girl stumble and fall.

When Maggie shoves her dorm door open, Alex freezes.

“You know I’ve wanted this since like, the first time I saw you. For you to take me back to your room. To…” Her eyes flit down to Maggie’s lips.

“To kiss you.”

Maggie gulps and slips away from her, taking care to keep her hands on Alex’s arms to help her stabilize.

“Go pee.”

“What?”

“You’re this drunk? You for sure need to pee. Bathroom’s right there. Can you make it on your own?”

Alex nods with tears in her eyes, and Maggie hates herself a little bit, but she’d hate herself a lot more if she let this conversation continue.

The bathroom door shuts and the water flushes and the sink runs for a long, long, long moment.

When Alex stumbles out, it’s with confusion and the shadows of hurt in her eyes.

“Did I do something wrong? I don’t have to stay here, you didn’t have to – I just thought – you ran
to… to rescue me, and you gave me water, and you took me home, and I thought that meant you like me as much as I like you, and I –

"Alex. Alex, Alex, look… We can talk about all this when you’re sober. If you still want to talk about it. I promise. But right now? Right now, we can talk biology. Or astrophysics, or about the dessication and revival of tardigrades, whatever you want. Just not us. Not now. And certainly no kissing. Okay?"

Alex slumps down onto Maggie’s bed without asking, and Maggie just grins and kneels to help take Alex’s boots off.

“Why not?”

“Because you’re drunk, Danvers,” Maggie giggles like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“It’s never mattered to any guy,” Alex almost whispers, and Maggie stiffens, and her nostrils flare, and her eyes are more serious, more full of rage, than Alex has ever seen them.

“Well, it matters to me. Okay? Come on.”

She helps Alex swing her legs up onto the bed, holds her up to take in one more glass of water, hastily poured, and she kicks off her flip flops and grabs a pillow from the other side of her bed.

“You’re not gonna come to bed?”

“The floor’s perfectly fine for me, Danvers.”

“But –”

“When you’re sober. If you still want to. I promise, Alex. Okay?”

“You promise?”

“Yeah, Danvers. Yeah. I promise.”

But Alex is asleep, a small smile on her face, before Maggie even finishes her promise. Her promise to her best friend’s big sister, who she’s been trying to gather the courage to ask out for months now.

She snuggles down onto the floor and – eventually – falls asleep with a smile on her own face, too.
Chapter 351

Chapter Summary

College Alex Drunk Dials the Cute Girl from Bio Class: Part Two (the morning after)

By absurdly popular demand

@technicallynotahuman @sarcasticallyinspired (don’t sacrifice anyone here it is ;) )
@danielagzzda @a-few-of-my-favorite-turtles @mahaokby @kryptons-lesbian @like-rain-and-phones and all yall commenting on Ao3, see what happens when you ask nicely? ;)

She wakes before Alex does.

Of course she wakes before Alex does – she doesn’t have red solo cups brimmed with punch working its way out of her bloodstream.

The sun’s just coming in through the blinds on her small window, and she can’t help but stare at the girl laying above her, in her bed, tangled in her sheets.

Alex hasn’t moved all night – she’s still out cold in the same position Maggie helped her into a few hours ago.

She smiles, and she forces herself to look away from how peaceful her best friend’s big sister looks. How peaceful, as opposed to how intense she always seems, how intent on getting everything right, on understanding everything immediately, on protecting Kara. How gorgeous she looks. Like she always does.

She forces herself to look away because it wouldn’t be fair.

Wouldn’t be fair to stare at the sleeping form of the girl she’s had a crush on since she first laid eyes on her – sitting front center in their bio lecture, while Maggie sat all the way up in the back – it was just the back of her head, then, her sweater and the way she took copious notes, and the clean, confident quality of her voice when she answered questions, when she demanded explanations for things that seemed to make no sense – things the professors didn’t have answers for, so the girl found her own.

Maggie had lingered in her seat, that first day. Lingered, because she wanted to see this girl stand up, turn around. Wanted to see her face.

And when she did – god, when she did – Maggie almost swooned, because god, she’s the most beautiful girl Maggie had ever seen.

She knew immediately that she had no chance. That this girl was way out of her league.

So when she befriended Kara Danvers in her English class, her stomach clenched when she slowly started to realize that the girl she had a crush on was her new friend’s older sister.

God, to be a lesbian.
So it wouldn’t be fair to stare at her now, even after Alex’s drunken confessions the night before.

Because hell, she was probably just lonely, just drunk, just looking for a good time.

Because there was no way someone as brilliant, as dedicated, as gorgeous as Alex Danvers would ever even notice her, let alone…

Whatever. It’s whatever.

She stands quietly and pads into the kitchen, rummaging for instant coffee, for water, for a banana, for aspirin. Alex will probably need all of them when she wakes.

Maggie settles back onto the floor with a calculus text book, her back against the wall, eyes deliberately not on Alex’s sleeping form, but facing her so she can make sure she’s alright. Make sure she’s not having nightmares or anything.

She forces herself to focus on studying – just one more exam, tonight – so she doesn’t focus on the deep, slow rhythm of Alex’s breath. Doesn’t focus on the idea, the image, of Alex in her bed.

In her bed.

God.

She needs to focus.

But then Alex is stirring, and Maggie is glancing up, and Alex is checking to see if she has her clothes on, and Maggie’s fists clench and her heart breaks.

“Maggie.” Her voice is groggy and her voice is perfect.

“Morning,” Maggie offers, still like if she moves, she’ll scare Alex more than she already looks scared.

“Did I – did we – ”

“No.” She shakes her head firmly, and Alex instantly believes her.

“God. Because if we did, I’d want to remem – ” But then she does remember.

Remembers her drunken call, remembers her confessions. Remembers Maggie calling her sweetie, remembers Maggie running to get her, to give her water.

Remembers telling Maggie she wants to kiss her, and something about a promise to continue the conversation when Alex is sober. If she wants.

And she does want. God, does she want.

But right now? Right now, her face is red and she’s rolling over in Maggie’s bed – in Maggie’s bed – and she’s groaning and she’s apologizing, apologizing, over and over and over.

And then there are tentative hands on her back, on her shoulder, and there’s whispering, soft and gentle and careful and protective.

“Hey, hey, hey, Danvers. Alex. You have nothing to apologize for. Okay? It happens. Being drunk and all. It’s okay, you’re okay, I don’t… I don’t think any less of you or – ”
“But I was so pathetic –”

“No.” The sternness in Maggie’s voice makes her take her hands away from her face and look up at her, at her messy hair, still in the basketball shorts and hoodie she’d thrown on last night.

“No, Alex, you’re not pathetic. Okay? Far from it, you –”

“Maggie.”

“Yeah.”

“Can you get up?”

“Oh! Yeah, of course, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have just –”

“No, it’s not that, it’s just – I have to pee.”

Maggie grins, partly amused, mostly relieved that Alex wasn’t repulsed by her touch. She bows and sweeps her hands toward her bathroom, and Alex returns the grin shyly.

Maggie collapses onto her bed and sighs and stares at her hands and tries to calm her racing heart, her burning desire.

She waits a few long minutes, until she hears Alex call, “Hey Maggie, can I use your mouthwash?”

“Course you can!” she calls back, her heart racing, glad she’d brushed her own teeth while Alex was still sleeping, because Alex had said she wanted to kiss her, and maybe, just maybe… but no. No, no. She was probably just trying to get rid of the taste of old alcohol in her mouth. That had to be it.

She’s still trying to convince herself not to get her hopes up – because god knows that never does any good – when she realizes that Alex has opened the bathroom door, is leaning on it, holding it, her head resting on it, staring at Maggie with a slightly tilted head.

“You okay?” she asks, and Maggie almost jumps.

“Aren’t I supposed to be asking you that? You hungover?”

Alex stretches her neck out like she’s testing herself, and she shakes her head.

“Not really. You took good care of me.”

Maggie splutters, and she doesn’t remember any girl ever making her splutter before.

“I just gave you some water.”

Alex nods to the banana, aspirin, and water Maggie had already set out for you. “You did more than that.”

Maggie shrugs and stands, pushing off the bed with her hands on her thighs.

“Just being a good campus citizen, Danvers.”

Alex’s face drops, and Maggie’s heart goes along with it. Alex crosses the room slowly, tentatively, and Maggie forgets how to breathe.
“Is that all?” Alex wants to know, and Maggie can look at nothing but her lips, breathe nothing but her breath, think nothing but her confessions the night before. Noticing her. Liking her. How smart she is. How cute. That she’s been wanting to have Maggie take her back to her room. Been wanting to kiss her.

“I… Alex…”

Alex backs up immediately, her face a map of disappointment, of humiliation. Of self-hatred.

“I’m sorry – ”

“No, Alex, I… I sit all the way up in the back of the lecture hall, how did you even… notice me?”

Alex smiles at that, at the hope she hears in Maggie’s voice, and she plops back down on Maggie’s bed. Maggie joins her on the rumpled sheets, and they both gulp when they realize that they might be fully clothed, they might be sitting up, but they are, technically, in bed together.

“I can’t imagine ever not noticing you, Maggie,” Alex admits with no breath, with a bright red face and with shaking hands.

“But I’m just…”

“Beautiful. You’re so beautiful,” Alex whispers, and Maggie shakes her head.

“Alex – ”

“You said… I know I was drunk, but I could never forget this – you said you’d come to bed with me. Kiss me. If I still wanted to, sober. And I’m sober. And I… I still want to kiss you. Were you just being nice, or do you – ”

Maggie cuts off her words with her lips, with gentle hands on Alex’s face, thumbs swiping over her cheeks, index fingers lost in her jawline, under her short hair, and Alex raises her eyebrows, still with shock for a moment before she steadies herself with one hands on Maggie’s shoulder and the other on her face, kissing her back, kissing her back, kissing her back.

Maggie gasps when Alex’s lips part for her tongue, and heat tears through her body when Alex swoons against her with a gasp softer than air but more intense than anything Maggie has ever heard or felt.

Alex tastes like her mouthwash and she tastes like her heaven, and god, god, god, she’s never understood the whole fireworks thing until this moment, here, now, Alex Danvers’s trembling fingers on her shoulders, Alex’s tongue exploring her lips, Alex’s body shifting so they’re as close as they can be without laying down, Alex kissing her like she’s never been kissed, like she’s never been seen, like she’s never been cared for, attended to… appreciated.

They kiss until neither of them can breathe, until they have to part their lips and press their foreheads together and breathe. Just breathe.

“Wow,” Maggie whispers.

“I’ve been wanting to do that,” Alex smiles, and Maggie mirrors it.

“Same, Danvers. Same.”

“So you’re saying you like me back. Cause that’s… that’s what I got.”
Maggie chuckles. What a nerd.

What a perfect, perfect nerd.

“Of course, you're not gonna make me wait a whole term for our next kiss, are you?”

It’s Alex’s turn to chuckle, to run her fingers over Maggie’s hair, to pull her into their next kiss.

Their next kiss, and far, far, far from their last.
Chapter 352

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

please write nb!alex in college, like could they meet maggie in college too? also just as a personal preference cause I love the idea could alex have a really cool undercut? wow I love your writing and college nb!alex would be amazing

It’ll all be okay next term.

Next term, when Kara comes to school with them, when Kara will be a freshman.

Because Eliza is always talking about Alex needing to take care of Kara, and Alex is always thinking of taking care of Kara.

But it’s been a while since they’ve realized how much Kara takes care of them, too, without even meaning to.

Because the phone calls and the FaceTime sessions aren’t enough.

Especially now.

Especially now with their new undercut – it took a couple anti-anxiety meds to actually go through with it, because you’re already underperforming in your coursework, Alexandra, and now you’re distracting yourself further with ridiculous haircuts? – and especially now with the binder they’d saved for all of fall term to be able to afford.

The binder that finally helps them be able to wear henleys, because the damn shirts never fell right on their body before. The binder that will undoubtedly draw cries of protest from Eliza, because oh Alexandra – or would you prefer Alexander? You know this is all so much for me to take in – your body is beautiful, and aren’t you concerned about the wear and tear with such intense compression, and what will you do when you have to spend hours in the lab and you get overheated in that thing? You are still intending to spend hours in the lab, aren’t you? Because after you failed that last test, I keep worrying that you’ll just forsake all that you’ve spent so long building for… what? Some girl? Is there a girl? God, can you let me deal with this gender stuff before bringing home a girl? Would that girl be a lesbian, anyway? Oh, Alexan – Alex – why can nothing ever be simple with you, it used to be so simple with you.

The binder that will draw protests, but hell, they’re failing a couple of classes anyway – and Eliza makes sure they can’t forget it – so why not fail at everything, right?

At least, when Alex looks in the mirror with their new binder on – their roommate Lucy had grinned like a fiend listening to Alex stumble around the bathroom, pulling it up over their legs and ass, upside down and backwards, so they could slip it up their body properly, and Lucy’s grin had only gotten bigger at Alex’s excited squeals as they tossed open the door and kept running their hands over their flattened chest, standing front ways, sideways, all ways, tossing on shirt after shirt after shirt, just to watch them finally fit properly – at least when they look in the mirror now, they
see their own smile, their own tears, Lucy’s grin, hear Kara’s squeals over FaceTime, rather than Eliza’s disapproval.

“The girls are gonna love you even more than they already did, Danvers,” Lucy nudges them as the two friends sit very illegally on the ledge of their first floor dorm room, their legs hanging out of their window, a couple of feet off the ground, and Alex pffts, and Alex splutters, and Alex blushes.

But then Alex glances down at their newly-bound chest, first with excitement, first with pride, then with… panic, and they grow serious.

“But what if my mom’s right? What if the gay girls just want… well…”

“Straight up girls?”

Alex nods with tears in their eyes.

“You’re amazing, Alex. Binding or not, whatever pronouns you use. Any girl can see that a mile away. And uh… hey. Looks like that gorgeous one already has.”

Alex’s heart plummets and they try to follow Lucy’s gaze, the slight nod of her head, subtly, subtly, subtly.

And then they almost tumble right off the windowsill, because the girl Lucy’s talking about?

The girl who just parked her motorcycle in the lot across from their dorm room, all thick leather jacket and boots and denim and dimples?

That girl is the most beautiful girl Alex has ever seen, and she’s staring right at them.

Alex sends a silent thank you to the queer goddesses that Lucy’s lawyerly aspirations include a military-style commitment to fitness, because somehow, even with her much smaller frame, she manages to grab Alex subtly enough to not make it obvious, strong enough to make sure they don’t splat out of the window.

The girl notices despite Lucy’s subtlety, and she grins.

Her eyes are bright and her dimples are adorable and Lucy mutters a reminder for Alex to breathe.

“Alright there?” the girl calls, and Lucy nudges Alex in the ribs.

“Nice ride,” they call back, and Lucy sits a little straighter, proud of her friend for using… words.

The girl struts over – Alex doesn’t know how to think about her walk as anything other than a confident, almost cocky, strut, and Alex is gone, gone, gone – with a small grin still on her face, a thin backpack slung over both shoulders and her helmet still in her hand.

“You two supposed to be hanging out of your window like that?”

Alex thinks of a lot of possible responses.

You supposed to be so hot amongst unsuspecting queers?

You supposed to be riding that motorcycle on campus? You can cause an accident with how good you look on it.

You supposed to have a voice that sounds like my first kiss and a face that looks like my heaven?
They think of a lot of possible responses, but they only splutter one.

“Sure, we – I mean, no, but pfft, rules? I mean, you rode a Triumph to school, like come on, screw rules, right?”

Lucy grimaces, claps Alex on the shoulder, and swings her legs up and back into their dorm room.

“Well. Good luck with this one,” she says to Maggie with a grin. “I’m Lucy Lane, and their name – if they never get around to telling you – is Alex Danvers. Feel free to stop by any time…”

“Maggie Sawyer,” the girl answers, but her eyes are on Alex’s face, which has gone pale since Lucy used their proper pronouns to introduce them to this gorgeous girl, since Maggie’s eyes traced slowly up and down Alex’s body, taking in their undercut, their flat chest, their boy jeans, their black, short-sleeved henley.

“Well. You kids have fun,” Lucy claps Alex’s shoulder again, and Alex thinks about asking her – begging her – to stay, but Lucy’s hopped back inside before Alex can form words.

“So, college has you so busy that you’re window hanging, Danvers?” the new girl teases. Maggie. Maggie Sawyer.

Alex rolls the name around in their mind, on their tongue, and decide they love it.

They shrug. “I’m usually in the lab.” They point haphazardly in the direction of one of the science buildings. “But I uh… I’ve had a lot going on lately, depression and whatever, and my mom’s been ragging on me more than usual, so I haven’t been doing so great in classes, so they gave me time off from the lab to fix my grades and – shit, I’m sorry, I… I don’t know why I’m telling you all this.”

“They tend to ramble in front of cute girls, Sawyer!” Lucy shouts from inside their living room, and Alex nearly leans in to take a swipe at her, but Maggie just grins.

“They’re lucky I find rambling charming, then,” Maggie calls back with a tilted head and a bright smile.

She used my pronouns. She used my pronouns. She used my pronouns and she’s smiling at me like maybe she can like me and holy shit, is she – she is – oh shit shit shit fuck fuck fuck I’m gonna either kill Lucy or get her a car or something as a thank you…

Because Maggie is swinging her backpack off her back and gingerly placing her helmet on top of it on the ground, and she’s arching an eyebrow.

“Want some company up there, Danvers?” she asks, holding up a hand, and Alex gulps, and Alex leans down to grasp it.

They both inhale sharply at the other’s touch, at the strength in the other’s grip. At the spark, the heat, that shoots through both of their bodies on contact.

Alex tugs her up easily, and Maggie situates herself next to them on the window ledge.

“So your parents have hella painful expectations of you too, huh?” she asks, her voice deliberately light.

“Just my mom. My dad, he uh… plane crash.”
“Oh shit, Danvers, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to – “

“No. No, it’s okay. Your parents too? Expectations?”

Maggie grins wryly and studies their fingernails. “It’s whatever. But hey – looks like you got yourself a nice roommate.”

“Damn right they do!”

“Oh my god, Lucy!”

“What, am I cramping your non-existent style, Al?”

Alex groans but Maggie just laughs. “She looks out for you,” she says softly after a few moments, like it’s hard for her to believe that people have relationships like that. Friendships like that. Family like that.

Like it’s a foreign concept to her.

Alex runs their hand over the side of their head that’s shaved, and bites the inside of their cheek.

“Do you not? Have people who look out for you?”

Maggie just shrugs. “I’m new here. New to… cities, generally.”

Alex studies her for a moment. “Welcome, then, Maggie Sawyer. Consider yourself looked out for.” They hold out their hand, and Maggie looks wary, like touching them again will catapult her into a world she’s scared to go, terrified to trust, petrified to hope for.

But Alex’s face is kind, and it’s open, and damn, it’s cute as hell.

And cute queers always were Maggie’s weakness.

Or, now, maybe… her hope.

She takes Alex’s hand, and shakes it, and she watches Alex groan good-naturedly when Lucy whoops from inside their living room.

“Can you get your own life?!” Alex calls back inside, not bothering to take their hand from Maggie’s.

“Not when yours is so straight out of a movie!”

Alex blushes and Maggie beams and Alex thinks, for once, that maybe, if this is part of their life movie, that they’re not such a failure after all.
anonymous asked:

Hey J, I know you'll probably be full of fix it asks but... Would you do something with Alex and Maggie being the best queer moms ever? I'm not out to my family, but just hearing what they say sometimes makes me sick. Besides, Adrian is one of the best OCs I've ever read. Thanks for being such a great person.

He’s never been drunk before.

He’s never been drunk before, but god, is he drunk now.

He’s drunk and he thinks he might be seeing double, but he can’t be sure because he can’t exactly count.

He thinks he might need to throw up, but he can’t be sure because – no. No, definitely sure.

He needs to throw up.

He makes it to the bathroom and he texts Maggie from his knees.

It’s incoherent because looking at the screen makes him throw up more.

He nearly drops his phone in the toilet when it starts to vibrate.

Maggie’s picture shows up on his caller ID, and he grins faintly and mutters her name mildly and spits into the toilet.

“Detective Sawyerrrr,” he slurs once he figures out how to put his finger on the green button thing.

“Where are you?” she asks, and he thinks he might throw up again, because she definitely knows.

“Maggie, don be mad! Don be maaad, Maggie, is Latinx night and I didn’t mean to have this muchhh – I don’t even think I had that much, just – did you know you’re not supposed to drink super fast? Or mix drinks? I think you’re not supposta do those things.”

“I was gonna teach you to drink, Rodriguez, you couldn’t tell me you wanted to before this?”

“Well you coulda told me you were gonna teach me!”

“Adrian.” He can’t tell if she’s frustrated or smiling or worried or all of the above, but he definitely here’s Alex in the background.

“Hi Alex,” he calls, trying to wave before he remembers they can’t see him.

And suddenly the phone is out of his hands, and he looks up, and a friend he met through the queer center, Mateo, is crouching over him, running a damp paper towel over his lips with one hand, holding his phone with the other.
“Maggie?” he asks, and Adrian tries to grab the phone back, but Mateo shrugs him off easily.

“Mateo? Is he okay? Where are you guys?”

“Maggie, I’m so sorry, I lost track of him for just a few minutes, I thought only one beer couldn’t hurt him, but you know how cute he is, some people must have bought him drinks —”

“Mateo, you have a boyyyyyfriend, don’t let Jordan hear you call me cuteee.”

“It’s okay, Mateo, it happens. Just tell me where you are and we’ll come get him. And get him some water, okay?”

Jordan greets them both outside the club when they roll up in Maggie’s car – which she bought exactly for situations like this – and she flashes her badge when someone says they can’t double park, and she flashes her badge when the bouncer asks for ID, and when he balks, she says something to him in rapidfire Portuguese, and Alex can translate enough to know that it’s something about letting underage kids in, letting underage kids drink, and don’t think she won’t be checking back in if they don’t take this warning very, very seriously.

Jordan and Alex exchange raised eyebrows before Jordan leads them to the men’s room.

“Lady, you can’t – “

Maggie doesn’t even bother, on the warpath, just flashing her badge again, but she’s kneeling on the ground next to Adrian and Mateo in an instant, and her eyes are suddenly so, so, so soft, and Alex is so, so, so wildly in love with her.

“Hey, bud,” she greets softly, her hands running over his hair, his collared shirt, after squeezing Mateo’s arm in greeting, in gratitude.

“Maggie,” Adrian slurs, barely awake, and Maggie nods and grins.

“He throw up more since I called?” she asks Mateo, and he shakes his head as he shifts to let Maggie take over holding Adrian somewhat upright.

“Alright Ade, I know this is gonna be awful, but you’ve gotta throw up a little more now.”

“I don’t wanna – “

“I know, Ade, I know, but you gotta.”

“Are you mad at – “

But he doesn’t get the words out, because he’s suddenly rigid and retching violently into the toilet, and Maggie just holds his hand, rubs his back, nods softly, sympathetically.

“It hurts,” he whispers hoarsely, and Alex kneels behind Maggie.

“I know it does, Ade, but I promise it won’t hurt forever. Trust me, I know. When I was your age, damn, I got much worse than you are right now. I know how you feel, and you know what? I promise, it’ll feel better.”

“Alex! You came too. I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I messed up your night, I messed – “

He vomits again, and Maggie kisses the back of his neck when he spits.
Alex takes the small bottle of mouthwash she’d grabbed from the apartment out of her back pocket.

“Here, Ade, swig this around your mouth. Don’t swallow it, okay?”

Adrian nods faintly as Maggie smiles at her girlfriend, opening the little bottle for him and guiding it to his lips.

He swishes and he spits and he leans his forehead on Maggie’s shoulder.

“Mateo, could you please – “ Maggie starts to ask, but he and Jordan have already come back with new glasses of water.

“Thank you,” she says, pleased with their thoughtfulness, with the concern and regret in their eyes.

“How you feel, Ade?” Jordan asks, and Adrian gives a mock grin and a weak thumbs up.

“You think you have more in you, buddy?” Maggie asks, and he shakes his head as she offers a straw to his lips.

“I know the idea of water hurts, but just a few sips. Just a few sips, okay?” Alex coaches, and she praises him when he forces some down, his face a tight grimace.

He whispers something that sounds a lot like thank you, and he remembers nothing else.

He wakes up in Maggie’s bed, jeans unbuttoned, top buttons of his shirt undone, shoes off. He wakes up with water, a banana, aspirin, coffee all next to his bed. With the curtains all drawn so the light doesn’t hurt his eyes, and with Alex and Maggie tiptoeing around in the kitchen, being as quiet as they can.

“Ey,” he tries, and even though it’s a whisper, they both spring to attention, spring to either side of the bed.

“How you feel, soldier?” Alex asks with a grin, and Adrian groans.

“I passed out?”

Maggie nods. “We only just got home a couple hours ago.”

Adrian’s brow furrows as he accepts the water Alex is giving him, accepts the help Maggie’s giving him with sitting up slow, slow, slow. “But it wasn’t that late when I called.”

“I figured you wouldn’t want us to carry you to the car, so we let you sleep it off in the stall until you could kind of walk. It’s okay if you don’t remember. Nothing bad happened. And Mateo and Jordan send their love, and their said they’re sorry they didn’t watch you closer. I’m pretty sure they blew up your phone with texts.”

Adrian blinks.

“So… so I get into a club illegally, and I drink illegally, and you just… let me sleep on you on a gross bathroom floor for hours and then take me home and take care of me?”

“What else should we have done, Ade?” Maggie asks with narrow eyes and a tilted head.

“I don’t know… yell at me? Arrest me?”
“Well, arresting you wasn’t gonna happen. That’s not what the law… But I did made it very clear to the club that if I ever catch them serving underage kids again… And yell at you? Why would I yell at you?”

“I was stupid.”

Maggie smiles, and she kisses his forehead, and she nods.

“Yes. But Adrian, you called me. Or, well, you texted me. You reached out when you were in a bit of trouble, and that’s all I can ask. I can’t ask you to never make mistakes. I can only ask you to make sure you call me – or Alex, or your parents, or all of us – when you’re in trouble so we can help you.”

“So… you’re not mad?”

Alex snorts. “Oh, she’s hopping mad. But we figure we’ll let you come down from the hangover before you get lectured, Sawyer Style.”

“Not helping, Danvers.”

Alex just winks at him, and Adrian lets out a groggy giggle, and Maggie can’t help but melt.

Because he’s home, and he’s safe, and he’s growing up, but god, he’s still their kid, and he always will be.

And she can’t ask for anything more.
She doesn’t speak for an entire week.
An entire week where she refuses to open her mouth, even to eat, to drink.
She accepts the IV fluids, nutrients, without complaint, without comment.
Without comment because she won’t open her mouth.
Won’t open her mouth because if she does, the water will rush in.
If she does, her lungs won’t just burn. They’ll burn while they drown.
If she does, she will never stop screaming.
If she does, she will never see her sister again.
At least her death will be protecting her. She’d told her in no uncertain terms to negotiate. That Supergirl – that Kara – is bigger than her. So at least her death will protect her.
Maybe Eliza will take comfort in that.
Maybe Eliza will finally be proud of her.
But she wants to live even more than she needs her mother’s approval, so she doesn’t open her mouth.
If she does, the screaming won’t be hers.
It’ll be Kara’s, it’ll be Maggie’s.
James has already lost his father.
Winn had only just started to have a family.
J’onn’s already lost too many daughters.
J’onn can’t lose her too.
Won’t.
So she doesn’t open her mouth.
Even though he’s standing over her, even though he’s keeping watch over her. Over her sister. Over her girlfriend. Over his sons.
She wonders who’s keeping watch over him.
But she doesn’t open her mouth.

Not when Vasquez drops in to visit, to force Maggie to shower, to eat something.

Not when Lena comes to visit, to force Kara to do the same.

Not even when M’gann rushes in, windswept and desperate, like she just launched herself through the vacuum of space to get to her, to get to J’onn.

Not when M’gann forces James and Winn to help each other eat. Shower. When she nearly has to wrestle J’onn to make him do the same.

Alex just watches.

Unblinkingly.

Never with her eyes closed.

Never with her eyes closed, until the drugs they pump into her force her to, because it’s a relief, really, to see people, other people, people who love her, instead of her own reflection in that damned cage.

Instead of her own panicked eyes, floating hair, her own drowning body.

She watches, but she doesn’t speak.

And they don’t ask her to.

Kara tells her stories. Stories she used to tell her when they were kids – when they were kids and Rick had a crush on her and all she could think about was how he meant Eliza would be proud, even though she’d rather spend time with Vicky Donahue – about Krypton and about laughter and about alien science.

Winn sets up a video game console in the room and he has James and M’gann play Mario Kart with him. They all look at her more than they look at the screen, and Winn thinks he sees her almost crack a smile once.

“You’re my sister, Alex. Both of ours,” he tells her in the silence after, James taking her other hand and nodding. “We’re never gonna lose each other, understand?”

She understands that he doesn’t want to ever lose each other.

She also understands that there’s nothing he or any of them can do to prevent it.

She blinks at him, and that’s as much of a response as she’s been giving anyone, so he squeezes her hand and accepts it.

James talks to her about CatCo, about being Guardian. About how much he admires her for being a superhero without a suit.

“This doesn’t change that, you know, Alex. You’re not weak and you haven’t failed. If it had happened to any of us, you’d tell us the same. I know it’s easier said than believed, but it’s true.”

M’gann tells her stories of Mars, of red skies and fighting white supremacy, of old loves and new hopes.
J'onn says nothing, except that he couldn’t be prouder to have her as a daughter. He lets the rest of their time together lay in silence.

Neither of them are much for words.

But Maggie says even less than J'onn. Almost as little as Alex.

She never leaves. It’s James who calls her captain and arranges paid time off for her. It’s M'gann who forces her to shower when Vasquez can’t do anything more, but like Kara, Maggie refuses to go anywhere other than the bathroom right off the med bay. It’s M'gann, too, who forces her to eat, but she won’t do it anywhere but Alex’s bedside.

She just stares at Alex.

Stares at her eyes. At her chest, like she’s making sure it’s still rising and falling with her breath. With life.

And that’s exactly what she’s doing, what she’s assuring herself of.

None of them try to get Alex to talk, but they all let her know she’s loved.

Cared for.

Watched over.

Safe. Safe. Safe.

The first nightmare that breaks through the sedative has her talking again.

Or screaming, more like.

For Supergirl. Whose life is worth more than hers. Whose life is so valuable that it doesn’t matter what happens to hers.

Supergirl is too important.

Her screams make Kara hold her, whisper to her, as she wakes up.

Her screams make Maggie stand, make Maggie, for the first time since they found her, string together more than a few coherent words.

“You matter too, Alex. You’re important. Yes, your sister is important, Danvers, your sister is everything because she’s your sister, but did you ever stop to think that maybe there is no Supergirl without Alex Danvers? Did you really think you’re the only one willing to die for the people in this room? Did you really think the people who love you could ever bear to live without you? Did you really think Kara could live without you? That I could live without you?”

Alex blinks and Maggie’s low voice cracks and Kara blinks out tears and Winn’s eyes widen and James holds his arm because he knows Winn scares at raised voices, even if they’re raised in beautiful words, and J’onn stares at his daughter and M’gann stares at hers, and nobody, nobody, nobody breathes.

And then Alex says her first words since her gasping, desperate greetings when they’d found her.

Her voice is chapped and her voice is gravel, but her voice is alive, alive, alive.
“The people who love me?”

Maggie cracks a small, wet grin through her tearstained face.

“More than I’ve ever loved anyone, Alex Danvers. And I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before, I’m sorry I didn’t let you tell me, I’m sorry I almost waited too long for this first, I – “

But Alex is reaching for her and Alex is kissing her, kissing her, kissing her, and M’gann is escorting everyone else out of the room because they need this moment, they need forever’s worth of first moments like this.

“So life is too short, and we should tell the girls we love that we love them, huh?” she asks when they break for breath, breath that Maggie easily breathes into Alex’s lungs, safe, safe, safe. Loved.

“Something like that, Danvers,” Maggie smiles against her lips, and Alex lets herself cry, lets herself break, lets herself be… loved.

“I love you back, Maggie. I love you back, I love you back, I love you back.”

Neither of them say aside from variations of those three words for hours – hours while they kiss, while they touch, while they cry and while they breathe, breathe, breathe – they say nothing but I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you.
DEO agents part like the Red Sea for her, because Alex Danvers terrifies them.

Alex Danvers’s girlfriend with tears in her eyes and murder in her step?

They’ve been trained better than to pick fights they can’t win.

But James?

James knows better. But he also knows Maggie better.

He steps out of the sea of agents just itching to get their hands on Rick, and he blocks Maggie’s path with his hands already partially raised in mock surrender.

Neither of them comment on the social poignancy in their position.

“What?” she snaps, and her voice is rough, ragged. Terrified.

“You’ve gotta go easier on Kara,” he pleads, his voice soft, not wanting to embarrass her in front of the agents. He knows she’s been trying to win their respect for quite some time now. And he knows Kara isn’t exactly making that any easier right now.

“Alex is the only family I have, James,” she snaps again, anger in her eyes but grief in her voice.

It almost breaks him, because Alex is his family, too.

“That’s not true,” he tells her soft, he tells her gentle, he tells her bracingly.

But for a moment, she thinks about punching him.

About doing to him what she’d had to do to the boys in Blue Springs who told her she was disgusting, broken, who wanted to fix her, who told her that her love wasn’t legitimate, wasn’t real. Was dirty.

About doing to him what she wants to do to Rick, for kidnapping Alex, for torturing her. For the leer in his eyes when he talked about her playing for the other team, when he talked about having wanted her. About stalking them. About whatever other terrible things were in his mind when he thought about them. Looked at them. Watched them. Invaded their lives. Torturing Alex, killing Alex, for his father, yes, but also for his scorned crush, also for his loss of a girl to her sister, to her studies, and then, ultimately, to a woman.

She wants to load it all into James, because how can he do this? How can he tell her that Alex isn’t her family? Hadn’t he helped her set up that whole valentine’s thing? Hadn’t she explained the
situation to him? Didn’t he remember about her… family? Wasn’t he supposed to be the… kind one?

She tenses when suddenly his hands are on her shoulders, but before her body can react, his voice reaches her ears.

“She’s not the only family you have, Maggie. You have all of us, too. And we’re going to get her back together. As a family. I promise you.”

Maggie doesn’t know if it’s the steadiness of his hands, or the softness of his voice, or the tears in his eyes, or the way she swears he knows what she was just thinking, or the way he calls her family, family, family. But whatever it is, it almost breaks her.

She steps away from his grasp, from his eyes, from his warmth, from his love, because she can’t break.

Not while Alex needs her.

She swallows and she nods and she bites her bottom lip slightly, slightly, and she watches his face, because she’d spent seventeen hours the day before – was it only a day ago? – trying to talk a man down from killing people, and she’d succeeded (they were alive, alive, alive, just like Alex had better get out of this alive, alive, alive). She watches his face, because Kara might think her job is less than hers, somehow, but this? This is her job.

Reading people. Knowing people. Understanding people.

Empathy.

Empathy isn’t typically the job of the police. Quite the opposite. She knows it, because she’s seen what cops typically do to people who look like James. To people who look like her.

And she’s in it to change all that.

So empathy. Empathy is her job.

So she watches his face, and she narrows her eyes, and she steps back into his space, because now she has someone to take care of, and that can keep her in control, in command, composed. Just for a little while longer.

“Are you alright?”

She reaches up to touch his arm, and he stares at her for a moment.

Maggie scoffs at her own stupidity.

“Of course you’re not alright. Do you need anything?” she amends.

“Work with Kara. Don’t fight her. You two can be an amazing team. And Alex needs an amazing team right now. Alright?”

Maggie swallows and Maggie nods and Maggie almost stands on her tip toes to kiss his cheek, but that, too, might break her.

And she can’t break yet.

So she heaves a sigh and she nods again and she turns around and she raises her voice.
“Hey, Little Danvers.”

Kara turns, surprise and nerves and a little bit of anger written all over her face, and half the DEO turns with her.

“Come on, let’s save our girl. Together, okay?”

Kara blinks, and Kara glances at James, and she glances back at Maggie, and she uncrosses her arms.

She nods, and she means it.

“Together.”

J'onn clasps James’s arm as he walks past him.

“Thank you, Mr. Olsen,” he says softly, and James nods grimly.

“We’ll get your daughter back, J'onn. We will.”

J'onn nods and he sighs and he does something he hasn’t done in centuries.

He prays.

And he hopes someone, somewhere, hears it.
She flew Maggie there.

She could tell Maggie hated it.

She could tell Maggie wanted to throw up.

She could tell because she could hear Maggie’s heartbeat, she could feel Maggie’s stomach roiling.

She could tell because she wanted to throw up, too.

And when they found her?

When they found her, and she spilled out of the water, the longest moment of Kara’s entire life was the moment before Alex did the most beautiful thing Alex had ever done.

Coughed.

She’d held on.

She’d held on.

She’d held on.

And now Maggie was holding on to her, and Alex was holding on to Maggie, and Kara knows that this morning, she would have been jealous. This morning, she would have been territorial. This morning, she would have been angry.

Because this morning, Maggie was an arrogant cop who only barely deserved her sister.

But right now? Maggie is the woman who loves her sister so much that she saved her.

No.

They saved her.

Together.

And Kara? Kara will never look at Maggie the same way again.

But she needs Alex. Just Alex.

She needs her sister.
Because Alex is breathing, breathing, breathing, and they’re loading her onto a stretcher but Kara doesn’t want that. Kara just wants to fly her home, fly her home in her own arms, because she never wants Alex to leave her arms again.

And she doesn’t.

Because the medics must know.

They must know that if they try to pry either Maggie or Kara away from Alex’s barely conscious form, all hell will break loose.

So they work around the women.

The women who love her most in the world.

It takes hours for Alex to rouse from when she passes out on the way back to the DEO.

Hours during which James and Winn have to pry Kara from her side so she can eat, so she can rest, so she can breathe, breathe, breathe.

But only after, of course, they’ve done their share of touching her, of crying over her and pretending they’re not, of watching her chest rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall, because she’s only sleeping, only resting, not dead, not dead, very much not dead.

J’onn tries to reason with Maggie. James tries to reason with Maggie. Winn tries to reason with Maggie.

She won’t move from the room.

Kara decides that Alex is adequately protected.

So she lets Winn and James take her away, take her to get out of her suit, to shower, to eat, to try, just for a moment, to breathe.

And when she checks in on her sister less than an hour later – they couldn’t keep her (or themselves) away longer than that – she’s awake, and she’s busy.

Busy making out with the woman who loves her, busy wiping tears from Maggie’s eyes, from her own eyes, in between open mouthed kisses, in between foreheads pressed against each other and I love yous whispered over and over and over again.

Kara smiles, and Kara nods, and Kara waits.

She waits, and she waits, and she waits, and she wonders vaguely how someone who just nearly drowned can possibly kiss someone for that long, but then again, if anyone can figure out a way, it’s her sister.

Her sister who’s alive, alive, alive.

“Kara,” she hears, and Alex’s voice is weak. Weak and somehow strong at the same time.

Weak with exhaustion and weak with tears and weak with something that sounds an awful lot like happiness. Like relief. Like being alive, alive, alive.

She crosses into the room so fast it blows Maggie’s hair back, blows Alex back with an oof onto the bed, and Kara apologizes desperately, but Alex just wheezes a laugh and pats the bed next to
Maggie stands and then bends to kiss Alex’s hand – one knuckle at a time, slow, staring into her eyes the entire time, and Kara thinks with a jolt of Lena before shoving the thought away – and then she’s touching Kara’s shoulder, and she’s hesitating, and she’s leaning down to kiss Kara’s cheek for a long, lingering moment.

“Thank you, Kara,” she whispers, and Kara splutters.

“For what?”

“For bringing her back to us.”

“Maggie, you – “

But Maggie just puts her finger on Kara’s lip affectionately and makes to leave. “Spend time with your sister, Little Danvers. I’ll go get extra potstickers for when you inevitably need to refuel.”

Alex laughs softly. “I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she calls out as Maggie leaves.

Maggie stops full in her tracks, her smile too big for her face, for the room, for the world, for the universe.

“I love you, Alex Danvers.”

She leaves without another word, and Kara raises her eyebrows at her sister as she links their fingers together.

“Well that’s new.”

Alex shakes her head, still smiling like she didn’t just nearly die.

“No, it’s not. It’s just new to be saying it out loud.”

Kara smiles and leans down to kiss Alex’s face.

“I thought I lost you.” Her lips quake – her entire body quakes – against Alex’s forehead, and Alex raises her hands to hold her sister close to her.

“Can’t snag the title of only badass in the family that easy,” she quips, and Kara just sobs harder.

“It’s not funny, Alex.”

Her voice cracks, and Alex almost breaks.

“I know. I know. I know.”

“It was my fault,” Kara squeaks, her face now buried in Alex’s shoulder, her body shaking so uncontrollably she jolts up from the bed so she won’t accidentally break Alex’s bones.

So she won’t accidentally hurt her. Again, again, again.

Alex furrows her brow and tries to sit up.

“Kara, what – “

“All of it, it’s my fault! That he knew who I was, that he knew to target you! That… that you broke
your arm. I broke your arm, Alex. And then I… the water, it…”

“Kara.”

“You would have been fine, we would have worked it out, I… the water, you almost drowned, Alex, I can’t… I can’t imagine how scared you were, I… and that was my fault, Alex, mine, mine, and I don’t expect you to ever forgive me, but I – “

“Kara, stop it. Please.”

“Alex, it’s all my – “

“Kara. Listen to me. Can you do that? For me? Please?” She sounds exhausted and she sounds exhilarated and she sounds worn out and she sounds alive, alive, alive. So Kara stops, and Kara worries at her lip, and Kara wrings her hands, and at Alex’s weakened beckoning, Kara sits.

“Kara, none of this was your fault. Okay? None of it. None. Not the plan, not the… the water…”

Kara shakes and starts to sob again, and Alex lays a hand on her thigh.

“Hey, hey, listen to me. Remember… remember that surf competition, when I was a junior in high school?”

Kara adjusts her glasses and sighs out a soft laugh. “Yeah, you wiped out and nearly dr – oh. Oh.”

Alex grimaces, too, but she shakes her head. “When we were kids, I… what I thought about, then, was… was how much I wanted to tell you. About how you weren’t just… an annoyance, you weren’t a hindrance on my life. You weren’t a nuisance, you were… you were my everything. And you still are. Kara, I… this time?”

Alex shudders and Kara knows there will be long nights, and there will be nightmares, and they will be so much different than after that surf competition, because that wasn’t deliberate and it wasn’t torture. Traumatizing. Very. But not… not this.

But Alex presses on, and Kara files it away for later.

“This time, I knew… I knew you know how much I love you. I knew you know… Kara, that was… short of hurting you, or threatening you, that was the scariest thing that anyone has ever done to me. But I… Kara, I would do it a thousand times, a million, more, if it was to protect you. If it was to keep you safe, keep you from being blackmailed like that again.”

She doesn’t say that next time, it could have been James. Winn. J’onn. Lena. Cat. Maggie. She doesn’t say any of it, because she can barely bring herself to think it.

All in all, she’s grateful.

Grateful it was her, not any of the other people Kara loves.

“Alex, I would never want you to – “

“I know. I know you wouldn’t, but Kara, I just… I love you. I love you, and I would do anything for you. But I don’t have to anymore, not right now. Because look! I’m safe, and I’m here, and I’m not going anywhere. Okay? I promise.”

Kara sobs again, and this time, when she curls down onto Alex’s chest, Alex sobs, too.
She breaks her promise when Maggie comes in and Kara shifts back out, to replenish the water she’d drained from her tear ducts onto Alex’s shirt, to try to stave off the brutal headache from her crying session.

She breaks her promise because she unleashes her puppy eyes on Maggie, and Maggie is helpless, and Maggie is all but forced to help her limp out of bed, and Kara can’t do anything but beam, because if the way Alex breaks her promise to not go anywhere is simply by stumbling away from her bed with her girlfriend’s strong, loving arms around her?

That’s something that Kara can definitely, definitely live with.
Chapter 357

Chapter Summary

The “I Love You” Make Out We All Deserve

She tells her she wants to have all those firsts.

All those firsts, and so many more.

All those firsts, and firsts they haven’t even thought of yet.

Because they’ve had their first fight, and they’re had their first tickle war, and they’ve had their first rogue mission together, and they’ve had their first time having Winn walk in on them.

They’ve had their first date and they’ve had their first dance and they’ve had their first cuddle and they’ve had their first sleepover and they’ve had their first time kissing the night through and they’ve had their first time making love the night through.

They’ve had their first Valentine’s Day, and Maggie has no idea in all the world while Alex would want to name a dog Gertrude, but they’ll do it, they’ll do it, they’ll do it, because Alex is perfect and Alex is alive, alive, alive, and they’ll have their first dog because she’s here and she’s in Maggie’s arms and she’s sitting up and she’s telling her she wants to have all those firsts, all the firsts, and then she’s steadying herself, and they can’t stop glancing at each other’s lips, and Maggie thinks her heart might burst right through her chest because Alex Danvers never wants to stop having firsts with her, and then she’s taking a breath – a breath because she’s alive, alive, alive – and then she’s smoothing Maggie’s hair behind her ear.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she’s whispering, and something explodes in Maggie’s core, because this woman, this woman, god, this woman, this woman who’s survived hell, who held on, held on, held on, this woman who’s looking at her with a tenderness no one has ever looked at her, this woman whose voice is still hoarse from nearly drowning but from surviving, surviving, surviving, this woman whose touch to her skin resonates through her entire soul, this woman whose lips are going to save her life.

This woman loves her, loves her, loves her.

And god, god, god, she loves her back.

“I love you, Alex Danvers.”

“Yeah?” Alex asks, because of course Alex asks, and there’s no pause, no hesitation, no breath, before Maggie’s voice squeaks and she confirms.

“Yeah.” Of course, yeah. Always.

Always.
Always.
A lifetime of firsts.

They inhale as one being and Alex forgets to be scared of losing her breath again, because her hands are framing Maggie’s face, and Maggie’s hands are framing hers, and that is all she needs to keep her safe, keep her dry, keep her breathing.

Keep her loved, loved, loved.

They part quickly, because Alex is going to sob.

They part quickly, because Maggie’s forgotten how to breathe.

They part quickly, because neither of them have ever felt this much.

They still grasp at each other’s faces, still grasp for each other’s closeness, and they rest their foreheads together, eyes closed, shared breath, shared pulse, shared life, shared love.

“I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,” Alex whispers again, again, again, and Maggie laughs, and Maggie does the same, because they have lost time to make up for, and they have the rest of their lives to do it, but god, it’s so nice to start right now.

She feels Alex’s eyes on her lips before she lifts her forehead to see them, and her eyes drift down, too, because she loves her, god, she loves her, and she can never get close enough to her, ever, ever, ever.

But god in heaven, she can try.

They fall back into each other’s lips, into each other’s breath, into each other’s blood, and when Alex’s lips part, Maggie doesn’t hesitate.

Doesn’t hesitate because she’s spent too much of her life hesitating.

She slips her tongue into Alex’s mouth, and Alex moans softly and pulls her closer, closer, closer, shifting so Maggie can have more access, so her own tongue can flit across Maggie’s lips, because Maggie is warm and Maggie is soft and Maggie is here, here, here, loving her, loving her, loving her.

“I love you,” they both breath each time they shift position, each time they tilt their heads a different way, try a different angle, because who says getting caught desperately making out on a medical bay bed by Alex’s father isn’t one of the firsts they should try?

He clears his throat and he averts his eyes, and Alex giggles but she doesn’t stop kissing Maggie.

Can’t stop kissing her.

Won’t stop kissing her.

She smiles into their kiss and feels rather than sees J’onn’s smile, senses rather than hears his chuckle, and she’ll run to him in a moment, in a moment, and she’ll hug him like she’s needed to hug him for too many hours, but right now she can do nothing but kiss the woman who loves her – god, she loves her, how did that happen, she loves her – and J’onn?

J’onn crosses his arms over his chest and her guards the door with a gravely serious expression, warning James and Winn that they really don’t want to go in there at the moment.

But his heart, the entire time, is singing.
Chapter 358

Chapter Summary

Post-Rescue J’onn and Alex

He waits.

He waits, because his children come first.

Kara comes first, her bursting need to touch her sister, to make sure she’s real, to make sure she’s really breathing, to make sure she knows that Kara is sorry, sorry, sorry, because she knows she blames herself for the water, and he knows that Alex will comfort her, and Kara will comfort Alex, and they need it so, so badly. They need each other so, so badly.

Maggie comes first, her skills at getting into a person’s head nearly as impressive as his own, and hell, he’s psychic, her ability to keep her cool, to keep her conviction, to keep her temper, when J’onn had been having trouble with his own, balancing perfectly with Kara, with Supergirl – just like Maggie balances perfectly with their other Danvers girl – and he knows, he knows, because it’s radiating off of them both, that they have things to tell each other. Important things. Things that can’t wait, because they’ve already waited too long.

Winn comes first, his tears held back for so long, his tears lost in his fingers, flying across keyboard after keyboard, running cross-check after cross-check, algorithm after algorithm, and Winn helped them save her, helped them more than any other techie would even know how to begin, but he knows – because it’s radiating off of Winn, too – that he wants to apologize, too, because he should have done more, he should have been more creative, because he loves her, god, he loves her, because she’s his sister and she’s his world and he’s sorry, too, that he stole her from hidden stash of Reese’s Pieces the other day, and he knows they joke all the time, but god, he loves her like she’s never thought he could love anyone. Family.

James comes first, his fists clenched for hours, running interference between Kara and Maggie while his own heart threatened to burst, because Alex saves him, and he saves Alex, and he understands Alex, and Alex understands him, because when Kara was under the Black Mercy he knew, and she knew he would know, that she would rather die than let go of Kara, and that’s what she just almost did again, and he hated being able to do nothing, but they’d had nothing to go on, and he’d run all the searches that Winn asked him to with his CatCo contacts but nothing, nothing, nothing, and he couldn’t save her this time, but she had to live so they could keep saving each other, keep taunting each other at game night, keep taking photoshoots of her for Maggie, because he’s never had a sister, but god, he’s always wanted one, and that’s Alex, Alex, Alex.

His children had come first.

Alex’s siblings, and Alex’s girlfriend, had come first.

J’onn had waited.

And he was a patient man.
But this was one of the longest waits of his long, long life.

He knows he should be angry when he sees her stumbling out of the med bay, supported by Maggie, announcing resignedly that she refused to stay in bed.

He knows he should reprimand her and send her right back.

He knows, but he can’t, he can’t, he can’t.

Because his girl is alive.

His girl is standing.

His girl is… breathing.

His daughter.

She falls effortlessly from Maggie’s arms into his when he strides over, strides over and envelops her in his arms, in his hands.

Envelops her like his arms alone can protect her, can keep her safe, can prevent this from ever happening again, can turn back time and prevent it from happening to her in the first place.

“I love you, Alex,” he whispers to her, and he feels her chest rack with a sob in his arms. His own threatens to do the same.

“I love you too,” she chokes back, and it’s been so long since he’s cried like this, but by the gods he doesn’t care who sees, because he’s already lost everything.

He couldn’t stand to lose everything again.

And here everything was – is, is, is – in his arms. Safe.

A little shaky. A little unsteady. More than a little traumatized.


 Alive.

He pulls back so he can look her in the eyes, and he stares for longer than he ever has. She lets him, because she needs to see his eyes, too.

“I’m so sorry it took us so long,” he says, because his children weren’t the only ones with apologies.

But she shakes her head and she kisses his cheek and she frames his face with her lethal, fragile hands.

“I’m home now. I’m home,” she tells him, and he hates that she’s the one comforting him, but she wouldn’t be his Alex Danvers if she weren’t.

“You need to let your girl take care of you,” he tells her as she sways a little in his arms, and her ears redden, and Maggie beams behind him.

“She’s a stubborn one,” she chimes, and he laughs.
“That she is.” He strokes her face with the backs of his fingers. Just once.

She melts into her father’s touch.

“You are the bravest woman I have ever met, Alex Danvers.” He pauses and grins. “And I’m surrounded by you all every day.”

Maggie and Kara laugh wetly, and J’onn knows they’ll be writing M’gann about his comment, and he knows she’ll tease him about it, and he knows it will make him proud.

To have this family to joke with.

To have this family alive, alive.

Alive.
Chapter 359

Chapter Summary

Alex Refusing to Stay in Bed

They kiss until they can’t breathe.
They kiss until they can’t stop laughing.
They kiss until their hands won’t stop roaming each other’s bodies, and they need to save that for home.
Their home.
Their home because they need to have more firsts, more firsts, more firsts.
All the firsts.
Together.
Because they love each other.
Because they’re in love.
Alex can’t stop smiling.
Neither can Maggie.

But they have to stop kissing, they have to stop touching each other, they have to stop repeating I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, or Alex will pass out. And, for that matter, so might Maggie, from sheer emotion.

Alex starts swinging her legs off the side of the bed, and Maggie startles.

“Whoa whoa whoa, Danvers, what do you think you’re doing?”

“Thought you said I was a badass.”

“You are, of course you are, but – “

“Well badasses can get out of bed.”

“No, badasses know when they need rest, and when they need to stay in bed.”

Alex pauses at that, tilting her head – a habit she’s acquired from the woman who loves her, loves her, god, she loves her, and Alex lets out an impromptu giggle – and she squints.

“Your logic makes sense, Sawyer.”

“Good,” Maggie nods, and starts to ease Alex back down by the shoulders.
Alex refuses.

“But that doesn’t mean I’m gonna listen to it!”

“Alex!” Maggie protests, but her laughter gives her away, because if Alex wants to get up, then she’s going to get up, just like she held on.

She held on.

She held on.

“Make yourself useful, Sawyer, and help a woman out here,” Alex commands breathlessly, and Maggie is helpless for her.

Helpless for her, and that helplessness is the best thing she’s ever, ever felt.

“I’d like you to note my objection,” she murmurs, even as she can’t stop smiling, as Alex loops an arm over her shoulder, as she loops an arm behind Alex’s waist, and they shift, and they stand slow, steady.

Together.

“Noted and respectfully disregarded, Detective,” Alex flirts, and Maggie has never, ever been so happy to be overridden in her life.
Chapter 360

Chapter Summary

Pre-Rescue Winn, James, and Lucy (Coping)

(not technically Sanvers, but I figured yall would want this, anyway)

He’s in mode all day.

He’s in mode and he doesn’t eat and he doesn’t sleep.

Until, that is, James forces him to.

“Dude, I get it, but Alex is in trouble, I’m not gonna just – ”

“Winn. Man. You’re not gonna be any help to Alex if you don’t put something in your body. And just thirty minutes. You can nap for thirty minutes. That’s all. Let your programs run… something, I don’t know. Doesn’t it take them time to run analyses, anyway?”

Winn scowls and he moans, but he chomps down the food James brought him.

He hadn’t realized he was hungry.

“Who’s taking care of you, Olsen?” Vasquez wants to know as James watches Winn eat, his brow furrowed in concern, his eyes red with the weight of sheer refusal to panic.

“I can take care of myself alright,” he offers, and she knows he can, but she also knows that right now, it’s a lie.

“I’ve got a call in for you,” she tells him, and she puts a phone in his hands and walks away without explanation. He stares after her for a moment before putting the phone to his ear.

“Hello?”

“Jimmy. I heard about Alex, I’m getting on the next flight out. Are you alright? Is Kara okay? Oh god, she must be a wreck – ”

“Lucy, what – what are you – ”

“Vasquez called me, James, what do you think I – it doesn’t matter. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m… I’m good, I just… you’re right, Kara’s a wreck, and Winn hasn’t eaten or slept since she’s been taken, and – ”

“And you haven’t either, I bet.”

James sighs and he can practically hear Lucy’s reprimand.

“Jimmy. Please eat something. I know you can’t sleep when you’re terrified like this – and don’t deny that you’re terrified, James Olsen, don’t you dare do it – but please at least eat something. I
don’t know, steal half of whatever you got for Winn or something.”

“We have to stop stealing food from that man.”

“Yeah, we really do. But it got you to laugh.”

There’s a pause, a silence, and it feels comfortable. It feels safe. It feels like maybe Alex will be okay after all.

“You’re on your way?”

“Of course I’m on my way. She’ll be alright, Jimmy. She’s tougher than nails, Alex Danvers.”

James grins, because god, he knows.

“Yeah. Yeah, she is.” His voice threatens to crack, and someone else might not have heard it, but this is Lucy, and Lucy does.

“She’s gonna be alright, Jimmy. I promise you. This is Alex Danvers. She’s going to be alright.”

It’s Lucy’s voice that trembles this time, but James knows better than to comment. Lucy needs to get here in one piece, and calling attention to the cracks in her armor isn’t going to help her do that.

“Yeah. Yeah, she is,” he repeats. “Fly safe, Lucy, okay?”

“Yeah. See you soon, Jimmy. Eat!”

“Yeah.”

He gives the phone back to Vasquez and plops down next to Winn.

“Feeling better?” he asks.

“I’m not gonna feel better until that girl is back here and that guy is six feet under.” James raises his eyebrows, because this is not how Winn Schott talks.

Winn notices, and he grimaces.

“I’m sorry, I just… it’s Alex, you know?”

James nods, because god, does he know. When his eyes find Winn’s next, they’re exactly as bloodshot as he imagines his own are.

“We’re going to find her, Winn.”

“But what if we’re too late?” he asks, his voice broken. His voice something like it must have sounded when they took his father away to prison. When they yelled at him in foster home after foster home after foster home. When Lyra repeated the pattern and he threw up his hands because Winn is braver than he knows, but he has terrors that only betray themselves in the defensive raising of his hands, the soft cracking of his voice, the wildly calm look in his eyes.

James puts his hand on Winn’s thigh, and the touch seems to calm him. To soothe him.

Both of them, if James is being honest.

“We won’t be. I promise. We won’t be.”
Winn nods and forces the rest of his sandwich into James’s hands. “I’m not the only one who has to keep up his strength,” he tells him, and he claps a hand on his shoulder as he stands.

“Thank you, James.”

“You’re the one doing all the work, brother.”

“I’m just playing with computers. Keeping us all together? That’s the real work, man. And you’re amazing at it.”

James sighs and he nods and he forces himself to eat.

Because Alex will never let him hear the end of it if he passes out from hunger and exhaustion when she gets back.

When.

Not if.

Because she is coming back.

Alive.
Chapter 361

Chapter Summary

Kara and Maggie take Alex Home

It’s adorable that they thought they’d be able to keep her in the DEO overnight for observation.

“I was just in a cage for thirty-six hours, and you want to confine me somewhere else?” she asks, and J’onn lets the medics get good and terrified for a few moments for his own amusement – because after this hell, god, he needs some amusement – before clearing his throat and stepping forward and telling them, with as much seriousness as he can muster, that the medics should give the younger Ms. Danvers and Detective Sawyer a full briefing on Agent Danvers’s immediate medical needs before sending her home.

Because if even Maggie couldn’t keep her in bed, heaven help anyone who tries to keep her there overnight.

Especially not for observation.

Maggie drives and Kara lays Alex down in the backseat, her head on her lap.

Maggie looks back at them through the rearview mirror every few seconds.

Partially because it’s a beautiful image, and she wishes she weren’t driving so she could snap a photo.

But mostly, she keeps looking to make sure Alex is still there. Still breathing. Still safe.

They don’t discuss it – they don’t have to – Maggie just drives straight to Alex’s apartment.

Alex shudders as they walk into the front doors, and she nearly vomits when they walk into the elevator, though she tries to hide it.

But she’s with the women who know her best in the world.

So naturally, she’s unsuccessful.

They don’t comment other than to soothe her as she shivers her way up, up, up, until she scrambles off the elevator as quickly as she can.

Maggie doesn’t ask. She doesn’t have to.

She goes into Alex’s apartment first, with Kara holding Alex up at the threshold, and she checks every corner, every crevice, every window, every space.

“Clear,” she says, but soft, soothing, not like she would shout it to other officers on an active scene.

Alex nods and steps forward.

“Of course it is. I’m sorry, I’m being ridiculous.”
“No, Alex, you’re not.”

“No you’re not, babe!”

Alex’s eyes widen, and she looks between her sister and her girlfriend nervously.

But they’re smiling at each other like they’ve been best friends for years, and Alex furrows her brow.

“So a lot happened while I was away, huh?” she asks, looking between them happily, happily, because she’s never seen them get on this well, and it’s that, more than anything, that’s going to heal her.

“Turns out, Kid Danvers and I make a pretty good team.”

“Kid Danvers?” Kara grimaces, but her shining eyes give her away.

“I mean, you said on that other Earth that have Kid Flash, right?”

Kara sets Alex down on the couch and smiles, gesturing at Maggie to sit on Alex’s other side.

They surround her and wrap her with blankets and loving arms.

“So, tell me.”

“How my favorite women rescued me.”

Kara and Maggie exchange a glance, and Maggie begins with a tentative voice.

“Well, I might have borrowed your gun at one point…”

They take turns telling Alex of their fights, of their discoveries. Of their breathroughs and of their nightmares.

Maggie jumps in and glosses over the part where Kara caused the water to flood the cage.

She knows Kara’s already told her, already sobbed, already apologized, already begged forgiveness that it never occurred to Alex that she needed to give, but Kara doesn’t need to relive it.

Alex catches it, and Kara catches it, and they’re both grateful for her tact.

“You’re amazing at all this, Maggie,” Kara tells her when they end with finding her, finally, finally, finally.

Maggie shrugs. “Just doing my job.”

“No, but Maggie, Kara’s right. With that hostage thing before I was taken, I mean babe, seventeen entire hours of talking that guy down? That’s incredible. You kept all those people alive for seventeen hours.”

“And then I caused a lot of property damage,” Kara adds sheepishly, but instead of agreeing sternly, Maggie waves her off.

“And figuring out how to talk to Rick, that thing with the security cameras – ”
“It would have worked with a flash grenade, too.”

“Oh my god, Maggie.”

“I’m just saying, Danvers.”

“No, but really, Maggie,” Kara interrupts, because she knows if they restart their debate about why the hell Maggie wants a flash grenade to begin with, they’ll never, ever stop.

“Can you…” She turns bashful again, and Maggie tilts her head curiously.

“What, Kara?”

“Can you… teach me? How to be more… like you? I mean, how to read people like that. How to talk to them. How to… control your anger?”

“Yeah, you have a lot of that, huh Little Danvers?”

Kara hangs her head like she’s embarrassed, ashamed, but Maggie is on her knees in front of her almost instantly.

“Hey, Kara. No, don’t do that, I didn’t mean it like that. Hey, look at me. Kara, he was torturing your sister. He would have killed her. He was taunting you. He was… he was… I can’t describe to you the things I wanted to do to him.”

Alex stares, and Kara stares, and they both know that maybe, just maybe, the three of them are so tightly bonded – even through their strong differences – because the three of them have the same kind of rage at their core.

“But how did you… control it?”

Maggie sighs and bites her lip and stares at something in the distance that isn’t really there.

“Kara, if I didn’t control my anger, I’d be…”

“Angry all the time.” She says it in a soft voice, and Alex takes her sister’s hand, because her too, her too.

“Yeah. I’d be behind bars, not… I just have to keep focused on what’s ahead, not what’s inside, if that makes sense.” She grins slyly and shifts her gaze to Alex. “Yoga helps. That kind of mental discipline. And physical discipline. So does a punching bag. James says you hang up cars sometimes.”

Kara nods and Alex kisses her temple.

“Remember what Cat told you, too,” Alex reminds her softly. “About using it. Your anger.”

“Last time I did that I solar flared.”

“But was she wrong?”

“Ms. Grant is rarely wrong.”

“I’m sure she’d be very pleased to hear you say that.”

Kara grins faintly.
“You look a little woozy, Alex.”

“Well, that’s because I am,” Alex sways slightly in her seat, and Maggie stands at the same time as Kara leans, both of them bracing Alex between them, standing her up and maneuvering her to her bed.

“Stay? Both of you? Please?” she asks, her voice groggy, finally giving out, giving in, now that she’s safe, safe, safe.

“Always, Danvers.”

“Always, Alex,” they say simultaneously, and they grin at their newfound simultaneity, and Alex grins even harder, even as she’s falling fast asleep, because her sister loves her. Her girlfriend loves her. And they’re both here, and they’re both safe, and they love her, they love her, they love her.

And god, does she love them.
Chapter 362

Chapter Summary

Alex and Water

It was always Kara that was scared of thunderstorms.

“They weren’t like this on Krypton,” she’d say when they were kids as she huddled into Alex’s bed, into Alex’s body, under Alex’s covers.

It was always Kara that had a hard time with showers.

“They’re so loud, and it’s like a rainstorm just on you,” she say when they were kids as Alex drew her a bath instead.

It was always Alex that was in the water.

Always Alex that was surfing, paddle boarding, swimming, diving.

Laughing.

Always Alex that was laughing.

Alex doesn’t drive out to the beach anymore.

She will again.

One day.

Maybe.

But not now.

And Maggie catches on quickly that the sound of running water terrifies her, now.

Sends her into a cold sweat, now. Which scares her too, now.

So Maggie only does the dishes when Alex isn’t home.

She only showers when Alex is out of the apartment.

She fills up all their ice trays, all their water bottles, when Alex is still at work.

She controls everything she can for the woman she loves.

Water itself. She controls it.

She helps Alex give herself baths with wet washcloths.

She helps Alex breathe through the anxiety and she helps Alex breathe through the night terrors.
She controls everything she can for the woman she loves.

But she can’t control the damn weather.

The damn thunderstorms.

And, naturally, the first rain after Alex’s torture has to be a damn thunderstorm.

Maggie thanks whatever powers there might be that Alex is home, that she’s home, when it starts.

When rain starts pattering on the roof, on the windows. When lightening starts flashing and thunder starts screaming.

And Alex starts screaming, too.

Moaning, more like. And rocking. Hugging herself back. And forth. And back. And forth.

She gasps for air like she’ll never have any more, because god, she almost didn’t.

Maggie pulls her close and Maggie puts her hand on her chest and Maggie kisses her forehead.

“Breathe out into my hand, babe. You can do it, Alex, you’re a badass, remember Danvers? Breathe out into my – yeah, just like that. See? That’s right, sweetie, one more. One more. There you go. I got you. I got you. I got you.”

Her breathing is still ragged and her breathing is still too loud, too much gasp and not enough oxygen, but there’s some. There’s enough.

Until the door slams open and they both jump and reach for their guns, but it’s Kara, it’s Kara, it’s only Kara.

She’s drenched and she looks defeated and she looks almost as terrified as Alex does.

Maggie puts two and two together before either of her Danvers girls can say anything, and she points to the closet where she keeps extra towels.

“Dry yourself off, toss on fresh clothes, and get over here, Sunshine,” she tells her, and Kara says nothing.

She just obeys.

When she’s towel-dried her hair, her face, and she’s padded into the bathroom to strip out of her cardigan and pull on one of Maggie’s oversized NCPD t-shirts and basketball shorts, she curls up next to her big sisters on the bed.

“You okay?” she asks Alex, and Alex is trying to be, trying to be, trying so damn hard to be.

She opens her arms for Kara, and Maggie opens her arms for them both.

They stay that way – holding onto each other like lifelines, because that’s exactly what they are – until the long after the storm passes, until long after the birds start to chirp again.

“Potstickers?” Maggie whispers when she thinks it’s safe, when she thinks both of her girls feel something that might, again, resemble safe.

They turn to her with identical grins, and Maggie just tosses her head back and laughs.
“Two paychecks worth of potstickers it is,” she teases, and she’s never been so happy to spend her money on comfort food.
Chapter 363

Chapter Summary

Sanvers, Mothers, and Garbage

(heads up for abuse references)

He tells her that she doesn’t know what it feels like to have a mother who tells her every day that she’s garbage.

But she knows more about hiding bruises than she lets on.

Because her mother stood there while her father gave them to her. Most emotional. Some physical.

Stood there while he forced her to pack her childhood -- her childhood while she was still a child -- into a single bag.

Stood there while he called her disgusting. A thing. An abomination.

She’d pleaded with her. Begged her.

She’d fallen to her knees and begged her.

And her mother had simply crossed herself and told her that she’d pray for some sort of miracle that wouldn’t land her right in hell. But it wouldn’t work, because the kind of sin that Maggie was committing -- the kind of sin that Maggie was -- wasn’t a sin that could be cleansed. Wasn’t a sin that could be forgiven. Wasn’t a sin that any daughter of hers could choose to commit.

It was the last time Maggie Sawyer had begged for anything.

Even when she saw her mother -- passed her, right by her, in the streets -- her mother said nothing. Once, her mother spit at her.

Or, in her general direction.

Depending on her mood, Maggie’s interpretation of whether it was at her or a coincidence varied.

Garbage.

Yes.

Maggie knew what it was like to be called garbage. To be treated like garbage.

To be garbage.

Disposable.

Trash.

Thrown away.
Disowned.
Forgotten.
Disgusting.

And she knew that Alex did, too.

Knew that even though it had been better for Alex -- her mother had hugged her, for crying out loud -- she still knew what it was like.

To be told she was worthless.
Useless.
Not needed.
Unwanted.

Unless, of course, she took proper care of Kara.

Because Alex’s only worth, Eliza had made it very clear -- continued to make it very clear -- was Kara.

Was her grades and her lab work and her prestige and her sacrifices for Kara.

To her mother, Alex’s life amounted to how much she could bolster her little sister.

And it was more complicated than that. Of course it was. It always is.

But still.

Alex thought she had to be perfect.

Because without perfection, she is worthless. She is nothing. She is bad. She is no good to anyone.

Without perfection, she, too, is garbage.

According to her mother.

But with nicer words. With more I love yous peppered in the mix.

So when he tells her that she doesn’t know about being called garbage every day; when she tells her she doesn’t know about hiding bruises; she doesn’t tell him.

Doesn’t tell him that she’s hiding her bruises right now.

Doesn’t tell him that she has to remind herself, every single day, that she is not, in fact, disposable. That she is not, in fact, garbage.

Sometimes, she’s successful.

Most of the times, she’s not.

Alex makes her more successful.

At believing she is something more. At believing she deserves something more.
And he is trying to take Alex from her.

And she is restraining herself from beating the information out of him, because she will not be the reason he has more, no matter how much she wants to.

Because she knows more about hiding bruises -- about being him, sans the straight white man’s entitlement that his vengeance wreaks of -- than he thinks.
Chapter 364

Chapter Summary

Alex Calling Lucy Post-Rescue

Lucy answers on the first ring.

“Maggie loves me,” she says, and even though Lucy can’t see her, she’s preening.

“No kidding, Danvers,” she can hear Lucy grinning, and her heart skips a beat.

“No, but really – she said she loves me. And then she wouldn’t stop saying it, and I wouldn’t stop saying it, and I don’t ever want to stop saying it, and god, I’m rambling, aren’t I?”

“Such a long way from the badass agent I tried to send to Cadmus,” Lucy chimes wistfully, and Alex scoffs.

“Yeah, and you couldn’t even get that right, Major.”

“Regrets, Danvers?”

“You know I don’t think the dating prospects would have been great in Cadmus.”

“Yeah, that and you’d have been tortured to death.”

Alex freezes and Alex flinches, and even though Lucy can’t see her, she immediately knows something’s wrong by Alex's lack of immediate retort.

“Danvers,” she starts slowly. “Why did Maggie say she loves you?”

“Because she… does?”

“Yeah, I know, I’ve known that for months, but why… now?”

“Because I… said it to her.”

“Ooh, nice one! But Alex, same question: why now?”

Her voice is careful and her voice is scared, and she forces herself to remember that whatever happened, Alex is safe, safe, safe.

Alex keeps her voice deliberately casual, calm. Cool.

“I got kidnapped and held for thirty-six hours and almost drowned in a cage tank thing.”

“Alex!”

“Lucy!”

“Shit, Alex, I’m getting the next plane out, how – way to bury the lead, Danvers, are you okay?”
“Actually, the lead was that Maggie loves me – “

“Only you, Alex.”

“I hope she only loves me.”

“No, I mean – only you would almost flipping die and come out of it with the major takeaway of a girl likes you.”

“She doesn’t just like me, Lane, she loves me, pay attention.”

“Oh my god.”

“Are you still coming?”

“What?”

“To National City. You said you were getting the first flight out.”

“Of course I’m coming, Alex. You almost died. You were tortured. I don’t care how much of a badass you are, you need to be around all your friends. And you don’t have that many to begin with, so…”

Alex ignores her quip, because she’s fixated on something else.

“Maggie called me a badass.”

“Oh my god, I’m gonna regret this, aren’t I?”

“Probably.”

“See you in a few hours.”

“She loves me.”

“Yipee.”

“A lot.”

“I’m hanging up now.”

“Maggie loves me.”

“I can’t imagine why.”

“Fly safe, Lucy.”

“Yeah. Yeah, of course, Alex. I’ll see you soon.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

“But not in the way I love Maggie.”

“Oh my god I take it all back.”
But she doesn’t stop smiling the entire ride to the airport.
Chapter 365

Chapter Summary

Maggie is Turned On™ (we all know exactly why)

She’s impressed when Winn steps in front of the bastard and tells him he doesn’t get to talk to Alex.

She’s impressed, and she wants to buy him as many drinks and video games as he wants for it, especially because she may have only just started joining this misfit family, but she already knows that he hates confrontation.

Hates confrontation, can barely fight to save his life, and yet he doesn’t hesitate to put his body between Rick and Alex.

She’s impressed, and she loves Winn all the more for it.

She’s impressed, but she’s alright.

But when Alex says she has one thing to do before J’onn wipes his mind, when Alex turns, and when Alex damn near breaks his nose, Maggie is well beyond impressed.

Maggie is utterly wrecked.

Her mouth opens and she doesn’t know whether to laugh or to pounce, and she’s frozen because god, this woman was just kissing her so tender, so gentle, so perfect.

This woman loves her. Is in love with her.

And this woman throws an incredible punch.

And it usually doesn’t do it for Maggie.

She knows what Alex gets up to with unauthorized “interrogations.”

It’s the one thing they consistently fight about.

It’s the one thing Maggie can’t stand.

And Alex is working on it.

She is.

But this?

This feels different. This feels… acceptable.

More than that.

This feels fucking hot.
And suddenly, the making out they’d just done in the med bay isn’t enough.

Because that had been sweet and it had been tender and it had been loving and it had been perfect.

But now?

Alex with that sneer, with that low lilt to her voice, with that set in her jaw and the casual way she slaps Winn five, like damn right I punched him did anyone expect me not to?

She needs more than tender.

Now, she needs Alex to take that sneer, that energy, that aggression, to bed.

With her.

Posthaste.

Because Alex is alive, and Alex is safe, safe, safe.

And Maggie wants to feel the pulse in Alex’s neck with her tongue.

She wants to hear Alex’s ragged breathing into her ear while she wraps her legs around her and lets her pour all that life, all that vitality, all the survival, into Maggie’s body.

She wants to her Alex moan and she wants to hear Alex tell her that she loves her while she ties her to the bed, while she fucks her so hard she can’t remember anything but the way she feels right now.

In love. In lust. In… Alex.

But she can’t, she can’t, they can’t, they can’t.

Because, bravado aside, Alex is still healing.

Heat aside, Maggie’s insides are still quaking.

And she knows Alex’s are, too.

So she takes Kara aside, because her girlfriend’s kid sister is pretty enough, if she thinks about it, but she’s her girlfriend’s kid sister, so she doesn’t think about it, so there’s really no better way to cool off than to walk Kara away from Alex, away from the woman she needs to bend her over their couch and slam into her hard, fast, aggressive, alive.

Away from Alex – just for a moment, a moment, because she knows she won’t be able to tolerate being away from her for long – because yes, she needs to talk to Kara, but she also needs to not beg Alex to take her in front of the entire DEO.

Although, that sounds…

No. Kara. Talking to Kara.

Yes. Yes. Talking to Kara.

Now.

But she files that punch in her memory for later. For when they’re both more healed.
Because damn, is that going to be incredible.
She’d been so focused on not drowning that she almost didn’t register that the water?
The water was cold.
Very cold.
So cold that when she reaches for Maggie’s hands, Maggie can barely distinguish them from ice.
She loses consciousness on the way to the DEO, and Maggie leans over to take a look at Kara’s
hand. To make sure Kara didn’t hurt herself breaking that glass.
Because she might be Supergirl, and she might still be in that suit, but right now, staring frantically
at her big sister in the back of the DEO van, only moving so the medics can surround her, can make
sure she stays alive, can make sure her temperature comes down safely?
Supergirl looks an awful lot like Kara Danvers.
An awful lot like the girl who almost lost her big sister.
So she offers her free hand to Kara, and Kara accepts it with her own.
They say nothing, but they don’t have to. They ride back to the DEO holding hands.
Keeping each other solid. Keeping each other steady.
The medics report to J’onn that her temperature has returned to safe levels, and it’s then that
Maggie finds her voice.
“Howherhandsstillfeellikeice.”
The medic glances at her sympathetically. “Her limbs aren’t in any danger, and her core temp’s
getting to where we need it to be, you don’t have to worry – ”
If he’s going to object to what Maggie’s started to do, or question it in any way, J’onn and Kara
both stop him with a silently raised hand. Because they know better.
Because Maggie is maneuvering into the tiny medical bed next to Alex, shimmying under the
covers and diligently making sure Alex is completely covered. She pulls Alex close to her, gently,
gently, carefully, carefully, so that their bodies are flush together.
So that she’s giving her all of her heat.
Because that’s all she has to offer right now.
And that’s all she ever wants to give Alex: all she has to offer.
Winn chooses that moment to rush into the medical bay, and his brow immediately furrows on seeing Maggie in the bed with Alex, and J'onn and Kara hush him, too, before he can say anything.

But Maggie reads his expression, and she grins.

“Don’t worry, Winn, I’m not naked under here. You’re not interrupting anything.”

J’onn covers his face and Kara snorts as she reddens, and Winn splutters and stammers and James, entering behind him, just laughs, because Alex is alive, alive, alive.

“She still unconscious?” Winn finally forms the words to ask, and James grins.

“That’s probably the only reason Maggie’s still wearing clothes,” he teases, because she’s alive, god, she’s alive, and J’onn groans and promptly leaves and Kara shoves her fingers in her ears and hums loudly.

“Is she… how was she? When you found her?” Winn asks, his voice almost reverent.

Like it’s a miracle. Like Alex is a miracle.

And god, she is.

“She’s gonna be okay,” Maggie whispers, and she pulls Alex even closer to her and kisses her forehead. “She’s gonna be okay.”
Chapter 367

Chapter Summary

Post-Rescue Game Night

They have to wait a couple of weeks.

Because it’s a week or so until Alex and Maggie can – emotionally and physically – start having sex again.

And after that, no one has any hope of seeing them at night.

So they have to wait a couple of weeks.

But when they have it again – game night, because that’s what families do, and god, are they a family – Kara invites Lena, and Alex puppy eyeses J’onn into coming, and Lucy’s in from out of town because “you think you can almost die on me and get away with it, Danvers?”

Winn is withdrawn, at first – he won’t stop staring at Alex like he’s seeing a ghost – until she taps James on the shoulder, replaces him on the couch next to Winn, and throws her arm around him.

“I’m not gonna disappear if you take your eyes off me, Schott,” she says, and her voice is softer than any of them have ever heard it when she talks to Winn, and he puts his head on her shoulder and she kisses his hair.

“Yeah yeah, don’t get used to this,” she murmurs when James, Lena, and Kara awww, and he smiles and pulls back.

“You’re my sister. You’re not allowed to disappear, okay?”

Alex’s eyes flood.

“Yeah,” she promises, gravel in her voice, and Kara hugs Maggie into her chest.

Operation?” Winn suggests, and Kara shouts him down, arm still slung around Maggie’s body, because “precision isn’t exactly my thing,” and “yeah, we know Little Danvers, that’s why we wanna play,” and “well I think Kara should pick the first game, since she is gracious enough to be hosting us,” and “of course you’re on her side, Lena, she’s like your sworn protector and kombucha buddy,” and “but no kale!” and “oh, god forbid kale!” and “what’s wrong with kale?” and “same thing that’s wrong with vegan ice cream, Maggie,” and “maybe you two should just give up and let your girlfriends date each other, at least their weird healthy food choices would match up” and “good god, I don’t believe I agreed to participate in these shenanigans,” and “you ain’t seen nothing yet, Director Henshaw. Um. Sir.”

They settle on Mario Kart, because all of them have too much energy for quieter games – Alex is alive, and she’s safe, and she and Maggie love each other and will actually admit it now – and Lucy climbs over Kara’s back to see better and Kara starts hovering without thinking about it and Lucy shrieks and grabs on and Lena laughs a little too vindictively because isn’t Kara supposed to be hers and James snaps a photo because the image of Lucy shrieking and grabbing hold of Kara’s
waist on finding herself suddenly airborne – all the while Kara refuses to take her eyes off the video game, controller steady in her hands – is too good an image to pass up.

None of them – except Kara, of course, except Kara – expect her to, but Lena leaves them all in the dust, never failing to toss a perfectly aimed turtle shell at the last moment to unseat the apparent victor and crown herself Mario Kart Queen.

Alex steps back from the couch when it gets too much – when it’s so much love in one room, when so recently the only room in her life was full of water – and J’onn joins her first.

“I’m so proud of you, Alex,” he reminds her, and she almost blushes.

“Just doing what you taught me,” she tells him again, and he shakes his head.

“You’ve far exceeded anything I’ve ever taught you, Alex. Your heart sees to that every time.”

She cradles her body into his chest, and she closes her eyes as he just holds her, holds her, holds her.

Neither of them notice James turning around and snapping a photo, but all of them notice the photo on Alex’s mantle and on J’onn’s desk at the DEO the very next morning.
Chapter 368

Chapter Summary

“You’re Alive” Sex

The first time they try, it’s days later.

Days later, because Maggie wants her.

God, does she want her. (Especially after that punch. Jesus, that punch.)

But she won’t do more than kiss her tender, kiss her sweet. Kiss her passionate, yes, hold her close, absolutely, but nothing more.

Because her body is still sore, although Alex keeps trying to pretend it’s not.

Because her insides are still healing, although Alex keeps trying to use the argument that she’s a doctor herself with her own doctors.

It’s days later and they try because Alex is licking her lips and Alex is breathing headily and Alex needs her, needs her, please Maggie, I want you, I want you, I want you.

So Maggie kisses her all the way back to the bed, because god, does she want her to.

She kisses her all the way to the bed and she lays her down and Alex looks up at her expectantly, her pupils dilated, her lips wet, her hair mussed, her shirt askew.

Alex looks up at her, wanting, wanting, wanting.

And Maggie wants nothing more than to give.

Give her everything. Everything and beyond, because they haven’t been able to stop saying I love you, because they have so much time to make up for, and so much time to prepare for.

But she looks down and Alex’s hair is haloed around the pillow and her eyes are vulnerable and her body is vulnerable and her breathing is vulnerable and Maggie wants to give her everything.

But Maggie can do nothing but wrack with sobs.

There’s a split second where Alex is alarmed.

Where Alex is alarmed, and confused, but then, suddenly, she isn’t.

Because Maggie has been so solid, these past few days.

Solid and steady and giving and… and perfect.

And Alex had asked.

It was the first thing she wanted to know.
“You okay?”

But of course Maggie had deflected. Of course she had.

And she’d spent the last few days deflecting.

But now?

Now it’s bursting out of her chest like – well, like the water had burst out of the damn pipe, and Alex pulls Maggie down on top of her and she just holds her solid, holds her steady. Holds her giving. Holds her perfect.

“I can’t lose you,” Maggie gasps, soaking Alex’s shirt with her tears, with her snot, and Alex kisses her hair and lets herself cry too, but softly, softly, because Maggie needs this. Maggie needs her.

“You’re not gonna lose me, Maggie. I’m here. I’m right here, I’m right here. I’m right here,” she whispers, over and over and over and over.

“I’m right here, and I love you. I love you so much, and you’re not gonna lose me. I’m right here, I’m right here, I’m right here.”

She whispers the words until they bleed into each other, until they seep into Maggie’s skin. Until Maggie remembers how to breathe slow, how to breathe even. How to breathe without choking on tears. How to rest. How to remember that Alex is safe, safe, safe, her body warm and solid underneath hers.

Safe.

Alive.

They cling to each other until they both fall asleep.

They try again a few days later.

Try again, because they’ve spent the last few days giving Maggie all the space and time and attention she needs. Giving her shifts with James and Winn and Kara and J’onn, giving her all the time and all the space to grieve what almost happened, what could have happened, what was minutes away from happening.

They try again, because it’s a Friday night, and they’re kissing, and god, her lips are so soft and god, she tastes like chocolate, and god, her hands are slipping under her sweater and god she needs her, needs her, needs her.

Now.

“I want you, Alex,” Maggie whispers, and Alex nods into their kiss.

“Yeah?”

Maggie smiles, and it lights up the entire room.

“Yeah.”

“I’m yours,” Alex assures her, and Maggie knows, and Maggie acts on it.

She strips her slow and she strips her steady. She asks her about every centimeter, every
movement.

“This okay, babe?”

“You good, Alex?”

“You want this, yeah? It’s okay if you don’t.”

But she does, she does, she does. Every touch. Every kiss. Every lick. Every soft nip.

Everything.

“Let me undress you,” Alex whispers when Maggie’s kissed her way all across Alex’s body, her clothes a heap on the floor.

Maggie nods and kneels and lets her, and it’s quiet and it’s reverent and it’s needy and it’s constant.

“I love you so much,” Alex reminds her, and it still makes Maggie’s heart leap every time.

“I love you so much,” she mirrors, and helps her by kicking off her boxers.

“You sure you’re okay for this?”

“Are you?”

“Are you asking me if I’m gonna cry again, Danvers? Because if you are – “

Maggie pretends to reach for her clothes, and Alex grabs her back – grabs her back like their first kiss, but naked, now, horizontal, now, in love, now – and when their lips connect, it’s fire.

It’s fire and it’s cleansing and it’s dangerous and it’s healing.

It’s everything and it’s eternal and it’s now, now, now.

“May I?” Maggie asks, her voice desperate against Alex’s lips, and Alex opens her legs to accommodate Maggie’s thigh, and Maggie moans at how wet Alex already is for her.

Alex grinds up into her and tosses her head back, Alex relishing the way Maggie takes full advantage of the access to her neck, Maggie relishing the way her tongue can trace Alex’s pulse, alive, alive, alive.

“I love you,” she breathes into her throat, because she’s alive, alive, alive.

“I love you, too,” Alex gasps back, because her pulse is leaping with the rhythm of Maggie’s hips, because she’s alive, alive, alive.

Maggie moans at the admission, their first time during sex – and they both smile as they realize at the same time, because firsts, firsts, firsts – and Alex touches everywhere she can, her hands never still, tracing everywhere on Maggie’s body, because god, she thought she’d never touch her again.

She knew she was coming.

She knew she would hold on.

But god, god, god, there was that terror.

“I love you,” she whines as Maggie kisses her way down Alex’s breasts, down her stomach,
pausing at her hipbones.

“May I?” she asks, and Alex has to restrain herself from shoving Maggie’s head down with her desperation.

“Oh. And I love you, too,” Maggie responds before closing her lips around Alex’s clit, before slipping her tongue inside her, before moaning into the feeling of Alex thrusting her hips up into Maggie’s mouth, fucking Maggie’s face with all the desperation of a woman who would be dead if she had any less courage, any less conviction, any less need to live.

For this, for this, for this, for I love you, I love you, I love you.

For you’re alive, you’re alive, you’re alive.

Maggie worships every inch of Alex’s skin – alive, alive, alive – and she can’t get enough of making Alex cum.

In her mouth – twice – with her tongue inside her – twice – with her fingers inside her – three times – and, when Alex begs for it, when Alex is panting and whimpering and soaked and utterly wrecked for her, with her strap on, slipping inside her slow and steady and fast and hard, because she can feel how tight Alex is around her, can feel Alex’s hips rising to meet hers, can hear Alex’s screams, all of them of her name, all of them in ecstasy, none of them in pain, none of them in fear, all of them in sheer love, love, love.

Maggie holds off on cumming – holds off until she’s inside Alex with her strap on, until she’s free to fuck her with one hand holding hers, their fingers interlaced, and the other wrapped around her body, her face buried in Alex’s neck, slamming into her as hard as Alex is begging her for, because she’s alive, alive, god dammit, Alex is alive.

Safe.

Warm.

Writhing underneath her and very, very wet for her.

Alex feels Maggie’s thrusts go uneven, and she smiles into her hair, because she knows Maggie’s signs, and she knows Maggie is about to cum, hard, raw, needy, buried all the way inside her.

And that sends Alex over her own edge yet another time.

“I love you, Maggie,” she gasps as she reaches the stars.

“I love you, Alex,” she screams helplessly as she kisses her neck, her pulse point, her heartbeat, steady, steady, racing, racing, for her, for her, for her.

They come back to earth together, slowly, slowly, slowly.

Spent and sated and soaked.

Exhausted and ecstatic and euphoric.

“I’m right here,” Alex whispers, because she knows.

“I’ll always come for you,” Maggie whispers back, because she knows, too.

“Was that a pun, Sawyer?”
“Oh my god, Alex, seriously?”

“For you? Always.”

“Nerd.”

“You love me.”

“Yeah. More than anything, Danvers, I do.”
Chapter 369

Chapter Summary

Post-Rescue Game Night

They have to wait a couple of weeks.

Because it’s a week or so until Alex and Maggie can – emotionally and physically – start having sex again.

And after that, no one has any hope of seeing them at night.

So they have to wait a couple of weeks.

But when they have it again – game night, because that’s what families do, and god, are they a family – Kara invites Lena, and Alex puppy eyeses J’onn into coming, and Lucy’s in from out of town because “you think you can almost die on me and get away with it, Danvers?”

Winn is withdrawn, at first – he won’t stop staring at Alex like he’s seeing a ghost – until she taps James on the shoulder, replaces him on the couch next to Winn, and throws her arm around him.

“I’m not gonna disappear if you take your eyes off me, Schott,” she says, and her voice is softer than any of them have ever heard it when she talks to Winn, and he puts his head on her shoulder and she kisses his hair.

“Yeah yeah, don’t get used to this,” she murmurs when James, Lena, and Kara awww, and he smiles and pulls back.

“You’re my sister. You’re not allowed to disappear, okay?”

Alex’s eyes flood.

“Yeah,” she promises, gravel in her voice, and Kara hugs Maggie into her chest.

“Operation?” Winn suggests, and Kara shouts him down, arm still slung around Maggie’s body, because “precision isn’t exactly my thing,” and “yeah, we know Little Danvers, that’s why we wanna play,” and “well I think Kara should pick the first game, since she is gracious enough to be hosting us,” and “of course you’re on her side, Lena, she’s like your sworn protector and kombucha buddy,” and “but no kale!” and “oh, god forbid kale!” and “what’s wrong with kale?” and “same thing that’s wrong with vegan ice cream, Maggie,” and “maybe you two should just give up and let your girlfriends date each other, at least their weird healthy food choices would match up” and “good god, I don’t believe I agreed to participate in these shenanigans,” and “you ain’t seen nothing yet, Director Henshaw. Um. Sir.”

They settle on Mario Kart, because all of them have too much energy for quieter games – Alex is alive, and she’s safe, and she and Maggie love each other and will actually admit it now – and Lucy climbs over Kara’s back to see better and Kara starts hovering without thinking about it and Lucy shrieks and grabs on and Lena laughs a little too vindictively because isn’t Kara supposed to be hers and James snaps a photo because the image of Lucy shrieking and grabbing hold of Kara’s
waist on finding herself suddenly airborne – all the while Kara refuses to take her eyes off the video game, controller steady in her hands – is too good an image to pass up.

None of them – except Kara, of course, except Kara – expect her to, but Lena leaves them all in the dust, never failing to toss a perfectly aimed turtle shell at the last moment to unseat the apparent victor and crown herself Mario Kart Queen.

Alex steps back from the couch when it gets too much – when it’s so much love in one room, when so recently the only room in her life was full of water – and J’onn joins her first.

“I’m so proud of you, Alex,” he reminds her, and she almost blushes.

“Just doing what you taught me,” she tells him again, and he shakes his head.

“You’ve far exceeded anything I’ve ever taught you, Alex. Your heart sees to that every time.”

She cradles her body into his chest, and she closes her eyes as he just holds her, holds her, holds her.

Neither of them notice James turning around and snapping a photo, but all of them notice the photo on Alex’s mantle and on J’onn’s desk at the DEO the very next morning.
Chapter 370

Chapter Summary

Gertrude

As it turns out, they have their first fight about what to name their eventual first dog before they have their first fight about where to go on their first vacation.

They’re naked and they’re cuddling and Maggie’s body is wrapped around Alex’s because it’s been days but she still can’t get close enough, still can’t touch enough of Alex’s skin.

Still can’t fall asleep without her head on Alex’s chest.

Without her ear to Alex’s steady heartbeat.

Her fingertips are tracing patterns on Alex’s side and her lips are pressing gentle kisses along Alex’s neck, and suddenly she smiles into her skin, because suddenly, she’s both heartbroken and amused.

“What, babe?” Alex half turns, still languid, still hazy, still sated.

“Nothing,” Maggie soothes, not wanting to disturb her if she was drifting off to sleep.

Because sleep has been hard to come by the last few days.

“No, it’s okay – what?”

Maggie grins again and presses a few more thoughtful kisses to Alex’s neck.

“Why Gertrude?”

“What?”

“Dog name? Gertrude?”

“Oh.” Alex chuckles to herself. “You know I honestly couldn’t tell you? I mean, the name means strength. Well, spear, more specifically.”

“So you want a homicidal dog.”

Alex giggles, and Maggie wants to bottle the sound and listen to it for eternity.

“No. A strong one.”

“But Gertrude, babe? The other dogs on the playground will mock her.”

“What’s wrong with Gertrude?”

Alex is sitting up, now, and Maggie whines. Alex concedes, and lays back down, but facing Maggie this time.
Because Maggie’s not the only one with a sudden addiction to the other’s closeness.

“What?”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing.”

“Sawyer.”

“Sawyer.”

“Danvers.”

“Danvers.”

“Maggie.”

“Maggie.”

“Old fashioned!”

“Old fashioned!”

“So you mock one of the last things I could have said to you as old fashioned?”

Maggie stills and Alex regrets the quip immediately.

“No, no, Maggie, I’m sorry, I didn’t – that was stupid, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, it was.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s not funny, Alex.”

“I know – ”

“You can’t treat it like a joke, because it wasn’t, Danvers, I almost lost you! I almost lost you and then I would have had to go out and get a dog and name the poor girl Gertrude and it would have been your damn fault!”

“…. Maggie.”

“Alex.”

“Are you laughing or crying?”

“I don’t know. Both?”

“Both is okay. Both is good.”

“You don’t think I’m crazy?”

“I think you’re crazy about me.”

“Oh my god, Danvers.”

“Am I wrong?”

“I love you, Alex. I’m more crazy about you than I could ever describe.”

“So we can name our first dog Gertrude?”

“Absolutely not.”
Chapter 371

Chapter Summary

First Vacation

Maggie wants somewhere hot. With a beach.
Alex grew up somewhere hot. With a beach.
Alex wants somewhere cold. With hiking.
Maggie grew up somewhere cold. With hiking.
They start to bicker.
Their first fight about where to go on their first vacation.
Maggie cheats.
She walks out of their bathroom – well, technically, her bathroom, but theirs, really, because I love you and I want a lifetime of firsts with you changes some territorial rights, doesn’t it? – in nothing but a bikini and shades and an expression that screams desire.
Alex doesn’t fight very hard.
She books their flight nearly the next minute.
Well, as soon as she fucks Maggie senseless both in and out of that damn two-piece.
Maggie doesn’t usually like airports with people.
Doesn’t like traveling with people.
Hell, Maggie usually doesn’t like people.
But traveling with Alex?
Traveling with Alex is absolute bliss.
Because Alex plans everything – every. single. thing. – but she also gets excited by everything. Every. Single. Thing.
All the little gift shops and all the little sweatshirts and all the little keychains and all the little stuffed animals.
Maggie winds up rolling their bags around while Alex darts from airport shop to airport shop, and Maggie wants to shout to the world that she loves this woman.
And she almost does. (She doesn’t realize her smile is already doing it for her.)
And Alex is just as excitable once they land.

She scours every inch of the hotel suite, uncovering goodies and testing the bed and pillow fluffiness and grabbing Maggie by the hand and jumping on the bed with her before pulling her back down and fucking on the bed with her.

And that’s all before they even unpack.

The beach itself?

The beach Alex claimed would be boring to her because she grew up on one has her climbing massive surf-side rocks and seeing how far out she can swim and seeing how long she can lay still on their towel before Maggie needs to touch her, to kiss her, to carry her off into the ocean and hold her safe, hold her warm, hold her alive, hold her happy.

“I love you,” Alex tells her when her hair is sopping wet, the experience so different now than it was… then.

“I love you,” Maggie tells her when she’s buying her dinner at a restaurant that overlooks the beach.

“I love you,” Alex reminds her when she’s scratching at her back and writhing underneath her.

“I love you,” Maggie reminds her when she’s cumming, hard and abandoned and raw all over Alex’s naked thigh.

“Next time, we’ll go to see the Aurora Borealis,” Maggie promises as they fall asleep in a bed that Alex has deemed suitably vacation-worthy, not telling her that she’s already bought the tickets.

“I love you,” Alex murmurs into her skin as she falls asleep, wildly in love.

Wildly safe.

“I love you,” Maggie breathes, already half asleep, Alex scent in her nose and her body in her arms and her love all throughout her being.
Maggie Needs TLC Post-Rescue

She gets a little bit from James, who holds her to his chest and tells her she’s a hero. That they wouldn’t have gotten her girl home with her.

She gets a little bit from J’onn, who welcomes her to the family, and even though she has to crane her neck up to hug him properly, it’s one of the best hugs she’s ever had.

She gets a little bit from Winn, who hugs her tight and tells her that Alex is lucky to have someone who loves her this much, who’s this amazing, who’s this badass.

She gets a little bit from Kara, who hugs her back and who invites her to her first game night and who tells her that her sister couldn’t possibly do any better, because she’s amazing, and she is living proof that a cape doesn’t make a hero; a heart of gold does.

She gets a little bit from Alex, who asks her, before anything else, if she’s okay, which shouldn’t surprise Maggie because that’s so quintessentially Alex, but it does anyway, because how can this woman be so absolutely, absolutely perfect?

But after she breaks? After she breaks in Alex’s arms, days later – days after holding it up, holding it down, holding it together – after she breaks, and after Alex holds her, after Alex wipes her tears and her running nose and kisses her shredded heart, Maggie finally makes the call she’s been avoiding for days.

“Hey kid,” she says, and she doesn’t bother to keep the trembling out of her voice, because he’ll know anyway. “Feel like coming on an all-expense paid trip back to National City?”

She’s bought him his tickets within minutes, and he’s on the next train out from Star City.

He has nothing with him but a small duffel and a worried expression, because all she’d said was that Alex is fine, that everything is fine, but it almost wasn’t and she’s broken and she needs her family.

And Adrian Rodriguez is her family.

He doesn’t knock and he doesn’t text. He just uses his key to open her door, and when she spills into his arms, he kisses her hair and he rocks her gently, because he’s seen her sad and he’s even seen her tear up, but he’s never seen this.

And it breaks his heart.

It breaks his heart, because he loves her more than he knows how to say, but he also… he also feels proud.

Proud that she called him. That she considers him enough of an adult, enough of her peer, to reach out to, to cry like this with.
They don’t make it past the threshold – his duffel is still hanging off his shoulder – for many long, long, long minutes.

They don’t make it past the threshold because she can’t move except to grab at his shirt and wrack with sobs in his strong arms, and even though he’s reasonably sure he could scoop her up easily, he doesn’t want to risk shutting her down, doesn’t want to risk her speeding back into her shell.

Into her armor.

So he just stands there and he just rocks her and he kisses her hair and he wonders, exactly, when she got this much taller than her.

He doesn’t know how long they’re standing there, limbs merged like they’re one creature, his comfort slipping into her ears, but they both jump slightly when Alex steps into the door behind them.


She takes one look at the way Maggie backs away, turns her back, wipes her eyes, and her heart breaks.

“Sweetie, you’re allowed to be upset. You’re allowed to cry, we’ve talked about this – “

“You were the one in that cage, Alex, not me – “ she chokes, her back still to Alex, still trying to dry her eyes, and Adrian’s stomach sinks, because cage? God, just how bad were the last few days?

“Maggie, if the roles were reversed, I don’t even know how I’d be functional. I… you’ve been so strong, baby, but you… you don’t have to be solid all the time. Let me in. If you don’t want me to, about this, more than you already have, I get it. I do, babe. But don’t stop letting Adrian in. Please?”

“She’s right, Maggie,” Adrian offers in a small voice, and Maggie nods slowly, unsteadily, and sniffs unflatteringly. She chuckles and holds up a finger and walks into the bathroom.

“Hey,” Alex greets, and pulls him into a hard hug.

“Are you okay?” he asks, and she just hugs him harder.

“She’s been taking perfect care of me. Just you make sure you take perfect care of her, understand?”

“Understood, Agent Danvers,” he whispers, and they both turn as Maggie pads back into the living room, eyes swollen and red but face dry.

“Can we go bowling?” she asks suddenly. “The three of us?”

“Yeah, babe. Whatever you want.”

“You realize I’m gonna kick both your asses, right?”

“We’ll see about that, Rodriguez.”

They do see, and he does kick both of their asses.

But by the end of the night, they’ve both laughed harder than they had in what feels like years.
By the end of the night, they’ve made out with exchanges of I love yous so many times Adrian’s mockingly threatened to leave more than once.

By the end of the night, when Alex kisses her soft and kisses her perfect and goes home to Kara, Maggie is ready to talk to Adrian.

And god, does she talk.

She tells him everything.

Every detail.

Even the most painful ones.

Alex floating.

The credit card.

The taunts about parents.

The taunts about sexuality.

She tells him everything, in fits and in starts, and by the time the sun rises, she’s asleep in his arms, tear tracks still on her face, but a small smile on her lips, because Alex is safe, and Adrian’s here, holding her, loving her.

Safe.

When Alex’s key scrapes the lock, Adrian’s fallen asleep, too, his mouth all askew and his neck tilted straight back on the couch.

Alex dries her eyes before pulling a comforter over both of them and kissing both of their foreheads softly, tenderly, lovingly.

Family.
anonymous asked:

hey I don't know if you're taking prompts atm, but if you are could you please write some more nb!alex college au, I love them so much and your writings make me so happy!

“Wanna get outta here?” Maggie asks, chuckling at Alex’s banter with their roommate, but also wanting the full attention of this adorable enby.

And it terrifies her.

Her desire.

Her question.

Terrifies her because the only people she’s kissed have been girls in high school who took her underneath the bleachers to make out, only to tell their boyfriends later that she took advantage of them.

Terrifies her because of Eliza Wilke.

Terrifies her because of her father.

But she’s away, now.

Away, for the first time.

And Alex Danvers? This kid hanging out of their window, undercut and tank top and sleeveless vest and and flattened chest and baggy shorts all but screaming their queerness? Their braveness?

Maybe Alex Danvers won’t punish her for her desires.

But at her question, Alex almost topples out of their dorm room window.

Maggie catches them by their stomach, and they both pause at the contact. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have been so – “

“No, no, it’s… it’s just funny, right? Because usually when someone says ‘you wanna get outta here,’ they mean go home or something, but I am home, so you don’t mean go home, right, you mean go away from my home instead of to it, and it’s just…”

Alex putters like they’ve run out of fuel, and they shrug awkwardly. Adorably.

Maggie’s never wanted to kiss anyone this badly, and she chastizes herself harshly. She barely knows Alex.

Doesn’t know them at all.
But their rambling is awkward, and it’s earnest, and earnestly isn’t something Maggie comes across a lot.

“Just what, Danvers?” she helps them out, a small smile tugging at her lips.

“It’s just funny,” Alex finishes, starting to blush, and Maggie hears Lucy sighing dramatically at Alex’s lack of chill inside the dorm.

Maggie gulps and she lowers her eyes to Alex’s lips and she looks away as soon as she realizes she’s done it.

“Your room isn’t the only home on this campus,” Maggie says, her voice low, her voice hopeful.

Alex nearly falls again, and Maggie grabs them again.

Alex opens and closes their mouth helplessly.

“But for now, wanna take a walk?” Maggie grins, hopping down from the window and retrieving her backpack and motorcycle helmet from the ground.

Alex takes nearly a full thirty seconds to stammer a yes, and somehow their rambling makes them more attractive to Maggie. More unassuming. More… earnest. More honest. More genuine.

“Uh – yes, just – uh, can you come around the front entrance? I’m sorry, I – “

“Yeah, yeah, it’s cool. Meet you in a minute. Um – nice to meet you, Lucy!” Maggie raises her voice at the end.

“Have them home by midnight, Sawyer! It’s not a huge campus, I can easily find out where you live!”

“Yes ma’am!” Maggie offers a mock salute. Even though she knows Lucy can’t see her from inside, she knows Alex can, and Alex laughs.

She decides she wants to make Alex laugh as much as she can.

“See you on the other side,” she offers up to Alex, and they nod as they scramble backwards off their windowsill, nearly falling in.

Maggie chuckles to herself once she listens to make sure Alex is okay. She slings her bag over her shoulder and sets off at a jog toward the main entrance of Alex’s dorm.

It takes Alex more than a minute or two to get there.

It occurs to Maggie that they might not come.

That Maggie asking if they wanted to go somewhere – to get outta here – might have been rude to Lucy. Might have been a turn off to Alex.

Because why would someone that attractive want to go anywhere with Maggie anyway? Why would someone that soft want to have anything to do with Maggie, anyway?

Maybe Alex had only said she could come up and sit on their window to be polite.

They seemed like they were a polite person.
Politeness was good. Nice.

Good and nice didn’t deserve Maggie Sawyer.

How could she have been so stupid? So overconfident? How could she have been so –

“Maggie.”

Her stomach backflips at the slightly breathless sound of Alex’s voice, and she turns.

“You’re a lot taller than me,” is the first thing she says, because she couldn’t really tell when they were sitting on the windowsill together. It’s the first thing she says because the shock of Alex actually standing there in front of her, eager and ready to head out… wherever… is so unbelievable.

Alex grins and straightens, puffing out their chest slightly.

“I uh…”

“You don’t have to actually respond to that, it was a stupid comment.”

“No! It wasn’t stupid, I… um… I’m sorry I made you wait. I’m uh…” They glance around and take a deep breath, but Maggie had used their pronouns without hesitation and without any reluctance, and she still wanted to go out with them – go out? were they going out? did this count as going out? – and it feels so good to still, maybe, be wanted, and they want to talk, to share, so badly… “I’m not used to my uh… to my binder yet, it’s uh… I’m still not used to things like uh… hopping out of windows and stuff.”

Maggie grins and nods, giving Alex another once-over with her eyes. “Well, it’s good self-care: you’re not supposed to be all breathless with them on anyway, right?”

“Gonna be hard to be around you while I wear it then,” Alex blurts out softly without thinking, without considering, and Maggie’s breath hitches, and Alex’s face flushes.

“I’m sorry, that was forward, I just meant – “

“No. No, Danvers, I…” She realizes there are tears in her eyes and she’s not quite sure why. She clears her throat and she forces down a gulp. “Where do you wanna go? On campus, off? There’s this pizza joint a few blocks off the SU that I like. Do you like pizza?”

“Isn’t it kinda the law?” Alex chuckles, and starts walking.

Maggie falls into step, and after a quiet moment, Alex offers their arm out for Maggie to hold onto.

“Oh, a gentlehuman,” Maggie laughs, accepting their arm. She looks up at Alex with soft eyes. “Is there a word you prefer? Something less gendered, more?”

“Context,” Alex shrugs. “Right now?” They glance down at Maggie, at her leather jacket and tight jeans and gorgeous, gorgeous hair. “Gentleman would be just fine. I mean, unless you… you’ve only dated girls before? Not that this is a date, I mean – “

“It’s not?” Something’s dancing in Maggie’s eyes, something a lot like that confidence she’d had in her walk when she’d first gotten off her bike. But this is less affected, less defensive. This? This is happiness. This is hope.

“Is it? I mean, do you want it to be? If – I mean, I know it’s not how dates typically happen – “
“What, you mean sitting with a girl on your windowsill, getting egged on by your roommate, and then taking the girl on a walk to a pizza place off campus? That’s not your typical MO, Danvers?”

Alex laughs, and Maggie grins.

“I don’t have an… I mean, I don’t usually – we just met, I don’t want you to think I’m trying to…”

“To what?”

Alex shrugs, stiffening as a group of frat boys laughs their way past them. They glance down at Maggie, whose face is suddenly steel, and Alex decides they like her even more than they already did. They put their arm over her shoulder and pull her closer to their body protectively.

The boys pass, and Alex shifts their arm, unsure of what to do.

“Is that okay?”

Maggie nods with a tight throat and a throbbing heart. Alex keeps their arm around her shoulder.

“You said you’re new here. New to cities. I told you I’d look out for you. I don’t want you to… to think I want anything in return.”

“Except maybe a date,” Maggie deadpans, but she’s smiling and her dimples ease Alex’s worry.

They lapse into a surprisingly comfortable silence, taking in the campus, taking in the football game on one side of the quad, the class being held outside on the other.

“Why would you want to?” Maggie asks after a while.

“Want to what?”

“Look out for me.”

Alex shrugs again. “You don’t seem like you need it. Looking out for. But everyone should have someone. It’s lonely otherwise.”

“Yes,” Maggie says after a long moment, and her tone tells Alex she’s not responding to their comment about loneliness.

“Yes what?” they ask, furrowed brow and nervous heart.

“Yes, this is a date, Danvers,” Maggie grins, and Alex can practically hear Lucy whooping from all the way across campus, can practically hear Kara’s excited squeals when they call her later tonight.

And all these things?

Make them feel like they’re flying.
Chapter 374

Chapter Summary

Alex’s Nightmares, Kara’s Comfort (post 2x19)

Prompt from @youngjusticeimaginesus -- “a post rescue scene where Kara has to wake Alex up and comfort her after she has a nightmare”

She swears she’s fine.

She swears it wasn’t that big a deal anyway.

She swears that she doesn’t need any time off, that she doesn’t need any special attention, because she’s fine, she’s fine, she’s fine.

Kara knows better.

Maggie knows better.

So neither of them let her sleep alone.

And, truth be told, neither of them can sleep without her, anyway.

Maggie’s not sleeping much, period.

Even with Alex in her arms, even with Kara on the other side of the bed, on the other side of Alex.

Kara can tell because every night, she can see the faint glint that is the nightlight – all three of them need a nightlight, now – reflecting off of Maggie’s open eyes, staring up at Alex’s face with her head on Alex’s chest.

Feeling her heartbeat. Listening to her heartbeat.

Because she can’t hear it like Kara can unless she puts her head on Alex’s chest.

Alex’s heartbeat is the only rhythm that can coax Maggie to sleep. Sometimes.

Kara knows because she isn’t sleeping much herself.

But it’s a little easier on her body than it is on Maggie’s.

Yellow sun and all.

So one night, when Maggie’s slipped off of Alex’s chest, completely unconscious in what Kara estimates to be the first solid sleep she’s had in upwards of a week, Kara is awake and Maggie isn’t when Alex twitches.

When Alex twitches and when Alex murmurs and when Alex’s smooth, deep breaths become ragged, pained gasps.
“Alex,” Kara whispers, grabbing her trembling shoulders and trying to rouse her out of her nightmare. Out of her hell. “Alex.”

Alex’s eyes shoot open before’s fully conscious, and for a moment, she’s gasping for that last centimeter of air; for a moment, she’s not in her bedroom, she’s hanging onto that fence, she’s breathing what can’t be her last breath, but what will be, will be, because she knows Maggie and Kara are coming for her, but she knows they’re coming too late, and god she doesn’t want them to have to see her dead, not like this, not like this, and god she doesn’t want to be dead, there’s too much more to do, and god this hurts, why didn’t anyone tell her how much dying would fucking hurt –

“Alex.”

“Kara?” she asks, because she really doesn’t know, because the last time she heard Kara’s voice, she couldn’t see her. The last time she heard Kara’s voice, that tank was filling with water.

“Hey, yeah, it’s me, hey. You’re okay, Alex, you were dreaming.”

She looks around wildly, around her bedroom, down to her other side at Maggie’s sleeping form, back up to Kara’s sad, sad eyes.

“I’m sorry,” she mutters, still trying to catch her breath, but Kara just strokes her hair and shakes her head.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Alex.” Her voice is soft and her voice is home, and Alex grabs hold of her hands because she and Maggie did get there in time, they did, they did, they did.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Kara asks, and for a brief, brief moment, Alex feels like she did when she was coming out. How long ago was that? Her brain still feels foggy and her lungs still feel like they’re on fire.

Alex gestures Kara toward her, back to laying down inside of leaning up on her elbow, and Kara takes her fully into her arms.

Like they did when they were kids, and Kara would have nightmares about Krypton. About her parents. About fire and about explosions and about that random kid she studied with as a small child that she never thinks about, but who is, like everyone else she’d ever known, dead.

Like they did when they were kids, except the nightmare is Alex’s now, and Kara is holding Alex instead of the other way around.

Either way, they fit perfectly together.

Kara kisses her hair and hears Alex’s heartbeat calm. Only slightly, but that’s something.

“Have I said thank you enough?” Alex whispers, and Kara furrows her brow.

“Alex, you don’t have anything to – “

“No, I mean, I would die for you over and over and over again, Kara, that’s not a problem, I just… I’d rather live for you. Thank you for making sure I can.”

Kara swallows and her eyes burn and she pulls Alex even closer to her.

“I don’t know how I’d ever live with myself if we didn’t get to you in time.”
Alex tilts her head back so she can look up into Kara’s eyes. “You would be fine, Kara. You would keep being Kara Danvers, and you would keep being Supergirl, and you would keep being the hero that inspires people and saves people and – “ Her voice breaks, and Kara’s chest racks with a single sob.

“I can’t lose you, Alex.”

“You won’t.”

“I almost did.”

“Hey, hey… I’m right here.”

Kara scoffs and dries her tears with hands that are infinitely less gentle than they are when they brush away her sister’s tears.

“No, you had a nightmare, Alex, I’m supposed to be comforting you – “

“How about we can comfort each other?”

Kara smiles softly, and she sighs, and she clings to her sister because she’s safe, safe, safe. Alive. Here.
Chapter 375

Chapter Summary

Maggie’s Nightmare, Alex’s Comfort (post 2x19)

Prompt from @sanverscorp – “Maggie having a really bad nightmare about not being able to save Alex or something and she wakes up crying and Alex assures her she’s right here :)

Her “hey you” had been the best words Maggie had ever heard.

Because staring out the window, Maggie had been seeing all the ways they could have been just a few minutes later. All the ways they could have been just a few minutes earlier.

Because later, and Alex would be… no. She’s fine, she’s fine, she’s fine. Right?

Because earlier, and maybe Maggie would hate herself a little bit less, because she couldn’t imagine the pain, the terror, the…

Because she would never get the image of Alex’s body, floating there, out of her mind, so she can’t imagine how Alex can possibly forgive her for getting there so late, so literally last second, so…

The “hey you” had brought her back. Had roused her from her waking nightmare. Had brought her into Alex’s arms.

And then Alex had asked if she was okay. Of course Alex asked.

And Maggie brushed her off.

Brushed her off because she was the one whose lungs had burned, she was the one who’d sliced open her own body with a credit card, for crying out loud, she was the one who’d almost…

Brushed her off because it’s whatever, because Alex is fine now, right, because Alex needs all the attention, all the care, not Maggie.

Maggie, who almost didn’t rescue her in time.

So she brushes Alex off, because Alex has suppressed her own feelings, her own needs, for far too long, and Maggie will be damned if she lets her do that now, of all times.

But all that dedication, all that determination, can’t stop the nightmares.

Alex is having a lot of her own, lately – more than usual, anyway – but when she’s having a dreamless sleep, she’s out cold, and Maggie has to put her head on her chest to feel it rise, feel it fall. Hear Alex’s heartbeat.

But it’s good, too, because when Alex sleeps that hard, she can’t hear Maggie’s nightmares. Can’t hear the aftermath.

Can’t hear Maggie’s sobs, her desperate gasping for breath.
Her wishing she’d been the one kidnapped, not Alex, not Alex, because god, hasn’t that woman been through enough?

She’s been through enough – more than enough – so when Maggie wakes in a cold sweat from a dream, a dream where Alex is floating, floating, but she doesn’t gasp for breath when Kara punches the glass, doesn’t move, doesn’t react, doesn’t gasp back to life, back to herself, back to the woman Maggie’s in love with, back to the woman Maggie is supposed to share all her firsts with, doesn’t respond to Maggie’s shouts and her CPR and her desperate, desperate pleas… when Maggie wakes, she can’t tell which parts of her face are covered in sweat and which parts of her face are covered in tears.

She doesn’t want to wake her – god, she doesn’t want to wake her – but she needs to see her chest rise and fall, needs to feel her breathing, breathing, breathing.

She turns desperately in bed, her own chest racking with violent sobs, and Alex gives her more than deep breaths. Alex cracks open her eyes, and Alex sits up immediately, because Maggie’s eyes are wild and her face is contorted and soaked and Alex knows.

“Come here,” she says without asking for an explanation, because she doesn’t need one. She holds out her arms, but Maggie refuses them, refuses them, because she’s the one who’s supposed to be taking care of Alex, she’s the one who’s supposed to be –

“Maggie, I’m right here. I’m right here, please – please, let me hold you, let me – “

“No, you don’t get to do that, Danvers! You don’t get to make like you’re fine, like everything’s fine, because it’s not fine, Alex! Nothing’s fine. You almost died, I almost lost you, you had to cut into your own skin with that damn credit card and now I panic and almost throw up every single time I’m at the damn grocery store and pay with my bank card because he tortured you, Danvers, you, not me, so you don’t get to comfort me, I’m not the one who gets to be comforted, you understand me, I’m not the one who almost…”

She breaks and she collapses and for a long, long moment, she’s the one without breath, gasping for air like each time might be her last, and she’s clinging to Alex helplessly, helplessly, because Alex’s arms are strong and they’re warm and Alex is alive, alive, alive.

“Maggie, I’m here. I’m here and hey, listen to me, hey, hey, hey.” Maggie looks up and her lips tremble and her eyes are bloodshot, and Alex kisses her face over, and over, and over.

Because this is why she held on.

“Maggie, he didn’t just torture me. He didn’t just stalk me. That was both of us, babe. Kara, too. He put you both in an impossible position, Maggie, and he – I wasn’t the only one, Maggie. You’re allowed to have feelings, you’re allowed to react. You’re allowed to have nightmares, babe. If it had been you, I…” She shudders and the only thing that stops her from starting to hyperventilate is Maggie’s hand on her chest, her lips on her jawline.

“We’re in this together, okay? We held on together, and we’re going to figure out how to keep living together, okay babe? I love you, Maggie. I love you, and that means we’re gonna do this together. Okay?”

“Say it again?” Maggie whispers, because she’ll never forgive herself for not letting Alex say it earlier, because what if, what if, what if.

Alex smiles and kisses her lips slow and tender and long.
“I love you, Maggie Sawyer. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you.”

A fresh wave of tears spring into Maggie’s eyes – to match the ones swimming in Alex’s – and she can’t help the smile on her face, the leaping in her heart.

“I love you too, Alex Danvers. I love you so damn much.”

There will be more nightmares. Too many.

There will be more cold sweats and more screams.

They both know.

They both know, but tonight?

Tonight, there will only be more I love yous.

And all those future nights, with terrors and tortures and tremors?

They’ll get through those together.

Because I love you, I love you, I love you.
Chapter 376

Chapter Summary

cassiebones asked:

How many girls do you think Alex accidentally flirted with before she realized she was gay? Like she was SO flirting with Maggie before she realized but like how often do you think that happened and she just thought she was being nice or whatever? Fucking oblivious gay nerd.

She’s six and the girl’s brothers had left her all alone in the sand as they dashed into the ocean, yelping and shoving and splashing each other as they barrel deeper into the water.

The girl looks lonely and the girl looks listless, and Alex knows the feeling.

“You don’t like the ocean?” she asks without preamble, because six year old social code permits so much more direct communication than older codes will.

The girl turns to her and sighs. Her face is pretty, even when it’s sad, and Alex bites the inside of her cheek. “I’ll just slow my brothers down,” she says, and Alex holds out an open hand.

“You won’t slow me down."

They take each wave together, the girl never letting go of Alex’s hand, and Alex never wanting her to.

Eliza, watching from their balcony overlooking the beach, is proud that her shy little Alexandra is finally making a friend.

She’s ten and the pretty girl from homeroom has the best science fair poster in the whole lunchroom.

Except for Alex’s, of course, but Alex doesn’t mention that when she tells her that it looks great, and how did she get such clear images of a monthly progression of sunspots from a homemade pinhole camera?

Alex thinks the girl blushes, but it must be because she’s shy, or maybe she doesn’t like talking in such a crowded, bustling space. Or it’s Alex’s imagination.

Either way, she decides that the best course of action is to keep complimenting the girl, because she deserves it, and if Alex’s life as a professional ten year old nerd is any indication, the girl can use all the compliments she can get.

She’s fourteen, and her newest surf instructor is eighteen, and Alex has never been nervous before classes before, but she almost throws up each time, now, because what if she messes up, and what if her instructor decides that Alex has only been accelerated to an advanced class by luck, and she demotes her back down to surfing with the other fourteen year olds, and –

“Nice job, Danvers!” she calls, and Alex nearly spills off her board at the way her heart leaps, at
the way she says her name.

When her boyfriend picks her up after class – her instructor’s boyfriend, not Alex’s, because who would ever want to date her, anyway? – Alex stands a little bit straighter, gets her instructor to laugh a little bit louder.

“Make sure he takes you somewhere nice: you only deserve the best places, you know?” she tells her, and she thinks she’s smooth, thinks she’s putting the college boy in his place, even though she’s not quite sure why she wants to.

She’s sixteen and Vicky Donahue is always on her mind. And that’s okay – they’re best friends, and best friends are supposed to always be on each other’s minds, right? – and Vicky is nice to Kara and Vicky smells so damn good and Alex wants to be just like her and she usually loves school but god the days before the nights she gets to sleep over at Vicky’s are horribly, horribly long.

Because Vicky’s mother keeps offering to set up an air mattress in Vicky’s room, and Alex keeps telling her, “It’s alright, Mrs. Donahue, you don’t have to go out of your way, I don’t mind the tight space, honest.” Because it is a tight space, sharing Vicky’s bed, but it means that Vicky’s body is close to hers, and best friends snuggle all the time, right?

And friends play dress up, too, even in high school, right, and when Vicky goes through her parents’ closets and tosses her top off without thinking to try on something new, Alex gulps extra hard and she blushes like she’s Kara and she stammers but she obeys when Vicky tells her to come zip her up, and she nearly kisses the back of her neck because friends are affectionate with each other, right, and she’s sincere when she tells her that she’s beautiful, that she’s the prettiest girl in the whole school, the whole town, and Vicky gives her something of a strange look, and she turns her back to Alex before she changes again.

She’s nineteen and she doesn’t have much use for English class, but that girl who sits across from her makes great drawings in her notebook and Alex has to tell her, right, because who doesn’t want to be complimented?

“Hey – I really like your uh… art.”

The girl giggles. “They’re just doodles.”

“No, but they’re really good! You’re really good.”

The girl shrugs, her eyes lingering on Alex’s face a beat too long. But not long enough.

She starts doodling for Alex, nudging her and edging her notebook toward her, sometimes ripping out the sketches and gifting them to a spluttering Alex. She keeps every one of them and she takes them out during long days in the lab, and she chews on the inside of her cheek, and she fantasizes about what the girl’s boyfriend probably likes to do to her in bed, because some of the doodles are a bit sexual, so it’s only natural for the mind to wander, right?

She’s twenty-three and she’s partying way too hard, because college was too easy and grad school is easy but what’s not easy is Eliza’s voice in the back of her head, is the constant guilt of having gone off to Stanford without Kara, is the constant confusion and loneliness because she can get everything else right, but not dating, not men, and Eliza is starting to ask uncomfortable questions.

She goes home with men with clumsy hands and overeager tongues, but she dances with women with scintillating touches and vodka on their breath. She smiles and sometimes, she winks, and
sometimes, she puts her hands on hips that aren’t hers, and sometimes, her blood rushes through her veins so fast she can barely breathe because her body will go home with a guy, but her mind will stay here on the dance floor.

She’s twenty-seven and it’s been too long, and that’s okay, because the DEO keeps her busy, the DEO keeps her focused. The DEO saved her life.

But she’s twenty-seven and Lucy Lane walks in and Kara isn’t wrong about how nice she smells and how smart she is and how date-able she is, but she’s the enemy because of who her father is and she’s the enemy because of who her ex-boyfriend-sort-of-still-boyfriend is and she’s the enemy because she almost sends Alex and J’on’nn off to Cadmus, but suddenly she’s not the enemy because she rescues them and fights for them and she throws everything on the line for them and Alex thinks of that thing she felt during her interrogation, correcting Lucy from calling her Alexandra, Lucy’s piercing eyes when she called out that Alex was lying, Lucy’s uncomfortable shifting when what’s his face was going on yet another xenophobic rant, and Alex can’t think about any of this now because now, she’s on the run, and sure, she’ll always have Lucy to thank for that, but later, later, later.

She’s twenty-eight and it’s her crime scene, dammit, not some arrogant detective’s with gorgeous eyes and gorgeous hair and a confident smirk and god, god, god, how is she that smart, how is anyone that sharp?

She’s twenty-eight and it’s innocent, it’s pool, they’re friends, and of course she’s not jealous when she says she’s got a hot date, because sure, whatever woman has a hot date with Maggie Sawyer is probably the luckiest woman in the world, but Alex is just excited to finally meet someone that can go toe-to-toe with her, that can challenge her, that can change her. And if her stomach flips a little bit when she saunters off in those jeans and that tank top to that date, it’s just because she’d hoped maybe they could go for a drink, because it’s been so long since Alex has had a friend outside of work.

She’s twenty-eight and she’s up all night, because she’s twenty-eight and she’s falling in love. In gay love. Lesbian love.

God, god, god, how has she not seen it before?

She’s falling in love with a woman, and memories are exploding out of her like water bursting out of a dam, and she’s terrified and she’s confused and she’s never felt more… herself.

And Maggie Sawyer is the reason why.
anonymous asked:

I need an alex relapsing due to everything with her father and maybe her past and maggie being there for her because I relapsed myself :/ being an alcoholic is fun....

She’s thrown things and she’s screamed and she’s stormed out of the apartment and she’s wanted to, wanted to, god, she’s wanted to.

But she hasn’t had a drink in three months and fourteen days.

Three months and fourteen days because Maggie Sawyer noticed. And Maggie Sawyer cared.

But she almost gets catapulted across the galaxy, and her sister blows out her powers saving her, saving them all – again – and her father says he’d understand if she shot him, and she hates herself because part of her wants to, wants to, because how dare he tell her that he participated in a genocidal plan for her, for her, for her.

Isn’t Eliza already blaming her for enough? For how didn’t you see this, Alexandra, I thought you were supposed to be trained for this sort of thing and how could you have gone in there alone, Alexandra, I know you’re powerful, but you’re not your sister, dear, you need to accept that you have limitations, for she wouldn’t have had to blow out her powers saving all of you if you had thought this through more rationally, Alexandra.

She kicks at the couch and she heads downstairs.

Heads downstairs, because Maggie had helped her get rid of all the alcohol in her apartment – and god, it had been a lot – but Maggie can’t close the liquor shops around her apartment.

Heads downstairs, because the liquor store is closer than the closest meeting.

And Maggie’s at work.

And Alex is a grown woman.

A grown woman whose father abandoned her, whose father participated in a genocidal forced deportation plan in her name, whose father was everything and whose father was nothing, nothing, nothing, like the man she’s spent all these years agonizing over. Wanting to be like.

Alex is a grown woman, and doesn’t she fight hard enough, and doesn’t she deserve just one, just one, because without anything, she can’t. Without anything, there’s no dulling her heightened senses and there’s no dulling her hellish agony.

Just one.

She pays in cash and she’s more than halfway through the damn bottle before Maggie’s tentative knock on her door. She chuckles wryly to herself, because she always knew she’d be a
disappointment to Maggie.

Always knew she’d fail her.

She staggered to the door, a masochistic grin on her face, because let’s see how far ride or die really goes.

Maggie takes one look at her and Maggie doesn’t blink and Maggie doesn’t yell and Maggie doesn’t even let her face fall.

“Alex,” is all she whispers, and she stares at her like she’s never loved anyone more.

Alex doesn’t realize that her lip is trembling, doesn’t realize that her body is shaking, until she’s collapsed into Maggie’s arms, until she’s racking with sobs and almost toppling them both over, but Maggie’s stance is stronger than Alex’s worst self-hate, and Maggie calls her sweetie when she gasps out how sorry she is, and Maggie tells her she’s wrong when she moans out what a failure she is, and Maggie tells her she’s so brave when she sobs out how she’s ruined all of her progress, ruined them, ruined herself, ruined everything.

Failed everything.

Everyone.

Again.

“Alex, you’re allowed. You’re allowed to relapse, and you’re allowed to still love yourself. Is tonight ideal, babe? No. Did you mess up? Yeah. But you know what, sweetie? You’re doing something so brave, so hard, so terrifying, and you’re doing so good. You’re allowed to be human and you’re allowed to make mistakes. Because you know what, Danvers? You can slip up and still be worthy of love. You can slip up and still be perfect. You can slip up and still make it better. I promise you. Okay? I’m not going anywhere. I’m not. I promise.”

“I wouldn’t blame you if you did.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Alex. Understand me? Ride or die includes relapses. It’s part of the deal, babe.”

“But I failed you.”

“No. You didn’t hurt me, Alex. You’re not being abusive to anyone but yourself, babe, and we can work with that. Okay? I’m not going anywhere, Alex. Unless you want me to.”

Alex grabs at the back of her shirt and pulls her closer, closer, closer.

“Please stay.”

“Of course, Alex. Of course I will.”
Chapter 378

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi Cap, I know you already wrote something a bit like this but I tend to crawl back into my shell when I'm upset and sometimes I'm scared nobody will ever make the effort to crawl in there with me when I need them the most... Does that make sense? Sorry for burdening you!

Tagging @smolsawyer just for like… a fun sense of spite ;)

She doesn’t like talking about herself.

Alex knows this.

Anyone who’s ever met her knows this.

And when she withdraws – which, especially these days, is pretty often – Alex will crawl right in after her.

Alex finds her each time she runs.

Sometimes, she literally runs.

All across National City, in her jogging gear, in the pouring rain. Alex will follow close behind, watching her, caring for her, making sure she runs safe, making sure she runs careful.

Sometimes, she drives.

Drives her motorcycle all the way out of National City, all the way into the desert, and she rips off her helmet, and she tosses her head back, and she screams.

She doesn’t know how Alex knows, but she’s always waiting up at home with a steaming mug of healing tea and warm, warm arms to crash down into.

Sometimes, she runs without actually going anywhere.

Sometimes, they’re on the couch and they’re watching some old movie or other, and Maggie just… goes away. Alex can’t articulate how she knows – maybe it’s something about the pattern of Maggie’s breath, or maybe it’s something about the way her body stiffens, the way she forgets to laugh at her favorite parts of the film, the way her eyes are staring at the screen without seeing it at all – but she knows. She always knows.

And she’ll whisper to her and she’ll ask if she can put her arms around her and she’ll tell her she’s beautiful and she’ll tell her she’s worth it and she’ll tell her she doesn’t have to run, because she’s right here, right here, right here, and she’s not going anywhere.

So usually, it’s Alex that finds her, that puts in the effort to know when she’s depressed. To know
when she’s anxious. To know when she’s on the edge of breaking down.

But then Alex is away in Geneva, and she calls every night, and she texts every couple of hours, but it’s not the same.

It’s not the same, and Alex’s friends have invited Maggie out with them, and she agreed before Alex left, but now? Now, the idea of going out just seems funny.

So she bails.

Bails on James and Winn and Kara.

Bails because her couch is comfortable, and her couch is safe, and her couch doesn’t expect her to laugh and be in a good mood and be clever and be sociable. Her couch just wants her presence, and she can barely even give that.

She doesn’t know that James and Winn and Kara also don’t expect anything from her.

She doesn’t know, because – aside from Alex, and she’s still getting used to that, still trying to believe in that – no one has ever demanded… nothing… from her before.

But when she sends them the text that she’s gonna stay in tonight, she doesn’t expect them to care.

Doesn’t expect them to notice, because it was sweet of them to invite her, really, but it was probably just as a favor to Alex.

It was probably a relief to them that she wasn’t coming.

She didn’t really fit in with them, anyway.

She didn’t really fit in with anyone, anyway.

So she’s startled when there’s a soft knock at her door.

Startled when she opens it and it’s James bearing DVDs and Winn bearing root beer and Kara bearing box upon box upon box of pizza.

“We texted you back when you said you weren’t coming, but you didn’t answer,” Kara says by way of greeting.

“And if you don’t want us here, we can totally take all this delicious pizza and root beer and all these vintage, can’t-find-em-on-Netflix DVDs and go to Kara’s place,” Winn offers.

“But if you do want us here, you don’t have to say anything, and you don’t have to laugh at Winn’s terrible jokes. Heck, you could even just go to sleep. But we thought it might be nice to not… be alone,” James tells her, soft, studying her face like it’s a work of art. Because, to him, it is.

She fights down tears because she is still getting somewhat comfortable – somewhat – with crying in front of Alex. But in front of her sister and their friends?

She fights the tears back down. Hard.

“Did Alex send you or something?” she asks, and Kara shakes her head.

“No, we just… we wanted to make sure you were okay. And we wanted to spend time with you. But if you don’t want – “
But Maggie is stepping back and Maggie’s heart is swelling and Maggie’s face still doesn’t remember how to smile, but she thinks her heart might be, slowly, figuring it out.

“Get in here and quit letting the pizza get cold, Little Danvers,” she says, and though she can’t return any of their three brilliant smiles, they don’t seem to mind.

They just seem to want… her.

No matter what state she’s in, no matter how solid her shell is, no matter how hard she’s made it for them to connect with her.

And it makes her think that maybe, just maybe, she might be worth the effort after all.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey mum. I’ve had such a bad week. My cat died, and it’s just been going downhill from there. Your fics give me life. I know you’re not taking any prompts and you’re swamped but I could really use like.. some drama that ends well? Could we have a big serious Sanvers fight and then one of them starts to walk off but then stops and they have make up sex? Like angst, fluff and smut all in the same chapter? This would make my day, I really need the pick me up. I love you ! <3

She’s pacing and she’s fuming and she’s refusing to look at Alex, because Kara got those puppy eyes from somewhere, and that somewhere was her big sister, and Maggie is really not in the mood to be handled.

“You didn’t even try, Danvers! You didn’t even try to get in touch with any of us, you just strolled on in there on your own – “

“What happened to ride or die, Maggie, you said – “

“Yeah, I know what I said, Alex, but the thing about that is you gotta give me the opportunity to ride with you in the first place! I knew where you were going, Alex, I understood why you had to do it alone. But this? This was ridiculous, Danvers, this was reckless and careless and just – you know what, whatever, I can’t stay here, I gotta go – “

“Maggie, stop.”

Maggie ignores her, throat too tight to speak and pride too strong to turn around.

“Maggie, please.” Alex’s voice breaks, and Maggie knows when she’s being manipulated, and she knows when she’s being handled, but the break in Alex’s voice? The break is real, it’s genuine. It’s not meant to be manipulative. It just… is.

“What.” She doesn’t turn around, but she does stop walking, her hand on the doorknob.

“You wanna know why I went into that factory alone, without backup and without telling anyone where I was going?”

Maggie turns around, her arms crossed over her chest.

“That’d be nice, Danvers, yeah.”

Alex takes a deep breath and she sighs and she bites the inside of her cheek and she steps closer to Maggie.

“Rick Malverne.”

Maggie stiffens.
“What about him?”

“He was stalking us. He was doing it from somewhere. He had equipment somewhere. I had Winn track it. I went to destroy it. To destroy everything he’d done.”

Maggie’s arms are still crossed, but her eyes soften, and her voice does, too.

“Alone.”

“I didn’t want to bring those… memories back for you. You still have nightmares, Maggie.”

Maggie uncrosses her arms and she heaves a frustrated sigh.

“So do you, Alex.”

“I know. It just… felt like it was my thing to do.”

Maggie bites her lip and Maggie nods slowly and Maggie looks up at Alex and cautiously, tentatively, frames her face with her hands.

“I can’t lose you, Alex. Your thing to do or not, I… I need you to be more careful, I… I can’t lose you, you understand me? I can’t. I won’t.”

The tears in her eyes are forged from steel, and her voice was born in a volcano.

“Understood,” Alex backs down, because Maggie Sawyer with that gleam in her eyes, that death, that desire, that raw need to have Alex alive, to have Alex with her, to have Alex here, to just… have Alex?

That will be her surrender every time.

Maggie hears the lilt in her voice, sees the spark flash across her eyes, and she lowers her gaze to Alex’s lips.

“Understood, is it?” she rasps, and Alex nods softly, eyes wide and heart pounding.

“You still want me to stay, Danvers?”

“I want you to do more than stay, Maggie.”

Maggie’s eyes flash and Alex gulps in anticipation.

“What kind of more, Danvers?”

“What kind of more do you want?” She shifts so her hips press up against Maggie’s, and Maggie hisses.

“Get on your knees, Alex.” She says it like a statement, like a command, but heat tears through Alex, because she knows, really, that it’s a question, that Alex can say no, that Alex can always say no, and that knowledge? That makes her want to get down on her knees for Maggie Sawyer even more than she already wanted to.

“Understood,” she whispers, and Maggie practically growls as she rushes over to grab a pillow off the couch. She might want to see Alex on her knees for her, but she can’t stand the idea of Alex in any kind of discomfort. Alex smiles and Maggie leans down to kiss her forehead.
“What do you want next, Maggie?” she asks, wanting to make it up to her, to make everything up to her, because god, she only wanted to make things better, she didn’t want to scare her, and because god, the look in Maggie’s eyes is one of the sexiest things she’s ever, ever seen.

“You wanna go down on me, Danvers?”

Alex squeaks and nods desperately because god, god, god, she does.

“Can I?” she asks, her fingers raising to the zip of Maggie’s jeans.

Maggie licks her lips and nods and it only takes Alex a few moments to strip Maggie of her jeans, of her boy shorts, to shift so Maggie can put one leg up over Alex’s shoulder, back against the door, foot resting on a nearby chair, and Alex takes a long breath and a long look up at Maggie’s face before giving her what she wants.

“Tell me again?” she asks.

“Suck my clit, Alex,” Maggie breathes, and Alex obeys.

Maggie’s head tosses back against the door, and she doesn’t care, doesn’t care, doesn’t care, as she buries her fingers in Alex’s hair for leverage, for balance, for pressure, bringing her mouth closer to her body, bringing her tongue deeper inside her as Alex shifts wickedly between her clit and her opening, between licking her and sucking on her and fucking her with her tongue.

“Danvers,” she gasps raggedly, and Alex screams into her clit. “That okay? You good?” she asks, and Alex nods into Maggie’s clit, and she thrusts her own hips futilely, because god, god, god, this is one of the hottest things they’ve ever done.

“I need to be inside you,” Maggie moans, and Alex whines, because she wants it, wants it, wants it, but she doesn’t want to get off her knees, doesn’t want to move her lips from Maggie’s clit.

“Oh, you like this, Danvers?”

Alex nods and Alex whines and Alex looks up at her with wide eyes, seeking permission to continue.

“Then keep going until you need something else, Alex,” Maggie tells her.

“Understood,” Alex whispers, and buries her face back between her legs, grabbing at her ass with her hands and moaning at the taste of her, at the way she drips onto her tongue, onto her lips, onto her chin.

“Color, Mags?” she pulls her lips away to ask, because she’d told her she could keep going, but Maggie’s the one balancing on one leg with her back pressed against the front door.

“Green, Alex,” she gasps, hands still tangled in Alex’s hair, and Alex asks at regular intervals until Maggie cums with uneven thrusts and pleasantly painful fingers tugging at her hair and Alex’s last name bursting out of her lips like a prayer.

Alex holds her by the hips to keep her balanced, to keep her safe, and she helps her bring her leg down, down, slowly, slowly, her knees cracking slightly as she stands, wiping her mouth on her shoulder and pulling Maggie close into her chest.

“You good?” she asks, and Maggie is still too breathless to speak, but she nods.
“Still want me to fuck you, Alex?” she asks after a long, long moment, and Alex chuckles.

“Can you even right now, Sawyer?”

“Is that a challenge?”

“Do you want it to be?”

They’re laughing and they’re teasing and they’re hugging and they’re kissing and suddenly Maggie’s eyes sober and when she frames Alex’s face with her hands, it’s with love and it’s with tenderness and it’s with something much more than just sexual need.

“Don’t you ever do anything like that again, Alex.”

“Kneel for you and lick you until you cum in my mouth?”

Maggie chuckles and Alex is relieved to see her smile again. “Not that. You can do that… you can do that whenever you damn well please. No, I mean… I can’t lose you, Alex. No more unnecessary risks. Please?”

Alex stares down at her long and hard and steady.

“Anything for you, Maggie. Even if it’ll totally wreck my reputation.”

Maggie’s dimples shine, and there’s both laughter and heady desire in her voice when she speaks next.

“I can think of something else about you to wreck, Danvers.”

“Can you now?”

She shrieks with laughter as Maggie kisses her and tugs her back to their bed, finishing what they started very much on her mind.
Chapter 380

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey could you like write something about Maggie being jealous because someone is flirting with Alex or something? Btw you are so talented, keep up the good work! ❤

She’s never thought of herself as a particularly jealous person.

If you’re not used to having something, she figures, you get used to it.

And she’s not used to having good things.

So when good things start to slip away from her? Jealousy isn’t exactly what occurs to her.

But then she fell in love with Alex Danvers.

It wasn’t hard.

Falling in love with her.

Well, it was.

It was because it was terrifying because Alex was good and Alex was devoted and Alex was kind and Alex was trusting and Alex didn’t deserve someone like… her.

So it was hard, but it also wasn’t, because Alex Danvers makes it easy to fall in love with her.

And Maggie apparently isn’t the only one.

Because there’s a new girl in town and she’s gorgeous and she’s everything Maggie isn’t – she’s tall and she’s blonde and she’s high femme and she’s easygoing and she’s funny and she’s smooth and she’s confident and, the crappiest part of all, she actually seems really flipping nice – and, of course, this girl is flirting with Alex.

And Alex?

Alex is lapping it up.

She’s laughing a little too loudly and she’s leaning in a little too close and she’s buying her another beer.

“You okay?”

Maggie jumps, but it’s just James, just James, standing over her shoulder, his eyes in the same place Maggie’s are – across the bar, at the pool table, at her new girlfriend flirting away with this beautiful woman who obviously, obviously, obviously wants her.

“Yeah. Course I am, Olsen, why wouldn’t I – “
Alex bursts into laughter again, and Maggie doesn’t even bother to finish her sentence.

James sighs. “You know she’s new at all this, Maggie.”

“Right. Which is exactly what I was afraid of. That the second someone else comes along and shows interest – and who wouldn’t show interest in Alex, right? – she’d just – “

“No. No, that’s not what I meant – “

“I’m not slut shaming her or anything, James, I’m saying, I get it. It’s perfectly understandable for her to want to be with more than one person, it – “

“No, Maggie, stop. That’s not what I meant at all. I meant. She’s new at this, and she doesn’t really know what flirting is.”

Maggie rolls her eyes up at him, piercing him with the skepticism in her eyes.

“Maggie, you guys have told us the story. How many different ways did Alex flirt with you before she realized she was doing it? And anyway, Maggie, that girl? Look at Alex’s eyes. Really look.”

“I’d rather not look deeply into my girlfriend’s eyes while she’s flirting with a beautiful woman.”

“You’re a beautiful woman, Maggie. And trust me. Look at her.”

Maggie sighs and does as she’s told, because there’s something in James’s voice that doesn’t sound consoling. It just sounds… right.

“She’s happy to be making a friend. To be out of the DEO, to be having fun. She didn’t do that before she met you, unless it was with Kara. She’s happy, but really look at her, Maggie.”

And Alex chooses that moment to look past the girl she’s flirting with and give Maggie a huge smile, a huge wave. “Come on, babe, how long can it possibly take to grab another round?” she calls, and Maggie holds up one finger at her.

“See? See how her eyes changed? She’s having fun, Maggie, but she only wants you. She doesn’t know she’s flirting. She knows a lot of things, Alex Danvers, but not…”

“Girls,” Maggie says with a grin, and James returns it.

“Girls.”

So the next time Alex laughs at this other girl’s jokes, Maggie swallows the jealousy and instead, tosses her arms around Alex’s waist. And Alex leans into her, reaches her hand behind her head, strokes Maggie’s hair, and turns her face to kiss her cheek.

And the next time Alex leans into the girl while she’s laughing, she also leans the other way. Into Maggie’s body. All the way into Maggie’s body. And she kisses her soundly.

By the time she opens her eyes, the other girl has slipped away.

Because listening to Alex talk about her girlfriend the entire time she thought they were flirting was one thing.

Having Alex’s girlfriend actually come by, and watching Alex be all over her, was quite another.

Alex barely notices, and James grins, because Maggie?
Maggie had nothing to be jealous of, after all, and she kisses Alex all the deeper because of it.
Their first order was years ago. He was just a freshman then. In college and at the pizza joint.

There was a loud bang, a louder crash, and an even louder curse that didn’t sound quite like English, or any language he’d ever heard; there was some scrambling, some “no, it’s fine Alex, I’ll get it, just – this stupid box!”, and the door swung open.

A pretty blonde with an enormous, warm smile and rectangular glasses was at the door, cash in hand and slightly disheveled.

“Hi!” she offered brightly, and he held out the two pies with every topping imaginable automatically. This girl was not exactly what he’d pictured when the order was placed, but this job was teaching him a lot about the deceptiveness of appearances.

“Just moving in?” he asks, because he doesn’t have to crane his neck to see the boxes littering the apartment behind her.

“Yeah! My sister’s helping me, but I’m a bit… clumsy sometimes, so…” She adjusts her glasses and chuckles, more to herself than anything, before exchanging two crisp bills for the pizzas.

“If you don’t get in here with those damn pizzas, clumsiness will be the least of your problems, Kara!”

Jessy wonders what her sister looks like, to be able to somehow balance that much humor with that much menace in the same sentence.

He and the girl – Kara, he now knows – exchange a quiet, secret smile, complete with raised eyebrows.

“Keep the change,” she tells him, and it’s not until he’s halfway down the hallway that he realizes she’s tipped him nearly fifty percent.

Their next order, a week or so later, someone else answers the door. Short, straight dark hair, wary eyes. He can tell she’s the type that checks through the peephole before opening the door. But her stance is nothing if not confident.

This must be the sister. Alex, he thinks he remembers Kara shouting.

She doesn’t make small talk, but she, too, tells him to keep the change.

Kara is yelling for Alex about the show starting as the door closes in front of him, and he grins. Must be TV night.

He starts being able to predict why they’re ordering, depending on the time of night, how many toppings, how many pizzas. With beer or without. He starts bragging to his friends about the

It doesn’t matter who answers the door or how red their eyes are or how many voices her hears shouting about Mario Kart in the background. They always tip him absurdly well, and they always – he’s not sure when it starts, or who asked him his name, but it was probably Kara – greet him by his name.

“Jessy with a y! My favorite pizza guy!” Kara will charm him on Game Night Pizza nights.

“Thanks, Jessy,” Alex will grunt on Alex And The Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day Pizza nights.

He’s pretty sure Alex doesn’t live there, but she’s always with Kara.

Except on Alex Is In Geneva Pizza or Alex Is Working Late and Kara Is Lonely and Hungry and Grumpy Pizza nights. He wonders if Alex ever even sleeps at her own place.

Until late one night, when he’s working the counter instead of deliveries, a small woman with gorgeous hair and a leather jacket puts in an order for a pie and a six pack of beer while she’s talking on her phone.

“Hey, M’gann – no, no, I’m fine – yeah, she did a great job patching me up – listen, that’s actually why I’m calling. I can’t get a hold of Kara – do you know if Alex is with her, or at work, or home, or – of, she is? Okay, great, I just wanted to – oh, shut up. Good night. No. I’m hanging up now. Bye. Sorry about that. How much do I owe you?” she redirects to Jessy. She bounces on the balls of her feet and blows air out of her cheeks like she’s nervous about something while he rings her up. No, not nervous. Terrified.

But she, too, tells him to keep the change.

After that, he starts getting delivery orders to Alex’s apartment, too.

The first time she answers an unfamiliar door for him, his heart jumps. “Hey, you actually have a place of your own!”

Alex scowls at him, but she tips him even more than she usually does, so he sees right through it.

The next time he delivers to the older Danvers girl’s address, the woman from the shop answers the door, in an oversized shirt and basketball shorts.

He grins knowingly at her, his heart leaping hard and happy. “Her stuff looks good on you,” he murmurs conspiratorially. “I wear my boyfriend’s stuff all the time, too.”

The cautious, guarded look that crossed her face at his first sentence is replaced by a massive, dimpled smile at his second, and he gets his biggest tip yet.

He adds Late Night Sexy Times with My Girlfriend Made Us Both Hungry Pizza night to the list, but he doesn’t add that category to the pool with his friends at the shop. He feels more protective of the Danvers girls now than ever before.

The next time he sees Alex’s girlfriend – the late night pizza and beer she picked up all those months ago really must have worked – it’s at Kara’s place, and he’d guessed rightly: Game Night Pizza was back in action.
He alternates, now, between Alex’s place and Kara’s, and Alex looks happier than he’s ever seen her, her hair getting curlier and redder and her smile getting easier by the week.

When Kara greets him at the door tonight, he’d put in back at the shop pool for Movie Night Pizza, and he chuckles in part amusement and part disappointment when Kara opens the door and he sees Alex waving an aggressive towel at the smoke detector like it insulted her sister instead of her cooking.

So it’s an Alex Almost Burned The Place Down Pizza night.

He shrugs with a smile. He might have lost tonight’s bet about why the girls were ordering tonight, but they seemed happy – the Danvers sisters and Alex’s girlfriend, whose name, he’s gathered by now, is Maggie – and that is more than enough for Jessy.
They’re freshmen.

They’re freshmen and Alex isn’t sure why, but every time she sees Eliza Wilke, a small flash of... something... floods her veins.

It feels a little like she does when her new little sister shows her the powers she has.

Something like jealousy.

Something like feeling... less.

She’s not sure why – she’s made fast friends with Vicky Donahue, and Vicky’s great, Vicky’s funny and a great bio lab partner and likes to read, so why would Alex care that Eliza Wilke and that Maggie Sawyer girl are always laughing together, are always standing close to each other, are always cracking up about some horror movie special effects, are always together, together, together?

She’s not sure why she cares so much.

It’s not like Maggie Sawyer ignores her or anything.

To the contrary.

The first day Alex walked into school to greet the whispers that accompany getting a new sister overnight – a new sister who doesn’t even seem like she’s from this planet – Maggie comes up to her with a soft smile and an offer to help show New Danvers around.

“Siblings can be rough, Danvers, and you didn’t have that whole nine month thing to prepare. Just find me if you want some space to yourself, to adjust or whatever.”

But then Eliza is tugging Maggie along, tugging Maggie away, and Maggie is looking over her shoulder apologetically and mouthing “let me know” and “sorry” and Alex thinks that it’s maybe, definitely, jealousy.

Because she hears Maggie Sawyer give answers in class.

And they’re always sharp. So sharp they make Alex want to know what goes on in that Sawyer girl’s brain. All the time.

But she can’t, because Maggie Sawyer seems to belong to Eliza Wilke.

Until February 15th, that is.
Until February 15th, when Maggie comes to school with swollen, red eyes and disheveled clothes and a jaw set in fury, set in rage, set in total and utter agony. Set in a perpetual challenge.

The whispers are that she’s lucky her father only sent her to live with an aunt. That he didn’t send her to get fixed, because how disgusting is that? How can any girl ever trust her if she’s just going to try to… ew? How can she ever expect to have any friends? There was always something off about her, anyway.

Alex doesn’t just hear what.

Alex hears why.

Something about a note in Eliza’s locker. Something about Eliza telling her parents, and her parents telling Maggie’s parents. Something about Maggie’s parents calling her the scum of the earth.

“Hey,” she shouts across the hall, and Eliza Wilke turns around with defiance in her vaguely red eyes.

“Why the hell would you do that?” Alex demands, slamming her open palm into the locker above Eliza’s head.

She doesn’t care that the entire hallway goes instantly silent, and she doesn’t notice that Maggie is peeking out from the science department office with wide, disbelieving eyes.

“Do what, Danvers?”

“How could you do that to her? She’s never been anything but nice to you – “

“Yeah, because she wanted to have sex with me or something – “

“Well she doesn’t deserve to be punished for her terrible taste in women!”

An oooooh rises up from the forming crowd, now, and Alex is seeing red, and Alex doesn’t care. Because she’s had enough of people making fun of her, of people making fun of her little sister.

Kara’s not in her grade, not even in the same school building as her yet. She can’t always prevent things from happening to Kara. And she’s already beginning to hate herself for it.

But dammit, she won’t fail the girl with the soft eyes and the open heart, too.

“Careful, Danvers, people are gonna say you play for the other team, too!” Rick Malverne snickers from behind her, and Alex turns, and Alex punches him straight in the face.

“Yeah, so what if I did? I’d rather be gay than a jerk like all of you any day!”

Only then does she notice Maggie.

Maggie’s wide eyes and Maggie’s hand under her lips, her face not knowing whether to smile or cry.

Alex flushes and she storms down the hall, away from a groaning Rick, away from a sad-eyed Eliza.

Toward a wide-eyed Maggie.
She tosses her arm around her shoulders and she tugs her away from the crowd, away from everything.

She knows a place on the fifth floor staircase where no one ever goes.

It’s a good place to come to rest.

To read.

Or to comfort.

“You didn’t have to do that, Danvers,” Maggie says, and her voice is small, defeated. Alex has never heard it like that – and she’s paid a lot of attention to Maggie’s voice, she’s realizing suddenly – and it breaks her heart.

“Well, someone had to,” she brushes it off, collapsing onto a stair and digging into her bag.

“Peanut butter and jam?” she says, and she holds out the entire thing to Maggie.

She’s in yesterday’s clothes. Alex doesn’t imagine her aunt bothered to pack her lunch.

Tears flood her eyes and she nods wordlessly and she lets Alex hold her close while she eats.

Alex doesn’t ask anything, and Maggie doesn’t tell anything.

She doesn’t have to.

“You’re coming home with me tonight,” is all Alex says into the silence of the abandoned stairwell, and she knows that for all Eliza rags on her, she will never turn her back on another child in need.

And Maggie? Maggie is smart, and she’s tough, and Alex, looking at her as though for the first time, thinks she’s the most beautiful girl she’s ever seen.

So beautiful.

Alex knows she can take care of herself. But she doesn’t want her to have to.

“Why?” is all Maggie asks, and Alex thinks of Maggie’s lips briefly, thinks of how it would have made her heart sing if Maggie had left a Valentine in her locker instead of Eliza’s.

But that’s all for later, because now? Now she thinks of Kara. Kara’s nightmares and Kara’s tears and Kara’s stories from back home.

She shrugs and she passes Maggie a tangerine from her bag, because Maggie is hungry and because she can’t stand all the healthy food Eliza packs for her, anyway.

“We’re stronger together,” she offers with a small smile, and when Maggie returns it, she thinks maybe everything’s going to be alright, after all.
She doesn’t realize she’s doing it.

Singing.

But Maggie sure does.

She stops and she stares and she almost cries, because a few months ago, this woman was badgering her about whose crime scene it was, and now… well, now, she still does that, but she also wears silk slips and pads around their apartment in bare feet, wearing her glasses and singing softly to herself while she gets ready for bed.

She doesn’t want her to stop – god, god, she never wants her to stop – but she needs to touch her skin, to press her lips against the back of her neck. So when Alex is pouring them both some tea, Maggie slips behind her and hesitates when they’re close enough to feel each other’s body heat.

“May I?” she whispers, and Alex hums contentedly and melts back into her arms. The singing stops, and Maggie’s heart sinks, but it also soars because her lips are on the back of Alex’s neck and Alex is nearly swooning and she’s so warm and she’s so soft and she’s so, so, so beautiful.

“You don’t have to stop, babe,” Maggie whispers, and Alex tilts her head as she leans it back onto Maggie’s shoulder.

“Stop what, stop doing the tea thing? Because I’d kind of rather be in your arms.”

Maggie smiles and kisses Alex’s exposed neck, and Alex moans softly. Maggie hisses at her responsiveness and fights the urge to carry her to the bed and make love to her all night long.

“Singing,” she breathes. “You didn’t have to stop singing.”

Alex turns in Maggie’s arms so they’re chest to chest, and Maggie has to remind herself to breathe.

“I was singing? Mmm. I guess I was. Kara says I do that sometimes. But only accidentally. I never really realize I’m doing it.” She stops and she thinks and she stares at something nonexistent over Maggie’s shoulder.

“Come to think of it, I think I’ve only ever done that around Kara.” She returns her eyes to Maggie’s face, to her lips, and smiles a smile that could restore Kara’s powers if ever she solar flares again. “I must be pretty comfortable with you, Sawyer.”
Maggie leans into their embrace and kisses her lips softly, gently, tenderly. “Get used to it, Danvers.”

Alex kisses her back, and it’s sweet and it’s slow and it’s dancing without music and it’s floating without gravity.

They’re hugging as much as they’re kissing, and they’re smiling as much as they’re breathing each other’s breath.

“So you like when I sing?” Alex asks, and her voice is shy, and her eyes are almost timid, and Maggie chuckles, because how in the hell did she wind up with the most perfect woman ever to exist?

“I love it, Alex. Couldn’t really hear you too well, but – “

“Come to bed.”

“Danvers?”

“Come on.”

Alex is smiling and she’s stepping back from their embrace, their tea abandoned.

Abandoned, because Alex has thought of a better way to get Maggie to fall asleep.

It’s been hard for her – hard for them both – since the massacre. Since the deportations and since Jeremiah. Since Rick. God, since everything.

But Alex is interlacing their fingers and she’s smiling and Maggie is following, following, because she would follow Alex to hell and back, but it looks like they’re going to heaven, instead.

Because Alex is laying her down and Alex is laying next to her, leaning up on one elbow, facing her, stroking her hair and warming her skin and kissing her eyes.

“In the mood for anything in particular?” she asks, her eyes wide with nerves, her lips curved with shy excitement.

Maggie can’t speak, because she’s never loved anyone like this, never been looked at by anyone like this, and Alex just smiles because Alex feels it, too.

She wets her lips and she swallows her nerves and she closes her eyes and she sways slightly to music Maggie can’t hear, and she opens her mouth.

“It’s late in the evening

She’s wondering what clothes to wear.”

Maggie knows the song – of course Maggie knows the song – and her breath hitches and tears immediately start stinging her eyes.

“She puts on her makeup

And brushes her long brown hair.”

They share a giggle and a nose rub at the unapologetically adorable face Alex pulls at changing the lyrics from blonde to brown, and Maggie has never felt more loved. She snuggles closer into
Alex’s arms, and she knows Alex is trying to sing her to sleep, but she can’t close her eyes, because how could she possibly look away from this?

From Alex, in a silk slip and glasses, soft voice and even softer eyes, stroking her hair while she sings to her about how wonderful she looks tonight?

They both laugh when Alex injects a comment about arm candy when she sings about a beautiful lady walking around with her.

They both let a single tear slip out of their eyes when Alex sings about the love light in Maggie’s eyes, about how Maggie just doesn’t realize how much Alex loves her.

Neither of them know exactly when they stop crying, when Alex stops singing, when they stop giggling at Alex’s commentary on the songs she chooses and when they stop kissing in between verses, but even as they stop all those things and drift into sweet, dreamless sleep, tangled in each other’s arms, in each other’s love, neither of them stop smiling.
Chapter 384

Chapter Summary

Alex’s Birthday
jemily Happy, happy, happy birthday, my darling. You deserve all the best things, and you deserve to be celebrated: I am so proud of you for being you! Here’s to you and here’s to an incredible year ahead

Here, have two birthday fics I’ve already written, and one made special for you on your special day!

Chapter 194 and Chapter 105

She forgets to eat when she’s stressed, and she forgets the day of the week when her shifts tend to bleed into each other.

Some years – years like this, years with Jeremiah and Cadmus and Rick Malverne and coming out, god, falling in love – she forgets her own birthday.

Maggie nudges Kara in the bar a few nights before Alex’s birthday.

“She hasn’t said anything about it, you know. Her birthday. I only know because it was on the forms we had to fill out with Pam down in HR. Does Alex not like her birthday or something? I don’t want to upset her if I – “

“No, no no no, Alex loves her birthday. Eliza always makes a big thing out of it, and I think it was the only time Alex felt like she was the center of things…” Kara trails off, adjusting her glasses and guilt flashing over her face.

Maggie hesitates before touching her shoulder, and Kara leans into her touch, a small smile on her face. She may still be getting used to sharing Alex’s love with someone – with trusting someone with Alex’s heart, with Alex’s soul, with Alex’s body – but she is getting used to it. Slowly. But it’s happening.

Finally.

“Were you thinking of doing something for her?”

Maggie shrugs and takes a swig of her root beer, leaning over the bar counter and watching Alex laugh with James and Winn at the pool table.

“Sure, I have some ideas. But I don’t know what traditions you guys have, and I didn’t want to impose or wreck anything for you all, you know?”

Kara smiles, and it’s genuine, because Maggie’s making it easier by the day to like her. To trust her.

“Kara! Maggie! Come back, Winn has no shot with you on his team!”
“Hehe, Winn having a shot. Nice work, Alex!”

“Oh my god, you guys, leave me alone. Kara! Maggie! Come back!”

Maggie and Kara lean into each other when they laugh, and as they stroll over to the pool table, Kara whispers to Maggie to meet her for lunch at Noonan’s tomorrow.

To plan for Alex’s birthday.

And plan, they do.

Because Alex might have forgotten her own birthday – or maybe she’s just not saying anything about it because she assumes everyone else has forgotten and doesn’t want to impose – but her family sure hasn’t.

Because when Alex gets home late a few days later, her apartment is crammed with the people she loves most.

Kara has somehow wrangled J’onn into a party hat, and James is laughing behind his camera, and Winn and Lucy are whooping as Kara giggles and claps when Maggie pulls her into her arms, Alex eagerly parting her lips for Maggie’s tongue, tugging Maggie closer, closer, both of them slightly off-balance, caught between laughing and crying and kissing, until Lucy shouts, “My god, you two, you’re gonna give J’onn a coronary, can you wait until we all go home?”

They part breathless with lust and breathless with laughter, and Kara bursts into Alex’s arms.

“Happy birthday, Alex,” she whispers into her ear, and Alex squeezes her tight, squeezes her close, close.

“You didn’t have to do this, Kara,” she says, because even though there are candles in a dozen donuts – like they do every year for her birthday – and even though the Bare Naked Ladies are blasting through the apartment – like they do every year on her birthday – she’d thought everyone forgot this year.

Hell, she almost had.

And she had so much blood on her hands this year – so very much blood – that she didn’t think anyone would find her worth celebrating, anyway.

But James does, gifting her with a photospread of her and Maggie in different stages of their relationship.

And Winn does, presenting her ceremonially with a specially-designed thigh holster for her alien gun.

And Lucy does, grinning from ear to ear as she gives her a lesbian sex handbook and a pair of handcuffs that makes Kara groan, Maggie gulp and bring her hand to her lips, and J’onn wish his newest daughter thought much more quietly.

And J’onn does, pressing a kiss to her forehead as he gives her a letter – because to write things down is to truly, truly say them – calling her his daughter, telling her how proud he is of her, telling her that nothing makes him happier than her happiness, telling her that he loves her, now more than ever.

And Kara does, squeezing her close as she gives her an entire array of gifts, ranging from a new set
of medical gadgets from Caitlin Snow to a painting Kara made herself of Alex and Maggie cuddling on Kara’s couch. Alex cries, and Maggie isn’t far behind.

And Maggie does – love her, god, love her, think she’s worth celebrating, every single day and night and all the times in between – nervously presenting her with her tickets to their first hockey game, a handwritten card talking about love and need and joy and hope, and a dog collar with the name Gertrude engraved on it.

Alex weeps and she laughs and she weeps some more, and she doesn’t stop celebrating with her family until long after midnight, until long after her birthday is, technically, over.

But none of them stop celebrating her, stop laughing with her, stop taking turns holding her, because it doesn’t matter what day it is: Alex Danvers is always, always, always worth celebrating.
Chapter 385

Chapter Summary

Maggie Worshiping Alex (“I love you” smut)

prompt from @thebiwisebrownkid – “some like happy playful smut where they focus on the i love yous and alex’s badassery. Basically maggie worshipping alex and showing her how much she loves her by wrecking her in multiple different ways. plz dont dwell too much on the trauma or the stalking or alex almost dying. shit happened recently and im focusing on the what ifs too much and rn sanvers is the only thing distracting me and alot of the new fics arnent really doing that.”

They said it once, and they said it twice, and they said it three times.

They said it, and they haven’t quite been able to stop saying it.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie whispers as she kisses the back of Alex’s neck while Alex is brushing her teeth.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex grins after she spits, Maggie kissing the toothpaste away from the corners of her lips.

“I love you,” Maggie gasps when Alex lets her mouth roam down her jawline, down her throat.

“I love you back,” Alex breathes while Maggie navigates her by her hips out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

“Do you want me?” she asks before she goes any further, because Alex’s pulse is thrumming under her lips and Alex is whining and Alex is exhaling “I love you’s with every breath, but she needs to be absolutely sure.

“Please,” Alex begs, and Maggie smirks.

“Please what, Danvers?” she can’t help but tease, because Alex Danvers is always, always, always destructively attractive.

But Alex Danvers, blushing and grinning and spluttering and flustered? Is near the top of Maggie’s growing list of weaknesses.

“I… Maggie, please, I…”

Maggie steps back just to hear Alex whine, and she’s rewarded richly.

“Maggie!” she moans, reaching for her, and Maggie melts into her instead of dodging her, lets Alex toss her backwards onto the bed, the thrill of Alex’s strength coursing through Maggie’s blood like oxygen.

“Such a badass, Danvers,” Maggie tries to sound cool, collected, unsurprised, but Maggie is shook
and Maggie is soaked and Maggie is so, so far from chill.

“Mmm, I am, aren’t I?” Alex tries to straddle her, but Maggie has other plans.

“May I?” she asks, and Alex cocks her head in an unspoken question.

“May I make love to you, Alex Danvers?”

Alex softens immediately, all the cockiness of a moment ago gone like it was never there, and Maggie delights in the way Alex trusts her enough to let go like this with her.

“I love you, Maggie,” is Alex’s only answer, and her body pliantly follows Maggie’s down to the mattress, Maggie arranging Alex on her back, slowly, slowly, slowly stripping away her clothes, lifting her shoulders, her hips, as needed, asking each step, each new thing, if it’s alright, if she wants it, if she wants her.

“God, Maggie, yes, please,” Alex whines, and Maggie chuckles into her stomach.

“And here we are again, Danvers. Please what?”

“Mags – “

“What, my badass girl can’t tell me what she wants?” Maggie winks, but her gentle fingers on Alex’s wrist tell Alex that if she really isn’t in the mood to talk, of course she doesn’t have to. But god, does she want to.

“I want you to fuck me, Maggie. Please.”

Maggie smiles and crawls up her body to kiss her lips soundly.

“Mmm, I will, Ally. I promise you that. But I’m gonna worship you a bit first, okay?” She leans up on her hands and glances down Alex’s naked body, licking her lips unconsciously.

“The woman I love deserves to be worshiped.”

“The woman you what now?” Alex asks, because she will never, ever, ever tire of hearing it.

“The woman I love, Danvers. You, in case you were wondering.”

“Mmm, I was, you never know, you could be talking about someone – ah!” Her banter cuts off into a sharp scream that makes Maggie freeze, but Alex begs her, begs her to keep going, because Maggie’s lips have found Alex’s nipple, and Alex needs more, more, more.

She tangles her fingers in Maggie’s hair and she grinds her hips up into Maggie’s thigh, and she moans and she writhes and she begs and she pants, I love you, I love you, I love you.

When Maggie lifts her lips from Alex’s hardened nipple, Alex whines and tries to press Maggie’s head back down, but Maggie presses her palm over Alex’s breast and tugs at her nipple just the way Alex likes.

“Gotta give both of them the proper amount of attention, babe,” she chides her playfully, and Alex’s laugh turns into a sharp gasp when Maggie makes good on her word, lowering her lips, her tongue, her teeth, to Alex’s other nipple, licking and sucking until it’s hard and pebbled in her mouth, until Alex can do nothing but whine and moan and beg her not to ever, ever stop.
“I’ll never ever stop because I will never, ever stop loving you, Alex,” Maggie whispers when she pauses for breath, pauses so her jaw can take a break, pauses so she can look down instead of up into Alex’s eyes.

“I love you, Ally Danvers. I love you more than I’ve ever loved anything.”

“Maggie,” Alex breathes, tears stinging her eyes, and Maggie kisses her until both of their faces are wet.

“Can I continue?” she asks, and Alex squeaks, and Alex nods, and Maggie grins, because Maggie will never, ever finish her task of worshiping this woman, of making sure this woman feels as special, as loved, as needed, as wanted, as desired, as worthy, as she deserves to.

She starts with a continuation of what she started on Alex’s breasts, but she doesn’t end there.

Doesn’t end there, because she has other places she needs to be.

So she takes Alex’s fingers into her mouth, slow, slow, searingly slow, keeping eye contact with Alex the entire time, and Alex has never thought she could cum from just looking at something, but the way her fingers disappear into Maggie’s lips, the way Maggie’s eyes scald hers with raw want, raw reverence, raw need?

She is so, so quickly coming undone.

Maggie takes Alex’s fingers, wet from her lips, from her tongue, from her mouth, and places them on Alex’s nipples, and, with her own hands, encourages Alex not to stop playing with herself while Maggie occupies her mouth elsewhere.

Alex tosses her head back into the pillows and Alex writhes and Alex screams, and Maggie has never been more in love.

“I love you,” she whispers with each kiss she presses down Alex’s torso.

“I love you,” she murmurs with every lick she sends shivering up Alex’s inner thighs.

“May I?” she asks when her face is between Alex’s legs, and Alex begs, and Maggie tells her she loves her with words, and then without, as she lowers her mouth to Alex’s clit, dragging her tongue firm and slow across her most sensitive spot, making Alex pant, making Alex writhe, making Alex beg and scream and bruise Maggie’s lips with her wild thrusts, and Maggie doesn’t mind because god, god, god, this woman is everything.

“I love you, Alex,” she moans as she brings her tongue lower, lower, so she’s fucking Alex with her mouth, and Alex pleads for more, for deeper, for harder.

“You want my fingers inside you, Danvers?” Maggie wants to know, her voice an octave lower than usual, and Alex can only answer with her screams, with the way she brings her hands to tangle with her own hair, with the way she keeps repeating that she loves her, she loves her, god she loves her so much.

So when Maggie slips her fingers into Alex’s dripping body, one by one by one, and she feels Alex tighten around her, and she curves her fingers deep inside her body that she knows Alex needs, she keeps her lips, her tongue, occupied with her clit, shifting so when Alex thrusts – and god, does Alex thrust – Maggie’s chin can give her the pressure on her clit she needs to accompany the way Maggie is beckoning her fingers deep, deep inside her.
And when she cums, it isn’t loud like it usually is.

When she cums, squirting all over Maggie’s hand, all over Maggie’s forearm, making Maggie moan deeply into Alex’s clit, grinding her own hips down into the mattress because god, the woman she loves is the sexiest woman that’s ever existed or ever will exist, she isn’t loud like she usually is.

When she cums, it’s with a string of soft, desperate “I love you”s on her tongue.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you.”

“What a coincidence, Alex Danvers. I love you, too. So, so, so much.”
Chapter 386

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Alex is one of those people that enjoy watching themselves have sex lol she likes doing it the bathroom just to see maggie fucking her in the mirror, that's a fact

The first time it happens, it’s an accident.

It’s an accident because Maggie is fucking her from behind over the side of the couch, and when she tosses her head back, she catches a glimpse of her body, pressing back into Maggie’s, one of Maggie’s arms tight around her lower waist, keeping her steady, muscles rippling against Alex’s skin, her other hand working in and out of her, Maggie’s face a map of concentration, of devotion, of careful attention, as she looks down at Alex’s stripped body, looks down at the work she’s doing, at the art she’s creating. And it is art, Alex’s body bent over, nipples hard, breasts at attention even as they move with the force of Maggie fucking her entire body, hair all mussed and mouth all askew.

And the image, in the mirror?

The image makes Alex cum without any pressure on her clit.

That’s never happened before and she tries not to think about it because it’s a bit narcissistic, and Maggie would probably think it was weird, anyway, and the last thing she wants to do is turn Maggie off.

But the next time she’s brushing her teeth, Maggie comes up to her from behind.

“May I?” she asks, and Alex nearly chokes on toothpaste as she nods, and Maggie slowly, luxuriously, licks the back of her neck.

Alex moans and spits and her toothbrush clatters into the sink and she wipes her mouth with the back of her hand before grabbing either side of the sink for support.

For support, because there’s no way her knees are going to hold her body up by themselves with Maggie… doing that.

“Do you want to watch me fuck you, Danvers?” Maggie husks, because of course she’s put two and two together.

Alex lets go of shame, lets go of embarrassment, because Maggie doesn’t look weirded out – Maggie looks anything but – and Alex will stomp away on principle alone if she has to hear that Maggie knew because she detects one more time.

“Yes,” she says, and her voice is small, and Maggie stands on her tiptoes to nip at her earlobe.

“I don’t blame you, Danvers.” She makes eye contact with her in the mirror, and Alex loses all her breath. “You are so fucking gorgeous.”
Alex blushes and she stammers and Maggie traces a finger along Alex’s collarbone.

“Wanna take this off, Ally?” she whispers, and even though it’s soft, it sends a huge shiver down Alex’s spine. She nods wordlessly, and holds her hands above her head so Maggie can tug off her shirt, Alex helping her out when the shirt reaches her elbows.

The sound of the old tee hitting the floor is the only sound apart from their breath in the bathroom, and Maggie’s eyes are once again locked into Alex’s in the mirror.

“May I?” she asks, hands raised, and Alex takes her by the wrists and brings both of Maggie’s hands to both of her own breasts. The sight of her hands covering Maggie’s, of Maggie’s fingers toying with Alex’s rapidly hardening nipples; the sight of Maggie’s eyes rolling into the back of her head at the contact, the sight of the pulse leaping in Maggie’s throat; all make Alex start to drip with need, with want, with raw, raw desire.

“You like that, babygirl?” Maggie asks her, and Alex fights to not toss her head back, to keep her eyes locked on the mirror, on the sights Maggie is conjuring up for her.

“Yes,” she admits, and Maggie kisses the base of her neck.

“You’re perfect, Danvers,” she reminds her, and Alex thrusts her hips chaotically.

“Mmm, you uh… you want something, Alex?”

“You,” Alex rasps, and Maggie chuckles into her shoulder blade.

“You wanna um.. take this to the bed? That full length mirror you have, if we keep your closet door open…”

Alex practically tugs Maggie out of the bathroom at that suggestion.

“Strip for me?” Maggie asks, and Alex obeys eagerly, shucking out of her pajama pants and underwear.

“When you think about watching me fuck you, do you imagine me with clothes on or without?” Maggie asks with the casualness of asking about the weather, but her eyes are thick with need.

“Both,” Alex whispers, and Maggie grins.

“I want to feel your skin against mine. Is it okay if I take my clothes off now?”

Alex nods desperately, tentatively opening her closet door, watching Maggie strip out of her boxers and tank top through the full-length mirror within.

Maggie steps up behind her, so close they can feel each other’s heat, but she doesn’t touch her.

Not until Alex asks.

“Please, Maggie?”

“Please what, babe?”

“Please let me watch you fuck me?”

Maggie grins and Maggie closes the gap between them, her chest pressed into Alex’s back, and Alex gasps at the contact, gasps at the image, Maggie’s eyes searing into hers through the mirror
as she takes her own fingers into her mouth, slow, slow, slow.

“Not that I think they need any extra lubrication,” she rasps. “But you know. Tonight’s about the visual, isn’t it?”

Alex gulps and nods and begs one more time, and Maggie braces her with a strong hand on her hip, and Maggie slips inside her in one practiced, deliberate gesture that she knows never fails to unravel Alex.

And it does, always, but especially now.

Especially now that Alex can watch Maggie’s face, Maggie’s fingers, Maggie’s rippling muscles, Maggie’s effort, while she fucks her hard, while she fucks her solid, while she fucks her senseless.

She can see Maggie’s free hand reaching around to encourage Alex to play with her own breasts, can see the way Maggie’s fingers encourage Alex to tease her own nipples, can see, not just hear, the way Maggie groans at how deep inside Alex she is, how soaked with Alex’s heat her entire hand is getting, how amazing Alex’s fingers look on Alex’s nipples.

“You are so fucking hot, Danvers,” Maggie tells her, leaving Alex’s breasts in Alex’s own capable hands so she can bring the hand that’s not fucking her down her body to her clit.

Alex screams, watching the way Maggie’s fingers part her hair, rub that spot right above her throbbing clit. Watching the way her body tenses, the way her body shakes, the way Maggie nearly overbalances with the force of Alex’s need, the way Maggie bites her lip with the effort of keeping Alex steady, of keeping Alex satisfied, the way Maggie bites into her shoulder to keep herself from screaming into her ear, the way Maggie’s fingers are coated in Alex’s desire, and Alex locks eyes with Maggie in the mirror, and that, that, that, is what tosses her over the edge, screaming and writhing and pulsing around Maggie’s fingers, in front of Maggie’s body, enveloped in Maggie’s love.
anonymous asked:

I really want Kara to stand up to Eliza for Alex. It's not Kara’s fault that Eliza put so much pressure on Alex and she had her own very considerable problems to work through at the time, but those sisters would go to the wall for each other and I can't imagine Kara not calling her out for it once she'd twigged what was happening. Especially with Maggie’s backing.

She loves Eliza.

She always has.

She’s loved her since she took her face into her hands and first called her sweetie.

Loved her since she introduced her in public as her daughter, but made sure Kara knew that she would never, ever, ever pretend to be replacing her mother, because her mother would always be special, always be cherished, always be alive in Kara’s memories, in Kara’s heart.

She loves Eliza, and she thinks, now, that her love for her – her need for her, for an older woman’s arms to wrap around her tiny body when she had a nightmare [and Rao, she had so many of them], to tell her it was going to be alright, that there is no shame in surviving – might have made her miss certain things.

Certain things about how Eliza treats her older daughter.

Certain things about how Eliza holds Alex to superhuman expectations.

Superhuman expectations that have made Alex drink. That have made Alex suppress herself. That have made Alex isolated and self-destructively reckless and, until Maggie, almost completely unable to assert what she needs, what she wants, beyond when she needs Kara to be safe, beyond when she wants to protect Kara.

And of course she wants to protect Kara, because Eliza has made her believe that she, as a person, is worthless without doing so.

Without being perfect.

So Kara keeps her eyes, her ears, extra open the next time Eliza comes for dinner.

She tries to keep a lid on the shame burning inside her that it took her so long to realize, took her so long to realize that Alex’s extreme anxiety, extra drinking, around Eliza was actually a response to emotional abuse wrapped in love, not an overreacting paranoia that was kind of cute but not that serious.

She tries to keep a lid on her own shame, because she’s been talking with Maggie about it – drinking with Maggie about it – and Maggie is nothing if not straight-up with her.
“Should you have realized when you got older, Little Danvers? Sure. But when you were a kid? Kara, your entire planet had just died, you had no one. You had to restrain yourself in ways I can’t even begin to imagine, and it… of course you just wanted someone to care for you like Eliza did. And you know what the point of beating yourself up for not realizing it sooner is? There is none. Absolutely none. Point is, you’re realizing now, and you can validate Alex now, and that’s what you’ve gotta focus on, okay?”

So she tries to keep a lid on her own shame, so she can be at her best when Eliza comes over next. She brings pie and Kara groans in ecstasy, and she brings tiramasu and Maggie thanks her profusely, but both little sister and girlfriend exchange tense glances behind Eliza’s back when Alex’s face falls, because Eliza hasn’t brought anything for her.

“You’re always going through so many different food phases, Alex – almost obsessively healthy some weeks, carelessly unhealthy other weeks – I can’t keep track of all that, dear.”

Alex grimaces and Kara steps forward. “Next time just ask me, Eliza: I always know what Alex is eating these days, so if you want to surprise her, I can help!”

“You’re so thoughtful, Kara dear,” Eliza praises, and Maggie squeezes Alex’s hand as Alex rolls her eyes and bites her lip.

Kara flushes.

That didn’t work.

She’ll have to try harder.

Eliza gives her the opportunity again when they’re sitting down to dinner, and Eliza wants to know why Alex could have not recognized Rick Malverne until it was too late, how she could have let herself get her sister put into such an impossibly position, and of course she did a wonderful job keeping herself alive until Kara and Maggie could rescue her, but really, Alexandra, how could she have let it come to that in the first place?

Alex guzzles root beer like it’s whiskey and Maggie is about to speak, her hand on Alex’s thigh, but Kara beats her to it.

“Eliza, Alex has been through hell and back, and I love you, Eliza, you know I do, but you don’t get to speak to my sister that way. She did things that you can’t even imagine to keep herself alive, to keep me safe. She would have died for me, protecting me, and she almost did. And if there’s anyone to blame for all this, anyone whose fault this whole Rick Malverne thing is? Other than him? It’s mine.”

“Kara, don’t – “

“No, Alex, it’s true.. It’s true and it doesn’t matter how many times you tell me it’s not my fault: Eliza clearly wants to assign blame, and I understand that. I do, too. And it’s Rick’s fault. But it’s also mine. Mine, because I was the one who didn’t listen to Alex – Alex, who you unfairly put in the position of caring for a devastated child when she was just a child herself – and ran to the scene of that car crash. I exposed myself to Rick, and I was the one he was using Alex to try to manipulate. Alex is a hero, Eliza, and I know you love her, I do, I know, but you need to start talking to her like you do. Or you can leave my home until you’re ready to give Alex the respect she deserves.”

Her voice trembles and she adjusts her glasses with trembling fingers, and Alex is crying and
Eliza’s eyes are wide and Maggie is holding Kara’s shaking hand under the table, biting her lip because Kara is nearly breaking her fingers, but she doesn’t mind because god, Alex’s kid sister really is a hero, isn’t she?

“Kara, I’m sorry I – “

“It’s not me you have to apologize to, Eliza,” Kara interrupts, her voice soft and her voice coated with love. For Eliza, but mostly, mostly, for her sister.

Her sister, who she would die for without a second thought.

Her sister, who would die for her without a second thought.

Her sister, who she lives for, every day.

Her sister, who lives for her, every day.

Her sister, who Eliza spent years emotionally abusing in Kara’s name.

And Kara won’t have it anymore.

“Allan – Alex – I – Kara’s right. Your sister – you’re sister’s right. I’ve never been fair to you, Alex, and I’ve never… I told you last year to take care of yourself, and I told you I’m not disappointed in you for being gay, but Alex, beyond that, I haven’t… I’ve quite failed you, haven’t I?” She voice quakes and she closes her eyes, counting to ten, a habit she’s acquired when interacting with her oldest daughter over the years.

“I love you, Alex. And I know I haven’t been nearly good enough at expressing it. But I’m going to do better. And when I fail – and I will fail again, I’m sure – I want you to tell me. And I want Kara to tell me. And you, Maggie, sweetie. And Alex, I… I am so proud of you. Of the hero you’ve become. The hero you’ve always been.”

“It took Kara telling you to get you to say all that,” Alex whispers, and Eliza nods sadly.

“Yes. And that isn’t right. I know. But let me try, Alex? Let your mother try?”

Alex grips Maggie’s hand, swiping comforting circles onto her thigh, and Alex leans into Kara’s strong arms.

“I’ll think about it, Mom. I’ll think about it. Okay?”

Eliza nods, a small, hopeful smile on her face. “That’s all I can ask for, I suppose, isn’t it?”

Alex nods as her lips tremble, and she breathes in her little sister’s scent, focuses on her girlfriend’s touch.

She’s going to be alright. Because these women think she’s perfect, including all her imperfections, even if her mother is still learning that.
Chapter 388

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Sanvers: Maggie loves pet names and she loves giving them to Alex who never had a relationship long enough to enjoy them but with Maggie when there is a new one she is enjoying it a little bit more every single time. Maggie notices so she finds new pet names on a regular basis cause Alex deserves all of them.

Sweetie is the first one she uses, and it’s when Alex is crying, when Alex is sobbing, when Alex is in pure and utter agony.

Babe comes next, and it’s casual, and she can’t even remember the first time she uses it, but god, she knows she uses it when the water is rising and Alex is not, not, not going to die, because they just started this thing, and she hasn’t called her nearly enough pet names yet.

Alex positively preens whenever she uses them outside of a deeply traumatic situation.

When she calls her babe when Alex rolls up on her Ducati, Alex nearly overbalances on the bike, because god, does she swoon hard.

When she calls her sweetie in bed, and Alex blushes, and Alex screams, and Alex cums hard, hard, hard.

So she realizes that Alex likes it.

Pet names.

Small and enormous intimacies spilling from Maggie’s lips straight into Alex’s soul.

Profound intimacies, profound I love yous without the actual three words, things Alex had never liked before, never been comfortable with before.

But now?

Now, these intimacies are perfect.

So Maggie uses them. With gusto.

“Do you want me to take your clothes off, babygirl?” she asks, and Alex writhes, and Alex scratches at her back, and Alex positively melts.

“You want sugar in your coffee, sugar?” she wants to know, because sometimes on Sunday mornings, Alex likes things a little sweeter, and god, god, god, is it sweet being called Maggie’s sugar. She loves being Maggie’s sugar.

“Have a good day, angel,” she tells her on her way out the door, and Alex swoons, and ordinarily she wouldn’t have a good day, because most of it is spent down in HR filling out an abundance of
paperwork for Pam, but today is a spectacular day, because she’s Maggie’s angel.

“Wanna go to go bowling tonight, darling?” Maggie asks, and Alex does want to go bowling, she really does, but first she wants to shove Maggie against the back of the door and fuck her senseless, because god, god, fuck, does Maggie make her feel amazing. Wanted. Special. Loved.

And she absolutely is.
Chapter Summary

“I Need Her” -- Alex Calling Maggie after 2x20

@gertrudesawyerdanvers wrote: “Alex running home to see if maggie is there and getting worried when she can’t find her and she isn’t picking up her cell so she has a panic attack which is drawn out untill maggie comes running to the apartment to see Alex curled up on the floor unable to breath. So we get a comfort scene and a reassurance scene and have maggie go with alex to the deo to start next weeks episode.“

She makes sure Kara’s alright.

She makes sure Kara’s alright – and of course she isn’t, of course she isn’t, but Alex gets her to stop shaking, Alex gets her to stop crying, Alex gets her to stop blaming herself, because Rhea is wrong, Kara’s survival is not a waste, and Lena will be alright, they’ll save her, she promises, she promises – and then she runs.

Runs and doesn’t care that there are Daxamite spaceships in the sky.

Runs because J’onn and that damn DEO shrink have forced her to desk duty, and the desk isn’t going to need much tending during this damn attack, and anyway, she needs her.

Needs to see her, needs to hold her in her arms.

Needs to be in her arms.

She calls as she runs.

She calls and she calls and she calls.

Maggie doesn’t pick up. Not once.

Alex nearly kicks down her door, too terrified to use her key, but Maggie isn’t home.

She isn’t there.

She’s not picking up her phone.

There are countless Daxamite ships in the sky.

She can’t find Maggie.

Kara’s girl is gone, and Alex’s is…

They have too many more firsts to do together.

Where the hell is she?
Alex paces and Alex calls and Alex texts and Alex screams at nothing, at no one, because Maggie isn’t picking up, Maggie isn’t texting back, and Maggie isn’t here, isn’t here, isn’t here.

She crashes to her knees and she forgets what breathing is.

Her chest gets tight and her vision swims and god, swimming is a bad metaphor, because dammit now she’s remembering the taste of that fencing, the taste of that water, and all she wants to taste is Maggie’s lips on hers, but Maggie isn’t here, isn’t here, where the hell is she?

“I need her,” Alex chokes to herself, fetal on the bathroom floor without quite knowing how she got there. “I need her, I need her, I need her.”

She rocks herself and she gasps for air and she finds absolutely none because Maggie loves her, but where the hell is she, where the hell is she, where the hell –

“Alex? Alex? Alex!”

The door slams open and Alex can’t speak, because she’s too relieved, too shaken, too overwhelmed.

Too humiliated.

She’s a secret agent, goddammit, and is this really how Maggie is going to find her during a Daxamite attack?

Fetal and pathetic on her bathroom floor, all snot and tears and tight chest and shaking hands and no breath?

“Alex,” Maggie says, but her voice is softer, now, not yelling for her, now, because now she sees her, is kneeling behind her, is gathering her into her arms, is checking her for any wounds, is checking her for any bruises.

But the only bruises are on the inside.

And Maggie knows.

“I’m right here, Ally,” she whispers, and she rocks Alex in her lap, bending to kiss her face, bending to wipe her snot, her tears, her sweat.

“Breathe into my hand, babe,” she soothes, wrapping a hand around Alex’s body and placing her open palm on Alex’s chest.

Alex can’t, can’t, can’t.

“I’m right here,” she reminds her.

“I need you,” Alex gasps.

“And I need you, Danvers. Good thing neither of us are going anywhere then, right?”

Alex shudders, and Alex nearly vomits, but Alex breathes out into Maggie’s hand.

“Good girl,” Maggie praises absently, and Alex smirks.

“Are you sex talking me, Sawyer?” she asks weakly.
“Somehow I don’t know if the best time for coming onto you is during a Daxamite invasion,” Maggie smiles, pressing kisses to Alex’s forehead, her temples, her eyes.

“I mean, it could be one of our firsts,” Alex counters, her voice still weak, her hands still desperately grasping at any and every part of Maggie she can reach.

“We’ll save it for next time, Alex. Something to look forward to. Okay?”

Alex looks up into Maggie’s steady eyes, and she gulps.

Maggie says there will be a next time.

That they’ll get through this.

All of them.

Together.

So Alex believes her.

Because she has to, and because she trusts her.

Because she loves her, and Maggie loves her back.

And if anything is going to get them both out of this? It’s exactly, exactly that.
Chapter 390

Chapter Summary

James, Sanvers, and Good Old National City Racism

@chortles81 wrote “I kinda wanna see how the Superfamily (hell throw Clark in considering his historical influence on this setting and history with James!) deal with noticing how those people in National City “are as racist as the network you’re on”…” (that last bit referring to my post here) (I went with a more Sanvers x James focus here, hope that’s alright!)

He gets it.

He doesn’t want to, but he gets it.

He doesn’t want to, especially not when Winn doesn’t see it.

When Winn doesn’t know why he called it a night after a white woman – another one – runs screaming from him faster, more terrified, than she’d run screaming from the two white men who’d actually been attacking her.

He doesn’t want to, but he gets it.

Gets why it’s Kara and Clark.

Why it’s always Kara and Clark.

Even when they cause oil spills and get infected with Red Kryptonite and get the brunt of a bored, needs-to-skewer-someone news cycle, they still come out of it heroes.

Of course they do.

Clark the white midwestern farmboy and Kara the perky white blonde reporter.

He doesn’t want to get it.

Why Alex says “thank god Supergirl was there.” Right in front of him.

Like he doesn’t have a suit.

Like he doesn’t have a history.

Of being a hero.

Of saving people’s lives.

Hell, of saving her life.

He doesn’t want to get it, but he does.
Maggie meets him for lunch – she makes him meet her for lunch – because the woman who’d run from him reported the attack.

Reported the attack, and it landed on Maggie’s desk, and of course this white girl was acting more scared of the Black man who saved her than the white men who attacked her.

So he tries to tell her that he’s busy, that there’s this kid he’s taking care of.

Maggie already knows about the kid.

She’d texted Alex telling her to take him the hell out of that cell, to at least give the kid food, to treat him like a terrified child instead of a threat.

He tries to tell her that he’s busy, because he’d really rather not think about it.

She won’t have it.

“Great, I love kids,” she tells him. “When they’re not trying to beat me up. And I feel like this kid won’t. So bring him. I’ll buy.”

He has no choice.

The tone of her voice tells him he has no choice.

And she must have been serious. About loving kids.

Because even though he likes this kid – even though this kid might be his… reason – he hasn’t been able to get the kid to smile all day.

But Maggie gets him to smile in fifteen minutes.

Just once, just small. About how she keeps asking her girlfriend for a flash grenade – “you know, the ones that make those huge sounds, but she won’t give it to me. Seems to think I’d do something irresponsible with it. Can’t imagine why.” – and she looks up at James’s grateful smile as the kid occupies himself with food.

“So that woman you saved last night came to the precinct.”

“Did she.”

“I’m sorry, James.”

He glances at Marcus, and figures there’s nothing they can say that he doesn’t already know.

“Not your fault I don’t look like Kara or Clark.”

“And it’s not your fault that people are too…” She gestures toward Marcus with her chin to indicate that she doesn’t want to swear in front of him. James gives a small grin. “To understand that you’re just as much of a hero as them. More, even.”

“More?” James furrows his brow.

“They’re not risking what you are, James. And I’m not just talking about them being bulletproof. Because what happens when you take off that suit and one of my guys sees you heading home down a dark alley? Or on a brightly lit street, for that matter?”
James grimaces and has the sudden impulse to wrap his arms, his shield, around Marcus and never let go.

“Right. And that’s not your fault, you hear me?”

There’s a long silence, and James can do nothing but stare across the table at the woman who’s going to be his sister-in-law one day.

“Alex acted like I wasn’t even there. Just talking about how Supergirl saved the day. I got all those people out of the way. No armor, no protection, no thanks. Nothing. Me. And all those people, applauding her like it wasn’t my hands that… and Kara’s amazing, Kara – you know how I feel about Kara – I’m not trying to take anything away from her, I just…”

“A little more thanks and a little less racism, huh?”

“Something like that.”

“I’m not gonna make excuses for Alex.”

“You can, Maggie, I know she’s going through so much right now – “

He reaches across the table and touches her hand gently. “How are you both sleeping?”

“We’re not.”

Marcus is staring between them both now.

“Alex was scared. To be in that room with me. She felt like she was in a cage. And cages scare her,” he whispers, and James’s grip tightens around Maggie’s hand, and Maggie’s heart shatters into more splinters than her body can hold.

“You felt that from her, Marcus?”

Marcus nods, and Maggie forces a small grin onto her face.

“Thanks for telling me, kid.”

Marcus nods once, and then retreats back into his own world, his own thought processes, his own ruminations about his mother, about his people, about his father, about this man who’s trying to care for him, about this woman who just wants a flash grenade, about this other woman who just wants to never be in a cage again.

“James,” Maggie pivots the subject, because she’s not going to break in front of this child, and because James needs this. “You are a hero. Same as Kara, same as Clark. But you risk even more. And that’s… you’re amazing, you know that? A Pulitzer Prize winning photojournalist by day, Guardian and protector of National City by night? Not too shabby of a resume, Olsen.”

He grimaces and he nods and he can’t wait for Alex to marry this woman already.

And Alex is waiting for him at the doors of CatCo when he brings Marcus back from lunch.

“Hey, listen, I can’t stay, J’onn’s got me basically confined to HQ until the shrink lets me back in the field, but I um… I wanted to apologize. For before. For implying that you weren’t in that square, too. I saw the footage. How many people you saved. You were a hero, James. Without that suit. And Winn’s working on some algorithm or other, but he told me to tell you the same thing. And to slap you on the chest like you always do to him. I’m not gonna do that. But I told you.”
James smiles down at her, and she kneels in front of Marcus.

“And I brought you something too, sweetheart,” she says, her voice softer, her eyes lighter. She holds out a gyroscope, beautiful silver that glistens with rainbows in the light. “I couldn’t find any toys from your planet, but J’onn says this is pretty close.”

Marcus says nothing, but he takes it from her hands, letting his fingers brush hers, linger on hers.

A thank you.

And an apology for her experience in that cage.

She stands and James thinks he hears her knees crack, thinks her she sees pain flash across her eyes.

“I’m sorry, James,” she says again. “I know it’s not enough, but I’ll make it better. And everyone’s going to know what a hero James Olsen is. Guardian is. Okay?”

He tugs her into a hug, because his sister isn’t perfect, but she’s still his sister.

And he’s relieved to have her on his side.
He won’t let her back into the field.

J’onn.

Or the DEO shrink.

“He’s a therapist, babe,” Maggie tries to soothe her, but Alex insists on calling him her shrink.

And she insists on telling everyone who will listen that she’s fine, she’s fine, and can everyone stop acting like she’s not and can someone just please give her back her damn gun already?

They let her interrogate the boy because she’ll probably kill someone if she doesn’t have something to do.

And with Alex’s history of violence? Extreme violence? Sadistic violence?

It’s not an idle possibility.

So she kneels down when Marcus comes into the DEO, and J’onn notices her flinching, still in pain from the week before, but he thinks he only notices because her thoughts are so loud.

Because her pain is so damn loud.

“Hey Marcus. I’m Alex. You wanna come in here and have a chat with me?”

He says nothing. He just stares at her. Alex’s eyes shift from J’onn to James and back again, and she guides the boy into the interrogation room.

“You like burgers, Marcus?” No response.

“I’m gonna order us a couple. Okay?”

She makes a point of calling the place herself. In front of him.

So maybe he’ll see her more as a regular person and less of a secret agent. Less of a soldier.

Hell, she doesn’t feel like much of a soldier lately anyway.

Especially not now.

Not locked in this interrogation room, technically in control but really completely out of it, the boy holding all the cards, the walls holding them both in, and she knows it won’t start filling with water but she can’t help but constantly checking the corners of the rooms for pipes, and she knows it won’t start filling with water but she can’t help constantly wondering how long the boy can hold his breath, if his species even can hold their breath, what kinds of things he’d need if submerged in
Surely she’d die. Holding him above her.

She tries to talk to him.

Tries to ask him about school. About his mom.

He says nothing.

The burgers come. She thanks Vasquez, who gives the boy a wink.

He still says nothing.

“You’re really not hungry, Marcus?” she asks, but she knows damn well he’s not.

Because she wasn’t, either, after everyone she knew watched her father nearly massacre hundreds of people.

And she isn’t, now, when her skin keeps crawling, when her body keeps threatening to seize, when every small sound indicates the oncoming rush of water that her brain knows won’t come, but that her body is convinced will happen.

That the throbbing scar on her shoulder is convinced will happen.

Kara notices first.

It’s Alex’s heartbeat that gives her away.

She waves over J’onn, and she points and she whispers, and he sighs, because he knows, and he wishes she would talk to him.

But he knows she won’t.

Not yet.

She tells him that she wants to help his mom.

That they need to find her, so they can protect her from doing bad things to other people.

James flinches.

J’onn flinches.

Finding the boy’s mom would do no such thing.

And Alex doesn’t know this, because to her, Marcus is just a child. A little traumatized, maybe, but innocent. Oblivious.

She doesn’t know he doesn’t have the privilege to be oblivious.

Because he might be an alien, but he’s an alien with the wrong color skin on a white supremacist planet.

And he might be a child, but he knows that when government people – or whoever she is, anyway – want to find people who look like his mom, who look like him, it’s not to protect her from doing bad things to people.
His mom would never hurt anybody on purpose.

But of course this woman who thinks she’s being nice to him doesn’t know that.

Because she sees his mother’s purple eyes and she sees his mother’s brown skin, and she doesn’t know it, but she’s telling him exactly what he needs to know.

That he should keep his mouth shut, because this woman doesn’t know how to help her mother.

Because protecting his mother from doing bad things to people is hurting his mother. Is locking his mother away. Forever. Supposedly for her own protection.

A euphemism.

He learned that word in school last week.

A euphemism to make her feel better about the work she does.

And he knows she’s scared. Scared of something about this room. Something about this cage.

He doesn’t blame her. It scares him, too.

He thinks maybe they have more in common than she understands, but also less in common than she assumes.

She’s itching to get out of this room.

Her skin is crawling.

So is his.

Maybe that’s enough common ground.

Maybe it isn’t.

He doesn’t know.

He just knows her wants to be let go.

And he imagines she does, too.

It’ll happen sooner, the less he says.

She’ll get overwhelmed. She’ll get frustrated. She doesn’t seem like the type to give up, but to get out of that room? She will.

He knows. So he waits.

And he’s right, because she slips out of the room, and she tells them that the man with the suit and the shield and the helmet would do a better job getting through to him.

He likes that man.

Maybe.

Maybe he can like that man. James, he said his name was. James.
His face had felt smooth. Solid. Safe. He knows he scares James. That James is terrified of failing him. Of failing him, of something happening to his mother, to him, and being powerless to stop it. Marcus knows about feeling powerless. He thinks he can like James.

And Alex?
Alex runs into another woman’s arms, shorter than her, longer hair. Because “Kara texted me, babe, told me your heartrate went through the roof,” and Alex says she’s fine, she’s fine, but Marcus knows better, and so does the woman holding her.

“Alex, it’s okay to not be able to be in an interrogation room. And I – “ He sees the woman glance in the room. At him. And he sees her face run cold.

“Babe, what – he’s a child, what the hell is he doing in an – “

“His mother was responsible for – “

“I don’t give a damn what his mother was responsible for, Danvers – J’onn, James, how the hell could you allow this?”

“Detective Sawyer, this is DEO business, and – “

“And this is my damn city, Director Henshaw, and I’ve kept my mouth shut about your alien Guantanamo for too long, but J’onn, he’s a little boy, how – “

“Maggie, I was just trying to talk to him – “

“Well maybe you could have taken him out to eat or something instead of – “

“That’s exactly what Mr. Olsen was about to do, Detective Sawyer.”

“I… I was?”

“J’onn’s right, James. Look at him. He’s looking at you. He wants you.”

James stares and James sighs, and Maggie touches his hand, and it steadies him. He nods and Maggie grimaces relief.

“Alex, I’m sorry, I know we’re not supposed to interfere in each other’s jobs, I just – “

“No, no, Maggie, you’re right, I…” Maggie’s brow furrows, because Alex Danvers never gives in this easily.

“Alex, are you – “
“I’m fine. I’m just capable of admitting when I’m wrong, okay? Sometimes. I just… I’m tired, Maggie. I’m just… I’m tired. Of being stuck here, of… of feeling like getting information out of an elementary school kid is the best I can do for my team. And I couldn’t even do that, I couldn’t… I couldn’t…”

And suddenly Alex is breaking, and Maggie and J’onn are taking her to a side office, and then she’s sobbing, sobbing against J’onn’s chest and Maggie’s arms, hyperventilating because she has oxygen, now, she’s not in a cage, now, except she is, she is, and she doesn’t know if she’ll ever get out of it.

“I got you, babe,” Maggie whispers into her hair, and J’onn tries desperately not to feel, because Alex’s thoughts are loud and her feelings are louder – screaming, screaming, so much screaming – and his face holds stoic, and his body holds steady, but he misses M’gann and he misses his daughter’s smile, and he misses the time when he would never have put that little boy in a box, but so much has happened, too much has happened, and he’s losing his grip and he’s losing his empathy, and if Alex was his way out, she’s also got to be his way back in.

“We’ve all got you, Alex,” he tells her, and she sobs harder, and Maggie holds her closer, and J’onn wishes harder for James to trust himself with that boy, to trust himself because he won’t fail another child, another one of his children.

But he has faith in them.

And maybe that faith is exactly what they all need.
Chapter 392

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Did you have any fix it fics featuring j’onn tonight? B/c I legit almost started crying at what he said about "his family" :’)

(Alex-heavy, but not Sanvers... but I didn't think yall would mind???)

He tells James about finding his purpose on Mars.

With his daughter.

He doesn’t tell him about his purpose on Earth.

When his daughter – both of his daughters – were dead and gone.

Slaughtered.

He doesn’t tell him about finding Alex Danvers.

Alex and Kara.

Stumbling into a lifetime of caring for them.

He doesn’t tell him because he almost lost her. Just last week. Almost lost her and it was his fault.

His fault, because Alex thinks it’s her job to protect the world.

And maybe that’s technically part of her job description, but his entire life?

His entire life is about protecting Alex.

And he failed.

He failed because her lungs nearly flooded with water and her body quaked with fear and her girlfriend yelled and threw down that laptop and Kara nearly heat visioned a man’s face off and destroyed an interrogation room and Alex had to slice into her own skin with a goddamn credit card and it was his fault, his fault, his fault.

Her scars – the one on her shoulder and the ones on the inside that she won’t admit, but that he knows, keep her up at night – are his fault.

Because he’s supposed to protect her.

And he failed.

And he’s supposed to protect this Marcus boy.
And Alex wants to be the one to interrogate him, because she needs so desperately to be useful, confined to the DEO as she is.

And he needs so desperately for her to feel better that he lets her.

Even though he shouldn’t. Because the boy shouldn’t be interrogated at all.

And Alex is kind to him.

Or the DEO version of kind, anyway.

But the fact of the matter is, none of this should be happening. Not this way, anyway.

None of it should be happening, but Alex is thirsty for routine.

And routine, for her, is interrogation rooms.

Something else that’s his fault.

Because he took her fire and he forged her into a soldier.

His fault, his fault.

His fault.

So when Kara falls, when Kara’s body hits the ground like she’s under a red sun, he tells her.

Tells her what’s been boiling inside of him.

“You don’t mess with my family.”

But she can, she can, she can, and she does.

Because she’s stolen white Martian technology.

White Martian technology that they used to enslave his people. To slaughter his people.

And he remembers the feeling.

Of his control, his sense of self, his sense of everything, slip away.

Alex is the first one to get to him.

After she collects Kara, of course. After she comforts Kara, of course.

And rightfully so.

Kara needs her sister. Alex needs her sister.

But then she’s running to him, running to him because she heard, she heard, and she doesn’t care if she’s not supposed to be in the field, she heard, and don’t worry, they’ll find a way to combat that goddamned mind control thing, they’ll find a way, he’ll never have to go through that again, not ever, not ever, not ever.

He doesn’t cry and she doesn’t hold him.

They’re soldiers.
They’re too much of soldiers for their own good.

But he puts a hand on her shoulder and then it feels too distant.

So he puts a hand on her cheek, and she grasps at it, holds it there, leaning into his calloused palm, her eyes flooded with tears.

With the same guilt that’s swimming in his eyes, the same ghosts.

She wasn’t there for him.

He wasn’t there for her.

But they’re always there. For each other.

They have each other, now. Always will.

Always.

“I couldn’t ask for a better daughter, Alex,” he tells her, and she shudders with emotion, shudders with need and shudders with pain and shudders with suppressed fear.

“And I couldn’t ask for a better father,” she tells him, her voice small, her voice laced with death and laced with life, laced with love and laced with understanding.

There is no shame in surviving.

He only hopes they can both learn that, truly learn that – he and Alex and his other daughter, he and Alex and her little sister – together.
Chapter 393

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! I love your fics. I was wondering if you could write about Maggie being scared to hold Alex's hand in public again? Bc Rick mentioned it when he said he spied on them. And that's super invasive and stuff. And Alex noticing somethings wrong and then comforting Maggie when she tells her the truth. Thanks!!

Alex is laughing, and Alex is reaching for her hand, and Maggie was laughing a moment ago, too, but then she pulls away.

Hard.

She doesn’t mean to.

She doesn’t mean to, and she doesn’t want to.

She wants Alex’s touch – she craves it like she craves oxygen, it’s physically painful to not be touching her skin at every single moment – but she pulls away.

Because his memory is wiped.

He doesn’t remember.

But other people might.

Be watching.

Other men who’ve decided they’re entitled to Alex’s body, to Alex’s love. Hell, other men who’ve decided they’re entitled to hers.

And if someone can go that long, watching both of them – a detective and a secret fucking agent, for god’s sake – without either of them noticing?

Well, you really can’t be too cautious, can you?

Because Maggie remembers.

Remembers the consequences of making her affection for women known.

But she was the one who suffered for that.

Only her.

But this time? This time was worse. Worse than her father kicking her out, worse than her mother letting him, worse than her aunt’s indifference and worse than her entire town’s disdain.

Worse, because this time, Alex was tortured. This time, Alex almost died.
So Maggie pulls away and she suppresses a scream, because she’s been reliving it all every night, every night, but god, please, not during the day, too.

Alex stops walking, and Maggie’s stomach sinks.

“Maggie?” is all Alex says, and Maggie wishes she had Kara’s ability to just take off.

Not that she’d leave Alex.

Not that she’d go anywhere without Alex.

So she has no choice. But to tell her.

She was going to tell her anyway.

But this was their first day outside the DEO med bay, their first day outside of Alex’s bedroom.

Alex had only just started smiling again.

She was going to tell her, just not… so soon.

But now she’s looking at her, with that look, with that face.

And Maggie knows that her bad habits – the keeping things from her, to protect her, she tells herself – are surfacing again.

Dammit.

“Maggie, what?” Alex repeats when Maggie forgets to respond.

“Not here, Alex, I – “

“Not here, what? You don’t want to tell me what’s wrong here or you don’t want to hold my hand here?”

“I – both, I – Alex, please, can we go somewhere? Somewhere private?”

But nowhere is private.

Nowhere is private, and she’s been coping with it. She doesn’t want Alex to have to, as well.

“Alright. Alright, come on, let’s go home. Can I put my arm around you?”

Maggie wants to say no. Wants to scream no.

But they’re safe.

They’re safe and she wants Alex. Wants her touch, wants her affection. Wants her warmth, wants her love.

Wants to feel her heartbeat, because she needs to remind herself it’s still beating.

“Yeah.”

Alex nods slowly, puts her arm around Maggie slowly.

Half of Maggie’s body melts in relief, and the other half stiffens in terror.
She tells her the moment they get inside.

She tells her everything.

Everything, and she tries not to cry, because this was about Alex, not her, not her, not her, and she’s sorry, she didn’t mean to make it about her, but Alex is cutting her off, kissing away her tears, framing her face with her hands because, “babe, this is about us. Us. You and me. Not just me alone. You’re allowed to be upset, you’re allowed to cry. You’re allowed to be scared.”

Maggie tries to tut. “I’m not scared.”

Alex smiles softly, and Maggie mirrors the action. grateful when Alex brings her forehead down to touch hers.

They stay there, breathing each other’s breath for a long, long moment.

“We’ll talk to Winn. About extra security measures. He’ll figure all of it out, if he hasn’t been doing it already. Okay? And in the meantime… in the meantime, or even after, if you don’t want to touch in public, we don’t have to, alright? It’s okay, Maggie, I don’t want you to be scared –”

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m… ashamed of you. Of us. Because I’m not.”

She says the first part broken. She says the last part fierce.

And Alex loves her broken. And Alex loves her fierce.

“Maggie, I know you’re not ashamed of me. Of us. You’re the one who taught me to… to be myself, Maggie. How could I ever think you’re ashamed of us?”

Maggie gulps and she blinks out burning tears. “I can’t lose you, Alex.”

“You won’t. You won’t, I promise you. I held on, remember?”

“You held on,” Maggie whispers, entire body quaking in Alex’s arms.

“It doesn’t matter how long it takes, Maggie. For you to feel safe. I’ll be here. The entire time.”

“You promise?”

“I promise. I love you, Maggie Sawyer.”

And that’s the perfect thing to say, because that will always, always, always make Maggie smile.

“I love you too, Alex Danvers. I love you so damn much.”
Chapter 394

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Have you done a fic of Maggie not being able to let Alex out of her sight/ panicking when she's a few minutes late coming home from work since the whole "don't wait up for me" turned into a kid napping thing?

Alex tells her she’ll be home at 7:00.

At 6:50, Maggie is pacing by the door.

At 6:55, she’s thinking that time has never moved slower.

At 6:57, she’s counting the seconds.

At 6:59, she’s staring at her phone, perpetually checking for texts from Alex, anything indicating where she is, that she might be late, that she’s on her way.

At 7:00, Maggie starts forgetting how to breathe.

At 7:01, Maggie calls Kara.

At 7:02, Maggie grabs her jacket, grabs her gun, no matter that she can’t breathe, no matter that her throat is too tight to say anything, no matter that she’s broken out into a cold sweat. She will kill anyone who –

At 7:02 and thirty seconds, Alex opens the door that Maggie is about to burst out of.

Alex takes one look at her and Alex knows.

She eases the gun out of her hand and she she kisses her, everywhere, everywhere, everywhere.

“I’m here, Maggie. I’m home, I’m home. I’m here. I’ve got you. I’ve got you.”

But Maggie squirms away, her face contorted, her lip trembling.

“You’re not supposed to have me, Danvers. I’m supposed to have you! And I didn’t, and you could have died, you almost died, I should have known something was wrong earlier, I should have – “

“Hey, hey hey hey, slow down. Listen to me, Maggie. Listen to me. Please? This is a relationship. I love you. You love me.” She pauses because she knows that will make Maggie smile, even through her thickest tears. She’s right. “We love each other, Maggie. So it’s not one of us has the other. It’s both, Maggie. We take care of each other. And you took care of me. You found me, okay, you got me out.”

“And you held on.” Maggie’s voice is broken, and Alex’s heart breaks with it.

“And I held on.”
“I don’t know how to… function. Without you next to me, without…” She pauses and she laughs unexpectedly, and Alex tilts her head in question.

“Nothing, sorry, just… you know that mirror? In Beauty and the Beast? Where he can see anyone he wants, whenever he wants? I want that. For you. Except minus the lack of consent thing. I just… I don’t know how to function. Not knowing you’re safe. I mean, Jesus, Danvers, you were, what, a minute later than you said you’d be, and I nearly started World War Three.”

Alex smiles wetly at that. At the woman who would tear down the world – with smarts, with words, with sheer genius – to bring her home.

“We’re going to figure it out, Maggie. I’m going to figure out how to shower without meds, and you’re going to figure out how to be okay when I’m not next to you. And in the meantime…” Alex pulls her closer, and Maggie positively melts. “I can just make sure to be next to you as much as possible. That sound acceptable?”

“That sounds perfect, Danvers.”
anonymous asked:

Hey captain!! I know you have a looot of prompts to get through so like ignore this please but I just wanted to send it since your asks are open.. could you maybe write ace!alex and maggie going out and maggie gets hit on and alex gets all insecure? I need some ace positivity in my life...

She knows Maggie wants her.
Sexually.
She knows because they talk about it, and it makes Alex feel good. It makes Alex feel special.
Not like other people who’ve wanted her.
That made her feel wrong, and uncomfortable, and somewhat violated.
But this? Maggie?
Maggie makes her feel perfect.
Because Maggie never asks for anything more than Alex wants to give, and Maggie asks if it’s alright for her to think about Alex while she masturbates.
And god, is it alright.
Maggie tells her she’s perfect, and Maggie tells her she’s more than enough, and Maggie tells her she loves her, god, she loves her so damn much.
But Maggie is sexual. Very sexual.
And Alex… isn’t.
So when she’s late to one of their dates at the bar and she sees some new woman in town all up in Maggie’s space, the bottom drops out of Alex’s stomach.
It doesn’t matter that Maggie’s body language is screaming that she’s flattered, but totally not interested.
It doesn’t matter that Maggie is shaking her head, that Alex hears something about “my girlfriend” and “meeting me soon” and “yes, we’re monogamous, and happily so.”
It doesn’t matter.
It doesn’t matter, because that woman is looking at Maggie like she wants to give her sex.
And Alex?
Alex can’t do that.

She panics.

Of course she panics. She panics when she can’t be perfect, and this woman? This random woman, wanting to fuck her girlfriend? Or, who knows, get fucked by her girlfriend? This random woman, in this moment, to Alex, feels more perfect than she can ever be.

So she panics. And she runs.

She’s not sure how Maggie knows – she thinks maybe Darla points it out to her – but she’s barely back on her Ducati before she hears Maggie’s rapid, jogging footsteps, before she hears Maggie calling her name.

“Alex, hey, whoa, where you going?” she wants to know as Alex slams on her helmet and revs her engine.

“Danvers,” Maggie pleads, and Alex heaves out a labored sigh and rips her helmet back off.

“She was flirting with you!”

“I wasn’t flirting back, Danvers,” Maggie’s voice goes hollow. “I told you what I did to Emily was a horrible mistake, you told me you weren’t judging me, I – “

“What? Maggie, no, that’s not – “ Alex slips off her bike and puts her helmet on the seat, holding her hands up in surrender. “Maggie, that’s not what I meant, I promise. I know you weren’t flirting back, I didn’t think you were going to cheat on me, I just… I mean, you could. If you wanted.”

Maggie narrows her eyes, tilts her head, and blinks. “What?”

“You could. If you wanted. Go back in there and take her home. Or go back to her place. Or whatever. If you wanted.”

“If I wanted.”

“Yeah.”

“Danvers.”

“Maggie.”

“What the hell.”

“I’m just saying. I don’t want to limit you.”

“Limit me? Alex, what – “

“You know what? Forget it, okay, I – “

“No, Alex, you don’t get to do that. You gotta give me more than that, babe, I don’t understand – “

“She wants to have sex with you, Maggie! And she’s gorgeous, and she wants you, and she’ll do all kinds of things with you that I won’t do, and I’d rather you be happy than settle for someone who – “

“No.”
The force of Maggie’s single syllable cuts Alex’s tearful ramble off abruptly, and she blinks.

“No. Alex, please don’t finish that sentence. Okay? Because I’m not settling for you. I’m not settling. Because you’re not someone who... I don’t know, however you were going to end that sentence. You know what you are? You’re someone I love. Someone I’m in love with. You’re someone I want to have a lifetime of firsts with, someone I want to get a dog with. You’re someone I want to save the world with over, and over, and over, and you’re someone I want to laugh with and cuddle with and have game nights with your sister and her friends with. You’re someone I want to marry one day, Danvers. You. Just you. I don’t need to have sex with you to want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“But you... want to have sex.”

“With you, Alex. Not anyone else! You. And no, no, I don’t mean it like we should have sex, I don’t mean it like that at all. I don’t feel bad that we don’t have sex. Because I can get myself off, Alex, that’s not a problem, and the... the intimacy that we have? You and me? The kissing and the cuddling and the talking and the way you wear your glasses around me and nobody else and the way we brush our teeth together and the way you get up to swish around some mouth wash every morning so we can kiss without morning breath? That’s all the intimacy I need, Alex. You’re all the intimacy I need. You’re all the intimacy I want. You’re everything I want, Alex. Everything. Alright?”

A long silence.

A long silence of breath and tears and shaking fingertips reaching for shaking fingertips, trembling soul touching trembling soul.

“Understood.”

Her voice is soft and it’s cracked and it’s whole and it’s perfect, perfect, perfect.

Just like she is.
Sanvers College AU: Finals Week

This goes out to all of yall going through finals: you are amazing and I promise, you will get through it! Remember that your grades are not a reflection of your self-worth, and you have so much to be proud of. You’re almost there and you can do it!!!! <3 <3 <3

The only advantage of finals week is that she almost never has to change out of her pajamas.

Maggie says they’re cute.

She only hears Eliza’s voice in her head, laughing softly and asking her why exams prevent her from proper hygiene.

Because of you, Mom, she wants to say, but she only says it in her head.

Because Eliza also texts her every day, wishing her luck while telling her she doesn’t need luck, because she is brilliant, and she is proud of her, and she can do this.

It warms her heart, but it makes her feel the pressure more acutely, somehow all at the same time.

She lets Maggie read the texts over her shoulder.

Maggie never says anything.

There’s been radio silence from her mother for going on five years now.

So they don’t talk about it. Eliza. Because Alex wonders if it’s better to have a mother who showers her with both love and with pressure than to have a mother who doesn’t even know her daughter’s in college, let alone going through finals week.

They don’t talk about it, but Maggie squeezes her thigh and kisses the back of her neck and Alex does the same for her.

It’s just as well.

They have studying to do.

Sometimes Alex needs to down anti-anxiety meds and coffee – it makes her shake terribly, but it keeps her awake and it keeps her from panicking so hard she can’t breathe – and lock herself in a study room in the library, alone.

Maggie smuggles in food at three am, and she makes sure Alex eats and drinks before she retreats back out of Alex’s frenetic study space.

Sometimes Alex needs to lay on the floor of Maggie’s dorm room, flat on her back, her feet up on Maggie’s couch, in Maggie’s lap, while Maggie and Lena quiz her, rapid fire – the only way she
likes it, under pressure – on quantum entanglement and polyatomic anions and seventeenth century French politics.

Lena has to help them both with that last bit: boarding school prepared her for those history tests better than anything Maggie or Alex had experienced.

Alex still nearly fails.

Maggie has to hold her all night to remind her that she is not her test grades. That her worth is far greater, always, than the sum of her scores.

Maggie doesn’t talk much about her own stress.

About the way she studies long after even Alex falls asleep.

Because Lena’s mother is paying for everything, and Alex’s mother is paying for everything, but Maggie doesn’t even know her mother anymore, and even if she did, paying for college would be a waste because she could just stay on the family farm.

She scoffs to herself.

She could have, if they let her.

But they didn’t, so she’s on scholarship. She’s on scholarship that she worked silently, steadily, desperately to get.

She’s on scholarship and she cannot lose it.

Because if she loses it, she will have no education, no housing, no job, no income, no Alex. No anything.

If she loses it, she’ll be fourteen again.

So Alex sets her alarm for four am, because they don’t talk about it, but Alex still knows. She sets her alarm and she bundles herself in her biggest hoodie and she stumbles out to the only all night cafeteria across campus, and she comes back to feed Maggie, just like Maggie feeds her.

She holds her and she tells her she’s incredible and she’s tough and she’s smart and she’s going to kick this exam in the face.

Lena, sleeping on her and Maggie’s couch with an astrophysics book still in her hands, mutters something about blackbody radiation, and Alex and Maggie have to stifle each other’s giggles.

None of them wake up in time for their biology exam.

Lucy Lane has to burst into Maggie and Lena’s dorm, hollering about Alex needing to text when she’s not going to come home, to text when she’s planning to sleep away that perfect grade they all know she’s going to get, and “hey, Sawyer, anyone tell you you look adorable in Danvers’s sweaters?” and “Danvers, I know we have to get going, but damn, do you maybe wanna put on some pants first?”

Her jovial spirit doesn’t fool any of them: they know she’s been up all night, same as them, pacing, panicking, but they know James and Winn kept her sane, kept her safe, kept her stable.

Alex smiles down at the text she gets from Kara, from Eliza, a selfie of the two of them together,
holding a sign that Kara clearly made, telling her that her semi-permeable membranes are only letting in the best of luck.

Maggie reminds Alex to eat something to go with her anti-anxiety pill, and Lena takes hers when she thinks no one’s watching. Lucy touches her arm and gives her a small grin.

“The boys are saving us seats,” she tells them all. “I don’t think Schott wanted to risk getting decapitated by any of you if he walked in and you weren’t decent or something.”

“He knows we’re all queer, right?”

“He also knows you’re all dangerous.”

Alex, Lena, and Maggie grin, shrug, and nod. “Fair point.”

They walk in together, and Maggie hugs James, hugs Winn. Lena and Alex sort of grin at them faintly.

Maggie kisses Alex’s hand.

“You’re amazing, Danvers,” she whispers as they settle into their lecture hall seats. “And when we’re done, you can make like DNA helicase and unzip – “

“Oh my god, Sawyer, we’re about to take a final, could you not?”

“Hey, I’m just trying to comfort my girlfriend, you don’t have to get all snappy because you don’t have one.”

She, Lucy, and Alex all stare at each other for a long moment, and then lean into each other, bursting into hysterical laughter.

Maybe this – this friendship, this love, this community – maybe this was more important than the letter they earned, after all.

Alex still nearly throws up when the exam is placed in front of her, and Maggie closes her eyes for a long moment, doing what she always does with exams: wiping her mind completely blank – thank god for yoga – so when she opens her eyes, her knowledge will be fresh, her approach will be fresh, her spirit will be fresh. She focuses on writing her name, clean and neat and confident.

She’ll dive into the rest of the exam with that confidence.

The confidence – the drive – that the burden of her name gives her.

To her other side, Lena is doing the same.

Alex and Lena are the first to finish and the last to leave.

Maggie, James, Lucy, and Winn all finish at different paces, but they all wait, idly going over their tests, doodling on their scrap paper, breathing, fantasizing, wishing, waiting – until Alex and Lena are done meticulously going over their answers, meticulously making sure that not a mark is out of place.

They don’t leave before their friends do because they know it’ll send them into a panic. That they did something wrong. That they’re stupid for taking too long. That they’re alone, alone, alone.

And they’re not alone. So they wait.
And they all leave together, Alex with her phone bursting with congratulatory texts from Kara, taking selfies in her high school bathroom with thumbs up and kisses and congratulations on finishing captions.

They all leave together, pushing out the doors of the lecture hall, out of the maze of the science building, and into the dazzling daylight of their campus.

None of them have slept, and none of them have treated their bodies particularly well, beyond what the people who love them forced them to eat, to drink.

But now? Now they get to lay on the quad – James spreading his jacket down for Lena, Maggie pulling Alex into her arms, Lucy adjusting Winn like he’s a pillow – and they get to laugh, and they get to sleep, and they get to dare to dream that they’re worth it, that they did it, that are, indeed, more than the sum of their scores.
Anonymous asked:

I have a headcanon that Kara is Autistic (I am irl) and Alex is real sweet and protective of her. Maybe high school au?

The glasses help.

The glasses help because they dull the overstimulation.

They help, but Rao, they don’t help everything.

Sometimes, they make things worse.

Because her hands are noisy, and her fingers need the solid feel of the rims underneath their tips.

So she adjusts them constantly – adjusts them when someone expects her to look at them, adjusts them when she jumps when someone touches her, adjusts them when she doesn’t know what to say, because she has her own codes, but it doesn’t seem to match the others’ – and when she adjusts them, people laugh.

They act like she can’t hear. They act like she can’t see.

They act like she doesn’t understand.

But she’s heard her planet scream and she’s seen her planet die and she understands more than any of them ever will.

And she hears them, and she sees them.

And she understands that their hatred exists.

She just doesn’t understand why.

Alex punches them, sometimes.

She punches them when they don’t lay off. When they surround Kara at her locker and make a game of seeing who can get her to stim with her glasses more fiercely.

But they don’t call it stimming.

Because they think she’s the one that doesn’t understand, but really, it’s them that don’t understand… anything.

So Alex punches them, when her words aren’t big enough.

Alex’s hands talk, just like Kara’s do.
And sometimes, they shout.

Just like Kara’s do.

And when Alex is hauled into the principal’s office, it’s Maggie who slips up beside her.

It’s Maggie who looks at her without expecting, without demanding, a direct look back. Maggie who speaks softly because she knows everything else is so loud.

“Hey Kid Danvers. Do you feel like a soft hug? Or maybe something to squeeze?”

Kara grins.

“Why do you ask me?” she wants to know, and she adjusts her glasses and this time, with Maggie at her side, waiting for her big sister to get out of the principal’s office, it feels good, not weird. Relieving, not stupid.

“Because everyone deserves to control how they interact with the world, kid.”

Kara glances at her and shifts so she’s leaning into Maggie’s arms.

The pressure is soft and the pressure is constant, and the pressure is so, so welcome.

Maggie doesn’t move, and Maggie doesn’t speak, because the touch is more than enough stimulation for Kara.

They wait together, in the abandoned, after-school halls, for Alex to emerge.

Kara flinches when she hears Alex yell inside the office.

“No, I don’t care! They were hurting her, they were taunting her, they deserved it! I don’t care if you call my parents, because you know what my mom tells me to do? Protect my little sister. And you all clearly aren’t interested in doing that, so someone has to! And that’s going to be me, forever.”

She comes out of the office twenty minutes later with a lopsided grin on her face.

“You should have heard Jeremiah going off on the old man. Something about punishing his daughter instead of the boys who were being mean to you. It was great. I never knew Dad could get scary like that. It was awesome.”

Kara smiles and says nothing, and Alex sighs and lets the adrenaline rush out of her body slightly.

“Hey, looks like you’re pretty comfy there with Maggie.”

“Your girlfriend’s nice to me,” Kara offers by way of explanation, and Alex blushes hard while Maggie beams.

“Anything for a Danvers girl,” Maggie grins, and Kara curls in on herself proudly and Alex preens.

“Ice cream?” Alex invites them both, and she’s not sure who squeals louder, her sister or her girlfriend.

She just knows it’s the best feeling in the world.
It had been hard.

The whole being friends thing.

Hard because Alex’s eyes were stone when they weren’t flickering down to Maggie’s lips, and hard because it kept tearing open Maggie’s heart that Alex didn’t realize that of course she wanted her – of course she did – but she was trying to do what’s best for her. What’s best for Alex.

She was trying to put Alex first. She was trying to protect Alex.

From herself.

From falling for a girl who didn’t deserve her, who would only break her.

And she was trying to protect herself.

Because she’d fall hard and she’d fall fast – hell, she already has – and then one day she would stop being so bright and shiny to Alex, and Alex would ditch her for some other woman, some more deserving woman, or women, and Maggie has been broken before, but she can’t be broken by Alex Danvers.

Because somehow she already knows that there isn’t enough scotch and tiramisu in the world to fix being broken by Alex Danvers.

So it had been hard.

The business of figuring out how to just be friends.

It had been hard, but Maggie told her she didn’t want to imagine her life without her, and Alex didn’t want to imagine that world, either.

So it was pool the next night and it was pool the night after, and it was late-night poring over case files and it was early-morning breakfast at Noonan’s and it was, eventually, laughter and banter and real, solid friendship.

And it was, eventually, Alex dating other women.

Because Maggie gave up on her before they even began, didn’t she?

Because Maggie had no right or reason to object, did she?

And it was hard.

Hell, it was torture.
Watching Alex get nervous about what to wear, what to say, where to go.

Listening to Alex’s recaps, watching Alex blush.

It was torture, but Alex didn’t know.

Didn’t know, because somehow, the secret agent had missed the one thing that Maggie always assumed screamed off of her body: that she wanted Alex. No, more than wanted her. Respected her. Revered her. Liked her. Cared about her. A lot. Could love her. For her whole life.

It was torture, but Alex didn’t know.

Or at least, Maggie thought Alex didn’t know. She wondered sometimes, in her more confident moments – in the moments where she could swear Alex’s eyes were drifting down to fixate on Maggie’s lips; in the moments where she could swear Alex’s breath hitched when Maggie touched her arm while they played pool; in the moments where she could swear Alex tensed up every time Maggie so much as greeted Darla – if Alex did know.

What she was doing to Maggie.

Because she never brought dates to the bar.

Never brought dates in front of Maggie.

So when Maggie is having yet another night drinking alone at the bar, she’s not cautious about who she’ll run into, about what she’ll see, when she pushes open the multistall bathroom door.

She expects quiet.

She doesn’t expect Alex.

Alex, pinned against the space between two stalls, her head tossed back against the cold metal, her breathing ragged, her back arched.

With some blonde woman’s hand up her shirt and lips on her throat.

Maggie contemplates leaving.

She contemplates leaving and she contemplates screaming and she contemplates throwing up in the alley before getting on her Triumph and riding away, away, away.

Fast.

She contemplates it, but Alex chooses exactly that moment to open her eyes – to glance down – and her eyes lock into Maggie’s.

Hard.

And Maggie’s seething anger rides the wave of how perversely turned on she is, and her mouth speaks before her brain can think.

“Don’t you think the lady deserves something better than a quick fuck in a bathroom stall?”

Her mouth speaks before her brain can think, which makes her voice more raw, more vulnerable, more hurt, than enraged or indignant or even jealous.
She wants to run, now.

But the woman is whipping around, her hand retreating from Alex’s chest, a combination of irritation and anger on her lips.

“Who the hell are you?” she demands, and Alex just leans against the metal of the stalls like it’s holding her up. Because it is.

“Maggie,” Alex says, and it’s almost a whisper, almost an apology, almost an explanation.

“I asked you something first,” Maggie counters, ignoring Alex’s prayer, spine straight and eyes anywhere but Alex’s mussed hair, swollen lips, rumpled shirt.

Realization dawns on the other woman’s face, and she smirks as she glances between the woman she was just fucking and the woman who’s demanding she give Alex better than a bar bathroom.

“So you’re the one she’s hung up on,” the woman says, and Alex groans softly, and Maggie blinks.

“What?”

“This is your detective, isn’t it?” The woman smirks and doesn’t wait for an answer. “She talks about you a lot. Hell, I half-expected her to scream your name just now. I think you have your answer now, sweetheart,” she turns to Alex. She leans into her ear and she whispers hotly, “She likes you.”

She runs a slow fingertip down Alex’s side, gives Maggie a once-over, and saunters out of the bathroom with a small smirk on her face.

Alex splutters and Alex tries, desperately, to breathe.

“Why did she say that?”

“Say what, Danvers?”

“That you like me.”

“I dunno, you can always catch up to her and ask – “

“Maggie.”

“Alex.”

“Was she right?”

“Danvers – “

“Was she right.”

There’s a silence, a pause, in which they both live entire lives, and Alex shifts off the stall, toward Maggie, eyes wide and lips parted and voice soft, soft, soft.

“Was she right, Maggie?”

“It doesn’t matter, Alex, I’d only wind up hurting you – “

“So she was right.”
“Alex.”

“Take me on a date.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to be dating these other women, Maggie. I mean, it’s been nice and it’s been… but I just… I wanna be dating you. I thought you didn’t want me, but if – “

“I told you, Alex. That was never why I…”

“So take me on a date.”

“Take you on a date.”

Alex takes her hands and smiles soft, smiles slow, smiles shy and smiles perfect.

“You said I deserve better than a quick fuck in a bathroom stall. So show me what I deserve.”

And Maggie can’t help it: she smiles, too, and the entire bar lights up.

“It’d be my honor, Danvers.”
anonymous asked:

I don't know why but when there's sexual tension I really need Alex to be talking to Maggie about something trivial (movie choice or something) but the infliction she puts on it makes it sound very suggestive and she just stares Maggie in the eyes (and the lips) and she just undoes Maggies' belt and pulls it out all slow and doesn't look down the whole time. Idk I'm just imagining it and it's REALLY hot. (This isn't a prompt but it'd be cool if it was treated as one) (ily)

Maggie’s been sending her filthy texts all. Damn. Day.

Texts about I want you sit on my face, Danvers.

Texts about Are you in your lab right now? God, I’d love to bend you over that lab bench you have and fuck you until you cum so good for me.

Texts about I’m gonna make you scream so loud tonight, Danvers.

Texts about I love you, babe. I love you so damn much.

It’s all well and good for Maggie – she’s swamped with paperwork, Alex knows, so she’s stuck in the precinct, but damn, at least her boss isn’t her telepathic father figure.

And the worst part? The most torturous part, the most wicked part?

When Alex gets home that night, Maggie acts like she hasn’t been riling Alex up all day.

She just smiles and greets her: happy, not seductive; cute, not sexy.

Like she hasn’t been making Alex drip for her all damn day.

Alex assesses Maggie’s game immediately; and immediately decides that two can play it.

She kisses her hello with no fire – with love, yes, god yes, but with no undertones, no hints of all the things she’s been fantasizing about all day – and she returns her innocent smile and she starts rambling on about some experiment or other that she’s running in the lab, and how about you, how was your day, babe?

She listens and she nods and mmhmmms in all the right places, and when Maggie says she just wants to settle in for a movie because god, that paperwork was more draining than a day in the field, Alex saunters up to stand right in front of her.

“I could go for a movie too, babe,” she says, her voice caressing the term movie like it’s one of the filthiest words that’s ever crossed her lips. Her eyes are locked into Maggie’s, and she’s suppressing a smirk because Maggie’s knees are suddenly going weak and god, vengeance has never been sweeter.
Because Alex’s eyes are locked, hard, down into Maggie’s, but her fingers?

Her fingers are unbuckling Maggie’s belt, all on their own, her gaze never straying from the path between Maggie’s eyes and her lips. God, her lips.

The only sound in the apartment is the sound of Alex unbuckling Maggie’s belt, metal against fake leather against denim against detective shield, mixed with Maggie’s hitched breath and Alex’s tortuously casual tone.

“I could go for any kind of movie, really. Action.”

Eyes locked in Maggie’s, her belt successfully undone, Alex starts to pull.

Slow, steady.

She reads Maggie’s dilating pupils for the consent she needs, and she talks her way through pulling Maggie’s belt off.

Slow.

Steady.

“Sci fi.” The belt slips out of the first loop.

“Horror.” The second loop, and Maggie bites her lip.

“A western.” The loop behind her back, and Alex fights to keep herself from grinding her hips forward here and now.

“Hell, I could even go for a rom com.” Another smooth tug, and Maggie’s belt is nearly off, Alex’s gaze still searing into her eyes, her lips.

“Any kind of movie you want, Sawyer. Is what I wanna give you tonight.”

She lets Maggie’s belt clatter to the kitchen floor, and it’s the only sound that resonates in the moment before Alex slips her index fingers through Maggie’s front belt loops and pulls her hips close, pulls her hips fast, pulls her hips hard.

Maggie’s gasp and Alex’s hiss fill the slowly closing gap between their parted lips.

“Any kind of movie, Danvers?” Maggie smiles into their kiss.

“I’m also not opposed to more than one genre,” Alex rasps, and Maggie nearly swoons.

“Take me to bed, Alex,” is the last articulate thing she says – other than Alex’s first name, other than Alex’s last name, other than please babe don’t stop, other than you like it like that, babygirl?, other than I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you – all night long.
anonymous asked:
Sorry to all non-caps people I got a bit excited. Pretty please may we have one of your wonderful fics about the evolution of The Nudge™ :) :) :) 

She’s not sure, at first, how Alex feels about PDA.

Hell, she’s not sure how she feels about PDA.

She’s been out for over a decade, and she’s unapologetic about who she is. She’s not afraid of people’s reactions.

Anymore.

But people’s reactions used to get her bruised lips and black eyes and other people’s spit on her clothes.

People’s reactions cost her her father. Her family. Her home. Her childhood.

But she’s better with it, now. She thinks.

She’s just not sure where Alex is at.

Because Alex is just coming out, and Alex is just getting comfortable, and Alex is just starting to love her new normal.

And sure, Alex grabbed her by the forearm and made out with her in the bar, damn who could see, but that was impulse, that was instinct, that was passion.

Day-to-day life is different. And Maggie isn’t sure what Alex will want.

And, if she’s honest, she doesn’t want to make Alex feel pressured by asking. Doesn’t want Alex starting to think that she has to be the perfect girlfriend, and to be the perfect girlfriend, she needs to love PDA.

She doesn’t want to give Alex that kind of pressure, even if unintentionally.

So she doesn’t try to hold Alex’s hand in public, and she doesn’t try to kiss her in public.

But god, does she want to touch her.

So sometimes, when they’re walking, and Alex can’t help herself from being a massive nerd, Maggie nudges her.

Never with her elbows into her ribs, like the kids did in high school. That always looked like it hurt, and anyway, she and Alex both have enough bruises on their torsos from training, from the field, that Maggie would never want to nudge her that way.
Always with her shoulder. Softly. Playfully, into Alex’s arm.

It starts when they’re walking out of a movie theater and Alex is catching her breath after a five minute rant on the inaccuracies of the film’s science. Maggie is giggling, and she nudges her shoulder into Alex’s arm.

“Nerd,” she smiles, all dimples, and her heart leaps when Alex nudges her right back.

It happens again when she’s cooking Alex dinner for the first time.

She’s nervous and she’s almost embarrassed, but Alex is stealing pieces of sliced peppers from the cutting board and she’s calling it helping, and Maggie nudges her, laughing.

“Thief,” she grins, and Alex doesn’t deny it, but she nudges her back and swipes another few slices before Maggie can slide them into a pan.

It becomes a habit and it becomes a home.

It becomes a check-in and it becomes a language.

An unspoken way to say, “you make me smile more than anyone ever has.”

A nonverbal way to say, “I’ve never laughed like this before.”

A silent way to say, “I’m falling in love with you, you massive nerd.”

It’s losing bets about vegan ice cream and sleepovers and it’s how they’re That Couple with their yoga mats and flirtatious banter.

It’s the stable unsteadiness of falling irreparably, irretrievably. Joyfully.

Until all the things that pass between their eyes when they look at each other, when they laugh together, no longer go unspoken.

Until their nudge is still their way of letting love, letting affection, letting playfulness and letting joy – that neither of them used to get nearly enough of – pass between them, but it can accompany, now, the spoken words of love, the verbally declared desire for a lifetime of firsts, the whispered and the shouted proclamations of this is the woman I want to spend my life with.

And when James asks them if they’ll be each other’s anchors in sickness and in health, in laughter and in sorrow, in winning at pool and losing at darts, they hold hands with tears in their eyes and they laugh and they nudge each other.

Maggie first, then Alex right back.

They nudge each other, and they’ve never smiled this big, and James blinks away tears, and James declares them wife and wife.
anonymous asked:
Post-2×19 prompt: Maggie now always needs to hold Alex oh so close to sleep at night

She has dreams about drowning.
Dreams about drowning, about her lungs burning.
Dreams about dying.
But she’s not herself, in these dreams.
She looks at the glass cage – the one that’s become the tank that she will die in, that she is dying in – and she doesn’t see her own reflection.
She sees Alex’s.
Because she’s not drowning.
Alex is.
Her Alex.

After the first couple of times she wakes up, trying not to gasp for air, trying not to scream, she stops sleeping all together.

Stops sleeping, that is, unless Alex is right next to her.

Unless Alex is in her arms – unless she’s in Alex’s – unless they’re naked and skin-to-skin and warm and dry and breathing, breathing, breathing.

She stops sleeping, unless Alex’s heartbeat is steady under her ear. Unless Alex has her arm wrapped around Maggie’s shoulder, holding her so, so, so close, Maggie’s leg wrapped over Alex’s, arm thrown over her stomach, her head on Alex’s bare chest, listening to her breathe. Listening to her heart.

“I love you,” she’ll whisper with every breath, with every exhale, with every kiss she presses to Alex’s collarbone.

“I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,” she’ll murmur long after Alex has fallen asleep, long after Alex’s breathing has evened out. Long after Alex has twitched away the initial images she has when she closes her eyes now. Long after Maggie has kissed away her nightmares.

“I love you, Ally,” she’ll tell her as she drifts to sleep herself, her body wrapped around Alex’s, alive, alive.

Alive.
Chapter 402

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Do you think Alex ever beat herself up because she met a great guy but she just
couldn't fall for him, be into him? And she was scared of being messed up and missing
out on something great and she was angry with herself? She could have, right? It
wouldn't have been her fault, right? And she doesn't 'deserve' to be alone forever
because she can't make it work with him, right...?

He was sweet.
Matt Capraro.
He was sweet and he was smart and he was a decent writer.
He wrote poetry about them, when they weren’t studying.
When they weren’t in the shadowing doctors in the hospital.
He was sweet. Her med school boyfriend.
He was sweet, and he wasn’t like the guys she picked up in clubs. He was gentle with her and he
didn’t shove her tongue down her throat the second they started kissing and he asked every time he
took her clothes off, went slow every time he fucked her.
“He’s great,” she’d tell Eliza when Eliza would call to check up. Would call to congratulate her for
balancing med school and a boyfriend.
“Is he giving you the space you need to focus on your studies, Alex?” her mother would ask, and
Alex would say yes, because yes, yes, he was.
Because he was great. Really, he was.
“I didn’t understand why I couldn’t really fall for him,” Alex tells Maggie years later, and Maggie
listens, and she doesn’t ask Alex why she dated him anyway. Because Alex will say it, when Alex
is ready.
“He was funny, you know? He’d make me laugh. And that was hard to do, then. In med school. I
had a rough time, you know? With the pressure, with everything. But he’d make sure I ate and he’d
write me poetry.” She chuckles to herself, and Maggie grins while she swipes her thumb over
Alex’s open palm, listening. Making a note to herself that Alex would like to have poetry written
about them.
But then Alex’s faint smile is cracking her voice, and her tears are flooded, because she’s in love
with Maggie, god, that she’s sure about, but it still shocks her.
It still shocks her, every time she realizes – more and more every day – just how much the world
assuming she was straight, the world not giving her any other representation, any other options,
really hurt her.

Could have killed her.

“And I tried to love him, you know? I really did.” Maggie nods softly, because she knows exactly where this is going. “I thought... I thought if I couldn’t make it work with this great guy, you know, then I didn’t deserve to make it work with anybody. Like there was something wrong with me for not being wild about him. Everyone always told me how lucky I was, you know, to have such a sweet guy, and that’s the thing. He was sweet. He wasn’t like, sweet to everyone else and then crappy to me. He was good to me. But I just couldn’t…”

She wipes her eyes with the back of her index finger and she sighs and breathes out a soft laugh, looking into Maggie’s understanding eyes.

“Now that I’m thinking of it, he reminds me a little of like... what Winn and James’s kid would be like, if they had a kid. Like, a combination of both of them. How sweet they are, how thoughtful, and smart, and loyal, you know? Don’t you dare tell either of them that.”

“Your secret’s safe with me, Danvers.”

They both smile, and Maggie kisses her hand, and Alex continues.

“I just figured, it was me, you know? That something was wrong with me, that I couldn’t be happy with him, couldn’t love him like that. He broke up with me, eventually. I think he knew. Maybe not that I’m a lesbian, but he knew I wasn’t into him like he was into me.”

She chuckles.

“Like I said: he was a good guy. But if he hadn’t… god, Maggie, I can’t imagine... I don’t know how I would have broken up with him. How I would have been brave enough to. Because I figured I had to stay with him, right, how could I hurt him when he was nothing but good to me?”

Maggie tilts her head and strokes Alex’s hair and cheek with the back of her hand, the front of her thumb.

“You would have met me anyway, Danvers. You would have met me and I would have been your friend. I would have told you that you deserve to be happy, and there’s nothing wrong with you for not being in love with him, and that you’re brave and amazing for being able to admit it, and that you deserve a full and happy life, and you’re allowed to pursue that for yourself, even if it means breaking up with someone who everyone else says should be perfect for you.”

Alex’s eyes fill with tears again, a rush of what she’d felt when she first came out to Maggie; that relief, that surge of understanding, of acceptance, of... loving herself.

Maggie smirks, then, and her voice drops just a bit.

“And then you would have broken up with him and I would have swept you off your feet with my charm and good looks.”

Alex laughs, full of love, full of the happiness she hadn’t known how to find before – full of the happiness that she now knows she deserves – as she pulls Maggie in for a kiss.

“Oh, you would have, huh?”

“Every time, Danvers. Every time.”
canadianwheatpirates asked:
[small nudge] if you're out of stuff to do i left you a reply on a requests post a couple
days back asking for fic of Alex healing and growing after cutting Eliza out of her life
('cause of the emotional abuse). no pressure or anything i just. yeah. mother's day was
last weekend and yesterday was the 1yr of me not talking to my own mother for the
same reasons, and I doubt I'm the only person who's having Feelings about all this rn
lmao. still think you're awesome btw.

She never recognized the pattern.

Never recognized the pattern, and J’onn waited patiently for her to figure it out on her own, not
wanting to violate her privacy by sharing the insights he got by how damn loudly his Earth
daughter thinks.

Because she thinks very loudly, on the mornings after her phone calls with Eliza.

She thinks very loudly, and her thinking is about how inadequate she is. How imperfect. How
disappointing.

And she never recognized the pattern, but she would bruise her knuckles in training, and she would
work the new DEO recruits harder, and she would work herself so hard she nearly vomited.

Always on the days that followed the nights she talked to her mother.

She never noticed the pattern, but Maggie does.

Maggie notices and Maggie cleans up the glass when Alex throws her bourbon at the opposite
wall, and Maggie makes a note to bring up her drinking after they process this latest call with her
mother, this latest fight, this latest abuse.

Maggie holds her when she sobs apologies and Maggie holds her when she begs forgiveness and
Maggie knows that it’s not only Maggie she’s seeking forgiveness from.

It’s Eliza, yes, but it’s Kara, and it’s Jeremiah.

Because in Alex’s eyes – after she talks to Eliza, anyway – she reliably believes that she’s failed
them both.

So Maggie holds her and Maggie gently refuses to make love to her even when Alex begs for it,
begs hard and begs long; refuses because Alex has liquor on her breath and tears in her eyes, and
Maggie won’t, ever, take advantage of that.

Even with Alex begging her to fuck away her inadequacy. To make her feel worthwhile. To make
her feel good enough.

Maggie focuses on making her feel good enough in other ways.
Whispered words and soft kisses all over her face, strong arms and gentle touches.

And when it’s morning and Alex wakes up with distant eyes and a vacant voice, Maggie asks her.

Asks her, in a small voice – terrified that Alex will be furious with her, will leave her, will think she’s accusing Alex of being a bad daughter, a bad person – if she’s ever considered cutting Eliza out of her life. At least for a little while.

Alex doesn’t yell and Alex doesn’t snap at her. She doesn’t reach for bourbon. Instead, she collapses back down onto the bed and she reaches for Maggie’s hand.

“But wouldn’t I be a terrible daughter if I did that? I mean, my mom, she’s not… she… she hugged me when I came out, Maggie, she… she’s so good to you, and she loves me, and she paid for college, and med school, and she loves me, she really does, she would be crushed if I stopped talking to her. Wouldn’t it be mean? Wouldn’t it just make things worse? I mean, I only get upset when we talk because I overreact and I’m oversensitive – ”

“Alex Danvers. You are not oversensitive and you don’t overreact to your mom. You respond to her. Rationally. It’s rational for you to feel like you have to be perfect – to hold yourself to impossible and unhealthy standards – because of everything she expects from you. You respond to her telling you that you’re not good enough, that everything that happens with Kara is your fault. Alex, your mom… you’re right. She probably loves you. Fine. But that doesn’t make her a great parent, or even a good one. Her loving you doesn’t make her good at loving you: it doesn’t make you two have a healthy relationship.”

“But I can’t just cut her off, Maggie. Then everything would be my fault.”

“No. Nothing would be your fault, Ally. You’d just be asserting what you need. You’d be doing what’s right for you. And you’d be setting a new standard for how your mom has to treat you.”

Alex bites the inside of her cheek and she thinks and she listens and she argues and she thinks some more.

She tells Eliza that she needs to take some time away from their relationship a couple of weeks later. Tells her that she doesn’t know how long it’s going to take, but to please leave their contact in her control.

She stops training so hard she throws up right away; but at first, she doesn’t understand why.

It’s easier for her to stick to one beer, once in a while, socially, rather than half a bottle of bourbon, often, on her own; but at first, she doesn’t understand why.

She also doesn’t understand, at least not at first, why she stops – slowly, slowly – blaming herself when Kara has a bad day. She doesn’t stop caring, and she doesn’t stop trying to make her little sister feel better, but the pit in her stomach, gnawing, ripping, that Kara’s bad day – whatever the reason – is her fault, her fault, her fault, starts diminishing. She barely notices when it disappears almost completely, the healing is so gradual.

She surrounds herself with a little sister who adores her and a girlfriend who supports her and a father who is unfailingly proud of her and brothers who tease her but always, always, always love her.

She surrounds herself with affirmation and she surrounds herself with validation, and after a while, she realizes that she’s not waking up with such burning loathing for herself anymore.
It takes time – it takes years – but eventually, when she’s laying awake with Maggie sleeping in her arms, she realizes that she really loves the person she is.

It feels strange and it feels unfamiliar, but god, god, god, does it feel good.
Anonymous asked:
Hi! You are amazing and your writing lights up my day. There's something I would like to see. We're always portraying Eliza being hard on Alex and I really feel that. I also love my mom and I'm sure she loves me, but I grew up with high expectations from her, she was always harsh without even noticing. I just wanted you to write something that showed Eliza being sorry for the way she treated Alex, taking the blame for once, that really comin from her. And also showing them just loving each other

Alex has been fighting with her for years.

Usually, without acknowledging the real problems. Usually, making mountains out of seeming molehills, because the mountains are too terrifying, too vulnerable, to mention.

Sometimes, tackling the real problems head on.

"Why hasn’t it ever been enough?"

It takes Eliza a lot to realize how deep the scars she caused go.

It takes Eliza a lot to realize that what she’d thought of as support, Alex had received as abuse. As condemnation. As affirmation, not of how smart and strong she is, but as affirmation that she really is worthless at the core.

It takes Eliza a combination of Alex’s sister and Alex’s girlfriend to unveil her denial, her unwillingness to see just how badly she’s damaged the daughter she loved more than anything in this world.

It takes Kara, rising from the Thanksgiving table, and telling Eliza point-blank that instead of reprimanding Alex for drinking so much, Eliza should stop to consider why she is, what she’s coping with, and she knows Eliza loves her but Rao, couldn’t she show Alex that a little more often instead of just telling her and expecting her to feel it?

It takes Maggie, taking Alex’s hand into one of hers and the car keys with her other, thanking Eliza for her hospitality but telling her in no uncertain terms that she couldn’t stay under a roof where the woman she loves is being made to constantly feel like she’s not enough, because Alex is more than enough just as she is, and she’s sorry, but they can’t stay somewhere that’s so hostile to Alex’s ability to recognize how incredible she really is.

Eliza doesn’t call for a week.

Kara texts to tell her that Alex needs time.

Maggie texts to tell her that Alex needs space.

Alex doesn’t text at all, simply nodding her red-eyed approval at the messages her sister and her
Eliza doesn’t call for a week, but when she does call, she knows what she has to say, and – for the first time – she understands why she has to say it. And she feels it. Means it.

“Alex,” she says softly, stopping herself from saying her full name, because Kara’s pointed out how Alex flinches at her full name, every time, so why use it as a weapon? “Everything you’ve said to me over the years? About me making you feel responsible for Kara, like the weight of the world is on your shoulders? You’ve been right, all this time. Of course you have. My beautiful daughter. I took a fourteen year old child and I put the weight, not only of this world, but of another, on her shoulders – on your shoulders, my Alex – and I blamed you for things that weren’t, ever, your fault. When your father was taken by the DEO, I… and this isn’t an excuse, Alex, I have no excuses… I expected you to… to somehow replace him while also living up to impossible standards as a sister to Kara, and I… I didn’t see how you suffered. I didn’t want to see it, Alex, because if I did, then I… I would never be able to forgive myself. But that’s my problem, my darling daughter, not yours. I can’t ask for your forgiveness, Alex, because I’ve already asked for far too much from you, but I… I wanted to say that, forgiveness or not, I am sorry. And I love you. I love you more than I’ve ever loved anyone, and I… I will do better, Alex. If you want to give me the opportunity. I know you’re a grown woman, and I am so, so proud of the woman you’ve become – I’m so sorry I don’t say that enough – but I’d still love the opportunity to be a better mother to you. The mother you deserve. The mother you should have had all these years.”

Alex can’t speak because all Alex can do is sob, but Maggie drives her to Midvale the next morning, and she waits in the car, a small, somewhat sad smile on her face while Alex falls into her mother’s arms and sobs some more.

But the sobs are happier, now, than they have been in the past, and when Alex and Eliza both come to the car to insist Maggie come inside and eat with them – Eliza’s bought tiramisu, and Alex’s favorite pie, not Kara’s – Alex makes sure to hold Maggie close to her side, all day, all night, pressing extra kisses to her face.

And Eliza gives her extra attention, extra love, too, because she might be making up for lost time with Alex, but Maggie has lost time with parents to be made up for too.

And that idea?

Eliza, mothering both her and her girlfriend with warm smiles and affectionate pet names and incredible cooking and even more incredible nerd talk?

Makes Alex the happiest woman in the world.
Chapter 405

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Hi, I know you're not taking prompts, so feel free to ignore me.. but I'm in love with my best friend and she just got a boyfriend, so I was wondering if you could write about Alex and maybe Maggie too comforting a baby gay teenager about something like this? That would mean so much to me. Also, you're incredible, all the love and advice you give out on this page, we're all so grateful for you.

He does what he always does.

He hears about a sad baby queer from his old high school, and he takes the train back to National City as soon as he gets out of physics lab, and he picks them up and takes them to dinner at Maggie’s.

Mags, I’m bringing a newbie over tonight. They’re all messed up because their best friend just got herself a man. They’re gay as all hell for this girl and they really, really, reallllllly like pizza.

Maggie smirks when she reads it and forwards it to Alex.

I guess it’s pizza tonight, babe. Ade’s bringing a kid over – that okay?

Of course it’s okay.

Of course it’s okay, because the whole gay thing might be wildly new to Alex, but she’s taken to it like she takes to everything: intently. Studiously. Full-bodied and wholehearted and no looking back.

And a huge part of her coming out was Maggie, was Adrian, helping her through it, teaching her, showing her, helping her… love her.

And Alex Danvers is about nothing if not giving back.

So she and Maggie have taken to faux-adopting all the queer kids – Adrian calls them strays, and says they should all get jackets as Maggie and Alex chuckle about their apartments being the Island of Misfit Toys, and laugh even further when Adrian is too young to get the reference – that Adrian brings home with him.

Home.

Their home.

Open. Always.

So it’s pizza night and J’onn lets Alex off early with a soft smile and a gentle hand on her shoulder: I’m proud of you, Alex, he tells her, and she could cry with relief, because it wasn’t too long ago she was terrified that being a lesbian would make her a… disappointment. Somehow.
But her space father’s eyes are shining, and the slight breeze feels amazing, if not a little harsh, whipping over her riding gear as she speeds her Ducati home.

Home.

Adrian and Maggie are already there – already home – already cracking open bottles of root beer and laughing about something or other with a curvy, cautiously beaming teenager with a fade and perfect eyeliner and a dimpled smile.

Alex hugs Adrian and kisses Maggie – awwwwww, Adrian sing-songs, and Maggie reaches over to give him a soft shove without opening her eyes, without taking her lips off of Alex’s – and, when they’re done – finally, Adrian giggles, and it’s Alex who fake-shoves him this time, but the teasing gesture doesn’t disguise her blush – Alex holds out her hand to the new kid.

“Hey, I’m Alex,” she offers, and the kid takes her hand almost eagerly.

“Em,” they say, and Alex grins.

“A good name,” she affirms, and Em beams as they lean into Adrian with excitement.

Sometimes, with the kids Adrian brings over, it only takes minutes before they break down, before they cry, before they bare their souls and beg for healing that the rest of the world refuses to give them.

And other times, most of the night is about fun, is about forgetting, is about living in a world they want to live in, if only just for one night, to sustain them, to get them through, to give them hope.

Tonight is a combination.

Because Em laughs at Adrian’s terrible jokes and they even laugh at Alex’s worse ones, but they all catch them with their eyes glued to their phone, always eager for a text, always sad when there, inevitably, isn’t one.

“She used to text all the time, huh?” Adrian asks when everyone’s just about done with pizza, just about ready for Alex and Maggie to bicker about vegan ice cream.

Em’s spine stiffens.

“We don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want, I’m sorry,” Adrian starts, but Em shakes their head and fidgets with the hem of their sweater dress, with the collar of the shirt that they’re wearing under it.

“No, we can, I just… I don’t wanna bring down the mood.”

Maggie leans forward and shakes her head. “Danvers here is about to start insulting my dessert choices, Em: trust me, it’s not you who’s gonna bring down the mood.”

Em chuckles and nods, chewing the inside of their cheek, chewing on their words.

“I have this friend. This best friend. She’s been my best friend since we were ten. So, forever. Jessica, her name is. And she was there for me when I came out as gay, and she used my pronouns right away when I came out as genderqueer, and we used to… we used to talk all the time, text all the time… And she just got a boyfriend, and I’m an ass – sorry, can I say that? – because I should be happy for her, right?”
Em’s voice squeaks, and Maggie hesitates with her hand slightly above Em’s knee. Em nods and Maggie puts her hand down and squeezes supportively.

“And I am, she seems… he’s a nice guy, you know, but I’m such a jerk, because I love her, I’ve been in love with her since forever, and I should be happy for her, but now when we talk, it’s all about him, him, him, and I try to be supportive and all that, you know, but it’s killing me. It’s killing me, it literally feels like… I don’t know. I’m not trying to be overdramatic. I’m sorry. We don’t have to talk about me, I’m sorry, I – “

“Hey, hey, no, you’re okay. This is why Adrian brings all the baby queers here. You’re okay,” Maggie tells her, and Em accepts the napkin Adrian passes them to wipe their eyes.

“And you’re not being selfish, you know,” Alex chimes. “I used to…” She chews on her own cheek and stares at the table for a moment, collecting her words, her thoughts, her traumas. “I used to think the entire world rode on how much I devoted my life to my little sister. And I still do: devote my life to her. But before, it was… I thought that meant I couldn’t ever do anything for me. Feel anything. For me. I would push my feelings down because it was all about making her happy, only about that… and the balance is hard. I’m still figuring it out. But these two clowns help.”

“Oohh, don’t Alex, you know how I feel about clowns.”

“You and Winn should form a support group.”

Em and Maggie exchange a silent giggle at Adrian and Alex’s quips.

“But really, Em,” Alex turns her attention back to the new kid. “You’re allowed to be hurt. You’re allowed to be in pain. Not that she’s doing anything wrong, this Jessica girl, but you’re allowed to have feelings. And if you want to, you’re allowed to talk to her about them. She’s still your best friend, you know?”

“Is your sister still your best friend?” Em wants to know, terror in their voice.

“Yeah. Yeah, she is. And it’s different, obviously, you being in love with Jessica, but listen. It’s literally my job to figure out people’s strengths and weaknesses, basically just from looking at them. And you, Em? You’re made of strength. It’s going to be hard, getting through this. But you will. I promise.”

Maggie beams softly at her girlfriend and nods toward Adrian.

“Ade’s been gaga over his best friends more than once, and somehow he’s still in one piece.”

Adrian puts a dramatic hand over his heart, and the other over his forehead. “Barely. No but really, Em, Alex and Maggie are right. You’re gonna get through it: you’re not by yourself. Okay?”

Em breathes and looks from their surrogate older brother to their new queer moms, understanding and pride and faith resonating in each of their eyes.

They nod slowly, until a soft smile creeps onto their face.

“So. Vegan versus regular ice cream, huh?”

“Oh my god, now you’ve done it, they’re never gonna stop.”

And they don’t. But somehow, watching them laugh and tease and giggle and kiss is all the hope Em needs.
Chapter 406

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
If you're in the mood to write some smut, I would love to read some dirty talking at a place where dirty talk shouldn't be happening and one gets very flustered and has to go "deal with this" and the other secretly follows them and walks in on them getting themself off and joins in yes please

Maggie’s signed all the paperwork with Pam and she’s been given separate tours from Winn, Vasquez, J’onn, and, of course, from Alex.

She has, now, pretty much free reign to stroll through the DEO as she pleases.

Her own retinal scan and everything.

Usually, she uses it for Space Dad Approved Reasons.

Reasons like bursting in to help the DEO plan a defense against Cadmus, against Daxamites, against the U.S. military.

Reasons like bringing his Earth Daughter lunch because she knows Kara’s busy at CatCo and Alex will forget to eat otherwise.

Reasons like picking up Alex after a sixteen hour shift when she would otherwise forget that it’s well-past time to stop working and go home.

But sometimes?

Sometimes, Maggie uses her all-access pass to the DEO for reasons that make J’onn desperately wish his Earth daughters didn’t think so damn loudly.

Because Maggie steals behind Alex is Alex’s lab, and slips her hands around Alex’s hips.

“Mmmm, you look so damn fuckable like this, Danvers.”

Alex squeaks and jumps, her face immediately reddening, and Maggie studies her face carefully.

“That okay, Alex?”

Alex’s eyes shift around the lab, and her heady grin grows with each passing second of silence, of Maggie’s breath on her neck.

“Yeah,” she whispers, and feels more than sees Maggie grin.

“So what are you working on?” Maggie asks at a typical – a socially acceptable, no-I’m-most-certainly-not-talking-my-girlfriend-nearly-to-orgasm – volume and tone as another couple of agents walk into the lab and nod at Agent Danvers and her girlfriend.

Alex gulps and tries not to splutter through her explanation.
Maggie mhmms in all the right places, and nods at all the right times, but the words that slip past her lips next have nothing to do with the molecular structure of Daxamite DNA.

“I wanna go home and grab your glasses and eat you out right here. While you’re wearing nothing but those glasses.”

Alex rapidly transforms her gasp into a cough, her moan into a clearing of her throat.

“Okay?” Maggie confirms, and Alex’s eyes flutter closed over her microscope, and she doesn’t move her body – though god, how she wants to – and she nods.

Maggie leans up on her tip toes and whispers, soft, hot, and low, right into Alex’s ear.

“Are you getting wet for me, Agent Danvers?”

Alex nods, again almost imperceptibly, and she bites her lip as she changes slides.

“Good. Because I want to slip inside you and stretch you out until you can’t do anything but scream my name.”

Alex bites down on her lip harder to prevent the scream that she needs to let out right. The fuck. Now.

“I’m going to uh… check the progress of those latest blood samples. The ones we need for the… the study,” she announces in a most-certainly-not-thinking-about-my-girlfriend-fucking-me-right-now voice.

She adds, lower, to Maggie, “I have to go deal with this. You… you just… I…” She splutters and she blushes and she stares at Maggie’s lips and she forces her eyes away because she needs to deal with this. Now.

Maggie grins, and Maggie follows.

She loses track of her girlfriend for a moment, as she turns down another long DEO corridor, but she finds her in the first supply closet she finds, head tilted back, eyes fluttered closed, one hand bracing her body against a table, the other in her unzipped black pants.

Maggie’s name is on her parted, panting lips, and it’s one of the hottest, most beautiful things Maggie’s ever seen.

“Alex?” she asks, and her voice is softer, sweeter, than it had been a few minutes ago.

Alex’s eyes snap open and her body freezes before it relaxes – before she relaxes.

“Lock the door,” she rasps, and Maggie obeys, suddenly shy, suddenly wide-eyed. Suddenly in awe of the power of this woman; the raw desire this perfect, gorgeous woman has for… her.

Alex slips her hand out of her pants and steps toward the door; toward her girlfriend.

Her girlfriend who was just deriving a great deal of pleasure from teasing her, from driving her absolutely out of her mind. In her own lab.

And Alex Danvers? Is nothing if not competitive.

And she decides two can play at that game.
Maggie’s back is against the door and Alex’s chest is flush against hers before Maggie can react.

“Color?” Alex husks, pupils dilating dangerously, lovingly, needily, her hands loose – ready to either release or hold harder – on Maggie’s wrists, pinned above her head.

Maggie’s eyes drift up to where Alex has her hands pushed down, and she barely stifles a moan. “Green, Alex,” she whispers, and Alex’s hands tighten, and she brings her lips down to meet Maggie’s – hard and fierce and knowing exactly, exactly, exactly, what she wants.

Maggie grinds her hips forward as they kiss, as Alex keeps her hands immobile above her head. Desperate for pressure from Alex’s thigh, desperate to touch her, desperate, desperate, desperate.

But Alex chuckles into their kiss and she pulls her lower body away from Maggie’s. Her whine almost makes Alex relent – almost – but instead, she bends to nip at Maggie’s neck, to flit her tongue across Maggie’s earlobe, whispering huskily into her ear.

“You were having such a good time teasing me, Sawyer. You shouldn’t deal out what you can’t take, hmmm?”

“Alex,” Maggie whispers, helpless, writhing, desperate for Alex’s pressure between her legs, desperate for… for Alex.

She glances up at Maggie’s wrists, and asks again.

“All good?”

Maggie nods, biting her lip.

“Please, Al,” she begs, and Alex arches an eyebrow.

“Thought you wanted to fuck me in the DEO,” she rasps, and Maggie gasps raggedly as she gets her girlfriend’s meaning.

“Please, Agent Danvers,” she whispers.

“Please what, Maggie?”

“Please let me touch you,” Maggie whines, and Alex drags her eyes up and down Maggie’s body and smirks as she presses a quick kiss to Maggie’s forehead.

“Is that all you want?” she demands, and Maggie shakes her head. “So tell me.”

“I want you to fuck me.” Alex waits. Maggie gulps. “I want you to fuck me, Agent Danvers.”

Alex grins and groans and takes one of her hands off of Maggie’s wrists, traipsing down her arms, her face, her throat, her chest, her torso, to the buckle of her belt.

She sets her focus on that damn buckle, and the look of concentration, of raw desire, of pure focus and dedication, lights a very different kind of fire in Maggie’s core than the one already burning.

Before Alex can react, Maggie flips her so it’s Alex with her back against the door, Alex with her hands pinned above her head, Alex panting and whining and writhing for Maggie to press her body closer.

“That okay, Alex?” Maggie asks gently, and Alex nods once, twice, three times, over and over and over, because god, yes, it was alright. More than alright.
“I’m pretty sure you came in here to um… deal with certain things, Agent Danvers,” Maggie tells her casually, her voice low, her voice dripping, her voice raw.

“I did, yeah,” Alex rasps, her voice gravel, her voice needy, her voice absolutely wrecked.

“And what were those things?”

“You.”

“Me?”

Alex whines and writhes against the wall. “You fucking me.”

“Is that all?” Maggie’s eyes rake down Alex’s body as her hands hold Alex’s wrists steady.

“You going down on me.”

Maggie’s eyes roll to the back of her head for a moment, and she almost gives up the game then and there. But she started this, and dammit, she sees things through.

“Oh yeah?”

Alex nods and Alex squeaks, and it’s one of the most perfect sounds Maggie’s ever heard.

“And how were you going to deal with all that, Agent Danvers?”

Alex writhes and bites her lip and blushes, hard.

“You good, Ally?” Maggie asks, her voice softer, gentler, lighter, as she kisses Alex’s nose.

Alex smiles and nods.

“Please don’t stop.”

Maggie kisses her lips, gently at first, more needy as Alex parts her lips for her tongue eagerly.

“So? I asked you a question. You wanna be a good girl and answer for me?”

“I was… I was gonna touch myself.”

Maggie barely swallows a moan.

“Would you… would you want me to do that for you?”

Alex almost screams. “Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, please. Detective Sawyer. Please.”

“Please what?”

Alex whines in frustration, in excitement, in love.

“Please touch me, Mags. Please.”
“Anything for you, Alex.”

And when she takes one hand off of Alex’s wrists to slip under Alex’s pants, under Alex’s underwear, she moans at how soaked Alex is for her. She shifts so her thigh supports her hand between Alex’s legs, and she pauses, eyes locked on Alex’s face.

“Please,” Alex confirms, and Maggie slips inside her. Alex screams, and Maggie kisses her, one hand holding her hands above her head and the other hand fucking her, swallowing Alex’s screams with her own tongue.

And when Alex cums all over Maggie’s fingers, all over her palm, it’s with Maggie’s name on her lips and Maggie’s breath in her mouth.

“That… that was…” Alex pants as she comes down from her high, as Maggie slips out of her and holds braces her wet hand against the door, leaning into Alex, holding her, stroking her cheek, her hair, with her clean hand.

Their foreheads touch, and they breathe.

Just breathe.

“Yeah. Yeah, it was.”

A quick rap at the door makes them both jump, makes them both adjust their clothes and their hair, makes Maggie casually hold one hand behind her back as Alex tugs the door open.

Vasquez is standing at attention, a shit-eating grin on her face, even as she refuses to quite meet either of their eyes.

“Ma’am. Director Henshaw requests that if you must – and I quote – ‘behave like hormonal human teenagers at the workplace’, that you at least choose a room that has psychic dampeners so he doesn’t have to – and I quote again – ‘regret everything about his telepathic heritage.’ Ma’am.”

Vasquez pivots and walks quickly away before she can snort with laughter at just how red badass Agent Alex Danvers’s face can get.

And all for the love of a girl.
Chapter 407

Chapter Summary

kara-danvers-lena-luthor wrote:

Please tell me you’re gonna write Alex’s inner monologue when the President told her she was the acting director of the DEO!

Her stomach lurches and her heart contracts and she wishes Lucy were here.

Wishes Lucy were here, because she’d held things down when Alex and J’onn were on the run.

Wishes Lucy were here, because she’d put a hand on Alex’s arm and tell her that of course she can do this, that she was born to do this.

Wishes Lucy were here, because she’d have something clever to say about J’onn’s recovery. That he’ll be alright. That she can’t afford to dwell on the fact that his body is inert but his mind is overactive: that he’s probably scared to death, actively being tortured inside his own skull.

Because Lucy’s a soldier, too.

And she’d know that Alex can’t think about it.

Can’t think about any of it.

And any of it includes her friend.

So she forces her attention to the present.

Forces her attention to the now.

The now, with the screaming and the dying and the sitting in here, thinking, talking, while Maggie is out there, while James is out there, while everyone else is out there, risking their lives.

Dying.

She was always trained to follow orders.

She was always trained to aspire to be the one giving them.

And she’s ready.

To give orders.

She’s good at it.

But she hasn’t got the faintest clue how J’onn does it.

Stays at his post, thinking, planning, cool, collected – safe – while his people, people he loves, his family, is out there.
Fighting.

Shooting and getting shot and killing and dying on his orders.

And now, on hers.

And she knows – she knows – that she’ll be, like her space father, in the thick of the fight sooner or later. She knows that it takes a special kind of bravery to think when all she wants to do is fight.

It’s what she loves so much about Maggie.

So much fight in her, but also, god, so much thought.

And that thought, ultimately, had been what saved Alex’s life just last week.

God, was it just last week?

Hell, at least this isn’t desk duty.

But it feels like it.

It’s a promotion, but nothing in her wants it to be permanent.

Because permanency means J’onn is gone. And she will not lose another father.

No. No, no, no, no.

Instead? Instead, she will do him proud.

She will live up to being J’onn J’onzz’s daughter. She will live up to being trained by a man who loves her endlessly.

She will live up to taking care of the little sister of a woman who loves her unconditionally.

She will live up to being the girlfriend of a woman who loves her timelessly.

Acting DEO Director Alex Danvers.

She will live up to it all.
“Danvers. A minute?” Maggie calls from across the bar, and Alex nods like it’s not her girlfriend, like it’s not the woman she loves, about to head back into battle, with nothing, nothing, nothing, except James to watch her back.

And James will, and she’ll watch his.

But this is war, and Alex is being made commander, and she doesn’t know how anyone can bear loving foot soldiers.

Especially when those foot soldiers? Would do such a better job than she can at this whole leadership thing.

“Yeah,” Alex breathes, touching her arm and bending her head, eager for Maggie’s closeness, for her warmth, for her body, unbroken beside her.

Safe beside her.

“You’re a badass, Danvers,” Maggie reminds her without preamble, and Alex’s heart trembles at the phrase. “You’re going to be amazing at this, do you hear me?”

Alex blinks as she realizes that Maggie isn’t asking for comfort at the prospect of going back into the streets to fight a war.

Maggie isn’t asking for comfort at all.

Maggie’s offering it.

Alex blinks, and she almost breaks.

Instead, she drags Maggie into the bar bathroom, and if the President, her sister, or Winn find this strange, none of them comment.

“But what if I’m not? What if she gives me an order I can’t… Maggie, she wants me to fire on those ships. Kill all those people. They can’t all be… I know it’s war, I know sometimes…”

But Astra’s body falling off of her sword swarms into her mind, and she flinches.

Rick Malverne’s nose breaks at her knuckles, and she knows she swore that she’d end him, but she’d been content with that single punch and having J’onn – J’onn, god, J’onn – wipe his
memory.

She hasn’t changed enough – she’s still too fond of torture, but Maggie and James have her working on it – but she’s changed.

God, she’s changed.

And firing on all those people? Vaporizing them all?

With Lena on board? The woman her sister can’t admit that she loves?

She’ll never be able to look Kara in the face again.

Hell, she’ll never be able to look herself in the face again.

And Maggie knows. Maggie knows and she puts gentle, dirt-streaked fingers under her chin and she kisses her soft, kisses her slow, kisses her tender.

“Alex, J’onn wouldn’t rather have anyone in charge than you. And you know what? You’re gonna hold it down so good for him until he’s back on his feet. And he’s going to be back on his feet. Okay? You’re a genius, Danvers, and a badass, and you love so, so fiercely: that’s exactly what this planet needs right now, Alex. Someone who loves as intensely as you do, who fights for the people she loves as much as you do. You understand me, Alex? You can do this. I promise.”

Alex swallows tears and she swallows Maggie’s breath and she sobs into her lips and Maggie kisses her back, lets Alex back her into the door of a stall, both of their hands everywhere, everywhere, everywhere.

Alive.

Safe.

Until they’re not.

Until Alex might have to make a call – might make the wrong call – that will end all of their lives.

But not yet.

Not yet, not yet, because Maggie’s lips are soft and Alex’s breath is hot and their bodies are flush against each other and –

“Oh. Oh my. Well, Agent Danvers, it seems we’ve just entrusted the freedom of this planet to someone who loves women just about as much as your sister’s so-called boyfriend hates them. My my, the things I missed while I was away.”

Maggie smooths her hair down and Alex adjusts her belt buckle, and Cat Grant smirks.

“We couldn’t be in better hands, Alex,” she confides in a faux-whisper before she winks at Maggie and saunters out of the bathroom, in search of another that’s less… occupied.

“Well see that, babe? The Queen of All Media believes in you.”

Alex snorts. “She believes in my sister.”

Maggie takes her hand and kisses each knuckle, the laughter gone from her eyes now.
“And you and your sister are a dynamite team, Alex. You give the world a hell of a lot to believe in. Now you just keep yourself safe, do you hear me?”

“You too, Maggie. You too.”

They press their foreheads together and they press their lips together, and when both of them are sure they’ll break if they keep touching – are sure they’ll never let go if they keep kissing – they untangle their bodies and they head back into the world.

The world that they’re going to save.

Together.
figuringoutme4me asked:
There had to be more said between Maggie and Alex when they saw each other were okay or before Maggie went back out with essentially no protection. I would ask for a fix if of after the whole conflict, but there is no after, so I feel like I just have to wait. Thank you for being you!

Her stomach is in knots.

Her stomach is in knots, and not just from her flight out the window.

Not just from her terror, from the screams resonating through her head, even though the bar is quiet.

Her stomach is in knots, because the phone line disconnected, and Maggie, Maggie.

Maggie.

Maggie loves her.

And they only just started this thing.

She can’t imagine what her sister’s going through.

She and Lena haven’t even started their thing at all.

She can’t let Kara be afraid she’s losing Clark, too.

“Maybe Superman’s out there right now, fighting on the streets.”

“If he is, I didn’t see him.”

It’s the only voice she’s ever wanted, the only voice she’s ever needed.

The only voice that’s ever coursed through her veins and woven into her skin and stitched up her heart.

“Maggie,” she breathes, and she runs.

Runs, and Maggie walks, and Maggie holds her hands up, holds her hands open, her face a map of pain, her face a map of ragged relief, her face a map of I love you, I love you, come here, let me hold you, I love you, I love you, I love you.

Alex doesn’t wait – she can’t. She takes Maggie’s face between her hands and she kisses her, tasting ash and tasting metal and tasting war on love’s lips.

Maggie holds her by her elbows – Maggie always holds her by her elbows – and Alex fights not to swoon, fights not to break, because if this woman’s lips keep kissing hers, she’ll never be able to
fight, to kill, to die.

Though not dying would be good.

Her hands run over Maggie’s body and her eyes follow suit, checking for injuries, checking for breaks, checking for scars that will only grow on the inside.

She’s not armed, save for a gun that Alex can tell is out of bullets.

She must have run out of ammo.

She must have fought hand-to-hand to get here, at least some of the way.

She must have lived hell.

She must still be in hell, except Alex’s hands are on hers.

“I’m so glad you’re okay,” she exhales for the first time since the attack, because she knows that they’ll talk later, knows that Maggie will cry later, knows that they’ll both break later.

Because there has to be a later, dammit. There has to be.

“I’m so glad that when things look their worst, we both thought to run straight to a bar,” Maggie deflects, and no one else could get Alex to smile while the world is ending.

No one but this woman. God, god, this woman.

This woman who insists on heading back out with James – with Guardian – after keeping a close ear across the bar on Lilian’s conversation with Alex, while running over strategy with James, with Winn.

Running over who they saw die on the way over here.

Running over which streets are likely to have the most children huddled in the rubble; running over which streets are likely to need them the most.

She keeps half an ear with Alex’s conversation, and the other half with a Pulitzer Prize-winning superhero and his genius IT support.

And she insists on leaving again. Without armor.

Without even her kevlar.

Alex didn’t have any weapons in that damn tank.

Alex held on.

And dammit, so will she.

Because there are other people who can’t.

And she’ll go save them. She has to.

And Alex knows.

Alex knows, just like Maggie had known there was no stopping Alex from storming the DEO by herself.
Alex knows, but god, does she hate it.

“Maggie –“

“Don’t argue, Danvers,” she interrupts, but it’s soft, and it’s intimate, and it’s resigned, and it’s loving, and it makes James look down at his shuffling feet and swallow bile.

“I’m not arguing, Maggie, I know you have to… I know, I just… we need that lifetime of firsts, you understand me? Take this –“ She slips her a radio to replace her fritzing phone. “And don’t you dare do anything but come back here in one piece. Gertrude’s going to need both her moms, alright? Both of us.”

“I’ll get her back safe, Alex,” James tells her, but they all know that there can be no promises.

“Please, Olsen, I’ll get you back safe,” Maggie jests, but there’s no laughter in her eyes.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” she whispers, and she rises onto her tip toes to kiss her like she’ll never kiss her again. She kisses her with her entire body, with her entire mouth, with her entire being.

And Alex kisses her back.

Kisses her like she should have kissed her the night she told her not to wait up for her.

Because god, they never could tell when their worlds would end, could they?

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she breathes, and it’s a promise.

Because I love you?

I love you is a beginning, and this, she promises, will be theirs.
Chapter 410

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Prompt of anything alex and Kara!!! I need some Danvers sisters and bonus if cat can
be there! We all missed her this season!

Didn't think yall would mind if I plopped this here, despite the lack of Maggie.

She doesn’t scoop Alex up bridal style.
Alex would probably kill her, invasion slamming around them or not.
Well, maybe not kill her. Obviously not kill her.
But she wouldn’t get her fair share of potstickers for at least a whole evening, and that just
wouldn’t do it for Kara.

So she grabs her big sister with one arm – it’ll make Maggie smirk, later, to tease Alex about how
light she is, about how tiny, and Alex will come back with a zinger about Maggie’s height, and
James and Winn will tiptoe backwards in mock fear, and the thought of that hilarity, the thought of
all of them surviving to hear the story, to tease the teases, to laugh the laughter, is what keeps Kara
flying amidst all the screaming, all the death, all the terror – and she holds her safe, holds her
steady.

She holds her solid, because she and Alex have flown together since they were children, but Alex
has grown to fear what she can’t control, and god, she can’t control freefall during a war zone.

“I’ve got you,” she yells to her – yells, even though their faces are inches apart – and she glances
down to see Alex smile.

“You always do,” her big sister yells back, and Kara straightens proudly even as she dodges laser
cannons.

“We need to get Winn,” Alex is shouting next, and Kara nods, and she tightens her grip on her big
sister, and she speeds down, down, down, back into the fighting.

They get each other to the bar, to safety. Of course they do.

Because the Danvers sisters?
They should come with a warning.
Chapter 411

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Can you please fic sanvers like crawling in air vent things in the deo and just being cute idk I just need some fluff

She knows Maggie is sore. She knows Maggie’s got a bruised rib.

She knows because Maggie doesn’t wince often, but when Alex hailed her on the radio she gave her before Maggie insisted on going back out there with James, she heard the wince in Maggie's voice.

But god, she would rather Maggie by her side – safe, safe, because she will die before she lets Maggie do the same – than out there, alone.

And Maggie keeps up with her. Just a little bit slower, just a little bit stiffer.

Every time Maggie jumps out of one vent to access another, on the ground below, Alex rakes her eyes up and down her body. Checking her for further injuries. For extra pain.

And, if she had to admit it, because damn.

Just… damn.

A very trusted, very sexy agent on her six.

“See something you like, Danvers?” Maggie asks once when she catches Alex watching her while she straightens up, while she catches her breath.

“There’s another four letter word starting with an L I could think of, Sawyer,” Alex doesn’t miss a beat, and Maggie grins, because if anyone can make her dimples come out in the middle of a war, it’s this woman.

It will always be this woman.

“That so, Alex?” she flirts, her voice honey.

“That’s so, Maggie,” Alex flirts right back, their lips touching, their lips parting.

“Mission.”

“War zone,” they murmur at the same time as they pull away, both their bodies keening from the loss.

They get back to it – everyone’s lives depend on it – but it’s not the last time.

Though the next time they stop to flirt, it’s because Alex catches Maggie looking at her instead of the other way around.
Or, more specifically, Alex catches Maggie staring at her ass.

She turns to check on her as she crouches and crawls through the last vent, and Maggie’s tongue is on her lips, and her eyes are decidedly not assessing tactical situations around them.

“Eyes front, soldier,” Alex chides with a grin, and she hears the smile in Maggie’s chuckle.

“Oh, I’ve got no problem keeping my eyes front, Acting Director Danvers.”

Alex pauses and Maggie puts a comforting hand on her calf. “He’s gonna be just fine, Alex.”

“I love you, you know that?” Alex turns to tell her.

“I do. You show me every day, Alex Danvers. I hope I show you, too.”

“You always have.”

“Always will too, Alex. I promise.”
whatdoidowiththisthing asked:
Inner (or outer) dialogue of Alex and/or Maggie while Alex is standing with her hand hovering over that cannon button, knowing her sister is still up there. I feel like they had a whole conversation with just looks, but real words would be great to hear.

She will love her whatever she does.
She will love her until the end of the earth – and hell, she’ll love her after, too.
Especially since it seems the end of the earth is hovering just a centimeter below Alex’s fingertips.
The end of the earth – bathed in ash and dust and vaporized bodies becoming the air the world breathes.
The end of the earth – bathed in the boiled blood of Alex’s baby sister.
Or another end.
An end of the earth where Alex refuses.
Refuses orders, refuses command.
Refuses to be perfect.
Refuses to kill her sister.
Accepts being the reason the entire planet is overcome.
Or.
Or.
Maggie looks at her, and she sees a third option.
A third world.
A world where her love for Alex will extend far longer, far deeper, because in that third world, that third option, everything isn’t about to end.
A world where Alex refuses, and Kara lives.
And they still find a way to save everyone.
Together.
Alex’s eyes need to know all this.
Need to know if Maggie will love her, whatever she chooses.

If her hand – her need to be right, her need to be perfect, her need to follow orders, her need to do what Kara would tell her to do, dammit, because the fate of the entire planet is at stake – slams down.

If her hand – her need to tell the world it can find another way to survive, another way to live, if the cost of survival, of living, is obliterating the brightest light Alex has ever known, her center, her core, her everything: her sister – stays trembling, stays up.

Alex’s eyes need to know that Maggie will love her either way.

And Maggie’s eyes tell her yes, god yes, yes, yes, yes.

Maggie’s eyes, the quiver in Maggie’s lips, tell her millennia of stories.

Millennia of stories of faithful love and honest trust; of unconditional pride and unending affirmation; of a detective and a secret agent, a negotiator and a soldier, a scrape and a bandaid, together, forever.

She will love her, no matter what she chooses.

But then Alex panics. Panics, panics, because the positron cannon is gone.

And now the choice is not hers. Now, the decision is not hers.

Now, there will be soldiers and they will be looking for the agents who almost thwarted them.

Almost. Almost.

She’s relieved and she’s agonized.

She’s freed and she’s tortured.

Her hands cover her face and tears cover her eyes, and Maggie?

Maggie loves her through yes. Loves her through no. Loves her through almost.

She covers her face with her hands and she trembles and she fights to breathe, and god now is not a good time for another flashback to that damn cage, that damn tank, but Maggie’s arms are around her, solid, steady, stable.

Unconditional.

“We’re gonna find a different way out of this, Alex, you hear me? Kara will be fine – she’s gonna hold on, just like you held on – and we will find another way. To get her home, and to save the planet. We will find a way, Danvers. We always do, you and me, right? Always.”

Alex lets herself be held, lets herself be bathed, be baptized, in Maggie’s words, in Maggie’s touch, in Maggie’s sanctuary.

“Hasn’t been a long enough lifetime yet, has it?” she asks, fire in her eyes and the seeds of a plan forming in her brain.

“Not nearly,” Maggie grins back, her eyes just as steely, her mind just as keen.
Without needing words, they nod, and they get to work, because – President’s orders be damned, positron cannon be damned – they will keep everyone, keep Kara, safe.

Together.
anonymous asked: 
Alex Danvers working with the woman who's kept her father for ten years? Somewhat willingly?? I can't believe that, don't have a real prompt but yeah run with that if you want (maybe Maggie comforting her idk your hurt/comfort is gold you're the best)

She knows.
Of course she knows.

She knows what Kara did with Winn. To secure an alternative route home.

Hell, it was Alex’s idea.

But double-crossing Lilian – or, more precisely, making sure they had a plan in place for when Lilian inevitably double-crossed them – didn’t make Alex’s stomach any less queasy.

Didn’t make her conscience any less sharp.

Her father had told her once, when he caught her lying about doing her homework as a child, that a conscience is like a sharp stone. The more things you do that hurt people, the more the stone wears away, until sometimes, it can even get round like a pebble, with no sharp edges at all.

And then people can do terrible, terrible things. And it won’t even hurt.

And Alex?

Alex has done terrible, unforgivable things.

She’d almost come to think of that tank, that cage, as some kind of penance.

Oh, she’d held on. For Kara. For Maggie.

But she’d be lying if something about being punished for being exactly who she was like that hadn’t felt… fitting. To her.

So her conscience?

Her conscience has long since been whittled pretty smooth.

But Maggie had been sharpening it. Kara, James, Winn, J’onn, had been sharpening it.

And now?

Working with Lilian Luthor? The man who did god knows what with her father for years? The woman who kidnapped Kara, whose lackey shot Maggie? The woman who massacred an entire bar full of family, friends, lovers, just trying to escape the world and enjoy each other? The woman whose ambitions were passively genocidal at best, actively genocidal on an average day, whose
xenophobia had no depth, whose conscience made Alex’s look like a five-point star?

That, she doesn’t know if she’ll ever be able to forgive herself for.

Even if she and Kara have a backup plan.

Even if she and Kara are prepared to be double-crossed.

There shouldn’t be double-crossing with this woman to begin with. There should be no crossing. Period.

She can’t sleep for weeks after.

And it’s not because of the ash and dust still coating the atmosphere.

Well, it is.

It is exactly because of that. Because of the number of bodies that she and Maggie and James have carried together, have buried together.

It is exactly because of that.

But it’s also because she can’t close her eyes without seeing Lilian Luthor as a comrade.

Teaming up with a genocidal guerrilla fighter to combat a genocidal force commander.

She can’t wrap her mind around it, and god, she doesn’t want to.

“Alex,” Maggie will rasp, because Alex’s eyes will be closed, but her breathing will be too shallow to be sleeping, and Maggie’s head is always on her chest these days – making sure her heart is still beating – so she knows.

Of course she knows. She always does.

“What does it make me, Maggie? I mean, I’ve done some pretty unforgivable things – “

“Yes. I do. And I’ve done plenty of them. And this? What does it make me, Maggie? To align myself, my entire team, with this woman who…”

“Alex, you did the best you could. You did the best you could at the end of the world, and you want to know something, babe?” She leans up on her elbow and gestures at the open room with open palms. “The world didn’t end. Because of you, Alex Danvers. You kept the world turning. Tough choices and all, you kept the world turning. She didn’t hurt anyone on your watch, Alex. You and Kara didn’t allow it. You’re too good to have allowed it, okay? You’re too good to beat yourself up like this.”

“I don’t know why I deserve you, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Something about loving me, maybe?”

Alex smiles softly and she sighs. She’s not done feeling guilty. She’s not done hating herself.

But with Maggie in her arms, looking at her like that, like that, like that – maybe she can find something inside herself to still love, after all.
anonymous asked:
maggie comforting alex after the cannon disappears? :)

Her body shakes and her tears flow, and now is really not a good time for her to be reacting so negatively to the presence of water on her face.

Now is really not a good time for her to be relieving nearly drowning in that damn tank.

But she is, she is, because when her fingers were hovering over a button that would actually do something, the control was still hers.

Now, she had no choice.

Now, she had no option.

Now, she’s failed Kara – failed her, because Kara would have wanted her to press the damn thing – Kara would have wanted her to save everyone.

The entire city.

The entire world.

But Alex had hesitated.

She’d hesitated because she’s selfish.

Putting her love for her sister over countless people’s love for every other sister, sibling, brother, on the damn planet.

Selfish.

Indecisive.

Weak.

She’s failed Kara. She’s failed J’onn. She’s failed the entire damn city. The entire damn planet.

So much for J’onn’s faith in her.

So much for Kara’s love.

Because Kara might be alive, but now she’s going to have to watch a second planet crumble to its knees, and it will be Alex’s fault.

Alex’s fault, because she waited too long, she hesitated too hard.

Waited too long, and now there was no choice. Now there was no weapon.
Now there was no way out.

“She’s going to get home, Alex,” Maggie tells her, and Alex shakes her head violently, sobbing, because she thinks Maggie doesn’t know.

But she does. God, she does, and as she pulls Alex into her arms, she tells her so.

“Alex, Kara is going to get home, and this? We’re gonna fix this, Alex. We’re gonna figure it out. I promise.”

“There’s nothing to fix, Maggie!” Alex backs away, and she hears her voice squeak with tears and she doesn’t even care.

“I just condemned the entire planet to… to… and because I hesitated, I couldn’t follow orders, I – “

“Alex, whoa whoa whoa, listen to me. Not every order is made to be followed, okay?”

Alex stops and sniffs and lets Maggie continue touching her, continue stroking her cheek, continue wiping her tears.

“Thought you were a good cop, Sawyer.”

“Yeah, and to be a good cop, sometimes you gotta disobey orders that aren’t right. And Alex, you can’t… you can’t be asked to fire on your sister. Or commit genocide. Because if those really are all the Daxamite survivors, Alex? That’s exactly what she was asking you to do. Kill off an entire species. There are more ways to do this, Danvers. We’re just gonna have to work a little harder to think of one. And we will. Together. You and me. Okay?”

“You don’t think I’m a bad person?”

Maggie sobs a smile and leans up on her tip toes to press a kiss to Alex’s mouth.

“No. I think you’re a person who loves so deeply it kills you inside, and that’s exactly the kind of person we need to get us out of this. Alright, Alex? We’ve got this. You and me.”

Alex nods, letting the mantra sink over her and into her skin and into her blood.

“You and me,” she repeats, and she believes it.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Missing scene: Maggie and James being badasses and saving people

I figure there's always room in Sanvers-land for MaggiexJames brotp, right???

She’s stepped over the body of a dead officer – killed right in front of her eyes.
She knows his kids.
She knows his mother.
She’ll wind up being the one to knock on her mother’s door and tell her that her son died protecting her. Protecting all of them.
She knows his kids, and she knows his mother, and she stepped over his body and took his gun and shot to kill.
She’d fought her way to the bar.
Fought her way past streams of high school kids that she guided into a hidden basement, using all her ammo – his ammo – to protect them.
Fought her way over dead bodies and broken bones and fire, fire, fire.
Fought her way to get to Alex Danvers.
To get home.
Home, which tastes like Alex’s lips and smells like Alex’s body lotion.
Home, which feels like the embrace of Alex’s arms and sounds like Alex’s voice.
Home, which is… Alex.
But too soon, too soon, she and James compare notes on the streets outside.
Too soon, they look into each other’s eyes and know that they’ll burst if they can’t get back out there.
She knows Alex must be bursting, too.
She knows Alex thinks Maggie would be better suited to the whole command thing than she is.
She knows Alex is wrong, because she is expendable.
Alex is not.
So she draws her in for a long, heated kiss – a long, heated kiss punctuated with I love you, with be safe, with I’ll see you soon, with we’ll name her Gertrude – and she sets back into the streets with Guardian.

With James.

A man she’d been told to hunt.

A man who’s now one of the closest friends she’s ever had.

A man who’s now watching her back as she sprints out of the alleyway, across the street, because there’s a teenager, alone, terrified, trying to fight.

Maggie fights for them. James points them in the direction of safety.

They pull Maggie into a random hug. Maggie holds her glock out to the side so he doesn’t accidentally set it off. She hugs him back with one arm.

James watches her as the kid retreats, safely, safely, safely.

“I don’t like you being out here with only that little gun,” he tells her.

“I don’t like you being out here with only that little armor,” she retorts, and she hears him chuckle even as he slams his shield down in front of her, blocking a blast of Daxamite bullets.

“I owe you, Guardian,” she shouts as they fight back to back, Maggie immediately assessing the weaknesses in Daxamite armor, the soft spots, the spots she won’t shatter her bones trying to hit.

She hears it before he does: a Daxamite weapon reloading.

She throws herself into his body, and they both tumble onto the ground.

The heat of fire passes over their heads, and James grunts as he slams his shield into the helmet of the soldier Maggie’d just saved him from.

“I think we’re square now,” he shouts, and she grins briefly before sobering.

“We need to get to the school, James,” she calls to him, and he nods once, and she leads the way.

They find the kids from National City Elementary huddled in an inadequately protected lunchroom, and Maggie helps the teachers carry the most scared, the most injured, with one arm while she helps James shoot with the other.

She murmurs soothing words to the six year old clinging to her hip, to her chest, to her shoulders, telling them to close their eyes, not to look, even as she rotates over her other shoulder and shoots, shoots, shoots.

She clicks out of ammo and her body, not her bullets, become the children’s shield as she shepherds them into a safer bunker across the street, as James and the suit Winn made him pull overtime, absorbing bullets and discharging lead dust.

Only once does she lose sight of him, and it’s one of the most terrifying moments of her life.

She sets down the children – all safe now, all safe – and she screams his name, praying, praying, not to find him on the ground, not to find him somehow bleeding underneath all that armor.
And sure enough, he’s on his knees.

Conscious, awake. Alive.

But on his knees.

Images of Alex floating in that tank shriek into her brain, and she sees red.

She doesn’t know where she gets the shotgun from – she doesn’t look which dead comrade she’s picking it off from this time – she just knows that she’s hoisting it, cocking, shooting.

Once, twice, three, four times.

 Enough to get the two Daxamite soldiers that had forced James onto his knees onto theirs.

“Winn was right,” James breathes by way of thank you.

“About what?” Maggie asks, breathless and bruised.

“Alex Danvers would never date someone who doesn’t own a firearm. Or how to use whatever she finds on the street.”

“Alex Danvers is a classy woman,” Maggie counters with a grin as they set off down the street at a jog, sticking to the shadows and looking for the next group to rescue.

James will tell everyone later – when the dust settles, when the bodies are buried, when the survivors have hugged and kissed and cried – that he and Maggie made a great team.

Alex’s eyes will shine and she’ll brag for weeks to anyone who’ll listen about how her girlfriend can keep up with a superhero in a war zone.

Pam in HR has never been more irritated with her; she has enough paperwork to file without the triplicate forms securing James Olsen’s confidential “secret” identity that are suddenly flooding her office.

But at least, she thinks, her team is alive for her to be irritated with.

There’s always, at least, that.
hollywritessometimes asked:
How about Alex actually immediately going find Maggie after the NCPD was
attacked? That was so ooc for her to just wait at the bar without knowing she was
okay!

“Kara, Maggie’s at the precinct,” she shouts to her sister, even though their faces are only inches
apart, as Kara flies her through the city, holding her with one arm like she weighs nothing.

Kara spares a sidelong glance at her sister and nods, just once, before veering off toward the other
love of Alex’s life.

She listens for Maggie like she’d listened for Alex just a week ago, and this time, she hears
something.

This time, she hears a crying child and a soothing voice, and she flies faster.

“It’s gonna be okay, I promise,” Maggie is telling a child no older than four when Kara lands with
Alex.

“Danvers, what the hell are you – “

“The phone disconnected, I thought – “

“You shouldn’t be out here, I – “

“I’ll never not come find you, Maggie, I – “

“Um, guys, not to be too on the nose, but the city’s kind of burning, and I think you’re scarring this
kid with your… um… kissing… more than the explosions. Come here, little one. Do you know
me? I’m Supergirl. You’re going to be safe, I promise.”

And she means it, as she wraps her cape around all four of them to protect them from a spray of
debris from a nearby building.

“Alex, Maggie, can you get this brave little one to safety? I’ll watch your backs from up there.
Meet you at – “

“The bar.”

“The bar.”

Kara puts a firm hand on both of their shoulders so they don’t make out again, inspired by their
synchronicity.

“I love you,” she tells Alex, and Alex returns it, teary and tired.

Tired of fighting wars by her sister’s side.
Wondering how hard it would be for the multiverse to let them just eat ice cream by each other’s sides instead.

Tired of constantly being afraid for her sister’s life.

Tired, but not done.

Far from done.

Because Kara is flying above them, providing the cover that Alex and Maggie need to bring the child to the nearest safe haven, Alex laying down extra cover fire with her favorite gun and Maggie carrying the child, faster, faster – safe, safe – and with Kara above her and Maggie by her side?

Alex Danvers can do anything.
Chapter 417

Chapter Summary

smolsawyer wrote:

Omg, the scene at the beginning, where Alex and Maggie were on the phone? Like what was going on in their heads? Worrying about each other…

His voice, his face, when he asks if Maggie’s safe.

She loves him.

God, she loves her little brother.

But his voice, his face – his concern for the woman he’s only just getting to know, but the woman she loves, god, she loves her so much – can only comfort her so much.

And only for so long.

Because the Daxamites are suddenly shooting through her safe place.

Her home when she didn’t know she could have one of her own.

And even as she shoots, even as she talks to Kara, even as her body moves, even as her brain plans, Maggie’s voice is ringing in her ears.

The lilt of panic in the sound of her last name, her first name.

The hint of my god weren’t we just here a week ago, can’t we have a break, can’t we have our life, can’t we have each other and our firsts please be safe god please, please be safe in the sound of her telling her that the Daxamite ships are everywhere.

That nowhere is safe.

That nowhere may be safe ever again.

She sees red and she only gets relief from the free fall, from the trust in her sister, and the free fall feels good, feels like a balm, because god, god, god, Maggie probably isn’t even wearing kevlar, and god, god, god, she will make every last one of them suffer an eternity of pain if a desperate “Danvers, I – “ are the last words Alex will ever hear from the woman she loves.

And Maggie?

Maggie can’t do this. Not again, not again.

Can’t keep the panic out of her voice, because this is apocalypse and this is maliciously engineered hell.

Laptop signals going static and shorting out on Alex’s promise, on Alex’s I love you.
Phone signals going static and shorting out on Maggie’s shouting of Alex’s last name, Maggie’s trying to tell her, trying to make sure she knows, that she’s going to fight to get to her, but god, if she can’t, Alex was the best thing that ever happened to her.

Her phone goes dead when he shoots it out of her hands, and she’s out of ammo, so she uses the gun like a sword, uses it like she’s seen Alex use a pool stick, and she sees nothing but red because the goddamn world just made her do this.

Just made her nearly lose Alex.

And she won’t lose her again.

She fights to get to her, and she wins, because god, for Alex Danvers?

She’ll win every time.
Chapter 418

Chapter Summary

Danvers Sisters (+ Maggie) Aftermath (2x21)
@ophelias-heart wrote: “Kara deals with the aftermath of the invasion. Mon-El put up no fight and left all too easy. The toll of the population life in Alex’s hands vs Kara, her hesitation leaves her distraught. They comfort each other, maybe Maggie looks after them both.”

She didn’t expect him to stay with her. She didn’t even want him to.

But damn, she expected him to fight harder than he did.

It was his mother, after all. His girlfriend, his mother, his people.

She didn’t abandon her people on the front lines when her family was the one trying to take over the city, the planet.

Not even when it almost killed her. Not even when it almost killed Alex.

Alex, Alex, Alex.

Alex is the arms she runs to when the dust settles, and Alex is the home she goes to.

Because Alex is the sanctuary she needs.

Maggie’s there. At Alex’s apartment.

Because Alex is her sanctuary, too.

And Alex has both of her sanctuaries right here, right now.

And right here, right now, Kara doesn’t have the energy to process what it means to have to share Alex after crises.

Right here, right now, she’s just grateful that Maggie is curled into an armchair, eyes downcast, giving the sisters the time they need. For each other.

“I could kill her for you. Marsdin. For forcing you to make such an impossible choice.”

Alex grins faintly and shakes her head, her eyes red and her voice thick.

“Maggie already offered.” Kara nods at her over Alex’s shoulder, from her position curled into Alex’s chest, and Maggie shrugs.

“But it wasn’t even her fault.”

“It was, Alex – “

“No, I mean… Kara, think about it. One person, versus the world? I’m a soldier, it’s my job, I
shouldn’t have even hesitated. But on the other hand, it was you, Kara, you. And I shouldn’t have even considered pushing it in the first place.”

Kara sits up and strokes Alex’s hair, wipes Alex’s tears.

“Alex, your two biggest instincts are protecting me and protecting basically everyone except yourself. She knows that about you. Marsdin. If she wanted someone to commit genocide against the Daxamites, she should have pulled the trigger herself. Or, Rao, at least given the order to someone who kinda has a grudge against me. Make the decision easier.”

Alex chuckles wetly and rests her forehead on Kara’s temple. “I could have lost you, Kara. And it could have been my fault.”

“You’ll never lose me, Alex. Ever. I promise you that.”

“But I almost – “

“Almost isn’t gone. I’m right here, Alex.” Kara pulls back and frames her big sister’s face in her hands. “I’m right here. And Maggie’s safe, and J’onn’s safe, and Lena and James and Winn are safe – “

“And your boyfriend is now your ex, right?”

“Alex – “

“No, Kara, he abandoned you. And this was far from the first time he – “

“Alex.”

“Kara?”

“Why did I do that?”

“Why did you stay behind to try to convince Rhea to surrender? Because that’s what you do, Kara, you – “

“No. Date him. Why did I do that?”

Alex sighs and Maggie shifts up from her chair and pads into the bedroom to place a call to Jessy the Pizza Guy (who, of course, she’d checked up on after the attacks, and who’d gotten through it just fine). This was going to be one of those nights.

“Kara,” Alex whispers, and it’s her turn to smooth her sister’s hair out of her face. “The kind of pressure he put you under… and he was from your home – sort of – your past… you couldn’t break his nose by kissing him… Kara, that stuff is – “

“Ugh.”

“I love you,” Alex offers, because Maggie’s better at this part than she is.

As if on cue, Maggie kneels beside the couch. Beside her Danvers girls.

“I ordered pizza and potstickers,” she offers, and Kara smiles through tears like Maggie’s the MVP of the year.

“And also, Little Danvers, listen… you’ve surrounded yourself with people who would easily die
for you. Alex. J’onn. James. Me.” Kara and Alex both tear up when Maggie includes herself, and Maggie stammers a bit at their overwhelmed and overwhelming response before continuing. “Hell, Cat Grant. And Winn? You saw him, Kara. He was crawling out of his skin, even being in the same room as Lilian Luthor. But he powered through, and he did that for you. And Lena? How hard Lena fought to get back to you? You’re surrounded by people who love you. And we just went through the end of the world together. If you only lost one person to betrayal and selfishness, you really haven’t crafted a bad family for yourself.”

“You’d die for me?” Kara asks, and Maggie nods without hesitation.

“Alex needs her sister,” she tells her, and Alex shudders and pulls Maggie up onto the couch and into her lap.

“Don’t you go anywhere. Either of you.”

They promise Alex they won’t, they won’t, they won’t, and after pizza and potstickers are demolished and hours’ more tears are shed, Maggie holds them both – Kara pressed against one side, Alex curled on and slightly over the other – until their tears dry and their breathing evens out and they dream of flight unmarred by missiles and love unmarred by massacres.
anonymous asked:
Very kinky youre alive and safe sex?? Theyre so worried about each other theyre unbelievably endgame. (Also i really wanted to tell you how much i love your writing you make my day thanks for existing)

Everyone is safe.
Everyone except the young – so, so young – agents whose families Alex had to visit.
Everyone except the young – so, so young – officers whose families Maggie had to visit.
Everyone is safe, but the air still tastes like death.
Everyone is safe, and Alex needs her.
She needs her hard and she needs her soft, but most importantly, she needs her now.

They’re barely in the door to her apartment – the first time either of them have been to either apartment in days – and her lips are sealed over Maggie’s neck, her tongue is slipping into Maggie’s mouth, her teeth are biting onto Maggie’s throat.

“Alex,” Maggie whines, and Alex stops, backing up several paces, leaving Maggie panting and slightly writhing and swaying, back against the door, hair all askew.

“I’m sorry,” Alex retreats into herself, and Maggie shakes her head.

“No. Alex, no, I… please don’t stop, babe. I don’t want you to stop.”

“No?”

“No.”

“What do you want then, Maggie?”

“I want you to show me what it feels like to be alive again.”

“And how do you want me to do that?” Her voice is soft and her voice is scared, because sometimes, god, sometimes the rawness of her need for Maggie terrifies her.

“Make love to me, Alex,” Maggie breathes, and Alex hisses. Maggie pauses before Alex can lunge, and Maggie clarifies.

“And by make love, right now, I mean fuck me until I don’t remember anything but your name and how to beg you for more.”

Alex positively growls, and she has Maggie scooped up in her arms before Maggie can take another breath, and she’s kissing her so hard both of their lips are going to bruise, and neither of
Neither of them care, because Maggie’s body is pliant in Alex’s arms, pliant but strong and solid and warm and so, so, so alive.

Neither of them care, because Maggie’s hands are buried in Alex’s hair and her mouth is open for Alex’s tongue and she’s grinding into Alex’s lower stomach as Alex carries her because Alex is holding her up because Alex is so, perfectly, wonderfully, alive.

“I love you,” Maggie gasps as Alex lays her down.

“I love you,” Alex moans as Maggie tears off her shirt and lets Alex bury her face in her chest, clamp her lips, her tongue, her teeth, around Maggie’s nipple.

“I got you,” Maggie whines as Alex shudders through an accidental orgasm, dripping all over Maggie’s thigh as her lips, her teeth, leave hickeys all across Maggie’s chest, because she’s safe, and alive, and her screams are good, her screams are ecstatic, her screams are alive, alive, alive.

“I got you,” Alex husks as she lowers her face between Maggie’s legs, Maggie’s desperate fingers guiding her down, keeping her steady, keeping her stable, keeping her solid against her clit, even as they both weep, even as they both pant for air, because they’re both alive, alive, alive.

“Turn over,” Alex growls when Maggie can’t get enough from Alex’s mouth to make her cum.

Maggie obeys immediately, rolling onto her stomach and offering her wrists for Alex to clamp down. Offering her body for Alex to take. Offering her being for Alex to bury herself inside.

And she does, she does, god, how she does.

Fingers first, holding one of Maggie’s wrists down with one hand, fucking her hard and fast from behind with the other. Maggie’s free hand desperately works at her own clit as Alex slams into her ass to get the pressure she needs, over and over and over, Maggie begging for more with every breath.

“Please Danvers, please, fuck, please, yes,” she’ll moan, she’ll beg, she’ll scream, and Alex doesn’t stop obliging, Maggie’s ass getting slick with how wet Alex is, with how badly Alex needs her.

Fingers first, but then Maggie needs more.

She needs more of Alex inside her and she needs more of Alex holding her down.

Holding her down because the last few days – hell, the last couple weeks – have been all about control.

Being in control, taking control. Wrestling back control.

Maintaining control at all costs.

And now?

Now, god, god, damn, she just wants to give herself completely to Alex.

Give herself completely to this woman who wants to reclaim Maggie’s body from the battlefield and refashion it as her own.
Maggie loves her for a lot of reasons.

This is one of them.

And Alex knows, so Alex kisses the back of her neck gentle, loving, tender, as she slips her fingers out of her.

Kisses her earlobes and her jawline and her shoulder blades as she slides to one side of the bed to grab their strap-on and harness from the bedside table.

“Is this what you need, Maggie?” she asks, and Maggie whimpers as she nods.

“Please, Danvers,” she almost sobs, and Alex kisses Maggie’s tears before she wipes her own.

“I love you,” she whispers.

“I love you too,” Maggie responds, and for a moment, they revel in each other’s slick heat and deep breaths and desperate, desperate need.

Maggie’s the one to break the silence.

“I want more of you, Alex,” and the rasp in her voice makes Alex groan for her.

“You still wet enough?” she asks, and Maggie arches her hips up.

“See for yourself, Danvers,” she teases, and Alex chuckles as she makes Maggie scream with how smoothly she slips inside her from behind.

“Fuuuuuck,” Maggie whines, and Alex needs to confirm.

“Do you still want me to hold you down?”

Maggie offers one of her wrists desperately, needily. Hungrily.

“Please, Agent Danvers. Please.”

So Alex holds her down hard and holds her down firm, one hand on Maggie’s wrist, the other pushing down on her shoulder blade, the pressure and pain sweet bliss for Maggie as she works her fingers of her free hand over her clit, slamming her ass up into Alex’s strap on, pounding her hips down into her hand, onto the mattress, onto all the pressure she needs.

Neither of them know how long it takes for Alex’s thrusts start to go ragged, but they’ve both screamed themselves raw on the other’s name, they’ve both ruined the other beyond belief, they’re both wrecked passing all comprehension.

Alex moans as Maggie squirts, as Maggie cries through her orgasm and Alex does the same, working Maggie through her waves diligently, carefully, attentively.

“I’m right here,” she whispers as she gingerly kisses the spots where she’d been holding Maggie down.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Always, Maggie Sawyer. Always.”
“Mine,” Maggie whispers as she fucks her, because the water from Rick Malverne’s entitled sadism almost took Alex from her.

“Mine,” Maggie growls as Alex begs to be flipped over and Maggie obliges, because the guilt from Olivia Marsdin’s careless orders almost took Alex from her.

“Mine,” Maggie promises her, over and over and over again, more the louder Alex whines, the more desperately Alex thrashes, the more raggedly Alex gasps.

“Mine,” Maggie claims her, hard and needy and raw, because the world keeps trying to take Alex from her, and god, she’ll die before she lets it succeed.

“I’m all yours,” Alex whispers as she spreads her legs, because the ghosts of a city being destroyed around her are dancing in Maggie’s eyes, and she has to have something left, and Alex will always, always, be her something.

“I’m all yours,” Alex begs as Maggie demands her color and holds her down, worshiping her body while she slams into her hard, fast, somehow both careful and reckless, because they tried making love, they tried being gentle, being reverent, but sometimes reverence can only come in the heat of desperation.

“I’m all yours,” Alex vows to her, because they’ve both lost count of the number of times they’ve almost lost everything in the past week alone, and she can feel her own pulse raging under Maggie’s fingers, and she can feel Maggie’s breath against the back of her neck, and she arches back into her harder, because something needs to infect their bodies that isn’t war.

“I’m all yours,” Alex gives herself to her, because the world didn’t end and they need to remind themselves, need to remind each other, that they still get that lifetime of firsts.

They’ve rarely been rougher in bed – Maggie’s lips are bruised and Alex has hickeys spread across her chest, across her ass, across her inner thighs, and both of them are going to be nothing if not sore all over in the morning – but they’ve rarely been more tender… after.

Which says something, because they’re always tender after.

After, because there is an after.

There is an after, there is still a pulse, there are still breaths to be taken, still adventures to be had.

Together.

Maggie smooths the sweat-drenched hair off of Alex’s forehead as Alex, still collapsed and naked and panting on her stomach, watches her like she’ll never need to look at anything else.
And maybe she won’t.

“You okay?” Alex asks, because sweat isn’t the only kind of streak on Maggie’s face.

“You’re safe and home with me,” Maggie tells her, like she’s confirming, like she needs to hear Alex confirming for her, because she does, god, she does.

Alex shifts to her side and pulls Maggie close into her chest.

“I’m safe and home with you,” she whispers into her hair, letting Maggie hear the heartbeat that’s been the only thing helping her sleep, helping her calm, since… since him.

And after a long, long moment of arms holding and legs intertwined, Alex chuckles.

Maggie pulls back slightly – not enough to lose contact, but enough to look up into Alex’s face questioningly.

“We’re in my apartment, and you said I’m home with you,” she whispers, and Maggie tilts her head.

“Yeah, is that okay?”

“It’s amazing. You’re amazing. This… this is amazing.”

Maggie can’t help the smile that takes over her features, because god, is she in love.

“Nerd,” she whispers, and Alex’s own smile deepens, because god, neither of them would have it any other way.
Chapter 421

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Ok but what was going on with cat and the president?? Do you think that maybe we could have a backstory on that? Either way thanks

Yes yes it's democat (bahahaha) not Sanvers but the more wlw the better???

Back to your regularly-scheduled Alex and Maggie trash in a jiffy.

She’s not supposed to sleep with her residents.

Then again, she’s not supposed to share pot brownies with them either.

And she can’t, if truth be told, say which comes first.

Wanting to sleep with Cat Grant, or just wanting to see if she can experience what these humans swear is a great high.

She gets a boyfriend, though – a boyfriend that is much safer than a girlfriend, because this planet is hard enough to grapple with, to blend into, and she doesn’t need to give the world any more reason to scrutinize her – and she keeps hearing flutters that he’s going to propose soon.

Cat doesn’t approve, and she’s not quiet about it.

She doesn’t approve because “oh come to your senses, Liv, you know you can do so much better than signing yourself away to some oaf of a senior” and because “who’s going to stay up all night watching C-SPAN with me if not you?” and because “I’m not saying that a woman’s worth is in her beauty, you know I’m not, but you’re just too hot for him, darling.”

Cat doesn’t approve, and instead of making Olivia feel alienated, it makes her feel closer. More secure. Cared for.

Because lord, does Cat care for her.

Cares for her when their study sessions last too late into the night, and she crashes in Cat’s bed, and Cat can do nothing but try not to fidget too much all night, try not to wake her.

Cares for her when the Student Union election board tries to smear her name, and Cat goes full tilt in the school paper to clear it. And, of course, Cat wins, so Olivia wins.

Cares for her when her boyfriend, now fiance, throws himself at Cat, not Olivia, when his team won the championship that night; cares for her when Olivia dumps the man, not the woman, and Cat holds her all night while she cries, and not once does she offer a cleverly-worded I told you so.

Just as she cares for her now – scales and all – and Olivia’s second stomach still flips in that old familiar way, because Cat Grant is still the stuff of legend, and Cat Grant is still by her side.
And somehow, that means they’ll get out of this alive.
Chapter 422

Chapter Summary

saamatpob asked:
Cat knowing Kara is supergirl, and addressing it, also where is Carter? Maggie
fangirling over cat grant & the president. (Bonus points if cat meets Mon-el and yeets
him like she verbally did to his mom)

She’d been a fan of Leslie Willis’s show.
Of course she had been. The girl was queer as fuck and had absolutely no reverence to speak of.
But Cat Grant?
Maggie was quite a bit more than a fan.
Meeting James Olsen – becoming friends with James Olsen – was one thing.
She’d admired him and she’d studied his techniques and she’d spent hours pouring over his
photographs, but that was nothing like this.
That had nothing of a sexual layer.
But this?
She would feel bad about it – being turned on when she gets back to base, back to their bar, to find
Cat Grant calling Winn Winslow and calling the president (damn, damn, the president) Olivia –
but one glance at Alex tells her that her girlfriend is in a similar boat.
She smirks because she knows that look – Alex’s gay panic look.
That look of sudden comprehension, of holy shit that’s what that feeling was, of holy shit I really
am super gay, aren’t I?
She runs to Alex – runs to her, because she was just in a war zone, and seeing someone she fangirls
and crushes over is one thing, but the arms of her beloved are quite another – and suddenly no one
else is in the bar, no one else is in the world.
Because Alex is breathing out her name and Maggie is breathing in Alex’s breath and their lips are
parted and their hands are grasping for skin, grasping for a pulse, grasping for life, because they’re
both alive, both safe, both here.
The Queen of All Media clears her throat, and when Alex and Maggie separate their lips and press
their foreheads together breathlessly, they’re both blushing deeply.

“Cat,” Alex clears her throat, finding the taste of her little sister’s old boss new and different in her
mouth. “This is my girlfriend, Maggie Sawyer.”

“NCPD, Science Divison,” Maggie sticks out her hand. “It’s an honor to meet you, ma’am.”
Cat’s eyes travel up and down Maggie’s war-stained body, lingering on the badge on her hip, on the slight bulge where she’s keeping an extra gun.

“Well I should certainly hope she’s your girlfriend, Agent Danvers; we can’t have random women running in off the streets to our dive bar resistance cell just to make out with one of our leaders and make off with our plans for revolution, now can we?”

A smile is playing on her lips, and she takes in the way Alex’s hands have yet to leave Maggie’s body, the way Maggie’s hands are still grasping at Alex’s to make sure she’s here, to make sure she’s alive, safe. Breathing.

“And where have you been, Detective?” she wants to know, although she has a fairly good idea.

“Guardian and I were evacuating the elementary school, Ms. Grant. The kids and their teachers are all safe in a bunker,” she turns to update Alex, who nods and sends a quick message over a walkie to her agents to tell them to make sure that bunker stays secure.

“Well, you certainly do choose your company well, Alex,” Cat grins elusively, and Alex and Maggie both melt more than a little bit inside.

She can’t say the same for Kara.

Not entirely.

Because her so-called boyfriend returns, willingly, without her.

Without her, without her, and Cat knows Alex – and probably Maggie, as well – will destroy him when they get back from wherever that positron cannon contraption is, but Cat also knows that she can’t resist having the first go.

She saunters past an angry-looking Winslow, stilling him with gentle, subtle fingers, and she stops only inches from the Daxamite prince’s body, brushing nonexistent dust off of his shoulders and straightening his shirt like he’s Crater off to the prom.

Except she’ll be proud and bursting with love when she sends Carter off to the prom.

She wants to kill the man she’s grooming now, her eyes studying his wary face.

“You’re Kara’s former boss,” he tells her as if she doesn’t know. “You gave us the distraction we needed to get away from my mother. Thank you.” His voice is light, but he’s frozen in place like he’s terrified of her.

And well he should be.

“Mmmm,” Cat begins, toying with him, because if she doesn’t toy, she’ll resort to cruder tactics. Hell, she might resort to them anyway.

“I did orchestrate a brilliant distraction, didn’t I? A nearly foolproof plan to give you and Lena a chance to get home to safety. And Supergirl, of course. The woman you claim to love.”

She pauses and Winn watches and Kara’s boyfriend gulps.

“What I would like to know – it’s Prince, isn’t it? – is how you can possibly justify leaving her on that spaceship at the mercy of your mother and a very, very desperate plan to save this planet. Oh, wait, I think I know this one. It’s almost as though I’ve seen this on cable television before. Do you
have such few qualms about laying waste to this planet and enslaving the people your mother
doesn’t kill because that system worked so well for you back home? And I’m not sure what kinds
of numbers you had to pull on that woman to make her forget who she is, how strong she is, how
worth it she is – god knows, I’ve been away too long – but I’m back now, my dear, and I assure
you, we will repair the damage you’ve done. All of it.”

He jumps at a sudden burst of solemn applause from the corner of the bar, and he and Cat and
Winn turn as one to see Alex and Maggie, soberly reveling in the wake of another needed Cat
speech.

“I will end you if anything happens to her because you left her up there,” Alex crosses the room
and slams him with ease into the nearest wall.

“Whoa,” Winn calls, and Maggie takes one of Alex’s arms and Cat the other, both of their other
hands on either of Alex’s hips.

“There will be more than ample time for that once we get her back safe, Alex,” Cat reminds her,
and Alex trembles, and she slams him hard into the wall again before letting him drop
unceremoniously to the ground.

“I take it you have a plan,” Cat turns to Alex bracingly, Maggie desperately blocking out any
fantasies that might be tempted to spring into her mind, into her body.

“Maggie and I have the start of one, yeah. But it’s gonna involve all of us.”
Chapter 423

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
can we get alex touching herself for maggie?

Hells yeah we can.

She’s exhausted – emotionally, mentally, physically – she’s exhausted, she’s drained.

But god, does she want her.

She wants her on her tongue, wants her in her blood, wants Maggie every way it’s possible to want someone. Every way she never thought she could want someone.

But she’s not the only one whose body is bruised and whose heart is scarred; not the only one who was activated by the sight, the sound, the reality, of Lilian Luthor, in their presence, in their bar.

The bar where Lilian had orchestrated the massacre of so many of Maggie’s friends. Just because of…

Alex won’t think about it, can’t, but she knows enough to let the woman who’s burning her skin with pleasant flames just with the power of memory, of fantasy, of love… she knows enough, grieves enough, to let Maggie sleeps.

Because sleep is all too rare, these days.

So Alex tries not to wake her and she tries not to disturb her, but god, god, fuck, she wants her.

She bites her lip as her eyes graze over Maggie’s sleeping, peaceful face, hair tossed slightly over her forehead.

She bites her lip as she slips her hand, quietly, quietly, down her own pajama pants.

She bites her lip to help her swallow her gasp as her strong fingers sweep over her clit.

She bites her lip and she rolls her hips slightly, softly, desperately trying not to wake Maggie, but god, does she need more.

She needs more, because images of Maggie’s tongue between her legs, the feeling of her fingers slipping deep, deep inside her, the ecstasy of her mouth on her nipples, her hands on her ass, flash through her mind and tear through her body.

She glances at Maggie – still sleeping peacefully – and she shifts.

Shifts so she’s laying on her stomach instead of on her back, shifts so when her fingers draw hard, fast circles right above her clit, the added pressure of the mattress, of gravity, courses through her veins.

She tries to breathe into her pillow so her increasingly ragged breath doesn’t wake her; tries to keep
her hips relatively still so the movement rocking the bed doesn’t disturb her; but when she thinks about, dreams about, fantasizes about, the way Maggie’s head tilts back, the way her fingers reach up for Alex’s breasts, the way Maggie moans her name like a prayer, when Alex rides her, needy and reckless and solid, Alex can’t stop the sharp hiss of breath from forcing out of her lips.

“Danvers?”

Maggie’s voice is groggy and thick with sleep, and Alex curses internally, swallowing a whine, her body frozen.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Go back to sleep babe, it’s only me.”

But Maggie blinks her eyes open and the effect would be adorable if Alex weren’t so turned on.

“You okay? Did you have another nightmare, Ally, did you – “

But her eyes sweep down to the way Alex’s hands are pinned beneath her body, underneath her hips; the way Alex’s face is flushed, the way she’s breathing quickly, the way her eyes are fire and clarity and thirst.

“Danvers,” she says again, and her voice is still full of the gravel of sleep, but now it’s layered with something else. Something deeper, something needier. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to uh… disturb.”

Alex turns so her face is buried in her pillow, groaning, and Maggie slips closer to her instantly.

“Hey, hey, Alex, look at me.”

“No.”

“Alex, please, babe.”

Alex shifts so one eye is off the pillow, and the little Maggie can see of her face is tinged with red.

“I’m sorry, Maggie, it… I didn’t mean to wake you, and it’s stupid, and I – “

She starts shifting off her stomach as she talks, and Maggie hovers her hands just shy of touching her, but the effect is the same: Alex stills.

“Whoa whoa, Alex, no, it’s not…” She blinks sleep out of her eyes and she leans up on her elbow, cheek resting on her hand. “It’s not stupid, babe, I’m glad you were…” Maggie smiles and she touches Alex’s chin gently, tenderly, lovingly. “I’m glad you were taking care of yourself. You have nothing to be embarrassed about, Danvers, it uh… it… it’s pretty hot, actually.”

Alex turns her face so she can see Maggie fully, now, fire stoking again in the pit of her stomach at Maggie’s admission.

“It is?”

Maggie lets out a single laugh.

“Uh, yeah. Big time, Danvers. Did you um… did you want to… continue? I didn’t mean to disturb you, I…”

Alex bites her lip. “You’re not disturbing me.”

Something that looks a lot like a supernova flashes in Maggie’s eyes. “Do you want… help? I can
talk you through it. If you want."

"Talk me through it?"

"If you’re comfortable. I mean, we don’t have to – “

"No, I just… you mean you want me to keep going. And you…”

"Talk you through it."

"Talk me through it. While I touch myself."

Maggie’s breath hitches. “That’s the basic idea, Danvers.”

"That would be… fun for you?"

Maggie’s eyes rake up and down Alex’s body and she takes a long, slow breath. “Yeah. Yeah, it definitely would.”

Alex’s voice is small when she answers, but god, is she sure.

“Okay then.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. Please?"

“So what um… what were you thinking about? Or what do you want me to tell you about?”

Alex purses her lips and Maggie kisses her temple. “It’s okay, babe, we don’t have to – “

“I want you to tell me a fantasy you have. About us. I mean, if you have any, you don’t have to, it’s okay if you don’t, I – “

“Danvers, you want me to talk to you while you touch yourself for me or not?”

Alex hisses and Maggie grins.

“So um… that’s a yes?”

“Please Maggie?”

“Okay. You tell me if what I say isn’t hot for you, I can change it, okay? So um… sometimes I think about… uh… Fuck, um.”

Alex bites her lip for her, her eyes wide, her hips starting to move on her own fingers again, and it’s all the inspiration Maggie needs.

“Sometimes I think about having you strip for me, like you did the week after our first Valentine’s Day.”

“You liked that?” Alex asks breathlessly.

“God yeah. So I think about having you strip for me, in that little slip you have, dancing on me and… mmmm… Al, do you mind if I um… Can I – “

She gestures with her hand toward her own hips, and Alex squeaks. “Yes,” she pleads as Maggie
grins and brings her hand down to her own boxers. She sighs with relief and lets her head drop back into the pillow before turning her face back to Alex.

To watch Alex.

“And I think about how I wanna bend you over the couch – color?”

“Green, fuck, Mags.”

“Excellent. So uh… I wanna bend you over the couch… our couch… and I don’t want you to strip completely. I wanna fuck you while you’re still wearing that little slip, while that black thong you have is still on.”

Alex whines at the rasp in Maggie’s voice, her hips rising and falling onto her hands quicker now, quicker and harder.

“I wanna slip my fingers inside you from behind – god I love how wet you get for me – do you wanna do that now, babe, do you wanna fuck yourself for me?”

Alex lifts her hips and pushes aside her underwear in answer, moaning out a sigh of relief when she feels how soaked Maggie’s already made her.

“Tell me what to do?” she asks, and Maggie shudders through a sharp groan.

“Slip two fingers at once inside yourself, babe, just like you like me to do to you.”

Alex whines and Alex thrashes, and Maggie slips her fingers into the slit of her own boxers.

“Damn it, Danvers,” she rasps, and Alex grins somewhat cockily through her Maggie-induced haze.

“What should I do next, Maggie?” she begs, and Maggie practically growls.

“Put your palm on your clit, babe, and bring your ass up for me if you want. Cuz you know, this is me fucking you bent over the couch, right?”

Alex’s eyes squeeze shut as she swallows a scream and she does as she’s told.

“More?” she begs, and her hips are starting to thrash erratically.

“You wanna slip another finger in, show me how tight you are for, babygirl?” Maggie asks, and Alex cum, wrecked and unraveled and unrestrained, before she can even obey. Maggie puts her hand on Alex’s back while Alex works herself through her orgasm, Maggie’s name on her breathless lips.

“You are so fucking gorgeous, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her, and god, does she mean it.

“I’m sorry,” Alex whispers as soon as she has enough breath, and Maggie’s brow furrows in the depths of her confusion.

“What – “

“I came too soon, you weren’t done with your story or with… with yourself. I’m sorry.”

“Oh, Alex, no, no, babe, you never have to apologize for feeling pleasure, okay? That’s the point,
that’s literally the point: you feeling good, okay? If that takes two minutes or three hours, if you wanna take all that time to cum once or to cum as many times as you can count, that’s okay. Everything you want is okay. And hot. Also hot. You’re very hot. Did I mention you’re hot? God, I sound like you.”

“Mmmm, are we gonna be that couple that starts talking like each other?”

“It’s quite possible, Danvers. You’re pretty alluring.”

Alex beams and sighs as she slips her fingers out of her body, wiping them on her pajama pants before shifting closer to Maggie and bringing her hands, her lips, to Maggie’s face.

“I am, aren’t I?”

Maggie chuckles at her beautiful, perfect nerd and kisses her slow, soft, with parted lips and an open heart, until they both drift back to sleep.
Anonymous asked:
Prompt: Alex and Maggie are having a competition to see who has greater willpower so they're withholding sex and hilarity ensues as they try to tempt each other into caving while they both are just riling themselves up.

She calls her arm candy and she calls her breathtaking.
She calls her gorgeous and she tells her she cleans up nice.
She tells her because god, does she mean it.

And for a long while, Alex splutters, and Alex is shy, and Alex Danvers – badass, take-no-prisoners DEO agent Alex Danvers – blushes.

But then she realizes she can use Maggie’s open admiration for her body – for her – to her advantage.

Hell, they’re always competing, anyway. Always have a bet on about something or other anyway.

So when Maggie is reaching from her elbows to her hips, kissing her in the corner their bar, Alex chuckles and pulls back.

“You want something more than a kiss, Sawyer?”

Alex feels rather than hears the low moan in the back of Maggie’s throat, and she bites the inside of her cheek.

“You offering, Danvers?” Maggie asks, her voice already thick with want, her eyes flitting toward the bathroom.

“No,” Alex shrugs with a massive, innocent grin, slipping out of Maggie’s hands and practically strutting back to the pool table.

“Wh – I – Danvers!”

Alex turns on her heel and licks a slow path up Maggie’s neck until her breath is hot in Maggie’s ear.

“Bet I can hold out without sex longer than you can, Detective,” she whispers, and Maggie full out laughs.

“Yeah, okay, Danvers, do I really need to remind you about last night when you –”

“Hi guys!”

Alex nudges Maggie with her shoulder, and Maggie grins as she nudges her back, both of them trying their hardest to contort their faces into pictures of innocence for Kara.
“Hey sis!”

“Little Danvers!”

“Why… why are your voices so squeaky? Why are you smiling like that? I… you know what, I stopped using my superhearing around you to for a reason, so I don’t want to know, I really don’t. Drinks?”

“Root beers?”

Kara nods and adjusts her glasses as she blushes her way back to the bar.

“So you wanna bet that you can withhold sex longer than I can, do you, Danvers?”

“I have DEO training, Sawyer, I can do anything.”

“Anything but me, apparently.”

“Exactly.”

Maggie tilts her head and grins.

“A flash grenade.”

“What.”

“Stakes. If you give in and ask for sex first, I get a flash grenade.”

Alex squints down at her, biting the inside of her cheek and pretending to glare slightly. Trying not to think about how perfect Maggie’s lips look, how soft, how… no. No. Nope. Nope, definitely not. Because Maggie Sawyer cannot get her hands on that damn flash grenade.

“Done. And if I win – ”

“You won’t.”

“When I win… remember that lap dance we were talking about you giving me?”

“Danvers!”

The entire bar turns to look at them, Maggie with her face buried in Alex’s shoulder, Alex kissing her hair and waving off a scandalized-lookup Kara, an amused-lookign Winn, and a politely eye-diverting James.

“If it’s a no, Maggie, that doesn’t have to be – ” Alex starts, her voice sweet, her voice gentle, her voice genuine.

“Oh no no no. Deal. I win, I get a flash grenade. You win, you get a lap dance.”

They both blush and they seal it with a kiss. A kiss that they both immediately want to become something more.

But they can’t, because the stakes have been set. Alex cracks her knuckles and Maggie straightens her back in effort to restrain themselves.

Alex almost falters first. Almost falters, because even though the bet was her damn idea, Maggie
knows she’s probably going to lose at pool anyway. Might as well make her loss worthwhile. So she sticks out her ass more than she usually would, she unbuttons her shirt more than she usually would, she licks her lips more than she usually would, while she lines up her shots.

Alex’s eyes blaze, but DEO training, DEO training. Something about discipline. Something about being a soldier.

But damn, Maggie in that shirt.

But she needs Maggie out of that shirt, so she needs Maggie to cave first. Needs her to cave first, so when Maggie has the early shift the next morning, Alex bites her lip and thinks long and hard and nervous before snapping a series of photos, careful and hot and needy.

She trembles slightly when she presses send, because god, she hopes they don’t look stupid.

She doesn’t.

Because Winn texts her immediately, to ask her what the hell she sent Sawyer, you kinky woman, she spit up her entire coffee all over my computer, seriously Danvers, can’t you keep it in your pants for five minutes?

But keeping it in her pants is exactly the point, and right now, she’s winning.

She’s winning, that is, until Maggie composes herself enough to respond to those texts, later that afternoon, when she’s back at the precinct and Alex is at the DEO.

_Damn, Danvers. That body… the things I want to do to you right now… If you say the word, I can slip out of work and slip right into you. Because looking like you look in that lingerie, Alex? I know you’re already wet for me._

It’s Alex who spits up coffee on Winn’s computer, this time, and his shriek of frustration even makes J’onn jump.

“Agent Schott!”

“I’m sorry, sir, but first it was Maggie, now it’s Alex – does my computer have a sign on it today, begging to be caffeinated with a combination of coffee and spit?”

J’onn just stares at the siblings, nonplussed, and Alex claps her hand on Winn’s shoulder.

“No one told you our equipment’s waterproof, Winn?”

“That’s not the point, Alex, I… what are you and Maggie up to, anyway?” he asks as he and Alex start mopping up his console.

“Trust me, Mr. Schott: Agent Danvers has extremely loud thoughts, and you do not want to know their contents.”

Winn laughs – hard – and Vasquez chucks a crumpled piece of paper at him from her station.

Alex smirks and Vasquez winks and J'onn groans and Winn offers Alex a silent high-five, which she slaps cockily.

Of course she’ll win this.

All the filthy texts in the world can’t make her lose this.
Except her phone buzzes again, and she reads Maggie’s next message, and she nearly spits up coffee on Winn’s computer – again.

*Nothing to say, Danvers? Does that mean you don’t want me to fuck you until you can’t do anything but writhe and scream my name like a good girl for me?*

Winn grabs her coffee and holds it away from her.

“No more drinking while getting her texts.”

“And no more thinking, either. Please,” J’onn mutters, and Vasquez can’t stop laughing.

It continues – they continue – for a whole week, and by the end of it, no one is sure whether Alex, Maggie, J’onn, or Winn’s computer has suffered more.

They’re not even sure – by the time Alex is tearing off Maggie’s jacket and Maggie’s teeth are scraping at Alex’s throat – who lost, who won.

Who gets a flash grenade and who gets a lap dance.

And by the time Alex cums, writhing and screaming as she straddles Maggie, riding her hand as hard as she can; by the time Maggie cums, moaning and gasping as Alex holds her wrists down and whispers a filthy string of curses in her ear; they’re both claiming victory.
anonymous asked:
I usually don't like crossovers but idk imagine Alex finding a fob watch somewhere, it sort of calling to her, she opens it and suddenly hundreds of years worth of memorys come flooding into her mind, she's The Doctor

She promised Maggie that she’ll always love her.
She promised, she promised, she promised.
She promised, and she held on for her.
She promised, but god, that fob watch? That damn watch that’s always there, but that she never notices, not really, not really?
She’s noticing it now.
She’s noticing it, and she knows – somehow – that it has the power to make her break her promise.
Because there are whispers coming from it.
Whispers, and sometimes, screams.
She’s never opened it – why would she, it’s just an old fob watch, it’s broken, it’s not… – she’s never opened it, but it’s pulling her, now. It’s calling her, now.
And for some reason, its calls feel like her dreams.
Her dreams of space ships and pepper pot killing machines and supernovae with her ship at the center, and running. Lots and lots of running.
Always with the running.
Maggie’s never in her dreams.
Kara is, sometimes. Kara is, and she thinks that sometimes, Kara knows.
That Kara knows about the watch.
She brings it to her one night, and Kara begs her. Begs her to forget it, begs her to put it away. Keep it safe, keep it close, but Alex, please, you’re my sister, I love you, you have to trust me: keep it closed.
And she does trust her – she trusts her more than anything – but the watch scares her.
And she hasn’t ever run from things that scared her.
If her dreams are any indication, she’s the kind of person who runs toward things that scare her.
Not that her dreams are real. Of course they’re not.

But there’s a certain feeling.

A temptation. Another reality.

“Tell me why, then,” she asks her teary eyed sister, her voice soft, half-hoping Kara will comply easily. Half-hoping Kara will refuse her.

Kara groans and she takes off her glasses and she paces – something she’s picked up from Maggie – and she sits back down and pulls Alex’s hands into her lap.

“Alex, we haven’t always… we haven’t always lived this life. But this life? This life is keeping you safe. This life is keeping you alive. And I need you alive, Alex, okay? I need my sister.”

“And I need you, Kara, but you… what the hell do you mean, we haven’t always lived this life? And this life? Keeping me safe? Kara, I’m a DEO agent, my life is on the line all the time, and so is yours, I don’t –”

“Alex, I just need you to trust me, okay?”

“I do trust you, Kara. I do. But I need to know.”

Her eyes are desperate and her eyes are burning. Her eyes are determined and her eyes are decisive.

And Kara loves her sister. Loves her so much she can’t lose her.

Loves her so much she can’t let her keep living a lie. Even if Alex herself had made her promise to prevent her from opening the watch until it was safe.

Because she has to love Alex enough to trust her. Trust that they’re strong together. That they can keep each other safe. Together.

So she explains – she explains for an entire night, and Alex chugs bourbon and Alex paces and sometimes, Alex cries.

She texts Maggie before she opens it.

Before she lets her Time Lord DNA resurface, before she lets her memories flood back into her body, into her heart, into her mind.

She texts her and she asks her to come over, because if she’s going to keep the universe safe – the universe, the multiverse, all of time, not just the earth anymore – she needs to give Maggie a chance to be with her. Needs to give her a chance to love her anyway.

Or to leave her, instead of being left behind.

She’s convinced Maggie won’t come with her.

Convinced that this will be goodbye.

Kara waits in the other room on standby, in case it is. In case her sister will need her to pick up the pieces.

But Maggie just listens, and Maggie just chuckles.
“Figures that even when I think I’ve fallen for a human, I actually fell for an alien.”

Alex forces out a short laugh, but her ears are roaring with the silence between Maggie’s words, in the moment before Maggie takes her hands and kisses each of her knuckles.

“Ride or die, right Danv – Doctor?” she whispers, but she’s terrified, because how could someone that powerful still want her? Still love her?

She’ll ride with her if Alex still wants her to.

And she might just die if she doesn’t.

Kara holds her hand while she pops open the watch, and Maggie keeps a trembling hand on the small of her back.

Alex falls to one knee and bows her head, eyes squeezed shut, as her life, her thousands of years, pour back into her soul.

She keeps her hand steady in her sister’s, and then she reaches out for Maggie.

Reaches for her, and pulls her into the deepest kiss they’ve ever shared.

“Come with me?” she whispers, because Time Lord or human, TARDIS or DEO, she will never not love this woman.

“Ride or die, Doctor,” Maggie whispers back against her lips, soft and awed and in love, in love, in love.
anonymous asked:
So this is not rly a prompt because it could be in any story rly but it would be rly cool to read more about sex that doesn't rly go so well. Like first times that are awkward and someone can't come and it's not so great but it's not the end of the world? Because maybe it's just me but that happens now and again and I literally never ever read about it in fic it's always some sexy resolution to everything. So yeah... if you ever feel like it I think it'd be great and rly reassuring for ppl too

They know each other’s bodies almost as well as they know their own.

Alex knows exactly the way to crook her fingers inside Maggie’s body to make her scream, to make her squirt.

Maggie knows exactly the way to flit her tongue across Alex’s nipple while grinding her thigh between her legs to make Alex scratch at her back with her nails, to make Alex come completely undone.

But sometimes?

Sometimes the sex isn’t that great.

It’s always warm and it’s always fully consensual.

Of course it is.

But it’s not always great, and it makes Alex groan in frustration, and it makes them both sigh and giggle and surrender to masturbating to get themselves off instead of getting each other off.

Because sometimes it doesn’t matter that Alex knows exactly the right things to do to Maggie, or that Maggie knows exactly the right things to do to Alex – and sometimes, they make it up as they go, because they know each other, but they’re always still learning, always still discovering.

Sometimes, the sex is just mediocre. Sometimes, the sex is just bad.

Sometimes, Alex’s wrist gets sore – and it takes a lot to make Alex can-make-you-tell-me-who-Guardian-is-in-six-different-ways-with-my-index-finger Danvers’s wrist sore – with fucking Maggie, her fingers soaked and her forehead sweaty, but Maggie stills, and eventually, Maggie stops, so Alex does, too.

“Did I hurt you?” Alex wants to know, and Maggie shakes her head with a small smile on her face.

“Nah, Danvers, I’m sorry, I’m just not getting there.”

Panic flashes across Alex’s face, and Maggie calms the oncoming storm with a soft kiss.

“It’s not a big deal, Alex; sex doesn’t always have to end with an orgasm.”
Alex freezes and stares and swallows.

“Can it end with cuddles?”

“Get down here,” Maggie grins in response, opening her arms and shrieking when cuddling turns into tickling, into pillow fighting, into more breathless, sweaty cuddling.

And when the roles are reversed – when it’s Alex that can’t get there, Alex that tries to talk dirty and fails utterly, coming off as awkward and stumbling over words instead of hot and sexy, Alex that tries her hardest to let the pressure from Maggie’s thigh toss her over the edge – Alex groans in frustration and she sighs and she slams her hands down on the bed in irritation.

“Alright there, Danvers?” Maggie asks, and Alex will grin.

“It’s not you, babe, you’re – god, I mean look at you, damn – I’m just not – I can’t… I’m sorry, Maggie, I’m so sorry – ”

“No no, hey, Alex, it’s okay. You’re perfect, alright? Perfect.”

“I’m not bad at it?”

“Bad at being the sexiest woman I’ve ever slept with? No, Danvers: you’re amazing at that.”

“Even though I’m not cumming for you like I should be?”

“There’s no should, Alex. I promise. Do you uh…”

A very particular look flashes across Maggie’s face, and Alex know that face. So she sits up so quickly, so eagerly, that Maggie is forcibly reminded that her girlfriend is Kara Danvers’s big sister.

“Your special blueberry pancakes?” Alex asks, and she’s never looked more like Supergirl’s sister.

“Race you to the kitchen, Danvers,” Maggie giggles, and neither of them stop to put their clothes back on, tugging on each other playfully and shrieking with objections and laughter and “no you can’t have a flash grenade” and “what if I refuse you pancakes?” and “you wouldn’t dare, Sawyer”, and the afternoon?

The afternoon is perfect, after all.
anonymous asked:
OMG! I'm team supercorp and sanvers but I didn't know how much I needed Kara being the little sister with a innocent crush on Maggie, I mean like Alex said, how could someone not like Maggie? Maybe whenever you're a bit more free from all the prompts you could write a bit more of that, with Kara being all cute, and Alex and Maggie thinking it's cute too, but Lena getting a bit jealous(nothing serious) just something so Maggie and Alex could be like"chill, she likes you, it's just a little crush"

The prompt refers to Chapter 187

Once she acknowledges it to herself – once she talks to Winn about it – she can’t get it out of her mind.

More specifically, she can’t get Maggie out of her mind.

Her ears burn when Maggie calls her Little Danvers and she stammers and stumbles over her words even more than she usually does around her, and she tries to do what Winn says and “fly casual”, but flying casual around pretty girls isn’t exactly Kara’s forte.

Winn facepalms and Alex squints at her kid sister and J’onn leans into Maggie and whispers, “good god, Detective Sawyer, if there were any more Danvers girls in the world, they’re probably fall for you, too.”

“Don’t worry about it, Danvers, it’s cute,” Maggie insists when Alex asks if she should talk to Kara about it.

And really, it is.

It is, of course, until Kara invites Lena to the bar, and Lena notices.

Notices the way that Kara adjusts her glasses, the way that Kara laughs too loudly, when Maggie talks to her. Hell, when Maggie looks at her.

Because Lena had thought only she made Kara like that.

She berates herself for being arrogant enough to think that she could have a truly unique impact on someone as lovely as Kara Danvers. For being conceited enough to hope that Kara could ever want something… more… with her.

Alex notices and nudges her shoulder into Maggie.

Maggie notices, too, and she nudges back.

“Hey Lena,” she says, and Lena’s back stiffens. “You have to chill out, okay?”

Lena bristles. “What would make you think I’m anything less than… chill, Detective?”
Her ease is gone, her defenses back up, the over polite daughter of Lilian Luthor back on the edges of her voice.

“Lena, it’s just a little crush that Kara has. She likes me, but she realllllly likes you. Trust me.”

“I…”

“Yeah, really Lena, Maggie’s like a closet key for Danvers women.”

“Hey, Danvers, look at you, getting with the lingo!”

“Well I have an excellent teacher.”

“Aw babe –”

“Um, I’m sorry, but could you not make out in front of me after telling me that your sister… does she… Kara… has feelings for me?”

“Tell her about yours, Lena. She might adjust her glasses so hard the damn things’ll break, but she’ll be over the moon. Possibly literally.”

“Are you sure?”

“I know my sister, Lena. Trust me. The thing she has for Maggie is a little crush. The thing she has for you? Ask her out. Find out for yourself.”

As Lena watches Kara laugh with Winn and James at the bar, takes a deep breath in, a deep breath out, stands, and strides over to ask the scariest question she’s ever asked anyone, Maggie bets Alex a flash grenade that Kara will drop something.

The sound of a glass of club soda shattered to the floor, and a very spluttering Kara trying to pick up all the pieces with her bare fingers while Lena tries to stop her and James and Winn try not to laugh, has Alex bringing out everything in her DEO-training arsenal to figure out ways out of the bet with her girlfriend.
Chapter 428

Chapter Summary

Can you do one of Maggie making a joke about Alex being her favorite thing to eat?

^^ prompt from @teardropsonrooftops

James and Winn are laughing, and Alex is beaming as her sister and her girlfriend happily argue about who can eat more of the best tiramisu in town.

“I know all about your Kryptonian metabolism, but I’m telling you, I could totally eat you under the table, Little Danvers.”

Winn chokes and Alex thumps him solidly on the back. Maggie, Alex, and Kara all look confused at the outburst, until comprehension dawns on Maggie, and she reddens.

“I mean, I can eat more than you. More… tiramisu… than you… You alright there, Scott?”

James gives Winn a hard thump at the same time Alex does, and he starts breathing again, his face twisted into an overly pleased grimace.

Alex rolls her eyes at him once she’s sure he’s alright and turns back to her sister like nothing’s happened.

“Maggie might stand a chance, Kryptonian metabolism or not – tiramisu is her favorite thing to eat.”

She smiles and straightens up when she says it, like she’s proud to know this about her girlfriend.

Winn chokes again, and James nearly spills all his tea.

“What the hell, Schott?” Alex asks as she thumps him again, but Maggie just quirks an eyebrow.

“I dunno about tiramisu being my favorite thing to eat, Danvers,” she says, and Alex is too occupied with Winn to notice the husk in her voice.

“What? I’m sorry, I thought it was your favorite – should I have ordered us something else, I was just trying –”

“Um, Alex, I don’t think that’s what she’s –”

“No, really, Maggie, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have assumed –”

“No no, Danvers, you’re not uh… you’re not wrong. I didn’t say it wasn’t my favorite food. Just said it wasn’t my favorite thing to eat.”

Alex blinks and Kara groans into James’s shoulder and Winn holds his hand over his smiling mouth, not daring to eat anything else until this storm of hilarity has passed.

“What… Oh. Oh. Oh.”
“Mmhmm.”

“She?”

“Mmhmmm.”

“I… you know what, you guys, I just remembered I have uh… I have some test results I need to grab from the lab, I uh…” Alex rummages in her wallet and tosses a few twenties onto the table. “See you in the morning?”

She practically drags a wide-eyed, grinning Maggie out of the restaurant, and Winn and James offer them both thumbs up on the way out.

“You okay, Kara?” James wants to know as Winn leans across the table to grab the rest of Maggie’s tiramisu.

She sighs the redness out of her face and grins, copying Winn and leaning across the table for Alex’s leftovers.

“More tiramisu for the rest of us.” She shrugs and groans happily at an overlarge forkful. “I told them I could eat of it than Maggie could.”
Chapter 429

Chapter Summary

Alex didn’t have time to tell Kara about her change in relationship with Maggie before Kara left to save Barry Allen’s earth. Alex and Maggie’s relationship continues to progress and Maggie is doing everything she can to distract Alex from worrying about Kara (i.e. lots of sex). Kara comes back to their earth, rushing into Alex’s apartment all like “Alex, you’ll never believe what happened!” and interrupts Sanvers in bed.

^^ prompt from Rachel

Alex is beside herself with worry, beside herself with anger.

That Kara didn’t tell her beyond the note she’d left. That Barry flipping Allen didn’t care enough for Kara to make sure she had her sister with her, to protect her.

She imagined he’d say that he and his team would protect Kara.

But no one protects her like Alex does.

So she’s beside herself with worry.

But Maggie?

Maggie is the escape ladder lowering down into her spiraling pit of anxiety and Maggie is the hope that Kara will be fine, Kara will be fine, Kara will be fine.

Because Alex isn’t the only badass in the family.

And besides.

Besides.

This whole Maggie wanting to kiss her thing?

This whole Maggie wanting… her… thing?

This is amazing.

And very, very distracting.

And distraction is exactly what she needs right now.

She loves every new sensation Maggie is giving her, every new noise she never knew she could make; every new part of her body Maggie can light on the most pleasant of fires; every new taste on Maggie’s skin, every new way Maggie can make her orgasm.

No one’s ever made her orgasm before.

But right now? With Maggie, with this woman she’s wanted, this woman she’s fallen for
This woman, this amazing woman, wants her too. This woman is falling for her, hopelessly, helplessly, too.

So if it’s eleven at night and her legs are spread wide open on her bed, it’s because she’s falling in love.

If it’s eleven at night and she’s naked and Maggie’s tongue feels so damn good, it’s because it’s Maggie, of course it feels so damn good, but it’s also because no one’s ever touched her like this before – no one’s ever licked her like this before – because she hadn’t wanted it, because they hadn’t cared to, but god, god, god, Maggie wants to, and god, god, god, she never wants her to stop.

If it’s eleven at night and her fingers are tangled in Maggie’s hair, and Kara bursts in through her front door, shouting, “Alex! You’ll never believe what happened!”, it’s because she has a girlfriend now, and now that Kara’s back in this universe, they’ll really have to figure out a sock-on-the-door policy.

Kara gasps and Kara covers her eyes and Maggie swears and wipes her mouth on her shoulder while she tosses Alex her shirt, and Alex?

Alex just gapes at her little sister, trying not to gape at her.

“Kara, you’re back! You’re… god. Good, okay. Okay, good.” Alex tugs her shirt on and accepts the shorts Maggie is passing her.

“I should go – ”

“No, Maggie, no, stay. Please. Please stay. Kara, you um… you remember Maggie, right?”

“I have images of Maggie doing… things… to my sister… in my head now, permanently, Alex, so if I didn’t remember her before, I will now.”

“I’m sorry, Kara, I didn’t know you’d – ”

But Kara just turns to Maggie, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Are you just sleeping with her for your own amusement? Because when I left, you weren’t interested in her. You didn’t want her. Did you figure you’d better get what you could from her before she moved on, or – ”

“Kara!”

“Alex.”

“It’s okay, Alex. You deserve someone to fight for you,” Maggie whispers, and Alex has heard her voice soft and low and intimate, but she’s never heard it quite like this before. Quite this defeated, this determined, this… humble. This terrified.

She wipes her mouth again self-consciously and stares steadily across the room at Kara.

“I was afraid, Kara. Afraid because I didn’t want to hurt Alex, since she’s just coming out – I didn’t want to take advantage – and I didn’t want to get hurt. Also because she’s just coming out, and I didn’t want her to just be with me because of bright, shiny coming out feelings, because I… I liked
her – I care about her – too much for that.”

She studiously avoids Alex’s eyes, and Alex makes a note to ask her later why her hands were shaking so hard.

Kara uncrosses her arms and sighs.

“What changed?” she demands, still sounding more like Supergirl than like Kara, but her eyes are softer, now, and Alex stares between her girlfriend and her sister with a wide, tearful gaze.

“I almost died. And I… our lives are dangerous, Alex’s and mine, and I don’t… I don’t ever want to regret not… caring for her like I should. Like I want to.”

“So you’re girlfriends now?”

Alex preens and Maggie smiles, and the defensiveness of Kara’s stance melts just a little.

“That sound okay to you, Danvers?”

“If it’s okay with Kara,” Alex looks at her sister, and Maggie makes a note to remind Alex of the value of living life for herself.

“You don’t need my permission, Alex,” Kara says softly, and Maggie decides, again, that she really likes this girl.

“Come here, then,” Alex invites, and Kara practically bounds across the apartment into her sister’s arms.

“I missed you, Kara,” she kisses her hair. “I was so worried.”

“I’m here. I’m okay. And I want to tell you everything,” Kara says over Alex’s shoulder.

“I’ll go pick up pizza and potstickers,” Maggie offers quietly after a few long moments of the sisters hugging. “Kara, Alex said that’s your favorite. I’ll drop them off for you both, and then I’ll get going.”

“No, Maggie,” Kara interrupts, and Alex and Maggie both stiffen, nervous. Kara disentangles from her sister’s arms, but she keeps her hands on Alex’s.

“Bring enough home for three,” she tells Maggie, but Alex is the one she’s smiling softly at.

“By enough for three, she means enough for six: you haven’t seen my sister eat,” Alex tells her, eyes shining with tears, eyes matching her sister’s.

“Pizza and potstickers for six it is,” Maggie grins, her hands still shaking, but her smile?

Her smile can probably be seen way back on Earth 1.
Chapter 430

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Alex is out with some friends when some creepy guy starts hitting on her so she just grabs whoever is closest and says that they are her boyfriend/girlfriend to get the creep to go away but has to kiss them for extra measures, could be a surprised Maggie who she is "only friends with" or someone else who makes Maggie jealous even though they are... you know.. "only friends"

Lucy’s closer to her.

Physically, anyway.

Maggie is on the other side of the table – though her body is stiff and she’s more than ready to step in.

But Lucy’s closer to her and J’onn will put her on probation if she breaks someone else’s nose, so instead of decking the frat boy with alcohol on his breath and sex on his mind, Alex tosses her arm around Lucy and tells the guy she’s taken.

Lucy catches on immediately, nodding and slipping her arm around Maggie’s waist.

The gesture looks too familiar, too intimate, and Maggie is bristling, now, for an entirely different reason than she was a moment ago.

She and Alex are just friends – hell, Alex and Lucy are just friends – but Maggie can’t take her eyes off the way their arms are wrapped around each other, the way Lucy looks protective, the way she stopped into the bar to meet them before changing out of the military uniform that is so much more intimidating-looking than the lowly detective shield on Maggie’s belt.

“Nah, you two are just friends, I didn’t see you doing any couple-y things bef – “

But then Maggie’s stomach is sinking and her brain is exploding, because Lucy is turning Alex’s face to hers, and she’s closing her eyes and she’s parting her lips and Alex is kissing her back and Maggie doesn’t know if she never wants to stop watching or if she wants to run out the door and never look back.

She settles for stepping around the table, putting her body between the gaping guy and the woman who’s supposed to be her best friend.

The woman who – she can’t deny it anymore, not now, not the way her stomach is churning and her eyes are burning to see her kiss another girl who’s just a friend, just a friend, just doing her a favor, just a friend, but god are they using tongue? – she can’t deny anymore than she’s solidly in love with.

She puts her body between Alex’s and the guy’s, and she stares coolly up into his face and she decides that if she has to take her anger out on someone, he’ll do just fine.
“Lady’s clearly not interested, man – move along.”

She fingers her badge and he practically snarls, but he obeys.

Maggie’s eyes close and she savors the moment before she has to turn around and watch the aftermath of… whatever just happened between Alex and Lucy.

“You defended me,” Alex’s voice jolts through her spine, and Maggie almost jumps.

“Lucy seemed to have it under control. I was just insurance,” Maggie shrugs, and she wavers, unable to decide whether to sit back down or to plead some excuse and leave to hit up the gym, to cry alone in her bed. To scream into her pillow and to bathe in her own pain.

Lucy and Alex exchange a glance, and Alex reaches for Maggie’s hand.

Maggie pulls back.

“Mags, you… are you okay? Did that guy hurt you? Did – “

“Well you wouldn’t know, would you, you were too busy making out with someone who’s just supposed to be your friend.”

“Maggie, what – “

“Sawyer, listen – “

“No, it’s whatever, Danvers, I didn’t mean… you know what, I shouldn’t have said anything, I’m sorry, obviously you can kiss whoever the hell you want to, and you know I love you, Lucy, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“What did you mean then, Maggie?”

Alex is standing, now, hand still extended, still reaching for Maggie’s, and Lucy watches them with a small smile on her face.

“I’m gonna… go find my own date,” she murmurs, knowing full well that neither Alex nor Maggie fully registers her words, and not minding in the slightest.

“Maggie, what did you mean?” Alex wants to know, because Maggie is still just staring at her.

Staring at her like she’s wavering on a precipice, and Alex is the wind.

But Alex is also the parachute, the protection from the fall.

“I meant it should’ve been me, Danvers. Because I… I want to be the one you kiss, and not just because some guy’s hitting on you. I… I wanna kiss you, Alex. I wanna do so much more than kiss you.”

It takes Alex so long to respond that Maggie almost goes into her bag for an anti-anxiety pill.

It takes Alex so long to respond that Maggie can hear her own heart beating, her own blood pounding through her veins.

Her own fate being decided by this woman, this incredible fucking woman.

“Then kiss me,” is what Alex ends up whispering, and when Maggie does – god, god, when
Maggie does – Lucy whoops loudly from across the bar, and tells anyone who will listen, and even the people who won’t, that those are her girls, her friends, she got them together, she did it, she gets all the credit, she knew it all along, and aren’t they just the cutest?
anonymous asked:
tbh if Magge walked in on Alex and Supergirl hugging, sharing feels etc before finding out Kara is Supergirl she wouldn't get mad I think. I think she'd either not talk about it or pretty much wish Alex the best, while burying her own pain, until Alex is like nonononono u see, we're sisters, I wanna be with you and with you ONLY

The hug is full-bodied and the kiss on the cheek lingers, and Supergirl caresses Alex’s hair, tucks it behind her ear.

An intimacy Maggie had been stupid enough to think was only theirs.

Except maybe for Kara.

But Supergirl?

Alex looking at Supergirl like that, the leggy blonde with the superhero cape that can literally hold up against bomb blasts, with tears in her ears and a lilt in her voice and intimacy – intimacy, intimacy that Alex had said she was never comfortable with, that Alex said she never liked – all over her movements, her touches, her expressions.

Maggie sighs and she shakes her head and she wonders what else she expected.

She’d known they were running buddies.

She’d known she only liked Maggie because she was bright and shiny, like coming out.

She’d known it would only be a matter of time before Alex wanted something different, something… more.

It figured that that more would be Supergirl.

So she sighs and she shakes her head and she walks away from the scene – which she’d only rushed to, off shift, anyway to make sure that Alex was okay, but clearly she was, and clearly she was in the arms she wanted to be in – and texts Alex that maybe tonight isn’t the best idea, that she’s tired, that it’s been a long day.

Certainly the last few minutes have been very, very long.

She’s surprised at how quickly Alex texts her back, talking about wanting to see her and missing her and it’s completely okay if she wants to cancel, but if she just wants company to be quiet with, Alex would be happy to come over and just be… just be.

She’s confused but she says yes, because she doesn’t want to admit it, but god does she just want to be in her arms.

She might as well enjoy it while it lasts.
But when she kisses her hello, she doesn’t stop.

When she kisses her hello, she holds her face between her hands and she parts her lips and she
whimpers when Alex accepts the invitation for her tongue. She whimpers and she shudders
because she won’t cry, dammit, she won’t, she won’t, she –

“Maggie, what is it? I’m so sorry, did you not want – “

“No, no, Alex, you didn’t do anything wrong, I… you know what, you said we can be quiet, can
we just… can we just do that?”

Alex has questions – questions about the way she’d kissed her, about the way she’d started to cry,
about the way her eyes look pretty red, about the way there’s something so defeated about her
posture – but she doesn’t ask any of them, because if Maggie is asking for quiet, then that’s what
she’ll get.

So Alex nods and she cracks open two bottles of beer and she hands one to Maggie and she settles
on the opposite end of the couch and she watches SVU reruns in silence, their feet touching
occasionally as they shift where they lay.

“You can talk to me if you want to,” Alex says, just once, an episode and a half into their silence.
Maggie pulls at her beer and shrugs. “It’s whatever.”

Alex sits up, her eyes a map of pain.

“It’s not whatever, Maggie. Something’s hurting you, and I want to help, I – “

“No, Danvers, really, you’re not obligated to do that. You don’t have to, really – “

“Maggie, you’re my girlfriend, I want to – “

“Yeah, and how does Supergirl feel about that?” she asks.

She asks because she’s cheated when she’s been scared, when she’s been terrified, when she
hadn’t been able to handle a relationship, or, more specifically, handle a breakup.

She asks because if that’s what Alex wants, she’s the last to be able to judge.

She asks because she just wants Alex to have her full, happy life, and she asks because she’s raw
and she’s vulnerable and dammit, she didn’t want to be, but she’s pretty sure she’s in love.

“Superg – Maggie, what – “ Realization slowly replaces confusion on Alex’s face, and – to
Maggie’s horror – Alex laughs.

“Maggie, did you come by the crime scene this afternoon?”

“Why’s that funny?” Maggie wants to know, and Alex sobers immediately.

“It’s not, I’m so sorry, I just – she said I could tell you, she said I should, and I was going to, but
you wanted to be quiet tonight – “

“Just tell me, Alex, it’s okay, I can handle it – “

“No, Maggie, you don’t – no no no no no, it’s not like that, Maggie. She’s my sister. Supergirl. It’s
Kara, we’re sisters, and I – I want to be with you, Maggie. I only want to be with you. Just you.
She’s my sister, Maggie, we’re not… I only want you.”

Alex’s next breath is breathed in Maggie’s mouth, against Maggie’s lips, because Maggie is kissing her and Maggie is crying and Maggie is murmuring how brave Alex is, how strong, how perfect, because god, everything makes sense now.

Her intimacy with Supergirl.

Her desperate need to be perfect.

Her feverish feeling of having the weight of the world squarely on her shoulders.

Her intimacy with Supergirl.

“Only me?” Maggie asks in a small voice when she puts her forehead to Alex’s, needing to breathe her in.

“Only you,” Alex confirms, just as breathless, just as needy.

“You know those glasses are kind of ridiculous, now I’m thinking about it,” Maggie starts to grin.

“Let’s um… let’s stop talking about my sister now, hm?” Alex suggests, because she’s looking at Maggie’s lips again, and she wants to show Maggie exactly how much she only wants to be hers.

Maggie glances up at her, and heat shudders through her entire body, because there’s a lot to talk about, but later, later, later.
Chapter 432

Chapter Summary

So I absolutely adore your sanvers series (especially the mini fics regarding Alex’s scars in Girls We Wanna Kiss). Really want to read a story regarding Maggie discovering Alex’s scars (she has heaps, not just on her back and stomach though the majority of them are there) and hearing the stories of how she got them (protecting Kara, fights, knives, bullets, maybe even a burn from a fire at somepoint). After all of this Maggie goes about covering Alex’s scars with hickies and scratches (the good, fun, sex kind) etc.

^^ prompt from @kirsty585

This is the fic referred to here: Chapter 11

Maggie wants to hurt all the people who have ever hurt Alex.

Who have ever marked her body like this.

Even though Alex is proud of them. Of her scars. Of the way her history is mapped on her body, the way her ability to protect the people she loves – her ability to survive – has tattooed itself onto her skin.

Maggie still wants to hurt anyone who ever hurt Alex.

Her Alex.

And Alex watches her closely, watches her as she traces her scars, her bruises, with her lips.

 Watches her as she discovers her life’s history through the age of her marks.

“That one was Kara, actually,” she whispers as Maggie’s lips linger tenderly on one on her forearm. “The first people she saved. There was an explosion, and I got treated to a compound fracture.”

Maggie nods and traces the scar with her tongue. Alex smiles and shivers.

“You don’t have to tell me about them,” she tells her, and Alex shakes her head.

“I want to tell you about them. If you wanna hear about them.”

“I wanna hear all about you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie says as she shifts her body so her lips can press against a jagged scar on her side.

“That one has a less… endearing story. One of my first missions out, I got my team out of the path of one of the most notorious Fort Rozz escapees, but I didn’t get out myself. I don’t remember much about what happened, I just know that J’onn rescued me, and that that particular escapee had a uh… a unique set of claws.”
Maggie shudders, but not from Alex, and Alex has never felt as loved – is this love? because that’s certainly what it feels like – as she does right now, like this, with Maggie’s lips worshiping her body, her history, her pain, her resilience.

“This one,” Alex points to one on her thigh, and Maggie crawls down so she can observe, so she can kiss it whole. Alex chuckles wryly. “I took a bullet for my bulletproof sister. She was so angry at me. And I mean, it was instinct, you know? My entire training was about protecting Kara, so when someone fired at her, I just… it was one of our earlier missions. I couldn’t tell if Kara or J’onn was more furious at me.”

“My gorgeous soldier,” Maggie whispers, shaking her head and offering Alex all the love she has to give.

Alex continues the stories throughout the night – bullet wounds and knife swipes and plasma burns and miracles of DEO medicine – and Maggie’s kill list grows, but so does her love for Alex, her love for this woman who wears her history like a flag, who wears her skin like a badge of all she’s survived, like a promise of all she will survive.
Maggie finds them hilarious.

Horror movies.

Partially by old habit – Eliza Wilke had loved them, and much as she’d tried, Maggie had never been able to kick the habit after… well, after – and partially because she loves finding continuity errors, she loves yelling at people to not making the stupidest possible decisions, and she loves, to be perfectly honest, being terrified.

Being terrified, and overcoming it.

But Alex?

Alex will bend over backward for her, always, and so Alex settles in for Horror Movie Night, determined to be a DEO Agent, not a trembling, needy girlfriend.

Her resolve doesn’t even last through the first murder.

Because she’s cuddling into Maggie’s side and she’s burying her face in her chest and she’s trying not to – god, she’s trying not to – but she’s shivering.

It takes all she has not to cover her ears with her fingers, but the sound stops, anyway.

She looks up, disoriented, into Maggie’s softly smiling face.

“Babe, you could have told me you can’t do horror movies.”

“I can do – “

“Alex, I would never… I wouldn’t judge you, babygirl. For anything, ever. You’re allowed to run around with an alien ray gun all day and desperately avoid horror movies by night. I won’t tell a soul, Agent Danvers. Okay?”

“But you love them, Maggie, I don’t want you to – “

“To what, to leave you because you don’t like a certain type of movie?”

“To be unhappy with me, to be… bored by me.”

Maggie cuts off her own laughter by kissing Alex sweet, kissing Alex tender, kissing Alex smiling.

“Alice Danvers, I could never, ever be bored by you. Ever. Okay?”
Maggie Sawyer’s smile is nothing but contagious, and Alex can’t help the grin that spreads across her own face.

“Okay.”

“Star Wars instead?”

“Can I still cuddle this close to you?”

“I will always protect you from stormtroopers, Ally. You’re not the only badass in this relationship.”
Chapter 434

Chapter Summary

prompt from @sanverspotsticker – “Clark meets Maggie kinda in the way he met Mon El tonight”

She’s not that excited to meet him.

He’s only Alex’s cousin.

He’s only Superman.

And Maggie Sawyer is not – will not be – Winn Schott.

Winn, who practically tumbled down a flight of stairs when Superman flew back in (Vasquez lost ten bucks to Maggie in the process).

She’s certainly not excited to meet him.

It’s not like she idolized him growing up.

No, she’s not excited to meet him at all.

Because he’s only Alex’s cousin.

So she’s not excited.

She’s absolutely terrified.

It had gone well with Alex’s mom, and Kara was warming up to her.

It had gone well with J’onn, and with Alex’s brothers.

But Clark was the extended family; Clark was the part of the family that Maggie was shuttled out to at fourteen. The part of the family who hated her, perhaps, even more than the parents who didn’t have to deal with her anymore.

So, ordinarily, she’d be nearly tumbling down those stairs right alongside Winn.

But this isn’t just Superman.

This is Alex’s cousin.

Alex watches her with curious eyes and a soft grin. She knows what a big fan of Leslie Willis, Cat Grant, James Olsen, Batwoman – the list goes on – that Maggie is.

Superman’s sure to be on the list.

So Alex nudges her slightly right before Clark catches her eye, before he tilts his head, before he strides over to them with a midwestern gait and a small smile in the middle of a war, because his
cousin’s never giggled about anyone before, but god, she giggles about Maggie.

So, war or no war – dire circumstances or not – Clark is eager to meet his cousin’s girlfriend.

He holds out a warm hand, slight wariness mixed with genuine welcome in his eyes.

“You must be the woman my cousin is absolutely crazy about,” he offers, and Alex tries not to preen.

“Maggie Sawyer,” Maggie nods and shakes firmly, her voice somewhat smaller than it usually is, her eyes somewhat shier.

“You’re treating her right?” he asks, even though he knows the answer.

“I try to every second of every day,” Maggie tells him, restraining herself from adding a “sir” to the end of her sentence. She reminds herself that Kara used to change this guy’s diapers.

Superman grins, and his smile is almost as bright as his cousins’. “And is she treating you right?” he asks while Alex pffts and shoves him.

But Maggie’s voice is solemn, serious, when she answers.

“No one’s ever treated me better.”

Alex’s giggle cuts off mid-breath, and Clark holds Maggie’s eyes with such intensity that they almost start up his heat vision.

She holds his gaze, her chin up, her eyes earnest, her palms somewhat clenched at her sides.

And then she’s being pulled into a long, warm, surprisingly gentle hug.

From Superman.

She tries not to squeal.

“You two should spend a weekend with Lois and I in Metropolis when this is all over. She’d love to meet the newest member of the Danvers family, Maggie.”

Before Maggie can stammer out a response, the radio buzzes with information about a fresh attack west of the DEO.

Superman points upwards, and Alex nods.

“Up, up, and away,” he winks at Maggie, taps his index finger underneath Alex’s chin, and soars toward danger.

“Superman hugged me!” Maggie’s voice is slightly strained.

“Thought it was no big deal, he’s only my cousin?” Alex grins and nudges her with her shoulder as they both head back to tactical command.

“But he hugged me,” Maggie repeats, and she sounds an awful lot like Winn.

This time, Vasquez owes Alex ten bucks.
Chapter 435

Chapter Summary

Prompt from @superkaralex – “Maggie continuing to support Alex after J’onn told her she was in charge. Definitely looked like she had an oh shit face lol”

Alex has been in charge before. Recently.

But when he woke?

When Winn charged at his Papa Bear – all of their Papa Bear – and practically barreled him over in relief that he was alright, Alex had thought she didn’t have to be in command anymore.

Didn’t have to be in charge anymore.

That she could get out into the streets and protect people.

Save people.

But she’s in charge again, and it’s better now – it’s better now, because J’onn’s awake, J’onn’s alright, J’onn is safe and J’onn loves her – but she still feels like, in the very moment she has an arsenal at her fingertips and an army at her disposal, she is spiraling out of control.

Maggie’s hand on her arm, Maggie’s soft words in her ear, Maggie’s gentle eyes on her face?

They help.

They help, but god, everyone’s going to die, and it’s going to be her fault.

Her fault because she hesitated.

She hesitated but if she hadn’t Kara would be dead and if she hadn’t she might as well be dead because life without Kara…

There might be life without Kara, anyway, at the rate this is going.

“Danvers, you don’t have to do this by yourself.”

“J’onn does.”

“You’re also not, what, four hundred years old? And he doesn’t do it alone, Alex.”

“He does, Maggie, he – “

“No, babe. No. J’onn has you. And you have me. Okay?”

Alex chews on her bottom lip and tries to decide whether Maggie is biased because they’re dating or whether she’s just… right.

Because she is trained for this. J’onn has trained her specially for this.
And she does. Have Maggie.

“You wanted to coordinate the NCPD efforts from here, right?”

Maggie nods. “I’m also patched into the fire department and EMT services. I won’t ever admit to saying this, but I convinced my captain I had access to superior surveillance than we lowly local cops have. And even extra seconds of warning can give us an advantage.”

The wheels in Alex’s brain spin behind her eyes, and Maggie tries to swallow her smile of pride as Alex nods, calculating.

“Alright. Sawyer, I need you on Winn’s computers, monitoring Daxamite activity and dispatching evac teams and rescue teams as needed.”

Maggie nods, salutes, and turns on her heel.

Vasquez whistles, Maggie smirks as she straps into Winn’s headset, and Alex fixes Vasquez – and every other DEO agent with amusement in their war-torn eyes – with a death glare.

“Vasquez, I need you on structural integrity. If anything starts buckling in this building, I need to know about it right away.”

“Ma’am,” she winks as she mimics Maggie’s salute.

“I swear I’m locking you all up when we get out of this,” Alex murmurs as she watches the locator beacons lighting up on Maggie’s screen.

Maggie’s hand rests on hers for a brief, intense moment.

“Fine by me. But you’re right: we will get out of this. Because you’re gonna lead us there, Alex. I believe in you, okay?”

Alex just grins as calculations, strategies, and backup plans spin behind her eyes, a new look on her face and a new meaning in her posture: confidence.
“We need a continuation of that proposal! More specifically I think it’s really important that we see how Maggie reacts to it. She felt she was worthless like a year ago and now she’s going to get married to the love of her life. Thanks cap!” from @swiftiealex13 and @ts-1989 “Most obvious one: Maggie’s response.” and “can we please get maggie saying yes i feel so deprived” from @detective-iceream and @everythinginasockdrawer “Maggie actually verbally saying yes to the proposal/aftermath stuff.” and “We need to have the rest of the scene!!! Maggie needs to break down in tears and not say yes til she’s kissed Alex until neither one of them can breathe” from @smolersmith

(Note: there is a different version of the proposal coming up, too; this is a continuation of the canon scene, as requested above)

She swears she’s not hearing her right – her ears have been ringing since blazing through that explosion on her way to the DEO to access better surveillance to guide the NCPD, fire department, and EMTs to more accurate areas of need, quicker.

She swears she’s not hearing right, because it’s been a long day.

Hell, it’s been a long week.

She still can barely tolerate Alex being out of her sight, since she told her not to wait up for her and then almost…

But she held on. She held on.

She held on, and now she was asking Maggie to hold on to her forever, and she wants to – god, does Maggie want to – because she’d be lying if she said she hasn’t been thinking about it, damn how soon it is, damn how fast it is, damn how many U-haul jokes the world will make.

The world doesn’t understand the fire their relationship, their love, has been forged by.

The world can’t comprehend the way they’ve suffered together, survived together, already.

Suffered together, survived together, and somehow – somehow, and this is the truly incredible part – somehow managed to hold each other up, never spiral each other down. Someone managed to find reasons to celebrate life together, when celebration feels wrong and life feels meaningless.

Because they’ve created right together, and they’ve created meaning, and Alex is nothing if not blunt, and Alex is nothing if not direct.

Alex is nothing if not perfect.

Absolutely perfect.

The way she grabbed her – all that time ago, and no time at all ago – by the forearm in their bar,
spinning her back around and kissing her until she couldn’t breathe.

The way she doesn’t ask her to marry her.

The way she tells her.

Tells her, and then begs her.

“Seriously. Marry me. Please?”

Maggie’s already berating herself for her “excuse me?”, but what else could she possibly muster?

What else could she possibly muster when this woman – this woman who’s committed herself to making Maggie feel like she’s enough, when she’s never, ever, ever been nearly enough before; this woman who leaps off buildings and single-handedly destroys genocidal war facilities; this woman who cries so easily but refuses, utterly, to break – what else could she possibly muster when this woman is breathless, and breathtaking, and asking her to marry her?

She doesn’t know what else to muster, so she does the only thing that her body, her brain, can do.

She kisses her.

She kisses her desperate and she kisses her hard, one hand in her hair and the other on her waist, closer, closer, closer, until her body racks with tears, her chest racks with sobs, and Alex murmurs bewildered comfort against her lips but Maggie doesn’t need that, Maggie just needs more, more, more.

More of Alex’s warmth, more of Alex’s lips.

More of Alex’s hands wrapping her up, more of Alex’s breath moaning slightly into her lungs.

More of Alex’s love, because she loves her, god, god, god, she loves her, she loves her, she loves her.

She’s not exactly sure why, but she knows anyway, trusts Alex anyway – Alex Danvers is in love with her.

And Alex Danvers wants to add a wedding to their lifetime of firsts.

So she kisses her and she sobs and she sways on the spot and she only brings her lips off Alex’s when they have to bring their foreheads together to breathe, breathe, breathe, because the world was starting to spin from lack of oxygen, from overflow of love.

She loves her, she loves her, she loves her.

And they have a lot to talk about.

A lot to interpret and a lot to navigate.

But they’ve held on in tanks and interrogation rooms and abandoned warehouses and bars full of ghosts and fathers full of betrayal and decades full of worthlessness.

They’ve held on, and they’ve found each other’s arms to hold, too.

So when Alex asks, “So you’re saying yes? Cuz that’s… that’s what I’m getting – because of course that’s what Alex asks – Maggie sobs again, again, again, matching Alex’s tears when she
tells her yes, yes, yes, yes.

Yes.
Chapter 437

Chapter Summary

“Prompt: Maggie says no.” from the hard-hitting (and I effing love it) @foreverblueraven and @goodslothnoodle “Please fix the proposal That one kind of sucked” and @laurarasmith “Also sanvers rationally talking about getting married cause like ok. They can be engaged. Sure. But can we plz get the logistics conversation” and @ahhveee “I’m really conflicted about the proposal…but like post-proposal Maggie saying yes but also her getting assurance from Alex that this isn’t only a reaction to everything that happened and it’s really something Alex wants” and @sanvers-cuddles “In anyway you see it but like could there be more of a build up to the proposal”

There was a time when she would stiffen and grab her gun and body slam anyone who came up behind her and touched her like that.

But Maggie has asked – “May I?”, she’ll always say, always softly, never expectantly – so many times that Alex has just told her, please, please, please, I love when you hold me like this, you don’t have to ask.

So there was a time when she could have literally killed someone for doing just what Maggie does.

But now? Now, Alex sinks back into her touch, her warmth, her comfort, her love, her support, immediately. She revels in the feeling of Maggie’s chin on her shoulder, Maggie’s body solid and strong behind hers.

“She’ll be okay,” Maggie tells her, and Alex tries to believe her.

“I hope so,” her voice trembles slightly, because a week ago, Kara almost lost her.

Yesterday, Kara almost lost Lena. Today, Kara lost a piece of her past. Today, Kara watched her city exploding around her, and Alex knows – because Alex feels it too – that Kara is blaming herself.

She feels Maggie staring at her, and she thinks about her promise to Kara.

To never let Maggie go.

The tears in Kara’s eyes, the lilt in her voice.

How far she’d come with Maggie, how much she tried.

How much Alex’s almost dying – almost, almost, almost, she reminds herself – had brought her sister and her girlfriend together.

But she doesn’t want Maggie to just be her girlfriend.

Not anymore.
“Hey,” Maggie is saying, pulling back slightly and taking Alex’s hands into hers. “I know the Danvers girls, you don’t break easy – “

Her voice is soft and it’s smooth and it’s the most soothing thing Alex has ever heard, and Alex has always been impulsive, but Kara had basically given her blessing, and she needs her, god, she needs her, because what if she lands in the hospital during the next war – and there will always be a next war – and Alex can’t get to her without being her wife, her wife, god, Maggie Sawyer’s wife.

It’s never appealed to her before. She’s never understood it.

But this woman, this woman with the calloused heart and soft hands, with the tender soul and sharp wit? This woman, comforting Alex about the Danvers girls, her Danvers girls –

“Marry me.”

Her eyes search Maggie’s face and she watches as the slight smile, the affirmation, on Maggie’s face melts into terror. Melts into incomprehension. Melts into disbelief.

Because she’s always been worthless, and she’s always been disposable.

And when she hasn’t been, she hasn’t trusted it. She’s blown it up in her own face. Like she deserves.

But Alex Danvers? Alex Danvers, with the wide eyes and the desperate voice?

Alex Danvers who has almost died more times than Maggie can count in the last few weeks alone, Alex Danvers who has held on for her and is holding on to her hands and is saying… What the hell is she saying?

“Excuse me?”

And Alex nods before she speaks, like she understands Maggie’s disbelief, like she understands Maggie’s shock. Like she’s feeling it too, but god, god, god, Alex took her by the forearm and pulled her into their first kiss in the bar, and she’s doing it again, now, because we should marry the girls we want to marry, and she wants to…

“Yes, one day, Alex. One day, I want to marry you.” She stops smiling and she steps back, and she
hates herself – hates herself like she hated herself the night Alex first kissed her – and she shifts Alex’s hands from her shoulders to her own hands.

“One day,” Alex repeats like she was just punched in the gut, and Maggie brings Alex’s limp knuckles to her lips.

“Yeah. Yeah. Yes. But Alex, I don’t… I don’t even know what marriage means to you. What it would change for you. For us. We don’t live together yet, not really, and finances, and our dog – when do you want to get a dog? – I just… I want a lifetime of firsts with you, Alex, and I want marriage to be in there. Once, to be clear. Just once. To you. But not… Alex, you almost died, and then the Daxamites, and then – “

“What, you think I haven’t thought this through?” Her eyes are wide and her eyes are pain, and Maggie steps back closer to her and thanks the goddesses when Alex doesn’t shrink away from her touch.

“I’d be lying if I said I haven’t been thinking about it, Alex. With all that’s been happening… hell, even before that. But we haven’t figured out… what does it mean to you? To get married?”

“To death do us part and all that. Seems pretty relevant nowadays, huh?” Her eyes are wet and so is her voice, and Maggie gives a dry chuckle.

“But that’s exactly my point, Alex. I don’t want you to… I’m ride or die for you, Danvers, you know I am, but we don’t have to rush, we don’t have to – “

“But what’s the difference? Between you saying you want a lifetime of firsts with me and me saying I want to marry you?”

“Babe, getting married… that lifetime of firsts suddenly includes a lot of joint housing and financial decisions, and a lot of… it’s forever, Alex. And I want forever with you. But it’s miles from where we are: we just started this thing, you and me. And I want to treasure every bit of it. I want to treasure the conversations we have to have about dogs, and kids, or no kids, and careers and apartments and bank accounts and life goals and compatibilities and where we want to be in five years, ten, forty. I want to treasure the conversations we have to have about my parents and your extended family and planning mutual proposals with Adrian. I want to treasure talking about what kind of rings we want and designing wedding dresses or suits with Winn – do you want to get married in a dress? – and I want to treasure figuring out retirement funds and taxes and last name changes and illness and health care and all of it. I want to treasure all of it, Alex. I don’t want to do it while we’re mourning and grieving and recovering.”

“But we’ll always be mourning and grieving and recovering.” Alex’s voice is small, and it breaks Maggie’s heart in as many ways as a heart can possibly be broken. And more.

She pulls her down for a soft kiss, and Alex parts her lips, kissing her back eagerly.

“Yeah. But not like we are today, babe,” Maggie tells her when they press their foreheads together, and Alex nods.

Nods because the taste of water still burns in her lungs and the taste of Daxamite ash still chars her nose.

“So you’re not saying yes, but you’re not saying no.”

“I’m saying, not right now. But ask me again sometime,” Maggie smiles, and lets Alex draw her close into her body somewhat warmly, somewhat possessively.
“You love me?” Alex asks, because the logical part of her brain hears Maggie, understands her. Agrees with her, even. But every single other part of her is trembling with fear.

That she’s said too much, that she’s offered too much, that she’s demanded too much.

That Maggie will leave because she’s failed. Again.

“I love you through and beyond, Alex Danvers,” Maggie whispers against her lips, and that?

That is good enough for Alex.
Chapter 438

Chapter Summary

“Kara hears Cat say go get em Supergirl” from @onesliceofcheese @goldeneyesandbrightblueskies “Cat’s thought process of knowing Kara=Supergirl” and “Kara’s reaction to hearing Cat saying ”go get ’em, Supergirl” from @bathtimefunduck and @pittyyyy “Cat/Kara hug or acknowledgement of her being supergirl? Thank you!!!”

Alex is going to kill her.

Well, not really.

Alex’s own girlfriend had figured it out.

And that wasn’t Kara’s fault.

Neither was Ms. Grant knowing.

Ms.

Grant.

Knowing.

Kara stumbles when her superhearing picks up Cat’s words, faltering in her stride almost as much as she’d wavered in her flight path when she’d heard Cat very nearly call her – call Supergirl – “hot” last night.

Was it just last night?

Rao.

She gulps and she adjusts her glasses and she knows – chop chop, places to be, people to save – but if Cat knows now, then Rao, she's known this entire time.

This entire time she pretended not to.

This entire time, insisting that Kara realize how incredible she is, insisting that Kara believe in herself.

Asking her star reporter if her star superhero was ready to single-handedly save the planet.

And really, asking Kara.

Asking Kara if she was ready to single-handedly fight for her planet. Her people.

Her family.

Which included the Queen of All Media, if they were being honest.
And Cat Grant is clearly in the mood to be honest.

She hadn’t breathed a word. Not a scent, not a sound, not a sight, about who her star assistant, her star reporter, really is.

Though it would win her another Women in Media award, for sure.

Because Cat would never do that.

So Kara stumbles and she stops and she gulps and she adjusts her glasses and she marches right back into Cat’s office.

“Ms. Grant, what did you just say?”

She tries to sound assertive and she tries to sound authoritative, but she sounds absolutely nothing of the sort.

Cat scoffs softly and waves her hand, loose at her wrist, in Kara’s general direction.

“Oh Kiera dear, I think we’ve both kept up this charade more than long enough, don’t you? I told you that I saw the hero within you. And I was talking about you, Kara.”

Her voice sounds almost lazy, but her eyes are blazing, and Kara starts to sweat.

“I was talking about you, of course, with those inexcusable cardigans and belts from your sister’s girlfriend’s closet. But I was also talking about the woman you don’t want everyone else to see. The woman you think no one can see behind those glasses, but really, Kiera dear, you couldn’t hide those eyes if you tried.”

“Ms. Grant, I – “

“Don’t you have some fires to put out?”

Cat stands, rooted to the spot, before launching herself softly, carefully, controlled, into Cat’s arms.

Cat doesn’t freeze, not even for a moment, before hugging Kara back solid and steady and maybe just a little too tightly, a little too needy.

She sniffs almost daintily and adjusts Kara’s collar as they pull apart after a long, long moment.

“Chop chop, heaven knows those firemen aren’t going to save themselves, Supergirl.”

Her smile could light up the planet – and Cat thinks it just might do that – as she glances around for witnesses and, finding none, soars right out of Cat’s window, hoping that maybe she’ll hear her call her hot – … cool – again.

She plugs Alex into her earpiece on the way.

“Alex, I’m en route to that fire – “

“Don’t you need to get some rest, Supergirl? I’m sure the fire department can – “

“Alex. Ms. Grant knows.”

“Knows?”
“That I’m Supergirl.”

“What?!”

Kara flinches from the pitch of Alex’s voice, even as Alex repeats “Cat Grant knows she’s Supergirl” to someone off the line.

She grins and shakes her head as she hears Maggie’s whoop and shout of “Boom! You owe me that flash grenade, Danvers!”

And she flies faster, lighter.

Happier.
Chapter 439

Chapter Summary

“Alex and Kara fix it where Alex doesn’t let Kara go away so sad” from @lem798 and @misguidedghost800 “Sanvers being there for kara” and “Maggie comforting Kara/bonding over both losing everything and everyone at such a young age. (Kara krypton. Maggie-beingouted) Coming to a mutual understanding and allegiance to both love Alex and to bond as a new family.” from @bacop150

She tells Alex to go be with her girlfriend.
She tells her to never let Maggie go.
And she won’t. She won’t. God, god, she won’t.
But she also will never let her sister go.
Not when her eyes are burning like this, not when her jaw is set like this.
Not when her skin is the only thing keeping her from ripping apart at the seams.
And her skin is less Kryptonian-on-Earth now than it is even when she solar flares.
Alex won’t let Maggie go.
But she’ll never let her little sister go either.
So she nods, tears burning her own eyes, when Kara tells her to never let Maggie go.
She nods, but she also reaches out her hand to grab Kara’s wrist.
Reaches out her hand to still Kara’s inevitable takeoff.
“Alex,” she chokes, because if she stays, she’ll break.
But that’s exactly the point.
Better to break with someone who can hold the pieces until you figure out how they’re supposed to be put together.
And Alex will do more than hold Kara’s pieces. She’ll protect each and every one of them with her life.
Kara knows, and Kara does the only thing she can do.
She sobs.
Sobs into Alex’s chest, falling forward and letting her sister catch her, letting her sister kiss her hair, letting her sister cry with her.
Cry with her, because a week ago, Alex’s lungs almost filled with water.
Cry with her, because a day ago, Alex almost accidentally killed her.
Cry with her, because tomorrow, the streets will still be cratered and smoking.
“Come on,” a soft voice tells both of them after a few long, long moments.
“I’ll take you two home.”
Kara shakes her head into Alex’s body as Maggie takes one of Kara’s hands and one of Alex’s hands into her own.
“No?” she asks Kara, and Kara just glances at Alex and sniffs.
“I can fly you both,” she offers, and Maggie tries not to be uncool in her reaction. She shrugs.
“As long as you’re not too tired.”
They’re in Alex’s apartment before Maggie can process height, height, so much height.
“Wow, Little Danvers, that was uh…”
“Need to sit down there, Sawyer?” Alex teases, and Maggie shakes her head like she’s getting water out of her ears, grinning faintly.
But then she looks at Kara.
She looks at Kara, and she forgets for a moment that she’s Alex’s little sister, not hers, and she strides toward her and offers her arms out for her.
Kara shrugs away from them and Maggie retreats, eyes downcast.
“It’s not you, Maggie,” Alex whispers as she takes Kara by the hand and leads her to her pajama drawer. “Out of your gear?” she asks Kara, who just nods numbly, like if she does anything even vaguely expressive, she’ll collapse in on herself all over again.
Maggie turns away while Alex helps Kara off with her suit and into pajamas, taking the opportunity to call and check in with Jessy the pizza guy to make sure he and his boyfriend are safe, and to ask if he could possibly bring them over some pizza.
“Okay,” Alex kisses the back of her neck, and Maggie leans into her effortlessly before turning around.
“Does that feel a little better?” she asks, and Kara shrugs as she collapses onto the couch, asking with her arms for Alex to tuck her in, for Alex to hold her.
Alex complies and Maggie sits on the floor next to the couch. “I ordered you pizza, Little Danvers,” she tells her, and Kara smiles faintly.
“Thanks, Maggie.”
“Anytime.”
The three of them let silence rise between them. Silence and pain and comfort and love.
“He – all of them, actually – they were all I had left. From my home. I mean, sure, Daxam wasn’t anything like Krypton, but he – they – knew my language, and my history, and my people. Even if their views of us were distorted, they… they had views to be distorted. Here, anything… anything anyone knows about Krypton is from Fortress of Solitude database or from… me. Just me. I feel like I lost them all again. Again. How many times am I going to have to lose them?”

She squeaks at the last sentence, and Alex draws her closer to her body, soothing her with kisses to her hair and she’s proud of her, none of this is her fault, there’s no shame in surviving, she loves her, she loves her, she loves her, and she’s sorry. She’s so, so, so sorry.

“Kara,” Maggie says tentatively, eyes seeking Alex’s for permission. Alex’s heart starts to heal slightly as she nods. “Kara, hey, listen. It’s not the same. Not even a little bit the same. I can’t imagine what you’re going through, but I… did Alex tell you about when I was a kid?”

Kara sniffs and wipes her nose on Alex’s sweater and Maggie smiles.

“Your parents kicked you out for being a lesbian.”

Maggie nods and hovers her hand over Kara’s blanketed knee. Kara nods and Maggie gifts Kara her touch.

“I lost everything, Little Danvers. Not like you did. Not at all. But there have been people – people in my family, my close family – who’ve died since then. One when I was sixteen, some when I was in college… I only found out through the grapevine. No one in my family reached out, no one told me the funeral details. It was like I was the dead one, they just… I was dead to them. So I couldn’t say goodbye, not properly, to… anyway, Kara, it’s not the same, but one thing I do know? I know it changes you. I know it makes it hard to believe you can ever really be… whole.”

She glances up at Alex, because Alex, now, is crying.

“You lost everything, Little Danvers. Not like you did. Not at all. But there have been people – people in my family, my close family – who’ve died since then. One when I was sixteen, some when I was in college… I only found out through the grapevine. No one in my family reached out, no one told me the funeral details. It was like I was the dead one, they just… I was dead to them. So I couldn’t say goodbye, not properly, to… anyway, Kara, it’s not the same, but one thing I do know? I know it changes you. I know it makes it hard to believe you can ever really be… whole.”

“Do you think… do you think we can be alone together?”

There’s a knock at the door that makes them all jump until Maggie grins softly and says, “Pizza,” while she hoists herself to her feet.

“And yes, Kara. We can be alone together as long as you need.”

Kara nods and snuggles closer into her big sister, hoping that when her other big sister – her new big sister – comes back with the pizza boxes, she’ll want to cuddle with them, too.
Chapter 440

Chapter Summary

“M’gann and maggie catching up though” from @misguidedghost800

She notices the moment she walks back into the DEO.

Of course she notices.

Their thoughts are practically screaming, and she makes a note to ask J’onn how the hell he’s been dealing with hearing all this from his daughter these last few months.

Hell, she’s surprised she hasn’t heard their thoughts from Mars.

Alex and Maggie’s.

Both mostly, if she’s being honest, Maggie’s.

Because she’s more attuned to Maggie’s thought-processes, more attuned to Maggie’s idiosyncracies.

Alex was family, but Maggie was both family and old friend.

So she notices the moment she walks back into the DEO – how deeply in love they are.

When she left, it had had all the trappings of the beginnings of love, the buds, the seeds.

And now?

Now, it nearly defined both of their existences.

“Maggie,” she calls, because she’s drawn to her thoughts, so of course she sees her first.

Maggie rips off Winn’s headset and passes it to Vasquez, giving her quick instructions to keep the EMTs, NCPD, and fire department apprised of where they’re most needed, and she jogs straight into M’gann’s arms.

“I missed you,” she tells her, and god, does she mean it.

“We talked on video just last week,” M’gann contorts, but she hugs her closer, hugs her tighter, all the same.

“Well we don’t all have Martian lifespans and eternal patient,” Maggie teases, and M’gann laughs as she pulls back, as she cups Maggie’s cheeks in her hands.

“You look like you’re holding up,” she says, all the things she has to say, has to ask, about last week, about Rick Malverne and Alex and that damn cage, just barely dripping from the surface of her words.

“I am,” Maggie nods. “I have to be.”
“No, you don’t,” M'gann offers, and Maggie sighs.

“I missed you,” she repeats, and M'gann grins.

“You think very loudly,” she changes the subject, and Maggie blushes.

“I’m sure you think very loudly about a certain DEO Director, too – not mine, yours – it’s not my fault I can’t read minds,” Maggie counters.

“Or that you think loudly.”

“I mean, have you seen her? You’d think loudly too,” Maggie raises her voice slightly so Alex can hear her, so Alex can sidle over to them, a small, somewhat embarrassed but extremely pleased grin on her face. She pulls M'gann into a hug and Maggie positively beams.
Chapter 441

Chapter Summary

“Alex’s reaction to/thoughts during the Kara vs Kal fight?” from @katemac89 and @letlivego “Maggie having to talk Alex down after finding out her sister decided to do that fight to the death thing! Because come one! She was way too calm

It’s nothing she hasn’t seen before.
Her sister being punched. Her sister being kicked.
Her sister being beaten.
But by her cousin?
By someone who matches her strength like this, and possibly even exceeds it?
By someone she loves?
Alex tries not to shudder, because she remembers every moment of trying to kill her sister in that damned kryptonite suit, against her will, against her body, against her soul.
Alex tries not to shudder, and she fails, because she remembers that look on Kara’s face.
That steely determination that knows she cannot let someone she loves win.
That utter despair, that endless agony, of having to hurt someone whose eyes normally show nothing but love for you.
She hates every moment of it, and when Superman falls, Alex isn’t surprised.
She isn’t surprised because that’s her sister, that’s her sister, that’s her sister, and when she runs to her, when she gathers her into her arms, she tells her she has her, because she always, always, always will.
But sometimes, she can’t. Sometimes, she can’t, like when Kara is stupid beyond belief.
Stupid because she accepts a virtual death match with Rhea – not only accepts it, but proposes it, challenges it – and Alex believes in Kara.
Alex believes in Kara more than she’s ever believed in anything or anyone.
But god, please, no.
Alex herself almost died last week.
Not again, not with the roles reversed.
Put Alex back in that cage.
Anything.
Just not Kara.
Not Kara.
Never Kara.

She has no choice – something about ancient tradition and blood oaths and saving the entire planet – but that doesn’t mean she’s alright with it.

She has no choice. But that doesn’t mean she doesn’t find the nearest bathroom and hyperventilate her way through a panic attack.

Her fifth since the tank.

Since Rick Malverne and that credit card and Supergirl is bigger than me.

She doesn’t know how and she doesn’t know when, but suddenly Maggie is there, arms around her from behind, chin resting on her shoulder, hand on her chest between her breasts.

“Breathe into my hand, Ally,” she whispers in her softest bedroom voice, like they’re safe and clean and making love at home instead of on the brink of destruction of filthy and cowering in a DEO bathroom.

Alex lets the fantasy pull her and she does her best to obey. She does her best, but her best – as always – isn’t good enough.

Maggie tries another tactic.

“She’s going to be alright, Alex. She just beat the shit out of a possessed Superman. Kara’s got serious game, Danvers, just like her big sister. She’s a survivor, okay? She’s gonna make it through this. She’s gonna win.”

Alex wracks through a sob and she turns in Maggie’s arms, facing her.

“You can’t know that, Maggie, you can’t – “

“Yes, I do. Just like I knew you were gonna hold on for me last week; just like I knew you were gonna get home safe from that ship with the Cadmus attack; just like you knew J’onn was going to wake up; just like you knew Kara could beat her cousin just now.”

“She’s my little sister, Maggie. She’s just my little sister.”

“She’s not just anything, Danvers. Being your little sister? Means she’s learned a lot about how to be tough. About how to be a fighter. About how to win. Alright, Alex?”

Alex nods slowly and lets Maggie wipe her tears, lets Maggie hold her steady while her body sync back in with itself.

It syncs right back out, though, when she hears Rhea’s voice and Kara’s groans in her earpiece. Telling her about Daxamite blood.

Telling her everything her boyfriend never got around to telling her.

Telling her that her sister needs her, ancient battle rituals or no ancient battle rituals.
Alex taps herself into Kara’s suit communique and she calls to her.

“Kara, it’s me. Don’t respond: I know you have to focus on Rhea. Just listen to me, Kara: you can do this. I believe in you, okay? You told me once that you needed my faith more than that cape. Well you have it, Kara, every moment of every day, do you hear me? I love you, and I can’t lose you, Kara. I know everything hurts right now. I know, and I am so sorry. But I believe in you. The world needs you, and I need my sister. You can do this, Kara. You can – “

The connection shorts out – Rhea must have given Kara a solid hit – and Alex collapses forward onto the command station, weaving her fingers through her hair and waiting through the agony of silence.

She can’t hear it, but up on that roof? Up on that roof, Kara can feel it. Alex’s love coursing through her blood stronger than kryptonite could ever course through Rhea’s.

She grunts, and she braces, and she stops Rhea’s next blow.

Clark was right: love really can get us where we need to go.
There’s no way in hell she’s letting anyone else go with Kara.

And after one look at her face, her boyfriend doesn’t even open his mouth to argue.

She kisses Maggie – kisses her breathless and passionate and desperate, kisses her with tongue and with roaming, solid hands and heady, breathy whispers of I love you – and she doesn’t care who sees.

She kisses her and she tells her she loves her because Clark said he can’t think of a better second for Kara, and neither can she, but still.

They might not come back alive.

So she kisses her and Maggie kisses her back and Clark smiles and averts his eyes politely and Kara clears her throat but she’s smiling, smiling, smiling like it’s the last chance she’s ever going to have, because this might be the last time she sees her sister happy.

But it won’t be. It won’t be.

She won’t allow it.

She will not lose.

Especially not with Alex by her side.

They stare at each other for a long moment once Alex and Maggie disentangle.

“You’ve got this, Little Danvers,” Maggie reminds her from behind, and Kara nods without looking at her, eyes only for her sister.

“Ready?” she asks.

“Am I ever not?” Alex teases without humor, and Kara puts one arm around her sister and flies.

Flies to the roof where she will save the Earth or lose it.

Flies to the roof where she will lose everything or realize that maybe, just maybe, she can have everything.

Because Lena is a part of their team now. Working away with Winn, the detonator – still warm from Lena’s touch – in her pocket.
She can lose everything, or she can have everything.

She squeezes Alex’s hand before she sets her down, Rhea across from them, and she ignores the clenching in her stomach, the rapid beating of Alex’s heart, of her own.

She tries to ignore the way Alex’s heart seizes every time Kara takes a punch, leaps every time she lands one.

She tries to ignore how damn tired her body is, but worse than that?

Worse than that, she tries to ignore how damn tired her heart is.

She’s going to lose.

She’s going to lose, because Rhea is too strong. Rhea is too strong and she’s attacking the city anyway, and she’s targeting children and she’s targeting hospitals and she’s targeting Kara’s very soul.

“I love you, Kara,” is the whisper Alex sends into the breeze, into the electrified air.

And a whisper?

A whisper from her big sister is all she needs.

Because suddenly Kara knows just how right Clark was. About having someone to fight for. To love that much.

She’s known it all along, really, but she’s been so caught up in trying to hang on to her past that she forgot all about her more recent past, about her present, about her future.

With her family. With Alex.

Because suddenly, she’s picturing Alex crawling under the kitchen table to comfort her when she got scared of the popcorn maker.

Suddenly, she’s listening to Alex roll her tongue over Kryptonian syllables, alone in her bed at night, practicing, practicing, so she could talk to Kara in her own language, so she wouldn’t feel so alone. So lost.

Suddenly, she’s on Alex’s couch during Sisters’ Night, and they’re swapping pints of ice cream and fighting over who picks more brownie and cookie dough bits out, and they’re laughing and Kara is safe, and warm, and home.

Home.

This is her home.

And she will defend it.

She catches Rhea’s fist and she pushes it forward, and she knows the fight is over.

She knows the fight is won.

Because she’s fighting for all the right reasons.

And when she embraces Alex as Rhea turns to dust, she sobs, because the last time one of the
Danvers sisters had killed someone on a rooftop, it was Alex, and it was Astra, and it was always happening all over again.

Alex holds her, and she clings to Alex, and sweet relief rinses her exhaustion, because her home – her planet and her sister – are, once again, safe.
Chapter Summary

“Obligatory “holy shit we survived and also engaged” sanvers smut please” from @sandstonesunspear

It’s only after Lena knocks on the door bearing potstickers and leaves with a hungry, cried-out Kara that Alex and Maggie remember.

Remember that they, too, survived.

Remember that they, too, almost died.

That their worlds, too, had torn completely down around them.

The door clicks shut behind Kara and Lena with a sharp sound that resonates through the entire apartment; that resonates in the space between Maggie’s body and Alex’s; in the heat passing between their eyes.

“Maggie,” Alex starts, but it’s a sentence she never intends to finish.

Because before Alex can say anything more, Maggie has locked the door and crossed the room and started kissing her like they’ve never kissed before and never will again.

She kisses her like she’s oxygen and she kisses her like there’s poison in her veins and Alex, Alex, Alex, is the only way to get it out.

“I love you,” Maggie whispers as Alex toys with the hem of her t-shirt on Maggie’s body.

“I love you back,” Alex murmurs into Maggie’s throat, and Maggie tilts her head back to give her better access.

“Please,” she breathes at Alex’s questioning fingers, and Alex moves her mouth away from Maggie’s skin only to give her the room she needs to tear her shirt over her head.

“May I?” she asks, a habit she’s acquiring from Maggie, and Maggie blinks hazily.

“May you what, Al?”

“May I carry you to bed and make love to you until the sun comes up?”

“Look at you, being all romantic, Danvers.”

“Look at you, loving it, Sawyer.”

And she does, she does, god, she does, because Alex’s arms are strong – not as strong as they were a week and a half ago, not as strong as they were before she had to slice into her own skin to try and save her own life, not as strong as they were before she almost drowned – strong enough to carry her with seemingly no effort at all to her bed, their bed, and lay Maggie down, gentle and safe and possessive.
Possessive, because the world tried to take Maggie from her. At the precinct, when she was patrolling the streets with Guardian, when she was evacuating those schools on her way to the DEO to give better intelligence to her units, to the fire department, to the EMT services across National City.

Possessive, because this woman with no superheroes in the family – quite the contrary – and no special weaponry – despite her inexplicable desire for a flash grenade – saved so many lives. Saved her life.

Possessive, because Maggie Sawyer is hers, hers, hers, hers. And no one is ever going to take her away.

“I love you,” she whispers into her chest, right before her mouth closes over Maggie’s already hardened nipple, right before she makes Maggie gasp and moan and grasp at her hair and scratch at her back underneath her shirt.

“Take it off?” Maggie begs, and Alex complies, tossing it over her head, followed by her underwear, to be found in the morning, probably somewhere in the kitchen, where the evidence of their lovemaking will be written all over their bodies, all over the apartment.

Maggie leans up and asks to start marking Alex’s body, all tongue and teeth and eager lips.

“Please,” Alex begs, and Maggie paints portraits of love, of loyalty, of devotion, on her chest, on her neck, on her stomach.

“I love you,” Maggie breathes as she flips Alex over, as she settles between Alex’s legs, as she seeks and receives permission to mark Alex’s inner thighs.

Alex moans and tugs at Maggie’s hair and Maggie screams into her legs and grinds her hips down into the mattress.

“Alexxx,” she whines, and Alex tosses one of her legs over Maggie’s shoulder to give her better access.

And Maggie uses every bit of access Alex gives her, dragging the flat of her tongue across her clit slow and steady and torturous, making sure Alex is desperate and writhing and begging before slipping her fingers inside her – two at a time, just like she knows Alex likes, just like she asks Alex if she wants and Alex just begs louder, begs more ragged, begs more raw, begs more wrecked.

“I love you,” Alex gasps over and over and over, with every exhale, every single exhale, while Maggie licks her, fucks her, cries and worships and prays between her legs.

She can’t cum and she’s not sure why; but she knows she doesn’t need to. Knows because when her body stills because this is perfect, perfect, Maggie is perfect, but her body doesn’t have enough reserves to slam through an orgasm, Maggie knows.

Immediately, Maggie knows.

And she wipes her mouth on her bare shoulder and crawls up Alex’s naked body, kissing every centimeter of her skin along the way.

“I love you, Ally,” she whispers as they’re both drifting to sleep, and she feels Alex’s smile curl up against her face.
Safe and warm and happy. Together.
“Winn had obviously really worried about J’onn so I would love to see you explore some of his daddy issues coming to light and how scared he was to lose J’onn” from @laurarasmith and @youkrazykartoshka “More of Winn and being stoked about Superman and Papa Bear Space Dad!”

At least when he sits by J’onn’s bedside all night, he’s not alone.

Because James’s father was wonderful, but James’s father is dead, and he stops by to make sure Winn eats, and he stops by to ask for updates her knows aren’t there and stays in silence and keeps his hand on Winn’s thigh.

Because Alex’s father tried to commit genocide in her name, and she falls asleep on Winn’s shoulder, her hand holding J’onn’s.

Because Kara’s father designed a virus that could kill an entire species – again with the genocide – and he evaporated along with the rest of her entire life, and she brings Winn and Alex and James blankets and settles in next to them to sleep.

Because Maggie’s father decided his daughter’s survival was less important than his comfort, and he disowned her on the spot when she was still a child, and she curls onto Alex’s lap and Alex, even in her sleep, strokes Maggie’s hair gently.

So at least he’s not alone when he sits at J’onn’s bedside all night, in those small moments where they can all catch the minimum amount of sleep that they need to keep functioning, to keep fighting.

He’s not alone, but god, is he still scared.

Scared because for the first time in his life – well, his life After, as he calls it in his head – he is part of a family.

Part of a family that loves him, being fathered by a man whose version of manhood doesn’t make Winn’s feel smaller or less important, whose importance and esteem doesn’t rest on bottled up rage, but on carefully savored memories and wisdoms.

Part of a family that believes in him. That comes back for him, every time. That accepts him, video games and fear of yelling and inability to use guns and all.

Accepts him for more than what they can get from him: a family that accepts him, that loves him, just for… him.

J’onn doesn’t need Winn to be like him.

He just needs him to be himself.

And Winn’s never had that. Never had any of this.
And it terrifies him, because if J’onn doesn’t pull through… he shudders, and he stirs the entire crew.

Alex shifts and kisses his shoulder sloppily. “He’s gonna be mmkay, Winn,” she murmurs groggily, because she has to believe it, she has to, she has to, she has to.

Maggie stirs harder at the sound of her girlfriend’s voice, and she burrows her head deeper into Alex’s lap. “I la you, bae,” she mutters, and Alex smiles and sighs happily, and Winn decides he should encourage them to sleep talk more often, because maybe, just maybe, then they won’t be able to scare him senseless anymore.

But the way they scare him? For fun, in love? Always in ways that they check in with him about? He can’t lose that. Can’t lose any of this. And losing J’onn? Would be losing this.

They all jolt awake when proximity sensors start to blare, all jolt awake and murmur recovery wishes and love to J’onn, and scatter out of the room, to their own respective war roles.

And he does his surprisingly well.

He saves the world with Lena Luthor, and he knows everything would be empty if he didn’t have his Space Dad, his Papa Bear – J’onn would probably kill him, or at least fire him on the spot, if he heard his nicknames for him – to be proud of him.

And when he sees him, walking and himself and awake and conscious and healthy and alive, god, alive, it’s even better than seeing Superman.

And he runs; he can’t help it.

And he calls him Papa Bear; he can’t help it.

And he throws himself into J’onn’s arms; he can’t help it.

Just like he can’t help it later that night.

Later that night when Alex and Maggie took Kara home, and everyone else was trying to get some much needed sleep.

Trying and failing.

James is his first phone call.

J’onn is his second.

They agree, all of them, that tonight is a night to be together.

They converge on Alex’s apartment, expecting to find a weepy Kara and a lot of potstickers.

They find potsticker containers, but no Kara. Just a very naked, very entangled Alex and Maggie, asleep on Alex’s bed.

“Whoa!” Winn cries involuntarily, and he’s staring down Alex’s alien ray gun before he can blink. M’gann snorts and James studiously examines the ceiling.

“What the hell, guys?” Alex lowers her gun, and J’onn crosses his arms and averts his eyes, suddenly finding one of Maggie’s bonsai trees the most fascinating creature on the planet.
“I told you we should call them first,” he says, perhaps to the little tree, and James and Winn toss up their arms in belated agreement.

“Toss me my shirt, would you, Schott?” Alex asks, a sleepy snicker in her voice, and Winn tries to do it with his eyes closed. He misses by a long shot, and turns fully around when Alex groans and pads across her room to get it – and to collect Maggie’s shirt and underwear.

“Okay,” she calls. “Now what the hell are you guys doing here?”

“We thought Kara came home with you guys. We thought the gang would all be here.”

“She was, but Lena came to pick her up,” Maggie tells them, cobwebs still in her voice.

“I did, and now we’re back,” a new voice announces from the doorway, and Lena and Kara step inside. “We had a soothing evening, but she missed her sister. And, it seems, so did everyone.”

“Ms. Luthor,” J’onn greets, politely nodding as his girlfriend and his children try not to laugh at who won which bet about when Kara and Lena would finally get together. “Thank you for your invaluable role in saving the world.”

“The pleasure was mine, sir,” she inclines her head, and Kara beams, but tiredly.

“Can we sleep?” she says, and Alex and Maggie both immediately pat the bed between them.

Lena raises her eyebrows. “Kara stays here whenever she has nightmares, or when there’s a thunderstorm,” Maggie explains, and Lena smiles sympathetically, adoringly, at Kara.

“Okay, so Kara and Lena and James and Winn, we can all fit on the bed if you boys go sideways on the bottom,” Alex instructs, and M’gann grins.

“Got her trained in strategic tactics even in the bedroom,” she murmurs to J’onn, who groans through a grin.

“I’m not commenting on that,” Maggie chimes, face the picture of innocence, and Alex and Kara both blush deeply.

“And Papa Bear and M’gann – not sure if you’re comfortable being Mama Bear – “

“No one ever said I was comfortable with Papa Bear, Mr. Schott.”

“I know, J’onn, but I’m sorry, that’s just who you are! Our space parents – is that better? – can get the pullout couch! Just like a real family sleepover! Like with a real family!”

Maggie kisses Alex, Lena squeezes Kara’s hand, and J’onn covers Winn’s shoulders with his hands.

“It’s like a real family because we are a real family, Winn,” he tells him, and they all sleep the better for it.
anonymous asked:
Hey, so I'm from near Manchester, and the confirmed deceased girl was from my college. I could really use a pick me up right now, so anything fluffy and happy would be appreciated.

Gertrude Danvers, everyone.

He giggles when he sees her, and Alex arches an eyebrow but says nothing.

He hides his grin behind his hands, pretending to scratch at his five o’clock shadow. Pretending to be the picture of innocence.

Alex ignores it.

Winn often has his little jokes with himself, in his head, and it probably is a coincidence that he started laughing when he saw her.

But then James does it when he walks in.
And Kara.
And J’onn.

“Okay, what the hell?” Alex wants to know, because there is no fiber of her being that feels insecure with these people – with this family – so it doesn’t even occur to her that they’re making fun of her.

But it does occur to her that something’s going on that she doesn’t know about.

Something that’s making them all giggle in anticipation.

Something that’s making them all squirm and glance at their watches, their phones.

Something that makes them look up with eager grins instead of confused surprise when the crisp, excited sound of a dog barking echoes through the DEO hallways.

“What the…” she asks, and she turns, and Kara is squealing with her hands behind her mouth and Winn is reaching into his desk for the massive chew toy he bought last weekend and James is snapping photos and J’onn is watching his children with barely-concealed delight.

Alex turns, and she falls to one knee, and tears spring to her eyes, because she and Maggie have been talking about it.

They’d been talking about it a lot.

About getting a dog. Naming them Gertrude.
About getting a dog, a huskie, an adopted puppy, to love, to parent, to go on adventures with.

Together.

A family.

They’d been talking about it a lot, and now Maggie’s dimples are on full display, and now an extremely tiny, extremely fluffy huskie is running right at Alex, leaping up and licking her face, tail wagging, tongue panting, face smiling.

“Gertrude Danvers must already know you since your scent is all over me,” Maggie beams as Alex forgets where she is, forgets that she commands the soldiers around her in battle, in war, only knowing that her girlfriend loves her, that her girlfriend wants a family with her, that this little angel is their first dog in their lifetime of firsts.

“Danvers?” Alex asks, her voice cracking over Gertrude’s fur, looking up at Maggie through tear-stained eyes.

Maggie squats back on her haunches in front of Alex, adding her hands to the mix, together their hands covering Gertrude’s entire excited body.

“I figured they should have your last name,” Maggie says, and it’s soft, and it’s vulnerable, and it’s I love you, I love you, I love you. “Since I’ll probably want to have it one day, too. If you’d let me, you know. If you’d want me to.”

Alex forgets how to breathe. She forgets how to do anything but smile into Maggie’s lips, anything but kiss her until neither of them can feel anything else.

Nothing else, that is, except for the small critter leaping up to their faces, tongue out and eager, trying to get in on the love.

They laugh as they pull back from their kiss, and Winn and Kara can’t contain themselves anymore.

“Can we meet them? Please please please?”

“I bought them a chew toy!”

“Come down here, you two.”

James laughs while he snaps photos, while Winn and Kara drag a faux-resistant-looking J’onn down to meet Gertrude.

“They are rather – “

“Adorable?”

“Fluffy?”

“Perfect?”

“The cutest little puppy ever to puppy?”

“Endearing,” J’onn grins, and his children laugh while his grandchild yips. “And they couldn’t have better parents.”
Chapter 446

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Prompt: Alex being embarrassed about asking for something in bed. Maggie being the soft reassuring girlfriend she is

She told Kara she’s been… thinking… about Maggie.

A lot.

And she has been.

Thinking about her smile and the way she tries to look cocky when she’s shooting pool; the way she’s tough – so damn tough – but she never seems to mind losing to Alex.

Thinking about how quickly she gets leads, how brilliantly she deduces means, motive, and method.

Thinking about her lips, how those jeans fit her as she bent over to line up a shot at the pool table last night, how close they had been when they clinked beer bottles in salute to them, to life, to being alive one more day.

Thinking about what Maggie might look like with her clothes off, thinking about how those lips might taste, thinking about what it would be like to touch her hair, to undress her, to be skin to skin with her, to make her scream.

And now? Now that she’s kissed her, been rejected, been sought out, been kissed… now that she has a girlfriend – she still can’t believe she has a girlfriend – Alex keeps thinking.

Keeps thinking, and sometimes, amazingly – doing.

Because kissing has turned to making out, and making out has brought hands under shirts and mouths to exposed throats and desperate, breathy gasps of the other’s name out of panting, parted lips.

She and Maggie agreed early on – at Maggie’s soft but firm urging – to take things slowly, and they have been, they have been – it’s been hard, it’s almost been impossible, but they have been – but god, that doesn’t stop Alex from thinking.

Thinking about sex, and eventually, experiencing it.

Soft and slow and something akin to reverent, eyes locked into eyes and fingers interlaced and soft moans of the other’s name instead of sharp screams of curses.

And god, Alex Danvers loves having sex with Maggie Sawyer. Letting Maggie make love to her. Making love to Maggie. With her.

But still, she thinks.
And, more often than not, she’s embarrassed by what she thinks.

Maggie tells her she shouldn’t be. They talk about everything before they do it – Maggie is never anything if not careful with Alex – and Maggie has those soft, penetrating eyes that Alex is pretty certain would never judge her, would never laugh at her in a mean way.

But still.

Sometimes she’s embarrassed by what she thinks.

Because she’s new to the whole experience of enjoying intimacy, and the things they’re already doing are so powerfully intimate; so too are the things Alex wants to do. The things Alex is afraid to ask for.

Because Alex thinks about Maggie holding her down. Maggie tying her down. Maggie leaving marks all across her chest with her lips, her tongue, her teeth. Maggie blindfolding her and gagging her and fucking her hard and silent until the only sound is the connection of their bodies and Maggie’s ragged breath.

She thinks about it, but even though Maggie tells her she can ask anything, ask for anything, she doesn’t quite know how to.

So the next time Maggie’s on top of her, panting and eager and wanting her – Alex still can’t quite believe that this woman wants her, or hell, that she wants Maggie back – she thinks her thoughts and her thoughts turn her on so hard that she freezes.

“Al, you good? Did I hurt you?” Maggie stops immediately, hoisting herself up on her hands so she’s not keeping her weight on Alex, her eyes scanning Alex’s face, Alex’s body, for signs of pain or fear.

“No, no, I just um… You know what, never mind, can you um… can you go back to kissing me? The kissing was good.”

Maggie smiles irrepressibly, because god is her nerd perfect.

“Mmmm, I agree, Danvers,” she murmurs before lowering herself carefully back down on Alex’s body, but when their lips connect, when the weight of Maggie’s body covers her own, Alex thinks again, and Alex hisses.

And Maggie stops.

“Babe?”

Alex heaves a frustrated sigh and Maggie fights down a panic attack. “It’s nothing, Maggie, I told you, we can keep going – “

“Alex, I don’t want to keep going if you’re only doing this for me – “

“I’m not, I don’t want to stop, I just… I want… I want something… more.” She doesn’t look up at her and she chews on her bottom lip and she fights to keep down tears, because she’s not used to asking for something she wants. And she’s certainly not used to asking for something this… intimate.

But Maggie’s eyes immediately soften, all her defensiveness, all her fear, evaporated with Alex’s admission. She shifts her weight onto one hand and strokes Alex’s cheek with the other.
“It’s okay to want something more, Danvers. You can ask me for anything, I’ve told you. If I don’t like what you’re suggesting, or I’m not in the mood for it right now, I’ll let you know. But nothing you want is bad, Alex. You’re not bad for wanting anything that you want, and I like that you’re asking, it’s hot, I – “

“I want you to tie me down, or cuff me down, whatever, and I want you to blindfold me and I want you to gag me and I want you to fuck me really, really hard while… all the… all that… is happening.”

She runs out of gas, out of courage, halfway through her blurted question, and she lowers her chin to her chest so she can’t see Maggie’s face, and she wishes, she wishes, she wishes she hadn’t said anything.

But then Maggie’s gentle finger is under her chin. “Alex, look at me. Please?"

Alex lets Maggie tilt her face back up, her eyes wide and scared and full of tears, but Maggie? Maggie’s smile is soft and understanding, with just the right dash of wrecked.

“Thank you for telling me what you want, Alex.”

Alex fights to hold Maggie’s eyes, to not look away.

“And what do you want?”

“What do you just said?”

Alex nods, tearful and afraid and on just this side of mortified.

Maggie bites her lip and shifts her hips slightly and takes a long, slow breath. “I would absolutely love to share all that with you, Alex. To do all that with you.”

“Now?” Alex rasps, almost timid, waves of embarrassment fading out as waves of arousal crash back in.

“Can we build up to it? I don’t wanna move too fast.”

Alex nods immediately, reaching up to stroke Maggie’s hair, to kiss her lips soft and chaste and grateful.

“But I uh… I don’t want you to stop telling me fantasies. If you have more, I mean.”

“I’ll tell you more of mine if you tell me some of yours, Sawyer.”

Maggie’s breath hitches and she wonders for a moment how a woman with this kind of darkness, this kind of light, in her eyes could ever possibly want her, care for her, be laying underneath her, so open and so vulnerable and so trusting.

“Deal,” she whispers, grateful the night is only just beginning.
Chapter 447

Chapter Summary

tjqueenxoxo asked:
Me again this is a promp (if you'd like): Maggie and Alex are getting physical in a supply room at the DEO and the whole crew hears alex screams and when they're finished she just walk out awkwardly and id love you forever if you could throw in a Line where Winn make a comment about alex doing things with her finger (referencing that scene where she says she could get him 2 talk painfully in different ways with her finger) Tnx luv u bye mum

Vasquez turns off the security cameras for them periodically.

Alex couldn’t be more grateful.

Unfortunately, Alex also couldn’t be more loud.

Maggie tries – whenever they’re getting physical in public spaces (which, it seems, Alex can’t get enough of, and neither, quite frankly, can Maggie) – to keep Alex quiet.

Kissing her mouth, swallowing her screams, while she palms her breast under her shirt, pumps her other hand under Alex’s boxers.

And sometimes – always with Alex’s eager nods, always with Alex’s desperate okays, always with Alex’s needy begging – Maggie puts her hand over Alex’s mouth while Maggie occupies her mouth with licking and sucking at her nipple under Alex’s yanked up shirt, her pushed-aside bra.

Maggie’s hand cupped over Alex’s mouth is meant to keep her quiet. Meant to keep them subtle. Meant to keep them somewhat low-key.

But it’s also meant – of course it’s meant – to turn Alex on even harder, and god, does it work.

So when Alex screams through her orgasms, helpless and writhing and all over Maggie’s lips on her breast, all over Maggie’s thigh between her leg, it’s against Maggie’s firm hand covering her mouth.

But the sound of Maggie’s name pours through Maggie’s skin, between the gaps in her fingers, and resonates down the hall and into the command center.

Vasquez smirks and Winn covers his ears and J’onn mutters something about it being bad enough how loudly his daughter thinks and Pam from HR groans because how many times has she lectured them about sex in the workplace?

Alex’s uniform is – for the most part – properly arranged when they stride, flying casual, back into the command center a few minutes later, and Maggie’s hair is – for the most part – in place, though the agents who are distinctly not looking at their commanding officer and her girlfriend could swear her hair was up in a ponytail, not loose around her shoulders, when she and Agent Danvers strode off to “access some archived case files.”
“Sounds like you’re not the only one who knows at least six different ways to make someone scream with their index finger, Alex,” Winn splurts before he sprints away from Alex’s wide eyes and Maggie’s dropped jaw.

“It wasn’t even my index finger, though,” Maggie murmurs when she remembers how to speak again, and Alex blushes an even deeper shape of red.

“Agent Danvers, you’d better go find your brother: he can’t be hiding from your inevitable revenge in a corner all day, he has work to get done.”

“Yes sir,” Alex nods crisply, and Maggie starts to follow.

“And leave Detective Sawyer here. I’m always happy when you are, Alex, but my ears have had quite enough for one morning.”
Chapter 448

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
I've been thinking: if Alex (finally) was introduced to the STAR Labs people, since Kara most likely talks Alex up a lot, Barry and Cisco and Caitlin and everyone are all nervous to meet her because she's this super badass secret agent, right? What could they possibly have to talk about? And then Alex mentions that she was recruited as a bioengineer, and Caitlin gets excited because she has someone to talk bio stuff with! Could you maybe fic this? I just want the science nerds to hang out! :)

Kara talks about her sister.

A lot.

Her big sister who protects her, who can take down nine foot aliens alone and with her bare hands and with a gaping wound in her side, who is incredible at pool and who drove all the way back to Midvale from college on her motorcycle to punch out a high school senior who was tormenting Kara about her glasses.

Kara talks about her sister every opportunity she gets.

She even surmises that her big sister would stand a chance against Oliver Queen.

It’s that, almost more than anything, that sends a shiver down Barry’s spine, that makes Cisco’s eyes fly wide, that makes Caitlin arch an eyebrow and bite her lip slightly, that makes Iris grin, because of course Supergirl’s big sister is a superhero, too.

So when she brings her sister and her sister’s girlfriend – because “she’s gay now – I mean, I guess she’s always been gay, a lesbian, but she’s just coming out now, and she has a girlfriend now, and you should meet her, too – Maggie, her name is, Maggie Sawyer – she’s a cop, like your dad, Iris, they’ll probably have a lot to talk about, can he come to dinner with us?” – to Earth-1 to meet the S.T.A.R. Labs crew, they’re all a little bit… nervous.

Nervous, because their brand of superheroing is Star Wars jokes and Back to the Future gags. Nervous, because Iris can handle a gun as well as anyone, but none of them are… soldiers.

And Alex Danvers?

Alex Danvers sounds like one hell of an intense soldier.

Cisco slaps Barry five when his portal works on the first try and Kara steps through, Alex and Maggie in tow. Maggie grins at their excitement, and Alex arches an eyebrow.

“Barry Allen. The man who thought it was a good idea to bring my sister to another universe to fight off an entire alien invasion for you without backup from her sister whose job it is to protect our earth from alien invasions.”

Caitlin and Iris smirk and Cisco rapidly turns his snort into a cough.
“Alex Danvers,” Barry nearly squeaks. “The woman who could probably separate me from important organs if I even try to do anything but apologize and assure her that it won’t happen again.”

“Whipped already, Barry,” Cisco whispers, and Maggie nods at him.

“You should see what she does to the boys back home,” she murmurs to him as she takes Alex’s arm and leans up to kiss her cheek. “Take it easy, Danvers, we’re here to make friends, hm?”

Alex melts and Barry relaxes slightly, grinning at the way this solid, steady woman melts at her girlfriend’s touch.

“So,” Kara bounces on the balls of her feet, “now that Alex has that out of her system, everyone, this is my sister, Alex, and her girlfriend, Maggie. Guys, this is Cisco Ramon – ”

“Pleasure, ladies.”

“Barry Allen – “

“But you already knew that.”

“Iris West, a reporter, like me, and a darn good one!”

“Aww, Kara, thank you!”

“And Caitlin Snow, genius doctor extraordinaire! Alex is a doctor, too, Caitlin – “

“Oh, really? Kara talks so much about you, Alex, but she never mentioned – “

“Yeah, bioengineering – “

“God, are you Kara’s doctor? Don’t mean to talk about you like a science experiment, Kara, but your body’s response to Earth’s sun – “

“No, please, have at it, you two.”

“Nerds.”

“You say that like you’re not a nerd, Maggie.”

“Ohhh,” Iris winks, stepping forward as Caitlin takes Alex by the arm and guides her to her lab, both of them babbling at top speed about regenerative capabilities and harnessing phenomena in physics to influence biological realities. “What brand of nerd are you? The Cisco type nerd, or the Barry type nerd?”

“The difference being?” Maggie wants to know, and Kara and Iris laugh simultaneously.

“Forensics nerd,” Iris points to Barry.

“Winn-type nerd,” Kara points to Cisco.

Maggie’s eyes fly wide. “I might be both,” she leans in, and Barry and Cisco high-five.

Kara and Iris roll their eyes and lean into each other, content and peaceful and so, so proud, as their families start to laugh, start to geek out together, start to merge.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Sorry to bother you, it just that im having a rough day and was just wondering if you
could write a little drabble of maggie helping nb! Alex through a rough dysphoria day?

She knows the moment she steps out of the bathroom, teeth freshly brushed, and looks at them.
The way they’re frozen at their drawers, staring in at the tank tops and sweaters and jeans, shit,
their jeans.

Because half their jeans are tight as sin and the others – the newer ones, the ones they’ve started
acquiring since coming out – are looser, thicker material, lighter colors.

Because Alex is standing in boy shorts and a lacey bra, and they’re frozen.

“Hey sweetie,” Maggie offers softly, softly, gingerly avoiding beautiful or handsome, because this
happened last weekend when they went to a new club and this happened the week before when
they were seeing Adrian for the first time since coming out.

Alex nods but doesn’t turn around. Can’t turn around.

“Need some help?” Maggie asks, like she’s offering Alex coffee, not help picking clothes, not help
stemming the spiral of panic, not help breaking the cascade of terror, of is this real am I real I’m
twenty-nine years old shouldn’t I just be able to get dressed in the morning.

“No,” Alex snaps, and Maggie nods with a tilted head and pursed lips.

“Danvers,” she starts.

“I’m sorry,” Alex turns around, tears in their eyes and real remorse on their face. “I’m sorry,
Maggie, you didn’t deserve that, I just…”

Maggie crosses the room and offers her hands out to Alex, who nods and Maggie touches their
arms. Alex immediately relaxes.

“Having trouble figuring out how to represent yourself today?” Maggie offers a small smile, and
Alex’s face burns while they nod.

“That’s okay, it’s hard.”

Alex’s heart floods and they nod again, biting the inside of their cheek.

“I’m gonna see people I haven’t really seen since I came out today. In the locker room at work.
They’re back from this mission in London. And I don’t want them to think I’m not… J’onn made
sure everyone knows about my… my pronouns… but I don’t want anyone to think… it’s not real,
or it’s about me being gay, or something…”
“Well, if they thought that, they’d be wrong. Because you are real, Alex. So real. And you’re perfect.”

“And you’re biased because you love me,” Alex protests, and Maggie giggles and leans up to kiss their nose.

“Mmmm, that I do, Danvers. But I’m also 100% accurate. At all times, as you well know.”

Alex rolls their eyes with a watery smile and shakes their head.

“I want to bind because I’m gonna see everyone, or more specifically, they’re gonna see me, so I want to bind. I have to bind, but I feel girly, but if I bind I can’t be girly, but if I don’t bind I’ll freak out because they’ll only see what my body’s giving them, which is boobs and a girl, but I’m not a girl, and I just—”

Alex’s voice breaks and Maggie’s heart does along with it, but she nods and she waits to see if Alex has spiraled themself out before saying anything.

“You’re not a girl, Alex, you’re right. You know what you are? You are Alex Danvers; you’re a badass and you’re the most incredible partner I’ve ever had or ever will have, and you’re sexy as all get out, whether you’re in your binder or flipping lingerie. But you can be girly while you’re binding, babe, you know. Maybe a henley with your binder and tight jeans? Or you can say fuck what you think they might see and wear the most low cut shirt in your arsenal if that’s what you’re feeling. Whatever you want, Alex.”

Alex snorts through shaky tears. “My arsenal.”

“I mean hey, binding or lace bra-ing, your perfect outfits with that perfect body can kill a person, Danvers. Seriously.”

“I’m not doing this wrong?”

Maggie shakes her head and runs her thumbs across Alex’s cheeks.

“Al, you can’t possibly be yourself the wrong way. And you? You’re the person I am wildly in love with. No matter how many times you have to change in the morning to figure out what feels good today.”

“Even if I have to take a stupid anti-anxiety pill to do it?”

“Even then, Danvers. Even always, how about that?”

Alex lowers their forehead to Maggie’s and breathes Maggie’s breath into their lungs.

“Always doesn’t sound too bad.”
lookintoyourgalaxyheart asked:
Okay I have a headcanon that Alex plays the drums/ukulele/both because Drums = punk rock phase Ukulele = badass DEO agent with tiny ukulele? Yes. Plus they'd give her thousands of gay points, I mean, Alex with a bandana on her head, sweating, playing drums? Maggie would spontaneously combust

Maggie knows that Winn can sing.
She knows that Kara can sing.
Hell, she knows that Alex can sing.

What she doesn’t know?

What she doesn’t know is that Vasquez is wicked on an electric guitar, and that Alex?

Alex is just as intense, just as singularly focused, slamming on a set of drums as she is taking shots at bad guys during the day, as she is fucking Maggie during the night.

So when Winn tells Maggie she absolutely has to show up at the bar on Friday night because who wouldn’t want to see a bunch of secret agents in a band, Maggie expects some cute little duets from Winn and Kara and some dorky, adorable harmonies from her girlfriend.

She doesn’t expect to find Alex with a red bandanna on her head, eyes fixed and focused, ribbed tank top fitted and showing off just the right amount of skin, just the right amount of twitching, corded arm muscles, banging out intricate rhythms behind Winn’s voice, behind Kara’s voice, in tandem with Vasquez’s guitar and Yve’s bass.

Her jaw hits the floor and she thinks vaguely that she might be in danger of drooling – she’s a little late to the show, and Alex has already started to sweat, staining the edges of her bandanna, highlighting the contours of her arms just right – and she hears Brian chuckling next to her.

“Not every day you get to see a fine woman like that lose control while keeping perfect control on a drum set, is it, Detective?” he asks, his eyes just as fixed on Alex as hers.

“What would you like to see this fine woman lose control while keeping perfect control on your face, Brian?” Maggie asks, without so much as turning to look at him, and he laughs. Maggie has protected him too many times, gotten him out of too many scrapes, to be intimidated by her tough stance, her dismissive words.

“Enjoy, Detective,” he grins as he heads back to the bar for another drink, and god, for once, she listens to him.

Because she’s forgotten about Kara and she’s forgotten about Winn, and she’ll have to pay attention to them, Vasquez, and Yve later – because everyone will want to know what she thought – but all she can think right now is Alex, Alex, fuck, fuck, fuck me, Alex.
And apparently, Alex is thinking along the same lines. Because when they finish their set with a perfect, sexy as all hell flourish from their drummer – god, god, her woman is a fucking drummer – Alex hops down from the makeshift stage right to Maggie, right to slinging her arm around her, right to a slightly breathless grin, a very breathless kiss.

“What’d you think?” she wants to know, but her eyes tell Maggie that Alex already knows.

“I think I need you to take me home as soon as humanly possible,” Maggie breathes, and Alex grins, because that’s exactly what she’s been planning on doing.
First Scene of Supergirl Season Three
needs to go something like this (of course it won’t but hey listen, that’s why we have
fan fic and hiatuses to amuse ourselves with. Also disclaimer this was entirely for
kicks and giggles and far from my best writing, so just have as much fun and
amusement with it as I did and we’ll all be okay).

[camera pans over National City; sunrise with soft jazzy music and the sounds of two women softly
– not pornographically [this is an episode, not my fics, damnit] – moaning and whispering each
other’s names]

[camera sweeps into Alex Danvers’s surprisingly well-lit bedroom, finding clothes all over the
floor and Alex laying on top of Maggie, blanket over them both but showing enough to know that
they’re not exactly dressed and ready for the day. They’re both smiling as they make out
passionately, but soft and slow and somewhat sleepily]

Alex: I love you, Maggie Sawyer.

Maggie: [sighing deeply into their kiss, one hand in Alex’s somehow redder, somehow curlier,
hair, one hand under the covers on Alex’s waist] I love you too, Alex Danvers –

[a sharp, eager rap on the door. Both women laugh and groan at the same time, Alex putting her
forehead down to touch Maggie’.]

Maggie: And I love your sister, Danvers, but can’t she just meet you at Noonan’s instead of uh –

Kara [from outside the door]: I can hear and see the both of you, you know.

Alex [laughing as she kisses Maggie again and tosses on a long t-shirt, since Maggie’s stolen most
of her regular-sized ones, and a pair of jeans and boots]: Why do you even bother knocking then,
Kara?

Kara [enters the apartment with her hand over her squeezed-shut eyes and in my mind there’s a
studio audience cheering her arrival okay getting out of genre now whoopsadasie]: It’s faster to fly
her there, Maggie, you know what traffic’s been like since the invasion.

Maggie [a t-shirt freshly on, pulling her hair back into a ponytail and touching the small of Alex’s
back as she strides to hug Kara good morning]: That I do. In that case, no chance you want to drop
me off at the precinct, is there?

Kara and Alex [together, both beaming]: It’s a sister thing!

Maggie [beaming back at her Danvers girls as she tugs on jeans and boots, grabbing her gun and a
banana from the counter]: I know it is, I’m just teasing. But babe, I am late, I gotta go. See you
both tonight at James’s, right?

Kara: Game Night is back!
Alex: Yesss.

Maggie [softly]: I love you, Ally.

[They kiss with enthusiasm, and Kara diligently looks anywhere other than her sister and Maggie, but she’s smiling. As Alex says she loves Maggie too and touches her face one more time before Maggie leaves, we may get a glimpse of something shiny on her left hand, but we’re left tantalizingly unsure]

Kara [as Maggie leaves through the door and Kara and Alex head for the window]: All these months and you still look struck with a love ray every time.

Alex [clearly pleased]: Pfft. Love ray.

[Kara scoops her up with one arm and they fly to Noonan’s, re-establishing Season One patterns of interaction and pacing and a little thing called emphasis on the Danvers Sisters]
Cheryl 452

Chapter Summary

@charis-chan wrote “Can we get Maggie telling Alex she won’t leave but leaves anyway? Cause right now I need to remember that Kara will always be there for Alex and I kinda need that little nudge to finally cry.”

Alex panics – of course she panics – because Kara told her to never let Maggie go, because she almost died and they were supposed to have a lifetime of firsts, and then she went and blurted out the assertion that Maggie should marry her, and it’s typical of Alex, really – becoming a soldier for a man who made her DWI disappear and told her she was special, grabbing Maggie by the forearm and kissing her, hearing that her sister will meet her outside and leaping off of a roof – it’s typical, but god, god, god, now she’s panicking.

She’s panicking because Maggie smiled and Maggie said they’ll talk about it and Maggie keeps reminding her that she loves her, and Maggie keeps telling her that she won’t leave, but Maggie also won’t say yes.

She won’t say no, either.

“So you don’t want to marry me?”

“Of course I do, Alex, I just… I don’t even know what marriage means to you, or to me. But I… I want to figure it out, together, okay? I’m not going anywhere. Okay? A lifetime of firsts, okay?”

Well, maybe it’s the bourbon talking, but Alex could swear they already had their first rejections – Maggie rejecting Alex’s kiss, then Alex rejecting Maggie’s friendship – yet she can’t help but feel a second coming on.

A second rejection.

A more permanent rejection.

Because Maggie is, if anything, making love to her more fervently than ever.

She’s cooking her more meals and she’s taking her on more dates and she’s loving her harder, loving her deeper, loving her even better.

Which Alex didn’t think was possible. But Alex is panicking, hard, because Maggie’s eyes are also red more often. Her breath takes longer – hours, sometimes – to even out in the bed next to Alex at night, and some nights, most nights, Alex isn’t even sure Maggie falls asleep at all.

“You can talk to me, Maggie,” she keeps trying to remind her, but Maggie will shake her head, and Maggie will give her a small smile.

An it’s whatever smile.

It most certainly is not whatever.
But Maggie Sawyer was never one to share her thought processes, her pain. Her agony.

And she was starting to, maybe.

Starting to, because she told Alex that Alex isn’t supposed to run when bad things happen, because there are always bad things happening in their lines of work.

Starting to, because she loves her. God, she loves her like she’s never loved anyone else.

But she can’t love her – not fully, not yet, not the way she wants to, not the way that Alex deserves to be loved – because the core of her love for Alex is self-loathing. A constant, gnawing sense that she doesn’t deserve her. That she’ll take their lifetimes of firsts and blow it up.

Like she did with Eliza. Like she did with her parents. Like she did with Emily.

She tells her she won’t leave, but one day, she packs her bags. She packs her bags and she kisses her hard and soft and grateful and sorry and loving and hating and needy and broken, all at the same time.

She tells her she won’t leave, but one day, she kisses her and she rides off on her Triumph with a promise to text and to call, when they’re ready. If they’re ready. If Alex still wants to – wants her – once she’s explored herself more, explored her other options more. Once Maggie learns to love herself a little better. A lot better.

She tells her she won’t leave, but one day, Alex breaks in her little sister’s arms.

She breaks and she screams and she kicks and she hits at Kara’s chest, her arms, her shoulders, and she sobes until she can’t breathe, sobes until she hiccups and curses and hits some more.

Sobs until the remnants of Maggie’s name are shards stuck in her tongue, are tears streaked all across her face, is snot dripped all over Kara’s shirt.

“I am so proud of you,” is all Kara whispers, over and over and over.

“I am so proud of you, Alex,” she tells her without stop, without pause, without hesitation.

“I’m here, I’m here, I’m here.”

“Maggie said – “

“Shhh, I know. I know she did, Alex. But I’m your sister. I’m your sister, and you’re my best friend, and I will always, always have you, just like you always, always have me. I got you, okay? Just like you’ve always got me.”

“Kara,” Alex breaks again, her sister’s name a balm in her throat.

“I love you, Alex. I love you, I love you, and I am so, so proud of you.”
prompt from @sanvers-cuddles “Idk I’m just so hurt, so maybe something about Maggie wanting to run but Alex being there for her and idk just something happy. I’m too broken for anything else” (it’s angsty, as per your prompt, but I promise it has a happy ending and is super, super soft!!!) and @obsessivesarcasticgayliving “Reassurance that it’s ok to take care of yourself first and that the world won’t end because you do, and the people that you didn’t help right away are still going to be ok.”

She’s on the drunk side of tipsy when Alex’s key scrapes her apartment door.

She’s on the drunk side of tipsy and the bottle of scotch is next to her like a water bottle and her wrists are wrapped and she’s slamming into her heavy bag with old school Linkin Park slamming in her eardrums, in her walls, in her bones.

Alex doesn’t ask, and she doesn’t interrupt.

But she does close the bottle of scotch and replace it with a glass of water. Maggie glances at her and maybe glares slightly, but she goes back to her punch combinations, her switch kicks, her keeping on her toes and cascading her emotional pain into physical pain.

Alex sits silently on the couch, and Alex watches.

“Rotate your hips more on that last combination, Sawyer,” she observes after a few long minutes, shouting slightly to be heard over the music.

“I don’t need DEO tips, Danvers,” Maggie parries before slamming everything she has into the bag for a solid thirty seconds, grunting in frustration and exertion and pent-up rage being let loose, her cool being let out of its carefully sealed container. She switches off the music and looks around for what Alex did with the scotch bottle futilely before shrugging and chugging the water.

“Good workout?” Alex asks, and Maggie grunts something unintelligible as she pants her way to the sink for more water.

“Tough day?”

“Doesn’t matter, Danvers. How was yours? Heard one of your old nemeses came back, one of the former Fort Rozz prisoners?”

Alex shrugs. “Wasn’t a bad fight. Kara handled him easily. What about you?”

“What about me, Alex?”

“Are you going to tell me – “

“No! You know what, no, I’m not, because you know what, Alex, it never changes anything. Telling you about my parents? They still hate me, but you know what it did do? Made me think
about it more, made me feel it again. Telling you about Emily? I’m still an asshole, but you know what it did do? Make me remember what a runner I am, made me realize I haven’t changed all that much, that I still can’t trust people, I still can’t – “

“Did you cheat on me?” Alex stands, her voice low and soft and just this side of broken.

“What? No,” Maggie answers, her face so open, so apologetic, so surprised at the question, that Alex feels an odd stirring of pride in her gut. That it might occur to Maggie to be terrified, but it wouldn’t occur to her to implode them – implode herself – like that.

Or at least, that’s what Alex hopes it means.

“I just…” She heaves a sigh and she chugs more water and she roughly undoes her wrist wraps.

“I’m scared, Alex. And I hate telling anyone I’m scared. I just… I kissed you because I almost died, and I told you I want a lifetime of firsts with you because you almost died, and you asked me to marry you because the entire damn planet almost died, and I just… how many times can I almost lose you? Wouldn’t it be better to leave than to watch… because it’ll happen. Inevitably. One of us. Both of us. And I can’t… Alex, I can’t lose you.”

Alex stares at her, tears mixing with her sweat, now, and nods slowly as she walks around the couch to stand in front of her, tentative, like she’s approaching a wounded deer.

“You can’t lose me, so you’re tempted to… leave me?”

“Tempted? No, Alex, there’s… there’s nothing I want more than I want you, I just…”

“You’re scared.”

“I’m terrified.” Her voice cracks and Alex’s heart cracks along with it. She reaches for Maggie’s hands and Maggie barely hesitates before taking them and pulling Alex closer into her, sweat-soaked tank be damned.

“Then be terrified with me. Figure things out with me. You… Maggie, the world’s not going to end if you let yourself heal. If you let me help you heal. The world’s not gonna end if you take care of yourself, if you let someone – let me – take care of you. Together. You don’t have to run, Maggie, and we can take our time. Fuck marriage, screw all that, we can just… we can have our firsts, and we don’t have to call them anything, I just… Maggie, you’re in pain. You’re in pain and you think that if you shut it down, it’ll make it better, but that’s the opposite of what you always tell me to do. So now I’m telling you: you can take care of yourself instead of burying it. You can let me – and all our friends, they love you, too, Maggie – let us take care of you.”

Maggie chokes down a sob and she steps back – a big step back, and both of their bodies keen from the loss of contact, but if she stays that close to her, she’ll surrender, and god, she can’t, she won’t.

Because she can’t do that to her. Not to Alex.

“But that’s just the thing, Alex: I don’t want you to have to take care of me. You found your father again, and then you lost him in such an awful, awful way. You were kidnapped, you were tortured, you were seconds away from dying. Your sister almost got launched across the universe, you almost blew your sister up. You need to be taken care of right now, Alex, you need to be focused on. And if I make you focus on me, make the others take care of me – Winn and Kara are both just getting out of abusive relationships, James is just figuring out how to be himself and a superhero… it’s selfish, Alex, to ask all of you to drop all that and take care of… me.”
“But it’s not, Maggie. You deserve to be loved, you deserve to take care of yourself, and sometimes, that’s letting people in. The world won’t end, Maggie, and we’ll all be fine. There’s enough love between us all to go around, trust me. Can you do that? Can you trust me? Instead of leave me?”

Maggie stares up at her for a long, long moment, and Alex tentatively steps back into her space.

“You know your pout is even more effective than Kara’s, right?”

“Well where do you think she got it from?”

Maggie smiles, and it lights up her entire tear-stained face as she pulls Alex down for a hard, desperate, loving, loving, loving, kiss.

“It figures that Supergirl learned how to be a hero from the best hero there is.”

Alex smiles and shakes her head through her own tears.

“That’s you, Maggie Sawyer. That’s you.”

She kisses her again, and they start to walk each other toward the bathroom, toward the shower, but Alex pauses and breaks the kiss, a grin forming on her slightly swollen lips.

“Did you just imply that Kara’s pouts are one of Supergirl’s assets as a hero?”

“Clearly no enemy’s ever pouted at you while you’re trying to arrest them. We need to expand your repertoire, Danvers.”

Alex laughs, and it’s breathy and heady and so, so relieved.

“I love you, Maggie. I’m always going to love you.”

“I’m always going to love you too, Alex Danvers.”

And she will. God, god, god, she will.
prompt from @usuallyfuturisticdestiny – “After seeing that Floriana will be leaving as a series regular, I sort of want to see a fic of just them together being happy right now to assuage my breaking heart.”

She groans slightly when she collapses into her bed.

*Their* bed.

It was a long night, followed by an even longer day, and she hadn’t seen Maggie for any of it.

But her girlfriend isn’t home yet – home, home, home, *their* home – and as much as Alex’s body wants to sleep, it can’t. *She* can’t.

Because she needs Maggie’s touch, Maggie’s warmth, Maggie’s kisses.

And she smiles, because her phone buzzes, and with the incoming texts pops up the caller ID – *Maggie <3* – along with the selfie they took on their first drive out to the desert together, Alex kissing Maggie’s cheek and Maggie smiling like she’s never been happier.

And, according to Maggie, she never had been.

Alex smiles from the memory, and she smiles even harder at the text.

*On my way home, babe. I know you had a long 24 hours. Should I bring you food?*

She beams as she types out her reply.

*You know the way to a Danvers woman’s heart, Sawyer.*

She giggles when her phone buzzes with Maggie’s immediate response.

*I thought I already had your heart, Danvers. Something you’re not telling me? ;)*

She bites her lip as she continues their banter.

*Come home to me and I’ll show you just how yours I am, Mags.*

She drifts to sleep against her will, a soft smile on her face, while she waits – waits for Maggie, her Maggie, to come home to her – and when her eyes crack open, it’s to the scent of Thai food and tea and red roses and to the sight of her beaming girlfriend, puttering around the kitchen, arranging the takeout on a tray to bring to the bedroom.

*Their* bedroom.

“Mmm, you’re home,” she murmurs sleepily, and Maggie beams as she looks up at the sound of her voice.
“Don’t move a muscle, babe,” she tells her. “I’m bringing everything to you.”

And she does – the flowers, their dinner, their drinks, and all the love she’s ever had.

“Should I show you how much you have my heart first, or should I eat first?” Alex flirts as she sits up and kisses her hello, easy and comfortable and happy. So damn happy.

“How about you show much how much I have your heart by letting me take care of you, hmm?” Maggie asks, smoothing Alex’s hair out of her face and offering her a forkful of fried rice.

Alex lets Maggie feed her eagerly, her eyes brimming with overjoyed tears.

“Only if you let me do the same for you for breakfast,” she offers, and it’s Maggie’s turn to be flooded with tears.

“Deal,” she whispers, and god, she’s so glad this is going to last a lifetime.
Kara hates it.

Watching Alex suffer. She hates it. Being Eliza’s darling child.

She misses Jeremiah, too, but not like Alex does.

She misses Jeremiah, too, but she’s not the one that Eliza expects to somehow both replace him and live up to his memory.

All of that pressure, Eliza puts squarely on Alex’s shoulders.

And Kara can’t help feeling like it’s her fault.

So she trudges through class – advanced junior-level math, even though she’s still only a freshman – trying to fight down tears, trying to fight down the overwhelming depression.

She was the only one who survived her planet. And now she’s the reason that the only person who makes her feel at home on this planet – Alex, her big sister, her world, her salvation, her everything – is suffering.

Now she’s the reason that Alex had spent last night screaming at Eliza, raging and crying and grabbing her surf board and not caring that it was too dark to surf safely.

Kara had watched her from their rooftop, to make sure she was safe. To make sure she didn’t hurt herself. Even if that was, maybe, something she wanted.

Kara sniffs to herself with the effort of holding everything in, with the effort of listening for Alex’s heartbeat – her big sister is in her English class right now – amidst the overwhelming array of sounds that assault her daily at school.

“Need a tissue?” a boy who’s never said two words to her offers in a whisper. She nods gratefully, starting to smile.

“Go to the bathroom and get one, then,” he whispers again in a voice that carries intentionally, carries enough to get all the kids surrounding them to laugh at Kara’s now burning face.
All the kids, that is, except Lena Luthor.

Lena Luthor who turns around from her seat in front of Kara with fire in her eyes and murder in her posture. Lena Luthor who also is too young to be in this class, but too smart to be anywhere else.

Lena Luthor, who passes Kara a tissue from her own bag and raises her hand in one smooth motion.

“Ms. Hernandez, Jacob is violating our class contract against bullies,” she tells her, a smug look on her face as Jacob is promptly sent to the guidance counselor and Ms. Hernandez asks before touching Kara’s shoulder supportively the next time she circulates the room to look at their work.

“You’re doing a wonderful job adjusting to somewhere new, Kara. And it seems you have a good friend in Lena.”

Kara beams as Lena turns around to meet her gaze shyly. “I do, yeah. I really do.”

She wonders why her face burns so hard, with so much pleasure, when Lena’s shining eyes meet hers, when Lena reaches a hand back to offer more support to Kara, and she makes a note to ask Alex about it later.

Alex. Alex.

Alex, who’s having problems of her own, across the hall and one flight down, in her English class. Her fight with Eliza had gotten so intense last night – so painful, so visceral, so agonizing, left her feeling so small, so unimportant, so insignificant – that she hadn’t been able to focus enough, to dry her stinging eyes enough, to do her homework for the day.

And Alex Danvers always did her homework.

“I expect more from you, Ms. Danvers. Is everything alright?” Mr. Pepitone asks, and Alex scowls at him, at the condescension in his question, at the implication that whatever it is that’s wrong, his English homework should take priority.

“Alex was helping me last night, sir,” Maggie speaks up, and Alex – as well as half the class – starts at the sound of her voice. Maggie rarely says anything in class anymore, since her parents… since her parents.

“My truck broke down on my way home from work, and she came out to help me fix it.”

“Those engineering skills paying off, Ms. Danvers, is that right?” Mr. Pepitone grins slightly before nodding and moving on, and Alex nods.

Alex nods, even though she knows full well that Maggie’s truck might have broken on her way home from the after school program for little kids last night, but that Maggie wouldn’t have needed any help fixing it.

“Thank you,” Alex mouths, and Maggie winks.

“What’re friends for, Danvers?” Alex doesn’t say anything about how she’d like to be more than friends with Maggie, about how she’d love to drown in Maggie’s eyes, how she’d…

But then Maggie is slipping a piece of ripped paper onto her desk, and Alex nearly swoons at the beautiful swirls of Maggie’s deliberate handwriting.
“You look beautiful, like always, Danvers, but you also look like you’ve been crying. Can I help?”

Alex looks up at her, wondering whether the burning in her face shows. Maggie’s head is tilted and her eyes are soft, and Alex is gone.

Her hand shakes as she scribbles back.

“My mom was at it again. Apparently I’m not doing enough to protect Kara. Again. I just feel like…” She looks up from writing and stares idly at their teacher as he drones on about Shakespeare. “…I’ll never be able to please her, you know? I mean, I know you know. Sorry. I’m just so miserable. Whatever.”

She waits until Mr. Pepitone turns to write something on the board before she passes the note back.

She watches as Maggie reads it, stops breathing as Maggie reaches for her hand underneath their desks.

“I know the feeling, Alex. And I’m so sorry your mom can’t see how incredible you are. But you know who you’ll always be able to please? Me. Wait, that came out sexual. I mean… you know what I mean. You deserve to be cared for, Danvers. Can I care for you?”

Heat pools between her legs and she gulps and she blushes and she squeezes Maggie’s hand under their desks as she reads her response. She doesn’t bother writing a response. She just catches Maggie’s eye and nods and smiles for the first time.

Nods and smiles for the first time in hours, because yes. Yes, Maggie can care for her. And she’ll care for Maggie.

What are friends for, right?
bacop150 asked:
There needs to be a fic or a scene where Alex runs Maggie through some DEO training after Maggie and Alex playfully argue who's more bad ass. Local cop vs Feds. Oldest rivalry in the book. Shooting range. Hand to hand training. Winner take all and super friends betting on who's gonna win type scene. Just saying.

“All us feds are all the same, huh?” Alex pants, raising her hands for another go with her girlfriend in one of the DEO’s sparring rooms, having just tugged Maggie to her feet for the second time in a row.

Maggie backhands sweat off her forehead and grins.

“Let you win at pool, let you win at sparring,” she retorts, and she lunges, landing Alex flat on her stomach with her arm locked behind her back.

“Damn Sawyer!” a shout makes them both jump, keeps them both from bringing their lips together, keeps them both from turning one form of working out into… quite another.

“Schott, I locked this door!” Alex shouts, pushing off the ground as Maggie tries to hide a smirk.

“And Superman called me the resident DEO genius!” Winn beams, bouncing on the balls of his feet, utterly unterrified of the sister that usually makes him cower after watching her get her ass handed to her by her girlfriend.

“You’re never gonna let that go, are you, Winn?” Maggie asks, grabbing a towel for herself and tossing another to Alex.

“You know what I’m never gonna let go?” Alex turns to Maggie, ignoring Winn’s wide, grinning eyes and the way he’s motioning Kara and James into the room. “The fact that you said you’ve been letting me win, Sawyer.”

“You should make a real competition of it,” James pipes up, and Alex and Maggie raise their eyebrows.

“Flash grenade!”

“Lap dance!” they call at the same time.

“You’ve gotta ask for something else at some point, Maggie, you know I’m not giving you a flash grenade.”

“You giving up already, Danvers?” Maggie winks, and Alex splutters, because suddenly all she can think of is the lap dance she just asked for.

Maggie smirks and licks her lips. “James, Kara. Take me to the shooting range. Danvers, come on, I’m gonna get me that flash grenade.”
Alex pffts but shoves past James and her sister to lead the way.

“My money’s on my sister,” Kara murmurs.

“Of course it is,” James grins. “But I’ve been working out with Maggie almost every day, and she uh… she’s got a chip on her shoulder, and she’s a lot stronger than she looks.”

“But Alex is scarier,” Winn shudders, and James and Kara clap him sympathetically on the shoulders.

“You know we can both hear you, right?”

“You know I’ll show you who’s scarier, right Winn?” Maggie tosses over her shoulder, her voice honey smooth.

“Scared, babe?” Maggie flirts as she and Alex slap on their goggles, their noise-cancelling headphones, in the shooting range.

“You wish,” Alex grins with a heady glare.

Each bullet out of Alex’s glock forms exactly one hole in her target.

Maggie’s does the same, and James whoops in support.

Alex turns to glare at him, and he straightens his face and closes his mouth.

“Aw, is the big bad Guardian afraid of my sister?” Kara teases, and James crosses his arms across his chest as Winn laughs behind his hand.

“No! She’s Alex, she’s…” The three of them watch as Alex lays down fire at a series of moving targets, a gun in each hand. Head shots and knee cap shots, all.

“Yeah, she’s terrifying,” he sighs, and Kara straightens up proudly.

“Don’t underestimate how badly I want that flash grenade,” Maggie calls through the communicator in her protective ear wear, and she reminds herself to keep both eyes open at the last second.

Head shots and knee cap shots, all.

“Not bad for a local cop, huh Danvers?” she smirks, straightening up.

She frowns when Alex doesn’t respond. She puts down her guns and heads to Alex’s side of the partition. “Babe?”

“Can we finish this later? I um… you’re hot with two guns in your hand. All that local cop skill and shooting pizzazz and… all the…”

“Danvers, are you giving up so you can take me home and have your way with me?”

“It counts as a forfeit, I win!” James cheers, and Kara groans and adjusts her glasses furiously as Winn slams cash into James’s open hand.

“Thanks a lot, Danvers,” he grins, and Alex takes Maggie’s hands into her own and leads her out of the shooting range without sparing a glance for anyone else.
“Forfeit or not – and we can debate that – I definitely win,” she murmurs into Maggie’s smiling lips once they’re out in the hallway.

They’re so occupied with each other that they don’t notice J’onn stepping into the hall; don’t notice James, Kara, and Winn notice him noticing Alex and Maggie’s making out, pointing and laughing hysterically at his poor papa bear face; don’t notice J’onn turning and retreating back around the other way before his Earth daughter finally realize he’s there.

“Good god, the children are loose,” he mutters as he retreats down an alternate route to the shooting range, his eyes glistening with happiness and pride despite himself.
Kara is amusing when she’s drunk.
Deeply amusing. To herself and to everyone who loves her.

And Alex?
Before Maggie, she got sullen when she was drunk. Sullen, when she wasn’t partying so hard she could have died.

Sullen, when she was drinking alone.

And she usually, before Maggie but after joining the DEO, drank alone.

But now?
Now, she rarely drinks alone. Now, she drinks at the bar, surrounded by people who love her. Surrounded by people who will keep her safe. Who will keep her drinking water.

Who will keep her happy.
And she is happy – so happy, as she snorts into her whiskey soda at Kara’s slurred pronunciation of everything from telepathy to chocolate to nebula – leaning into Maggie for support staying upright, support staying steady.

Maggie’s arm is draped around her, and Kara is laughing, and Kara is holding her hand across the table, and Alex is so, so, so happy.

“But you know what, Alex?” Kara wants to know, and she squints across the table at her sister like she’s concentrating on which of her faces is the real one.

“What, Kara?” Alex leans forward somewhat sloppily, slamming her elbow onto the table so she can rest her chin on her hand.

Maggie chuckles softly at her Danvers girls and hails Darla for two more waters.

“I don’t like competing with you, Alex. It makes me sad, you know? Because we’re stronger together – together, Alex, I love when we’re together – but you know what I do have that’s better than you?”

“The ability to fly,” Alex slurs, leaning sideways and slipping her chin off her hand. Maggie
catches her, readjusts her, and slips the water glass into her hand.

Darla hovers by their table, exchanging an amused glance with Maggie.

“Darla!” Kara splutters, and Darla raises her eyebrows and crosses her arms across her chest.

“Kara,” she grins cautiously.

“Darla, I have a question for you. I was just going to tell Alex – but I don’t want her to be mad, so I want an objective audience – I think I have better abs than Alex. I mean, she has great ones, but I mean, I’ve got Kryptonian ones!”

She splurts the final part of her sentence with her hands in the air, spilling the water in her glass behind her, all over Brian.

“Sorry Brian!” she squeals as Darla swallows a laugh and tosses him the towel she’d had slung over her shoulder.

“Oh please, Kara, you haven’t seen me undress since college!”

“Not true! They made you take your shirt off last time you got hurt on the job – “

“Also that time you walked in on us last week,” Maggie chimes, a shit-eating grin on her face.

“Ahhhhh, nooooo!!!” Kara yells, putting her palms over her ears like she can retroactively block herself from hearing Maggie’s words. “She’s my sister, Maggie, no no no!”

Maggie holds her hands up in mock surrender. “Alright, Little Danvers, sorry to re-traumatize you,” she grins, and Kara nods imperiously, satisfied.

“Darla, Maggie, you have to be judges.”

“I’m not exactly objective, Alex,” Maggie points out, and Alex waves her away chaotically.

“But you’re the best cop in all the land and all the air and all the sea, Maggie – “

“There are cops in the air and sea, babe?”

“Just go with it, Maggie, let me compliment you, jeez! So you know how to evaluate the evidence that’s in front of you!”

Maggie exchanges an amused glance with Darla as she kisses Alex’s knuckles.

“I don’t see any evidence right now, Danvers,” she teases, and, as one, Kara and Alex stand and lift their shirts in unison. Sisters to the core.

And core is right.

Because Maggie’s jaw hits the ground, followed by Darla’s.

Maggie splutters – it’s nothing she hasn’t seen before, but god, god, god, her woman is so strong, so soft, so…

“Well??” Kara demands, and Maggie glances at her ex, who shrugs.

“You’re doing nicely for yourself, Mags,” she comments off-handedly.
Maggie shrugs, beaming. “I usually go for thicker women, but yeah uh… this one’s not bad, huh?” she grins and Alex preens.

“Well???” Kara asks again, louder.

“I say both of you win,” Brian chimes, and Kara and Alex immediately slam their shirts down.

“No one asked you, Brian!”

“Seriously, Brian?”

“Drinks on the house if you mind your own business, Brian!”

“Go hang out with Winn and James, Brian!”

He laughs and he nods and he shuffles off to find Winn and James, chuckling to himself the whole time.

“Those Danvers girls,” he grins, shaking his head and looking back over his shoulder to see them laughing together, affectionate, happy, loving.

As it should be, in their bar, their home away from home. Their happy spot.

Their together spot.
It happens by accident, at first.

Turning Alex on like that.

Sure, she’s straddling her, and Maggie’s clothes are mostly on while Alex’s are mostly off.

Sure, her hands are all over her girlfriend’s body, and sure, she’s fairly turned on herself, but she speaks before she thinks about what it might do to Alex. To the both of them.

“Damn, Danvers, you’re so bad at this massage thing. How am I supposed to do this properly if you keep writhing like that?”

Her voice is raspy – courtesy of Alex’s ass squirming underneath her, between her legs – and that, combined with her words, makes Alex writhe harder. Makes Alex squeak. Makes Alex bite the pillow under her head to keep herself from full-out screaming.

Maggie freezes, her fingers hovering above Alex’s bare back.

“Danvers, did… Alex, did that turn you on?”

Alex gulps and buries her face in the pillow.

“I’m sorry,” her muffled voice sounds, and Maggie slips off of her and gathers her body into hers.

“No, no, babe, I – you have nothing to be embarrassed by, I… if that turned you on, Alex, I… that could be hot, it’s nothing to be… hey, hey, Alex, can you look at me?”

Alex obeys, gulping, eyes wide and vulnerable and maybe a little hopeful. Maybe a lot hopeful.

“It could be hot?”

Maggie grins and shrugs.

“Only if you wanted it to be.”

“What could be hot?” Alex rolls over halfway so she’s facing her girlfriend, and Maggie fights to keep her eyes on Alex’s eyes instead of her chest.

“Well, that depends. What uh… what turned you on about what I said?”

Alex blushes deeply and tries to hide her face again, but Maggie shakes her head and smiles. “We don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want, Alex – “
“You kind of… you were all… commanding and authoritative and you… um… scolded me?” She bites her lip and she rakes her eyes down to Maggie’s mouth and she waits while Maggie remembers how to breathe.

“And you liked all that?” Maggie asks.

Alex nods, still biting her lip. “Did you?”

“If it’s something you want Alex, I… yeah. Yeah.”

“Have you got your handcuffs?” Alex asks, voice clear and low and hopeful, and Maggie nearly chokes.

“Wow, okay, um… yeah, but… could we… could we start slower?”

Alex runs her fingers through Maggie’s hair. “Of course we could, babe.”

“Want me to uh… continue your massage?” Maggie asks, her eyes nervous, her eyes excited, her eyes hungry.

Alex nods softly.

“Remember that color system we talked about the first time I came inside you?”

Alex moans softly, eyes rolling closed at the memory, and Maggie chuckles.

“I take that as a yes.” Alex nods, and Maggie kisses her nose. “So: color?”

“Green,” Alex whispers, and Maggie takes a deep breath.

“Flip back onto your stomach, Danvers,” Maggie rasps, and Alex’s entire body squirms involuntarily.

“Yes, Detective,” she whispers, and Maggie moans.

“That okay?” Alex confirms, and Maggie whispers her affirmative color eagerly as she straddles Alex again.

“Addressing me as Detective. So formal. Does that mean you have a guilty conscience, Danvers? Have you been a bad girl?”

Alex whines and and writhes and grabs desperately at the sheets.

“Color?” Maggie asks, though she’s pretty sure she knows.

“Green,” Alex practically squeaks, and Maggie leans down to kiss the back of her neck. “Maggie, please, don’t stop,” she begs, and Maggie does exactly that.

She stops.

“Mmm, Danvers, speaking out of turn. Such bad behavior,” Maggie husks lightly, and Alex grinds her hips down into the mattress helplessly.

“Color?” they both murmur at the same time, both nervous beyond belief, both excited beyond description.
Maggie laughs and Alex giggles, Maggie leaning back down to kiss the back of Alex’s neck again.

“I’m neon green, Maggie, how about you?”

“Neon? Nerd.”

“Your nerd.”

“Mmm, my bad girl nerd, apparently.”

Alex giggle turns into a soft scream, and Maggie bites down gently into her skin. Alex yelps with pleasure and begs for more.

“Uh uh uh, Danvers. You’ve been so bad, and you think I should reward you for that?”

Alex writhes and pants and grinds down into the mattress and up into Maggie’s ass, and Maggie is far past wrecked.

“I think you should do whatever you want to me, Detective,” she whispers when she remembers what words are, and Maggie takes her up on it, fucking her eager and fucking her fast, fucking her hard and fucking her deep, checking in the whole time, telling her how naughty she’s been the whole time, telling her what a bad girl she’s been the whole time, asking her what kind of punishment she thinks she deserves the whole time.

Alex cums hard and loud and desperate against the heel of Maggie’s palm, slipped carefully under her body, between her legs, soaked even through Alex’s underwear.

“You are perfect, Alex Danvers,” Maggie murmurs as she welcomes Alex back down to earth with gentle kisses pressed to the back of her neck, her shoulder blades, her upper back. “You are absolutely perfect, and I can’t imagine being with anyone better than you, because there is no one better than you.”
Chapter 459

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Kara is happy for Alex. Alex has been smiling more, drinking less, and overall seems a lot less stressed. Kara notices this. When she sees Alex. Which is definitely not as often as she used to see Alex before Alex became engrossed in all things Maggie Sawyer. And Kara is totally happy for Alex and totally not jealous. OK, she's a little jealous.

She’s having more movie nights alone, and Sisters Nights are still happening, but more like once every two weeks instead of once every week.

She’s having more nights alone, and she finds herself waiting for Alex to text her back.

She’s never waited for Alex to text her back.

Ever.

Until now.

Until Maggie Sawyer.

And she’s happy for Alex.

She is.

Alex laughs more, now. She sleeps more, now.

She socializes more, now.

She does everything more, now.

Except drinking.

She drinks less, now.

And Kara knows that that’s all down to Maggie.

Well, partially down to Maggie.

The rest is from Alex coming out, Alex learning herself, being herself, for the first time.

And Kara knows that it’s not her fault, not exactly. Or at least, she knows that Alex says it’s not her fault: how long it took her to realize she’s a lesbian.

But Kara blames herself anyway.

She blames herself anyway, and she can’t help but look at Maggie as everything Kara can’t be.
Pure good in Alex’s life.
Not good plus a decade of baggage, a decade of putting someone else in front of herself.
Just good.
So Kara’s happy for Alex. She is.
And she’s not jealous.
She’s definitely not.
“You okay, Kara?”
The sound of James’s soft, smooth voice makes her jump, because – superhearing or not – she was so wrapped in watching Alex laugh in Maggie’s arms, turn her face and kiss her on the mouth over the pool table that she didn’t hear him come up beside her and sit next to her.
“What? Yeah! Yes, of course I’m okay! Why wouldn’t I be okay? Who’s not okay?”
James smiles softly and squints slightly. “Kara, it’s me. You don’t have to put up pretenses. You can talk to me, you know. If you want to. If something’s wrong, I want to help.”
Kara huffs and stabs at the ice in her glass with her straw.
“I miss Alex.”
James nods and follows Kara’s gaze, watching Alex whispers something into Maggie’s ear, watching Maggie blush and completely miss her shot.
“She’s right over there, Kara. You could go over and play with them.”
Kara sighs long and slow.
“It’s not the same. Alex… Alex was… this is going to sound terrible, James, but Alex was mine, you know? I’ve never had to share her before, not really. Not since just when I found out she was with the DEO, but even then… She’s just so happy, James. I never… I could never make my sister that happy. My own sister. Does this mean I’ve been a bad sister all these years?”
“No, Kara, of course it doesn’t. You… look, you… you get certain things you need from Alex, right? A particular kind of love and trust. And you get a different kind from Winn, and from me. None of them are better or worse, right, they’re just… they’re different. No one person can give us all the kinds of love and intimacy we need, Kara. Alex just… Alex just found a new one for her. With Maggie. But that doesn’t mean she loves you less.”
Kara stares at him with her cheek resting on her open palm, thinking hard.
“That’s what Alex says, too, I just…” She smiles defeatedly as Alex’s laughter floats across the bar. “I miss her.”
“You have to tell her, Kara. You – “
“Hey Kara! Hey James,” the voice that Kara least wants to hear chimes happily, a broad smile written all over her words. “Alex and I just finished a game, do you two wanna get next? You and I could be a team, Kara,” Maggie invites, and James watches Kara carefully.
“I don’t think so, Maggie. You have fun with my sister. Thanks though.”

Maggie’s smile falters, and she exchanges a quick glance with James.

“James, I’m so sorry, but can Kara and I have a minute?”

James nods and squeezes Kara’s thigh softly, supportively, before slipping away to talk to Alex.

“Are we alright, Kara?”

“You’re a ‘we’ with the older Danvers girl, Maggie, not the kid one.”

Maggie sighs and sits gingerly across from Kara.

“Listen, I know how close you and Alex are. You’re all she ever talks about, Kara, and I… I don’t want to take her from you. You’re her world, Kara, and that hasn’t changed just because… because of me.”

“It has though, Maggie,” Kara blurts, eyes and voice colder than she intended them to me, and Maggie visibly shrinks.

“I know your sister’s happiness is important to you, Kara. And I make her happy. But so do you. She needs both of us in her life, Kara. Okay? She loves you.”

Kara takes a long breath as Maggie stands and starts to walk away.

“Maggie,” she calls, and Maggie turns with fear and hope mingling in her eyes in equal measure.

“You and me against James and Alex? Let’s just make sure we win, okay?”

“Sounds like a plan, Little Danvers,” Maggie’s dimples shine, and Kara decides that maybe, just maybe, she can like having another older sister.
Chapter 460

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
can you give more on alex’s praise kink?

“Nice work, Danvers,” Maggie grins in Alex’s lab as she’s announcing an upgrade she’s made to the DEO’s defense against Cadmus-style bio-weapons.

The statement in and of itself is kind. It’s kind and it’s typical of their relationship: endlessly supportive, endlessly affirmative, endlessly validating.

The statement in and of itself isn’t sexual.

But the lilt in Maggie’s voice, the rasp? The burning look in her eyes as she rakes them up and down Alex’s body, her blue latex gloves, her white lab coat?

Alex clears her throat and tears her eyes away from Maggie’s, forcing herself to look at J’onn, to continue explaining her innovation to him, the way Lena had helped her with it. Forcing her mind to the science, to the medicine, and away from what she knows – what she hopes – Maggie has in store for her tonight.

And she’s right.

She’s right, because Maggie’s eyes are thick with want when Alex gets home that night.

“You did a great job on the job today, Danvers,” Maggie tells her, and Alex bites her lip after they kiss hello, lips parted and breath already hot.

“Did I?” Alex asks, breathless and nearly wordless.

“Mmmmmm,” Maggie murmurs, her lips shifting down Alex’s jawline to suck softly on her throat.

Alex moans and Maggie smiles against her skin.

“You want this right now, babe?” she confirms, and Alex answers by pulling Maggie closer by her belt loops as she moans louder at the increase in contact.

“Mmmm, good girl, I love when you let me hear what you like, babygirl,” Maggie whispers, and Alex swoons.

Maggie chuckles into her collarbone and holds her steady, hands on her waistline.

“You want this right now, babygirl?” she confirms, and Alex answers by pulling Maggie closer by her belt loops as she moans louder at the increase in contact.

“please what, sweetie? Be a good girl and tell me what you want,” Maggie encourages, pressing open-mouthed kisses across Alex’s throat, her collarbone, the skin exposed by the way she gently tugs Alex’s henley down after Alex’s trembling fingers guide her to it.

Maggie,” Alex repeats, holding onto Maggie’s belt loops for stability, and Maggie decides to help
her out.

“Want me to take you to bed, Alex?” she asks, and Alex whines and nods desperately.

Maggie taps her outer thighs gently, and Alex obediently spreads her legs and jumps slightly, trusting Maggie to catch her, to carry her, and she does with ease that doesn’t surprise Alex anymore, but still turns her on just as much as it did the first time Maggie carried her to bed.

Maggie kisses her eager and just a bit sloppy as she carries her to bed, setting her down gently just in front of the bed, her eyes hazy with raw need.

“You wanna be a good girl and strip for me, Danvers?” she asks, and Alex gasps in affirmation.

Her fingers are slow and her fingers are tantalizing, deliberate. Teasing. She strips steady and she strips careful, her eyes never leaving Maggie’s face.

“Like this, babe?” Alex asks, and Maggie practically growls.

“Just like that, sweetie. You’re doing such an amazing job,” she husks as Alex slips her thumbs into the waistline of her jeans and tugs them off along with her underwear in one push.

Maggie hisses as Alex steps out of her jeans and socks, naked and vulnerable and soaked and so damn open.

“You are so damn gorgeous, Danvers,” she rasps, her hands shaking with want.

“So do something about it, Sawyer,” Alex smiles shyly, and Maggie steps forward slowly.

Alex gasps and watches as Maggie takes her own clothes off just as slowly as Alex did. Slow and steady and tempting. Alex watches, panting and licking her lips and gulping and needing, needing, needing.

“Wanna be a good girl and get on top of me?” Maggie asks, and Alex tilts her head in excited question.

“I want to watch you ride my hard on,” Maggie whispers in explanation, her hands shifting toward their bedside drawer. “Color?” she asks. “Is that something you want right now, Alex?”

“God, yes,” Alex whines, kneeling on the bed so Maggie can lay down after she tugs on her harness and dildo.

Alex doesn’t straddle her, and she doesn’t crawl on top of her. Instead, she lowers her lips to Maggie’s strapon, pausing before her lips make contact.

“You want this, Maggie?” she asks, eyes wide.

“Be a good girl and suck me off, Ally,” Maggie rasps, and Alex moans as she takes Maggie’s strapon deep into her mouth in one slow, steady movement.

Maggie makes a sound somewhere between a scream and a moan, and her fingers lose themselves in Alex’s hair.

“Alexxxx,” she pants, and Alex has never heard her name sound more perfect. “Alex, you’re so damn amazing at that. Fuck, Alex, you’re perfect, you know that? You’re perfect, you’re – “

Her voice trails into a raw scream as Alex pushes Maggie’s dildo down against her clit with her
fingers secure at its base, and she fights to keep her hips down.

“Can I ride you, babe? Give you something tighter to be inside?” Alex asks, her lips slightly swollen with her efforts.

“Fuck, yes, Alex, I… babe, yes, if you want that, yes, yes.”

Alex chuckles and kisses Maggie’s inner thighs before sitting up and shifting so she’s straddling Maggie’s hips, holding herself above her strapon, watching her face carefully.

“Color?” Alex asks, and Maggie arches an eyebrow.

“What do you think, Danvers?”

“Mags.”

“Green, Al, green. Now be a good girl and ride me like I asked you to.”

Alex moans at Maggie’s sudden regaining of control, and Alex obeys immediately, excitedly. She gasps as she lowers herself onto Maggie’s strapon, filling herself with Maggie’s eagerness, with her desperation, with her love.

Maggie groans and buries her fingers in Alex’s hips.

“That’s right, babygirl, fill yourself up with me, just like that.” Alex barely swallows a scream, and Maggie’s eyes roll shut, but only for a moment.

“You wanna touch your gorgeous breasts for me, Alex? I wanna see your perfect fingers playing with your perfect nipples.”

Alex doesn’t hold back her scream this time, and she shifts so her knees can keep her whole body balanced on Maggie’s, and obeys.

“Let me see you make your nipples hard for me, babygirl,” Maggie begs, and Alex makes a show of slipping her fingers in and out of her mouth, wetting them for Maggie, for herself.

Maggie arches her hips up desperately as she watches Alex tease her own breasts for her, as she watches Alex’s head tilt back in the ecstasy of sensations Maggie is giving her, that she’s giving herself.

“You are the most beautiful woman that’s ever existed, Danvers,” Maggie rasps, and Alex laughs breathily.

“And you are so fucking tight for me,” Maggie reminds her, and Alex’s laugh turns into a scream.

“You want to ride me as hard as you can until you cum with me buried inside your perfect body, babe?” Maggie invites, and Alex lowers her hands to brace herself on the mattress, and she obeys, slamming her hips back and forth, up and down, unrestrained and uninhibited and completely, completely trusting of the woman filling her up with her screams, with her strapon, with her unblinking eyes and her gentle, firm hands.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her at just the right time, just as she’s starting to spiral out of control, just as her thrusts are getting more and more ragged, just as her screams are getting more and more full-throated.

When she cums, it’s hard and it’s deep, and she squirts all over Maggie’s thighs, all over her
harness, all over their mattress.

When she cums, it’s with Maggie’s voice in her ear, telling her she loves her, telling her she’s beautiful, telling her she’s perfect, telling her she’s everything.

Absolutely everything.

Because she is.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
What do you think the scene will be like when Maggie tells Kara that she knows she's Supergirl?

She meets them at the bar and Maggie notices the way Kara adjusts her glasses and sets her jaw when she sees the way Alex’s arm is draped easily around Maggie’s shoulder, the way she’s laughing like she knows Alex.

But she doesn’t even know Kara’s Supergirl.

And that’s such a huge part of who Alex is, for better or for worse.

So she can’t know her. Not really.

Can’t love her. Not all of her.

Unless she knows. Until she knows.

Kara tosses her shoulders back and readies herself.

Because it’s something she needs to do for Alex.

For Alex’s happiness. For Alex’s comfort.

Maggie notices, and she nudges Alex’s shoulder.

Alex stops laughing, but doesn’t stop smiling, and she turns and waves her little sister over.

She pulls her into a hug, and Kara returns it gratefully. Grateful that not all of Alex’s affection now belongs to someone else.

“Hey, Maggie, listen. You and my sister… well, she trusts you, and I’ve been thinking, and I – “

“It’s okay, Kara. I already know.”

Alex watches her sister and a girlfriend like a tennis match, her eyes flitting between them wide and nervous.

“Know… know what?”

Maggie glances around and leans into Kara’s ear. “You know I always wondered: how do you and your cousin keep your suits under your clothes? I mean, compression tech, sure, but what about the capes? And how do your boots suddenly come on?”

Maggie’s grinning, but Kara’s eyes are wide, are horrified. She pulls back and turns to her sister.

“You told her!”
“I didn’t, Kara. I would never, ever do that,” Alex promises solemnly, and Kara’s heart eases.

“Then how… how did you – “

“Oh come on, Little Danvers. The glasses? Really? Like, I can still see your eyes. And, you know, the entire rest of you. Plus you’re the only one Alex loses her cool over. And when you went missing… well… she only loves one person like that,” Maggie grins, conciliatory.

Kara relaxes further, uncrosses her arms from her chest. She stares at Maggie for a long moment before turning to Alex.

“She’s smart, Alex. You should think about keeping her.”

“I think about it every day, Kara.”

Maggie blushed and Alex beams and Kara sighs.

“So, what’d you want to know about my suit?”

“Everything,” Maggie enthuses, and Alex laughs.

“And you call me a nerd.”
anonymous asked:
I'm dying for a fic where someone gives Alex the shovel talk (Maggie's cop partner? Her childhood best friend? I dunno) and Alex has had that talk from previous boyfriends' sisters but this time it feels so very different to hear.

M’gann likes Alex almost instantly.

Likes her because the surface of her thoughts is conflicted – always conflicted – but the welfare of other people?

The welfare of other people is always screaming along with the disdain for herself when she feels she can’t do enough for others.

M’gann knows that feeling.

This girl looks too young to bear all of that.

But M’gann had been too young, too.

No. The Green Martians – all of them, even the eldest – had been too young.

She shakes her head and she focuses her attention back to Alex Danvers, to the young woman who’s courting her Maggie.

Her Maggie, because the nights that Maggie has too much to drink, M’gann is the one to put her in a cab.

Her Maggie, because the nights that Maggie is sober but lonely and angsty and needy and single, M’gann makes out with her in dark corners because they’re friends, yes, close, close friends, but they both need someone warm, they both need someone affectionate.

Just a little. Just enough to get them both through the next hour, the next night, the next day.

Her Maggie, because M’gann gives her relationship advice and Maggie listens to her stories about Mars.

Her Maggie, because most humans care that M’gann looks like a Black woman, and because most humans would care if they knew what horrors lay under that beautiful skin, but Maggie?

Maggie is her friend, for every bit of her.

And M’gann loves her for it.

So she likes this Alex Danvers. She likes her quite a bit.

She seems fiercely protective of Maggie and she seems fiercely devoted to making her smile.
But she’s also new to this whole thing. This whole coming out thing.

She’s also got rage that she channels in ways that are going to hurt Maggie, one day. Not directly. But it’s going to hurt Maggie to watch. Enrage Maggie to watch.

And on top of all that, she holds Maggie’s heart in her hands in a way that M’gann has never seen anyone have it.

Because she’s never seen Maggie cut her heart out of her own chest and present it to anyone like she’s bared it to Alex.

“Hey, Alex,” M’gann calls from the other side of the bar, flagging her down as Alex passes by to grab more change for another round of pool.

“Hey,” Alex stops, a dazed grin on her face. Like she can’t believe she’s on a date with Maggie Sawyer.

Because she definitely can’t believe it.

“Got a minute?”

Alex glances over her shoulder at Maggie, sitting on a stool next to the pool table, a small smile on her face, sipping at her beer and looking for all the world as happy and as dazed to be on this date as Alex is.

“Uh, yeah. What’s up?”

M’gann leans over the bar, and Alex does the same, brow slightly furrowed.

“Listen, Alex. I like you. You seem like a really great girl.”

“M’gann – “

“No, no, please let me finish. You seem really heels over head for Maggie, and that makes me like you even more. You have good taste. But Maggie… she’s easy to take advantage of. People tend to. Take advantage of her. Do you understand what I’m telling you, Alex?”

“I have no intention of taking advantage of her, M’gann. I just want to make her happy. I like that you’re being protective of her, I’m glad you have her back, but I… I just want to make her happy.”

“People rarely have intentions to take advantage of someone, Alex. Just… you seem like the kind of woman who leaps before she looks. Maggie? She’s worth both. Worth both leaping and looking. And if you don’t – if you only do one but not the other and you break her heart – I will break my vow of three hundred years to take no lives, and I will end yours. Do we understand each other?”

She says it calmly, with the hint of a soft smile, but a shiver runs down Alex’s spine.

Yes. She’s definitely gay.

“I won’t hurt her, M’gann. And if I did? I’d offer you my throat, because I’d deserve whatever slow, painful death you could devise for me.”

They hold each other’s eyes for a long moment before M’gann smiles.

“I was pretty sure I liked you before, Alex. Now I know I do. Get back to your date, now. Not polite to leave the lady waiting, hm?”
“Yes ma’am,” Alex smiles back. “And M’gann?”

M’gann glances up, the ghost of her smile still warm in her eyes.

“Thank you for protecting her. She deserves it.”

M’gann smiles and nods slowly.

“Yeah, she does.”
Chapter 463

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Do you know of any College or coffee shop AU sanvers fics? I think I've read literally everything sanvers that you've written (all of which have been amazing - so thanks a billion and one times!!)

I have a bunch of college ones, but here, have a coffee shop and college one!

She can’t quite figure out if the girl’s hair is red or brown or something in between.

She can’t quite figure it out, but she knows she gets jealous of the girl’s own fingers when she rakes it through her hair distractedly as she’s studying.

And she’s always studying.

It’s like the coffee is incidental, like the people coming and going around her are incidental.

She’s always studying.

Always studying, her lips moving slightly as she pieces through a particularly difficult equations.

Or, they look like difficult equations, anyway – looks like astrophysics, to be precise – whenever Maggie passes by to bring lattes and mochas and cappuccinos to customers nearby the studying girl with the tantalizing hair color.

The tantalizing face. The tantalizing body. The tantalizing way of moving, of muttering to herself. Of taking her glasses off – god, those glasses – to rub her eyes every now and again. The tantalizing way of focusing, focusing, so diligently.

It’s been a week, now, that she’s been coming into the coffee shop Maggie pays the bills in between forensics lab and political science class.

It’s been a week, and Maggie doesn’t even know if she’s into girls, but dammit, she’ll never forgive herself if she doesn’t try.

Because there’s something about this girl. A pull. An irresistible pull.

And Maggie can’t help but wonder if it’ll work in the other direction.

She waits until Alex closes her textbook – she was right, it is astrophysics – not wanting to disturb her brain flow.

“Excuse me,” she says, voice so low, so constricted, that the girl doesn’t hear her. She curses internally, clears her throat softly, and repeats herself, louder this time.

The girl looks up.

“Oh, I’m sorry, do you need that seat? Here, I can move my stuff, I – “
“No, no, you’re fine, I’m sorry, I just – hi. I’m Maggie.”

The girl blinks and takes her glasses off, and god, are her eyes gorgeous.

“Alex,” she says, confident but unsure why this girl – this really, really, really pretty girl – is talking to her.

Maggie turns the name over and over in her head, and decides that she needs to taste it on her own lips.

“Alex,” she repeats, and she revels in the feeling. “Well um, I… I don’t mean to be a creep, but I work here, and you’ve been coming in here a lot this past month, and I… I am… rambling. Sorry – “

“No, no, you’re fine. Usually I’m the one rambling around really pretty girls. Not that I’m calling myself pretty, I mean, I was… I didn’t mean…”

“Were you saying I’m pretty?” Maggie asks, her voice nearly cracking.

“I… it… I mean of course I was, have you ever looked into a mirror, Maggie?” Alex asks, and Maggie decides she never wants to hear her name come from anyone else’s lips again, because god, does it sound perfect when Alex says it.

Alex, Alex, Alex.

She blushes deeply when Alex’s words sink into her skin.

“I… I just wanted to know… well, if you ever wanted to get coffee when you’re not studying astrophysics – I’m in forensics, myself, so see, maybe we’ll have stuff to talk about, science and all – I could take you… out. Take you out. To coffee. Or not. Or whatever you wanted. I – “

“I would love to, Maggie. Go out with you.”

Maggie remembers how to breathe. “I swear I’m usually not this rambly.”

Alex laughs, and it’s the most gorgeous sound Maggie’s ever heard. “I swear I am usually much more rambly than I am now. My little sister will be proud. I’ve managed not to make too big a loser out of myself.”

“You couldn’t be a loser if you tried.”

“Get to know me first before making that judgment, Maggie,” Alex chuckles, and Maggie blushes again.

“I’m trying to!”

Alex bites the inside of her cheek and puts her glasses back on, staring up at Maggie for a long, flirtatious moment that has Maggie forgetting every word she’s ever known and every thought she’s ever had.

“Well,” Alex starts, breaking eye contact but not breaking the spell. “I have to go pick up my sister from high school, but uh… when you want to see me again… outside of all this… you let me know, alright?”

She presses a napkin with a phone number and her name, hastily but carefully written, into Maggie’s hand.
“I will, Alex. I will,” Maggie promises as Alex gathers her things and blushes as she stands.

“Good,” she almost whispers. “See you soon, I hope.”

“You will. You will. Alex.”

Maggie whispers her name like a prayer, and clings to the napkin like a saving grace.

She floats the entire rest of the day, and, across town, so does Alex.
Alex manages to make it to the pizza place without tripping over themself, and Maggie manages to make it to the pizza place without bolting out of fear.

Fear that Alex’s arm is too gentle around her shoulder; that Alex is too careful to keep checking in with Maggie to make sure it’s alright that their arm is there; that Alex looks at her too genuinely, makes her laugh too easily.

Fear that she can get lost in Alex’s eyes, in Alex’s smile, in Alex’s body.

God, Alex’s body.

Fear that she can get lost in Alex, and interweave them into the fiber of her being, and when they leave – and why wouldn’t they leave? they only just met, for crying out loud – Maggie will shatter into irreparable pieces.

“So you never said,” Alex breaks an easy silence – a silence that scares Maggie with how comfortable it feels – “if you um… if you’ve only dated girls before. I mean, not that I’m – not that – I mean I know you said this can be a date. That this is a date. But I’m not trying to say that means we’re dating, that’ll be up to you, I mean, I only meant – “

“Whoa, hey, hey, Danvers, breathe. You’re okay. It’s okay.” Maggie leans into their body slightly as they walk, as Alex tugs open the door to the pizza place and steps back for Maggie to walk through.

Maggie arches an eyebrow, purses her lips, tilts her head, and bows her head slightly in thanks.

Alex gulps.

“Yeah, only girls. But uh…” Maggie looks over her shoulder and Alex melts at her smile. “I have no problem making an exception for someone as charming as you.”

Alex practically giggles. “Lucy says I have about as much charm as a horse’s ass.”

“Lucy must have terrible taste,” Maggie grins, slipping her hand into her jacket pocket for a thin, black wallet. She orders to cheeseless slices and motions for Alex to get whatever they want.

“No, no, you don’t have to pay – “

“I asked you out, I’ll grab it, no problem. If that’s okay? I figure you can, uh…” Maggie glances at Alex’s lips and blushes, suddenly breathless. “I figure you can get next time.”

Alex nearly chokes on air, and Maggie revels in the strength of their reaction to her flirtation.
“So you’ve got an overly demanding mom. Any siblings?” Maggie asks as she hands over cash to the curious-looking boy at the register.

Alex beams suddenly. “One. A little sister. Kara. She’s everything, she’s my… she’s my everything. She’s a genius at physics, but it’s not her thing, she likes painting better. She’s a senior in high school, she wants to come here in the fall, and she – I’m sorry. Rambling about my little sister, I – “

“No, it’s cute,” Maggie laughs genuinely, lowering her eyes.

Lowering her eyes, because god if she keeps looking at Alex, she’ll kiss them.

She’ll kiss them and she’ll beg them to screw the pizza and take her home and make love to her, because god, it doesn’t matter that they just met, they seem perfect, perfect, perfect, and Maggie hasn’t felt like this since…


Alex blushes at her generosity and thanks the boy at the register – his name tag says Jessy – for passing them their slices and cans of root beer and seltzer.

“What about you?” Alex asks as they maneuver to a plastic table, grabbing napkins and red pepper flakes and oregano along the way. “Siblings?”

The ghost of agony flits across Maggie’s face, but she wipes it away so quickly Alex thinks for a moment they imagined it.

“Nope. No family, really. I mean, they’re alive, just not… it’s whatever. But I’ve got this kid – I mean, not my kid, just, this friend, who’s younger, he’s a sophomore in high school right now – Adrian, his name is – he’s like my little brother. So actually, I take it back. Yeah. One. A brother. Ade. He’s a total nerd, he…” Her eyes flit down to Alex’s flattened chest, up to their undercut. “I think you two would get along.”

Alex chuckles and lets grease slip off the end of her pizza. “What makes you say that?”

Maggie shrugs. “You two might have a lot to talk about, gender-wise. He uh… he transitioned last year.”

Alex sits up a little straighter. “Is that why you know… about binding and stuff?”

Maggie takes a bite of her slice that leaves sauce on the side of her mouth. Alex grins and holds their hand out, hesitating before touching Maggie’s face. Maggie nods, her eyes wide, her chewing paused, and Alex swipes the sauce into Maggie’s lips with baited breath and eyes like they’re intently studying a work of art. Maggie’s tongue flits out of her mouth and their eyes lock. Alex brings their trembling hand back to their side of the table, bringing their finger to their mouth and absently licking it clean of sauce. Maggie’s breath hitches at the motion.

They both gulp, Maggie painfully, because her pizza was mostly unchewed. They both giggle slightly. Maggie clears her throat.

“Thank you. For… thanks. And yeah, partially. Adrian, I mean. And binding. But also, you know.” She shrugs. “I feel like it’s our job to learn about each other. Look out for each other.”

Her pupils dilate at the statement – Alex just met her, sure, but they’ve already said they want to look out for her; Maggie’s still getting her head around why – and Alex misses their mouth with
their pizza.

“Nice to have people looking out for you.”

Maggie shrugs. “I wouldn’t really know.”

“Yeah, you said. What uh… what’s up with that? How could someone not want to look out for you?”

Maggie laughs ruefully. “Easily enough, apparently. But hey, less depressing topic for a hot minute – what classes have you got this term? You said you’re not doing so great – maybe I could uh… help you out with some?”

Alex chuckles. “Not unless you’ve taken biochem and have the patience to deal with my depressed, anxious, perfectionist ass.”

“I have, and I do, actually.”

Their eyes lock, hard, and Maggie suddenly wishes they’d gone back to her dorm room instead of to a pizza place, because Alex’s eyes are suddenly flooded with tears.

“I’m sorry, we just met, I shouldn’t – “

“No, no, no, hey. Maggie. You’re okay, I just… I like this. Spending time with you. Getting to know you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“Keep doing it then, Danvers.”

Alex licks their lips and gulps nervously, happily. Hopefully. “If you want me to, I definitely I will.”
anonymous asked:  
Hi Captain, I've loved your blog for so long but I get scared really easily by things like this and it's taken me a really long time to get the courage to ask you but please may you explore autistic Kara, as someone with autism it would mean a lot to me for one of the strong people I really look up to to help me see the representation in the fandom?  
You're amazing :)

The world is better – calmer, steadier – when she walks between her sister and her sister’s girlfriend.

It’s like they block the bad noise, and filter through only the good noise.

Their laughter and their jokes; their voices and their affection.

She’s heard them laughing together in Alex’s room, and they’re nowhere near as loud right now, next to her.

She knows they’re being softer for her, and she smiles to herself as they make fun of the principal’s spluttering when Jeremiah told him off for trying to punish Alex, not the boys who were trying to hurt Kara.

Her sister and her sister’s girlfriend.

She looks away when Maggie tugs the door to the ice cream shop open for them both and Alex leans in to kiss her on the lips. She looks away and she giggles to herself and she adjusts her glasses and she waits for them to be done.

Sometimes their mouths are as noisy as Kara’s hands.

“Kara, you know what flavor you want?” Alex asks when she and Maggie punctuate their kiss with a giggle, but she already knows the answer.

“Chocolate in a waffle cone so they give more ice cream,” Kara chimes, and Maggie grins.

“That sounds good, Little Danvers – should I get the same?” Kara flaps her hands noisily, her excitement radiating that someone as cool as Alex’s girlfriend wants the same ice cream as her.

“Feeling better, kid?” Maggie asks as Alex orders, and Kara frowns.

“I think so. I don’t like when Alex feels like she has to punch those boys, but I like being with you two now.”

Maggie grimaces a smile. “Well, hey Kara, one day? One day, everyone will recognize what a superhero you are, and the ones who still don’t? Won’t matter.”

Kara glances at Maggie’s face quickly before looking away, before adjusting her glasses and
staring at her sister, paying for their ice cream cones.

“You think I’m a superhero?”

“Oh, I know it, kid. And not because you uh…” Maggie lowers her voice and leans slightly toward Kara, but not close enough to touch her. “Not because you’re Kryptonian. Because you’re you.”

Kara beams and flaps her hands as she reaches out to take the ice cream from Alex, beams and flaps her hands as she blushes her pleasure at Maggie’s words.

Maggie’s phone chimes out and she grimaces again as she checks it.

“Dammit, babe, I’ve gotta run back to school. I totally forgot we have a sound check in the auditorium today for the play. See you later tonight? Homework?”

Alex winks and nods and kisses her. “You bet.”

“See you, Kara.”

“Bye Maggie!”

Kara gives an energetic wave, and Maggie does the same.

Alex melts.

“Can we go home with our ice cream?” Kara asks, and Alex grins.

“Of course we can.” She slings both their schoolbags over her shoulder and they walk home in silence, licking at their ice cream and thinking their own thoughts.

“Alex?” Kara asks when they’re settled onto Kara’s bed at home, her favorite panda stuffie in her lap.

“Mmm?” Alex asks from behind her chemistry book.

“What’s it like to kiss Maggie?”

Alex arches an eyebrow and closes her book slowly, shifting to sit up.

“It’s like uh… it’s like catching the perfect wave, or… or that peace of silence just before sunrise. It’s like… it’s like coming home, Kara. Kissing Maggie is like coming home.”

Kara giggles and pushes her panda’s nose in and out of his fluffy face.

“You’re in love,” she teases. “What if I wanted to kiss a girl?”

Alex nearly chokes and Kara adjusts her glasses nervously.

“If you wanted to kiss a girl, Kara, I would love you to the edges of the galaxy and beyond, just like I do now. Do you want to cuddle and maybe tell me about this girl you have on your mind?”

Kara shifts closer to Alex, happy to replace Alex’s gigantic chemistry text book in her lap.

“Cuddle now, talking later?” Kara asks, and Alex kisses the top of her head gently.

“Cuddle now, talk later sounds perfect,” she tells her, because it really, truly does.
“Ace visibility!!! We need more representation! Maybe Adrian takes an ace kid to
dinner with his queer moms and the kid is nervous because what if they don’t think
aces are part of the LGBTQ+?” from @avidreaderffn

Whenever he goes back to his high school to speak – about the need for gender neutral restrooms;
about the importance of self-care and Latino queer communities after Pulse; about consent, about
queer relationships, about self-love and about safer sex – he pays special attention to the kids who
sit in the back.

Who sit in the back of the classroom and try their hardest to look like they’re not paying attention.

He pays special attention to the ones who try to look invisible, but who sit up straighter, whose
eyes fly wide – if only for a moment – when he brings up certain identities. When he validates
certain labels. When he talks frankly and openly and proudly about his binder, about his first
packer, about his anxiety disorder, about being in therapy.

He pays special attention to these kids, because they’re often the ones who need him most.

So when he’s talking to his old health teacher’s class about queer sexualities, and he mentions
friends of his who are ace – when he explains that the asexual spectrum is real, is not about
damage, has nothing to do with brokenness, except the brokenness of a society that shreds
individuals’ self-worth for their approach to intimacy – he notices when a boy in the back of the
room, backwards snapback and faded Padres shirt, sits up straighter. Stares at him like he can’t
quite believe the words coming out of his mouth. Twitches his hand, his lips, like he wants to raise
his hand, like he wants to say something.

He doesn’t.

“Hey, it’s Justin, right?” Adrian approaches him as the boy takes an inordinate amount of time
packing his bag as the class files out, as Adrian finishes hugging and shaking hands with various
kids who were freshmen when he was a senior, who’ve grown so much in the last year.

“Yeah,” Justin answers stiffly, warily. Hopefully.

“Hey listen, um… I know you don’t know me, but… you know I mentioned that cop and her FBI
girlfriend who are like my queer moms, right? I’m having dinner with them tonight, and I thought
you maybe would wanna come with me. A bunch of kids from the school’ve met them, and I
thought maybe you’d like to.”

Justin stares and his hands tremble, but he sets his jaw and he swallows retorts about why would I
want to do that, why would you be asking me, I’m not queer, I’m not queer, I’m not…

“Sure man. I have a Model U.N. meeting after school. Can you wait around until 4:30?”

Adrian smiles – his heart still leaping at the idea of a cis-appearing, straight-passing guy casually
calling him ‘man’ – and nods as he slips his phone out of his pocket.
Mags – is one extra for dinner tonight okay?

He barely has to wait for a reply.

Always, Ade. Can’t wait to see you.

He doesn’t tell her anything more about the boy – about Justin – he’s not sure what he would say, anyway. Justin hasn’t said anything to him. Just with his body, just with his face. But nothing direct. So whatever he might or might not want to say – whatever he might or might not be – is Justin’s to tell, at his own pace.

And Adrian will let him.

Just like he lets him play with the radio in his car as he drives him, frenetically switching through the stations with a broad grin on his face.

“I’ve got an older sister who always sits in the front seat,” he offers by way of explanation, and Adrian just nods and lets Justin crank the volume up.

He freezes before they make their way upstairs to Alex’s apartment.

“Why me?” he asks, and Adrian tilts his head just like Maggie does.

“I thought maybe some things I was talking about resonated with you.” He shrugs. “It’s okay if it didn’t. But I thought maybe it did.”

He and Justin hold eyes for a long moment, and Justin nods first. “What you said about that ace stuff. It got me thinking.”

Adrian smiles softly, nods softly.

“What about?”

Justin shakes his head and takes a full step back.

“Let’s just go upstairs.”

He’s surprised by the warmth with which the cop and her FBI girlfriend greet him, the enthusiasm with which they hug Adrian, the shorter woman – the one with the cop badge, so Maggie – nearly toppling him over with the force of her hug.

He wonders if this is what family is.

He offers a stiff hand for Alex and Maggie to shake, and his heart melts a little when he sees them brush hands, brush lips, when they slip back into the kitchen, smoothly, easily, navigating around each other to get dinner on the table.

“Can I help, Detective Sawyer?” he offers, and Adrian snorts while Maggie beams.

“You just make yourself comfortable, kid. Adrian tells us you were at one of his guest classes today.”

He nods nervously, but one look at Adrian’s face tells him that that’s all he told them, that he didn’t say anything about… anything else.

“Yeah, he said some things that um… that resonated with me. Do you wanna be a teacher, Adrian?
You’d be good at it.”

Adrian beams and Maggie stands on tip toes to kiss his cheek.

“Which parts resonated, Justin?” Alex asks, keeping her voice casual as she brings down plates from a high cabinet. She remembers she needed pushing, but gently, gently, gently.

He freezes and Maggie and Adrian make sure to continue setting the table, to not stare.

“Some stuff about asexual stuff. About not wanting to have sex, and that being… that being okay.”

To Justin’s surprise and to Adrian’s delight, Maggie steals behind Alex at Justin’s words and kisses the back of her neck.

“Well, it’s totally okay in this relationship. Hmmm, Alex?” she presses kisses along her throat from behind, and Alex hums into her touch.

“Yeah, the whole sex thing? It’s cute when she wants it, but uh… we’ve figured out ways to keep her satisfied,” Alex beams, Alex blushes, Alex looks over her shoulder, her own heart leaping to be meeting someone else who might be like she is.

“Wait,” Justin pales. “You… you’re… I’m sorry if this is rude, I don’t… Are you asexual?” he stammers at Alex, and she disentangles from Maggie’s arms to hand her down the plates, which Maggie takes with another kiss to Alex’s cheek.

“Guilty as charged,” Alex grins, and Adrian watches Justin closely.

“But you… you two… Adrian said you two are practically married, he told our class that you’re his… you’re his queer moms.”

“Awww, Ade, don’t you have anything better to tell the high schoolers about?” Maggie teases from where she’s setting plates on the table, and Adrian sticks his tongue out at her.

“We are,” Alex answers Justin, who’s still staring between her and Maggie, open-mouthed.

“But you’re… you said… I’m sorry, I don’t mean to be rude, I don’t – “

“It’s okay, you’re okay.”

“But you just said Maggie likes sex… wants sex… but you two… you’re happy. You’re together and you’re happy, and I…”

Maggie freezes at the table, Adrian freezes by the counter, and Alex freezes right in front of Justin. All three of them watch, wait. Nod. Love.

“We’re together and we’re happy, and Alex is the perfect woman for me. I love sex, she doesn’t. And she is the absolutely perfect woman for me.”

Alex beams, but her eyes don’t leave Justin’s face.

“But… but I… I thought maybe I was gay, or that I… that something bad happened to me, or something’s wrong in my brain, or my body, or I… I could still be happy? With a girl? In a… in a queer community? I could be… I could be with someone who… I could be happy?”

“There is absolutely nothing wrong with you. Nothing at all. And you can be happy,” Alex whispers, hands hesitating before she puts them on his arms, and he steps forward slightly to meet
her fingertips.

“You can be so, so ecstatically happy. I am. I promise you can be, too. You deserve to be.”

“Yeah, one day you can be just as sickeningly happy as these two nerds,” Adrian tells him, and Justin laughs in relief, laughs in choked tears, laughs in hope.
Chapter 467

Chapter Summary

“(HSAU) Maybe something where alex has to go to the school dance with max Lord cause she’s not out and elizas making her? And Maggie comforts her and says it’s ok? Idk I’m just having a really rough time lately” from @swift1d5sos

She knows.

She knows, because she knew pretty much the minute she first laid eyes on Maggie Sawyer.

She knows, and Kara knows, because she told Kara pretty much the minute after she first laid eyes on Maggie Sawyer.

She knows, and Kara knows, and sometimes she thinks Maggie knows. But Maggie is her best friend, so she hasn’t told her. Hasn’t told her because how can she tell her without telling her she wants to kiss her, without telling her that when they hold hands, she wants it to mean something it doesn’t mean now, without telling her she wants to be her girlfriend, without telling her that when she sleeps over in Maggie’s bed, she doesn’t sleep, because all she wants to do is touch, is kiss, is giggle, is cuddle closer, cuddle more, cuddle romantic?

She knows, and Kara knows, and sometimes she thinks Maggie knows, but she hasn’t told anyone else.

Mainly because she doesn’t want anything getting back to Eliza.

Eliza, who always expects perfection.

Eliza, who is kind to all the other kids – including and especially Winn Schott, the boy Kara brought home for dinner after he got a black eye for experimenting with nail polish – but Alex is the exception.

Eliza, who Alex could never stand to disappoint, especially now, especially since… her father.

Eliza, who can’t stop talking about that jerk Max Lord, that jerk Max Lord who came in second to Alex’s Intel entry, that jerk Max Lord who’s so smart and so responsible and oh, Alexandra, isn’t it so wonderful that he wants to take you to the spring formal? He has such wonderful taste, to be courting my beautiful, intelligent girl.

Alex doesn’t know how to tell her no.

Alex doesn’t know how to tell him no.

Because she can’t stand to be a disappointment.

Because if she tells Max no, she won’t be rejecting one particular boy, one particular date.

If she tells Max no, she’ll be rejecting Eliza’s hope that she can live a cookie-cutter life, a full life, an exceptional life… a perfect life.
So she bites back tears and she swallows bile and she programs a yes into the robot he made and sent to her locker – she can’t help but think Winn would have done a more elegant job – and she accepts Eliza’s hugs and discussions of what dress she’ll buy her and oh, do you want to get your hair done? I’ll pay for it, Alexandra, you’ve been working so hard, you deserve to be pampered.

She bites back tears and swallows bile and tries not to watch Maggie’s fists clench. Tries not to watch Maggie’s jaw set, her eyes water, her nostrils flare.

She tries not to derive any hope from those things.

She tells herself it’s only because they’re friends. Best friends. And they were supposed to go to the spring formal together. As friends. As best friends.

“You have to tell her, Alex. You don’t have to go with Mr. Yucky Pants,” Kara tells her as they walk the beach together that night. Alex scrunches her face up and Kara adjusts her glasses.

Alex’s heart tugs, as the gesture still makes her think of Jeremiah.

“What? He’s rude. And he’s arrogant. All the bad English words you’ve been teaching me.”

Alex can’t help but smirk, and she tosses her arms back in her trademark shrug.

“Yeah, he is, but even if he was the nicest guy – like, James or Winn or something – I wouldn’t…”

“I know. Because you’re a lesbian.”

“Shhhh!!!”

“No one’s here, I’m sorry – “

“I know, Kara, just… just…” Alex groans and holds out her arm, offering it to Kara, who steps eagerly into her embrace. “I’m scared, Kara,” she continues, in a small voice.

“I’m with you,” Kara tells her, and she wraps her arm around Alex’s waist, so they’re walking as close as they can be. Alex sighs and lets herself feel safe.

For now.

For now, until she sees Maggie the next morning on the steps on the side of the school. Until she sees Maggie and she wants to scream, because she still looks sad and she still looks hurt and she still looks like everything Alex wants.

“I don’t wanna go to the stupid dance with that stupid Max Lord,” Alex huffs without preamble, collapsing next to Maggie unceremoniously.

Maggie sits up straighter, and the ghost of hope flashes across her features.

“Oh. Well, you said yes, so I thought you did.”

Alex rolls her eyes. “Ew, no. He’s gross. And even if he weren’t gross, I wouldn’t wanna go with him, I…” She stares and she forgets how to breathe when Maggie’s expectant eyes meet hers, when Maggie’s fingers graze her own so light it almost tickles.


“I wouldn’t want to go with any boy.”
Maggie’s breath hitches and Alex licks her lips.

“Neither would I.” Maggie whispers like she hasn’t spoken in years.

Alex’s eyes are stinging, and Maggie’s are wet, too.

“Why are you, then? Going with him?”

“I’m scared,” Alex admits.

“Of?” Maggie asks, and Alex gulps.

“Of what would happen if I went with the person… with the girl… I really want to go with. Instead of some boy.

“What are you scared of?”


Maggie shrivels, and Alex shakes her head, reaching out to take her hand.

“I don’t know what I’d do if you didn’t feel the same way. Or if we tried to be girlfriends and it didn’t work and I lost you as a friend.”

Maggie blinks and a tear spills onto her cheek.

“You won’t. Lose me. Not ever. And your mom… she can deal, Danvers. She can deal, because you… you’re perfect.”

Alex gulps. “Perfect for you?”

Maggie grins, and Alex thinks that maybe, just maybe – with her little sister, with her best friend, with… herself – she can do this.

“Yeah. Super perfect for me.”
The first time she sees the girl with the affinity for scotch and playing pool alone, it’s the day after one of those nightmares.

One of those nightmares that’s more like a memory.

And the memories are worse than anything her imagination could ever conjure.

She’s still shaky, but she reports to work.

At the bar.

At the bar, because it gives her a semblance of normalcy. It gives her routine.

It gives her a hodgepodge and a mess and vomit from across the galaxy in the bathrooms, but it gives her something like a community.

The girl with the leather jacket and lined up shot glasses and terrible pool shot has agony radiating off of her subconscious and alcohol lightly on her breath, and M’gann approaches with a glass of water and a slight frown, wondering how a human wound up so comfortable in this bar.

“If you adjust your grip on the cue, you’ll get a cleaner shot,” she offers mildly, and Maggie grunts something unintelligible before sinking the six ball.

She grins victoriously as she looks up.

“Thanks,” she says, and her voice is surprisingly clear, considering the number of empty shot glasses and beer bottles littered around the pool table.

She holds out a steady hand, and M’gann flushes at the revelation of the girl’s dimples. “Maggie Sawyer. Good to meet you.”

“M’gann M’orzz,” M’gann shakes. “And same.”

They talk most nights.

Usually about nothing in particular.

Usually in monosyllables.

Usually in between the lulls in M’gann’s bartending needs.

Maggie offers to help out, and M’gann will always wave her off and laugh.

“Not unless you’re getting paid for it,” she’ll tell her, and Maggie will sigh and watch her concoct drink after drink after elaborate drink.
She never tries anything but beer and her scotch herself, though.

But she always tips nearly bigger than her bill.

Sometimes she comes in limping.

“Fire on the job,” she’ll murmur, and M’gann will comp most of her drinks.

Sometimes she comes in with red eyes.

“Got dumped,” she’ll shrug, and M’gann will hear the remnants of women screaming and calling her awful names, accusing her of untrue things, ableist slurs, shouting through Maggie’s thoughts.

M’gann won’t comp her drinks, those nights – Maggie doesn’t need more fuel in the fire, those nights – but she’ll sit with her as long as she can, as often as she can.

She’ll sit with her, and she’ll listen.

She’ll listen, and eventually, she’ll talk.

Talk about her people. Her planet. Her genocide.

“Surviving can be awful. But it doesn’t mean you don’t deserve to,” Maggie will tell her, and M’gann will relish the warmth, the gentleness, of Maggie’s hand on hers, of Maggie’s soft eyes, of Maggie’s low, empathetic voice. Not justifying the things M’gann has done. Not ignoring them.

But somehow, not hating her, either.

M’gann figures she knows why: Maggie can’t hate her when she spends so much energy hating herself.

Sometimes Maggie asks about her home.

Sometimes M’gann asks about Maggie’s.

Maggie’s stories are bloody.

M’gann’s stories are bloodier.

Maggie lets her see into her mind, and M’gann gently floods some images – just beautiful ones, just her planet, just the stars – into Maggie’s soul.

Maggie’s breath will hitch, and her body will be warm, and M’gann will gulp, and Maggie will lick her lips.

Those are the nights Maggie is completely sober – the nights she needs company rather than alcohol, warmth on her skin instead of warmth in her liver – and those are the night’s M’gann will kiss her.

Those are the nights Maggie will kiss her back, hard and gentle somehow all at once, in the back room of the bar, against walls and against doors and against crates of scotch and against nothing but air, nothing but M’gann’s body and her own desperation to feel, to be felt, to hear, to be heard.

Maggie will never make any sounds louder than a harsh exhale or two, and whenever she wants scrape her teeth across M’gann’s neck, she asks. She asks, because M’gann might be a superpowerful Martian, but she’s her friend, dammit, and even if she weren’t, Maggie always,
always, always asks.

Much to the irritation of some of the ex girlfriends who’ve called her boring, who’ve called her too
distant, who’ve called her passionate, but only about the wrong things.

But she’s never stopped asking. Every time.

But she never asks for anything more, and M’gann will never offer.

She’ll never offer because she likes this – their friendship, their talking, their emotional intimacy,
their sometimes physical intimacy – but she also never gets jealous when Maggie’s smile returns,
when Maggie’s found herself a new girl to try and love.

Because M’gann’s spent enough of her life lonely. She’s spent enough of her life without family.

And Maggie feels, a little bit, like that.

She doesn’t need it to be more than the occasional we’re-both-lonely-and-I-trust-you-and-damn-
your-lips-are-soft make out in the back room of the bar.

And sure enough, they switch back seamlessly – from friends with occasional benefits to just
friends – each time Maggie starts dating someone.

The switch back forever when Maggie meets Alex Danvers.

M’gann watches them bond, watches Alex fall in love without knowing it, watches Maggie fall in
love while fighting against it tooth and nail, and it warms her heart.

It warms her heart because Maggie is smiling like she’s never seen, and she’s laughing louder than
she’s ever heard, and she’s gushing like she’s never experienced.

M’gann smiles because maybe – with J’onn, with Alex’s connection to him, with Maggie’s
growing connection to Alex – just maybe her little could-be-family-feeling can start to grow into actual… family.
anonymous asked:
Can we have some angst with bad coping mechanisms tonight? I'm really emotionally fragile right now and I could really use it. Love always, J ❤️❤️

She knows where J’onn keeps the hidden DEO vending machine.
She sneaks Winn snacks whenever he’s having a rough day.
But she also knows where J’on keeps the hidden DEO liquor, for celebrating together, as a team, after long, hard, dangerous missions.
For toasting fallen friends, fellow soldiers who are just… gone.
She knows where J’onn keeps it, and she knows why he keeps it hidden.
She hits it pretty hard, anyway, that night.
That night when Kara’s with Lena and Winn is on patrol with James and Maggie is happy, Maggie is fine, but she’s on the job and Alex won’t text her to tell her she’s in pain.
Won’t text her to ask her to please come hold her when she gets off work.
Won’t text her to tell her that it’s nothing in particular.
That nothing happened, that no one died and that nothing was triggering, that she didn’t talk to her mom and that nothing was particularly difficult today.
Won’t text her to tell her that there’s absolutely no reason for her to be in excruciating agony, but she is.
God, she is.
She won’t text her, but she will raid J’onn’s hidden DEO liquor stash.
She raids it and she chugs and she doesn’t even grimace as she swallows, and she heads straight for the armory.
She heads straight for the armory and she punches in her clearance codes, and she straps knives to her belt and into her boot and slips her favorite gun into her thigh holster and she programs the most dangerous course available – one designed only to train J’onn and Kara – and she turns it on.
She’s too drunk and too hazy – too sharp and too agonized – to remember to turn off the alerts always emanating from the room.
She’s too drunk to think about the conversation that’s happening in the command center as she dives into an obstacle course that could seriously hurt Kara or J’onn, but that could easily obliterate her.
Because if she can tolerate this much pain inside?

What’s a little bit outside?

“Sir,” Vasquez starts, their voice clear and crisp at first, but as they realize what they’re looking at, what the readings from the armory’s training room mean, they wait until J’onn approaches behind them to continue.

So no one else will hear.

Because everyone’s been hearing everything about Alex’s life lately.

The kidnapping, the torture. The drowning.

Jeremiah.

They don’t also need to know how she’s coping with her depression.

“Sir, it seems that Agent Danvers is – “ J’onn takes one look at their computer and nods.

“Call Supergirl and Detective Sawyer,” he claps his hand on their shoulder gratefully, briefly, before he takes off at a sprint for the training room.


Her thigh’s been sliced open by some horror or other and her face is bruised and bleeding and she’s panting, groaning, gritting her teeth.

He overrides her command inputs and he catches her before she crashes to the ground.

He holds her like he did when she used to collapse in training after pushing herself past her own breaking point.

He holds her like he did when Kara passed her limp, trembling body into his arms after flying her back from that damn tank.

He holds her while she mutters partially drunk, partially lucid apologies, over and over and over until Kara’s voice slams into the room, followed closely by Maggie’s footsteps, by Maggie’s frantic heartbeat.

“Alex!”

“Nooooo,” Alex groans, and rolls over closer into J’onn’s lap. “No, Kara, why – J’onn, why would you call her – Kara, you were out with Lena, I – “

“Lena understands, Alex, hey, I’m here, okay? I’ve got you.”

Alex writhes away from her sister’s arms.

“That’s not the way it’s supposed to be,” she groans.

“What happened to taking care of each other?” Kara retorts gently, firmly. Lovingly.

“Alex, you’re always taking care of everyone. You can let us take care of you,” Maggie kneels
next to Kara, and Alex groans again.

“Maggie, you have work, I’m fine, nothing’s even wrong – “

“Alex, you broke into the DEO liquor stash and tried to run a battle simulation designed for people with powers like your sister and me,” J’onn points out softly, breathing sweet relief as Alex finally, begrudgingly, lets Kara gather her into her lap, kiss her broken face; lets Maggie hold her hand, kiss her bruised knuckles, start putting pressure on her bloodied thigh.

“I’m sorry,” Alex murmurs, and her father, her sister, and her girlfriend all shake their heads.

“You don’t have to be sorry, Alex. You just have to call us next time.”

“But nothing’s wrong,” Alex whispers, starting to shake.

“The world doesn’t need to be ending for you to deserve our love, Alex,” Maggie rasps, and J’onn’s heart warms at the obvious dedication of the woman his daughter chose.

“I love you, Alex. And I need my sister, okay? So I need you to let us know when you’re struggling. You’re allowed to struggle, okay? It doesn’t make you weak.”

“It doesn’t make you less perfect. It doesn’t make us love you any less,” Maggie adds, and J’onn takes over pressuring Alex’s wound so Maggie can shift to holding both of Alex’s hands.

“You promise?” Alex chokes, and her father, her sister, and her girlfriend all nod.

“Always, Alex. No matter what.”
anonymous asked:
I really want an angsty fic where Alex gets fed up with Maggie's constant flirting when SHES the one that turned her down. J'onn makes Maggie drop Alex off at home and she tries to give her a glass of water and take care of her, but Alex can't take it when Maggie WON'T leave and the glass shatters in her hand but she doesn't even notice because she's livid, livid that Maggie keeps reopening the wound with flirting and constant reminders that "we're FRIENDS Danvers" so, Alex tells her all of this

She rejected her.

She rejected her because she doesn’t like her like that, but she still wants pool tomorrow night.

She rejected her because she doesn’t want her, and it hurts more than it did the first time she got shot without a vest on, but she still wants to flirt and she still wants to touch the small of her back and she still wants to smile at her and melt her from the inside out and she still wants to let Alex catch her staring at her lips over her beer bottle, over her shot glass.

She rejected her, but she still wants to flirt with her, all the while saying they’re friends, friends, friends – looking at her like she wants to strip her then and there, talking to her like she’s about to kiss her, touching her gentle and subtle like they’re dating, laughing too loud and leaning too close but they’re friends, friends, friends – and it’s driving Alex out of her mind.

It’s driving Alex out of her mind because goddamn does she want her.

She wants her, but Maggie made it clear – too clear, painfully clear, clear like a shard of glass driving into her heart and twisting, twisting, twisting – that she doesn’t want her back.

But she’s driving Alex home because J’onn had to head back to the DEO and he trusts this woman with his daughter – trusts her, because he understands much more than Alex does, the real reasons Maggie rejected her.

Protectiveness. Care.

Genuine desire buried under genuine fear of causing Alex pain.

“I don’t need your help, Maggie,” Alex slurs slightly, and Maggie furrows her brow at the frustration, the anger, breaking through the surface of Alex’s words.

“It’s no problem, Danvers. What are friends for?” Maggie asks, and Alex rolls her eyes but slumps against the window of the passenger seat, because at least the glass is cool, unlike her body, burning with alcohol, with rage, with confusion, with raw, desperate want.

When she helps her out of the car and into the elevator, Alex hisses because Maggie’s arm around her waist makes her feel safe, loved, wanted.

Which, apparently, she’s not. Wanted.
But she thinks she hears Maggie’s breath hitch at their contact, and it makes her want to scream. She holds it in until they’re in her apartment, until she tries to leave Maggie at the doorway.

“Alex, you’re really trashed. Please, just let me get you a glass of water, okay?” Alex huffs and she staggers toward the couch, tossing her hands out behind her aggressively.

“Sure. Do whatever you want, Maggie. It’s what you do anyway, isn’t it?” Maggie furrows her brow and she flinches like she’s been smacked, but she purses her lips and grabs a glass from the cabinet, filling it in the sink while she watches Alex with careful, scared, sad eyes.

“Here sweetie,” she murmurs absently as she crosses the room and presses the glass into Alex’s hand. “Drink all of it.” Her voice is warm and her touch is tender and her eyes are so damn loving.

And Alex can’t take it.

She lets the glass slip from her grasp, crash to the floor, because she’s broken glasses in her hand before, and she’s not in the mood to clean up that kind of mess.

“Whoa Danvers,” Maggie pushes her back gently so none of the shards get on her feet, and it’s that instinctive act of concern, that genuine movement of love, is what breaks Alex. What lets how livid she is flow out of her body, out of her lips, and straight into Maggie’s skin.

“No! No, you don’t get to be protective of me, Maggie.”

“No, Maggie. We’re not friends. You keep saying that, saying we’re friends, but Maggie, but you damn sure don’t act like it. You’re always flirting and you’re always looking at me like you want me, so what is it, Maggie? Is it the thrill of keeping me wild about you? Flirt with me constantly, even after you rejected me, made it clear that you don’t want me, to make sure I stay hopeful, stay completely yours? Is that what it is, Maggie? Because if it’s not, I don’t know what – “

She staggers and she stumbles and Maggie doesn’t hesitate to catch her.

Alex shirks out of her grasp.

“Well?” she demands.

“You’re wrong, Alex.” Her voice is soft and her voice is terrified. Her voice is strained and her voice is firm. “You’re wrong about why I said we shouldn’t be together. You’re wrong. You’re wrong about thinking I don’t want you. Because I do. Want you.” Alex’s breath hitches and Maggie’s pupils dilate and tears threaten to stain Alex’s cheeks.

“But that’s not something we’re gonna discuss while you’re drunk. You know what we’re gonna discuss right now?”

Alex can’t speak – can barely breathe – so she shakes her head, her eyes wide, open.
Anger vanished.

Humility and hope in its place.

“What are we gonna discuss right now?” she asks, her voice apologetic, her eyes soft.

Maggie smiles gently.

“We’re gonna discuss where your pajamas are, so you can get changed. And we’re gonna discuss where your toothbrush is, so you can brush your teeth. And we’re gonna negotiate how many glasses of water you’re gonna drink before you go to sleep.”

“And then?” Alex asks, licking her lips, her eyes drifting down to Maggie’s lips.

Maggie shakes her head. “And then you’re gonna point me in the direction of an extra blanket, and I’m gonna curl up on the couch while you sleep in your bed. And if you wake up and need to vomit, you’re gonna wake me so I can help you. And either way, in the morning, I’m gonna take care of you if you’re hungover, and if you’re not, we’ll talk. Okay?”

“Do you always have everything planned out like this, Sawyer?”

“You gonna tell me a soldier like you doesn’t appreciate it, Danvers?”

Alex grins, now, appreciating the flirtation, now, because maybe, just maybe, Maggie flirts because she likes her back.
Chapter 471

Chapter Summary

How bout some angsty smut? Like one of them just got back from a mission and Alex/Maggie is pissed so they have that rough angry sex you can only have when ur genuinely annoyed. Love u for all ur fics, literally every chapter is perfect xxx

^^ prompt from @thesafstar

She’s safe.

She’s safe and her sister is safe, but barely.

Barely, and she didn’t kill Lillian Luthor.

Didn’t kill her because her sister’s in love with the genocidal woman’s daughter, and Alex knows better than most how complicated love for people’s mothers could be.

She didn’t kill Lillian even though every fiber of her body wanted to.

She failed.

She failed, but she did right by her sister, but she failed.

Lillian massacred all those people in their bar – their safe place, their home, their communal space – all Maggie’s friends, all M’gann’s friends.

She tried to deport all those people across the galaxy.

Jeremiah.

Jeremiah.

But she still let her live.

She let her live, and she is livid.

She’s livid, and her blood is boiling, and Maggie?

Maggie’s blood is boiling, too.

Because she was a different piece of the same mission, and two of her men had died.

Although men is a loose use of the term.

Because really, they were boys.

Fresh out of the academy, and Maggie couldn’t save them.

She couldn’t save them, and she had to watch their sisters, their fathers, sob when she went to their
door in full uniform, hat in her hands.

She’s livid, and her blood is boiling.

Both of them are livid. Both of them are alive, and on fire.

Maggie’s mouth meets Alex’s hard, fast.

Rough.

Both of their lips are swollen in seconds.

Alex’s lip nearly bleeds, and Maggie will have to wear a scarf or something tomorrow, because that mark on her neck will refuse to be covered by makeup.

“Color?” Alex rages, and Maggie shoves her hand down Alex’s jeans.

“What do you think, Danvers?” she practically growls, and Alex pulls back rough, pulls back hard, pulls back angry.

“Answer me, Sawyer.”

“Green, Agent Danvers. Fucking green, okay?”

Alex nearly snarls.

“Excellent.”

She steps back into Maggie’s space.

“I love you,” she tells her rough, she tells her painful, she tells her genuine.

“I love you back,” Maggie whispers as she asks with her eyes if she can strip Alex down.

“Please,” Alex rasps, and Maggie tugs at her clothes hard, desperate, needy.

“Bed. Now,” Maggie begs, and Alex leads the way.

“Can I?” Alex demands, naked and already sweating and already soaked between her legs, grabbing her handcuffs from their bedside table drawer.

“I wanna be able to use one of my hands,” Maggie tells her, and Alex grins lopsidedly as she locks Maggie’s left wrist above her head, to the bed.

“Good?”

Maggie nods and drags the fingernails of her free hand down Alex’s back.

“Good?” Maggie asks as an answer, and Alex moans and grinds down into Maggie’s still-clothed body.

“I want you to fuck me until I can’t breathe, Alex. And then I’m gonna do the same to you, understand?”

Alex bites her lip before clamping her teeth onto Maggie’s throat.

“Understood,” Alex husks, and Maggie tugs at her cuff futilely.
“Okay?” Alex demands, and Maggie nods absently.

“You’re not fucking me yet.”

“You’re not begging me yet.”

Maggie grits her teeth and grinds her hips up into Alex’s.

“I’m not gonna beg you, Danvers.”

“We’ll see,” Alex grins wickedly against Maggie’s skin.

Maggie does beg.

She begs and she pleads and she whimpers and she screams her throat raw, when Alex unzips her jeans and palms her clit and fucks her with every finger she can, with all the force she can muster, with all the roughness Maggie is desperate for.

Alex’s back is a patchwork of scratches from Maggie’s fingernails by the time Maggie comes undone underneath her, by the time she cums herself just from watching, just from listening, just from feeling Maggie pulse all around her.

“Your turn,” Maggie rasps, voice hoarse from screaming Alex’s name, from screaming filthy strings of curses that have Alex dripping down her thighs for her.

“Uncuff me,” she demands, and Alex obeys.

“On your stomach. Put your glasses on,” Maggie requests, and Alex whines, wrecked and eager and raw.

“Yes, Detective,” she whispers, because she knows what Maggie needs to hear.

Knows how Maggie needs to heal from the day.

Knows how Maggie needs to shed the lack of control, regain some semblance of self. Some semblance of hope.

Alex offers her body, her heart – like Maggie just did for her – and Maggie sobs into Alex’s shoulder blades as she fucks her from behind, as she kisses the nape of her neck and slams harder and harder into her the harder and harder she cries.

“I love you, Maggie,” Alex moans as she feels herself start to cum.

“You’re perfect, Alex,” Maggie prays as she feels Alex start to convulse around her hand, around her body, around her need.

And, for the first time since she failed her mission in the name of love, she feels like so-called failure might just be worth it.
anonymous asked:
Post 2x09. Alex tries to explain not only to Maggie but also to herself why she reacted the way she did by pushing Maggie away like "I'm not used to sharing my life with someone. Sharing every aspect of it. It overwhelmed me and for a moment there I panicked. But there's no one I'd rather share everything with than you." So an angsty fluff piece? Please

They hug and Alex is grateful.
Grateful that they’re hugging instead of kissing.
Because kissing her makes her swoon, makes her forget how to think.
Hell, so does hugging. Any closeness with Maggie banishes her ability to function properly.
But this kind of closeness?
This kind of closeness feels more intimate, in this moment, than kissing would.
She’s never been fond of intimacy.
But god, how she’s craving it now.
Now, as Alex can feel Maggie suppressing her shaking.
Now, as Alex can feel Maggie suppressing her fear.
Now, as Alex pulls back from their hug with wide eyes and a soft voice, and she can still see the cautious shutters behind Maggie’s eyes.
“I’m sorry,” she says again, and Maggie purses her lips and breathes deep and nods.
She doesn’t go to sit down, but she doesn’t go to leave, either.
“The universe doesn’t want you to be happy, huh?” Maggie asks, not re-crossing her arms, but not letting her stance relax entirely, either.
Alex sighs and steps around to sit on the edge of the couch. “Sit with me?” she hopes in a small voice, and Maggie takes another slow, deep breath before nodding and sitting next to her, their bodies not touching.
But she’s not completely on the other side of the couch.
And she hasn’t walked out.
She hasn’t said she won’t ever forgive her.
But she hasn’t said she does, either.

“I’m not used to sharing my life with someone. Well, with someone who’s not Kara. I know myself, with Kara. I know my rhythm with her. But I don’t… I couldn’t stand the idea that… god, I’m so happy you know who she is now… I blamed myself – I was so happy, Maggie, with you, because of you, that I was distracted, I let her go on a mission alone, I didn’t protect her. I… I could have gotten her killed, because I was happy. With you. And I couldn’t… I got overwhelmed, Maggie. By sharing my life – myself – with someone like that. Like… this. But I want to, Maggie. Share my life. With you. There’s no one else I’d rather be with like I’m with you. And I’ll get better at it. I promise.”

“How, Alex? How can you promise? Kara’s always going to be Supergirl, and you’re always going to be you.”

“I learn fast, Maggie. Especially when I care about something. Someone. And I care about you. More than I… I care about you, Maggie. Do you… do you want to tell me more about… about what happened for you? When I did… all that? Do you want to… to yell at me? Or something?”

Maggie stands and starts to pace, left hand under her lips.

“How can you promise? Kara’s always going to be Supergirl, and you’re always going to be you.”

“I learn fast, Maggie. Especially when I care about something. Someone. And I care about you. More than I… I care about you, Maggie. Do you… do you want to tell me more about… about what happened for you? When I did… all that? Do you want to… to yell at me? Or something?”

Maggie stands and starts to pace, left hand under her lips.

“Alex, I don’t want to yell at you, I just… I can’t be your yo-yo. I can’t be with you when you’re happy and have you leave when you’re scared. I want… I want to be with you when you’re scared, Danvers. I want to help you when you’re scared. Alright?”

Alex nods with tears brimming in her eyes and trembling hands letting Maggie’s interlace their fingers.

“Do you want me to stay tonight?” Maggie asks, and Alex’s heart leaps.

“Do you want to stay tonight?” Alex dares to hope. “We can talk more about Kara’s ridiculous glasses.”

Maggie laughs and shakes her head, her eyes crinkled and her dimples on full display.

“Yeah, I want to stay tonight, Alex. Is that alright?”

“More than alright, Maggie. It’s perfect.”
She moans and she writhes and she begs Alex not to stop.

Alex stops anyway.

She stops anyway because the last card Maggie had picked from the deck they made together this afternoon, written in Maggie’s careful, elegant script reads:

*Tease me until I can’t do anything but beg for you, Alex.*

Maggie whines in disappointment and Alex barely contains her own groan, staring down at her girlfriend, squirming helplessly on Alex’s bed – their bed – blindfold and handcuffs the only things Maggie’s wearing.

The first card had gotten her hands cuffed above her head.

*Cuff me down, Danvers. If you can.*

She could.

The second card had gotten her clothes off.

*Undress me, Alex, as aggressive as you want.*

She didn’t really need that tank top anyway, and she’d nearly cum without any touch just from watching Alex rip it.

The third card had gotten her the blindfold.

*Blindfold me so I can’t see what you’re going to do to me next, Danvers. I trust you.*

Alex let her watch her kiss every centimeter of her bare skin before putting it on.

The fourth had gotten her this merciless teasing.

*Don’t let me cum until you want me to. Until I’m putty in your hands and all you want in life is to watch me unravel for you.*

And she is. Unraveling.

*It goes well with the fifth card she chose – asking for Alex to tease her.*

“They’re getting a little redundant, Sawyer – sounds like this teasing thing is something you really
like,” Alex had teased after reading it out loud, slow and sultry and seductive.

“What can I say, Danvers, I love a woman who takes what she wants.”

Alex chuckles deep in her throat and licks her way up Maggie’s collarbone.


Maggie squirms in her cuffs. Licks her lips. Grinds her hips up. Whines. Loudly.

Alex shifts out of reach.

“Color?” Alex asks tenderly, softly, gently.

“Green,” Maggie whispers, and Alex smirks.

“Good. Then why don’t you be a good girl for me and tell me what happens when you make this much noise?”

“You draw another card,” Maggie whispers again, her voice trembling, bringing Alex’s lips down to her exposed wrists.

“Excuse me?” she asks, and her authoritative tone contrasts headily with the gentleness of her kiss.

“You… you draw another card, Agent Danvers.”

“Mmm, there’s my girl,” Alex kisses her lips, and Maggie’s entire body keens upward for her.

She chuckles when she reads it silently to herself, and Maggie whines.

“What’s it say, Danvers?”

“Well, well, Detective Sawyer.” She clears her throat, and she reads.

“Make me count for you, Alex. Make me count to whatever number you want. Whatever you want.”

Maggie bites her lips and whines and arches her hips up desperately. “Alex, please,” she pants.

“Color?”

“Green, please, Alex.”

“You want me to make you count, babe?”

“I…. y…. yeah. Yes.”

Alex waits. She doesn’t touch her. Maggie groans and writhes and understands, even without being able to see Alex licking her lips, staring down at the woman she loves like she’s a work of art.

“Yes, Agent Danvers. I want you to make me count for you.”

Alex moans and smirks and – finally – brings her lips down to Maggie’s stomach.

“I’ll be right back, okay? You okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah, Alex. I trust you. Yeah.”
Alex beams and kisses Maggie’s lips gently, shifting off the bed to put on her harness. To put on her strap-on.

“Maggie. Do you want to count while I fuck you?”

Maggie whines and writhes and barely contains a scream. “Yes,” she chokes out, and Alex groans. “Yes, please, Danvers.”

“Okay babe. I need you to count to ten for me. Each time I slam into you. Understood?”

“Yes. Yes. Understood.”

Alex licks her fingers and slowly, slowly, slowly, slips them between Maggie’s open legs.

“Shhh,” Alex guides as Maggie whines, thrusts up, trying to take more of Alex inside her.

“Okay, you ready to count for me, Mags?”

“Mm…. mmhmm.”

“You sure?”

“Dammit, Danvers, just – “

Her frustration is lost in a wordless scream, as Alex shifts between her legs and slips her fingers out of her, her strap-on inside her, in one smooth go. She comes to rest buried deep inside her, and she waits.

“I… it… I… one.”

“Good girl, Maggie.”

She pulls back slowly, slowly, slowly. Maggie whimpers softly, but Alex lets it go. Alex slams back into her.

“T-t-two,” Maggie moans, and this time, Alex pulls back fast, immediate, harsh, before fucking her again.

“Alex, fuck – I – three,” Maggie screams, writhing, and Alex pulls out again.

“Mmm, you’re only allowed to say the numbers, sweetie. I’m gonna have to start again. See if you can make it even farther for me this time, okay? Color?”

“Green, I… fuck, green, Danvers, I… please…”

“Make it a little further for me this time, babe, okay? I know you can do it.”

Maggie whines and pants and bites her lips to keep her from begging.

She makes it, this time, to five.

She makes it, this time, to five, before her entire body is so wrecked she can barely breathe.

“Color?” Alex demands before she thrusts into her again.

Maggie fidgets and she hesitates and she needs to breathe but can’t, god, she can’t.
“Yellow, Alex, yellow. Or like, orange.”

Alex freezes and gently lifts her weight off Maggie’s naked body, kissing her cheek soft and gentle and intimate.

“Oh, okay, hey. I love you, I’m here – do you want me to take this off?” she touches Maggie’s blindfold.

“Yeah,” Maggie breathes, heart swelling with appreciation for Alex’s care. For Alex’s gentleness. For Alex’s heart.

“Hey you,” Alex smiles when Maggie blinks her eyes open when Alex slips off the blindfold. “What do you need, beautiful? Do you need me to move?”

“No, no,” Maggie wraps her legs tighter around Alex’s hips. “Stay, I want you close, I just… you love me?”

“God, Maggie so much. I love you so, so much, Maggie Sawyer. Everything about you.”

Maggie chuckles breathily. “She says between my legs.”

“I would say it anywhere. Everywhere,” Alex answers without hesitation.

“Nerd,” Maggie beams, soft and adoring and god, so perfect.

“A nerd who’s wildly in love with you,” Alex doesn’t blink.

“Yeah?” Maggie smiles. “Show me, then. Uncuff me and make love to me, Alex Danvers.”

“Always, Maggie Sawyer. Always.”
anonymous asked:
  How about kara having a sensory overload for some reason but maggie is the only one near her?

Her head is pounding and the televisions are all blaring in the background and she needs to focus on writing this, focus, focus, focus.

Block it out. Block it out.

But other people are laughing.

Other people are talking to each other.

To her.

Talking to her, and she doesn’t understand why they don’t see that she’s trying to focus.

She doesn’t understand why they don’t hear her head pounding, why they don’t see her trying to keep her cool, trying to not curl into a ball, trying to not cover her ears with her hands, but it’ll be futile, always futile, because even with her glasses on, she sees too much, she hears too much.

She feels too much.

She’s seeing too much, hearing too much, feeling too much.

Pretending that when people talk to her, she’s not imploding.

Pretending that when someone tries to look at her, her head isn’t pounding and she can focus on them without wanting to disappear.

Or just disappear everyone else. Everything else.

Until she hears the overwhelming crack – though really it’s probably more of a soft pop – of knees cracking next to her desk.

She turns her head and her eyes land on the eyes of her girlfriend’s sister, crouching next to her desk and looking up at her with a tilted head and a soft gaze.

“Hey Kara,” she greets, her voice low and just barely above a whisper.

She doesn’t touch her. She doesn’t go for a hug, or a knee touch, or a shoulder clap.

She just looks up at her, and Kara nearly drowns in gratitude.

“You forgot we were supposed to have lunch?” Maggie asks when Kara just blinks at her, but there’s no accusation in her voice.
“Maggie, no, I mean, yes, I’m – I’m so sorry, I’ve been so – “

“Need a break?”

“From – “

“All this.” Maggie gestures around the office, and Kara blinks again.

“Come on,” Maggie stands, and Kara doesn’t know what else to do.

So she focuses, she tries to breathe, and she follows.

She follows her sister’s girlfriend past the crowded elevators into the deserted stairwell.

She follows her down flight after flight after flight.

She follows her into an abandoned office on the fourteenth floor, empty of people and brilliantly, mercifully, silent.

“Maggie, how did you – “

“Always know where the quiet zones are, Little Danvers. Do you want me to leave you alone, or – “

“No. Stay. Please?”

Kara holds out a trembling hand, and Maggie takes it. Gently. And lets Kara pull her into her body, around her body.

She hugs Kara close into her chest, like she hugs her big sister. Her hands on her head.

To block out the noise.

To block out the swarm.

To block out the world.

When Alex finds them twenty minutes later, tracking Kara’s watch, they haven’t moved. They haven’t moved, and Kara is clinging to Maggie’s flannel. Clinging, still, breathing.

Slow and steady and calm.

Finally, quiet, and calm.

But she hears Alex’s heartbeat joined theirs, and she lifts her head away from Maggie.

“Hi,” she offers, and Alex stifles a soft sob.

“Hey sis. Overwhelming day?”

Maggie nods for Kara, while Kara extends a hand to her big sister.

“Sandwich?” she asks, and Alex smiles, wrapping her arms around both her sister and her girlfriend.

“Kara sandwich now, potstickers when you’re ready,” she says softly, and Kara lights up.
“I love having two big sisters,” she murmurs, and she doesn’t notice the tear that streaks down Maggie’s cheek, but Alex does.

Alex does, and god, is it perfect.
Somewhere, Alex finishes their pizza without choking.

Somewhere, Maggie finishes hers without doing the same.

Somewhere, they don’t kiss, even though the boy behind the counter has a running bet with himself as to when they will and how much tongue they’ll use.

Somewhere, Alex doesn’t knock their chair backwards when they get up and offer Maggie their hand to head back to campus.

Somewhere, Maggie interlaces their fingers without giving a disclaimer that her palms are sweaty.

“So,” Alex starts, their voice low and nervous and so, so hopeful. “You uh… you got class this afternoon?”

Maggie shakes her head and bites her lip and tries to remember to breathe.

“Do you?”

Alex shakes their head too, and looks down at Maggie with a gulp.

“You got plans?”

She shakes her head again, eyes wide, stomach flipping over and over and over.

“Wanna come back to my dorm?”

Maggie’s breath hitches and she stumbles. Alex catches her easily.

“I mean… I wasn’t… it… Lucy’s gonna be there, she… I thought we could hang out… we have a TV, I… not that I’m suggesting Netflix and chill… I mean, we could Netflix, and we could chill, but I wasn’t trying to say Netflix and chill, I wasn’t – “

“Whoa there, Danvers, it’s okay. You’re okay. I’d love to. Lucy won’t mind?”

Alex chuckles and slows their breathing. Somewhat.

“Are you kidding? She’ll be thrilled.”

Maggie grins and reflects Alex’s chuckle.

“Did you guys know each other before school? Seems like you guys are pretty close.”
Alex nods. “She beat up some guys in high school who were messing with my sister.”

“I’m liking this Lucy more and more,” Maggie smiles, and Alex stiffens.

“You haven’t got any competition, Danvers, it’s okay.”

Alex stammers and gulps and tries not to trip over their own feet as they guide Maggie back to their dorm. As they dig their key into their door and crack it open.

“Luce? You home?”

“Heyyy, Danvers, did you kiss her? When are you seeing her next? Did you use tong – fuck. Heyyy, Maggie. Sorry, I uh… I didn’t know you were… here…”

“Hi, Lucy,” Maggie extends her hand, blushing furiously but beaming at the same time. “And no, they’ve been a perfect gentleman,” Maggie grins, and Alex shifts from foot to foot, over the moon with Maggie’s attentiveness to their moment-by-moment preferences.

“So does that mean they’ve managed to throw two words together?” Lucy wants to know, and Alex rolls their eyes with a dramatic sigh and a soft shove in Lucy’s direction.

Lucy dodges. Alex stumbles, and Maggie’s hands steady their waist. Alex’s breath hitches, and Maggie’s pupils dilate heavily. They stare and they breathe and they don’t move at all.

Maggie’s eyes shift to Alex’s lips, and Alex’s eyes do the same.

“Well. I’m gonna… why don’t you kids stay here and get better acquainted? I’m gonna go see what Sara’s up to.”

“No, uh, Lucy, you don’t have to – “

“Byeeeeee. Good to meet you again, Maggie!”

The door is closed before either of them can protest again.
Alex has known since she was twelve. She’s known and she’s had nothing but support from her little sister and from the boys who are like her brothers.

She’s known and she’s had nothing but support – and a lot of heady winks – from Sara Lance in her social studies class and shy smiles from Felicity Smoak in her coding elective.

She’s known, and she’s known about Maggie.

She’s known, but Maggie doesn’t know yet.

Doesn’t know yet that when she looks at Alex and her heart leaps, it’s not just because they’re best friends.

That when her eyes won’t leave Laurel Lance’s body as she stands up in passion and deep effectiveness during their class debates, it’s not just because she admires her way around arguments.

That when she gulps and stammers slightly when she makes Iris West laugh, it’s not just because she’s still the new girl and making new friends feels good.

Alex knows.

Maggie doesn’t.

But Alex is patient, and Alex loves her – she’s loved her, or at least known she could love her, since she introduced herself as Maggie Sawyer from Blue Springs, Nebraska, mid-way through freshman year – and Alex is her best friend.

So Alex comes out to her, and she watches when Maggie’s eyes go wide, watches when Maggie’s eyes flit to her lips.

Hears the hitch in Maggie’s voice when she brings her in for a hug and tells her that she’s proud of her, and thanks her for telling her.

She comes out to her, and she’s patient, because Maggie’s her best friend and she loves her, so she won’t pressure her.

So she waits.

Waits, and gently watches Maggie watch her as she paints in the nearly empty art classroom after
school.

She paints her with her tongue sticking out of her lips slightly, and she tries to breathe even as Maggie’s pupils dilate, even as Maggie fidgets with her fingers the way she does when she’s nervous, when she’s thinking.

When she’s feeling things she’s scared to feel.

“Bored?” Alex asks. “Because I can find myself another muse, Sawyer,” Alex teases. Alex invites.

“No! No, no, I’m not bored, Danvers, I uh… I like when you paint me. You’re the best in the whole school.”

Alex pffts and shakes her head and squints to make sure she’s recreating the tilt of Maggie’s head just right.

“You’re thinking about something, though,” Alex prods gently, gently, gently. So gently.

Maggie tilts her head deeper, and Alex allows herself a small smile as she scratches her forehead.

“Hey, you’ve got uh…” Maggie leans forward and wipes Alex’s forehead with a trembling finger. Alex stiffens, stills. Deliberately doesn’t breathe.

Because god, does she want her best friend.

Her best friend that isn’t even out to herself yet, let alone anyone else.

Or hell, maybe Alex is wrong, maybe Maggie isn’t even…

But Maggie’s eyes are drifting down from her paint-smeared forehead to her lips, and Maggie is gulping audibly.

“Danvers,” she whispers, and Alex bites her lip.

“Sawyer.”

“How’d you know?”

“Know?”

“That you…”

The door opens and Maggie nearly topples her stool over with how fast she stumbles away from Alex.

“Alright in here, girls?” Ms. M’orzz asks. “I brought you more burgundy from the supply room, Alex, I thought you could use it.”

“Yeah! I… I could. Thanks… thanks, Ms. M’orzz. I… thanks.”

“Mmm, that’s beautiful, Alex. You’re really touching at Maggie’s soul here.” She beams at two of her favorite students, and she’s not sure who blushes harder, the painter or the painted.

“Yeah, she really is,” Maggie mutters, more to herself than anyone else, but Alex hears it. Alex hears it, and she hopes.
deohsogay asked:
During the yoga class Alex finds every excuse to sit behind Maggie so she can get the best view and during one of the poses Alex looks up and gets distracted by Maggie’s ass and her hand slips and she just fucking eats the ground. Maggie obviously snorts and adds a "having trouble focusing there danvers?"

She’s good at this.

She is.

J’onn gave her a very thorough training, insisting that she benefit from health disciplines and physical regimens from all over the world.

Much to her chagrin – she’s not exactly a calm person – that had included various yoga practices.

So like it or not, she’s good at this.

Not that she told Maggie that, wanting to roll in and impress her with her skills.

She means to impress her, but when Maggie picks her up from the apartment in those pants – those damn pants – Alex forgets everything she’s ever learned about yoga, about breathing, about existing.

Because damn.

Her girlfriend is fine.

So she sets up her mat behind her – she can impress her later – behind her, because damned if she’s not going to… look… and enjoy… And anyway, it certainly doesn’t seem like Maggie minds the attention.

Because she gives a knowing smirk over her shoulder, and she tosses a wink at her girlfriend right before they start.

A wink that sends a lump into Alex’s throat, because god, she wants her so badly.

Right now.

But right now is not the time, because right now they’re surrounded by other queer women, and right now she has to focus on getting her muscles back into the routine of this slow, steady movement instead of her typical fast, rough pace.

Her professional pride – the pride that she has in J’onn’s training – keeps her focused through at least a few poses. Keeps her body calm and her eyes off Maggie’s body for at least a few minutes.

But then she looks up, and god, her girlfriend’s ass. In those pants.
She loses her breath and she loses her grip, and her chin hits the ground enough to make her grunt. Enough to make Maggie snort without even turning around, because Maggie knows her girlfriend. So she knows exactly what happened.

“Trouble focusing back there, Danvers?” she whispers, and the women around them – and the instructor – all smirk softly.

“We’ll switch positions next time, see how you do, Sawyer.”

“Flash grenade says I’ll do better than you.”

“Bring it, Maggie.”

“Ladies.”

“Sorry.”

“She started it.”

“God, we’re really that couple, aren’t we?”

“Shhh. But yes, you are. Good on you, Maggie.”

“Yeah. She really is.”
Chapter 478

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Would you ever consider a Sara x Kara hurt/comfort fic or a Supercorp one like that?

She watches her sister throw her arms around this woman – this new woman. This new woman who seems sweet, who seems to really like Alex – maybe even love her – but she rejected her before she embraced her, and she made Alex cry.

Kara is forgiving, perhaps to a fault.

But she doesn’t easily forgive people who’ve made her sister cry.

And Maggie Sawyer has made her sister cry.

Worse, she’s made her sister doubt herself.

Doubt who she is.

To be fair, she’d also been the reason Alex was discovering who she is. But Kara isn’t dwelling on that part right now.

Right now, Kara is dwelling on the part where her sister is parting her lips and opening her heart to a woman who’s made her cry, and it makes Kara feel lonely. It makes Kara feel jealous.

More to the point?

It makes Kara feel terrified.

Because if she needs one thing on this planet – in this universe – she needs her sister.

And Maggie might just be the one who takes her away.

So Kara stabs at the ice in her glass of club soda with her straw, and she sighs, and she lowers her eyes so she doesn’t have to see anymore.

But she can still hear Alex’s racing heart, and she can still hear them laughing in between kisses.

She sighs, and then she jumps.

Because she knows the rhythm of the heartbeat suddenly standing next to hers.

“This seat taken?” a voice that always surprises her with how high, how thin, how soft it is, asks.

“So!” Kara stands, nearly spilling her club soda down her front, and not caring in the least. She tosses her arms around the smaller woman, who laughs even as she breathes the wind back into her lungs.

“Cisco told me you were upset last time you guys talked. He figured I might wanna come over here
and scope things out. See if you require the services of a time traveling, international assassin.”

“You’re not an assassin, Sara,” Kara corrects gently, and Sara raises her eyebrows in a sigh as they both sit down, knees touching, bodies automatically leaning into each other.

“And you don’t always have to pretend you’re okay,” Sara chides, gesturing to M’gann for a double shot of tequila.

“I take it this won’t have any effect on you?” she grins, holding her shot glass up for a toast after thanking M’gann and tossing her a wink.

“None at all,” Kara sighs, clinking her club soda glass to Sara’s shot glass.

She downs it in an instant, and Kara licks her lips absently.

“So what’s bothering you, kid?”

Kara’s eyes drift across the bar to her sister, now leaning over Maggie’s bent body, adjusting the pool cue in her hands and whispering something that Kara would really rather not hear in her ear.

“Oof. Which one do you have your eye on? Because both of them are damn fine, I gotta say, you have good taste – “

“What? No, no, Sara, that’s – no, the – the one with the short hair, that’s Alex, that’s my sister.”

Sara’s eyes brighten. “You wanna get with your sister’s girlfriend? Shit, Kara, Cisco called you the right – “

“No! Sara, I don’t want Maggie, I… I miss her. Alex. I miss her.”

Sara sighs, suddenly sober, and she puts a gentle hand on Kara’s knee.

“Wait, no, Sara, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t talk to you about missing sisters, mine is right across the room, I didn’t mean – “

“Hey, no no, Kara, don’t do that to yourself. Laurel…” Sara’s voice cracks. “She’d want nothing more than for me to help you feel better about Alex. I know how much… I know how much you love her.”

Kara nods, putting her hand on Sara’s to squeeze slightly.

“Listen, I don’t know your sister. But I know the way you talk about her. And Kara, it sounds like you two… it sounds like you two are unbreakable. Stronger together, isn’t that what that S means? I feel like that’s your thing. With Alex. You two are stronger together. I know it was like that with my sister. And I don’t want to see you pull away from her because you’re scared to lose her. Because that’s the perfect way to actually lose her.”

“I’m not pulling away – “

“Really? Then why aren’t you playing with them?”

“They need their alone time, I – “

“They came to a bar chock full of people and all their friends. If they needed alone time tonight, they’d be at home. Getting up to… other things.”
“Ah ah ah, okay, enough!”

Sara smirks and Kara adjusts her glasses.

“Should I… ask to play with them? Do you want to meet them?”

Sara grins and winks and stands, offering her hand to Kara’s in a grand, exaggerated gesture.

“I thought you’d never ask.”
anonymous asked:
Would you do Sanvers being totally married, even though their not yet, and Adrian being a little shit about it?

They bicker about how to load the dishwasher, and then they get all teary-eyed and touchy-feely over something about firsts.

Adrian sighs heavily with a grin and kicks his feet up on the table, because this might take a while.

A dishtowel lands on his head, and he’s not sure who launched it – Alex or Maggie – but he’s sure that they’re married as all hell, and he’s somehow become their kid.

Maggie automatically lays on the couch with her head in Alex’s lap, and Alex’s automatically strokes her hair while they watch movies.

Adrian mumbles something about domestic lesbian wives, and neither one of them denies it.

Alex smacks Maggie’s ass lightly whenever she gets up to grab a drink, to go to the bathroom, to make more popcorn.

Adrian whistles every time, and every time, Maggie blushes and Alex stammers.

But they never stop doing it, and Adrian never stops teasing them for it.

They wear each others’ sweatshirts and they casually remind each other about bill payments and they text each other to please bring home the groceries they forgot.

Adrian smirks and barely keeps his commentary to himself, about how adorable their little routine is, their little necessary intimacies are.

They try to talk to each other with toothpaste in their mouths, and Alex goes into the bathroom while Maggie’s showering, and Maggie brings home flowers and Alex brings home tiramisu.

Adrian mutters something about u-hauls, and the irony isn’t lost on them when they ask if he wants to help them actually move in together.

He uses his key to come over one night, and they’re making out on the couch gently, passionately, deeply, hands everywhere, hands slow, bodies connected, breathing heavy.

“Can you just propose to each other already?” he teases by way of announcing his presence, and they’re both beaming when they stop kissing and look at him.

“Actually, we just did,” Maggie tells him, and he can’t even tease them, because he’s crying too hard from happiness.
Chapter 480

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Hey mom, could you write the missing scene where Maggie meets Eliza? Cos we never got to see it but obviously Eliza really likes her :) thanks xoxo

She sees her when she’s flitting in and out of consciousness.

When whatever Cyborg-Superman shot her with is coursing through her veins and glowing in her wound and infecting her and sending her into seizures that have the DEO med team nervous and that have her daughter with a clenched jaw and a tone of panicked command in her voice that Eliza’s never heard.

She sees the way Alex holds her to her, the way Alex’s hands – her daughter’s hands, which can kill so easily – are gentle with Maggie, the way her hands rip off her vest, her shirt but her eyes avoid her chest almost too diligently as she combats whatever toxin is coursing through Maggie’s veins.

She sees the way Alex doesn’t breathe until Maggie’s vitals stabilize. Until Maggie starts talking, starts asking after her team, after Supergirl.

Eliza smiles softly to herself, because if this girl’s first thoughts after nearly dying was to ask about the welfare of her team and a woman with super powers, she might just deserve her Alexandra.

But she fights not to form any stronger opinions about her until she truly meets her.

And she does soon enough, because she’s there when Maggie gingerly tests out walking after getting dressed, after getting the clear from Alex to leave; after Alex was called away to some briefing or other, delayed until Maggie was in the clear because J’onn knew, already, not to even try to pry her from Maggie’s side before she knew she was going to be alright.

“You must be Maggie,” she strides forward, and she reaches out a hand to steady her daughter’s crush when she stumbles at her voice. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“No, ma’am, you don’t have to apologize, I… Dr. Danvers, right? It’s a pleasure. Your daughter’s… amazing. Both of them.”

“It’s Eliza, dear, please. And Alex says the same thing about you.”

She thinks Maggie blushes, but it could be the rush of standing up again for the first time since getting shot with a Cadmus laser.

“Well, I’m just lucky to have her in my life, Dr. Danvers.”

“Eliza.”

“Sorry. Right.”
“Is the pain bad?”

Maggie shakes her head. “Just a bit dizzy. I’ll be alright.”

Eliza nods and offers to help Maggie tug on her leather jacket. Maggie accepts with murmured thanks.

“She’s lucky, you know. Alex. To have a parent like you, in terms of… She told me… she told me you were great about her coming out. I just… that’s wonderful. That’s exactly what she deserves. She should have that in all areas of her life, you know?”

Eliza squints at her slightly, this woman that her daughter’s falling in love with.

“Did you not?” she asks. “Have that?”

Maggie lowers her eyes and shrugs, flinching slightly when the movement jostles her stitches.

“Alex deserves the best. I’m happy she has acceptance about being who she is from you and Kara.”

“You care for my daughter quite a bit, don’t you?” Eliza asks, and Maggie smiles faintly.

“A lot, yes, Dr. Danvers.”

Eliza doesn’t bother to remind her to use her first name. She’s too busy staring, too busy calculating. Too busy evaluating.

“Well, we don’t always find someone we care about so deeply, Maggie. Life is short. And you’re right. Alex deserves the best.”

She holds out her hand, and Maggie takes it, eyes wide. “It was a pleasure to meet you, Maggie. I hope to see you again soon.”

Maggie stammers slightly as Eliza walks away.

“I hope so too, Dr. Danvers,” she murmurs, her mind already steeling herself for how much she’s going to risk tonight, and all for the love of a woman’s daughter.
Alex grins over from across the diner at her little sister and her new friend, leaning conspiratorially into each other in a booth at Noonan’s.

Both in glasses – one to conceal her identity, one because why the hell not? – both moaning as they dig into the massive ice cream sundae on the table between them.

“I only had to cross an ocean to encounter this delicious cream,” Diana is telling her. “You had to cross – what did you call it?”

“The Phantom Zone,” Kara nods, closing her eyes as she leaves the spoon upside down in her mouth a little longer than necessary, oblivious to the way Diana stops eating to stare wide-eyed at Kara’s lips.

“Was it lonely? That Phantom Zone?”

Kara shrugs as she opens her eyes, and Diana wonders at the kind of blue.

“I don’t remember it. Being stuck there. Except sometimes in dreams. Alex would wake me up screaming when we were kids. My planet would be burning and I’d be stuck in what felt like an abyss, in my pod, and I couldn’t…”

Diana reaches a hand out for Kara’s, and their eyes lock hard.

“It must have been beautiful. Krypton.”

Kara’s smile returns even as tears prick her eyes. “My father used to take me to the edges of Argo City to watch our sun rise – it was red, not yellow like this one – and so much of our cities were just… awash in silver, in our technology, and it could have been sterile, I guess.”

She adjusts her glasses and swipes her spoon through a river of chocolate fudge and licks it off slow, thoughtful. Accidentally seductive, even as Diana’s heart bleeds along with her words.

“But it wasn’t. The way the rising sun would reflect off of all that metal… it was anything but cold. It was… Anyway. It’s gone, now.”

Diana shakes her head slowly. “Not in your heart, Kara Zor-el. Nothing can ever truly be gone. Not if you keep it alive inside you.”

Kara sighs and creates the ultimate sundae spoonful: wet walnuts, fudge, ice cream, a piece of banana, sprinkles, whipped cream. She offers it out to Diana, who accepts, and her eyes fly wide as
she moans so loudly, so joyously, that Alex – now joined by her girlfriend – isn’t the only one in Noonan’s turning to stare. Kara giggles.

“The first time I tried it, I got so excited I started flying without even trying to. Alex tried to hold me down but wound up just coming along for the ride.”

Diana laughs, and it’s light and it’s happy and it’s so damn full.

“Your sister’s a brave warrior, it seems. Angry. Frightening, perhaps. But loyal. And that police woman seems to make her smile more easily.”

Kara nods and they both glance over at Alex and Maggie, who catch their eyes and wave.

“She’s the only reason I ever felt at home on this planet. Alex. I don’t know what I’d do without her.”

Diana thinks of Steve, of gas and of planes. She thinks of her aunt, of generals and of last breaths.

Kara doesn’t have J’onn’s telepathy, but she knows anyway. She knows that look.

She sees it in the mirror far too often.

Nearly every time she looks.

“My aunt died, too. Was killed. She survived – she survived, I got her back, a piece of my home, and then she – “ Kara shudders, and tries not to think of Alex.

Alex, protecting her space father.

Alex, loyal to a fault.

Alex, her sister, her world, who somehow became a hardened soldier without her noticing.

“She died. In battle. A renowned General.” Kara smiles softly, and it’s Diana, this time, who tries her hand at creating the perfect spoonful of sundae and offers it to Kara.

“I thought the world would never be able to go on when I lost my general. My mother’s sister. It felt like… you know what it felt like, Kara Zor-el.”

Kara nods, and remembers holding Astra, dying. Remembers holding Alex, weeping. Remembers holding her hand out for J’onn, breathing, breathing. Breathing.

“I have a projection of my mother. Maybe we could try to make one of your aunt. At the DEO. It… it’s not the same, and sometimes… sometimes I don’t know if she left me with the burden of caring for Earth or the burden of righting the wrongs I didn’t even know she’d done, but it… it’s comforting, anyway. Being able to see her. Talk to her. Even if it’s not really her.”

Diana’s eyes sparkle at this girl’s generosity. The way this woman bears the weight of multiple planets on shoulders that somehow still manage to look carefree.

This warrior who doesn’t at all think herself a warrior.

But perhaps that’s what makes her such a powerful one.

“How have you done it, Kara? Seen all you’ve seen, and still… Ares told me that this world doesn’t deserve me, that I should rule it, enslave it, rather than… they kill and they torture and
they… how have you done it?”

Kara pokes at their slowly disappearing, slowly melting sundae with her spoon.

“Ice cream helps,” she smiles softly, and Diana looks at her like she’s the sun. Because maybe she is.

“Love,” she amends more seriously. “If I let go of it, I… Alex does terrible things. The person I love most in the world. She hurts people, and she thinks… she thinks it’s alright, because it’s always in defense of someone she loves. She doesn’t think about the people who love the person she’s beating. Or, she does, but… after. Maggie’s helping her with it. J’onn too. And I’m trying. Sometimes I feel like it’s my fault, like I turned her into someone this ruthless, but I… I guess what I’m saying is… I love her. I love her more than my own life. All of her. And she helps me understand. Humans. This planet. The things people do out of fear. Out of love. Out of terror of losing love. The people you’ve found, Diana. They have to be your anchor. Otherwise it… otherwise it consumes you. The things Ares said to you. And you can’t let it. You’re too good.”

“As are you, Kara. As are you.”

Kara licks her lips and lets her eyes lock hard into Diana’s.

“You know what also helps?”

Diana shakes her head, her eyes starting to sparkle, her lips starting to quirk up into an excited smile.

“Pool,” Kara grins.

“We have pools on Themyscira! Mystical pools, with water that – what?” she trails off, smiling in slight confusion, because Kara is laughing and touching her hand and god, she can feel the undercurrent of Kara’s power even in her gentle, affectionate gesture, and it makes her gulp.

“No, I mean a game. Come on. Alex and Maggie will show you.”

Kara is up and offering her hand, and Diana is taking it but her eyes are wide and her lips are playful.

“Can we get more ice cream there?” she asks, and Kara beams.

“Great thing about this city? We can get ice cream almost anywhere.”
anonymous asked:
Hi! I've been struggling with my nb identity for a while now, and I love your nb!alex fics, I was wondering if you would be willing to write an nb!kara one? I feel like Kara would be really likely to be nb just because I don't feel like gender would have been such a big thing on krypton? So maybe like her trying to adjust to the rigid gender roles of earth, and her friends helping her navigate it? Love you mom!

Kara likes being Alex’s sister.

Likes it, because it makes Kara feel more connected to this loud, strange planet that seems impossible to understand.

Likes it, because it makes Kara feel at least a little less lonely, even knowing that Krypton is now nothing more than ash and dust, that the people left there – family, friends – are nothing more than debris and whatever memories Kara can scavenge.

Likes it, because it makes Kara feel like family.

But the Kryptonian can’t understand the extra expectations – beyond love, beyond devotion, beyond care – that seem to come with that label.

With sister.

Kara doesn’t understand why Jeremiah is the only one to lead the blessings, the offerings to an Earth version of Rao, every Friday night; doesn’t understand why Alex, Maggie, and Lena are the only girls in the advanced science classes, why they get made fun of for it; why Lucy gets ridiculed for wanting to join the military like her father.

Kara doesn’t understand the extra expectations, the odd contradictions, the double standards, the degradation, that seem, on earth, to come with girl.

With sister.

Kara doesn’t understand why that word, that term, that box, seems so… limiting. Seems to not quite… fit.

Not quite fit everything Kara feels inside. Everything Kara… is.

It doesn’t fit Alex, either; Alex in her science classes and with her girlfriend that people also, oddly, seem to find unusual, or even wrong.

But somehow, the way girl doesn’t quite fit Alex and the way girl doesn’t quite fit Kara feels… different.

Because Alex seems to like it. Seems to like being a girl in science, being a girl with a girlfriend, no matter what other people say. Or sometimes, even because of what people say.
Being a girl makes Alex proud.

But Kara?

Kara just can’t seem to make the word fit, the label fit, the box fit.

It doesn’t sit right. It doesn’t feel right.

But on Earth?

It seems like there’s no other option, because man? Jeremiah, James, Winn, Kal-el?

Those don’t feel like they fit Kara, either.

Maggie notices first.

Of course Maggie notices first.

Maggie notices when she’s over for Shabbat dinner – she’s always over for Shabbat dinner – and Kara shifts uncomfortably as Jeremiah makes kiddush, makes the blessing, pours the wine, breaks the challah.

Maggie notices Kara’s eyes sink in confusion, sink in conflict.

Maggie notices the twitch behind Kara’s eyes when Eliza tells Jeremiah what a great job Kara’s been doing at school, she this and she that and isn’t she progressing so beautifully, Alex?

“Hey, Kid Danvers, come here,” Maggie takes Kara aside after they eat, after they bench, after they clean up the dishes with a grumbling Alex.

“Yeah Maggie?” Kara asks, brow furrowed and glasses adjusting.

“Can I ask you something personal? I mean, you don’t have to say yes just because I’m dating your sister, I – “

“You can ask whatever you want, Maggie.”

Maggie nods and bites her lip and glances over to where Alex is laughing, is leaning into Jeremiah’s chest, is accepting his teasing about her being in loooovvvve.

She smiles faintly and she turns her attention back to this new little kid in their lives; this new little kid who seems more like a little kid than anyone Maggie’s ever met, and yet somehow seems older than anyone Maggie’s ever met.

She supposes that’s what happens when you’re stranded on an unfamiliar planet after yours is destroys.

“Did you guys have… gender? On Krypton?”

“Like… boys and girls?” Kara asks, heart starting to race, wondering desperately where this is going, what thoughts are in Maggie’s tilted head, slightly furrowed brow.

“Yeah.”

“Well… yes. I told you about my mother and father – “ Kara’s eyes flood with tears like they still do at nearly every mention of home, of family. “– and that’s… gender, right?”
Maggie nods and thanks Eliza as she passes by for a wonderful dinner. Eliza smiles, thrilled that Kara is making another friend. Even if that other friend is older, is Alex’s… girlfriend.

“Yeah. Yeah, but was it… was it different?”

Kara stiffens. “Why are you asking?”

Maggie shrugs, deliberately casual. “You seem a little uncomfortable. With all the she pronouns and all the… all that. And I don’t know if you know this, but that’s okay. If it doesn’t feel like it fits you.”

Kara blinks. Maggie continues.

“One of the kids in your grade is a friend of mine. Everyone thinks he’s a girl, but they’re wrong. He’s a boy, and he’s thinking about telling everyone soon. And that’s okay.”

Kara splutters. “But I’m not a boy, I don’t – “

Maggie holds up her hands in surrender and shakes her head. “I wasn’t done, Kid Danvers.”

“You’re a kid, too.”

“But you’re a littler kid.”

They take a break from their serious conversation to stick their tongues out at each other, and they both giggle.

“It’s okay if you don’t fit either boy or girl, too. Like, you know. If you feel like, in between. Or more like a girl some days, and more like a boy others, or both at the same time, or like… like all kinds of possibilities. That’s okay. You know people can use pronouns that aren’t he or she, right? Did you… did you have anything like… like they or something in… in your languages?”

Kara doesn’t answer, eyes wide and full of unshed tears.

“I can have people use they instead of she?”

Maggie smiles and nods. “You learned the word binary yet?”

Kara squints, thinks. Nods, always eager to know things. “The smallest unit of data in Earth computer technology.”

Maggie stifles a laugh. “Yeah! Yeah, you’re right, Kid Danvers. But also, it means – “

“Two! Something that has two things, two parts. Like bisexual! Like Lena.”

Kara beams and Maggie smirks. “Exactly. But you can have people who aren’t on that binary, too. For gender. People who might be, maybe, like you, Kara. Or maybe not. And that’s okay, too. But I just wanted you to know. Just in case.”

“A nonbinary person, then?” Kara says it seriously, then exhaled out a giggle. “A person who doesn’t use Earth-based data storage systems. Like… like me!”

Maggie lets herself laugh this time, and she hasn’t seen Kara smile that big since Alex introduced them both to the wonders of s’mores roasted over an open fire on the beach.

“Can you… can you maybe try they pronouns for me? To see if they fit better than… than binary
Maggie smiles as Alex comes over to sprawl out dramatically on her lap.

“I’m so fulllll,” she sighs, and Maggie leans down to kiss her lips shyly, happily.

“You got it, Kara,” she says, and Kara beams.

“Kara’s got what?” Alex asks, and Maggie glances up at them with a quirked eyebrow.

“I’ll tell you in the morning,” Kara tells their sister with a smile, testing everything Maggie had said out in their mind and deciding that, so far, it seems to fit perfectly.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Prompt if you'd like: Alex comes back from a conference in Prof. Chic (glasses, sweaters, and button ups) and Maggie teases/flirts with her favorite hot nerd. something something needing tutoring in biology

She doesn’t have time to change before she catches her plane back to National City.

She doesn’t have time to change, so she endures the seven hour flight in her blazer, her pantsuit, her soft blue button-up. Her heels.

She kicks off the damn shoes – they really do hurt more than getting punched by a Kryptonian – the moment she sits down, and a few hours into the flight, she slips her contacts out and puts her glasses on.

She’s been concentrating so hard, reading so much – reviewing so many journal articles, both in prep for and in residual excitement from, her presentation on the latest in bioengineered mechanisms for combating ocean acidification – that her eyes have long-since started to sting, and much as she tends to avoid wearing her glasses in public, the reward of reading the rest of the flight through without that nagging pain more than compensates.

James picks her up from the airport, full of hugs and smiles and questions and damn, Alex, you’re always beautiful, but Maggie is going to flip when she sees you like this that have her laughing, that have her blushing, that have her so, so happy to be back home.

And James is right.

About Maggie.

About the way Maggie’s jaw drops when Alex steps through the door, heels loud on their hardwood floor, glasses still set on her nose, blazer just as sharp as it was the first day the met.

About the way Maggie stammers and splutters and gulps.

About the way Maggie collects herself with the clearing of her throat, and replaces her stunned look with a smirk, with confident eyes that border on cocky in just the way she knows Alex likes.

In just the way she knows Alex loves.

“I hope everyone was able to actually listen to your revolutionary nerd ideas instead of just stare at you, Danvers,” she grins, her eyes raking up and down Alex’s suddenly very awake body slow, heady. Wanting.

“Incidentally, they were,” Alex purses her lips and suppresses a grin, taking great care to move slowly, slowly, slowly, as she puts down her bag and steps across the living room toward her girlfriend, eyes never once leaving her face.
“Then again,” she stops just inches away from Maggie’s body, running her fingers through her hair and looking down thickly at her eyes, her lips. “I wasn’t wearing my glasses while I presented.”

Maggie nearly hisses with want at Alex’s closeness, at her touch.

“Those are just for me, huh, Danvers?”

Alex grins. “And the people on the plane with me.” She tilts her head Maggie-style and grins deeper. “And James.”

“Mmm, but do all those people get to touch you like this?” Maggie wants to know, slipping her hands under Alex’s blazer, fingers starting to tease the buttons of her collared shirt.

“Only you, babe,” Alex kisses her deep, kisses her passionate, kisses her way back home.

Maggie sighs into the kiss, into both of their smiles.

“So if the glasses are only for me… and this body is only for me…” Maggie hesitates as her eyes check with Alex that her possessiveness feels warm, not stifling, that her flirtation feels like love, not like ownership.

Alex bites her lip in answer, and Maggie smirks and continues. “Do I also get private biology tutoring from my very… very… hot nerd doctor girlfriend?”

“Hot nerd doctor girlfriend,” Alex chuckles into her lips, and Maggie inhales sharply as Alex traces her tongue down to her throat.

“What can I say, Danvers? You take my breath away, you take my words away…”

“We can start with anatomy,” Alex breathes into Maggie’s ear, and god, is she grateful they sound-proofed their apartment.
anonymous asked:
omg i finally caught you with your asks open!!! could you write a cute fic that's like 
10 things maggie loves about alex? like a list fic :)

She loves her complete and utter devotion to her family.
The way she sacrifices everything for Kara (even though she needs to learn to care for herself quite 
a bit more), the way a single look from Eliza can send her into a tailspin of insecurity and self-
loathing (even though she really needs to stand up for herself more often), the way she blasted her 
way into the most heavily guarded facility either of them had ever seen, all to rescue a father who 
more likely than not didn’t want to be rescued.
That’s one.

She loves how deeply awkward she is around pretty girls.
The way she splutters when she thinks Maggie looks particularly beautiful, the way she blushes 
and the way she stammers and the way she doesn’t quite know what to do with her hands when 
she’s excited, when she’s turned on, when she’s happy, when she’s sorry.
That’s two.

She loves the way she thinks.
The way she can see her brain work when she’s calculating a particular biochemical equation, the 
way she comes up with solutions no one else would even dream of imagining, the way she 
innovates and the way she learns and the way she processes and the way she wants to know… 
everything.
That’s three.

She loves the way she tries to pretend she doesn’t love yoga.
The way she teases Maggie for how slow it is, how calm it is, how hippy lesbian it is, but how 
she’ll wake up early on Saturday mornings to find Alex practicing the more difficult poses, eyes 
fluttered closed, eyes serene, body learning, body challenging itself, herself, because Alex Danvers 
doesn’t back down from anything, even yoga.
That’s four.

She loves the way she handles herself in a crisis.
The way her first instinct is to protect, always, always, always, to protect the people she loves, to 
protect the people she cares about, to protect people she possibly doesn’t know, people she’s 
possibly been taught to hate, but is making herself learn to love, alternately calm and raging, 
alternately brilliant and brutal, but always, god, always so damn loyal.
That’s five.

She loves the way her body moves.

The way she goes to stroke her hair, always, always, the way she freezes when she’s overwhelmed with feeling, the way she deepens their kisses when she’s keening for more, the way she writhes when she needs Maggie closer, the way she lifts Maggie up like she weighs nothing, the way her hands, god, her hands, can kill, have killed, but have never, not once, not even by accident, hurt Maggie.

That’s six.

She loves the way she loves her brothers.

The way she won’t admit it, but Winn is her brother and she constantly keeps a supply of snacks for him, the way rare, vintage toys show up on his desk with no note every anniversary of his father’s arrest, every day after his father tries to call him from prison, the way she cries into James’s chest when Kara gets hurt, the way she sprints madly, desperately, to save him when he’s in danger, the way she screams and laughs and clings to him when he spins her around when they all go ice skating.

That’s seven.

She loves the way she protects her father.

The way she casually weaves the stories of protecting him from the U.S. military, from Cadmus, the way she was so willing to die for him, to be tortured for him, to live for him, the way she shows up at the precinct raging and ready to kill when he was stopped and frisked on the way to the DEO one morning, the way she brings him Thanksgiving leftovers when he works through the holiday and the way she smiles and wipes away subtle tears when she sees him happy with M’gann.

That’s eight.

She loves the way she so fiercely protects her time with her sister.

The way her eyes go wide with fear when she reminds Maggie that tonight’s Sister’s Night alone with Kara, terrified that Maggie will be angry, will leave her, but telling her anyway, the way she sinks into Maggie’s embrace with sweet relief when Maggie tells her to have an amazing night, the way she laughs when Kara crinkles her brow in concentration on Game Night and the way she snuggles both her sister and her girlfriend on Movie Night, the way she whispers secrets to her little sister with a massive, nerd grin.

That’s nine.

She loves the way she loves her.

The way she brings Maggie lunch on the days she knows she’s likely to forget to eat, the way she looks at her while she’s brushing her teeth, like she’s never seen the sun before and Maggie is the most beautiful sunrise, the way she makes love to her diligent and passionate and perfect, god, so perfect, the way she asks how her day was and listens so damn intently, the way she defends her without making Maggie feel like she’s not capable of defending herself, the way she makes her heart sing and fly and heal, heal, heal.
The way she gives her heart superpowers.

That’s ten.

That’s ten, and that’s only the beginning of the ways Maggie loves her.
He paces outside of Alex’s apartment for nearly ten whole minutes.

He paces and he breathes in through his nose and out through his mouth, his cheeks puffing up with the effort to calm himself.

“She’s your best friend. She’s your best friend, and he’s your best friend, and they love you and they don’t care that Alex and Maggie are gay, they love them both, and they’ll love you.”

But the thought of Kara and James only makes his heart race harder, scarier.

He tries a different tactic.

“They’re lesbians,” he mutters. “Alex and Maggie lesbians, they lesbian together, they invited you to get ready for Pride with them, they love you, and they’re lesbians, for god sake, of course they’re not going to care that you’re bi.”

But he paces, still, because in one of the homes he was in as a kid, well… being bi was one of the main reasons he got shifted around so much.

They’d wanted to know why he couldn’t just pick one. Even the gay kids. Sometimes, especially the gay kids.

Even in college, it had happened.

Even in college, he’d gotten raised eyebrows and skeptical sound effects.

He’d stopped telling people, because what was the point, really?

If no one would believe him, either way.

So he paces, his hand tight around a plastic bag he’d picked up with a hammering heart and sweaty brow at the pharmacy.

Because he’s been to another planet, and he’s the tech support for not one, but two, superheroes, but coming out?

God, coming out is so much scarier.

So he paces.

He paces until Alex wrenches open the door and gives him a partly concerned, partly annoyed look.
“Dude, Kara says you’ve been pacing out there for ages. You okay?”

“Where… where is Kara?”

“Showering,” Alex shrugs, tugging him inside.

Tugging him inside to where he’s greeted by James – in a tight black t-shirt with Tolerance is Not Enough emblazoned in rainbow print across the front – and Kara’s yell of greeting from the bathroom and a half-dressed Maggie, rainbow belt on denim shorts, barely buttoning up a short-sleeved flannel.

“Ooh, look at my favorite pool shark, looking all sexy!” he grins, and Maggie shoves him gently before pulling him into a hug.

“Not wearing anything special for Pride, Schott?” Alex asks, that concerned look still in her eyes.

“Actually, I um…” He fidgets with the pharmacy bag he’s carrying. “I thought maybe – oh, hey Kara.”

Kara’s hair is soaked and her skin is still dripping slightly, towel draped around her body. Winn and James both carefully look anywhere but her.

“It’s Pride! Give me one second to put clothes on, and I’ll – “ She speeds her way into her outfit, scattering Maggie’s case files and Alex’s medical journals with the rush of wind she creates.

“What’s wrong?” she mirrors her sister’s concern, stepping closer to Winn at more human-like speed.

“Nothing. Nothing’s wrong, I just thought… I bought these.”

He spills the three small bottles of nail polish he’d picked up from the pharmacy from the bag. They clatter slightly onto the counter, and Maggie gets it first.

Her eyes find his over the bottles of pink, lavender, and blue nail polish, and she recognizes the tears she sees there. The terror.

She smiles softly and she nods almost imperceptibly, because she knows this feeling, and she knows, better than he does at the moment, that his sisters and his brother will love him all the more for it.

She certainly does.

“I thought maybe someone could paint my nails. For Pride. For me.”

“Cool man, uh – Kara, are you any good at that? I don’t imagine Alex would be – “

“Put a lid in it, Olsen, I can hit a moving target at – “

“Yeah yeah, but can you paint nails with precision, though?”

“They’re bi colors, Winn! Did you know that? Is that why you got – oh. Oh. Oh. Winn!” Kara stammers, and Winn’s stomach twists.

James and Alex stop their playful bickering, faces suddenly sober. Eyes suddenly locked onto Winn’s face.
“Winn?” Alex asks, her voice full of empathy and support and something that sounds an awful lot like deep, powerful respect.

“I just thought someone could paint my nails with the bi flag colors. For Pride,” he splutters, his face bright red. “Because that’s me. I’m bi.”

He forces himself to look at each of his friends – each of his siblings – in turn.

Kara’s eyes, bright and proud and teary, with a dash of recognition so strong he thinks that maybe, just maybe, she’ll want to paint her nails with the bi flag colors, too.

James’s eyes, dawning comprehension and full-throated acceptance and deep, deep pride in his best friend. His brother.

Alex’s eyes, glistening under the glitter her sister had put on her face, knowing that feeling so damn well.

Maggie’s eyes, soft and earnest and excited for him.

“So there are three colors and four of us,” Kara starts, a huge smile beginning to form on her face as James steps forward to crush Winn in a hug. “Maggie, Alex, maybe you guys can share lavender? I’ll get blue, and James, you wanna do pink? We can all paint your nails together, Winn.”

His chest wracks with a sob and he darts forward to pull Kara into the hug with James, laughing and crying at the same time.

Alex joins at Kara’s urging, and Maggie hesitates, but Winn reaches to pull her in, too.

When they settle – when Winn’s tears are reduced to mere snifflies and he thinks his ribcage might not be able to tolerate being hugged by so many superheroes at once for much longer – he puts out his hands and spreads out his fingers.

Maggie opens the windows and blasts queer summer jams for the world to hear, and all Winn hears is the laughter and the love and the happiness of his friends as they take turns transforming his fingernails, one color at a time, into signs of his own laughter, his own love, his own happiness.

Together.
Chapter 486

Chapter Summary

“Kara putting rainbow flags everywhere in the DEO and says it’s like mistletoe, you have to kiss under if you’re queer. She got herself played when she happened to be under one with Lena.” from @mrtevloar

*cross-posted on my Supercorp series Always Another Side

She doesn’t do it for herself.

She really doesn’t.

She does it for Vasquez and she does it for Yve.

She does it for that med tech in ops and she does it for Pam from HR.

She does it, mostly, for her sister.

Not for herself.

She doesn’t conspire with Vasquez to litter the DEO with rainbow flags like Vasquez had littered it with mistletoe last winter for selfish reasons.

Really, she doesn’t.

She splatters the halls and the labs and hell, even the command center, with rainbow flags because it’s Pride Month, and Maggie keeps going off about how corporate and geared toward rich white cis men the whole thing is, and she agrees, she does – but she also sees Maggie light up whenever she sees rainbow flags in random places this month, because god, for once it’s good to be seen. Good to be heard.

So she and Vasquez cover the place in the dead of the last night of May, Kara using her powers to fly and hang things from the higher ceilings, Vasquez using their DEO training to climb up to doorways and hallways to hang flags in the lower high spots.

Their Pridely mischief is worth J’onn’s groan and facepalm – he’s smiling, of course, under his hand – when Kara declares to everyone the next morning that “if you’re queer and comfortable and consenting, the rainbow flags will be your mistletoe this month!”, and Alex immediately drags Maggie under the nearest flag and kisses her until they’re both breathless, until the entire morning shift of agents is cheering and wolf whistling, until Maggie’s fingers tighten in Alex’s hair and J’onn has to beg them to please, please, please, finish this elsewhere.

Their Pridely mischief is worth is when Winn melts and stammers and nods his way through Superman walking under a flag with him, telling him that Lois won’t mind a small kiss if Winn consents, giving him a soft, tender, appreciative, brief kiss, making sure he doesn’t fall from weakened knees by bracing strong hands on Winn’s waist; afterwards, Winn can barely speak for days, and they’re all mildly concerned his face will stay permanently red, his gaze permanently dazed and blissful and so, so dreamy.
But one part of their Pridely mischief that Kara wasn’t prepared for?

Is Lena coming to the DEO.

Lena coming to the DEO and smiling brightly at all the flags, and asking a stammering Kara about them as they’re standing directly under one together, and Maggie jumping in and repeating Kara’s rules – “if you’re queer and comfortable and consenting, the rainbow flags are mistletoe for Pride Month! – with a shit-eating grin on her face, and Alex watching with wide eyes and a slack jaw as Lena turns to Kara, and Kara’s entire world outside of Lena melts away.

“Are you queer and comfortable and consenting, Kara? Because I’d very much like to kiss you,” she asks soft and tentative and beautiful.

Kara’s breath hitches as she licks her lips, as she takes Lena’s face into her hands and kisses her soft, kisses her slow, kisses her tender, kisses her passionate.

Lena swoons and Kara steadies her, both of their lips turning up into soft, shy smiles, and the applause that greets their ears is soft, respectful, full of knowledge of the significance of the moment, support and affirmation for the intensity of what is happening.

“You owe me that flash grenade,” Maggie mutters in her girlfriend’s ear.

Before Alex even has the chance to answer, to process, to catch up, J’onn sighs and shakes his head.

“Not a chance, Detective,” he tells her, but the smile on his face – both of his daughters, so, so, so happy – weaves a different picture.
Chapter 487

Chapter Summary

“nb!alex at pride or maybe the gang at pride and alex being nervous and everyone being super supportive” from @agent–danvers and “Love, love, love NB Alex and would love them going to their first pride since coming out and having the super supportive Superfam with them <3 <3” from @supertworld and @hazingblur @therentalspace @haughtshotnerd @bamboo72498 who all asked for nb!Alex at Pride

“Did you pack your sports bra, babe?” Maggie is calling from the living room, sifting through the drawstring backpack she and Alex are bringing to the festival.

Alex’s tightest sports bra comes flying out of the bathroom at Maggie’s face. She catches it with a chuckle.

“Nice, Danvers. Real nice.”

“How do I look?” Alex steps out of the bathroom with a tight voice.

Maggie turns, and her breath abandons her.

“You’re breathtaking,” she tells them, because it’s quite literally true.

Alex blushes and glances down at their body.

A simple black tank top, pretty flat over their binder. Blue board shorts. Converse. All their ear piercings filled with sparkly studs. Golden glitter dabbed like stars all over the sky of their arms, their face. Rainbow sunglasses courtesy of Maggie’s swag bag from her last Pride resting on top of their head.

Nerves dancing across their face.

“Yeah?” they ask, and Maggie forces herself to breathe.

“Yeah,” she assures Alex, stepping forward to take both of their hands into hers, to press her lips against each of their knuckles in turn. “You look perfect, Alex Danvers. You always look perfect.”

“Do I look like… do I look like I’ll fit in?”

Maggie smiles and tilts her head as she looks up at Alex. “You look extremely gay, if that’s what you’re worried about,” she invites, and Alex chuckles with another blush, but shakes their head and sighs and leans on the edge of the couch.

“No, I mean… yeah, that’s what I mean, but like… I’d been thinking about wearing a halter top. Instead of my binder and um… and guyish clothes. That’s what I was planning to wear, with these really short shorts you haven’t seen yet, but I think you’ll really like…”

Maggie licks her lips and rakes her eyes up and down Alex’s body, but says nothing.
“But then I woke up this morning, and I didn’t… I wasn’t feeling…”

“You were feeling this kind of outfit instead.”

Alex nods like they’ve done something wrong, and Maggie shakes her head and kisses their glittery forehead. She comes away with gold specks on her lips, and they both smile.

“Alex, you’re right. That outfit sounds amazing. It sounds hot. But this outfit is also amazing. This outfit is also hot. They’d have to both be amazing, and they’d have to both be hot. Because you, Al, are amazing, and you are so. Damn. Hot.”

Maggie pulls back and drags her eyes up and down Alex’s body again, and Alex squirms and pffts and reddens and swoons.

“You don’t look so bad yourself,” they offer slyly, and Maggie licks her lips.

“That so, Danvers?” Maggie flirts, and Alex bites their own lip as they lean in for a kiss.

Maggie’s lips part and her tongue flits across Alex’s, and they both sigh into each other as they melt into each other, starting with lips, continuing with hands, roaming hands, eager hands, needy gasps and desperate whines as their kisses deepen, as they begin to calculate just how much time they have before –

“Happy Pri – again? Seriously? Alex, you’ve already scarred me for life – “

“I’m sorry, Little Danvers, but look at them. Look how your sib is! I couldn’t help myself,”

Maggie tosses her hands back in mock surrender as she turns in Alex’s arms to face the door, to face Kara and Winn and James and J’onn, Alex shaking with shy laughter behind her.

“The lady has a point, Kara; Alex, you look bangin,” Winn compliments, and Maggie does her best to look grave.

“What did you just say to my partner, Schott?” she teases, and Winn stammers before Maggie winks – just because it’s Pride, only on Pride – and he laughs while he hugs her, and she laughs with him.

And Alex, god, does Alex laugh into their sister’s arms.

“You do look quite handsome, Al,” J’onn murmurs to them, James nodding sincerely next to him.

Alex fights not to cry and fails, and laughs when Kara cautions that their tears might be made of glitter.

She has a point: because their tears certainly are made of hope, of love.

Of family.
“Alex and Kara going to their first pride and Kara being so over stimulated but also so excited to be there.” from @ownyourstage and @marzo2theletter “Alex going to her first Pride with Maggie and being kind of nervous?” and @happysanvers “It being both Kara and Alex’s first pride but they’ve got their supportive gfs and ade and the Superfriends so their nerves are calmed” and @mrtevloar “Kara wanting to go to Pride as Kara and not Supergirl for once but is scared she’ll get overwhelmed be of crowd and sounds and smells.”

Maggie and Adrian assure them that National City Pride is not nearly as huge – or nearly as corporate, thank the gay goddesses – as Prides in bigger cities.

Maggie and Adrian assure them, but they still have two very nervous Danvers girls on their hands.

Kara cuddles on Alex’s shoulder that morning, while Lena, Maggie, and Adrian are on a coffee run. While they’re soaking in as much quiet, alone sister time as they can before a packed weekend of body glitter and hilarity and community and solemn remembrance and a promise to live in honor of those who haven’t been allowed to, to fight for those who aren’t allowed to now.

“Do you think it’s wrong? For me to want to go as myself? Not just as Supergirl? Am I letting the queer kids of National City down?”

Alex strokes her sister’s hair and shakes her head. “Of course not, Kara. You’re doing what’s healthy for you, you’re doing what’s gonna make you happy. You want to roll down the street holding your girlfriend’s hand, as you, not have everything you do and say photographed by someone who’s not us, who’s not James. That’s okay. You’re allowed, Kara. I promise.”

“And I wrote that press release of support, explaining that Supergirl wants to be with her girlfriend – “

“Yeah, and you exploded the internet with you writing that coming out piece on behalf of Supergirl, sis. I don’t think you’re letting anyone down. I really don’t. That piece lifted a lot of people up.”

Kara sighs and shifts closer to her sister.

“But what if I… what if I can’t do it? What if I can’t stay? As just… me?”

“If you get overwhelmed?”

Kara nods, face buried in Alex’s shoulder, and Alex tightens her hold on her little sister.

“Then you let us know, and we’ll leave. We’ll take as many breaks as you need to, okay? No one’s going to make you stay a second longer than you want to.”

“That won’t be letting anyone down? It won’t be letting Lena down?”
There’s a rustling at the door and laughter outside of it, and Alex smiles. “Why don’t you ask her right now?”

“Donuts and coffee for our Danvers girls!” Maggie announces as she swings the front door open, beaming.

Adrian – rainbow bandanna already slightly sweaty on his forehead – is carefully balancing coffees while Lena, by design, is carrying the donuts.

Kara squirms out of Alex’s arms and straight to her girlfriend.

Or, more specifically, to the donuts.

She downs three before gulping at enough air to speak.

“If I get overstimulated and have to leave, will you be mad?” she asks Lena, and Lena scoffs sympathetically and shakes her head.

“Oh Kara, of course I won’t. How could I ever be angry at you for asserting what you need?”

“Aww, look at those bi babies being bi together,” Adrian singsongs, and Lena and Kara laugh into each other’s arms.

“How about you, Danvers?” Maggie wraps her arms around Alex. “You ready for your first Pride?”

Alex gulps down her coffee too quickly, and that’s all the answer Maggie needs.

“I’ll be with you the whole time. So will Adrian, and so will your sister. And James, Winn, J’onn, M’gann, the whole crew, everyone’s gonna meet us there. And didn’t you say Lucy’s coming in?”

“Oh, sweetie, no,” Maggie begins, but it’s Adrian who finishes.

“You don’t have to like Pride to be a good queer, Alex,” he grins. “I barely like Pride. I mean, I do, right, it’s amazing. Look at me, I’m one big rainbow.” Maggie chuckles and kisses his cheek, and Adrian preens before continuing. “Seriously, though. Pride’s mostly overrun by cis white guys who act so much like the world is about them that the might as well be straight. It’s corporate as all hell, and they keep finding ways to appropriate us. And if it doesn’t feel right to you? That’s okay. It often doesn’t feel right to me, either. We won’t take away your membership card, I promise.”

“I’ll still go down on you as much as you want,” Maggie whispers into her ear, and Alex squeals. Lena and Kara glance over, somewhat scandalized, and Alex blushes.

“Sorry,” she whispers, and Adrian chuckles.

It turns out that Alex likes it more than she thought she would. She barely blinks the entire time, and she doesn’t once let go of Maggie’s hand.

Sometimes she lets go of Kara’s – when Kara wants to kiss Lena, when Kara hugs James and Winn and J’onn and M’gann and Lucy when they all meet up, when Alex hugs J’onn hard, hard, hard, because his t-shirt reads “I Love My Queer Daughters” – but not once do the sisters let each other
out of their sight.

Because Kara is beaming and she’s jumping up and down and pointing out all the t-shirts, all the signs, all the different flags.

She’s squealing when she sees the black, grey, white, and purple from the asexual flag Adrian helps a teenage boy hoist, and she’s laughing and blushing when Lucy and Lena swap notes about Kara’s levels of Superhero Hotness.

But she’s always got her hand in Lena’s, and she’s always got an eye out for the telltale signs of her big sister’s panic attacks.

And, likewise, Alex has always got her hand in Maggie’s, but she’s always got an eye out for the telltale signs of her little sister’s overstimulation.

When she sees them – when Kara falls silent and her eyes glaze slightly, when she stops bouncing and she looks like she’s concentrating so hard on each step – Alex exchanges a glance with Lena, and together they quickly, subtly, round up their group.

“Coffee shop break?” they both ask, and everyone agrees instantly, knowingly. They trudge off the street and spill into a mercifully air conditioned coffee shop.

No one says anything about Kara needing a full ten minutes alone in the bathroom. No one minds the wait.

Because Kara Danvers is always, always worth the wait.

And Rao, is she grateful she took a break – that her family helped her take a break – because when she steps out of the bathroom, refreshed and excited but still a little unsteady, it’s to one of the most beautiful sights she’s ever seen.

Her family, talking and laughing and cuddling in together, in spite of the heat, together, together, together, waiting for Kara to be ready to head back into the sun.
“Sanvers prompt. How sanvers went viral…..It’s National City Pride. Alex has never been and Maggie is assigned uniformed duty for the parade. Alex attends with the superfriends. She gets slightly jealous when the attendees flirt with the officer but maggie kisses her boldly in public. Hoots hollers and social media attention ensues.” from @bacop150 and “Someone takes a picture of sanvers kissing at the parade and it goes viral? And suddenly everyone is wondering about the couple madly in love in the picture” from @survivingasafangirl and “I like the idea of maggie in uniform kissing alex openly at pride” from @avidreaderffn

It’s Alex’s first Pride.

It’s Alex’s first Pride and she feels terrible.

Terrible that she’s been put on shift, that she’s been put on uniformed duty for the parade.

Terrible that she can’t hold Alex’s hand the whole way through, Alex who’s marching with her sister and the rest of her family with National City’s version of New York’s Ali Forney Center. Which Maggie helped to start.

She feels terrible, but she also feels a bit… relieved.

Relieved, because this is what her work in the NCPD has always been about: dismantling state oppression of queer communities, communities of color, and when they both collide in one person’s body.

Relieved, because – despite the amount of tireless trainings she’s run and sensitivity exercises she’s conducted – she stands a better chance of making sure her colleagues stay in line if she’s on duty herself.

So while her girlfriend marches, she stays stationary. Stationary, but not still.

Stationary, but helping passing marchers remember to drink enough water.

Stationary, but making sure her colleagues are truly there to protect the queers, not target the ones who refuse to conform, who can’t conform.

Stationary, but grinning and telling disappointed half-naked women that she’s flattered, but she has a girlfriend, and she’s very happy with her.

Stationary, but laughing as the women scream excitedly in response that she’s actually gay, the hot cop is gay, I told you, I told you, you owe me twenty bucks!

She straightens her back and snaps her heels together slightly when her giddy, be-glittered soldier starts heading down the block Maggie’s stationed at, her little sister riding on Alex’s back, James walking backwards in front of them, laughing while he snaps photos, Adrian and Lena and Winn and some of the kids from the Center passing out condoms and dental dams and “I Am Real, and I
Matter” stickers and sunglasses to parade-goers.

Alex stops completely and Kara almost topples off of her when she notices Maggie, notices her girlfriend, in the uniform she’s never actually seen her in. Kara hears her sister’s heartbeat increase, and she scans for why. When she also notices Maggie, she giggles, and she hops off of Alex’s back.

“You have fun with your girlfriend, Alex,” she winks, and she skips off to join Winn and the others.

As the gay gods would have it, the march pauses for cohesion just as Alex and their family is passing Maggie’s assigned intersection.

She watches, breathless, still, as more women vie for Maggie’s attention. Jealousy, insecurity, bubbles up inside Alex – these women are wearing a lot less clothes than she is, they’re a lot hotter than she is, they’re probably a lot more fun than she is, they… – but Maggie?

Maggie has eyes only for her girlfriend.

She excuses herself from the women, signals to her work partner that she’s shifting and he should take her position, and he nods all too knowingly.

She strides right into the parade, right over to Alex – right into Alex’s arms – without once breaking eye contact with her, without once looking left or looking right or looking up or looking down.

“Happy Pride, Alex Danvers,” she tells her when she’s holding the only woman she’s wanted to touch all day, all day, all day.

“Happy Pride, Detective Maggie Sawyer,” Alex grins, breathless, swooning from the heat of Maggie’s body, the shock of seeing her in uniform, the strength of her arms around her waist.

“Can I kiss you?” Alex asks, unsure, because Maggie’s on the job and Maggie’s in uniform and there are all these people, but Maggie is answering with her body because suddenly her lips are on Alex’s and her hands are on Alex’s thighs and they barely register an excited roaring from the crowd – they barely register anything except each other’s smiles, except each other’s lips, except each other’s bodies – as Alex jumps up obediently and Maggie catches her easily, Alex’s legs wrapped around Maggie’s hips, hands under Maggie’s ponytail, kissing her so hard, so close, her uniform cap nearly falls off.

Alex grabs at it without missing a beat and puts it on her own head instead of Maggie’s, the crowd – and Kara, god, Kara – screaming even louder, now, so loudly that they realize, that they break apart and giggle, foreheads together for a moment before Maggie sets Alex down gently, breathlessly, happily.

“I love you,” Maggie tells her like she’s never told her before, and Alex’s heart leaps like she’s never heard it before.

“I love you back,” Alex tells her like she’s never admitted it before, and Maggie’s eyes brighten and dimples shine like she’s never known it before.

James swears he has nothing to do with the photos – a good handful of photos, but the most popular is one of them making out, Alex in her arms, Maggie’s hat on Alex’s head – going viral.

He swears it wasn’t him, that his Pulitzer Prize has nothing to do with their sudden internet fame,
with Alex and Maggie becoming National City’s new favorite couple overnight.

And it wasn’t James.

It was people who didn’t know their names and people who didn’t know their story, but who
know, from one look, from one photo, that these women are ride or die for each other; that these
women could be in the dictionary next to love; that these women are each other’s sea and stars; that
these women are hope.

So all the stories that get spun on social media – about a girl with a criminal past and the cop who
sets her straight (no pun intended); about a cop who’d lost all hope and the queer girl who’d helped
her find it again; about childhood friends who drift apart because one becomes a cop and the other
can’t stand what cops do to queer kids, finding a way back to each other through work, hard work,
and trust, and leaps of faith, and love, god, so much love – are made up, are speculated, by people
who don’t even know their names.

Who don’t know about Maggie’s father or Alex’s sister or the way Maggie always loses at pool or
the way Alex yanks fire alarms off the wall and throws them out instead of taking out the batteries.

Who don’t know about the ways they’re in love – the ways they would die for each other and
almost have – but National City decides that the exact details aren’t important.

That the most important thing is the love in those photographs, and the love, the hope, the passion,
they inspire.

And Alex and Maggie, cuddled on their couch with ice coffee and barely any clothes and phones
blowing up with the feed about #CopPrideKiss2k17, read the comments and read the articles and
they laugh and they cry and they kiss and they snuggle and they stare at themselves, immortalized
in photographs, because yes.

Yes, they can see exactly what everyone is so excited about.

Because their lifetime of firsts together – including, now, their first time going viral – is pretty
damn spectacular after all.
Chapter Summary

“presumably, Pride Month Smut would be smut focused around Pride activities. So, you could have Sanvers getting hot and bothered by all the beautiful ladies parading around them, and just not being able to keep their hands off each other, barely making it inside the door before they’re stripping the other naked.” from @mrriggerworld and @letsrreakhavoc “tbh I’m always a slut for soft emotional sex so I was just thinkin they get it on after their first pride together and it’s all mushy and shit?” because this gets hella mushy and shit.

She holds herself together pretty well all day.

She holds her hand and she kisses her, and she leans into her when Alex drapes her arm around her shoulders, the look on Alex’s face at once ecstatic and excited and cocky.

Ecstatic because Alex has never gone to Pride before, has never seen this many queer people in one place. Has never seen this many queer people, period. Has never laughed this hard, felt this much, seen this much joy in one place.

Excited because she’s surrounded by her friends and none of them are fighting for their lives; they’re just existing, just being, just living. Just jumping on each other’s backs and laughing and catching plastic rainbow sunglasses and snapping photos of each other and squirting each other with the colorful water guns one of Winn’s gamer friends brought.

Cocky because there are lots of nearly naked women around them, and the ones that aren’t eyeing Alex are eyeing her girlfriend. Her girlfriend, whose Pride theme this year seems to be cutoffs – cutoff shorts that barely cover her ass, cutoff flannel that outlines her muscles nicely – and she knows exactly how incredible, how sexy, Maggie looks. And yet she’s the one getting to walk around with her; she’s the one who gets to drape her arm around her; she’s the one who gets to take her home tonight and…

She holds herself together pretty well all day.

Just like Maggie’s doing.

Holding themselves together.

Holding themselves back from stripping each other naked then and there, from bending each other over a police barrier, from slamming each other back into a sign post and making each other scream louder than the crowds.

Because the women they’re walking by?

The openness with which they’re queer, the openness with which they smile, they wink, they arch eyebrows and offer full views of thick curves and long legs?

“I’m definitely very gay. Like, if Kara’s Supergirl, if there’s anything super about me, I’m supergay,” Alex tells James when he asks her how she’s doing, and he laughs and laughs and
laughs.

“There is everything super about you, Alex,” he tells her earnestly when he catches his breath, and she knocks the wind out of him again with the force of her hug.

Maggie smiles as Winn awwwws at the sight of Alex and James, and she doesn’t think anyone will notice the way she’s licking her lips as her happiness collides with her raw want.

Her want for Alex, out of those clothes and all over her, in her, every way and everywhere.

She barely even realizes that she’s licking her lips, that her eyes are raking down Alex’s body, until a hand claps onto her shoulder and Kara Danvers is arching an eyebrow at her.

“I know she’s your girlfriend, but she’s also my sister, and I’d appreciate it if you could save undressing her with your eyes for when I can’t see either of you,” she tells her with the brightest smile, and Maggie stammers.

“I’m sorry, Kara, I um – “

Kara just snorts and leans in. “It’s fine, I’ve been doing it to Lena all day. Do you think she wants me too? Like really?”

Maggie glances behind Kara at Lena, who’s giving the younger Danvers the same kind of once-over Maggie was just giving the eldest.

“Yeah. Yep, I’m pretty sure you’re getting laid tonight if you want to, Kid Danvers.”

Kara squeaks and adjusts her glasses and trips, hard. Maggie catches her, sets her back on her feet, and laughs, shaking her head.

“Aw, you’re my sister’s hero,” Alex snakes her arms around Maggie’s waist, fingers slipping up underneath her shirt, and Maggie hisses and has to restrain herself from arching back. “I can repay you for saving her from a very embarrassing face plant. You know. If you want.”

“Repay me, huh Danvers?”

Maggie turns in Alex’s arms so their lips are close together, so she can smell the lemonade on Alex’s breath, so she can practically taste the tang on her tongue.

“Mmhmm,” Alex preens.

“And how would you do that?”

“Come home with me tonight and find out.”

And god, god, god, does Maggie want to find out.

Because the way that Alex’s eyes are wide, the way she keeps gulping in gay at other women, but the way her eyes always come back to Maggie, always settle on her body; the way that Alex stammers her way through explaining to hopeful women that she’s flattered, but she has a girlfriend, right over there; the way that Alex blushes when she’s hit on and the way that she stiffens when Maggie is hit on?

God, does Maggie want to find out the ways Alex wants to touch her tonight.

And she does find out.
She finds out sooner than she thought she would.

She finds out when they all step into a coffee shop because Kara needs a break from all the stimulation; when she bends over to pick up a twenty that Lena dropped; when Alex grabs her hand and pulls her toward the bathroom, muttering something to their friends about being right back.

“Danvers, this is a single stall,” she breathes as Alex shoves her into the door as it locks behind them.

Alex just shrugs. “It’s Pride,” she grins wickedly, hands snaking down to Maggie’s ass, and Maggie moans immediately into the demanding heat of her kiss.

“Danvers,” she breathes, and Alex stops immediately.

“I’m sorry, Maggie, I – “

“No, no, hey hey, you’re fine, you’re okay. I want you, Alex. I want you so damn bad. But uh… take me home? It can be now, it can be later. I just don’t… not here? Not right now?”

Tears flood Alex’s eyes. “Maggie, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry – “

“No, babe, hey. Look at me, alright? Hey. You didn’t do anything wrong. I want you. I want you so damn badly, Danvers. Right now. I’m just not feeling the risk right now; and you’re right, I usually do love it, so your instinct was great.” She grins and Alex chuckles and bites her lip.

“I didn’t hurt you? Or scare you?”

“No, babe. No, you didn’t. Okay? We okay?”

Alex nods and Maggie kisses her glittery forehead.

“Also, I actually do have to pee, so…” Alex laughs and kisses her gently once more before rejoining her family outside.

They don’t last much longer than that.

Than Alex’s attempt to have a quickie in the coffee shop bathroom; because Maggie might not have been in the mood to risk such public sex, but god did Alex’s desperation turn her on.

So the next time a girl hits on Alex, Maggie sets her jaw and thinks of all she has in store for her girlfriend tonight.

The next time she watches Alex’s eyes watch another woman’s ass, she gets nervous, but only for a moment, because Alex’s arm immediately finds its way around her shoulders and she leans into her and says, “I’m really, really, realllllly gay, but no one’s got anything on my woman,” and Maggie finds herself blushing like she hasn’t in years.

And the next time Maggie gets into a conversation with a pretty girl about her t-shirt and the girl starts flirting, she relishes the way that Alex watches with jealousy mixed with awe – awe that Maggie could have any girl she wants, but all she wants is Alex.

So when the crew splits for the night, exhausted and sweaty and floaty, Alex and Maggie both get an immediate second wind.

An immediate second wind because they’d planned to go home to Alex’s, but Maggie’s place is closer.
Maggie’s place is closer, and god, they need close right now.

Because their need has been building all day, and the moment they start heading up the stairwell to Maggie’s apartment, Maggie pins Alex against the banister and kisses her senseless.

“I thought you weren’t in the mood for something so public?” Alex breathes as Maggie’s lips, Maggie’s teeth, find her throat.

“Moods change, Danvers. That okay?” Her voice is thick with raw need, but her body stills and her eyes are soft.

And god, fuck, yes. Yes, it’s more than okay.

They kiss and they touch and they moan their way up the stairs, gripping at the banister, grasping at each other, for stability, for support, for steadiness.

Alex nearly tears the buttons on Maggie’s flannel and Maggie undoes the button on Alex’s shorts.

“Okay?” she pants, and Alex looks around briefly before nodding, before Maggie smears her hands with some corporate-sponsored antibiotic she’d figured would be useful to grab, before she slips her hand into Alex’s pants, before she puts her other hand over Alex’s mouth, before she leans back slightly to watch her girlfriend as she fucks her like all those other women had wanted to do all day.

“Good?” she asks, and Alex nods, but stills Maggie’s wrist with her fingertips.

“Take me inside,” she begs, and Maggie grins at the pun but obeys, practically tugging Alex up the last few stairs to her hallway.

They giggle and they double over, breathless with desire and breathless with laughter, and their kisses are sloppy and ecstatic as Maggie fumbles with her keys.

“I could just kick the damn thing in,” Alex offers between kisses, and Maggie giggles again.

“You could, and it would be hot, but uh… god, Danvers,” she whispers as Alex’s lips leave hers to journey down her jawline. “But then what would I fuck you against?”

Her key finally slides neatly into the lock and she yanks the door open, but it’s Alex who pulls her inside. Alex who slams her against the back of the door when they shut it, when they lock it. Alex who checks in to make sure the turn of events is okay.

Maggie nods, speechless and breathless, and Alex’s grin is almost feral. “I’ve been wanting to do this,” she growls, and Maggie smirks.

“You’re not doing anything yet, Danvers,” she teases, and Alex picks her up off her feet smoothly, easily, Maggie’s legs wrapped around her waist and her lips locked on hers.

“Oh really? Because I thought I was doing exactly what every woman there wanted to do to you today,” she murmurs into their kiss, and Maggie grinds her hips down desperately, back against the door, solid and steady in Alex’s arms.

“I only want you, Danvers,” she murmurs shakily, voice wrecked because her body is utterly, completely wrecked for Alex. “You make me such a fucking mess.”

Alex stills and pulls her head back to look up at the woman she’s holding, at the woman whose lips
are swollen for her, whose body is throbbing for her.

“You’re perfect, Maggie. I can’t… I can’t believe out of anyone you could be with… and you could be with anyone… you’re with… me.”

Maggie taps Alex’s arms and Alex lets her down softly.

“Alex Danvers, I would choose you every day and every night, from now until the end of time.”

Eyes lock and breaths sync and pulses thrum as one.

Alex licks her lips slowly and Maggie wipes Alex’s tears gently.

“I love you, Alex Danvers.”

“I love you back, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Do you… do you wanna show me?”

Alex beams. “God, yes.”

And she does.

She shows her she loves her, she wants her, she needs her, with the way she kisses her, slow at first, faster and harder the closer they bring their bodies together, until their bodies can’t get close enough; until Alex shrugs out of her own clothes and strips Maggie of hers, quick and efficient and needy, because god, god, fuck, she loves her in so many ways and she wants to show her in so many ways.

She shows her when she carries her to their bed, mouths connected, ragged breathing synced, and lays her down, making sure to put the pillow directly under her head, making sure she’s comfortable, making sure she’s happy, making sure she still wants everything, and god, god, she does.

So she shows her when she asks if she wants to spread her legs for her, when she lowers her mouth to Maggie’s inner thighs, to her clit, when she smiles into her wetness when Maggie’s fingers tighten in her hair, when Maggie’s hips buck up and she whispers Alex’s last name like a prayer over and over and over and over.

She shows her when she takes her through her first orgasm of the night, fingers buried deep inside her, tongue and chin keeping pressure on her clit until she convulses all around her, soaking her fingers and coating her tongue and filling her heart with her release.

She shows her when they ride each other’s thighs, when she grabs at Maggie’s ass to pull her closer, to bring each other closer, until closer isn’t close enough so they shift, shift so Maggie’s clit covers Alex’s, so when they move, they’re moving directly on each other, so that when their bodies throb with need, they can both feel the other’s desperate want.

She shows her when she reads her, when she knows that Maggie’s about to cum, and she puts aside the fact that she’s about to cum so she can shift so her thigh is back between Maggie’s legs, because she knows it’ll give her a more powerful orgasm, that she’ll let go harder if she’s not afraid of hurting Alex, and god, she does, she does, especially when Alex leans up to take Maggie’s breasts into her hand, into her mouth, running her tongue over her hardened nipple until all she can hear is her name being blessed with Maggie’s lips again, again, again.
“Thank you,” Alex whispers when they’re both spent and sweating and exhausted.

“Thank me?” Maggie grins, shaking her head, about to object, but Alex stills her with a soft finger to her lips. Maggie kisses it automatically, and Alex giggles.

“Yeah, thank you. For… for this, yeah,” she gestures at their naked bodies, and it’s Maggie’s turn to giggle at her massive nerd. “But I meant… I’ve never had the feeling that I was… part of something. Except with Kara, except at the DEO, but that… I don’t know, it feels different, it… for today, for Pride, for… for getting me to be myself. Thank you, Maggie. I don’t… I don’t know how I can ever thank you enough.”

Maggie’s jaw trembles and her eyes glisten, and Alex pulls her closer.

“You gonna keep loving me like you do, Alex?” Maggie asks, voice small, hope big.

“Always,” Alex promises, and Maggie smiles incredulously and nods slowly and curls closer into Alex’s chest.

“That’s all I’ll ever need from you, Danvers. Happy Pride, sweetie.”

“Happy Pride, babe.”
Chapter 491

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
- [x] Prompt for Maggie feeling guilty about Alex being captured and tortured (cause
she was the reason Kara left and Alex followed) and being distant; meaning like she
sleeps on the couch so that she doesn't hurt Alex or anything

She should have kept her mouth shut.

She should have kept her mouth shut and let Alex’s nervous laughter, nervous “he doesn’t know
what he’s talking about” be the last word on the subject.

She should have swallowed her frustration that her girlfriend’s sister destroyed the effort she’d put
in, the energy she’d spent, the tears she’d fought against shedding, for seventeen hours.

Seventeen hours talking them down, seventeen hours playing the therapist no one had ever played
for her, seventeen hours forcing herself to empathize – really, really empathize – with men who
had their guns trained at the heads of defenseless people.

But they were at dinner, all together.

So it shouldn’t matter.

Her job wasn’t about ego. It shouldn’t be about ego. She should have let it go. She should have
kept her damn mouth shut.

But she didn’t.

She didn’t, so now instead of Rick Malverne waiting futilely in that elevator, instead of Rick
Malverne having to go home empty-handed – instead of Rick Malverne getting to kidnap and
torture her girlfriend, this woman that she… this woman that she can’t live without – instead of all
that, instead of making him wait another night, instead of, maybe, giving them all a chance to
realize something was off, to realize that they were being stalked…

Now, Alex had been…

Alex had nearly drowned.

Alex had sliced her own damn arm open with her own damn credit card, and Alex had…

And it was all her fault. It was all her fault, because she couldn’t keep her damn mouth shut.

She couldn’t keep her mouth shut, and she got into it with Kara, and now?

Now, Alex swears she’s fine, and now, Alex swears she’s almost entirely healed, and now, Alex
has told her that she loves her, that she wants to have all those firsts with her, she loves her, she
loves her, she loves her…
But she shouldn’t.

She shouldn’t, because if she’d just kept her stupid mouth shut, maybe Alex wouldn’t have had to go through what she went through.

Because Alex swears she’s fine, that it’s in the past, but J’onn knows better.

He’s keeping her on desk duty, and even though Alex rages and swears that desk duty is the worst possible thing for her recovery, Maggie is secretly grateful.

Secretly grateful, if for no other reason than – ironically – desk duty keeps Alex at the DEO later. More paperwork to sift through, and she’s so antsy that she’s slow at it.

Because there’s so much else she wants to be doing.

Like sleeping with Maggie. Both literally sleeping – cuddling and the like – and metaphorically sleeping – fucking and the like.

Alex wants all these things, and she’s making it very clear, but Maggie?

All she can see when she looks at the woman she loves more than she’s ever loved anything or anyone is her body, floating, bubbles slipping out of her lips.

All she can see when she looks at Alex is her own screaming guilt.

So she’s grateful that Alex is on desk duty. It’ll force her to let her body heal, and it brings her home later.

It brings her home later, and Maggie can pretend to be asleep on the couch.

Pretend, of course, because there’s no way in hell she will ever sleep again without knowing exactly where Alex is.

Because dammit, that was her fault, too.

How could she have gone to the gym and blown off steam before downing a few shots of scotch and just falling asleep? Without hearing from Alex? Because sure, she was with Kara, but Alex usually checked in. How could she have…

Another thing that was her fault.

Another way that what Rick Malverne did was her fault.

And, maybe, too, if he hadn’t seen Alex with Maggie so much… maybe if he hadn’t seen the way Maggie looks at her, the way Maggie touches her hand when they’re walking down the street… maybe he wouldn’t have had quite so much rage about the whole situation.

Maybe he wouldn’t have tortured Alex quite so much.

So she pretends she’s asleep until she hears Alex come home. Pretends she’s asleep and fights not to sob when she hears Alex kick off her shoes and sigh at the sight of her girlfriend, and pull a blanket over her and adjust her head on the pillow.

She pretends so that she won’t have to ask how her day was. So she won’t have to look across the room, across the table, across the pillow, at this woman – this perfect damn woman – and see her dead, suffering, dying, a thousand ways over.
All her fault.

She pretends and she draws back and she doesn’t want to be distant – god, all she wants to do is feel Alex’s blood rushing through her veins, hear Alex’s heart beat steady and solid under her ear, all she wants to do is crush Alex’s lips with her own and… and… – but she has to be distant. She has to be.

Because she hurt Alex once.

God, god, god, she can’t hurt her again.

And the closer she is, the more she’ll hurt her.

As always.

It’s not until Kara shows up at the precinct, all baby blue collared shirt and beige pants, the next week at lunch time that Maggie realizes that maybe, by pulling away, she’s hurting Alex all the more.

“Detective,” Kara greets, the truce between them real, but the truce between them riddled with fragility and pain.

“Hey Kara,” she looks up from her desk – she’s got her own endless stack of paperwork to combat – and she grins lopsidedly. Cautiously. “Need a source on something?”

She gets up and she gestures Kara into the hallway and follows with increasingly sweaty palms, an increasingly racing heart.

“No, no, I’m not here about a story, I just…” Kara turns to face Maggie, and her jawline alone could kill. She crosses her arms over her chest, and Maggie fights not to do the same.

“You’ve been trying to be really strong for my sister. She tells me you’ve been packing her lunch every day, and I know you’ve been changing the dressings on her shoulder.”

“What are girlfriends for?” Maggie shrugs, eyes flitting across the hallway, still unable to shake the feeling that she’s being watched.

“Well, yes, but as far as I know, they’re also for sleeping together.”


Kara adjusts her glasses and holds up a hand to stem Maggie’s stammering.

“Alex says you’ve been asleep on the couch before she gets home almost every night. That you’ve been taking care of her, but you’ve stopped really… building anything with her. Like a relationship. Like that whole firsts thing she keeps gushing about.”

Maggie blinks and Kara takes a deep breath.

“Is this because she told you she loves you? Are you pulling away because, what, you said it back but you don’t really mean it? Did you leap before you looked, Maggie, and now you don’t know how to tell her?”

Maggie flinches like she was punched by Supergirl, and Kara blinks at how rattled her stinging words made Maggie, by the tears rushing to her eyes.
Maggie’s nostrils flare slightly and she grabs Kara’s upper arm and pulls her into an interrogation room, shutting the door behind them.

“After all we went through together, Kara, I… I busted that bastard’s dad out of prison so we could keep her safe, I… I love her, Kara. I love your sister more than I love… myself, I…”

“Then why are you – “

“Because I can’t look at her, Kara! I can’t – “ Maggie’s voice squeaks and Kara lowers her arms in sudden compassion. Maggie puts her left hand under her lip as she starts to pace.

“It’s my fault, Kara, don’t you get it? My fault Malverne took her – the only reason she went into that damn elevator alone was because I yelled at you, because she was going to make things right with you, about me! And he saw us together, over and over and over, and you know that fed his fire, and she almost died, Kara. The only woman I’ve ever really been in love with almost died, because of me, because of my stupid – “

“Whoa, whoa, Maggie, hey. No. You know Alex doesn’t feel that way, right?”

“Of course she doesn’t feel that way, Kara, she’s too good! She’s too good for me, don’t you get it? Wait no, of course you get it, of course you do, because that’s what you’ve always thought, isn’t it? That your sister deserves someone better than some lowly, damaged cop?”

It’s Kara’s turn to look like Maggie hit her, and her own tears join Maggie’s in her eyes. When she speaks, her voice is soft, her voice is sad. Her voice is regretful.

“Maggie, I… I am so sorry that the way I’ve treated you made you think those… those terrible things. About yourself. I’m protective of Alex, I’m always going to be protective of her, but I… Maggie, if what happened to her is anyone’s fault, it’s mine. If I’d listened to you in the first place, we would have found her before that damn water even started to – “

“No, Kara, don’t – “

“See, but that’s what I mean. I blame myself, you blame yourself. Hell, Alex probably blames herself.”

Maggie scoffs. “Alex always blames herself.”

Kara smiles, and reaches out a hand to Maggie. She stares at it for a long moment before taking it.

“Exactly. The Danvers girls and the women we love… that’s what we do, isn’t it? Blame ourselves? But Maggie, what happened to Alex was not your fault. It wasn’t. I promise. And it… it’s okay. It’s okay to cry to her, to… to break down. It’s okay to need her. Because she was in that tank, sure, but Maggie, it was hard as hell being outside of it, too. And you would tell me the same thing. So maybe… I don’t know, I don’t really know a lot about this relationship stuff… but I know my sister. And I think I know you, at least a little. Enough. So maybe try… talking to her, instead of shutting her out. She needs you, Maggie. Especially right now. And I think you need her, too.”

There’s a long, long, long pause where brown eyes meet blue and their pulses – both thrumming for Alex Danvers – unite.

“Did you just say the women you and your sister love?”

“Oh god, I – “
“Tell me everything, Kid Danvers. On the way to bring Alex some lunch. Yeah?”

Kara beams as she pulls Maggie into a long, relief-filled hug.

“Yeah.”
“Danvers,” Maggie chuckles, her voice low and full of barely suppressed bemusement. “What is this?”

She’s on her knees, digging through Alex’s kitchen cabinets, looking for another cookie sheet – Kara and the crew are coming over tonight, and she promised Winn she’d make thumbprints – and she’s tugged out, instead, an old toaster.

A very old toaster.

“Oh, that?” Alex leans over the kitchen cabinet, a lopsided grin spreading over her face, her eyes starting to sparkle.

“That’s the first toaster Kara ever used. My mother wanted to throw it out because we got a little… overenthusiastic about it, but uh… I kept it.”

Alex squats next to Maggie and takes the stained old thing from her hands, turning it over and over in hers.

Her mind turns back a bit over a decade as Maggie watches, as Maggie beams. As Maggie watches the woman she loves remember the childhood that should have been longer.

She was fourteen years old – she was small, with big eyes – and Kara was smaller, with even bigger eyes.

Even bigger eyes that she somehow managed to keep open, even with her entire planet gone, even with…

Well.

It was Alex’s job to make that all better, wasn’t it?

Alex’s job to make her feel like she had family. Like she was one of their own.

She decided on waffles.

She decided on waffles to ease Kara – Kara, who was always, always, always eating – into her first Saturday morning on Earth.

She decided on waffles, and she decided Kara would love them, because she loved them herself, and shouldn’t little sisters love the same things their big sisters do?

But when Kara padded down to the kitchen and poured herself orange juice – her new favorite
drink, apparently because it tasted an awful lot like a treat they had on Krypton – and the toaster popped the waffles out, Kara jumped, her head hitting the ceiling, and Kara shrieked, and Kara hid.

Alex didn’t know whether to laugh or apologize.

Both sounds spluttered out of her mouth as she dove down to the kitchen floor – down into the small crater Kara had made when she dove – with her new little sister, arm automatically wrapping around her.

“It’s okay, Kara! It’s okay! It’s just waffles! Nothing bad, I promise! It’s okay. I got you.”

Kara narrowed her eyes, her breathing calming slowly.

“What’s a waffle?”

Alex beamed and stood, slipping the waffles onto a paper towel and crawling back down to Kara’s little crater.

“Waffles,” she said, pleased with herself, even as Eliza and Jeremiah rushed down the stairs, alarmed at the noise, at the destruction.

Kara munched down and her eyes flew wide.

“What made these?” she wanted to know, and Alex grinned.

“A toaster! Here,” she grabbed Kara’s hand and stood up, only flinching slightly as her bones cracked under Kara’s grip.

By the time Eliza and Jeremiah reached the kitchen, both breathless, Kara and Alex were both bent over the toaster, giggling almost maniacally as waffles and toast popped out of its grills like a jack-in-the-box.

“Alexandra, how could you let this happen?” Eliza wanted to know, but Alex was too excited to care.

She couldn’t wait to show Kara toaster strudels.

“She would leave me messages with the icing,” she tells Maggie now, all these years later, holding that old toaster, her fingers warmed by her girlfriend’s hands.

“When she first tasted them, she was so excited that there was fruit inside the crust that she said it couldn’t possibly get any better. But when I insisted she try the icing, she never looked back.”

Maggie chuckles and rolls her eyes affectionately. “I bet she didn’t. What kinda messages did she leave you?”

Alex laughs and goes from a squat to sitting on the kitchen floor, still holding that old toaster, still holding Maggie’s hands.

“That she loves me, that she can’t wait to watch the next musical with me. Math equations, sometimes. Secrets in Kryptonian writing, so our parents couldn’t understand – she taught me a lot of Kryptonian.” She laughs again. “Her language looks even more ridiculous in toaster strudel icing than English does.”

Maggie tilts her head at the nostalgia in Alex’s face, in the depth of love for her sister forming her every feature.
“Hey. I have an idea for tonight. For dessert.”

“I thought you were making those cookies for Winn?”

“Oh, I will. But first uh… I wanna make something for Kara. Wanna help me?”

Kara shrieks and cries and rushes into Alex’s arms when she sees what they’ve done a couple of hours later as she, James, and Winn pour into Alex’s apartment.

The counter is littered with plates of warm, crispy toaster strudels, all decorated with messages of love, of affirmation in both English and Kryptonian – all decorated with Supergirl symbols and stick figures in capes – and as Kara crushes Alex in her arms, Alex smiles and shakes her head.

“This was all Maggie, sis,” she grins, and Maggie purses her lips and blushes while Winn leans into her and whispers that she’s a good egg.

Maggie doesn’t have a chance to respond before Kara knocks the wind out of her, hugging her hard and hugging her genuine.

“We did it with your original toaster, Kid Danvers,” she manages, and Kara hugs her even closer.

They only stop hugging when Winn yelps at the little Guardian toaster strudel Alex and Maggie had drawn, with a stick figure with a computer in the background.

Kara and Maggie separate and join in the laughter, Kara heading over to ogle her sisters’ art with James and Winn.

Alex pulls Maggie into her arms and kisses her soundly, slowly, deeply.

“I love you so damn much, Maggie Sawyer.”

Maggie beams and reaches back for a solitary plate next to the sink. She offers it up to Alex, whose brow furrows before she sobs out a laugh.

In icing, Maggie’s meticulously written “our first t. strudel” with an “A + M” adorned heart underneath it.

They kiss and they laugh as they bite into it from opposite sides, all smiles and scrunched noses.

James snaps a picture on his phone, and Kara prints it for her desk at CatCo.

Along with her little toaster.
Alex stops pacing and splutters, her heart seizing.

“What do you mean different, Mom?”

“Oh, nothing negative, sweetie! I just mean… you’ve seemed happier. Lighter. Less singularly focused on your job.”

She gets defensive and she tenses up, and Eliza tries to talk her down, because – this time, anyway – she genuinely didn’t mean it like that.

“It was a compliment, Alexandra; Maggie seems like she’s good for you, that’s all I was trying to say. Honestly, dear.”

She tries to accept Eliza’s words at face value.

But she can’t let them go.

“Kara. Do you think I’m different now?”

Kara looks up from her potstickers later that night. Sisters’ Night.

“Diffent ow? Is en?”

“Say what?”

Kara grins and takes a gigantic gulp.

“Different how? And since when?”

Alex shakes her head and sighs.

“Since… I don’t know. Since I started dating Maggie, I guess.”

Kara squints and leans forward slightly, staring at her sister like she can see any differences with her x-ray vision. And maybe she can.

“I think you’ve been…” Kara chooses her words carefully. Carefully, because she’s not the only Danvers sister who gets a crinkle between her eyes when something’s bothering her.

“I think you’ve been focused on yourself more lately. Which is a really great thing. What did you say Maggie wants you to do? Stop burying your feelings? I think you’ve been listening. To that. You’ve been being more of yourself. Like you told Eliza at Thanksgiving. You seem like… you
seem like you feel more like yourself. So I think the changes have been good.”

“So there… so there have been changes?”

Kara leans forward and takes Alex’s hands into hers. “Good changes, Alex. Good ones. I promise.”

Alex forces a smile and she nods, and she cuddles into Kara all night long, her nerves calmer, because her sister’s there. Her sister’s got her.

Her sister thinks the changes have been good.

But when Kara heads off to CatCo in the morning, her heart rate shoots up again.

Her mind starts spiraling again.

Her hands start wringing again.

And that night – Maggie had promised her dinner and a movie, because “we could use a little normalcy now and then, ey Danvers?” – Alex’s mind still hasn’t slowed down.

Alex’s ruminations still haven’t stopped.

“You like me, right Maggie?” she asks, in response to Maggie’s asking if she thought Remus Lupin as Ares was as cool as Maggie had.


Alex sighs and shakes her head and pushes her pasta around her plate.

“Nothing, I just… I had a conversation with my mom – “

“Uh oh.”

“No, no, we didn’t fight, I just… you know what? I’m ruining our date, I’m sorry, I – “

“Hey, hey, Danvers, slow down,” Maggie reaches across the table and hesitates before covering Alex’s hands with her own. “Whatever it is, it’s okay. It’ll be okay. And you’re not ruining everything. You can tell me – “

“You liked me because I saved you, right? When the president was in town? Because I had tech too fancy for a fed and live for my job, right?”

“Alex, I – “

“Didn’t you? Isn’t that why?”

Maggie studies the panic in Alex’s eyes, the barely suppressed anxiety, the poorly shielded self-loathing.

She doesn’t answer. She just waits with a tilted head and a questioning smile. Because she knows Alex. She knows.

Sure enough, Alex continues.
“My mom says I’m different. Now. After starting… after starting dating you. Kara says it, too. They both say I’m different now.”

Maggie nods softly, her eyes even softer.

“Different how?” she asks, voice low and kind.

Alex sighs and shakes her head as her eyes drift up to the ceiling.

“Happier. Lighter. More… myself. But Mom said I’m less focused on work than I used to be, and Kara said I’m more myself, so what if… what if being more me means being… bad at work? Less dedicated? In my job – in our jobs, Maggie – less dedicated means people die. So what if…”

Maggie stiffens for the first time, her eyes shielding themselves for the first time.

“What if what?” she asks, her voice less soft, more tense.

More terrified.

Alex’s eyes are on the ceiling again, but when she brings them back down to meet Maggie’s, her heart shatters.

“You still like me?” she asks, her voice broken.

Maggie stands – restaurant etiquette be damned – and crosses to Alex’s side of the table, kneeling and taking her hands into her own.

“Alex. I like you because you’re tough, and because you’re a badass, sure. But I also like you because of the way you squint when you think hard, the way you protect your sister. And I don’t mean with your… job… I mean with your heart. The way you’re devoted to your family, the way you care about people. That’s not about your job, Alex. That’s about you. It’s about who you are, Alex, and that hasn’t changed. That’s not going to change. Because that, Alex? That’s fundamentally… you. And you’re the woman I… I’m crazy about you, Danvers. The day we met, and right now. Alright?”

Alex swallows tears – barely – and she nods, her throat too tight to speak. Until she chokes out, “You look like you’re proposing.”

Maggie blushes deeply and kisses Alex’s knuckles with a gentle determination that’s almost reverent.

“One day, Alex. For now? I’m crazy about you, understand? Changes and all. Happiness suits you, Danvers.”

Alex smiles through her tears, and Maggie leans up to kiss her nose.

“See? That there? That smile? It’s my favorite sight in the world.”
Chapter 494

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
You said your girl "demanded cuddles" so I "demand" you to write a fic about Maggie "demanding cuddles" from Alex :)

It takes her a while to start wearing her glasses in front of Maggie.

It takes her a while, but eventually – eventually, when Maggie feeds her and Maggie makes love to her and Maggie laughs with her and Maggie tickles her and bakes for her little sister and protects her little sister and beats Winn at Mario Kart during Game Night – Alex learns that this kind of intimacy with Maggie might just be acceptable, after all.

More than acceptable.

Desireable.

So she wears her glasses now, nearly every night that she gets home at a reasonable hour.

Nearly every night when she gets home at a reasonable hour, when she curls up with a dizzying mix of medical journals, classified DEO reports, and Kara’s articles in CatCo magazine.

The first time, Maggie had spluttered and Maggie had stammered and Maggie had kissed her and undressed her – taking off everything except those glasses – and made her moan and scratch at Maggie’s back long into the night.

The second time, the third time, she’d done exactly the same.

The fourth time, Alex had taken control.

The fourth time, Alex had stripped herself of everything but her glasses and held Maggie down while she ate her out. Held her down while she made love to her passionate, desperate, hot.

They’ve long since lost count of the number of times Maggie’s come home to Alex reading in those glasses, now.

Long since lost count of the tickle fights and cooking together and reading together and fucking together that they’d gotten up to with Alex in those glasses.

And tonight?

Tonight, Maggie comes home and smiles and kisses her woman quietly, happily, because Alex is absorbed in Kara’s latest article.

She eats leftovers from last night cold, and laughs when Alex scrunches her nose in disgust.

She tries reading and she tries scrolling through her phone. She tries listening to music and she tries pouring herself a scotch.
Nothing works.
The only thing she wants to focus on tonight is Alex’s skin next to hers.
She lays on the bed next to her and she sighs. Alex smiles at her closeness, but keeps reading.
Maggie sighs again. Alex arches an eyebrow.
“Restless, Sawyer?”
“No,” Maggie defends, but her expression gives her away.
“Just let me get to the bottom of this paragraph – ”
Maggie sighs again, and Alex adjusts her glasses. Maggie gulps, because god, is this woman beautiful.
“What do you need, babe?” Alex asks after another minute or so, and Maggie tries the pout Winn’s been teaching her.
“Cuddles.”
“You need cuddles?” Alex grins, and Maggie nods.
“I’ve given it a great deal of thought, Danvers.”
“Have you?” Alex flirts, tossing her copy of CatCo magazine onto her bedside table.
“Mmhmm. And I’ve concluded that cuddles are something I require.”
“Require?” Alex grins, pushing her glasses up on top of her head.
“Listen, Agent Danvers, you all might have cushy equipment and fancy creature comforts in your James Bond spy lab, but us lowly detectives need other things to sustain us.”
“Is that so, Detective? You need cuddles for – ”
“Sustainability. The safety and future of National City depend on it, Alex.”
“The safety and future of National City depend on my cuddling you.”
“You gonna take your clothes off and hold me or you gonna keep repeating everything I say?” Maggie crawls on top of her, asking with her eyes before unbuttoning her oversized flannel.
“Oh, so now you need naked cuddles.”
Maggie kisses her way up Alex’s stomach, paying special attention to her scars, to her stretch marks, to her birthmarks. Alex hums in delight, and reaches down to stroke Maggie’s hair with closed eyes.
“Objections?” Maggie asks, and Alex shakes her head.
“None,” she murmurs through her smile, and she sighs in relief when her bare skin touches Maggie’s, when they meld their bodies together and hold each other close, hold each other safe, hold each other intimate.
“You’re amazing,” she whispers as she combs over Maggie’s hair with her fingers.
“And you’re perfect,” Maggie counters softly, her fingertips skating up and down Alex’s torso, their legs interwined and their foreheads touching.

Alex pffts and Alex sighs, but she also smiles.

Because right now?

She certainly feels perfect.
Maxwell Lord is furious.

Which makes sense. He’s always furious about something.

Last year, it was that sophomore Alex Danvers had the nerve to say no to him – a junior – when he asked her to the junior prom.

Whatever, he’d figured. People think of her as a hopeless nerd anyway, he’d figured. Especially with her new tag-along little sister, he’d figured. She’ll just be like all the other sophomores and have to wait for their own junior prom, he’d figured.

He’d figured wrong.

As it turned out, he hadn’t been the only junior with an eye for the almost unfairly brilliant sophomore girl.

Because Alex had turned him down, and had gone to the junior prom with Maggie Sawyer.

That had been bad enough. But this year? This year, things were even worse.

This year, Maggie was a senior, Alex was a junior, and they were unmistakably that couple.

The couple that all the younger queer kids – especially that freshman boy with the oversized collared shirts and silver stud earring – followed around and genuinely befriended.

The couple that most of the straight cis couples were jealous of, because how could a high school relationship – or any relationship, for that matter – possible by that healthy? That happy?

Not that the girls didn’t have their problems.

He’d heard rumors that Sawyer’s parents had kicked her out for being gay, and even though they definitely weren’t friends, Max had to admit that the rumor made his blood boil.

He’d heard that Danvers had almost gotten suspended for breaking that Malverne kid’s nose after he kept following them around, taunting them about what team Maggie had convinced Alex to play for. He’d smirked when he heard that Danvers had broken the kid’s nose and then high-fived that Schott boy.

But those hardships?

Only seemed to make Maggie Sawyer and Alex Danvers even more legendary at Midvale High.

And that was all fine.

But this latest development?
This latest development was simply unacceptable.

“How could I not be on the A Team, Ms. M’orzz? Is there anyone in this school – except maybe Luthor and Schott, if they’re having a good day and I’m having a bad day – who can handle the building events as well as I can?”

Ms. M’orzz regards Max evenly, somewhat resignedly, over her glasses, over pressed-together fingertips and slightly raised eyebrows.

“Max, Science Olympiad isn’t only about technical mastery and scientific smarts. Which you undeniably have. Science Olympiad is about teamwork and generosity of spirit. Which you’re still working to develop. I have no doubt that you’ll bring home medals for us. On the B Team.”

“But Ms. M’orzz, everyone knows that the A Team is for smarter students – “

“No, Mr. Lord. It isn’t. Both teams represent our school at the competition, and both teams – “

“So Sawyer gets to work with Danvers on both Forensics and Astronomy?”

Ms. M’orzz smiles slightly through pursed lips. “They’ve proven throughout our in-house events to make a really great team, Mr. Lord. I have every confidence that you will shine on the B Team, just as they’ll shine on the A Team. Perhaps think of this as a leadership opportunity.”

He does shine on the B Team during the competition. He brings home silver medals in events from Boomilever to Electric Vehicle to Helicopters, and he isn’t bested by any other schools; just by Winn and Lena from his own school.

But Alex and Maggie?

They make sure the silver medalists from other high schools don’t even come close to touching their event scores.

They work seamlessly in the lab during the Forensics event.

Other teams come in with a plan to divide the work between them: who will analyze the polymers, who will dust and identify the fingerprints, who will analyze the fake blood spatters and who will take charge of the entomology component.

But Alex and Maggie come in with a deeply organic understanding of how the other thinks, what the other knows, what stresses the other out.

So Maggie reads their simulated case while Alex matches whorl patterns; Maggie takes the striker out of a frustrated Alex’s hand with a kiss to the back of her neck that pushes her goggles into her face, sending them both into a soft spate of giggling before Maggie successfully lights the Bunsen burner; and they murmur together over the polymer samples, the photographs of footprints, the descriptions of fake larvae at their false crime scene.

Together, they do what no other Sci Oly team has done – they complete the Forensics event, the entire exam, even though it is always designed to take too much work, to be too difficult, to possibly complete within the hour they’re given.

They have no time to do anything but kiss briefly, excitedly, adrenaline coursing through their veins and their brains buzzing, as they strip off their gloves, lab coats, and goggles, hastily and efficiently – their hands always seeming to anticipate where the others’ want to go – packing up their forensics kit and passing it off to Winn, waiting in the hall, fresh out of his Circuits Lab
“How’d you do?” he asks as he takes their kit from Maggie’s hand.

“How’d you think?” Alex grins, and Winn whoops.

“Awesome, yes! Okay, I don’t have another event until twelve: I’ll take this back to the room. Astronomy’s on the third floor, room – “

“334, I remember! Thanks, Schott!” Maggie smiles over her shoulder as she and Alex dash for the stairwell, hand in hand, for their Astronomy event, starting promptly in five minutes.

Alex knocks out the calculations while Maggie jots down all the definitions. They whisper together, in a classroom full of other astronomy nerds from across the region, all adorned in t-shirts designed by and for their different schools.

They whisper about the most effective methods of exoplanet detection and whether the question on quasars was supposed to already include knowledge of gravitational lensing or if they should scribble a brief explanation for that phenomenon in their answer, as well. (They do: never can be too thorough.)

They make a point to kiss in front of everyone at the award ceremony, when their medals are clanging together on their chests and their entire team is cheering, chanting, because they won, they won, they won, and their school gets to go to States.

They make a point of it because we should kiss the girls we wanna kiss, and they’re flush with victory and adrenaline, and god, god, do they wanna kiss each other.

They both hand the picture Winn snaps with his phone on the inside of their lockers when they get back to school on Monday.

Because if they can’t help but being amazing nerds?

Might as well be amazing nerds together: even Max Lord’s got to admit it.
Chapter 496

Chapter Summary

“You’re a good egg, Sawyer” (ft. Drunk!Winn)
Thanks to the wonderful @kassebaum for trading ideas about drunk Winn with me!

He stumbles and he slurs slightly, but he actually sinks a shot instead of catapulting the cue ball across the bar.

Maggie’s not sure quite how Winn is a better pool player – a safer pool player – when he’s drunk, and if she’s being honest with herself, she’s not quite sure how she wound up in this situation.

Alone with her girlfriend’s brother, in their bar, him so drunk he’s starting to squint every time he tries to focus his eyes on her face.

Kara and Lena had gone home early to… Maggie smirks at the look of pleased horror – pleased because her sister is so happy with Lena, horrified because she’s not trying to think about her sister getting laid – on Alex’s face as they left the bar hand in hand, lips on lips.

James and Alex had departed soon thereafter, just to take a stroll and to talk, probably, about Kara, about Lucy, about love lost and friendships solidified.

And now?

Now, Winn is tossing his hand up for a sloppy high five after he dimly registers that he actually sunk the nine ball.

He stumbles with the force of his own attempt at celebration, and Maggie catches him by the chest.

“Whoa there, buddy,” she grins softly, soothingly, setting him back on his feet and keeping her hands on his shoulders until he stops swaying.

“Hey, you saved me!” he exclaims, excitement flowing over his face. “You know, not everybody can say that their favorite pool shark makes a living out of saving people! Because that’s what you do, Sawyer, you know?”

He squints as he tries to make eye contact with Maggie, and when he succeeds, he claps his hand on her shoulder.

“You’re a good egg, Sawyer,” he tells her, not for the first time.

Maggie laughs lightly and shakes her head, putting her hand on his.

“You’re drunk,” she dismisses him, and he shakes his head so intensely that he almost falls over again.

Maggie arches an eyebrow as she stares up at him, steadying him.

“I’m not – I mean, it would appear – “
“Mmhmm,” Maggie teases, skepticism all over her face, and Winn tosses his hands up haphazardly and leans heavily on the side of the pool table.

“Okay! Okay, fine, maybe – maybe I’m just a liiiiiitle bit drunk. But J’onn says I don’t have to work in the morning – you ever thought about how that sounds like mourning – but you can’t tell when I say it out loud, only if I add the u in writing – you know Kara used to have so much trouble with spelling, a Kryptonian type of dyslexia, you know, yeah, you do know, I remember we were talking about it, and don’t tell her – don’t tell her, Maggie, okay? – but now she can spell even better than me, and I won the spelling bee every year in middle school!”

He straightens up when he says this last bit, both pride in himself and in his best friend, and Maggie smiles and pulls up a stool, pool forgotten.

“That so?” she encourages him while hailing Darla for water.

Winn nods earnestly.

“Kara says that Alex won all the science competitions in middle school. And high school. And college. She probably won a science competition as an infant.”

He chuckles at his own joke, and Maggie nods her thanks at Darla while maneuvering the glass into Winn’s hand.

“You know Alex… Alex Danvers. You know, she used to actually scare me? Like, not in a sister way, but like, actually. Because she could kill people, and she did, she does.”

His face goes sober for a moment before he shakes his ears out like he has water in them and carries on, sipping on his water between sentences.

“But then Kara was attacked. By the Black Mercy. You know the Black Mercy? I mean, not personally – I’m glad you don’t, those things are hell, who would want to know a Black Mercy personally? I guess that makes them lonely, though, poor things… but Alex fought to get us into the DEO. James and me. With Kara. To take care of her. Do you know this story? Did Alex tell you?”

He leans forward to clap his hand on Maggie’s shoulder again and he splatters them both with his water.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry, Maggie, I’m sorry, I – “

“Hey, dude, it’s fine, you’re fine, it’s just water, I’ll get you more – “

“See? I told you you’re a good egg, Sawyer.”

“Not so bad yourself, Schott.”

Winn shakes his head, pain flickering behind his eyes before he forces it out with the earnestness of what he wants to tell Maggie. What he needs to tell Maggie.

“No, but Alex doesn’t talk enough about herself. About the good things she does. I’m worried she doesn’t tell you. Because Kara isn’t the only superhero Danvers girl, you know? I mean, I know you know. Have you seen the way you look at her? I guess that would be hard, to see… but James takes pictures! So you can see it. So I know you know she’s a superhero!”

He points seriously at her with his index finger, and she can’t help but chuckle.
“Yes, Winn, I know I’m dating a superhero. I’m the luckiest woman alive.”

“See, but that’s exactly… that’s exactly my point, Sawyer! No, no, don’t shake your head, don’t do that! I mean, you can do what you want, it’s your body, your head, but I mean, no, it’s important! Alex… she was different before you, she… she didn’t laugh like that. She never giggled. I mean, don’t… don’t tell her that I’ve seen her giggle, she’ll kill me…”

He smiles, and leans his head forward onto Maggie’s shoulder.

“But in a sister way. Because you know, I’ve been bullied before. Hit before.”

He tugs his head with a great heave off her shoulder so he can look her in the face.

“By my foster siblings. Called me gay, called me a geek. I didn’t know how to tell them I wasn’t gay, I was bi. Am bi. Like the Nsync song, right? Bi bi bi… no? Kara loves it. Oooh, we should perform it at the next karaoke night! But see, that’s the thing they wouldn’t like. The things they’d hit me for, yell at me for. I don’t like yelling.”

He squints across into Maggie’s eyes, and she knows just what he means.

“But Alex? Alex – did she tell you she keeps extra food for me in the DEO? Because she knows Kara’s not the only one who gets hungry all the time? And did she tell you she comes over at night sometimes, when Kara’s out Supergirling and my dad calls from prison? She comes over with James, and they both take care of me until I fall asleep. She takes me out every year on his birthday, on the anniversary of the day he was arrested. I don’t know how she knows those things – probably DEO files – but she remembers. Every year. She’s my sister, Sawyer, you know? So when I say you’re a good egg… Really, I’m saying thank you. For being you. Because Alex deserves a good man in a storm. And you are, Sawyer. That’s you.”

Maggie licks her lips and swallows her tears. She realizes with a jolt that his hand is on her thigh, that her hand is on top of his.

She realizes with a jolt that she’s never been alone with a drunk white man and felt… safe. Felt happy.

Felt… family.

So when Alex and James come back from their walk, she waves them off when they offer to take him off her hands.

She hugs James and she kisses Alex – makes out with her, really, her tender and passionate and perfect, because she didn’t know the stories Winn told her, and god, she loves her, she loves her, she loves her – and she holds Winn steady on the walk to her car.

When he wakes up on her bed, a banana and aspirin and water beside him, Maggie on the floor next to the bed, he groans and he smiles and he speaks in a groggy, groggy voice.

“I could’ve taken the floor, Sawyer,” he murmurs, and he smiles blearily when he hears her hum in acknowledgement.

“I wanted you to be comfortable, Schott,” she protests, and he pats the bed next to him clumsily.

“You can be comfortable too, Maggie. If you’re comfortable.”

“I didn’t want to violate your space,” Maggie says groggily as she pulls herself up from the floor.
“Get in here, Sawyer. What are siblings for, right?”

Maggie smiles with tears in her eyes that she doesn’t even bother trying to hide. She hops onto the mattress next to him, and grins as she lets herself shift back to sleep.

“You’re a good egg, Maggie,” Winn mutters as he drifts back into sweet unconsciousness.

Maggie sighs happily and lets her body relax.

She’s safe with her brother-in-law. Her brother.

Safe and very, very happy.

“You’re a good egg, too, Schott.”
Sanvers and the Goblet of Fire

(cross-posted with my Sanvers at Hogwarts series, because I figured yall would want to read it, and also because #sanversweek :)

“I’ll be seventeen, Maggie, I could do it, I’ll be old enough by the time they put the Goblet out.”

Their legs are intertwined in their compartment on the Hogwarts Express, chocolate frogs leaping off the windows and, occasionally, off of their shoulders, because I don’t like eating them, Danvers, I like setting them free instead.

Maggie shifts so their bodies are closer. She shifts so she can stroke Alex’s hair easier.

“And I support you, Danvers. All the way, you know I do. Ride or die doesn’t end with the Triwizard Tournament. I just… people have died, Danvers.”

“Oh come on, Maggie, don’t try to tell me you wouldn’t put your name in if you were old enough – “

“Of course I would, Alex, but… But people have died, and I know you won’t, because if you died, I’d kill you, but – “

“Says the Hufflepuff who wants to set the chocolate frogs free – “

“Retorts the Slytherin dating that exact Hufflepuff,” Maggie doesn’t miss a beat, and they devolve into a soft series of giggles.

Kara passes by their compartment door and waves enthusiastically.

“I’m going to find Lena!” she mouths, and Maggie gives her an over-enthusiastic thumbs up.

“Does Kara know? That you want to put your name in?”

Alex sighs. “She’s less happy about it than you. But I mean, you’re both assuming I’ll get chosen – “

“Well, who the hell else would from our school, Danvers? Lord? Hell no. Maybe Dig or West, and is Allen old enough? Queen? Olsen? But no, good as they all are? Please. You put your name in, you’ll be chosen. Guaranteed.”

Alex blushes. “You… you really think so?”

Maggie bites her lip at her suddenly timid Slytherin, and she checks outside the compartment window before leaning in for a kiss that Alex meets eagerly. Maggie sighs into their kiss, into the way Alex’s hands rise to tangle in her hair.

When they finally part, when they finally bring their foreheads together to breathe, Maggie speaks
soft, and slow, and genuine, right into Alex’s eyes.

“I know so. You’re brilliant and you’re brave and you’re kind and you’re cunning. You’re the best of all the Houses, Alex. The best of all of us. The Goblet would be stupid not to spit your name out.”

Alex grins lopsidedly. “Don’t go telling anyone about the kind thing. I have a reputation to uphold, Sawyer.”

They both jump as the compartment door slides open with a slight bang.

“Don’t bother disentangling, you two, it’s only me.”

“Hey Sara,” they say in unison, Maggie getting up to hug the Gryffindor fifth year and Alex staying down and offering a friendly nod, a friendly – and extremely elaborate – handshake they’d devised last year. Sara giggles and Alex’s lopsided grin grows.

“So you’ve heard, I take it. About the Triwizard Tournament?”

Alex nods and Maggie bites the inside of her cheek.

“Oliver gonna enter? Dig?”

Sara shakes her head. “Ollie’s not gonna be old enough in time, and Dig’s still thinking about it. Wish I was old enough, damn. You’re putting your name in, right, Danvers?”

Alex glances at Maggie, and Sara hums.

“Trouble in inter-House paradise?” she asks with raised eyebrows.

“No, not at all. You know I’m ride or die for this one, and if she puts her name in, I’ll train with her until I can’t anymore. And I’ll be her date for the Yule Ball, take her mind off her heroics for a night.”

She’s talking more to Alex than to Sara, and Alex’s heart swells at the same time as her stomach flips at the image of Maggie being her date for the Ball. “I just love her too much to be terribly over-eager about seeing her fight dragons and stuff.”

Alex blushes and Sara leans in. “You trying to tell me you wouldn’t be turned on by seeing your woman overcome a dragon in front of the entire school?”

“Don’t worry, babe, I’d figure out a way to do it without hexing the poor guy.”

“Danvers, a single person can’t hex a – well, you know what, if anyone could do it, you could. If anyone can win this safely, you could. My Alex Danvers.”

“Yours. No Triwizard Tournament will ever change that, Mags.”

Sara’s eyes flicker between theirs as they steal each other’s breath, and she grins, slaps her hands on her thighs, and stands.

“Alright, well. I’m clearly the pygmy puff here, so I’m gonna go find that Smoak girl. She’s probably with Schott and Ramon, you think?”

“Oh, definitely.”
Sara grins at them, leaning on the compartment door on her way out.

“You’re both still cute,” she winks before sauntering off, letting the door shut behind her.

“We are, aren’t we?” Alex scrunches her nose in a way she doesn’t let anyone see except her sister and her girlfriend.

Maggie giggles and kisses it.

“Yeah, we are. And when we get to the castle, we’re gonna get working on your Patronus charm. I know your depression makes it pretty hard, but if we keep working on it, I know you’ll be the best at it in no time.”

Alex grins, tears shining in her eyes.

“So you'll really help me train? If I get chosen?”

“When you get chosen. And yeah. Yeah, I will. Always, Alex. Always.”

Alex beams, and Maggie smiles, and they barely stop kissing until Kara bangs on their compartment door with screwed-shut eyes to tell them to get changed.

Because they’re almost at the castle.

And it’s going to be a very exciting year.
Chapter 498

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Okay but Maggie coming home to find Alex and Adrian blasting mcr (or some other band alex mightve liked during her punk rock phase) through the whole apartment

Storytime before storytime: I was scrolling through my endless prompt box for something for #SanversWeek #day5 (domestic) and I love a lot of the soft ones but I was like ‘nah nah nah not tonight nah nah nah’ and then I found this one and I was like yessssss motherfucker and just turned to my girl (we’re laying in bed together right now) and read her the prompt and said you know what this means and she immediately started singing along with Helena. That is all. And now, without further commercial interruptions, please enjoy my version of #SanversWeek #day5. So long and good night ;)


His key scrapes the lock in such a familiar pattern – such an Adrian pattern – that Alex doesn’t even reach for her gun.

Instead, she gets up and heads to the freezer, because their – hers and Maggie’s – boy is upset. She can tell from the way his key hits the lock.

She doesn’t say anything to him when he walks in, muttering an apology for interrupting her evening. She just arches her eyebrows at him and tosses him an unopened pint of vegan Ben and Jerry’s.

He catches it with a slow grin forming on his mouth, and the spoon follows.

“Tough day, kiddo?”

He doesn’t answer immediately, instead opting to scoop into the ice cream, moaning softly as his eyes flutter closed as peanut buttery goodness melts on his tongue.

“Misgendered in calculus again, but mostly nothing. Had an early dinner with my parents, and that was nice – it’s always good to see them – but I dunno… generally? Just… bleh.”

Alex nods and grabs her own pint – decidedly not vegan – out of the freezer and crosses over to join him on the couch.

They crash down simultaneously, and they eat in silence for a long while.

“How you holding up?” he asks after a while. “The whole… thing?”

Alex glances sideways at him. She knows he was the one Maggie spent her nights with, when Kara and the others were with her. After… after. But she doesn’t know how much she’s told him.

About how close she’d been to dead.

“Holding on,” she shrugs, and he nods, the ghosts of his queer mama’s tears in his eyes.
He holds her gaze with his deep brown eyes for a long, long moment, spoons in both of their mouths contemplatively.

“Kara says you had a punk phase.”

Alex’s lips purse as her eyebrow arches.

“You proposing something, Rodriguez?”

He grins and stands, putting his pint down on the coffee table and encouraging Alex to do the same before tugging the table away.

“We gonna rearrange Maggie’s apartment?” Alex asks, bemused, and Adrian shakes his head.

“Dance floor,” he tells her, and her heart leaps as a wicked smile grows on her face.

Neither of them have any idea how long it takes – how long they last, banging their heads and flailing their arms and jumping up and down and air guitarling, more than actually dancing – for Maggie to come home.

All they know is that they warm up with The Ghost of You, holding each other’s hands and lip syncing passionately to each other, spoons as microphones, kneeling in their desperate proclamations of need for each other during verses, head banging during the chorus.

All they know is that from there, they get into Welcome to the Black Parade, Alex and Adrian both closing their eyes to passionately, tears in both of their eyes – for so many of the same, yet for so many different, reasons – open it up: “When I was a young boy. My father. Took me into the city. To see a marching band. He said, ’son when you grow up. Would you be. The savior of the broken? The beaten and the damned?”

Tears leak out of both of their eyes when they sing-speak about defeating their own demons, the non-believers.

Alex chokes on “someday I’ll leave you, a phantom, to lead you into summer, to join the Black Parade”, and Adrian takes her hand and they hold each other’s eyes through the instrumental, through the throaty repetition of the opening lines.

But smiles crawl across both of their faces when the drums start, when the bass starts to slam, and the jump and shout and head bang the rest of the song through.

Because they’re certainly carrying on.

All they know is that when they finally notice Maggie standing just inside the doorway, a broad grin on her face, they’re both covered in sweat, a thin layer of Alex’s hair slicked down onto her forehead, Adrian’s binder slung over the back of the couch because damn it’s hard to head bang in it, and both of them are apparently not afraid to keep on living.

All they know is that they finally notice Maggie at the exact same moment, and they both freeze. Alex grabs the remote and flicks off the blasting stereo, but Maggie shakes her head as she steps into the apartment. Her apartment.

No.

Their apartment.
Her family’s apartment.

Alex squints for a moment through her slightly labored breathing, and then Maggie meaning hits her in a rush.

She runs to her.

She kisses her solid, hard, deep.

She knows Maggie doesn’t care how sweaty she is, because god, does Maggie kiss her back.

“Child present!” Adrian calls after a while, and their laughter finally brings their lips apart.

“Why is it that you insist you’re not a child until the moments when it’s convenient for you?” Maggie asks, grinning as she pulls Adrian into a hug.

Her waggles his eyebrows at Alex over Maggie’s shoulder.

“Perk of being a teenager,” he practically preens, and Maggie laughs as she takes the remote from Alex’s hand.

“Mmmm. Speaking of which…”

She grins as she flips on Teenagers, and the family dance party?

Continues long, long, long into the night.
Kara shared her room at first.

At first, when Kara couldn’t sleep for nightmares, for the lack of soft engine thrumming just outside the window, for the presence of an air that was too heavy, too smelly, too… foreign.

“Midvale is the United States in a nutshell, Kara; it’s not foreign,” she’d told her once, trying to be comforting.

But Kara had continued to tremble, and Kara had shrugged.

“Everywhere’s foreign to someone.”

It was one of the first things her little sister taught her without meaning to.

And she learned a lot of other things, too.

Sharing her home with Kara.

Sharing the space – the love, the attention, the affection – that had always, previously, been hers and hers alone.

Hers, because when she was little – well, littler – Eliza and Jeremiah would let her crawl into their bed at night when she had a bad dream.

Jeremiah made her a supernova-style nightlight to keep away fear of the dark.

Eliza had read to her parts of her dissertation, cuddled up together in Alex’s bed at bedtime, and Jeremiah had laughed softly when she would drowsily ask sharp questions about advanced biomedicine.

Their little prodigy.

Their little prodigy who was smart – so smart – and who made pillow forts and invited her parents into them and who slept with them when she accidentally wet the bed and who turned her room into a veritable chemistry lab every time they let her close the door.

That all changed when Kara came.

When Kara came and the space was shared, and the love was shared, and the attention was shared, and the affection was shared.

Because she cuddled Kara when Kara had nightmares about a burning planet, her dying family, her all but extinct people. And in comparison, Alex’s regular old bad dreams just didn’t seem serious
enough to warrant nudging her parents awake anymore.

The nightlight became Kara’s.

She grew to love Kara. She did. So damn much.

She came to almost even love sharing a bathroom with her, because when Kara was deemed
adjusted enough, Eliza’s office became her own bedroom.

So it was just a bathroom they shared, then.

Alex was surprised to find that she missed it. Sharing a room with her little sister.

But the way Kara always left Kryptonian-style toothpaste residue in the sink and the way her
special Kryptonian-style hair brushes and shampoos took up most of the bathroom space made
Alex cherish having her own room back again.

Not that she always slept in her own room.

No, no, because there were nights – many of them – that she slept in Vicky Donahue’s room.

In Vicky Donahue’s bed.

Because Mr. Donahue would always ask if they needed anything else, if Alex was sure she didn’t
need the blowup mattress, because really, it wasn’t a problem.

But no, no, thank you so much, but don’t worry, Mr. Donahue, I’m fine right here.

And she was more than fine, right there. Next to Vicky. Sharing Vicky’s warmth, sharing Vicky’s
breathing space. Feeling the heat radiate off Vicky’s skin, hearing the rhythm of her soft breathing,
not even minding all that much that Vicky had no nightlight in her bedroom.

She was more than fine, right there in Vicky’s bed, but she had no other words for what she felt.
No other words for what she… wanted.

So when they fought over nothing – nothing, because something without vocabulary is nothing,
it’s nothing, just drop it, okay, it’s all in my head, okay? – she mourned the loss of her. Her
closeness. Her bedroom. Her bed.

And in college, she didn’t dare approximate the same conditions again.

She kept out of her roommate’s way, and her roommate kept out of hers.

She was always in the lab, anyway. Always tutoring, anyway.

So her room became somewhere she occupied at night, but didn’t really… live.

Boyfriends – boys from organic chemistry who seemed smart enough – came and went, and always
arched their eyebrows at the sparsity of Alex’s living arrangements.

But her living arrangements were never what they came back to her dorm for, anyway.

Her dorm was where she stayed, but it wasn’t really where she lived.

That didn’t change much in med school – except she traded never being home, never making a
home, because she was at the lab for never being home, never making a home, because she was at
the club.

And then J’onn J’onzz.

And then the DEO, and then a whole new reason to never be home, because home, now, was the place where she trained to protect her sister.

Sisters’ Nights and training and it didn’t occur to her that she shared Eliza’s love for candles, didn’t occur to her to decorate her apartment beyond the furnishings Kara had forced her to get, beyond the pictures on her mantle.

Her father.

Because Kara’s apartment was always more her home, anyway.

She had a toothbrush there and she rediscovered snuggling her sister back to sleep from nightmares, rediscovered Kara’s Kryptonian morning breath and her enthusiasm for stashing midnight snacks in her bedside table.

Because Kara was her home, and always, always would be.

And then there was Maggie Sawyer.

Then there was Maggie Sawyer, and there were sleepovers that sometimes ended in soft kisses to the back of the neck and sometimes ended in screaming orgasms.

There were mornings that began in a panic because she didn’t immediately see the note Maggie had left on her pillow that she’d be right back, that Alex was beautiful, that she was bringing her donuts and Alex should stay in bed because she deserved to be spoiled.

There were mornings that began in bliss because Maggie was still sleeping next to her, and the growing sunlight would dance on her eyelids and paint her lips, and Alex was…

Alex was in love.

Alex was home, in her own home.

In her own skin.

So when she stole Maggie’s toothbrush from Maggie’s bathroom and brought it back to her own, she presented it to her bewildered girlfriend with a question mark, a nervous smile, and terrified, hopeful eyes.

Maggie tried not to cry and Alex didn’t bother trying, reading Maggie’s smile and feeling her own heart soar as she lifted off Maggie feet and kissed her soft, kissed her hard, kissed her tender and kissed her firm.

“What welcome home, Maggie Sawyer,” she whispered against her lips, because Alex had always had a home. Somewhere.

Even when it was just a place to crash.

And now? Now, Maggie would always have one, too.
Chapter 500

Chapter Summary

Lust at First Sight
Slight AU in which everything is the same except when Alex and Maggie meet, Alex is a Seasoned Gay and Maggie is single.

#SanversWeek day6

They argue about jurisdiction, but the tarmac isn’t where the debate ends.

Because she’s dealt with local cops before. All part of the job.

But this woman?

This… Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division. With her showed you mine bullshit and her irritating head tilt and the way she saw things Alex didn’t, knew things Alex didn’t think she should know…

This woman got under her skin.

And she wanted so much more.

And when she shows up at that warehouse in the arts district? Alone, no backup? Not even a flashlight?

Just a slow rise from that crouch – that crouch that Alex has seen twice now, and wants to… well… she can think of other ways to get this woman to bend down – confident and calm, collected and cool, like an entire DEO strike team isn’t stamping down the stairwell with guns that would melt her inner organs?

Just a smirk and a witty retort about feds and firepower and god she remembers her name – of course she remembers her name, because, as she’s also reminding her, she’s a detective.

And she detects.

And when Alex radios Winn that they missed him, that he could be anywhere, she starts to walk away.

She starts to walk away because she wants this woman – badly – but right now, the president’s life is on the line.

Right now, she has a job to do.

But right now, this woman, this detective, this… this force… is following her, with that low voice and that confident gait, and she’s updating her on what she’s found, and Alex is pretending not to hang on her every word, but damn this woman is smart and damn this woman is brave.

Smart, because she might dismiss it as just detecting, just doing her job, but Alex needed Winn’s
genius to find this place. And she was still slower in getting there than this Maggie Sawyer woman.

And Alex had stormed in with an entire strike team, with armor and a rocket launcher on her shoulder.

This woman had strolled in with a glock in her waistband and bravado in her step, and that’s… that’s it.

So Alex isn’t surprised when Maggie doesn’t back down when Alex stops abruptly, when she turns and she stares down at Maggie and she backs her slightly into a wall.

“What do you want, Sawyer? For me to admit you got the drop on me, that you found this place before me? What, do you want a medal?”

“We don’t all do our jobs for gold stars, Danvers. Maybe I’m just trying to keep people safe, same as you. Maybe it’s nice to get the chance to work with someone whose eyes don’t glaze over when I mention heat vision and Infernians for a change. You trying to tell me that’s a crime? That the warehouse is out of my jurisdiction, too?”

Maggie’s eyes drop to Alex’s lips, and when they travel back up her face to lock into hers, Alex knows.

Knows that she’s not the only one who feels it.

This… thing. Between them.

“This whole city is my jurisdiction, Sawyer,” she says, her voice meant for the bedroom, her voice dripping with the things she wants to do to this arrogant, brilliant, beautiful, bold cop.

“We might have to disagree about that, Danvers,” Maggie arches an eyebrow, her eyes now entirely on Alex’s lips, on the shrinking space between them.

“We might,” Alex whispers, and they move their moves to crash into each other at the same time, and god, god, god, is it like breathing for the first time.

She tastes like black coffee and she tastes like motorcycle exhaust, and she tastes absolutely perfect.

“This how you fight all your jurisdiction battles, Danvers?” Maggie breathes as Alex’s lips case out her neck.

“Only the ones with gorgeous women,” Alex chuckles from the back of her throat, and when Maggie takes her lips with hers again, it’s with tongue and it’s with teeth and it’s with everything perfect and everything needed and everything released.

Alex grabs her wrists as Maggie tries to run her fingers up her shirt.

“Sorry – “ Maggie starts, but Alex shakes her head sharply.

“Good?” she asks, gaze flitting between Maggie’s and the way Alex’s hands have caught her wrists. Maggie’s eyes fly wide for a moment when she catches her meaning, catches her question. She covers her surprise, her hope, her excitement, with a cocky smirk.

“Still my jurisdiction, Danvers,” she taunts, and Alex hisses as she pins Maggie’s hands above her head, relishing the way her head tilts back, the way her hips roll forward, the way her entire body
reacts when Alex slips her thigh between Maggie’s legs.

“Yeah? Your jurisdiction?” Alex taunts right back, and Maggie’s nostrils flare, but her eyes beg Alex not to stop. And she doesn’t.

She pushes Maggie’s hands against the wall gently but with purpose, gingerly but with a clear command – stay – and she traces her hands down Maggie’s body to her breasts, shoving aside her jacket and filling her palms, moaning softly when she feels Maggie’s nipples responding to her touch.

“Like that, Sawyer?” she asks, already knowing the answering, already reading the answer pouring off Maggie’s body in waves.

She teases her nipples between her thumbs and her index fingers, all through her shirt and desperate to find out what kind of bra she’s wearing, what her breasts feel like with no barrier between them at all – and she braces her body up with the steadiness of her thigh between her legs, letting Maggie grind down on her as hard as she wants.

And god, does she seem to want it hard.

Alex crashes her lips back down onto Maggie’s before licking down her jawline, to her neck.

“Danvers,” Maggie brings her hands down from above her head to try to touch Alex.

But it’s Alex’s jurisdiction, dammit.

So she grabs her wrists again, stopping her again. Maggie gives a quick nod – so subtle, so quick, Alex would have missed it if she didn’t care to look for it – and Alex correctly reads it as her permission to continue.

She spins Maggie around, so she’s facing away from her. Facing the cool, solid wall. Maggie writhes and just barely restrains herself from whining in pleasure, in desperation.

“So you like it rough, Detective?” Alex growls just behind Maggie’s ear as she presses her up against the wall of the now-abandoned warehouse, Alex pinning one of Maggie’s arms behind her back.

Maggie struggles and Alex loosens her grip immediately, but Maggie turns her face enough to catch her eyes. Enough to tell her that she’d better not stop.

“I like it when you don’t talk, Danvers,” she rasps, and Alex chuckles.

The sound shoots straight through Maggie’s body, infects her blood and makes her wonder, only briefly, what a genuine laugh would sound like coming from this woman’s lips.

“Mm, see, I think you’re lying,” Alex tells her, grinding her hips into Maggie’s ass, snaking one hand down her jeans, one hand around her body and up her shirt to tease at her nipple again, pausing only long enough for Maggie to nod once, to nod desperate, to nod sharp.

“Do you? You have some fancy polygraph you’re taking readings from?” Maggie retorts from the back of her throat, and Alex nudges Maggie’s hair away from the side of her neck with her nose and bites down softly with her teeth.

Maggie hisses and arches back into her, and Alex hums a question. Maggie nods again, once, sharp, and Alex sinks her teeth deeper, harder. Rougher.
“Don’t need a polygraph to tell you like it when I order you to cum all over my hand, Sawyer.”

A moan escapes Maggie’s lips, then, and she lets her head roll back onto Alex’s shoulder.

But only for a moment does she allow that intimacy.

“I don’t take orders from feds, Danvers.”

Alex works her hand harder over Maggie’s clit, licks at her earlobe, and revels in the way her body is putty in her grasp.

“Good thing I’m not a fed, then. Cum all over me, Detective. I want to feel you unravel for me. Now. That’s an order.”

Maggie’s bites her lip, but it doesn’t help.

A hiss of air, a throaty moan, a string of curses spills out of her lips as her body racks, as her body tenses, as her body convulses, as her body stills. As her body unravels for Alex Danvers. Right on command.

Alex bites her own lips.

To keep from calling her beautiful.

To keep from telling her she’s got her.

To keep from turning her face gently, kissing tenderly, guiding her down from ecstasy and into her heaven.

She bites her lips, and instead, her arms do all the talking for her.

Holding Maggie steady and holding her safe.

“Fuck…” Maggie pants as she comes down from her orgasm, and Alex pulls away slightly, bringing her hands back to herself and licking her fingers clean, a smug smirk on her face.

Maggie turns to watch her, and Alex thinks she sees a hint of something more than sex in the way her pupils dilate. But only for a moment. Because then it’s gone. Then the shutters are back up, as she watches Alex teasingly relish the taste of Maggie’s orgasm on her own hand.

“Fuck you,” Maggie breathes, and Alex’s grin just broadens.

“That’ll be next time, Detective, won’t it?” she winks, and she strides off without further explanation, without further hope.

Or at least, that’s what she tries to portray.

Nothing to hope for but lust, but kisses stolen, but touches taken, but orgasms given.

Because she can’t have time in her life for anything more than that.

Can’t have space in her heart for anything more than that.

And yet.

And yet.
And yet when Maggie calls her to ask if she wants to see how local cops get their information – and Alex is infuriated, frankly, that this woman somehow found her number, and she doesn’t want to think about how that only makes her more curious, how curiosity only makes her more interested – Alex makes sure to take her Ducati.

Because she looks damn good on her bike, and she looks damn good in this jacket, and she will focus everything on how she looks and nothing on how she feels, because this woman is amazing to kiss and this woman is amazing to fuck.

And hell, this woman may even be amazing to work with, but she… no. No, no, no, no.

She can’t be touching Alex’s wrist, hand, gently with her own when Alex reaches into her waistband for her gun.

She can’t be looking at her with soft eyes, she can’t be telling her about growing up a brown queer kid in small town Nebraska.

She can’t be talking about relating to aliens, to outsiders, because then the thing that’s started to burn inside Alex might be real.

It might be… feelings.

Feelings, beyond sex.

Feelings, beyond warehouse trysts and alleyway fantasies.

She’s grateful when she gets even the slightest bit of intel.

Because she needs to get away from this woman. Away from this bar that feels like it could be the place where her life changes.

Fast.

But then the president is speaking, and then the Infernian is attacking, and then…

And then Maggie is gone.

And Alex… Alex cares more than she should.

She cares more than she would if Maggie just felt like some fling, like some hot case to crack, like some jurisdictional kink to resolve.

She cares to the point where her heart wavers, and she cares to the point where she literally walks into fire for her.

Because it’s her job, she tells herself.

Rescuing people.

It’s her job.

Maybe.

But it’s not her job – doctor or not – to chase all the other DEO medics away from Maggie’s beaten body. It’s not her job to check her over with quite that much tenderness, and it’s not her job to want to press her lips to the gauze she puts over her burn.
It’s not her job to want to squeal with giddy joy when Maggie tells her she usually doesn’t do well with partners, but they make a really great team.

It’s not her job, and it’s not her sex drive, either.

So when she tells her she should get some rest, that she can stay at the DEO if she wants, Maggie pauses, and her heart leaps, but then it sinks right back down again.

“No, I can’t.”

“What, you got a hot date or something?” Alex asks, like they didn’t fuck each other hours before.

Maggie’s breath hitches.

“No. No, of course I – no, I just… don’t wanna impinge on your jurisdiction, Danvers.”

She tugs her jacket on and Alex barely resists the impulse to help ease it over her shoulders.

“We could share,” she offers, and Maggie tilts her head and squints, a lopsided grin starting to form.

“Jurisdiction, I mean. I mean… what I really mean is… Stay. Maggie. We… we’ve done this whole thing backwards. Our first fight and then our first…” She glances around. “You know.”

“Oh, is that what the kids are calling it nowadays?”

“Sawyer. Stay. Let me take care of you.”

“So you can get laid later?”

“No! I mean… no. Like I said. Backwards. Stay. We can backtrack. Get to know each other. Keep each other company.” She gestures at her shoulder. “I can help you heal. I’m not just an alien hunting fed, you know, I’m also a doctor.”

Maggie chuckles and leans back down onto the medical bed. “Yeah, I noticed. Anything you can’t do, Danvers?”

“I’m not good at relationships. But I can try. If you wanted.”

Maggie blinks and purses her lips and stares, hard. Like she’s calculating.

Alex waits, because god, she knows what those calculations are like.

“You’re on, Danvers. So you gonna show me around your spy lab, or what?”

“Happy to.”
Chapter 501

Chapter Summary

Say my Name so I can Hear It: Sanvers Soulmates AU

#SanversWeek day7

She doesn’t hear her first name spoken out loud until she’s fourteen years old.

People say her first name, of course.

They say it every day.

She can see it, and all its variations – Alex, Alexandra, Lexie – but she can’t hear it.

And she won’t.

Not until it rolls off of the lips of her soulmate.

So when her new sister tries out her name in a tongue that’s foreign to her, on a planet that’s foreign to her, she cries and she yells and she rages and she slams doors.

Because if this weird little girl from another planet is her soulmate?

How will she ever find romantic love?

Jeremiah finds her hours later – sitting on her surfboard on the beach, soaking wet – and Jeremiah smooths her hair away from her tear- and salt-stained face.

“‘The only people who can hear it when their siblings or parents or something say their names are the ones who are doomed to be alone,’” she chokes, and Jeremiah shakes his head as he draws her closer into his chest.

“Don’t, I’m drenched,” she protests, but he just chuckles and kisses her sopping hair.

“It’s an amazing thing, Alex. That Kara’s your soulmate. To have someone as special as someone’s sister be their soulmate? That’s amazing, sport. Just like you. I was worried – your mom, too – when Clark called us. That you and Kara wouldn’t get along. But apparently, you’ll get along just fine.”

Alex perks up slightly. “But maybe it’s not the same with aliens. Maybe the same rules don’t apply.”

Jeremiah tousles her hair and shakes his head again. “Sorry, kiddo. I can’t hear it when she says my name. Guess she’s not my soulmate.”

“But then I’ll never have a boyfriend! Or…”

“Or a girlfriend?” Jeremiah asks gently, and Alex sniffs and won’t meet his eyes.
“Alex, lots of people date and even marry people who they can’t hear their name from. Happy people. Good relationships. And anyway, there’s no rule on how many soulmates someone can have. Don’t give up, champ. Okay?”

She agrees.

She agrees but then his plane crashes, and she breaks her promise.

She gives up.

Gives up on everyone – including herself.

Everyone except Kara.

Because Kara is her light and Kara is her world. And hearing Kara say her name – actually hearing her name off someone else’s lips – always feels like a miracle.

Kara always says Alex is the reason she doesn’t feel alone on this earth.

Alex feels the same thing about her sister.

She just gives up on the hopeful thrum of her heart when she introduces herself to someone new, when they greet her by name, when she sees their lips move and hope her ears will hear something to match. But no.

Nothing.

Ever.

Kara is her soulmate. And that’s more than enough for her.

But then there’s this arrogant local cop on her tarmac.

Then there’s this beautiful woman, this miracle of a woman, and Alex finds herself wishing things she shouldn’t wish.

This woman calls her by her last name only, and Alex wonders if it’s a defense mechanism she’s developed. Protection she’s developed.

Because if she never says anyone’s first name, no one will ever know if she’s their soulmate.

But Alex falls for her anyway. Alex dives into her anyway.

Alex comes out and Alex tells Kara and Alex takes her by the arm and pulls her close into her body and she kisses her, and it doesn’t matter that she already has her sister as a soulmate, because that kiss, god, that kiss is what love should feel like, isn’t it?

But Maggie says no and Maggie rejects her, and Alex needs to bawl, she needs to drink, she needs to disappear into herself, but then she hears something she never thought she’d hear. Not ever.

“Alex, don’t go,” Maggie calls after her, and Alex freezes, and she turns, and she no longer knows which way is up.

“What did you just say?”

“Don’t go?”
“No. I… your whole sentence. What was your whole sentence?”

“No, Alex, don’t go?”

Again.

She hears her name rolling off this perfect woman’s lips again.

“What, did you… you heard me, didn’t you? Say your first name.”

Alex stands and she stares and she doesn’t know whether to kiss her again or to run far, far away.

“But I… I can hear it when my sister says my name – “

“We can have more than one soulmate, Danvers. Alex.”

Tears flood her eyes, this time, and she thinks she sees them dancing in Maggie’s, too.

“Say it again?” she whispers, and Maggie smiles despite herself. Despite her terror.

“Alex.”

Alex purses her lips and glances down at Maggie’s, but then she shakes her head and she throws up her defenses and she remembers her agony.

“But you don’t want me, you – “

“No, Alex, that’s not why I said no, I… I don’t want to hurt you, Danvers. Okay?”

“Why? Because you can’t hear it when I say your name?”

Maggie tilts her head and grins lopsidedly.

“You’ve never tried to say it, Danvers.”

Alex blinks. She calls her Maggie in her head, definitely. But she thinks back… out loud, she’s developed the same habit as Maggie has. Always titles. Always last names.

Maybe the only time she’s ever said Maggie’s first name out loud is in the moments before sleep, alone, in her dreams, together…

“You won’t hurt me, Maggie. I trust you.”

Maggie’s eyes fly wide, and there are definitely tears in them this time.

“You heard it, didn’t you?” Alex whispers, wondering if this is what flight feels like for Kara.

“You shouldn’t trust me,” Maggie rasps, but Alex does, she does, and Maggie doesn’t object, can’t object, doesn’t want to object, when Alex cups her face in her hands again, puts her lips on hers again.

And this time, she lets herself kiss her back.

Because Alex can hear it when she says her first name.

And Maggie can hear it when Alex says hers.
And that?

That, and this woman – this amazing, gorgeous woman – might be worth the risk, after all.
anonymous asked:
   We didn't get that many game night scenes this season. Can you fix that cap?? ♥

Kara doesn’t like to bother anyone when she’s sad.

Well, she thinks of it as bothering, anyway.

No one else does.

Alex certainly doesn’t.

And Alex knows – much as she wants to slug Barry Allen right in that pretty little mouth for recruiting his sister to join him, alone, without her, on another Earth to combat an entire invading army – that Cisco, Barry, and the rest of the Earth-1 crew wouldn’t consider it a bother, either.

Because friends aren’t bothered by friends.

And friends really aren’t bothered by inter-dimensional Game Nights with friends.

So she does something she hasn’t done since they were kids and would hide each other’s things to see how long it would take the other to find it (Kara cheated with her powers of flight; Alex consequently got really good at climbing trees).

She rummages around in Kara’s room to find the communicator Cisco left her.

And she calls him.

“You remember Kara’s boyfriend?”

“The goofy one who seemed more like he should be her brother than her man?”

“You picked up on that too, did you?”

“Agent Danvers, please. Detection is what I do.”

“Oh my god, you sound like my girlfriend. Listen, she’s been having a really tough year, and he was… for better or for worse – mostly for worse – he was the only one she could touch without worrying about breaking his nose or dislocating his shoulder. He was a piece of her history, her people, you know? And now – “

“Say no more, Alex. Get Kara to her apartment tonight. I’m bringing the crew.”

She chuckles and she shakes her head and sighs, and she wonders if it was wrong. Using Kara’s communicator behind her back. Telling Cisco – and by extension, the others – behind her back.

But that night?
That night, when Kara comes home and her apartment is flooded with Barry Allen, Iris West, Cisco Ramon, Caitlin Snow, Sara Lance? Along, of course, with the people she loves most on this earth?

Any and all trepidation leaves Alex, because Kara is crying, but they’re happy tears, they’re grateful tears.

Because she’s launching herself – literally – at Barry (James and Winn try not to be jealous, Winn unsure who, exactly, he’s jealous of), and she’s laughing with Cisco and she’s hugging Iris and Caitlin at the same time and they’re rocking back and forth and talking fast, and she’s a warm, happy, affectionate, but a little stiffer with Sara Lance – “Look at that sexual tension. Sara might be her closet key, babe, like I was for you. Relax, Lena, getting Kara to come out can only help your cause,” Maggie mutters, and Lena tries to unclench her fists – and then Kara is launching into Alex’s arms.

“You did this, you brought them all here… for me?” she asks, and Alex smooths her hair out of her face and tries not to blush. Because her reputation with all these people is supposed to be that of a formidable warrior, and unshakable soldier.

But all they’ve seen so far is her licking frosting off her girlfriend’s fingers and coddling her sister tenderly.

Dammit.

“I’d do anything for you, Kara.”

Kara melts into Alex’s arms, and Barry, Winn, James, and Cisco awww.

“Well you boys are gonna get along,” Sara observes, a half-cocked grin on her face as she nudges Kara in the ribs lightly.

“Hey, Supergirl, your very attractive sister and her – might I say – deathly gorgeous girlfriend made you cupcakes before we all got here,” she tells her, and she’s rewarded by Alex’s splutter, Maggie’s blush, and Kara’s squeal of excitement.

“They’re in a relationship,” Caitlin scolds Sara softly, grinning, and Sara shrugs.

“Yeah, and I’ve died a couple times over. Nothing’s impossible,” she winks, and Iris and Caitlin laugh, their eyes on Kara as she devours the sweets.

“Alex, I’ve been meaning to ask you – how exactly does her metabolism work? Is it like Barry’s? But she must have a completely different physiology – “ Caitlin wants to know, and Cisco and Winn groan into each other.

“We’ve lost them, Captain,” Cisco murmurs, and sure enough, Alex’s eyes are glistening as she launches into Kara’s biochemical processes.

“Star Trek on other earths, that’s what I’m talking about!” Winn’s jaw drops as he puts up a high five, and Sara leans close into Maggie.

“And now we’ve lost these two,” she winks, and Maggie gulps slightly.

Eventually, they regain Caitlin and Alex, Winn and Cisco, and eventually, they kick off their first inter-dimensional Game Night in earnest.
It turns out that Barry and Kara – the two kindest, the two quietest, the two most thoughtful of them all – are the most competitive together.

They scramble to see who can get their suits on first, on fastest, and when James whips out his camera to take a series of videos, a series of stills, of the heroes in their full-out superhero get-up, trying to out race the other on Mario Kart, it only stokes their fire more.

They steal the controllers from each other and they toss bananas and turtle shells at each other and they ignore everyone else in the race.

Iris laughs into Maggie’s shoulder, torn between cheering on her fiance and cheering on the girl who makes her more than a bit bi.

Lena laughs as Alex and Winn do battle with their hands, with limp wrists, mocking each other and egging each other on as Alex whispers into his ear affectionate teasing about him having a thing for superheroes that has his blushing, that has him preening, that has him squealing about how she can’t talk, she melts whenever Maggie even looks at her.

Barry and Kara are so focused on each other, so focused on their super speed competition playing out on Kara’s TV screen that they don’t notice Sara and Cisco silently cheering on Caitlin.

They don’t notice Caitlin’s silent focus, and they don’t notice Princess Peach’s subtle approach behind their Toad and Luigi.

They don’t notice Caitlin’s slightly squinted eyes and they don’t notice the way she moves with her controller.

They don’t notice until she uses a boost of speed to pass them both to cross the finish line in first place.

Cisco and Sara yell victoriously and slap five and topple over a smug-looking Caitlin; Winn doubles over with laughter, with relief that the house is filled with happy yelling, not the other kind; Iris rushes to laughingly console a betrayed-looking Barry; James shakes his head with a grin as he takes photos of Lena consoling a sulking Kara; and Maggie passes cupcakes to Alex, who passes them to Kara, who stuffs her face while leaning into James and mock-glaring at a celebrating Caitlin.

“Round two!” she demands once she’s re-energized, and the feeling of joy, the feeling of adrenaline that’s just for pleasure – that no one’s life is depending on, just happiness, just freedom, just family – last long into the night of the first, but definitely not the last, inter-dimensional Game Night.
Chapter 503

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Sanvers prompt of them kicking ass together and then both being sore the next day and staying home for cuddles

When she first started with the DEO, she stopped changing in front of Kara.

She stopped changing in front of Kara and she learned, expertly, how to not flinch, even when a movement – even the slightest one – caused her excruciating pain.

She learned, essentially, how to hide all her pain. Physical, emotional, psychological.

She learned, essentially, how to lie.

And she was good at it.

Beating polygraph-level good at it, telling all powerful aliens who have her securely kidnapped to go to hell-level good at it.

But Maggie Sawyer?

Maggie Sawyer broke all that down, in a way that DEO training had never quite prepared her for.

Because she found family in the DEO.

People – people other than Kara – to die for, or, as J’onn kept insisting on, to live for.

But that family had a mission together. Always.

Alex and Maggie?

Alex’s sole mission with Maggie is to be happy together.

And that is the most beautiful thing, and that is the most absurdly challenging thing, about being with Maggie Sawyer.

Because Maggie is a spectacular cop. She’d make a kickass agent.

But she also is teaching Alex – just by caring about her, just by loving her, just by making her coffee in the morning and kissing the back of her neck as they fall asleep entwined in each other’s arms at night – she is also teaching Alex to unlearn so much she’s learned at the DEO.

About barriers. About walls. About suppression and about ignoring her own pain.

Discounting it as insignificant.

Maggie Sawyer thinks Alex’s pain, no matter how small, is significant.
Deserves space and deserves healing.

And that is why Alex Danvers calls to let J’onn know she’s taking the day off to recoop from yesterday’s mission. And it’s why J’onn smiles in approval, in gratitude for what he knows to be Maggie’s influence, when he tells Alex he’s proud of her for taking care of herself.

Because yesterday’s mission involved bruised ribs and busted lips and a truly ungodly dose of stiffness for both of them.

And instead of ignoring it, Alex is drawing a bath for the both of them while Maggie lights candles. Both of them moving slowly.

Both of them partially groaning and partially chuckling when even the slightest movement shoots through their entire aching bodies.

And when they finally sink into the lavender-scented bath – sink into each other, Maggie laying between Alex’s legs, Alex playing idly with Maggie’s hair, with Maggie’s breasts, with Maggie’s shoulders and her stomach – Alex understands this whole not-shoving-down-your-feelings thing.

Because at first, she thought it was just about emotional feelings. And god, it is. But now she understands – like she understood the first time they kissed, the first time they grinded until she came, blushing bright red, on Maggie’s thigh, the first time Maggie slipped inside her with gentle, sure fingers – that the whole not-shoving-down-your-feelings thing is also about taking care of her body.

Letting herself rest.

Letting her eyes flutter closed and listen to the candles flickering, listen to Maggie breathing, listen to the slight swishing of Maggie’s fingers lazily skimming the surface of the water, lovingly tracing patterns of I-love-you in at least three different languages in the bubbles accumulated on Alex’s thighs.

Letting Maggie use their fluffiest towel to pat her dry when the bubbles eventually disappear, when they finally admit that it’s time to transition out of their bath.

Letting Maggie give her the best massage she’s ever had, and – after napping with Maggie half on top of her – rolling over to give Maggie the best massage Maggie’s ever had, complete with kisses to the back of her neck, to every vertebrae of her spine.

When they eventually flip on the latest season of Project Runway – “come on, Alex, they make that stuff so fast, and they come up with it on the spot like that, it’s pretty amazing!” – and melt into each other’s bodies on Alex’s couch, their couch, their couch, Alex thinks she truly understands the whole resting thing, now.

Because maybe her body is worth taking care of, after all.

The woman dozing peacefully in her arms certainly seems to think so.
anonymous asked:
hey capitan! i had a kinda shitty day and could just use a sanvers falling asleep cuddling on one of the couches during superfriends movie night and like the superfriends all gush over how perfect they are for each other and how in love they are and just fluff so much fluff (if you're up for it, that is)

It’s been a long day.

It’s been a long day and a long week and hell, it’s been a long year.

But nothing – nothing at all – would compel them to cancel movie night with the Superfriends.

Because there are some things that are too perfect to postpone.

And this is one of those perfect nights.

One of those perfect nights when James gets to pick the movie so it’s not a musical – meaning Kara and Winn will be tossing popcorn into each other’s mouths the whole time and gabbing away in whispers instead of singing at the top of their (albeit very pleasant) voices – and Winn brought the potstickers and James brought the pizza and Maggie brought the alien rum and everyone is just a little bit abuzz with the high of being together.

Of having survived another day, another week, another year, together.

Tonight is a night to celebrate each other. To celebrate themselves.

So Alex and Maggie tell themselves they won’t cancel.

That it doesn’t matter how tired they are.

They’re going, dammit.

And they do.

And it’s wonderful.

But the food coma is relaxing, and being surrounded by their friends – no, their family – is safety and it’s perfection and it’s sheer, utter bliss.

So somewhere between Ron accusing Crookshanks of eating Scabbers and Harry falling off his broomstick because of dementors, Alex falls asleep in Maggie’s lap, Maggie’s fingers sleepily running through Alex’s hair slow, slow, steady, until they stop. Until Maggie falls asleep, too, her head tilted back on the couch.

Winn notices first.

He nudges James gently, and James grins broadly and tosses a piece of popcorn at Kara.
She catches it deftly with her mouth and then follows his gaze.

“Oh my god!” she mouths, gesturing wildly, silently, at James to take a picture with his phone. “Why are they this cute? My new OtP!”

James grins. “I thought that was Justin and Britney?”

Kara blushes at the thought of Lena and adjusts her glasses before opening her arms widely toward her sleeping sister. “Look at them!”

“They’re so in love,” Winn whispers, a dreamy look on his face. “Did you ever think Alex would relax like this with anyone, Kar?”

She stares at her sister’s peaceful face, at the way her arms wrap around Maggie’s thighs, even in sleep seeking as much closeness as possible. Even in sleep, looking utterly, completely, in love.

“No, honestly. And I don’t think she expected it, either.”

“Well, I’m happy she found this one. Maggie’s good for her, you know? And I think she’s good for Maggie, too,” James smiles, watching the way one of Maggie’s hands is still tangled in Alex’s hair, the way the other drapes protectively, lovingly, over her waist.

“Wegahfachudder,” Alex murmurs sleepily.

Winn and James both tilt their heads and squint at Kara, who shrugs.

“Superhearing’s no help here.” She leans closer to Alex. “What’s that, sis?”

Alex opens and closes her mouth a few times without opening her eyes.

“We’re good for each other,” she clarifies, and snuggles closer into Maggie’s sleeping form.

Kara smiles and bends to kiss her sister’s forehead lightly just as Harry and Buckbeak take off into the night on the screen softly glowing behind them.
Chapter 505

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Alex and Lena would be such good friends! I hope we get to see them hanging out next season!

Cross-posting with my Always Another Side Supercorp fic because it's literally one half of both couples.

She’s been over for dinner so many times it should come naturally to her by now.

But she’s intimidated by the woman who’s life she saved – the woman who saved her life – the woman her girlfriend looks up to more than anyone in the galaxy.

So Lena still trembles a little bit when she knocks on Alex’s door for their weekly double-dinner date.

Alex tugs the door open, gesturing Lena inside with an irritated look on her face and her phone stuck between her cheek and her shoulder.

Maggie nods at Lena from the kitchen and offers her a small smile, but her face is so grim it comes off more like a grimace.

“It’s not you,” she whispers as Lena crosses into the kitchen, looking worriedly at Alex, wishing Kara was home, too.

“Yes, I’m letting it heal properly, Mom. They got me out before any permanent damage to my – no! No, I don’t need to come home to Midvale, I’m a grown woman, I – it’s my job, Mom, I was protecting Kara, I was – “

“Eliza?” Lena asks Maggie softly as she automatically starts helping her with plates, with napkins, with silverware.

Maggie nods grimly, one eye on her stirfry and the other on her girlfriend.

Her phone chimes and she jumps, and she swears.

“Shit, Lena, it’s work, I – it shouldn’t take long, but do you mind watching the dinner – and, uh, Alex – until I get back?”

“Not at all, go. It’s work, Alex and Kara will understand.”

Maggie grimaces gratefully and gestures an explanation to Alex, who nods distractedly, still walking the line between fighting with her mother and accepting that she’s something that resembles worried about her.

Lena watches Alex pace the apartment quietly while she finishes Maggie’s cooking, poking at red peppers here and there to test their texture, their taste.
She feels oddly gratified – and immensely moved – that Alex doesn’t feel the need to take the conversation into another room. A more private room.

A room away from Lena.

She hangs up with begrudging but real words of love, and she heaves a long, unsteady sigh before turning to Lena.

“Sorry about that, I just – “

“Your mother?” Lena asks softly, because they’ve had this conversation before.

Because their relationship began over Kara, and evolved over science, over heroism.

And deepened over their mothers.

Lena pours Alex a large glass of wine, shrugs slightly, and takes one for herself. She turns off the burners – Maggie’s better at this sort of thing, anyway – and follows Alex to the couch.

“She gets it, now. A little. I think it really got to her that I was scared to come out to her. I think that really hit her, like if I didn’t know she’d still love me, she must’ve done something wrong, you know?”

Lena nods, silent. Watching. Understanding.

“So it’s gotten a bit better. But then my dad, and then that…” She shudders, and Lena knows what’s coming, and she represses her own shudder. “Then that tank. But at least she cares, right?”

Alex shakes her head and heaves a sigh. “Mothers, huh?”

Lena smiles softly and clinks her glass to Alex’s.

“You know when I was away at boarding school, she never wrote to me. Not once, not to see how I was, not… she would come, of course, on parents’ weekends, but more to check up on me, to show off how clever her daughter is. All about appearances.”

Lena nearly sneers before raising her eyebrows, sipping her wine, and wishing, for a moment, for something harder. “She’s always wanted me to be Lex. Even though I can’t possibly be him. Just like you can’t possibly be Kara. But I wouldn’t want you to be. The world needs Alex Danvers.”

Alex scoffs slightly.

“Yeah, because Kara Danvers needs me.”

“She does, yes. But so do your friends.” Lena waits for Alex to meet her eyes, burning and intense and sincere. “You’re important, Alex. And your father, that tank… none of that was your fault.”

Alex sighs and grins slightly. “You know you’re pretty sweet. For a Luthor,” she teases, nudging her slightly with her shoulder, and Lena laughs, her heart light at the idea of Alex utterly not meaning her joke.

Neither of them notice when Kara and Maggie slip back into the apartment, too busy swapping stories of thirteen-year-old crushes and first times and mothers’ disapproval.

“I think your girlfriend and my girlfriend are friends,” Kara muses, beaming, and Maggie watches Alex laugh with tears in her eyes.
“It might be a dangerous combination. Not sure the world’s ready for it.”

Kara’s smile broadens at Maggie’s words. “Yeah. We should definitely come with a warning.”
Chapter 506

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Could you maybe write a fic where Alex or Maggie has a really bad day, like wakes up feeling depressed and the other getting her through the day, taking care of her? I could really use some cheer up right now, I feel useless with this mood..

There’s nothing wrong.

Which is exactly what’s wrong.

There’s nothing wrong but her body isn’t working with her.

Her body’s on vacation – but an unpleasant one – and it didn’t give proper notice to her mind.

Her body isn’t working with her and she feels like her heart physically weighs a ton, like none of the workouts or therapy she’s ever done was worth anything, because if it were, how, how, how the hell could she possibly feel like this?

Like she has iron in her chest, like she’s buried underneath a ton of bricks, like gravity is stronger – so much damn stronger – than she will ever be.

Her taking care of her body, her taking care of her mind – or trying to, anyway – all has amounted to nothing.

It must.

Because otherwise, why would she feel like… this?

She has no reason to.

The redhead waking up next to her is the most beautiful woman she’s ever seen. Her job is rough, but that’s why she took it, and she wouldn’t trade it. Adrian’s health, he’s happy. She and Alex are talking about getting a dog. Alex’s family is starting to take her in as their own.

Nothing’s wrong.

Except Alex will probably leave her.

Except she might get shot on the job. She might be terrible at her job.

Adrian might be angry with her. Or, her might just drift away, like people do over distances.

Whatever dog she and Alex get will always be tainted by memories of that tank.

If she and Alex ever break up, she’ll lose the entire family. She’s already lost one. Is it really worth building another, just to have it torn down again?

So nothing’s wrong, so everything’s wrong, and Maggie doesn’t remember how to move.
“Morning, babe,” Alex rolls over and smiles, and Maggie’s heart sinks.

Because it’s not that bad, when she’s alone.

She’s tough. She can handle it, kind of.

But when this woman, this gorgeous woman, is smiling at her, expecting her to smile back, expecting her to act like a normal human being?

No, no no no no no. This is why she’s terrible at relationships.

This is why she might as well not have them.

She grunts something that she supposes might pass as good morning, and Alex furrows her brow, but only for a moment.

“Bad dream?” she asks, raising a sleepy hand to stroke Maggie’s hair. “Is this okay?” she asks when Maggie doesn’t respond. She nods softly, so subtly Alex wouldn’t have seen it if she wasn’t looking for it.

And Alex doesn’t hate her. Instead, Alex smiles at her.

“Mornings suck,” she says, more of a statement than a question, and Maggie’s heart nearly breaks from relief. Alex lets a mischievous look flit over her eyes. “Well. Not that all forms of sucking are bad,” she grins, and Maggie can’t smile, not right now, but her heart lightens a little at her nerd girlfriend.

And Alex?

Miraculously, Alex doesn’t expect a smile. She just continues stroking Maggie’s hair, her cheek, and she shuffles forward to kiss her nose.

“You stay right here, princess. I’m gonna get you donuts for breakfast. Okay?”

Maggie doesn’t tell her she couldn’t move if she tried. Alex already knows.

She kisses her once more before crawling out of bed, and she’s back before Maggie’s mustered the strength to roll over.

Alex helps her sit, and she never asks what’s wrong.

She helps her eat, and she never looks impatient.

She picks an outfit for her, and she never tells her she’s a grown woman, and she should be able to pick her own damn clothes.

She runs the shower for her, and she doesn’t act like it’s a burden to step in with her and make sure she’s all clean.

She drives her to work – in Maggie’s car, not on the bike – and the only thing she says to acknowledge how Maggie’s feeling is a soft plea to take the day to do paperwork, because the field is always so much more dangerous when we feel like this.

She says ‘we.’ Not ‘you.’

Because Alex has been here, too.
She texts her throughout the day, and she doesn’t expect responses.

She takes her bike over to the precinct to bring her lunch, and by then, Maggie can smile, at least a little bit.

By then, Maggie can chuckle, at least a little bit, when Alex gets ketchup on her shirt.

She drives her home at the end of the day and she doesn’t ask her to make dinner, because some nights, that’s impossible.

She takes off her boots for her and she tells her stories about her own day, because some nights, silence is unbearable.

She cuddles Maggie close and she cuddles Maggie tender, because some nights, that’s survival.

It’s happened before and it will happen again, but as she’s falling asleep in Alex’s strong, loving arms, Maggie smiles softly to herself; because she’s never been loved like this, and this?

Depression or not, this is absolutely perfect.
anonymous asked:
Hello! Can I please get a fic of Clark being there for Alex after Jeremiah's "death"? I'd love to see more of their relationship.

Not exactly Sanvers, but I loved writing it and I wanted to share it with yall.

She wasn’t talking to anyone.

She was barely eating.

She was yelling, when she was opening her mouth at all.

Yelling, and slamming doors, and studying.

Studying, studying.

All the time, studying.

And surfing.

But nothing else.

Nothing else.

Kara was allowed to approach. Sometimes.

Kara was allowed to knock softly – sometimes, too softly by accident, sometimes, too hard by accident, sometimes not being heard at all and sometimes knocking the door off its hinges, but sometimes, mercilessly, knocking effectively in line with Earth physics – and crawl onto Alex’s bed with her.

Alex would even glance up at her new sister sometimes, would even create a path for her by piling her books instead of sprawling them, so Kara had a path to crawl up, a space to lay next to her.

She would put her arm around Kara’s shoulders, and she’d stroke her hair, and she’d rock her when Kara cried.

She would wish she’d allow Eliza to rock her when she cried.

But she liked to cry alone instead.

She liked to scream at Eliza to get out of her room when she cried, instead.

So she rocked Kara and she pretended someone was rocking her.

Eliza tried. She tried and she tried but she couldn’t get Alex to soften, couldn’t get Alex to smile.
Couldn’t get Alex to allow herself even a moment of rest, a moment of comfort.

Unless one counted surfing. And it was good for her body, Eliza knew, but it was also dangerous – very dangerous, especially with Alex’s newfound reckless streak – so no, Eliza didn’t exactly count it as comfort.

She didn’t know what to do.

She didn’t exactly get on well with her own mother, and her brother had never liked Jeremiah.

She couldn’t reach Alex. She had her hands full with Kara and her heart full with Jeremiah.

Clark.

Clark. She called Clark.

And he came, obnoxious cape and flame-resistant boots tucking away – somehow, somehow, but now wasn’t the time to ask him – underneath his shirt, his tie, his slacks, his glasses.

His glasses that Jeremiah had created for him.

She wept when she saw them, and he let her hold them while he held her.

“Where’s Alex?” he asked when her chest stopped wracking quite so hard. When she could breathe just a little bit easier.

Eliza sniffled and ran the edges of her index fingers underneath her eyes – a habit that, unbeknownst to her, her eldest would acquire years later. When she finally learned to cry.

“The beach. When she’s not locked in her room studying, she’s out on the beach surfing. Always one or the other. I can’t get her to do anything else, Clark. I can’t get her to say anything else, to… I haven’t even seen her cry. I’ve heard her, alone in her room, but she yells when I try to…”

Clark nodded and sighed and held her close again.

“I’m sorry, Clark, you’re just a young man yourself, I shouldn’t be – “

“Not at all, Eliza. I loved Jeremiah, too. And none of us should mourn alone. Ever. Even if that’s what Alex is trying to do. Do you want me to go try to talk to her?”

“Would you?”

Clark smiled his Kansas wheat smile, soft and understanding. “Lois has a little sister. Lucy. She’s about Alex’s age. I have a little practice. I’ll see what I can do. Okay?”

Eliza nodded gratefully and Clark resisted the temptation to fly out of the kitchen, to fly and scoop Alex out of the ocean, out of the waves of her own pain.

But he couldn’t.

She needed her cousin Clark, not Superman.

Because even his strongest lift couldn’t fix this.

“Alex!” he called from the shore, waving his hand over his head, full extension.
Alex rolled her eyes despite herself: how could anyone be such an unabashed nerd?

A wave broke over her and she groaned, cupping her hands over her mouth and shouting, “You made me miss a great wave!”

“I’m sorry!” he shouted back. “I’ll wait here: let me see you catch another one!”

She didn’t know what it was about the way he was standing there, yelling to her like it was perfectly normal to shout from the shore out into the ocean, like it was perfectly natural to…

She froze. That was it.

He was talking to her like everything was normal.

Like she was normal.

Like sometimes people have dead fathers.

Like sometimes people don’t want to feel, because if they do, they’ll never escape their own hell.

Like that pain, that loss, is… normal.

Like she’s not broken or fragile because of it, like she might still have a chance at… living.

He was talking to her like everything was normal.

And that was precisely what broke her.

She nearly overbalanced on her board with the violence of her sob, but Clark was already halfway out to her.

He kicked off his shoes and he tugged off his tie, and he swam and he swam and he swam, like he had in his race against the Flash, but slower, this time.

Normal, this time.

Because he didn’t know loss as intimately as his little cousins.

But he did understand it.

He caught her just as she started to choke on a mouthful of ocean spray, on lungs full of grief.

“I got you,” he told her, holding her up, holding her safe, just like she’d been doing for Kara since she got to Earth. Just like she’d be doing for Kara for the rest of her life.

“I got you, Alex,” he whispered into her soaking hair, and she clung to him, close and desperate and terrified and trembling.

“You’re not wearing a wet suit, you must be freezing,” she choked out after a while, and he just chuckled.

Suddenly, Alex did, too.

“Are you wearing your supersuit? Do you seriously wear it under all your clothes?”

She tugged at the top few buttons of his collared shirt, and she laughed uproariously when his House symbol was revealed.
“Does it hurt you?” she asked when the laughter faded, and sober eyes replacing laughing ones, Clark gently treading water, holding up the part of Alex that was still overbalanced off her board.

She didn’t have to clarify. He knew exactly what his little cousin meant.

“Yes. Every day. Not like it does to Kara, I imagine. She grew up on Krypton, she… she’s stronger than I will ever be. But you know what, Alex? So are you. You’re every bit as powerful as your sister, and you’re going to get through this. Jeremiah Danvers’s girl can get through anything.”

“Even without him?” Alex whispered, and the roar of the waves around them would have muted her words to anyone else.

But she was with her cousin, Clark Kent.

So he heard her crystal clear.

“You’ll never be without him, Alex,” he kissed her forehead and pointed to his own chest. “And you’ll never, ever be alone. I can’t promise you life will be without more pain like this. But you’ll never have to face it alone. That, I can promise you.”

Alex stared at him until her eyes started to sting from the salt of her own tears, the salt of the ocean spray.

“Wanna watch me catch a wave for real?” she asked after what felt like forever, and Clark grinned and nodded eagerly. Proud.

Jeremiah Danvers’s girl, indeed.

“Most definitely.”
anonymous asked:
I'm flying to Vancouver in three weeks (which is halfway across the globe from Switzerland, where I live) and I'm really nervous because I've never been that far away from home and I was wondering if you could write a mini fic about Alex being nervous about flying halfway across the globe (to Geneva for example). I mean, you don't have to, but it would probs help me with my anxiety... I love your fics and they have helped me with my anxiety before. <3

She’s fine in the DEO helicopter.

It feels… different, somehow.

Safer.

She knows the pilot and she can pilot the damn thing herself if she needed to.

In the DEO helicopter, she’s strapped in and she’s armed and she knows where the parachutes are.

In commercial jets?

She’s so much more powerless.

And then she keeps having these dreams.

These dreams about dying under the crush of metal after a screaming crash.

They’re probably from that crash from Geneva.

Well, the almost crash.

The thing that would have been a crash, if Kara hadn’t saved her.

But she’s scheduled to head out to Geneva – again – because, even though Winn teases that she doesn’t have a diplomatic bone in her body, she’s actually quite good at the negotiating thing.

And J’onn doesn’t trust anyone else on this particular job.

But there are the nightmares.

There’s the helplessness.

So she doesn’t want to go.

Not even a little bit.

Maggie holds her extra close through her panic attacks.
Through the panic attacks that the medicine doesn’t help with at all.
Kara holds her extra close through her panic attacks.
Through the panic attacks that get so bad her girlfriend calls Kara, so Kara can help.
And she does. Help.
Because Alex feels safe in Maggie’s arms, but add Kara’s to the mix?
Her breathing actually starts to regulate.
She wishes the flight were shorter.
She wishes she wasn’t going so far away.
She clenches her fists the entire morning before she leaves – Kara had kept her own hands between
Alex’s all night long so she didn’t accidentally cut into her own skin in her sleep – and Maggie
kisses each of her knuckles, each of her fingertips.
“I loaded your iPad with old episodes of The West Wing, and I got you the issue of that medical
journal you like, okay, babe?”
“The one that’s not being published until next month?” Alex asks with hopeful, disbelieving eyes,
and Maggie grins and shrugs.
“I know a guy,” she says casually, but Alex can tell it wasn’t easy.
Alex can tell she is so, so loved.
“Aaaand,” Maggie adds, pressing Alex’s phone gently into her hands. “I made you a mixtape.”
Maggie blushes at this, and Kara squeals, because god, that’s a great idea, she should do that for
Lena. She’s already got certain ‘Nsync songs in mind.
“Mags, you made me a mixtape? What’s on it? Oh babe, I – “
Maggie accepts Alex’s excited kisses with a smile, with open arms and with slightly parted lips that
make Kara turn away and hum loudly.
“Wait until you take off, then play it for yourself. No peaking, understand Agent Danvers?”
Maggie smiles, and it’s Alex’s turn to blush.
“Understood,” she whispers, and her breathing eases as her sister and her girlfriend take her to the
airport, as she hugs and kisses and hugs and kisses again and finally waves them goodbye at the
security checkpoint.
She closes her eyes as the plane lifts, and she thinks of flying with her sister. She manages to
breathe.
She flips on Maggie’s mixtape, she settles back, and she smiles as that Sigma and Rita Ora song
that makes her heart leap every time starts filling her ears, filling her lungs, filling her blood.
She smiles, because a week halfway around the world isn’t nearly that long when she has her sister,
and when she has this amazing, amazing woman, to come home to.
Chapter 509

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Dog Walking AU
I love AUs where Alex and Maggie meet under different situations, at different times in their lives. In this one – like in my other one - Maggie is single and Alex is out to herself and the world.

Kara isn’t the first to notice the brunette jogging with the retriever. But she’s the first to notice that Alex is staring.

Because hell.

Alex never notices when she’s staring.

Kara nudges her in the ribs slightly, a small grin on her face.

“You like going for runs, too,” she singsongs, and Alex splutters.

“What are you – “

“You could ask her, you know. If she wants to go running with your dogs together.” Kara giggles.

“It’d be like a double date. You and the girl. Gertrude and the retriever.”

Alex glances at the woman one last time – guiltily, now that her sister’s called her out, because true to form, she hadn’t even realized she’d been staring, open-mouthed, at the woman in a tank top and biking shorts, glancing down at her retriever every few steps and egging her on, a grin on her face and sweat running down her toned arms... Alex gives her head a swift shake – and forces herself to meet Kara’s gaze.

“Gertrude and I don’t mind being single. We have each other. And we have you. Isn’t that right, Gertrude?” Alex squats down to take her husky’s face into her hands, rubbing her nose onto Gertrude’s until the pup squirms away.

Kara laughs, and she relents.

For now.

Because Alex hadn’t noticed – Alex might be the best secret agent Kara’s ever met, but damn, does she fail to notice a lot when it comes to women – that the jogging brunette had nearly tripped over herself when she and her dog turned down the path facing Alex. When her eyes had fallen on Alex.

So Kara just grins, and makes a mental note to ensure that Alex will come back to the park with Gertrude at the same time tomorrow.

And she does, because she may put up a solid fight, but when Kara, J’onn, James, and Winn all join forces to tell her that she needs to take more breaks, she needs to spend more time taking care of herself – when they bring Gertrude into the DEO as both proof and incentive – Alex relents.
And she finds herself in the same park, along the water front, watching while Gertrude plays off leash, while she dashes across the grass, ebullient and powerful and frenetic and purposeful – part Kara, part Alex, through and through.

She takes her eyes away from her husky when a chewed up tennis ball lands by her feet. When a retriever comes bounding up, all energy and spirit and focus, to grab it.

A retriever that Alex recognizes from the day before.

Her stomach backflips as she offers the dog the ball, as her ears take in the sexiest voice she’s ever, ever heard.

“Aww, come on, Spotty, let the pretty lady enjoy her day, huh?”

Alex tries to remind herself that she can talk to women. That she’s good at talking to women. That women like her, that women find her attractive, that women…

She looks up, and she’s lost.

Because the woman from yesterday, the woman jogging up to her, with sparkling eyes and the hints of dimples playing on her face and her hair pulled back in low ponytail and a sleeveless flannel shirt that Alex immediately wants to unbutton and jeans that Alex immediately wants to take off?

It’s going to be harder to talk to this woman than it would be to take down all of Cadmus single-handedly.

But she said she’s pretty, she said she’s pretty, she said she’s pretty.

Which makes it even harder.

“I… she’s not… bothering… she doesn’t have any spots.”

The woman stops and chuckles as her pup nearly barrels her over, eager to show her that she’d found the ball, eager for her praise.

Hell, Alex can’t blame her. She’d like this woman’s praise, too.

The woman tilts her head and squints slightly.

“Come again?” she asks, and some thought forms in Alex’s foggy head about making this woman come as many times as she wants, but the English language – or Russian, or Kryptonian, or any of the others Alex can normally pull up so easily – is simply refusing to translate through her lips right now.

The woman’s probably not a lesbian, anyway.

And even if she is, or even if she’s bi, she’s probably got someone.

There’s no way she’s into girls and single.

No way.

And, single or not, Alex had better stammer out some words before she loses patience, before she loses that curious gleam in her eye.
“Your dog. She doesn’t have any spots. But you… you called her Spotty. Spot. Right? But she doesn’t have any spots.”

Good god. She sounds like Kara around Cat Grant. Like Kara around Lena Luthor.

It must run in the family.

The woman just laughs, and it’s a sound Alex wants to hear over and over and over again.

“I know. I uh… I was into irony as a teenager.”

Alex grins. “My sister says my punk rock phase was very – oh hey honey!” She drops to one knee as Gertrude comes barreling back over, alternating between her arms and wanting to sniff the newcomers.

“Can she – “

“Hey, Spot, you wanna try to make a new friend? Sure, yeah, go ahead.”

They watch as they circle each other, as they sniff each other, as Spot drops the tennis ball from her mouth and nudges it toward Gertrude.

They watch their pups bond, and then they watch each other.

Both of their breaths hitch when their eyes lock, Alex still on one knee.

“So uh… so you’ve had her since you were a kid,” she clears her throat, hoping the woman can’t tell why her heart is beating so damn fast and then reminding herself sternly that she’s probably not, in fact, Kryptonian.

She blinks as she stands, as she takes the opportunity to take in Maggie’s entire body. As she notices the detective shield on her hip. She points to it casually. “NCPD’s finest.”

The woman shrugs. “Sometimes. Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division.” She reaches her hand out, and when Alex takes it, her world inverts. Maggie’s hand is calloused but smooth, her grip firm but not overcompensating for anything.

Her handshake is perfect, and god, so are her eyes.

“Alex Danvers, FBI.”

Maggie’s eyebrow shoots up. “Patrolling the park, Danvers?” she grins, and Alex fights to act casual, because their hands are still connected.

But Maggie isn’t moving away, and dammit, neither is she.

“Boss-enforced lunch break. Something about working too hard.”

Maggie grins, and Alex thinks she feels her thumb stroking the back of her hand briefly, gently, before they finally release each other from their grip.

Alex’s entire body keens at the loss.

“Same,” Maggie says, and Alex needs her touch again.

“Science Division, huh? And a detective. You must be good.”
Words. Words coming out of her mouth in coherent sentences.

Kara will be so proud. Lucy will be even more so.

Maggie shrugs, and Alex decides that she likes Maggie’s balance of self-deprecation and knowledge that she is, in fact, good at what she does.

“Quantico’s only supposed to take the best. And seems like they only let you guys have the cutest puppies, too. May I?”

Alex glances down at Gertrude as Maggie sinks into a squat, and Gertrude seems eager to get to know this new woman.

There’ll definitely be an extra treat for her tonight.

“Yeah, sure,” she says, and she watches with a slowly melting heart as Maggie lets Gertrude sniff her before touching her, and when she does touch her, starting on her back, starting slow, before bringing her hands to the more intimate space of her face.

“You grew up around animals,” Alex observes, squatting down, too, and wondering what it would be like if this was… family.

Maggie stiffens, and Alex apologizes.

“I’m sorry. FBI training. The way you are with Gertrude. That’s all, I didn’t do background on you or anything – “

“Sorry, yeah, no no, I… yeah, I did. Blue Springs, Nebraska. Left when I was seventeen and never looked back, but uh… I do miss the creatures.”

“ Took Spot with you though, huh?”

Maggie turns to her friend and kisses the top of her head. “She drove the getaway bike,” she grins, and Alex watches an expression that reminds her of the one Kara gets sometimes when she talks about Krypton flit over Maggie’s face.

“Can I take you to dinner? Or coffee? Or – it doesn’t have to be coffee, it – but cops love coffee. Is that a stereotype? Coffee and stakeouts, and – I’m sorry, I’m rambling, you’re probably not even – “

“Not even what?” Maggie asks, her voice soft and her hands still and her eyes fire.

Gay.

Single.

Interested.

“Available,” Alex stammers, and Maggie knows.

“To a woman like you? With a pup like this? I’m as available as you want me to be, Danvers,” she says, and Alex decides that when Maggie finally says her first name, it’ll be her favorite sound in the world, judging by how her body reacts, how her heart leaps, just from the sound of her last name on this woman’s lips.

God, is Kara going to be proud.
Chapter 510

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
So first off I Love love love your writing. And also prompt sometime no rush! But
Alex being super unsure and super worried about disappointing Maggie about
absolutely everything (maybe sexually not necessarily) and apologizing constantly and
Maggie just being the super soft cupcake she is and praising Alex and reassuring her
that she’s perfect.

She worries about the big things.

“I’ve never done this before, Kara. The… sex… stuff. What if I’m… bad at it? What if Maggie
leaves because she doesn’t want someone fresh off the boat after all?”

“Well then, your sister is Supergirl and I can take care of her. But seriously, Alex: she really seems
to like you, and that’s because of you, not… not sex. And anyway, I’m sure you’ll catch on really
quick with all… all that.”

She worries about the really big things.

“I just panicked, Kara, you were gone and it was my fault and if I hadn’t been so distracted, I
wouldn’t have let you go alone. You could have died, Kara, you could have been trapped there,
how could I ever have forgiven my– “

“Alex, Alex, hey. None of that was your fault. It’s not your job to come everywhere with me, I’m
not a little girl anymore.”

“But – “

“I know, I know. We protect each other. And we do. You did. You came and got me. But Alex,
you deserve this. To be happy. Go apologize to her. You deserve happiness, and the way you were
smiling this morning? Go apologize to her.”

But mostly, Alex worries about the small things.

Like when Maggie wants to order Thai food and Alex is in the mood for pizza, she worries that
Maggie will be angry if she says she wants pizza, or – worse – if she asks if they can get pizza.

And Maggie doesn’t tell her that it’s only takeout. She doesn’t tell her that she needs to pull herself
together because their dinner order really isn’t a big deal.

Instead, she pulls Alex close, and she kisses every inch of her face. She runs tender fingers through
her hair and she hums softly until Alex’s panic calms.

“Hey, shhhhh, I’m here, babe. I’m here. I’m not angry at you. You’re not bad for being in the mood
for bread and sauce.”

Alex chuckles wetly and Maggie smiles, kissing the tip of her nose and holding her face in her
hands.

“I love when you tell me what you want, Alex. You don’t have to be scared I’ll be mad at you when you do. Okay?”

Alex’s eyebrow arches and she bites her lip.

“You love when I tell you what I want, huh?” she rasps, and Maggie gulps, suddenly very weak in the knees.

Alex panics when she’s late for a date, when she’s late coming home – home, god, home – when Kara needs her, when it’s Sisters’ Night and Maggie can’t come, when she forgets to pick up dishwasher detergent.

She panics and she apologizes and she barely holds in tears, because she can get used to this – this happiness thing, this Maggie wearing her t-shirts and little else, this waking up next to the most beautiful woman she’s ever seen, this screaming writhing blissful orgasm… thing – but what if she disappoints Maggie?

What if she makes her angry? What if Maggie finally sees that Alex isn’t worth all of it, after all?

But Maggie?

“Go see your sister, sweetie,” she’ll smile, bringing Alex’s knuckles up to her lips to kiss a saga of love and devotion onto each one. “I love how close you two are. You never have to apologize for that. Not to me, not ever. Alright, babe?”

“You’re perfect, babygirl,” she’ll whisper, drawing Alex in close when she shows up late for the second night in a row, because Cadmus, because the lab, because… “I love how dedicated you are to your job. To keeping this city safe. You’re a protector, Alex, and it’s what drew me to you. You don’t have to apologize for being you, alright? Not ever.”

“You wanna cuddle, Ally?” she’ll ask, when Alex starts crying because hard as Maggie is trying – and god, does her trying feel good – Alex can’t quite get over the edge tonight, can’t quite convulse into an orgasm, and god, dammit, she can’t disappoint Maggie like this, she can’t… “Or, you know, you can touch yourself. If you uh…” She kisses her collarbone and Alex shudders with pleasure. “If you wanna finish what we started.”

“But I feel bad, I should be able to – “

“Shhh, no babe, that’s not how this works. Sometimes you just need your own hand, and that’s okay. Damn, Danvers, that’s sexy. You’re sexy. You’re perfect. I promise you, Al, you’re perfect. Okay?”

So again, Alex arches an eyebrow and bites her lip, and she discovers just how sexy it is to let Maggie watch her touch herself.

And when they both collapse against the sheets, sated and spent and in awe of each other’s vulnerability, in awe of each other’s beauty, Maggie draws Alex close to her.

She draws her close and she traces words of love onto her stomach and she presses kisses to her hair and she whispers to her soft and she whispers to her tender and she whispers to her so, so sincere.

“I love you, Alex Danvers. You’re brilliant, and you’re dedicated, and you’re gorgeous, and you’re
everything. You’re everything I’ve ever wanted and so much more. I love you, I love you, I love you.”

And god, god, god, does Alex love her, too.
anonymous asked:
uggggh finally caught your asks open. I have a smut-ish prompt for ya, what if maggie had to take care of herself after spending the night with alex before they were together?

Alex says she’s in pain because Maggie doesn’t want her.

Alex Danvers is a lot of things.


Alex Danvers is also wrong. Completely wrong.

Because Maggie wants her. Badly.

So. Damn. Badly.

But she can’t – they can’t – because Alex is too new at this, and Maggie is too terrible at this.

This love… thing.

Because she can always find a girlfriend. She can always find someone to sleep with.

But Alex deserves better than her damage. Alex deserves better than her broken.

Alex deserves better than her. Period.

So she fights for her – just two minutes of her time. She cares about her. A lot. She doesn’t want to imagine her life without Alex in it.

And Alex thinks and Alex fears and Alex almost says nothing, almost says no, but then Alex says pool tomorrow night, and Maggie feels like she can finally breathe again.

Because she wants her. God, fuck, she wants her.

But she needs her more.

So friends. Just friends.

Just friends who slowly, steadily, awkwardly but surely, fall back into their old rhythm. Fall back into the rhythm of loose laughter and casual flirting, of deep conversations and intimate sharing.

Of fighting back to back against the world; of protecting each other and bonding even closer over beers and pool afterwards.

Friends. Just friends.
Just friends, and Maggie is happy. Happy because it’s better to have Alex’s friendship and nothing more than to have… well… nothing.

But she’s a detective. And even under the most casual of situations, she detects. And Alex Danvers? Is anything but a casual situation.

Alex Danvers lights her every sense on fire, so when Alex’s friendship mask slips and she stares at Maggie for a little too long?

Maggie notices.

When they’re laughing together and Alex’s eyes fall to her lips?

Maggie notices.

When she’s lost her third game of pool that night and Alex takes pity on her – or the alcohol starts talking through her body, or both – she feels the way Alex presses her body unnecessarily close to hers, her front flush against back, as she shows her, finally, a more effective way to hold the cue.

Maggie notices the way Alex’s fingertips scald her skin, the way Alex’s breath feels on her neck; the way Alex’s breath hitches when Maggie turns her face to look up at her and their lips are so, so, so close.

She notices, and she remembers.

Remembers how soft Alex’s lips were, how insistent. How desperate and how eager and how headily balanced between aggression and pure, sweet tenderness.

How she tasted like mouthwash and something so very Alex that no mint could ever mask.

How she tasted like everything Maggie’s ever wanted.

So when Maggie gets home that night – that night with the pool cue, that night with Alex’s closeness, that night when her resolve almost broke – she chuckles wryly to herself.

Secret Agent Alex Danvers.

So damn good at her job. Yet so damn bad at reading the raw want flowing off the woman she’s convinced isn’t into her.

How very wrong she is.

She tries a freezing shower and she tries reading decidedly unsexy case reports.

She tries watching Law and Order reruns and she tries just plain falling asleep.

But all she can feel is Alex’s breath on her neck, lips on hers; all she can hear is Alex’s laughter, the way her name sounds rolling off of Alex’s lips, that husk in her voice when she’s had a little too much to drink; she can see when she closes her eyes is that body, that smile, the way she holds her beer bottle, the way she looks bent over that pool table…

Maggie groans and she tells herself that thoughts aren’t wrong. Thoughts aren’t disrespectful. Thoughts are all she can have of Alex Danvers, because Alex Danvers is too good for her.

Because all she deserves is her own hand.
But god, does she wish her hand was Alex’s as she slips it down the waistband of her shorts.

Of course she’s already wet.

Of fucking course she is.

Dammit, Danvers.

Of its own accord, a small gasp slips out of her mouth as her fingers rub down, hard, into her clit. Because tonight isn’t the gentle kind of night.

She brings her other hand roughly, recklessly, under her own tank top, tugging the material up, up, until her fingers find her breasts. Until her fingers do to her own nipples what she wants so desperately to do to Alex’s, with her hands, with her tongue; what she do desperately wants Alex to do to hers.

Her head tosses back into her pillow and she grits her teeth hard enough to hurt, eyes squeezed shut as the rhythmic sound of her fingers working hard against her clit fill her studio apartment.

Alex’s laughter. The way she says Maggie’s name like it’s a prayer. The way her lips felt, god, the way her lips felt. The way her body looks when she’s lining up a shot on the pool table. God, what Maggie could do to her bent over that pool table.

The way she looks on her motorcycle.

The way she kisses, the way she smells, the way she so fiercely protects the people she loves, the way she –

“Fuck,” Maggie hisses, needing more pressure. Needing… more.

She groans irritably as she flips over onto her stomach, as she brings both her hands, now, down to her clit, needing as much pressure as she can get, needing…

“Fuck… Danvers.”

She doesn’t mean to say her name.

She doesn’t mean to slam her hips down harder into her fingers when she hears that name rolling off of her lips.

She doesn’t mean to push inside of herself just as she’s starting to come, just as she’s starting to convulse for her.

For Alex.

She doesn’t mean to wish it was Alex’s body she was inside, that it was Alex pulsing this way for her, tight around her fingers and so damn wet for her; she doesn’t mean to wish it was Alex’s fingers getting coated with Maggie’s raw need, Alex’s fingers feeling the strength of Maggie’s want for her.

But she does.

God, she does.

“Alex,” she whispers as she comes down from her high, her voice wrecked and her voice breathless and her voice thick with the tears she didn’t know she was shedding.
She almost doesn’t notice her phone vibrating on her bedside table.

Almost.

She wipes her fingers off on her tank top as she glances at it.

And promptly groans.

Of course it’s Alex. Of fucking course it is.

“Danvers, it’s late, everything okay?” she answers, praying that Alex can’t hear the sex in her voice. Praying that Alex can’t hear the pained desire in her every muscle fiber.

“Yeah, Maggie, I’m sorry – were you asleep?”

“I – no. Nope, not – no. What’s up, Danvers?”

“I just… I had a really great time tonight. I wanted to… to thank you. For fighting to keep us in each other’s lives. I… thank you.”

Her chest seizes and her eyes sting and her heart… her heart hopes.

“No, Danvers. Thank you. Thank you. Alex.”

She can practically hear Alex smile at the use of her first name, and it makes her swoon.

“Okay, well. See you tomorrow, Maggie. Sleep well.”

“You too, Danvers. You too.”
Chapter 512

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Hey Cap! Idk if you're still writing rn but could you maybe do one where Alex meets Eliza for lunch and forgets to take off her engagement ring and Eliza notices and realizes and stuff and is protective and wary because it's only been a year but then Maggie comes to pick Alex up at the end of lunch (totally unaware of the sitch) and Eliza just looks at how in love they are (esp Maggie with Alex) and she gives her blessing and it's cute

She hasn’t told her mother yet.

It hurts her – to not.

Eliza gets a lot of things wrong, but she also gets a lot of things right: and while Alex is so good at lying that she can fool a polygraph, the whole secrets thing really doesn’t agree with her.

It had, in the beginning; when she first joined the DEO, when she finally had something of her own. Something all hers, something… something that made her special. In her own right.

But it wore on her, grated on her.

Because secrets really don’t agree with her.

But she hasn’t told Eliza yet – about the ring, about the plans – because she knows what her mother will say, and she just wants to enjoy.

Enjoy being engaged to the woman she loves without the stress of Eliza’s judgment of it’s too soon and are you sure, Alexandra? and you’re just coming out, sweetie, don’t you think you need to expand your horizons a little bit before settling down?

But she also knows that Eliza loves Maggie.

And that’s the second problem with telling her.

Because she wants Eliza’s approval and she wants Eliza’s support – it’s all she’s ever wanted – and Maggie? Maggie has it.

Maybe Eliza won’t be too big of a fan of the engagement right away, but she’s quite fond of the woman who fights for both of her daughters, who plays pool with her science nerd son, who fights crime with her almost son-in-law son (and she really needs to speak to Kara about Mr. Olsen, because really, how could Alex let her let him go?).

And that’s also what Alex is afraid of.

Because they won’t be telling Maggie’s family.

Because Maggie’s family won’t be there, won’t support her, won’t love her.
And if Maggie can’t have her family, a part of Alex doesn’t want her to have to see Alex having hers. Doesn’t want her to go through that pain.

So she hasn’t told her.

But she’s running late – working on new tech with Lena and Winn, on the communicator with Cisco Ramon, always makes her lose track of time – so she forgets.

Forgets to take her engagement ring off.

And Eliza might not be a secret agent, but Alex gets it from somewhere.

She notices. Of course she notices.

“It seems like you have something to tell me, sweetie,” she tells her right after she hugs her, right as they’re sitting down, right after she’s taken stock of the way Alex seems friendly with everyone who works at Noonan’s – right after she’s taken stock of the way Alex seems, now, to interact with people outside her work.

She wonders when that happened, and she thinks it probably has something to do with the ring on her left hand.

“Um, yeah, I told you, Mom – didn’t you get my text? – we were working on an atmospheric – “

“No, no, dear, I know you lost track of time in the lab.” She chuckles softly to herself. “Like mother, like daughter, I suppose. No, Alex, I meant… something else.”

She doesn’t glance down at Alex’s ring; she doesn’t move her eyes from her eldest’s face at all.

She doesn’t have to. Because suddenly, Alex reaches for her left hand, for her fourth finger. She reaches, and she groans.

“Mom, I – it just happened, it’s recent, I didn’t want to um… I didn’t want to tell you on the phone – “

“You mean you didn’t want to tell me.”

“Mom – “

“Is it because you know how soon this is, Alexandra? Maggie’s a sweet girl, honey, a really lovely girl, and I’m not saying you should break up – god knows, she seems good for you, Alex – but marriage? Don’t you think – “

“Don’t you think you should congratulate me, Mom?” Alex deadpans, her voice as cold as the gun in her waistband, and Eliza’s stomach sinks, because her daughter has always been… headstrong.

But the edges of her voice have the damage of a soldier, now, the ice of a warrior, and it breaks her heart.

Especially because she knows – she knows – how much Maggie has been thawing that ice for Alex. With Alex.

“I… yes, dear, I… congratulations, Alexan – Alex – I want to hear all about it. I just… it’s my job to worry about you, Alex, surely you can – “

“Yeah. I get it.”
“Alexandra – “

“I know a year is short, Mom. I know. I know everything you’re going to say. But you know what, our lives are short, too. I almost died, Mom, I was…”

Tears swirl in her eyes suddenly, unwelcome, and she has to remind herself that there is no water filling her lungs. “The whole world almost died. And Maggie… Maggie fought her way through the streets, alone, out of ammo for a quarter of her trip, saving school kids on the way to me. To me, Mom. The world was ending and she fought and saved people on her way to me. I held on for her, for Kara, I held on, I…”

Her voice breaks and her jaw sets, and Eliza finds her hand covering her eldest’s; she finds that she can feel the scar tissues in her daughter’s body, that she can hear the scar tissue around her heart.

“You held on for you, sweetie,” Eliza whispers with a soft smile. “It was your love for them that kept you holding you. You. Your love. Your heart. Your mind has always been brilliant, Alex, but your heart has always been your superpower.”

Alex refuses to break – the entire reason she chose Noonan’s was that a public place would be less likely to precipitate an outburst – but she can’t stop the tears cascading down her face.

“All that, but you still think it’s too soon to get married,” she murmurs, and Eliza sighs.

“I just wonder why a woman, kind as she is, who initially rejected you because you were just coming out would be agreeing to marry you less than a year later, sweetie. Everything you’ve been through can also be an argument for not making big life decisions, you know, dear – “

“Mom, I’m marrying her. That’s the end of it. She’s not manipulating me or taking advantage of what I’ve been through or – “

“Why don’t we just enjoy our time together, Alexandra?” she interrupts, and Alex holds her breath, counts like she’s been working on with Sara Lance, sets her jaw, nods, and tries to keep her hands from trembling.

They stick to calmer topics throughout the rest of lunch – the latest research in bioengineering, Winn and Lena’s latest project, how Lucy’s doing – and they almost make it through without Alex’s phone chiming.

“Sorry,” she stammers, “it’s probably work, I have to – oh!” A smile slips over her face – a smile Eliza has rarely seen, one that seems to reverberate through Alex’s entire body – and she blushes. “Um, Mom, uh… Maggie’s heading over here to get coffee for her colleagues, she uh… she wanted to give me a heads up. Because she knows I’m here with you.”

Eliza stiffens slightly. “Of course, dear, it’d be lovely to see your fiancee.”

Alex nearly rises, nearly yells, but she just stiffens her core like she’s bracing for a punch, and she tries to exhale the way Maggie’s been teaching her.

She nods curtly and they sit in painful silence until Eliza clears her throat and asks Alex about how James is feeling with all his new superhero duties.

Alex launches in readily, eager for the distraction. So eager, so relieved, to lose herself in talking about her training sessions with their brother that she doesn’t hear the chime on the door ring, doesn’t turn to see her fiancee slipping up behind her.
Doesn’t know Maggie’s come into Noonan’s, motorcycle helmet in hand, detective shield gleaming, grey henley under perfect leather jacket, until she feels her hand tracing up Alex’s arm, until she feels her soft lips on her temple, until she feels her breath in her ear and hears the words she needs to hear more than anything right now: “I’m so proud of you, Ally. I love you,” Maggie whispers, soft so Eliza can’t hear, quickly so the praise, the love, can seep through Alex’s veins and uncord her tense body.

And it works: Alex melts immediately into Maggie’s touch, into Maggie’s voice, and Eliza has never seen her so relaxed in public. So affectionate with anyone other than Kara.

Because Alex’s hand finds Maggie’s immediately, instinctively; their fingers interlink like they were created to fit each other’s, and when her eldest tilts her fiancee’s chin with a gentle finger so they can exchange a soft kiss on the mouth, Eliza knows.

Knows that Alex has discovered romantic intimacy.

That Alex is guarded. That Alex is prioritized. That she’s cared for and that she’s worshiped and that she’s truly, utterly loved.

Because Alex would never kiss anyone like that, so casual yet so intimate, so natural yet so needed. So perfect.

“Maggie, sweetheart,” Eliza stands, and Maggie gulps and smiles as she straightens up, accepting Eliza’s hug with one arm, fighting not to cry at a mother’s warm touch.

“Lovely to see you, Dr. Danvers,” she tells her, and it doesn’t sound at all like the rehearsed lines Alex’s college boyfriends had given. It sounds confident, if nervous; genuine, if full of underlying turmoil, underlying emotion, underlying scar tissue.

Confident, because this woman loves her daughter. Wholly and completely.

“I see congratulations are in order,” she tells her as she pulls back from the hug, and Maggie nearly drops her helmet. Alex takes her hand and Maggie clings to it.

“Dr. Danvers, I – “

“Kara mentioned earlier that you’re not the closest with your family, Maggie, and forgive me if this is forward, but I would be honored to take you wedding clothes shopping when the time comes. If you’ll have me.”

Maggie’s lip trembles and Alex’s chest wracks with a sob.

And Noonan’s has never seen, before or since, a more emotional, a more relieved, a more cathartic, a more healing, three-person hug.
Chapter 513

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
How do you feel about NB!Maggie? Being all 'femme' but still non binary? Bc that's kinda me?? I sometimes love make up, curves, high waisted short and (my) boobs, but I still identify as nb, and I think that would be Maggie.

They pace and they put their index finger up under their lip and they wait and they gulp and they try, so damn hard, not to panic.

But what if she’s angry? She just came out as a lesbian, for god sake, Ade, what if she only wants… women?

They barely have to wait for a response from Adrian, who – as he promised – is right by his phone.

Mags, she loves you. I mean, loves loves. Like, she’s nuts about you. You. Not your gender. You. And if she’s not, I don’t care how much DEO training she has, I’ll kick her ass.

Maggie grins and scoffs and shakes their head, and then… And then just shakes. Because they hear Alex’s key scraping the door.

Gotta go she’s home. Love you.

Love you too: soooo proud of you.

They hang on to Adrian’s pride with a grip so hard it’s almost painful.

“Hey babe!” they try when Alex steps inside, and Alex’s home to Maggie at last smile fades when she looks at their face.

“What’s wrong?” she asks immediately, kicking off her boots, tossing down her gun, and slipping of her jacket quickly, quickly, the sooner she can get to Maggie.

Maggie shakes their head and nearly vomits: they haven’t even said anything and they’ve already messed it up.

“Nothing, Danvers, it… what do you want for dinner, you must be hungry, I – “

“Maggie,” Alex interrupts, her voice soft, gentle. Worried. “Maggie, whatever it is, you can tell me _“

“Do you know what nonbinary means?”

And Alex Danvers may be new at this, but Alex Danvers is nothing if not studious. She’s done her queer homework. So yes. Yes, she knows what nonbinary means. And she knows, too, what the look on Maggie's face is.

Sheer terror.
She puts two and two together almost immediately.

“Babe, hey, hey, it’s okay. Everything’s okay. I love you, I got you, I – “

Maggie squirms out of Alex’s arms.

“But you’re a lesbian, Alex, you just made such a big splash about coming out as gay and now you – “

“And now I love the person I love. And I have questions – not because you’re wrong, and not because I want to leave, but because I love you, and I want to know you better. So I want to know things like how you feel about your name and your clothes and how I treat you and how we have sex and all that. But those things… those things don’t… I love you, Maggie Sawyer. That’s not changing. Not now, not ever. A lifetime of firsts, okay?”

Maggie breaks.

They sob like they haven’t since the tank.

“You don’t think I’m a bad partner? For going and changing labels on you?” Their voice is cracked and their voice is destroyed, but Alex’s arms are strong.

“You’re not doing anything to me, Mags. Is that… is that okay?” Maggie nods, and Alex smiles softly, making a mental note. “You’re being yourself. That’s what I learned to do when I started falling in love with you. And that’s all I want for you. To be you. Because I love you.”

Maggie tries to calm their breathing, tries to steady their breaths. They stare up into Alex’s eyes until a small smirk fights its way into theirs.

“Fyi, Danvers, my being nonbinary doesn’t mean I’m getting rid of those shorts you like. And that lingerie. You can still fully expect lap dances.”

Alex bites her lip and tries not to moan.

“Mm… mmmhm,” she squeaks, and Maggie’s smirk reaches their lips.

“You really love me, don’t you?”

“I don’t know how else to function, Sawyer. Loving you, loving our family – that’s all I know now. That’s all I ever need to know.”
Chapter 514

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Kara and Maggie bonding over both having lost their families and finding a whole new family with Alex and the Superfamily™. Prompt if you want it to be (but only if you want it to be)

It’s her father’s birthday.

It’s her father’s birthday and on his last birthday they spent together – the one before she was outed, the one when he still loved her, liked her, wanted to be around her, could stand to look at her – he let her sit in the front seat of his pickup truck, in his lap, driving around and around, faster and faster (he was controlling the gas pedals) and faster.

She could handle the horses and the tractors and the plows.

But his pickup had always been her real goal.

Her real dream.

And that day, he’d let her.

And now, all these years later, she doesn’t want to miss him.

Doesn’t want to miss his laughter or the way he would put his big calloused hand on her head when he was proud of her.

She doesn’t want to miss the way he’d brag about her to everyone at church, his little scientist, his future college graduate.

She doesn’t want to miss any of it.

But god, jesus, fuck, she does.

Kara finds her before Alex does.

She drags a bar stool next to her and tilts her head slightly when Maggie just grunts a greeting, just downs another shot.

She thought they’d gotten closer, since the tank.

Maggie’s usually so warm with her, now.

She furrows her brow and she adjusts her glasses.

“Maggie?” she asks, and her voice is reserved. Tentative. Polite. Overly so. Like she was at the beginning. Before she really trusted her.

“Maggie, is something wrong? Should I call Alex?”
“Wrong? Why would anything be wrong, Little Danvers?”

Maggie answers without looking at her. She downs another shot, and Kara – relieved by the way she called her Little Danvers, her special Maggie-only nickname, so at least it doesn’t seem like she’s angry with her – shakes her head at Darla even as Maggie gestures for two more.

“Water,” she mouths, and Darla arches an eyebrow and cuts her losses by bringing both Maggie’s shots and Kara’s demanded water.

“You’re drinking like it’s going out of style, Maggie,” she answers carefully, doing her best to keep any judgment far, far, far from her voice.

Maggie pffts, a habit she must have gotten from Kara’s sister. “Don’t be ridiculous, Little Danvers. If it was going out of style, I wouldn’t be d– well, no, that’s not true.”

She turns to look at Kara for the first time, now, and her eyes are red and swollen. “Apparently I do things that are so out of style people kick you out of their house for it and tell you you’re dead to them, even though I can’t help it, you know? Like, how could I not like girls? Have you seen girls, Kara?”

Kara’s about to open her mouth, half-bemused and half-pained, but Maggie downs another shot as she waves her silent. Kara presses the water glass into her hand.

“What am I saying, of course you’ve seen girls, you’re all up Luthor’s ass. No, I just mean… he loved me, you know? And then it was like he just… didn’t. Because that was the choice he gave me. Did you know he gave me a choice? Go away to one of those camps or never step foot in his house again? Did you know that, Kara?”

Kara fights not to cry, and she fights not to pull Maggie into her.

She fights not to fly all the way to Nebraska and punch a certain Mr. Sawyer out of this solar system.

“You made a brave choice, Maggie. A really brave choice. And it wasn’t fair that he gave it to you.”

Maggie shrugs and goes for her next shot. Kara stops her hand gently.

“Please drink the water, Maggie?” she asks, and Maggie shrugs again and chugs the water like it were whiskey. Kara smiles sadly, watching her while she gestures for another water.

“Ale...
a cop, you – “

“I’m a cop because I hate the system we have, Kara,” Maggie admits softly, and Kara takes a slow, long breath.

“And my father, he… I was training, you know. To be able to wear our family’s crest. He wanted me to focus on my science, my studies, but my mother thought it was more important that I train… but he was… he was using science to make genocidal weapons, he…” Kara’s eyes water, but as Maggie swipes her thumb over the back of her hand, she steadies. She focuses.

“We are more than the sum of our parents, Maggie. We have to be. And I… I don’t know if my mother would have been proud of who I am today, or if… if she would have locked me away like she did to my aunt. But I… we have to be proud of ourselves when our parents aren’t.”

“And you have parents who love you, you know,” Maggie nods, a small smile on her face. “J’onn and Eliza, and even Jeremiah, in his way.”

Kara turns her hand to squeeze Maggie’s. “And so do you, Maggie. So do you. I don’t know how we ever functioned without you. Our little family.”

Maggie smiles full-on at that, and they both sniffle, both looking away from each other’s vulnerability, both holding the other’s vulnerability.

“I know we haven’t always had the easiest relationship, Maggie, and I know a lot of that is my fault, but I love you, you know. You’re family. You’re not alone. Not anymore.”

Maggie bites her trembling lip and she returns Kara’s squeeze.

“Neither are you, Little Danvers. Neither are you.”
Chapter 515

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
can we get an ace!maggie and alex dealing with that? my girlfriend is ace and i'm handling it the best i can but sometimes it's hard when in my mind she's the experienced gay you know?

She assumes a lot of things.

She assumes that Maggie can handle her coming out after watching men die on her watch, under her protection, out of seemingly nowhere.

She assumes that Maggie doesn’t like her. Like that.

And – after that kiss, god, that kiss, that kiss where she froze because Maggie Sawyer was kissing her, Maggie Sawyer was kissing her, a girl was kissing her and good god was it always supposed to feel like this? – she assumes that Maggie has done All The Lesbian Things.

In life and in bed.

And when she realizes that Maggie doesn’t want to go any further in bed than they already have, she assumes it’s her fault. She assumes she’s doing something wrong.

She assumes she’s only worth it until she takes her clothes off. Which is a switch from what she’s used to, but still. It stings.

She assumes Maggie will leave, because she assumes she’s not enough.

“Alex, that’s not…” Maggie sighs when Alex starts to derail, when Alex starts to cry.

“Danvers, listen, we should have had this conversation sooner, and I’m sorry we didn’t. It’s… it’s not you. I promise it’s not you. Did you um… did you come across the term asexual? In your queer study party last Sisters’ Night with Kara?”

She can’t help but grin when she asks it, despite her trembling. Alex nods, the beginning of comprehension starting to form behind her eyes. But comprehension rapidly turns to panic.

“Did I make you feel like you had to do the…” She splutters and blushes and gestures to the hickeys Maggie had painted across her chest. “…did I make you feel pressured, with the… and the… Maggie, I’m sorry, I – “

“No, no, hey, Danvers, it’s okay, you’re okay. The things we’ve done, I’ve done because I wanted to.” Her eyes graze down Alex’s still naked chest, and she can’t help but lick her lips. “Trust me. I just… for me, it’s not… we could… we could masturbate together. If you want, I can… I can help you, if I don’t feel like it. And I don’t mind if you think… about me. When you touch yourself. The idea’s kinda sexy, actually, truth be told.”

“But you don’t want to have sex. With me.”
“With anyone. And not really? Sometimes I’ll be in the mood, for certain things, like right now, I… are you disappointed?”

Her question comes out nearly a whimper, her eyes brimming with fear and pain and preemptive rejection and inadequacy.

Alex is quick to answer and Alex is quick to pull Maggie close to her, quick to press soft kisses to her face and tell her she wants to be with her, she wants to be with her, she wants to be with her.

And yes, god, she does.

But she also needs to talk to Kara. Badly.

“Kara. I asked Maggie if I can share something with you. About her. And I didn’t tell her about you, because I didn’t know if you’d be okay with it, but – “

“Alex, she already knows I’m Supergirl, what – “

“No, about the other thing. The… the ace thing.”

Kara’s eyes fly wide and she sucks in a deep breath and she nods slowly.

“Maggie’s ace, too?”

She controls her voice carefully, contains her excitement carefully, contains the way she wants to flap her hands ecstatically because yes, finally, someone to talk to, someone who will understand.

Because right now is about Alex. And Alex has a ton of questions in her eyes as she nods and starts to pace.

“I just… I don’t know, I… I like her. A lot. I think… I think I love her, or I will love her, I don’t know, I just… I just assumed – and I guess I shouldn’t have – that she was all experienced. That she would have all the answers, show me… teach me… all the things. About… things.”

She stops pacing and she wrings her hands and she stares at her sister for answers.

Kara sighs and flops onto the couch, pulling her pillow into her lap and and patting the couch next to her.

“Come sit with me.”

So Alex sits. And Kara talks.

“Being ace feels different for everyone, Alex, and you’ll have to ask her more about what it feels like for her. But I can tell you this: you said she’s been in relationships before, right? And she’s been out since she was a kid? She has experiences to offer you, Alex. She has new things to show you. Teach you. Some might be sexual and some might not be. But honestly, Alex? She probably is more intimately familiar with different ways of being intimate – “

She pauses and chuckles at her own repetition. “– than someone who’s had lots of sex. And that kind of intimacy is irreplaceable. And, more? She likes you, Alex. She really, really likes you. She’s probably going to love you, if she doesn’t already. And that’s something only Maggie Sawyer can give you. Maggie Sawyer-style love. And isn’t that what you wanted to begin with?”

Alex doesn’t say anything. She just tugs her sister into her arms and kisses her hair and thanks her, thanks her, for being exactly who she is.
And, hours later, when they’re done talking and crying and laughing and throwing pillows at faces, she texts Maggie to set up their next date.
Chapter 516

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
First of all I would like to say that I absolutely love your writing it's really kept me going. My friends haven't spoken to me for other a week because they think I need space but I don't all I want is to be surrounded by people and I just don't know how to ask. If you could write Alex in a similar position that would be great. Only do it if you have time though.

She tells them she needs time to process.
Her father. The war.
The… tank.
Her engagement.
Coming out.
The tank.
Her credit card and Kara’s face while she pushed an entire interstellar vessel back, back, back, to save her, to save everyone. When she could so easily have lost herself.
Kara fighting Rhea.
Nearly losing her.
Again.
So she bails on Game Night and then again on Movie Night, and they try to surround her with their love, because that’s all this family ever wants to do.
Love each other.
But she resists and she tells them no, no, she needs time, she needs space.
But god, she hadn’t meant this much time. She hadn’t meant this much space.
Because yes, she’d fantasized about having time alone, but she’s realizing that she’d had more than enough time alone.
In that tank.
In the tank of her own creation.
She needs her friends.
She just can’t talk. She just can’t laugh. She just wants to… be.
No expectations, no demands, no what’s wrong, no you’re no fun, no you’re quiet, what is it, how can we help.

Because she doesn’t know how to say that they can help by just… being there. By letting her witness their happiness, without feeling like she’s bringing them down. By letting her soak it all in without feeling like she’s draining out their good time.

But she’s not used to asserting what she wants – not in terms of her own emotions, anyway – so she buries it.

She buries it, like she’s so used to doing, and it feels normal. It feels familiar.

It also feels absolutely terrible.

She facetimes Kara, and she doesn’t open her mouth. Because she can’t.

She has nothing to say. She just wants to be… together.

Once she’s convinced there’s no alien invasion, Kara squints and she sighs and she smiles so softly. The look she always gives Alex – just Alex, no one else – before she strokes her hair and says she’s proud of her.

Alex’s heart aches.

She hopes Kara knows what she doesn’t have the energy to open her mouth and say.

“You know, Maggie called me this morning. She said maybe we can have an impromptu Movie Night tonight. Does that sound good? You can just nod, or blink. Whatever’s comfortable,” Kara tells her, and she almost cries.

Almost cries, because Kara knows her, and Maggie knows her, and she doesn’t know how to ask, but maybe she doesn’t always have to.

Winn calls her later – something about her picking the movie tonight – and she doesn’t know what to say.

“I mean you don’t really want to let me pick so we can watch The Return of the Jedi for the five hundredth – “

“Winn,” she interrupts, dredging up everything she has inside her, and it feels like her insides are inverting, but it also feels like sweet, sweet relief. “Listen bro, I want to be around you. All of you. I do. But I don’t want to pick the movie and I don’t want to talk and I don’t want you to ask me what’s wrong. Just because I don’t want to be physically alone in the apartment doesn’t mean I don’t want to be around you guys. But wanting to be around you guys doesn’t mean I want to be the center of attention, or even… even on the side of attention. I just want to… be. With you all. I’m sorry, I don’t mean to – I’m sorry, I have to go – “

“No no no, hey, Alex, Alex, whoa. I’m proud of you, okay? For managing to tell me without threatening me with your index finger. Seriously though, listen, if you don’t want to be alone – I’m sorry, I should have asked before, I’m sorry – “

“No, it’s not your – “

“My point, Danvers, is if you don’t want to be alone, I know James and Kara have this CatCo thing until right up to Movie Night. And I think your pool shark gets off shift right before, too. So why
don’t you come over to my place beforehand, watch me play video games? I’ll feed you. No
talking or asking what’s wrong. Just me saving the galaxy. Okay? And then we’ll go to Kara’s
together when they’re all ready. Okay?”

She doesn’t speak because she can’t speak.

“Alex, listen, I need you to grunt or something, just so I can – “

“Yes.”

“Alright. Great. You don’t have to say anything else. I’ll come get you from the lab when I’m done
updating James’s suit, okay? I’m proud of you, Alex. I’ll see you soon.”

She hears the kindness of his smile as he hangs up, and she feels her own lips turn upward of their
own accord.

This must be what it feels like to not bury her feelings down.

And god, does it feel good.
Chapter 517

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Congrats on the book deal!! It's going to be amazing :) and this doesn't fit the theme very well, but could you maybe do something with maggie or alex having a lot of panic/anxiety attacks and sanvers having some sort of plan for when they happen? I past week has been less than ideal for me and I just need some hurt/comfort fluff

She’s fine in the field. Sometimes, she’s a little too fine in the field.
It’s the littler things that get to her.

Like having a bad conversation with her mother. Like having a good conversation with her mother.

Like wanting to eat at a different restaurant than Maggie does, and feeling like she’s a terrible girlfriend for it.

Like forgetting to set her alarm and Maggie wakes up late because of it, and she blames herself.

Like when she’s spending time with Maggie and feels guilty for not spending enough time with Kara; like when she’s spending time with Kara and feels guilty for not spending enough time with Maggie.

She panics and she tries not to and that just makes everything so much worse.

She synthesized Kryptonian-style anti-anxiety medicine for when Kara gets over stimulated when she was in grad school. She never thought to use any human versions for herself.

Because she’s always fine, and when she’s not fine?
She should just be stronger.

But Maggie tells her she doesn’t have to shove her feelings down anymore, and Kara holds pillows in her lap and strokes her hair and listens to her talk, listens to her cry. And she always has – Kara’s always been there – but it’s different now. Now that Alex has found so much more about herself to talk about, to share, to explore.

So now, she’s working on acknowledging her panic as real.

Because apparently, it’s real. Apparently, she’s real. And apparently, she deserves a full, happy life.

So she and Kara draw up a plan. And they draw Maggie into it.

A plan, a system, for when Alex starts to spiral.

When they were kids, after Jeremiah died, Kara would sometimes sing to her in Kryptonian. So that singing is part of the plan.

When she hyperventilated on first sleeping with Maggie, because god, how has she never felt this
way before, how could anything possibly be this intense, Maggie put her hand on her chest and told her to breathe out into it, whispered pet names and nicknames and praise and soothing, soothing nonsense until Alex could control her breath, until Alex could calm her own spiral. So that breathing into Maggie’s hand is part of the plan.

But sometimes, she’s alone.

Sometimes, she’s alone, and that’s the trickier part to plan for.

She writes herself a letter, and she doesn’t think it’ll work, but it does; better than she’d expected.

She keeps a special folder of pictures on her phone: of herself on her surfboard as a teenager, Kara in the midst of leaping onto her back; of the first time she and Eliza took Kara to Disney Land, the sheer delight on her face; of Kara in Supergirl gear, posing Charlie’s Angels style with her and Maggie; of Alex and J’onn, at the bar, her leaning into his chest, his arm around her, his smile so, so, so proud; of Kara and Alex leaning into each other with laughter on Game Night, Winn and James doubled over in the background; of Maggie, sleepy and warm and open on a Sunday morning, wrapped in Alex’s sheets and beckoning her back to bed; of Maggie, kissing her like she’s never been kissed, loving her like she’s never been loved.

The pictures help. They help a lot.

Sometimes she’ll look up to find that minutes, hours, have gone by, just her staring at them, just her centering herself through her family. And it helps. So much.

But mostly, her plan is self-talk. Her plan is quieting her spiral voices – but gently, gently, because Kara keeps saying something about punishing herself making the panic worse – and listening more to the kinder voices.

The ones that remind her that she loves hard, so she hurts hard; the ones that remind her that she’s worth it and that she’s loved and that she single-handedly infiltrated Cadmus, dammit, she can get through this.

The ones that remind her that she is stronger than her strongest fears.

She doesn’t like it much: all this planning, all this attention, for herself, for her own well-being. It’s not something she’s… used to.

But she thinks she is. Getting used to it.

“It’s called self-care, get used to it, Danvers,” Maggie will tease her, and she’ll kiss her, and she’ll laugh, and her laughter is the best thing Alex has ever heard.
Chapter 518

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Making Love
Apparently when I’m really emotional I write smol and soft smut pieces???

Her legs are spread open and her head is tossed back and her lips are whimpering the sweetest sounds Alex has ever heard.

“Please babe,” she begs as Alex grinds her bare thigh down into Maggie’s exposed core. “Please, Danvers. I want you. Please.”

“You have me, beautiful,” Alex murmurs into the crook between Maggie’s collarbone and her throat; into one of her favorite spots to press her lips, to run her tongue, to test the limits of her teeth on Maggie’s skin.

“Alex,” Maggie whines, unable to say anything else, unable to remember anything else, dragging her nails down Alex’s naked back as she grinds her hips up, as she grabs at Alex’s ass, as she begs Alex with her body to come down harder, firmer. More.

“What do you need, Maggie?” Alex offers, Alex prays, Alex worships.

“Alex.” is all Maggie can repeat, dripping all over Alex’s thigh, her back muscles rippling against Alex’s strong arm underneath her, holding her close, holding her steady, holding her safe.

“I got you, babe. I got you. You can let go, Mags. I got you,” Alex promises as she lowers her body, as she moves her thigh close, steady, safe.

Right where Maggie needs her to be.

Their lips crash together as Maggie unravels, as Maggie cascades over her edge, as Maggie lets everything go into Alex’s arms, into Alex’s breath, into Alex’s soul.

“I love you, Maggie,” Alex promises into her lips, into her heart, into her entire being.

Maggie answers as soon as she can breathe again, as soon as she remembers language, as soon as she comes back from the stars in the multiverse into the stars in Alex’s eyes.

“I love you, too, Alex Danvers. I love you, too.”
Chapter 519

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
- [x] Maybe because we can all tell Maggie thinks Alex deserves better than her what about a prompt for them going out to a bar and women hitting on Alex and all Maggie can think is "she could literally have anybody she wanted" insecure prompt?

Alex is a nervous bundle of excitement, and Maggie is a nervous bundle of… well… anxiety.

She doesn’t mention anything – of course she doesn’t – partly because she’s still trying to get used to this whole talking about herself thing, but mostly because Alex’s eyes are glistening so brightly.

The way she’s wringing her hands and pacing and changing her clothes sixteen times… reminds Maggie of when she was sixteen, off to her first lesbian club with kids she met at the college a few hours’ drive away in her rundown pickup.

And she wants it to be better. For Alex. She wants everything to be better for Alex.

So she soothes her girlfriend’s nerves and she laughs – genuinely, happily, because god this woman’s smile is infectious and the way she wrinkles her nose is absolutely adorable – as they step into Alex’s first lesbian bar.

She smiles at Alex’s wide-eyed ecstasy, at Alex’s trembling jaw because this, this, this is what she’s been looking for – without even knowing she was searching – for so damn long.

And she should know better.

She really should. Because Alex deserves better. And here? She can get it.

So she should know better than to leave Alex alone by the pool table while she goes to get them drinks.

Because one second later – one damn second later – Maggie looks over her shoulder and her smile fades.

Because one damn second after she walks away, some gorgeous blonde is leaning into Alex and Alex is spluttering and Maggie’s shoulders sink because Alex deserves better than her.

By the time she gets to the bar, two more women have tried. With her girlfriend. She glances, but she doesn’t watch. She doesn’t want to be possessive, after all, and more? Alex deserves better than her, sure. And she can have anyone she wants. Obviously.

That doesn’t mean Maggie has to watch her slip away from her.

Even though this is literally the reason she hadn’t wanted to date this woman to begin with.

Because she’s just coming out. She hasn’t experienced all that she should yet. All that she deserves.
And Maggie shouldn’t stop her from that. Alex deserves better than that.

She collapses onto a bar stool and orders a shot along with the beer Alex had requested. She downs it immediately and vaguely wishes the bartender was M’gann. She hears a high-pitched laughter from the other side of the room, and she knows Alex has caused it.

She signals for another shot.

Her body tenses when an arm slips around her waist, but she almost immediately recognizes those hands, those arms, that caress.

“Was your plan to take me to a lesbian bar and then drink alone, babe?” Alex asks, her voice heavy with excitement, light with exhilaration.

Maggie shrugs without turning around, so she doesn’t see Alex slowly starting to frown.

“I just… no, Danvers, you just… you seemed to be having a really good time, uh… without me. And you should, that’s okay. I mean, you can have any woman in this bar, Danvers, and I don’t want to – “

“Maggie, hey, stop. Stop it. Please. I don’t… I don’t want any other woman in this bar. I only want you.”

“It’s okay, Alex, I’m not mad, I – “

“Hey, no, you don’t get to tell me how I feel. I… yeah, okay, a lot of women were trying to talk to me, and I… I’m flattered, I’m… I’ve never been in a space like this, but Maggie, I… I told all of them that I’m good to make friends, but the only woman I have eyes for is at the bar getting us drinks.”

Maggie gulps down a throatful of tears and wills herself not to completely ruin her reputation by sobbing. Hard. She nods her head toward the woman on the stool next to her.

“That girl there?” she grins shakily, and Alex pffts and rests her elbows on Maggie’s shoulders.

“Nope. Guess again.”

Maggie tilts her head to her other side, and Alex brings her lips closer to Maggie’s with a smile.

“Nnhnn. One more try.”

“Me?” Maggie asks, her voice small and disbelieving but so damn hopeful.

“You,” Alex promises, and an awwwwww runs up across the bar as they bring their foreheads together, bring their lips together, and forget the rest of the world even exists.
Chapter 520

Chapter Summary

This Friday night, Maggie Sawyer is on the living room floor with Winn Schott,

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

both of them so intensely involved in shouting, in moving their bodies along with their controllers, and in calling commands into their headsets for their Star Wars: Battlefront game that they don’t hear James, Alex, and Kara come home.

The trio doesn’t even try to greet them because they know it will be useless.

Kara starts making tea to soothe their throats when they’re done playing and Alex leans against the kitchen counter watching her wife with affectionate, disbelieving tears in her eyes.

“You deserve her, Alex,” James tells her as he wraps his arms around her. She sighs and smiles as she leans into his chest and puts her hands on his arms. “You’re perfect together.”

And truth is, the whole family is perfect together.

I don’t make the rules.

Chapter End Notes

This is part of my #sanvers life update series on tumblr, but I couldn’t resist posting it here too because like.
“You know, my first relationship, the girl was really funny.”

Kara glances sidelong at her girlfriend’s sister and tries not to roll her eyes.

She reminds herself that she’s kinder than that.

That Maggie isn’t the person she’s angry at.

That person, solidly, is herself.

But she does take another sip of burning ale and she does heave a hefty sigh.

“I’m not in the mood for a rousing ‘And now I have your sister so see romance wins out in the end’ story right now, Maggie.”

“Oh, I know you’re not, Kara. That’s why I’m not trying to tell you one.”

Kara sighs again, blinks again, drinks again. Maggie continues her story.

“She was funny, and everyone was charmed by her. Hell, so was I. She was the first girl I met in college – away from my family, my hometown – that was gay. That I could possibly date. That made me feel a like I could be myself. Without…”

She chooses her words carefully, because Kara’s right – she is telling this story for a reason. Just not the reason Kara thinks.

“Without having to restrain myself, hold myself back,” she decides, and sure enough, Kara goes still.

She hasn’t had to worry about breaking his nose – or worse – when they kissed. She didn’t have to teach him the language she grew up speaking, the culture she grew up with. He knew them, in his bones, like she did.

In his bones that she couldn’t accidentally break.

Maggie pauses as Kara’s eyes flood before pressing on gently.

“I don’t honestly know if I loved her or if I loced just being able to honor a part of myself that had always been… different. Whatever it was, though, I sure felt like I loved her. Like I had to, because I couldn’t possibly be with anyone else, I figured. So it made it harder to detect when she controlled me. When she humiliated me in front of our classmates, my roommate. When she never seemed to believe in me except in the moments it suited her. When she broke up with me and then begged for me back; when I left her and then broke because she promised to be better.”

Maggie gestures for a shot – no, for two – and they sit in silence until Darla brings them.
“You know what I wish someone told me when she ultimately transferred to another college?”

Kara turned to look at her through glassy eyes and slightly trembling lips.

“I wish someone had told me it wasn’t my fault. That being gaslighted and manipulated is abusive. That it’s okay if you didn’t leave right away: that it’s not your fault. That it’s okay if you’re crushed when it’s over, even after you realize how damaging it was. It’s okay if it feels like everything’s hopeless. Like you’re worthless.”

Kara stares for a long moment – several long moments – and finally, Kara speaks.

“Why is it okay to feel all those terrible things?”

“Because it isn’t your fault. Because you’re not at all worthless. And because you don’t have to feel those things alone. I promise.”

When Alex lets herself into Kara’s apartment late that night, if she’s surprised by the sight of Maggie holding her little sister, tenderly burritoed in a blanket, on the couch, she doesn’t show it. She just smiles gratefully, lovingly. She just slips off her boots quietly and pads over to the couch, scooping up her sister and the blanket in one big, gentle heave.

“What are you doing, sis? I thought you were just going to sleep in your bed,” Alex asks, trying not to laugh.

“Shhh, sis, I’ve got you. Don’t wake up all the way, just sleep. I got you.”

Kara accepts Alex’s whisper with a soft sigh and a sleepy smile, burying her head into Alex’s shoulder.

“Maggie took good care of me,” she murmurs as Alex carries her to her bed.

“Kara?” Maggie croaks from the couch, as if on cue, sleep heavy in her voice.

“No, shhh, babe, you stay there. You’re next.”

Alex hears Maggie trying to stand up, and she chides her softly as she finishes tucking Kara in.

“No, shhh, babe, you stay there. You’re next.”

Maggie’s sleepy giggle accompanies the sound of her letting herself plop back down on the couch.

“Mmm, I get to float in your arms too, Danvers?” she asks, and Alex smiles as she crosses back over to the couch, bending to lift Maggie easily into her arms.

“Always, babe. And thank you for taking care of her. I love you so much,” she whispers just as Kara calls out sleepily for both of them.

“We’re coming, Kara,” Alex whisper-shouts.

“Ugh, not on my couch, please,” Kara murmurs, and Maggie giggles sleepily into Alex’s shoulder.
“Not that way, Little Danvers, where’s your mind at?”

“Lena,” Kara whispers dreamily, and Alex nearly trips.

“You owe me that flash grenade, Danvers,” Maggie grins with sleepy victory as Alex lays her down on the bed and crawls over her to be between her sister and her girlfriend.

Both of them latch onto her body automatically, and even though she prays Maggie is too sleepy to remember about the flash grenade in the morning, Alex has never gotten a more peaceful rest.
Chapter 522

Chapter Summary

thedayyoudisappear asked:
For when you dive back into prompts (no pressure, the all-nighters you pull are amazing and so above and beyond): Sanvers engagement photo shoot (with James, of course!)

CatCo Magazine wants to do a feature.

Of course CatCo Magazine wants to do a feature.

An FBI agent known to have been vital in bringing an end to both Myriad and the Daxamite invasion? An NCPD detective on the science task force, known to have joined said FBI agent in preventing the genocide of the alien populations of National City?

Cat can’t resist.

Kara concedes because J’onn doesn’t think it can hurt – Pam from HR is very strict about her confidentiality forms, and apparently Maggie Sawyer, Lena Luthor, and Cat Grant are the only ones in National City not fooled by Kara’s glasses – and Maggie consents because she knows how important these kinds of profiles would have been for her as a kid, and Alex only consents because of the photographer assigned to their feature: James Olsen.

He doesn’t force them into unnatural poses held for awkward amounts of time, and he doesn’t make them feel like objects and he lets Winn and Kara and Adrian into the studio because it makes them feel more normal, it makes them feel less nervous, it makes them feel… loved. Family.

And family is exactly what James is going for.

So when Alex doubles over into Maggie’s arms, laughing at Winn and Adrian’s antics, James doesn’t tell them he’s snapping photos. He just does it.

And when Kara tells them how beautiful they look, Alex with her hair pinned back from her face and Maggie with her hair cascading down her shoulders, Alex can’t help it; she takes Maggie into her arms and she kisses her, so soft and so tender and so loving that Adrian and Winn can’t whoop, they just awwwww, so perfect that Kara starts to cry.

James snaps photos while they make out, forgetting everyone else in the room, and he snaps even more when they pull back, their foreheads pressed together, their lips slightly parted in breathless emotion.

“You’re going to be my wife,” Alex whispers, and Maggie fights tears. James shifts to get the best angle on Maggie’s dimples.

“There she is, Danvers!” Winn cheers, and Maggie catches Alex laughingly around the waist as she teasingly holds out her index finger threateningly toward him.

When they’re warmed up and they’re used to the flash bulbs, the clicking of the camera, James
asks them to look at him. Not the camera, just him.

To think about how much they love each other, not the feature.

To think about how excited they are to do the whole “I do” thing together, not the photos.

He beams when Alex gets confident enough to pull her hair down in front of her face seductively and bite her lip at the camera – responding to his prompt to think about being alone with Maggie tonight – and his heart leaps with the exhilaration of a perfect shot when Maggie turns, laughing, right out of the light pouring through the massive window.

He indulges their Charlie’s Angels posing with Kara and he waves Winn and Adrian into the mix before he sets the timer on his camera and jogs into the photo with his family.

And Cat couldn’t be more pleased with the results.
The first time she says it, she panics and tries to pass it off as distinctly not a big deal.  

“Of course I don’t mind, Danvers, you’re my best friend,” she tells her, unintentionally – it just slips out, the casual tone of honesty so deep you don’t think before you speak – when Alex asks her if she really doesn’t think it’s too corny, too unromantic, to just go to an arcade together one night.

She says it, and Alex stops and stares at her, and she panics.

“All, I mean, it’s totally romantic to go to arcades together. Totally a couples thing, I can win you a stuffed animal, or you can win me a stuffed animal, or we can win each other stuffed animals, see? Totally a couples thing.”

Alex doesn’t comment that Maggie’s picked up half of Alex’s rambling and half of Kara’s. She just smiles and nods and takes Maggie’s hand in hers – best friends, lovers, best friends, perfection – and brings her to the arcade.

The second time she says it, it’s after a fight – about something stupid, something small that blows up because they both have jobs where they risk their lives on the daily, because small things become so damn important – and Maggie is crying.

“You’re my best friend, Danvers, I hate fighting with you,” she strokes her hand, and Alex reaches up to caress her face.

“You’re my best friend too, Maggie,” Alex offers. “And I normally like fighting. Too much. But I hate fighting with you.”

Maggie snifflles and chuckles but then she furrows her brow.

“Kara?” she asks, because she doesn’t want Alex to feel like she has to call her that just because Maggie had said it.

“Kara is my sister, and yes, my best friend, but she also… she has a category of her own, you know? And so do you, Maggie. So do you.”

The third time she says it, they’re both dressed in white and Kara looks radiant next to Alex and Adrian looks so damn handsome next to Maggie and James looks like he might cry as he tells Alex that he’s not trying to tell her what to do – their family, surrounding them, laughs, and so do Alex and Maggie – but now would be the time to say their vows.

“You’re my best friend, Danvers,” Maggie tells her, her voice low and shaking but somehow also so, so steady. “You’re my best friend and I am so wildly in love with you. I’m never going to stop
being in love with you. You’re everything I never knew I needed, Alex, and I… I can’t promise you a perfect life, but I can promise you the best life I can possibly give you; a lifetime of firsts, good and bad and everything in between, and I’m going to hold your hand through every single bit of it, Alex Danvers. Always and after. Even if it was my jurisdiction.”
anonymous asked:
I feel like the SuperFriends would all get matching Supergirl onesies without Kara knowing and then one game night they all show up in them and Kara gets sad that she's left out so she has an entire game night in her full Supergirl gear

It starts when Maggie goes to pick up Winn for pool one night.

He comes to his door with bed hair and wearing only a t-shirt and his boxers.

Superman boxers.

“Maggie, I’m so sorry, I got home from the DEO and I just passed out – come in, grab a beer, I’ll be ready in – “

“Superman boxers, Schott?” Maggie grins, and Winn splutters and reddens.

“Hey, listen, you were a Leslie Willis fan so I mean – “

“Hey, hey, no judgments, Winn,” Maggie grins as she slips past him to make herself comfortable while she gets ready. “It just gave me an idea, that’s all.”

They spend the night shopping online while speed-texting the rest of the SuperFriends – sans Kara – instead of going out to the bar.

Their hands are sore by the end of the night from the number of excited high fives they exchange.

They maneuver their way into postponing the next Game Night – just long enough for their purchases to arrive.

And they beg J’onn – though they leave the begging to Alex, because Kara got her pout from somewhere, after all – to make up some reason to keep Kara just a little later the evening of Game Night.

“As long as you don’t tell me why, Agent Danvers,” J’onn agrees, a small smile on his face as Alex squeals in excitement before straightening into attention, nodding curtly, and thanking him with a “sir” at the end for good measure.

So when Kara shows up to the twice-delayed Game Night – once because everyone had simultaneously been exhausted last week, and once because J’onn had insisted on Thursday evening knife practice for Kara, and Kara alone – she’s exhausted, and she’s deeply eager to spend the night just… laughing.

Which she does the moment she walks into the door.

Because the Guardian, the DEO’s life-saving tech guy, the DEO’s most terrifying agent, and the NCPD’s sharpest, toughest detective are all lounging casually on her couch, wearing matching,
somewhat fluffy Supergirl pajama onesies.

Alex has unzipped the feet from hers – “socks are bad enough,” she defends herself – but everyone else’s? Include padded feeties.

Kara doubles over with laughter as Winn and Maggie stumble over each other to regale her with the tale of their scheme, of J’onn’s involvement, Maggie gingerly avoiding mentioning Winn’s Superman boxers until Winn tells everyone himself, red-faced and wearing a dazed, happy smile at finally being part of a family that will love him more for his bi-ness, for his nerdiness, not less.

Kara laughs so hard she almost cries, but when her laughter dies down, she frowns.

“You okay, Kara?” James wants to know, his brow furrowed in sadness, in confusion.

“Yeah, I just… I mean, you guys all have these cool pajamas, and I…”

But then her eyes light up, and she moves so quickly Maggie is blown backwards into Alex’s secure arms.

When everyone opens their eyes from the wind blast, Kara is standing, beaming, hands on her hips, cape flowing out behind her, in full Supergirl gear.

“Now I don’t have to feel left out!” she declares, and Alex laughs.

“You didn’t think we got you one, too, sis?” she asks as she holds out Kara’s own Supergirl onesie.

“Yessss!” she groans with wide eyes like Barry Allen just presented her with surprise ice cream.

“But hey,” she gestures down at her suit. “Gotta be ready for anything, right? Let’s do this!” she laughs, grabbing three potstickers from the box on the table as her friends – her family – laugh and settle in for a long night of superhero game time.
anonymous asked:
Sorry I know you’re not taking prompts right now, but if you find the time could you
please write one set before Alex and Maggie are ready to go all the way but Maggie
gets really worked up from a make out session and ends up trying to sort herself out
with Alex there thanks

She’d promised Alex – she’d promised herself – that they’d take things slowly.
Very slowly.
Right now, painfully slowly.
Because right now, Alex’s lips taste like the chocolate they just shared, and right now, Alex’s
breath is hot and her hands are roaming Maggie’s body and everywhere she touches gets lit on fire.
And she can handle that. She can, really.
But then Alex moans out her name.
And Maggie needs to stop.

“No! No, Alex, listen to me, please, you didn’t mess up, I promise. I just… I um…”
Alex watches Maggie’s face closely, because Alex is always the one stumbling to find words, not
Maggie, not… oh. Oh.
Alex bites her lip and grins.

“A little worked up, Sawyer?”

“A little? Alex, have you ever said your own name like that?”

“Like I want myself more than I’ve ever wanted anything in my life?” Alex asks, her voice an
octave or two lower than normal, her fingers tracing their way back up Maggie’s bare arms.
“Danvers, we um… we said slow… I wanna respect that.”

“So respect it, Maggie. Doesn’t mean you can’t um… doesn’t mean I… I mean, if you wanted, I…
I could… I could watch.”

Maggie’s breath hitches and her head tosses back of its own accord, and Alex has never seen
anything so damn sexy.
But she’s about to.

“You… you want to?”

“So badly, Maggie.”

“Yeah?”

“Sawyer.”

“Just making sure.”

“A little less making sure, a little more touching yourself.”

Maggie gasps out a moan and a chuckle at the same time. “You going all Panic! at the Disco on me, Danvers?”

“Lying definitely isn’t the most fun a girl can have without taking her clothes off, is it? Show me,” Alex asks, her words commanding but her voice soft, tentative, almost shy.

And Maggie could nearly come just from looking at her, listening to her.

Which, apparently, is exactly what’s about to happen.

“Yeah?” she confirms one more time, and Alex bites her lip.

“Please? I want to watch you.”

Maggie’s eyes roll to the back of her head and she nods because she forgets what language is.

She shifts onto her back and she unzips her jeans and makes shaky eye contact with her new girlfriend.

“You’re beautiful,” Alex tells her, and it’s exactly what she needs.

She moans softly as her fingers slip to exactly where she needs them, as she watches Alex’s eyes widen, as she watches Alex’s breath quicken, at the sight of Maggie’s hand in her jeans, of Maggie’s fingers giving herself the pressure she needs, the tempo she needs, the pattern that always makes her come unraveled.

“So you like a lot of pressure?” Alex observes breathily, and Alex watching her like she’s more turned on than she’s ever been in her life, but also watching her like she’s studying, intently, memorizing what Maggie likes so she can give it to her when they’re ready… being paid that close attention to, being that cared for, makes Maggie blush and makes her splutter and makes her more turned on than any other situation, any other woman, has ever made her.

“Yeah,” she gasps raggedly, her back arching as her fingers give herself exactly what she needs.

“Do you mind if I – “ Alex asks, and Maggie’s eyes widen.

“No, god, no, please, please do. I mean if you want, I – “

But Alex has already unzipped her jeans, and the sight of that alone brings Maggie so damn close.

“Danvers, I – “
“I wanna watch,” Alex forces herself to keep her eyes open, despite her own orgasm rapidly building, because god, if this is masturbating together, what the hell is touching each other going to feel like?

“Alex,” Maggie gasps, and it’s the sweetest sound, the most beautiful image, Alex has ever heard or seen.

Watching Maggie’s body quake for her, for her, for her, sends her convulsing through waves of her own.

“May I?” Maggie rasps, holding her hand over Alex’s waist, and Alex nods desperately, so Maggie holds her while she comes, feels the muscles in her core ripple and slam and release.

For her, for her, for her.

“That was…” Maggie starts, but she can’t find the words. Because it was the best she’s ever had.

“Amazing,” Alex murmurs as she rolls closer into Maggie’s body, as she kisses her lips sloppily, contentedly, trustingly.

“Yeah,” Maggie kisses her back with an exhausted smile on her face. “Yeah, it really was.”
Kara blew out her powers – of course she blew out her powers – and the Superfriends are taking shifts watching over her.

Watching her sleep in her little yellow sun generator, watching her body heal from the strain of stopping an entire interstellar vessel.

Maggie is surprised when they let her stand in the doorway, alone, after forcing Alex to eat something, to sleep on one of the cots in the next room.

Does this mean she’s part of the squad now? Now that they let her have solo Kara duty?

J’onn covers her shoulder with his hand as he passes the med bay.

“Mr. Olsen tells me you protected a lot of National City’s alien population during the attacks. Thank you, Detective. And… thank you for watching over Kara.”

Maggie doesn’t know what to say, and J’onn doesn’t seem to find it odd.

But she keenly feels the loss of his hand on her shoulder as he walks away.

She doesn’t know how long she stands there, leaning in the doorway, watching her girlfriend’s little sister rest.

Her girlfriend’s little sister that she’s loved before she met, that she’s resented before she met.

Because Maggie got Alex to be herself. She did that.

And Kara… it’s not her fault. That Alex’s parents put so much pressure on her to care for her. To put Kara first, always. Above herself, always. It’s not Kara’s fault. Not really. But that’s been easy to forget. Especially with the over-polite coolness Kara’s treated Maggie with.

It’s been easy to forget that Alex’s inability to prioritize herself is not Kara’s fault.

Until now.

Because Maggie knows Kara’s saved her sister’s life dozens of times at least.

But she’s never been there for it.

She’s never been able to… thank her for it.

So when Kara stirs and immediately sits up and immediately hyperventilates, Maggie jogs out of
the doorway and leans down next to her biobed.

“You’re okay, Kara, Alex is okay, all the aliens are okay, everyone’s safe. You did it, you saved everyone. Alex is alright – “

“Where is she?” Kara tries to get up, but Maggie’s gentle grip on her shoulders is surprisingly strong in its insistence.

“She’s sleeping right next door, I made her eat and then I made her nap, but I promise you, she’s fine. I promise.”

Kara stops struggling and stares up at Maggie curiously as she lays back down. Maggie smooths some stray blonde hair away from her face absently, and Kara wonders how many times she’s done that to her sister.

“You got her to eat and sleep?”

Maggie nods, and Kara closes her eyes wearily.

“She listens to you.”

Maggie chuckles. “Alex Danvers listens to no one.”

Kara cracks open her eyes again and smiles. “She’s really okay?”

“I wouldn’t be if she wasn’t. Speaking of which, um… Kara, I… thank you. For saving everyone. For saving… for saving Alex. I know she’s your sister, and I know she’s your everything, but I…”

Maggie bites her lip and she forces herself on, forces herself forward, because Supergirl might get thanked enough, but Kara Danvers doesn’t. And Maggie knows the effect that has on one of her Danvers girls; she doesn’t want the same disintegration happening to the other.

“She’s my everything, too, Kara. I don’t know what I would…” Her voice starts to crack and she pauses to control it. To control herself. She takes a deep breath. She forces herself to look down into Kara’s eyes. “Thank you. I can’t imagine my life without her, and I… thank you, Kara. Thank you.”

Alex bursts into the room before Kara has a chance to respond, before she has a chance to take Maggie’s hand and tell her that she really does love her sister, doesn’t she?

Alex bursts into the room and sobs and wraps Kara up in her arms and sobs into her chest long and hard and grateful.

Maggie’s hand meets Kara’s on the small of Alex’s back, and their eyes meet above Alex’s head.

“Always,” Kara mouths at her, the woman who means more to both of them than their own lives comforted and safe, safe, safe, between them.
anonymous asked:
The real questions here are: just how often does Alex haul Maggie in by her shirt/jacket for a kiss; and how did Maggie react the first time?

She seems firmly against pants when they’re home, but Maggie is almost always in some type of shirt.

Whether it’s Alex’s tee and Alex just wants to feel the material that she so often has felt covering her own skin, this time tinged with Maggie’s body heat, with Maggie’s scent, grabbing her forward just above the hem of the shirt, so her fingers can just barely start to skate across her stomach.

Or whether it’s Maggie’s oversized NCPD windbreaker, hauling her in for a long, passionate make out session that has Winn whooping and J’onn covering his smile with his hand, because Maggie’s hair is windswept and her muscles are corded and her eyes are shining with the tense exhilaration of surviving another firefight, of getting her team out alive, of not having to kill anyone in the process.

Or whether it’s Maggie’s motorcycle jacket and Alex can’t wait until they get into the bar, because she’s just taken her helmet off and she’s got that smile that’s just for Alex, that’s just for the woman she’s absolutely crazy about, and maybe it’s poor dating protocol because aren’t kisses supposed to be at the end of the night, but Alex can’t wait, and god, Maggie doesn’t want her to.

Or whether it’s one of Maggie’s collared shirts, the ones she’ll wear to work under those suit jackets – damn, those suit jackets – or the ones she’ll wear around the apartment, some of them hers, some of them Alex’s, and collars have never looked so enticing to Alex as they do around Maggie’s neck and god, god, the first time Maggie wears a tie around Alex, it’s not just the collar that Alex tugs her forward by.

Whatever the outfit, whatever the context, Alex loves tugging Maggie in for kisses.

Endless kisses.

Kisses that sometimes end in giggles and kisses that sometimes end in making slow, sweet, passionate love and kisses that sometimes end in hard, fast, clothes-ripping, earth-shattering sex.

Kisses that always, no matter what the context, leave them both breathless.

The first time, she was hesitant.

The first time, she was fresh off of Maggie’s gentle explaining to her, of why she always pauses while they’re making out, why she always asks if Alex wants her hands under her shirt, if Alex wants her hand unbuttoning her jeans and touching her over her underwear, if Alex wants to be kissing, if Alex wants to be holding hands.

The first time, she was fresh off of learning about consent, about how deeply Maggie respects her wants, respects her boundaries, respects her body. It was unfamiliar and it was oddly emotional, but
it felt like something that felt like love.

So the first time, she was hesitant, because she wanted to show Maggie the same kind of respect, the same kind of consent, that Maggie was always so active about checking in with her.

So when she grabs her lapel, by instinct – like she’s grabbed her arm that first time, that first kiss – she looks at her lips and she licks her own but she forces herself to pause, forces herself to wait. To ask.

“Something you want, Danvers?” Maggie husks, her body pliant under the intensity of Alex’s gaze.

And she’s just learning to talk about things she wants, but Alex Danvers is nothing if not a fast learner.

“I want to pull you in for a kiss, but I want to make sure you want that, that you’d like that, that – “

But Maggie is reaching up to secure Alex’s grip on the lapel of her jacket and she leans up to crash their lips together, and she swoons, and Alex swoons, and thank Rao they both have such extensive balance training because otherwise, they would have come toppling down.

“So you’re saying you like that? Because that’s… that’s what I got,” Alex croaks when they finally part for breath, and Maggie smiles that megawatt smile.

“You’re a scientist, Danvers. See if your experiment has reproducible results.”

And oh, it does.
Kara swears that Alex didn’t mess up.

That she was learning.

Not only how to balance a girlfriend and a sister – a sister who also happens to be a superhero – which would be difficult enough.

Kara insists that Alex was learning how to balance her girlfriend, her sister, and – for the first time in her life since she was fourteen years old – herself.

And that doesn’t require apologies.

That doesn’t mean that Alex doesn’t spend the entire year feeling badly about the little cupcake she showed up with at the last minute. That, for the beginning of her Earth birthday, Kara had felt rejected and neglected and, quite frankly… replaced.

And this year?

This year, Alex makes sure she doesn’t make the same mistake again.

This year, she tells Kara all about her plans to cuddle up with her all night and fill both their bellies with everything from toaster strudels to popcorn – made directly by the original popcorn maker from Jeremiah’s old kitchen in Midvale, the one that had made little Kara dive under the kitchen table all those years ago – all of Kara’s first favorite Earth foods.

“Remember when you would only eat sweets at first, until Mom figured out what supplements to give you to make sure you got enough calories?” she laughs.

“You were so jealous. And I had to have soooooo much popcorn to even feel a fraction full,” Kara giggles, leaning her head into her sister’s shoulder, and Alex smiles.

Because she’s not lying to Kara about her plans for her Earth birthday. Not exactly.

She’s just leaving some things out.

Some things like the fact that she got Lucy Lane to come home for the weekend.

Some things like she snuck Kara’s communicator to Earth-1 out of her room and used it to get in touch with Cisco Ramon.

Some things like she texted their cousin, and told him to give Eliza a ride into town.

Some things like why she’s telling Kara to meet her at the bar instead of at home.
Because if she’s going to be surprising Kara with a lot of people – even people she loves – it’s only fair that Kara can brace for being around people to begin with. And she’ll do that if she’s heading to the bar, but not if she’s just heading home for a quiet Earth birthday alone with her sister.

“Hey, Barry!” Kara squeaks excitedly when she sees him. Excitedly, ecstatically, but not quite like she’s surprised.

Barry furrows his brow. Cisco points between Kara and everyone standing near him. “Who told her?” he wants to know, and Sara Lance shrugs.

“Wasn’t me, but then again, we don’t talk nearly as much as we should, Supergirl,” she grins, and Kara squeals and launches into Sara’s bemused arms. then Barry’s, then Cisco’s, Wally’s, Iris’s, Caitlin’s, Felicity’s, Digg’s. Even Oliver’s.

And later, Sara will even swear he cracked a smile.

“No one told me!” she bounces on the balls of her feet, squealing louder when she notices Eliza and Clark. “It’s just that no other human has a heart rate as low as Barry’s, and I heard it when we walked in, but I didn’t expect everyone… Alex, I…”

She turns to her sister, standing nervously with Maggie, with Winn and James and J’onn and Lena.

“Alex, is this all because of today? Is this all… for me?”

Alex nods, throat too tight to speak, heart slamming too hard to trust herself to open her mouth.

Because this needs to be special, Kara deserves this to be special, the last year has been… Kara deserves this to be so, so, so special, and if she doesn’t like it, if it’s not enough, if –

But Kara hugs Alex long and hard and shaking, crying into her shoulder and murmuring about how loved she feels, how grateful she is, how much she loves her, how absolutely perfect this Earth birthday is.

“Oh, you ain’t seen nothing yet,” Winn beams as James and Maggie exchange an excited, conspiratorial glance.

“Apparently, there’s enough food to fuel an entire civilization at Alex’s apartment,” J’onn tells Kara as he takes her into his arms.

Kara starts floating before J’onn can wrangle her down, and Alex laughs into Maggie’s hair, drying her tears so Sara Lance won’t see.

She has a reputation as an at least somewhat smooth lesbian to uphold.

“And hopefully, that means there will be some left for the rest of us when the Earth birthday girl gets through,” Lena teases as Kara kisses her soundly, eliciting whoops from Sara and Iris and Wally.

“Thank you,” Kara beams, to Alex, to Lena, to… to everyone. To her entire family.

Here for her, here to celebrate… her.

And food. Lots and lots of food.
beatbot8 asked:
I know you're totally slammed with messages and prompts so definitely take this or leave it. What if Maggie has a bit of a freak out because she's never really had a family like the Danvers-Clan and she loves them so much, but one day she realizes that if things ever go south with Alex, she'll lose them too. Maybe the gang talk her down from the ledge?

They’re bickering because couples bicker.
They’re on the edge of fighting because couples climb onto that edge.

And she doesn’t want to ever leave her. And the fear in Alex’s eyes is almost enough to convince her that Alex doesn’t want to leave either.

Almost.

But what if, one day, she does?

Because they’re bickering and it’s Game Night and they’re trying to keep it lowkey because they don’t want to argue in front of people – even their people, even their family – but Maggie watches the light in James’s eyes when Winn casually calls him bro, and she fights nauseous tears when James turns to make eye contact with her as he laughs.

Making eye contact with someone as they laugh is so damn intimate.

Alex had always said she’d never liked being intimate. Except with Kara.

But Maggie?

Maggie’d never… had anyone to be intimate with.

Not like this. Not like family.

Not since… since.

But James is turning to make eye contact with her as he laughs, and Winn is knocking his knee against hers affectionately, and Lena is burying her laughing, blushing face in Maggie’s shoulder when James makes her laugh too hard, and Kara is leaning over her body to take food off Maggie’s plate just like they’re actual… siblings. Actual family.

And Alex is taking her hand and kissing her cheek and telling her she loves her, because they’re surrounded by family, and does it really matter if the glasses go on top of the dishwasher or on bottom?

But what if one day it does matter?
What if one day Alex leaves?
What if one day she messes it up?
It won’t just be Alex that she loses. Which would be nearly enough to destroy her anyway.
It would be… this.
All of this.
Family.
Again.
There’s no warning and there’s no obvious cause, but amidst the laughter and the carrying on, Maggie just starts to cry.
Further proof that these people are family.
Further proof that she can’t lose them.
Kara notices first.
“Maggie, what – “
Alex turns to her, pale and worried, and immediately assumes.
“Babe, hey, I’m sorry about before, it’s just a stupid dishwasher, and hey, a lifetime of firsts, right – “
“No, no, it’s not… I’m sorry, guys, I – forget it, I’m just gonna head home – “
“Maggie, no, stay!” five voices ring out at once, in different tones and in different registers, but all concerned, all loving, all sincere.
It takes Alex some coaxing and it takes Maggie some pacing. Some channeling of anger instead of terror, bitterness instead of overwhelming heartbreak.
Because anger and bitterness are easier, sometimes, than the abyss of pure loss.
“It’s just… nothing, it’s whatever, I – “
“Maggie Sawyer, you’re worse than your girlfriend; you can tell us, we’re here. And you’re not ruining anything,” Lena intuits, because Lena knows what that kind of guilt for feeling is like.
Maggie sighs and puts her index finger under her lip and paces and stops and braces.
“What if Alex and I break up? I mean, I never want to break up with you, babe, obviously, it’s not about that, it’s not about us, we’re good, I love you, I… but this… all this… all of you…”
“Alex would get the SuperFam in the divorce,” Winn says softly, because Maggie isn’t the only one who knows about bouncing, unwanted, from place to place.
She nods and Alex is off the couch and holding her instantly. But she says nothing beyond the kisses she presses to her temples. Because she knows that this is for their family to take.
And it’s Kara who starts.
“Maggie, Alex is my sister. You hurt her, you get heat vision, we’ve been over this.”

Maggie laughs wetly, remembering Kara’s shovel talk, and Lena shakes her head with a sad grin and kisses Kara’s hand.

“But Maggie… I don’t think you’re going to hurt her. And I don’t think she’s going to hurt you. But if something happens, if you two… which I don’t think it will!… Maggie, we’re not just going to – “

“We don’t abandon our own, Maggie,” James finishes for Kara, and Kara leans over to take his hand with her free one.

“Right,” Kara nods, and Maggie trembles in Alex’s arms.

“You’re one of us, Sawyer, you’re… you’re part of us, you know? Even if you and Alex don’t – but I mean, you two were made for each other, I mean come on, Maggie, your fondest wish in life is for a flash grenade – but even if you didn’t, you… we’re all grown ups, Maggie, we could all still be friends. Because you don’t just stop being family,” Winn tells her, because he’s been through this with Kara, and James never once abandoned him; so he would know.

“And we do often stay friends with our exes,” Lena smiles gently, teasingly, and Maggie chokes out a soft laugh as Alex kisses her hand.

“I’m not going anywhere,” she tells her, and Maggie nods quietly, relief and warmth and something that feels an awful lot like permanence settling into her skin. “And neither is your family, baby.”
anonymous asked:

How about some really really kinky smut, Cap? I'm talking about restraints, dirty talk, praise, ice? (Your Ice cube smut was hoooot), everything you want? + wrecked Sanvers?

It starts with a lap dance.

Well, it starts, truth be told, slightly before the lap dance.

It starts out in the field, Maggie’s badge gleaming and the way she holds her gun steady, the way she holds her body braced.

The way she calls off her partner, calls off Alex’s strike team – who obey her with only a confirmation glance at Alex – and talks the lost Infernian down from burning a hole into the foundation of the building.

“I don’t want to lock you up, and I don’t want to shoot you. I just want to help. I can help. Let me,” she tells him, and he… he listens.

He listens because Maggie lowers her gun and Maggie’s tone is calm, is quiet, is honest.

Is unafraid of the Infernian’s fear.

And her empathy, her steadiness, her intelligence?

*She’s smart and she’s tough and she’s just… beautiful. She’s so beautiful.*

Alex gets home before Maggie – paperwork galore at the precinct – and changes. Changes into that silk slip she knows Maggie loves, because Maggie deserves the best every night.

But tonight? Maggie saved everyone’s lives – Alex’s, both of their entire teams, the Infernian, everyone in that building and the surrounding blocks – by being… kind.

It blows Alex’s mind and Maggie always deserves the best, but tonight, she deserves… everything.

Which is all Alex ever wants to give her.

So it starts on the field, and it continues, really, with a lap dance.

A lap dance that Maggie readily accepts along with a shot of scotch that she downs as she lets Alex push her back onto the couch, Maggie’s eyes wide, throat both burning and dry, eyes all over Alex’s body.

Alex’s body, moving so perfectly for her – so perfectly against her tight jeans, against the detective shield still hooked onto her belt – that Maggie needs her, needs her, needs her.
So much harder than she’s getting her so far.

So it starts with a lap dance, Alex running her hands through her own hair when she’s not reaching back to drag her fingernails up and down Maggie’s thighs, but fuck, fuck, *fuck Danvers*, it doesn’t end with a lap dance.

Because Alex’s body is pliant and warm and she’s not wearing underwear under her slip and she makes she Maggie knows it.

She growls when Alex grinds down, slow and tempting and teasing, into her lap, and she whispers words into her ear that make Alex unsuccessfully try to bite down a scream.

“Can I tie you down, Danvers?” she wants to know, and Alex can’t nod hard enough.

“Bed,” Maggie directs her, and she bites her lip and obeys, heat coursing through her as she feels Maggie’s eyes raking up and down her body as she moves.

“Wanna get on your knees for me, Danvers?” she asks next, unbuckling her belt slow, steady, drawing in Alex’s wide eyes, making Alex arch her hips unconsciously.

“I thought you wanted me on the bed and tied down, Detective,” she answers in a small voice, and Maggie grits her teeth with want.

“What?” she needs to know, because she needs to escalate this, stat, but only if Alex is desperate for it.

And she is, she is, fuck, she is.

“Neon green, baby,” Alex whispers, and Maggie grins hungrily.

“Then stop talking back and start obeying orders, Agent Danvers. Now get on your knees for me.”

Alex bites her lip and kneels.

Maggie nearly trips with the headiness of seeing this woman so soft for her, so open for her, and she nearly takes her hands and lifts her up and makes sweet, soft, adoring love to her.

But Alex is in that slip and her lips are slightly parted, and later, later, later.

Now?

Now, she bends down and cups Alex’s chin in her hand and tilts her face up to kiss her. “My good girl,” she murmurs. “You look so good looking up at me like this.”

Alex barely swallows a moan, and Maggie shakes her head.

“You don’t have to hold back, Ally. Tell me what you want.”

“You,” she chokes out, and Maggie chuckles.

“How, Danvers?”

Alex’s eyes drop to Maggie’s half-unbuckled belt, her badge, and wets her lips. “I want you to take me.”

“Do you now? Good girl. Bend over. All fours.”
Alex moans as she hastens to obey, but Maggie frowns. “No, sorry. On the bed. Don’t want… the floor… could hurt you”

Alex’s heart warms at Maggie’s thoughtfulness, at that endless kindness in the midst of that damn violent storm.

“I love you,” she whispers as she crawls on top of the bed, arching her ass up for Maggie as she does so.

Maggie covers the back of Alex’s body with her own and kisses the back of her neck. “I love you back, Alex,” she murmurs into her ear before nipping at her lobe just the way she knows Alex likes.

“Now, do you want me to tell you what I want to do to you?”

Alex can’t speak. She squeaks instead. Nods.

Maggie barely suppresses a grin. “I want you to be a good girl for me and stay just like that, bent over like that for me. Because I want to tie your wrists and ankles down, and I want you to spread your legs nice and wide for me, because then I want to fuck you from behind until you can’t do anything but scream my name. Am I missing anything, Agent Danvers?”

Alex focuses, because it’s already hard to think, and Maggie isn’t even touching her. Yet.

Fuck.

“Ice,” she finally arrives at. “Please?”

She feels rather than sees Maggie’s indulgent smile. “Can you wait here for me, beautiful? Just like this?”

Alex nods with her forehead pressed against the pillow, and Maggie asks again, because a nod isn’t enough right now. “Ally?”

“Green, Mags,” she whispers, and Maggie kisses the back of her neck.

“That’s my girl.”

Alex tries not to writhe around while she listens to Maggie padding into the kitchen, opening the freezer. Cracking ice cubes from the tray into a glass. Breathing in. Breathing out.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” she rasps when she’s back at the foot of their bed, and Alex bites her lip.

“I stayed just like you asked me to,” she says, and Maggie smiles, because she knows what Alex wants.

“Mmm, you did. You stayed just like I asked because you’re so damn good, Alex Danvers. My perfect girl. So brilliant and brave and beautiful and perfect.”

Maggie reaches for her and guides her gently off her knees, rolling her over onto her back, and she smiles when they can see each other’s faces again.

“Hi,” she tells her, almost shyly, and Alex blushes.

“Hey you.”
Maggie holds up the glass of ice questioningly, and Alex hisses. “Please?”

“Strip for me, babygirl,” Maggie asks softly, and Alex sits up, raising her hips to tug her slip above her head slow, slow, slow. Revealing inch by inch of her scarred, perfect skin gradual, teasing, desperate, the way she knows Maggie loves. The way she knows Maggie deserves.

“So gorgeous,” Maggie murmurs when Alex lays back, slightly flushed and completely naked, and there are tears in both of their eyes.

“I want you,” Alex whispers, helping Maggie stay centered, and Maggie smiles gratefully at the help.

“And you have me,” she tells her, kneeling in front of her and taking an ice cube between her fingers gingerly. Alex hisses and holds her breath underneath her.

Maggie looks at her like she’s a work of art as she slides the corner of the ice cube up from Alex’s waistline to trace circles around her nipples, making her hard and making her drip and making her writhe helplessly.

“You are so fucking beautiful, Alex Danvers. Does it make me terrible that all I want to do is mess you up?”

Alex gasps as Maggie lets the ice drip directly onto her hardened nipple, and when her fingers slam down into the sheets, Maggie moans at the sight.

“You can mess me up any time you want, Detective,” she pleads, and Maggie bends to lick the trail of cold water off of Alex’s breast.

Alex screams.

Maggie moans, her mouth full of Alex, her mouth needing more.

“Can you handle being tied down right now?” she wants to know, and Alex offers her wrists above her head immediately. Maggie chuckles at her enthusiasm as she clinks the ice back into the glass and reaches over to the bedside table.

“Good?” she asks as she secures their favorite cuffs around Alex’s wrists.

“Please,” Alex begs, nodding down toward the glass of ice. Maggie smiles wickedly.

“Please you? Always.”

And she does, tracing a fresh cube down from Alex’s other nipple – eliciting a fresh scream of pleasure from her writhing fiancee – down her stomach, down her inner thighs. She hesitates over her clit until Alex can’t stop her hips from bucking.

“Please, Maggie,” she whines, and Maggie removes the cube farther.

“Be a good girl, now, Danvers,” she chides gently, reaching for Alex’s palm. Alex squeezes down on her fingers – their signal for green, for keep going, for yes please fuck don’t stop.

“Please… Detective.”

“There’s my girl. Please what, Al?” Maggie waits, and Alex thrashes her hips, her wrists, helplessly.
“Please let me feel that ice on my clit.”

Maggie moans at her request, her head tossing back and her eyes fluttering shut. “But won’t you be too cold then?”

Alex writhes harder and Maggie has never seen anything this beautiful. Except probably the way she looks when she just wakes up in the morning.

“I’m sure you can find a way to warm me back up, Detective,” Alex pants, and Maggie gives no warning before she gives her what she wants.

She lets the ice – finally – drip down Alex’s throbbing clit, drip down to her soaked opening, drip down onto their ruined sheets, until Alex’s screams, Alex’s pleas, Alex’s prays, fill Maggie’s entire bloodstream, and she gives Alex what she really wants.

Her mouth closing down around her clit, her tongue slipping inside her, followed by her freezing fingers, Alex throbbing and thrusting and sobbing with need, with passion, with love.

Maggie shifts so Alex is slamming her hips up into Maggie’s forehead, giving her more solid, steady pressure than her lips could provide, and after a moment’s hesitation, a moment’s embarrassment, a moment’s adjustment, a moment of Maggie’s encouragement – “go ahead, babygirl, ride me as hard as you need to” – Alex obeys again.

She obeys and she rides her fingers, rides her forehead, hard and fast and loud, her hands clamped above her head and her legs wrapped around Maggie’s shoulders, glad that Maggie’s mouth is free so she can talk her though, keep her steady, keep her centered.

“You’re so beautiful, Alex.”

“I love when you take what you need, Danvers, it’s so sexy.”

“Just like that, Alex, you don’t have to hold anything back.”

“I want to feel you pulsing all around my fingers, sweetie, can you be a good girl and come just for me?”

“Fuck, I love you, Alex Danvers. I love you, I love you, I love you, my future wife, I love you.”

When Alex remembers how to speak – when Maggie’s uncuffed her and kissed her wrists, when she’s gathered her close into her body and kissed every bit of her skin she can reach – she sighs.

“The whole reason I did that was to give you pleasure, Maggie, I... you made it about me. And, god, it was amazing, I’m not complaining, but I... I don’t want you to think that I – ”

“Oh, did you think I was done, Danvers?” Maggie grins, and Alex practically topples them both off the bed with excitement.

“Excellent,” she murmurs into their kiss, and god, it really is.
Chapter 531

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

We definitely need a domestic sanvers fic. Like something cute where they are too tired to go out on a date so they stay in and just cuddle and watch a movie. Thanks cap! Love ya!

“I’m so sorry I’m late, babe, just let me change, I’ll be ready in just a – “

But Alex freezes with the keys still in her hand and her jacket half stripped off, because her fiancee is sprawled on the couch, work shoes still on, leather jacket still on, makeup still perfect, gun right on the coffee table next to her.

Sound asleep.

Alex puts her keys on the counter quietly, quietly now, smiling as she takes her time, now, kicking off her shoes and tugging off her jacket. She watches Maggie’s chest rise and fall slowly, steadily, and she looks at the ring she’d put on her finger not two months before.

Her heart leaps and she smiles like she’s never smiled before every single time she sees it.

She undresses with secret agent speed, making sure to keep quiet at every drawer opening, at every clothes dropping, a small smile on her face the whole time.

This is what home feels like.

This is what marriage feels like.

This is what love feels like.

Once she’s replaced her jeans and jacket and bra with pajama pants and one of Maggie’s oversized flannels; once she’s grabbed nothing but her Stanford sweater for Maggie, she pads over to the couch and kneels beside her.

“Sweetie,” she whispers, still getting used to the way the term of endearment falls off her lips, but loving the discovery every time.

Maggie bolts upright, her relaxed, sleeping face suddenly tense.

“Shit, Danvers, what time is it? I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to fall asleep, I just – I – why are you in pajamas? Don’t we have a date tonight?”

“The arcade will always be there, babe,” Alex soothes her back down, holding out her sweater and starting to tug off Maggie’s shoes. “You’re tired, I’m tired. All I want is Netflix and your arms tonight. If that’s okay?”

“You’re not angry?” Maggie worries at her bottom lip, and Alex answers by kissing her knee and
tapping her thigh lightly to tell her to lean up so Alex can tug off her jeans for her.

“Never,” she whispers, and Maggie finally relaxes her body as she lets Alex undress her.

“Why are you the best?” she asks, and Alex preens.

“A question that has plagued humankind for millennia,” she beams, and Maggie tosses a pillow at her, laughing.

“You’re looking pretty good for your age, you Time Lord, you,” she teases, and she swears that Alex’s laughter is the best sound she will ever hear.

“Mmmm, you can stay like that,” Alex invites as she helps Maggie slip off her bra, and Maggie’s dimples shine as she grabs at Alex’s sweater and tugs it over her head.

“If cuddling and sleeping is the point, Danvers, we know that won’t happen if I stay shirtless.”

“I can control myself!” Alex splutters.

“Okay, lesbian,” Maggie laughs, and Alex swears she wishes they were getting married tomorrow, just so she can call this woman her wife.

They’re both content with soon enough, though, as they laugh and snuggle their way into the perfectly fitting puzzle pieces of each other’s bodies, relishing each other’s closeness and warmth and heartlines every single moment of the night.
Chapter 532

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Dog Walking AU (Part 2)

She’d expected Kara to be proud, but damn, she should have remembered to bring her earplugs for protection.

Because Kara isn’t just proud. She’s shrieking proud.

“It’s just coffee, Kara,” she tells her as Kara tears through her closet, fussing about what she should wear, about which outfit is just the right amount of sexy, but the brilliance of her smile reveals the lie behind her words.

It’s not just coffee.

It feels like more than that, somehow.

So she lets Kara ramble about how excited she is – like it was her date, not Alex’s – because Kara’s voice is keeping her calm. Is keeping her from panicking.

She collapses to the floor with Gertrude while Kara raids her closet, demanding to know why she doesn’t have any shirts that aren’t grey or black and wondering aloud if Maggie is a leather or lace kind of girl.

And when they curl up on the couch together that night – Kara and Gertrude and Alex, all the Danvers girls – Kara soothes Alex’s nervous heart rate with her soft singing.

It’s Gertrude that wakes them up in the morning.

Gertrude that tells Alex that her phone just buzzed.

Alex reaches out a groggy hand around Kara’s sleeping body and fumbles for her phone.

Her heart leaps when the caller ID reads Maggie.

Because the day before, they’d exchanged numbers.

“Available as I want you to be. Wow um… excellent. I… Um. I guess we should exchange numbers then? So I can call you. About the coffee. Or the dinner. Or whatever. You didn’t answer me about the coffee.”

Maggie beamed and gigged and Alex didn’t feel laughed at, just… appreciated.

Gertrude and Spot both whined for the tennis ball to be thrown, and Maggie bent down to pick it up, to chuck it for them.

The muscles in her arm rippled, and Alex was a goner.

“Yeah, I like coffee, Danvers. Here, give me your phone. I mean, so I can put my number in. If
that’s okay."

“My sister,” Alex had clarified about the lockscreen photo, and Maggie smiled with something sad in her eyes.

“You two are close, then,” she observed.

“Closer than close,” Alex answered, proud, but trying to search for the sadness behind Maggie’s eyes.

“That’s really important,” Maggie smiled as Alex passed her the phone with an empty contact screen.

They’d laughed heartily when the pups returned with the ball, and they’d giggled awkwardly while they waited for Alex’s text to go through so Maggie could put her into her phone, too.

If Maggie was as nervous as Alex, though, she didn’t show it.

But god, she is. So nervous that she texts Alex the next morning, because she’s been up all night thinking. Up all night worrying.

Because she’d noticed this gorgeous woman in the park, and she’d seen her with that blonde girl, and relieved had flooded through her veins when the girl was on Alex’s lock screen and they’re sisters, they’re sisters, but Maggie still can’t believe her luck.

That this woman – Alex. Alex Danvers. She can’t stop running the name over in her head – seemed to like her. Asked her out.

A beautiful, smart, tough woman like that, asking her out? She can barely believe it.

So she texts her – not particularly early, she thinks, for an FBI agent – and she tells her she’s looking forward to coffee, and does Alex want to sit in the park so they can bring their dogs?

Because – she rubs her face against Spot’s nervously – she could probably use some moral support.

She’s surprised by how immediate the response is.

Good morning! Sure! If you want to, I mean. The park’s really close to my place, so it works well.

Maggie grins and blushes and shows Spot the text. “Twenty bucks she didn’t mean to say it like that,” Maggie tells her, and sure enough, her phone buzzes again not twenty seconds later.

Damn, I didn’t mean it like that. I just meant I can easily get Gertrude from home. To go to the park. With you and Spot and coffee. Not… I’m sorry…

She chuckles and she bites her lip, and she doesn’t know whether to be amused or disappointed. She is, irreparably, both.

Because there’s something about this Alex Danvers.

Something about her that Maggie wants. Badly.

And that something feels like everything.

But maybe Alex just wants a friend? Because – but her phone buzzes yet again.
Not that I would mind. Other... with you... eventually. If you want there to be an eventually. With us. If you want there to be an us. Eventually. I mean, I just didn’t want you to think I only wanted one thing from you. With you. Okay, I’m gonna stop texting now. If you still want to, I’ll see you at the park at one like we planned. Wow. Okay. Have a good morning.

Maggie’s heart slams with something like exhilaration as she reads Alex’s ramblings – her adorable, sweet, thoughtful, sincere ramblings.

Other than Spot, Maggie can’t remember the last time she met someone this sincere.

“Whaddaya think, Spotty? I think this is an eventually kinda girl, huh?”

Spot leans up to lick her face, and Maggie beams. “Thought so.”

She trembles as she types, part from nerves, part from excitement.

No worries, Danvers. I’d love to see Gertrude again. And you. One pm it is. I’m looking forward to it. All of it.

It’s 7:16 am.

Maggie sighs. It’s going to be a long day until 1pm.
Anonymous asked:
So I've been thinking about what a double date with supercorp and Sanvers would be. I am not sure. I could see them going to the beach. I could see them going out and just hanging out. But my favorite is them hanging out at one of their apartments and just chilling. I think those are my favorite. Do you have any specific ideas toward this?

Cross-posted with my Supercorp series, Always Another Side

There are double dates in the lab – Kara and Maggie letting their girlfriends shine in the only places they’d been allowed to their whole lives – and there are double dates on the beach.

There’s walking barefoot just as the surf crashes onto the sand, and there’s Kara lifting Lena into the air so that heavier waves don’t ruin her skirt, and there’s Maggie leaping onto Alex’s back, Lena and Kara laughing and egging them on, as Alex.sprints, hands under Maggie’s thighs, into the waves, soaking them both and ending with very salty, very wet, very breathless kisses.

There’s Kara quietly painting portraits of the three of the women most important to her while they’re engrossed in conversation with each other, swapping stories and holding hands over parents who gaslight, parents who manipulate, parents who can shred your heart without lifting a finger, without saying a word. Parents who leave. Parents who try to love, and just cannot or will not figure out how.

There’s the first time Kara comes over to Maggie's apartment, and the place is small, but it smells like Alex and it smells like homemade potstickers, and Lena watches as a new layer of Kara understanding Maggie washes over her, when she notices the heavy bag hanging in the corner of the room.

Lena watches Kara wonder if she should maybe invite Maggie to slam away with her and James next time she strings up a car to try and channel her anger.

There’s no plan, for most of their dates, beyond relaxing. Beyond enjoying each other. Because with the lives they lead?

Plans usually fall away regardless, and because relaxing is all too rare.

So other than food – and Alex beams with pride, with relief, when Kara’s eyes flutter closed and she moans with approval on first tasting the potstickers Maggie nervously made her – there are no plans.

No plans other than Kara laying her feet in Alex’s lap, her head in Lena’s, Maggie arching an eyebrow before crawling behind Alex, to hold her from behind, relishing the way Alex’s body melts back into hers, the way her breathing slows and her eyes shut softly.

Maggie watches the way Lena looks almost reverent as she runs her fingers through Kara’s hair, and she wonders if that’s how she looks when she runs her own fingers through her own Danvers
It takes Kara a while to talk about Krypton in front of Maggie – still getting used to sharing her sister with anyone, but dating Lena makes it easier for her, somehow, because at least, now, they’re both being shared – but when she does, she shows them all the paintings she’s done over the years. The ones that she keeps under her bed because it would hurt too much to see them every day; the ones whose stories Alex knows by heart; the ones Lena holds Kara’s hand through the telling of, the ones Maggie hugs her knees into her chest and listens to with soft eyes and a slowly healing heart.

It takes Lena a while to talk in front of Maggie and Alex, but when she does, sometimes dates will abruptly end with she and Alex kissing Kara and Maggie quickly, apologetically, because this new idea can’t wait, they need to get to the lab, this will change everything; when she does, she has Alex and Maggie in stitches on the floor, screaming with laughter and cheers at her and Kara’s lively reenactments of this and that ‘Nsync music video; when she does, something stirs inside her that feels like the kind of family that has no conditions on its love.

It takes Maggie a while to talk in front of Kara, in front of Lena, in a way that’s not drippingly over-polite, that’s not waiting for Kara to tell her that she doesn’t approve, that her sister deserves better, that’s not waiting for Lena to wonder aloud why someone as brilliant and accomplished as Alex Danvers would waste her time with a lowly detective; but Lena listens to her stories with such fascination that Kara’s smile softens, and Lena tells Alex that she’s lucky to have Maggie and Alex kisses the back of her neck as she says she knows, and Kara takes a deep breath and tells Maggie that they should do this more often, the four of them, together.

And Alex?

Alex has lived for her nights alone with her sister, and she has lived for her nights alone with her girlfriend. And now, she also lives for the nights with the four of them. Because Kara is her reason for existing and Maggie got her to be herself and seeing Lena outside of the lab, outside of revolutionary biotech advances, is pure relief and pure joy, because she’s not the only one whose hair comes down at home, who has an impenetrable mask at work and the softness of a delicate flower at home, who can change the world with her brain, her brilliance, but just wants to hold and be held when the doors close and it’s just the woman she loves behind it.

So their nights together, the four of them, to just… be?

Feels exactly like what they’ve always been told family should feel like.
anonymous asked:
Hey there! I finally managed to make it to your blog party! It would be amazing if you could write a road trip au for sanvers but they're like 19 or something? Thanks in advance. You're awesome

Sanvers College Road Trip AU

The sun’s barely risen and Maggie’s already outside in her pickup.

She tosses pebbles at Alex’s window, because ringing the doorbell would wake everyone in the house, and aren’t the whole pebbles-at-bedroom-window thing supposed to be more romantic than texting?

“You’re early,” Alex’s head suddenly appears out of her suddenly opened window.

“And you’re beautiful,” Maggie flirts, because god, she is.

A denim jacket that Maggie had gotten her for Chanukah last year, her hair newly shortened and newly curly, redder than it’s been in the past couple of years.

The past couple of years since they met at a protest and became inseparable girlfriends.

Inseparable girlfriends about to go on their first road trip together.

Alex blushes and Maggie gulps.

They’re going to get to sleep together all night. Wake up in each other’s arms.

No roommates or parents to bust in on them.

Just the open road and the mixtapes Maggie’s carefully prepared for their journey.

Their journey that Alex had carefully, meticulously planned, that Maggie had indulgently let her.

“You say bye to your mom and Kara?” she recovers her words to ask, and Alex nods.

“Last night before they went to bed. They know we’re leaving early.”

“Well come on then, Danvers. Don’t wanna miss the sunrise.”

Alex beams and giggles and nearly hits her head on the window as she backs up to shut it, to grab her duffel bag and to check her breath one more time and to run down the stairs.

When she steps through the front door, Maggie’s leaning on her back of her truck, thumbs hooked into the belt loops of her cut-off denim jeans, snapback backwards and eyes bright, looking for all the world like Alex is the most beautiful woman she’s ever seen.
Because she is.

She rushes forward to offer to take Alex’s bag, but Alex gives her a kiss instead, slinging her own bag up and over into the back of Maggie’s pickup.

“You ready, babe?” she grins, and she licks her lips because god, it might be early as all hell, but Maggie tastes so damn good.

“To go up and down the coast with the most gorgeous girl of all time and space? Uh, yeah, Danvers, definitely.”

Alex beams but tries to keep her lips steady. “The most gorgeous girl of all time and space, huh? Really? I didn’t know we were bringing a third person. Where is she?”

Maggie chuckles and pulls Alex closer to her, gently, gently, by the hips.

Alex swoons.

“I’m talking about you, Danvers. Going on a road trip with you.”

“Mmm, funny. Because I was gonna say the same thing about you. The whole most gorgeous woman thing. Because that’s you, Maggie.”

“Is it?”

“Mmmmmmmmm,” Alex hums into Maggie’s lips, and Maggie swoons this time.

Alex giggles as she swipes the snapback off Maggie’s head and puts it onto her own.

“You driving first, or am I?”

“Wanna flip for it?”

Alex wins, and she clambers victoriously into the driver’s seat as Maggie fiddles with the first mixtape.

Alex blushes and smiles as Tracy Chapman’s perfect voice starts crackling through the old stereo, and she drives with one hand as she wraps her other arm around Maggie’s shoulder, heading off for their first interstate adventure.

Together.
Chapter 535

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Dog Walking AU (Part 3)

Maggie had known it was going to be a long day.

But this long?

Damn.

A double homicide in the morning and a hostile debriefing with a hostile higher-up?

She’s almost late grabbing Spot from home and bringing her to the park to meet Alex.

She almost doesn’t have time to be nervous.

Almost.

But then she sees Alex -- sleeveless, lacey top that shows simultaneously just enough but not enough skin, jeans even tighter than Maggie’s throat -- and she almost runs.

Almost runs, because there’s no way she deserves this.

But then Spot is tugging her forward and barking twice, sharp, excited. Tugging her toward Gertrude. Toward Alex.

There’ll be an extra treat for her later, for sure.

“Hi,” she offers dully, breathlessly, when they’re close enough to touch, and she’s about to curse herself for her inability to form proper words, for ruining this thing before it starts, when she realizes that Alex is having trouble speaking, too.

“Hey,” is all she responds, but her smile speaks of attraction and excitement and promise, and Maggie gulps as she squats down to greet Gertrude.

“Hey girl,” she whispers as Gertrude jumps up to lick her face, nearly toppling her over. Alex grabs at her waist, steadying her, and they both freeze.

“Thanks,” she rasps, and Alex hesitates before removing her hands.

“Yeah, of course. Sorry, she um... she gets a little overenthusiastic. Don’t you, Gertrude?” Alex nuzzles her friend, and Maggie briefly allows herself to imagine what it would be like if Alex was the one who got overenthusiastic with her.

It would be fucking amazing, that’s for sure.

She chastises herself immediately, even though she knows she’s not the only one who’s thought about it.
Because Alex’s texts this morning?

Yeah, she’s definitely not the only one.

But she clears her throat and she shoves the thoughts away, and she notices a long scar on Alex’s upper arm.

“Line of duty?” she asks, and Alex nods as they stand and make their way over to sit on a bench, tossing tennis balls to and fro with their dogs as they talk.

And they talk about everything under the sun, and some things above it.

They talk about work injuries and they talk about work dreams and they talk about teenage nights spent stargazing all alone.

They talk about their dogs and they talk about moving to National City.

They talk about how pretty Maggie is, how Alex is sorry, she can’t help it, she just stammers more often around cute girls, but it would be nice to do this again, wouldn’t it?

And then it starts to pour.

It’s out of nowhere and it’s sudden and it’s drenching, and Gertrude hates, hates, hates it.

She howls and she shivers and she runs in wild circles, and Alex doesn’t have a jacket or an umbrella, but Maggie has her lightest leather jacket.

“Come here, honey,” she coaxes Gertrude as Alex tries to soothe her, to shelter her tiny body with her own.

Alex glances up and she gulps, because Maggie is slipping off her jacket and her arms are immediately drenched, just like her perfect hair, and Alex thinks unbidden of shower and skinny-dipping in oceans, but then Maggie is wrapping Gertrude up in her jacket and cradling her close, passing her back to Alex when she’s secured against the rain, safe against the panic.

“But now you’ll be wet -- “ Alex tries to object, and Maggie gulps and grins and shrugs.

“Spot and I don’t mind, right Spotty?” she bends again, grinning, and sure enough, Spot seems to be absolutely loving the sudden downpour.

Alex isn’t sure she’s ever seen anything as beautiful as the sight of this woman, drenched with rain, nose-kissing her dog in a park in the middle of a passing sun shower.

And when Maggie stands again, it’s inadvertently close to Alex’s body. Her breath hitches and a drop of rain rolls off of Alex’s top lip, and Maggie watches its progress down, down, and when she looks back up into Alex’s eyes, they’re full of something they weren’t a moment ago.

“Danvers, I -- “ she starts, but Gertrude fidgets to get down, because the rain is ending already, the sun is peaking back out already. The world is safe for Gertrude again, already.

Alex sets her down and unwraps her from Maggie’s jacket, praying the spell won’t be broken when Gertrude runs back off with Spot and she stands back up.

It isn’t.

Maggie’s is still standing with fire in her eyes and certainly in her stance.
Alex’s heart leaps.

“You were saying?” she asks, hopeful, hopeful, hopeful.

“I’m sorry if this is too forward, or too soon, but I don’t meet many people that I care about, and I just... I wanna kiss you. Alex. I just -- “

But she doesn’t finish her sentence -- not with words anyway -- because Alex’s hands are on her face and Alex’s lips are crashing onto her mouth and her own lips are parting and Alex’s tongue is somehow both tentative and sure, and Alex tastes like sudden fall rain showers and Alex tastes like everything Maggie’s ever wanted.

“Wow,” Alex whispers when they finally come up for air, when they finally remember the world around them. “That was...”

“Yeah,” Maggie agrees, because she’s not sure if there could ever be words for... that.

“Thank you for protecting Gertrude from the rain,” Alex whispers, forehead against Maggie’s, neither of them wanting to move.

Maggie wants to thank her from protecting her heart from hopelessness, but it’s too soon, too soon. Too damn soon. And yet not soon enough.

“Thank me with a second date?” she asks softly, and Alex’s smile is her new favorite sight in this existence.

“Yeah. Yeah, definitely I will.”
Chapter 536

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Maggie definitely has a kink for Alex being cocky and teasing/almost mocking? Like Alex's chuckle when Maggie begs, the way she fakes sympathy when Maggie's tied to the bed, gagged and having to just deal with whatever Alex decides to do, Alex continuing to keep the vibrator on her clit even though they both know Maggie gets sensitive, almost like a humiliation kink but not as extreme where she likes to be kinda embarrassed (this got really graphic but you get my point) your thoughts?

Spoiler – a line from this was inspired by this lil #SanversWeek creation by the wonderfully talented @jiemba:

Watching Alex Danvers teach is an exercise in ecstasy.

She’s a heady mix of demanding and gentle, harsh and calm.

Her presence commands respect and her skill leaves no doubt that she’s earned her rank.

Watching Alex Danvers teach Thursday morning knife practice to new DEO recruits makes Maggie’s throat dry and her imagination soar.

It makes her yearn for her fiancee’s cool tone, strong hands, all over her body, all day long.

But she has to wait, because they both have their jobs to do, their worlds to save.

She has to wait, and that’s exactly what Alex was hoping for when she invited Maggie to observe her training.

Because making Maggie wait for her touch all day – knowing Maggie is waiting for her hands, her voice, waiting to be able to surrender all her careful control to a woman she loves, a woman who loves her, a woman who can easily throw an off-balance knife with surgical precision from forty paces – is all part of her planned foreplay.

Foreplay for tonight, when she can have Maggie Sawyer all to herself.

Because god, does she know how much Maggie loves it when she lets Maggie cede control in bed.

And sure enough, it doesn’t take her long to strip Maggie of her clothes that night.

Or rather, it doesn’t take her long to order Maggie to strip for her.

“You’re wearing too much,” she tells her, simply, voice low, commanding, just this side of casual, unconcerned, cocky.

She knows Maggie understands – knows this is exactly what Maggie’s been fantasizing about all day – from the way Maggie bites her lip and swallows a whine and hastens to undress for Alex.
She reaches out a precise finger to drag between Maggie’s legs, slipping up almost lazily from her entrance to her clit.

She chuckles as she touches her, as she sucks Maggie’s wetness off her own finger, as she paces slowly around Maggie’s naked body. Observing. Waiting. Planning.

Maggie whimpers and Alex chuckles harder.

“Already wet for me, Sawyer?”

“Danvers,” she breathes, low and pleading.

Alex reaches out for her throat, gathering Maggie’s loose hair away from her ear. “You good, Maggie? You want this?” she whispers, and Maggie nods desperately.

“Just keep checking my palm. I’ll tap at your fingers if I need to slow down or stop.”

Alex grins in pride at her girl’s breathy coherence as she tests out their signal, placing two of her fingers onto Maggie’s open palm. Maggie squeezes, consistent. Their sign to keep going.

Alex smirks.

“I asked you a question, Sawyer.”

But Maggie’s expended all her mental energy setting their consent, their affirmation, into play; because she’s already completely wrecked by the way Alex is continuing to pace around her naked body; already soaking down her thighs at the way her cheeks burn but her clit throbs, the way Alex can make her melt down with just one simmering look in her eyes; the way Alex is dragging heavy eyes up and down her body like she’s the only thing Alex has ever wanted, like she’s all Alex needs to survive, all Alex needs to consume, for the rest of her life.

She vaguely wonders if she should feel ashamed, letting Alex play with her like this. Begging Alex to play with her like this.

But all she feels is Alex’s need for her, Alex’s raw want for her, like a protective shield around her body, her desire for all she is, to take care of her, to give her everything she’s never been able to ask for from anyone else… everything that is Alex, that is Alex’s thirst for her, surrounds her, feeds her.

Makes her feel so damn loved.

She swoons and Alex steadies her immediately, checking her palm. Maggie squeezes without tapping.

She doesn’t want to stop.

“What um…” She gulps, trying to wet her dry throat, because her voice is further proof of how efficiently Alex is unraveling her. “What was the question, again?”

Alex chuckles softly and gives Maggie an experimental push – just with the tip of her index fingers, not hard enough to actually move her, but suggestive enough to ask, and Maggie obliges, letting herself fall backwards onto their bed. Alex straddles her and runs an almost lazy fingertip down from her collarbone, across her breasts, down her stomach, through her curls.

She lifts her hand just as Maggie’s hips start to arch.
“The question, Maggie, was if you’re already wet for me.”

It’s Maggie’s turn to chuckle. “You know I am, Danvers, you just licked if off your hand.”

Alex’s lips purse off to the side and her eyes glisten with something dangerous, with something marvelous.

She clicks her tongue just this side of mockingly, and Maggie fights against arching her hips again.

“So disrespectful,” she murmurs, almost more to herself than to Maggie, as she leans over her prone body – taking care to keep herself just out of reach of Maggie’s lips – to grab something from their bedside table.

She holds up the gag they’d originally only bought for Alex, until they’d discovered how much Maggie loves it, too. She arches an eyebrow and touches Maggie’s open palm.

Maggie squeezes and Alex smirks.

“If you’re going to be smart with me, Sawyer, I need to teach you a lesson.”

Maggie giggles despite herself and Alex winks, cheeks blushing hard until Maggie’s eyes drop back down to the gag between Alex’s fingers.

Her gulp turns them both back on again.

“So here’s what I’m gonna do, Maggie. I’m going to gag you so you can’t talk back to me.”

Maggie lifts her head for her as Alex speaks, as she secures the gag over her mouth, checking her palm and getting only green lights from her naked, whimpering girlfriend.

“Then,” Alex continues as she leans over again, dragging out their favorite handcuffs, their favorite ankle cuffs, attaching the latter to the fixtures they’d subtly added to the bottom of their bed; again, originally for Alex, until they’d discovered Maggie’s lust for being tied down, legs spread open, too.

“Then, I’m going to tie you down to the bed. Everything, Sawyer. Your hands, your ankles. I’m going to make sure your legs are nice and open for me. Okay?”

She chuckles as Maggie tries to beg through her gag, whimpering and rocking her hips into nothing but air, desperate, pleading, open hands begging for more, more, more.

She kisses each of Maggie’s ankles as she secures the cuffs, and does the same with her wrists. Maggie smiles through her gag and whines with a question in her eyes.

Alex looks down at her carefully before smiling and tugging down the gag. She gives her what she wants – a kiss, soft and tender and gentle and full of protection, full of respect, full of adoration – and Maggie sighs up into her lips.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex whispers, the headiness of their roleplay gone, the coolly condescending,commanding DEO agent compartmentalized.

“I love you too, Alex Danvers,” Maggie pants back, and Alex glances up and down at her restraints.

“You’re sure you’re good?”
“Oh yeah. Are you?”

Alex grins wickedly, lust starting to creep back into her eyes. “Wanna keep going?” she asks as an answer, and Maggie nods eagerly.

They giggle and kiss again, hastily this time, messily, desperately.

When they open their eyes, the composed coolness is back in Alex’s, and Maggie whimpers excitedly as Alex puts her gag back on.

“God, you’re sexy all tied down for me like that,” she husks, and Maggie writhes, her body begging to be touched.

“Oh,” Alex clicks her tongue, mock sympathy dancing in her eyes even as she checks Maggie’s palm. Maggie squeezes and Alex obeys, continuing.

“Poor little baby. Do you want something, Sawyer? Do you really think you deserve to come, babygirl?”

Maggie screams behind her gag as her back arches, as her hips thrust up at air.

“I gagged you so you’d be quiet, Maggie Sawyer. You think you can do that for me? You think you can keep quiet while I have my way with you?”

Maggie writhes harder against her restraints, eyes squeezed shut in her heady attempt to swallow her moans. Alex checks her palm again and Maggie feels Alex’s adoration of her, her concern, her love, coursing through her every vein.

She nods as silently as she can, and Alex licks her lips, dragging her eyes up and down Maggie’s body slow, steady. Calculating.

Without warning, she bends to take one of Maggie’s nipples between her lips, between her teeth, under her quick, careful tongue. Maggie screams behind her gag.

Alex stops.

“Oh, sweetie, I know, I know. But you have to be a good girl for me or I can’t give you what you want.”

Maggie whimpers, but it’s quieter, now, and Alex takes pity on her, returning her tongue to Maggie’s rapidly-hardening nipple. She brings her hand up to Maggie’s other breast, and Maggie arches her chest up eager, desperate, needy.

Alex moans as she traces the bumps and valleys of Maggie’s wide nipples with her tongue, as she takes as much of her into her mouth as she can, as she flicks her tongue over and over and over the most sensitive parts of Maggie’s skin.

She continues until Maggie fails, again, to hold back a scream beneath her gag.

“Oh, baby. I know. Let me try something else, okay? Something I think you’ll like. But I’m going to have to blindfold you for it, okay sweetie? So be a good girl and lift your head up for me.”

Maggie obeys immediately, eagerly, and Alex checks her palm and kisses both of her eyelids tenderly before securing their darkest blindfold around her head, careful not to tangle it in her hair.

She hops off the bed, then, and Maggie writhes and whines in her absence.
“Shhh, I’m not going anywhere. I’m right here,” Alex tells her, reaching out a gentle hand to reassure her. “I’m right here, babygirl,” she promises, her voice a perfect mixture of tender and teasing.

“You good?” she asks as she holds their biggest vibrator in her hand, her own arousal soaking through her jeans by now.

Maggie nods and Alex kisses her forehead as she slips back on top of her.

“I love you,” she whispers in her ear, and she relishes the way Maggie smiles in pure happiness, even blindfolded, gagged, and tied down.

She crawls lower down her body and relishes, too, the way Maggie responds so strongly to her every move.

Especially when she brings the cool tip of silicone onto her clit, turned on to Maggie’s favorite, thrumming setting.

She screams and Alex scolds, keeping the vibrator on her clit instead of taking it off. She knows – they both know – that Maggie can’t come with that kind of overwhelming sensation. With that kind of extreme sensitivity, the constant, vibrating teasing of her exposed clit.

They both know, and Alex keeps the vibrator there anyway. She reaches up, contorting her body to keep one hand, now, permanently on Maggie’s palm, so that Maggie at any time can tap out.

But she knows that they both want to see how long Maggie can last under Alex’s exquisite form of sexual punishment.

So Maggie writhes and she screams and swears beneath her gag, and she slams so hard against her restraints they both know they’ll be getting another noise complaint in the morning, but Alex leaves the vibrator where it is – directly on Maggie’s clit. Because Maggie doesn’t tap at her hands – because Maggie wants to see how much she can take.

And when her throat is raw and her clit is sore and her body is about to give out, Alex knows.

She knows and in one swift, careful movement, she takes their vibrator off Maggie’s clit and slips it into her soaking opening, replacing the pulsing vibrations with her steady, solid palm, working the vibrator in and out of her, steady, hard, consistent. Keeping her palm on her overwhelmed clit, steady, hard. Consistent.

Just like Maggie needs from her lover.

Just like Maggie needs from her fiancee.

Alex reaches to drag the gag down and out of Maggie’s lips just as she feels Maggie starting to topple over the edge, because god, she will never forgive herself if she doesn’t hear the sounds Maggie’s about to make.

And sure enough, the way she screams her name – her last name, her first name, in a string of curses, in a string of promises, in a string of I love yous – is enough to make Alex, with nothing but the pressure of her own jeans against her, shudder through her own orgasm.

She keeps the vibrator steady, buried deep inside her as Maggie pulses over, and over, and over, her entire body on fire with the strength of her release.
She presses the vibrations off as Maggie starts to come down, presses her palm harder into her clit to help coax the last shockwaves out of her sweating, relieved body.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she repeats over, and over, and over as she kisses her way up her body to take off her blindfold, as she kisses along her arms, her stomach, her legs, to remove her cuffs, to kiss the places their cool restraint had touched.

“You do this with all your trainees, Danvers?” Maggie rasps when she finally remembers how to breathe, how to string words together, and Alex laughs and shakes her head as she kisses Maggie’s eyelids, her dimples, her nose, her chin, her lips.

“Only you, Maggie. Only ever you.”
Chapter 537

Chapter Summary

All Maggie’s Ever Wanted

When she was four, it was a magnifying glass so she could get to know the ant colony under the porch better.

When she was seven, it was a smile from her second grade teacher, because when she smiled, Maggie felt warm and proud and tingly all over, and the other kids’ harsh blows and harsher words mattered less.

When she was ten, it was for the other kids to just leave her alone; she didn’t need friends when she had books, and she didn’t need other kids when she had the creatures she’d play with, the tall crops she’d hide among, on the farm.

When she was fourteen, it was Eliza Wilke’s mouth on hers, Eliza Wilke’s hand in her hand, Eliza Wilke’s new purple sweater crumpled on the floor.

When she was fifteen, it was a scholarship that would get her out of this damn town, away so she never had to look back, so far away their cruelty wouldn’t follow, couldn’t follow, would shrivel with distance and die like they had to her ability to trust.

When she was nineteen, it was to never have to leave the forensics lab, to be touched like she wasn’t something to leave in the morning, to not be alone on campus during the damn holidays.

When she was twenty-three, it was to secure that promotion, because she didn’t graduate high school early for nothing and she didn’t study that hard in college or work that hard in the academy for nothing.

When she was twenty-six, it was to be better, to be able to trust someone for once, to not shrivel with disbelief when Emily talked about building their life together, to not have taken the girl who smiled at her back to the Baldwin Hotel because she was scared, because she was doubtful, because she was broken.

When she was twenty-nine, it was to keep her city safe, because at least here, she was worth something; at least here, she had a job to do that meant something; at least here, she had the opportunity, finally, to change the way the police operated, to protect aliens and humans both, to protect the kids who grew up like she grew up from the uniform she’d shed with that promotion.

When she was thirty-one, it was Alex Danvers.

It was Alex Danvers’s smile, the way she splutters and stumbles when she’s caught off guard, the way she holds more fire in her eyes alone than anyone else could handle throughout their entire bodies; the way protecting people she loves is wired into her DNA, the way she lets herself get absorbed, fully, into healing people even when her hands have been trained so long for destruction.

When she was thirty-two, it was a lifetime of firsts with this woman. This woman who put a ring on her finger, because this woman had also wanted a magnifying glass, because who wouldn’t
want to spend hours under the porch playing with ants?

This woman who had also wanted her second grade teacher, but not known the words, because the words were denied them both.

This woman who had also yearned for the attention of the other kids, who was popular, ish, until she had to protect her sister from them, who gave it all up for the sake of love.

This woman who also slept over her best friend’s house, too, who didn’t have the words Maggie had had, but who remembered those wants, now, like she remembers her studies.

This woman who also needed a scholarship, too, because she would be worthless if she didn’t, a failure if she didn’t, again, again, again, even though she couldn’t leave, because Kara, Kara, her kid sister Kara.

This woman who also hadn’t known what life was outside of the lab, because she had things to prove and things to cure, in other bodies and in her own.

This woman who almost lost all those opportunities, because she didn’t work that hard for nothing, but god, lord, it felt like she did.

This woman who ran from intimacy in her own way, for her own reasons, because no one had let her have the words and no one had let her have the attention and no one had yet gotten her to be herself.

This woman who also just wanted to keep her city safe, who started finding her worth in the endless days and even more endless nights, who lived to protect, even when she didn’t realize she, too, deserved protection.

This woman who wanted her.

Only her.

This woman who called her amazing when everyone else had called her ableist slurs; this woman who refused to judge her when everyone else had pathologized her; this woman who wanted a lifetime of firsts with her, because she saw her, she heard her, she loved her for… her.

And it was all Maggie had ever wanted.
Chapter 538

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Do you think Kara remembers the phantom zone? At least on some level?

She’d fallen asleep in her big sister’s arms, because after everything – after Jeremiah, after Rick Malverne, after the Daxamite invasion, after… everything – they’ve been having a whole lot more Sisters’ Nights.

She’d been afraid, at first.

About Maggie.

Because she told Alex to never let her go, but here she is, taking all of Alex’s time, her emotional energy, her physical touch.

But one night – one night that found pizza boxes and alien rum and whisky tumblers spread across Alex’s living room, both of the sisters tangled in the same blanket on the couch, trying to sleep off the food and the alcohol – she hears the door to Alex’s apartment open.

She’s not quite asleep, but she pretends to be.

Alex is trying to get her to apologize less. A habit that formed and stuck with… him.

And she doesn’t want to feel like she has to apologize to Maggie.

For monopolizing her girlfriend.

So she keeps her eyes closed and she tries to keep her breathing even as she hears Maggie’s footsteps and heartbeat approach.

She feigns sleep as she feels Maggie lift the blanket up to cover Alex’s exposed feet, and she tries not to let tears leak out of her eyes when she hears her kiss Alex’s face and whisper that she loves her so damn much.

But she almost blows her own cover when Maggie shifts to her, too.

There’s a hesitation, like Maggie is deciding whether this intimacy with her girlfriend’s sister is acceptable, would be welcome.

She must determine that it is – that they’ve survived too much together – because she adjusts Kara’s side of the blanket, too, to cover Kara’s exposed shoulder. She smooths – gently, gently, so Kara doesn’t wake – a few strands of hair away from Kara’s face. She kisses Kara’s forehead, soft and tender, right before she whispers, “Love you, Kid Danvers. Rest well.”

Kara’s heart almost bleeds at the sincerity of it, of this woman she’s been jealous of, this woman she’s been warring with and trying so hard not to.
She continues to feign sleep as she hears Maggie pad softly away from the couch; hears her pour two glasses of water and leave them on the table; clear away the empty pizza boxes and liquor bottles; pour some water for herself; and tiptoe up into Alex’s bedroom.

For some reason, it doesn’t make Kara feel like her space – because Alex has always been hers – is being invaded.

Instead, somehow, it feels like her space is being shared. Enhanced.

Like she’s safe.

And she snuggles into that feeling – that feeling of being surrounded by love – and lets herself actually drift into sleep.

And the dream – the memory, really – starts that way.


There’s the soft hum of Kryptonian engines – a gentle, barely-there, rhythmic sound that she will never stop missing – and there’s the brilliant glow, visible even behind her closed eyelids, of nothing, of everything.

Of time folding in on itself and holding, holding, holding.

For a moment, it’s comforting.

Like Alex’s arms, strong and steady even in sleep, wrapped around her.

Of Maggie’s tentative kiss to her forehead, to her new little sister’s face.

Of Lena’s lips, earlier today, pressing against her cheek, both hoping the other would turn at exactly the right time, bringing lips to meet lips instead of the more platonic embrace.

Of James’s attentiveness, of Winn’s firm faith, of J’onn’s steady support.

For a moment.

But then it’s her aunt’s body dying in her arms and it’s Rick Malverne trying to kill her sister because of her, of her, of her, and it’s her parents, creating weapons and ending lives and swearing it’s for the greater good.

Of her parents, her friends, her entire world.

Vaporized. Gone.

Endlessly looping, endlessly cycling, endless.

Past, present, and future, meaningless, melded, because it all loops here.

Loops, endlessly.

For years and seconds and centuries.

Loops, endlessly, even as she sleeps.

Especially as she sleeps.
Because her body won’t age, but her mind is awake, somewhere, in there.

In the Phantom Zone.

She never remembers while she’s awake, now.

She never feels the lingering sense of endlessness, the heady sense of all-knowingness, the hopelessness of eternity, while she’s awake, now.

But when she sleeps?

Sometimes, when she sleeps, it comes back to her.

Her planet, gone.

Her, alone.

Surviving. Alone.

Prevented even from getting to Kal, useless even in the one reason she survived. The one reason she might have been able to scrape together some measly excuse, some desperate justification, for living when everyone else was dead.

Gone.

Because she’s trapped.

The one use she could have had. Useless.

And she has seconds, years, centuries, it feels like, to contemplate it, even as she sleeps, even as she doesn’t age.

Even as time is collapsed.

She only remembers, now, when she sleeps.

Sometimes.

And every time, she weeps.

And it’s her weeping that wakes her.

Because she’s not alone in her pod anymore.

She might feel like she’s there, but she’s not, she’s not, and she never will be again.

Because her shuddering wakes her sister, and her sister wakes her, and she kisses away her tears and she holds her as time ticks, as hearts beat, as bodies age and relationships bloom.

“I got you,” Alex whispers.

And that’s all Kara ever needs to know.
Chapter 539

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Could I request a feel good sanvers & supercorp fic after this weekend... Lena and Kara’s night in is cancelled after a thunderstorm knocks out their power so they join Alex and Maggie who didn't have much planned, but the four still have a fun night without Netflix and such.

Cross-posted with my Supercorp series, Always Another Side

She doesn’t like thunderstorms.

At all.

They make her cringe and they make her shudder, because they’re not just the quick flashes of light and jolting slams of sound everyone else around her hears.

To her, they’re ongoing and oncoming, because she hears thunder from farther away than the others do, and the anticipation of the huge booms she feels brewing make it almost worse than just suddenly jumping in surprise and brief fear.

Alex knows.

Alex knows just how to hold her, just how to soothe her, just how to calm her from her overstimulation, from her memories of nightmares of her entire planet exploding.

But tonight, Kara is alone in her apartment with Lena, and Alex texts to say she’s on her way to get her, but Kara texts her back, no, no, wait.

Because their power just went out, and – even if it’s terrifying to go out into the storm – she’d rather go to Alex’s.

Lena doesn’t complain that they’re venturing out into an awful thunderstorm so they can go to her girlfriend’s big sister’s apartment because her girlfriend is scared and their power is out.

Lena just smiles and kisses Kara softly and holds her close and she calls Joe, her driver, to see if he could possibly pick them up.

She smiles even broader when he tells her that he’s already on his way, because he loves Ms. Danvers, too, and he knows that she needs to be with her big sister during storms.

Kara thanks him with a shaky hug and a ramble about what astrophysicists think storms are like on Jupiter, and Lena thanks him with a knowing smile and a thousand dollar bonus and a weekend for him and his husband in the most lavish hotel in Coast City.

Alex is waiting downstairs when Joe drops them off, wrapped up in Maggie’s NCPD windbreaker. She darts out to the curb the moment she sees Joe’s car through the nearly solid sheet of rain, and she doesn’t care how drenched she’s getting as she opens the door for her sister, waving at Joe to
stay inside.

“I got you,” she assures Kara as Lena passes her out to Alex, all three of them sprinting inside, Alex’s strong arms shielding Kara from her own trembling at the flashes of lightening, the slams of thunder, the rush of torrential rain.

Kara doesn’t speak as Alex and Lena usher her up the stairs and into the hallway leading into Alex and Maggie’s apartment. She’s too busy shaking off the shivers, trying to block out the storm.

Maggie opens the door before any of them even touch the handle.

Her smile is warm and the three fluffy towels in her arms are even warmer.

She wraps Kara up first.

“Welcome home, Little Danvers,” she leans up to kiss her soaking forehead.

Lena’s next, and then the woman she’s going to marry.

The woman who gave her this beautiful family.

The three of them laugh as Alex opts to shake her hair out instead of towel drying it.

“Now all of us are wet,” she declares victoriously as Maggie wipes rain droplets off her face.

“That’s what ze said,” Lena murmurs as she dries Kara’s face and Kara dries Lena’s shoulders.

“I have fresh sets of clothes for all of you running in the dryer,” Maggie tells them just as the kettle starts to whistle. “And – “

“Hot chocolate?!” Kara squeals, momentarily distracted from the storm outside.

Maggie beams. “You got it, Kid Danvers.”

Kara throws herself into Maggie’s arms, and Alex and Lena laugh hysterically as Maggie sighs and Kara backs up and apologizes profusely.

“I didn’t mean to get you wet, I’m sorry – “

Maggie just laughs and cuts her off. “I tossed a fresh shirt in the dryer for me, too – figured one of you would get me wet.”

“Hey!” Alex blushes as Maggie winks at her, as Lena laughs into Kara’s shoulder.

“Saved by the kettle,” Maggie giggles, squirms out of Alex’s reaching grasp, and jogging lightly into the kitchen to start their hot chocolate. Lena holds Kara while Alex grabs their clothes from the dryer, and she relishes being able to change in front of her sister again – she’d stopped when she joined the DEO in secret, to hide the bruises and scars.

Now, Kara knows each one. Not in the same way that Maggie does, but well nonetheless. Lovingly. Tenderly.

Maggie bites her lip slightly as Alex strips out of her wet clothes, and just when Lena is about to tease her about keeping her eyes in her pockets, Kara slips out of her soaked shirt, and Lena has to swallow her words.
“Hey sis,” Alex says as she tugs on one of Maggie’s old, oversized college hoodies. “Story Night?” Kara squeals while Lena arches an eyebrow and Maggie tilts her head.

“Story Night?”

“Mmhmm. Kara was especially fascinated with Earth languages when she first got here, so when she noticed that in English, stormy and story were almost the same word, we turned some thunderstorms into Story Nights.”

Kara chortles to herself. “Because Stormy Night, but without the m, get it?”

“Yes, dear,” Lena kisses the back of her neck, and Kara settles back into her arms, onto the couch, with a soft sigh.

Alex puts extra cinnamon and whipped cream in Kara’s hot chocolate as she and Maggie bring steaming mugs to Kara and Lena.

“So, what kinds of stories do we tell on Story Night?” Maggie wants to know, curling her feet underneath her as she snuggles into Alex’s lap. Alex immediately starts running her fingers through Maggie’s hair, like an instinct. Like it’s what her fingers were made to do. Because it is.

“Anything we want. Only rule is, they can’t be scary, and they have to have happy endings.”

Lena holds Kara’s hand as she weaves a tale of medieval knights and the heroic women who saved them; Alex plays with Maggie’s hair as she tells them about a hopelessly nerdy teenager who found her love in the girl next store; Maggie sits up and pulls Alex into her lap as she paints a picture of an older otter teaching a younger otter how to swim upstream; and Kara?

Kara takes them all to Krypton, to the depths of space and aboard automated interstellar vessels with organic hulls and edible walls.

None of them, entwined in each other’s bodies and each other’s stories, notice when the thunderstorm finally gives way to peaceful stillness, because none of them, entwined in each other, are anywhere close to scared.
Chapter 540

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Sanvers prompt How about a heated make out session cause the show refuses to show the passion in their kisses on the tv show

Her hands slip back from Maggie’s cheeks to her hair. God, that hair. She can tangle her fingers in that hair forever.

Maggie moans softly and Alex swoons.

No one’s ever made her swoon before.

Maggie’s hands drop to Alex’s waist, somehow both steady and fevered, her lips parting for Alex’s tongue and her knees threatening to buckle at the way Alex’s entire body responds to her every move.

But then Alex is frozen, and Maggie pulls back, panic racing through her pulse and concern etched into her face.

“Too much? I’m sorry Alex, I – “

“No, no,” Alex breathes, her eyes still fluttered closed. “Not too much, I just… can we… can we lay down?” She opens her eyes and her cheeks burn. “Standing… standing’s hard.”

Maggie smiles broadly and kisses Alex’s nose. She takes her by the hand and leads her to the couch. “Where were we?” she rasps, and Alex answers with soft lips tracing her jawline.

Her jawline and her throat and back to her lips, claiming Maggie’s mouth with the same intensity that Alex Danvers does… well, everything.

Alex’s breath is ragged and her hands are somehow everywhere at once. She moans into Maggie’s lips when one of her hands skate up Maggie’s shirt to graze her breast. Maggie arches her chest forward and Alex takes the hint, running her hand back down only to skate up again, this time under Maggie’s shirt, their skin burning onto each other.

“You’re bra’s all silky, Sawyer,” she murmurs, like she’s cataloging all the new information she can, and Maggie chuckles as she brings her lips chaotically to Alex’s neck before claiming her mouth again.

“And your hands are all frisky, Danvers.”

“Problem?” Alex flirts as she starts figuring out how to slip her fingers most efficiently under Maggie’s bra.

“Nope, nope, no, fuck,” Maggie squeaks, and Alex practically preens.

“Smug,” Maggie recovers herself slightly, and Alex chuckles into her mouth.
“Do I ever have to stop kissing you?” she asks as Maggie maneuvers into her lap, still kissing her, still making out like they’ll never get the chance again.

“Never stop,” Maggie promises as they both smile into their breathless, racing kiss.
Idontevenknow asked:
Hey Cap! I figured it out hahahaha my fiancé is being deployed w the army and will be gone for a year.. and I'm already thinking about her return... do you think you could write a Sanvers reunion.. maybe Maggie goes away for an extended amount of time due to work and comes back and her and Alex make up for lost time.. You're the best!

It’s been three hundred ninety days, thirteen hours, twenty-six minutes, and fifteen… no, twelve seconds.

Since Alex last saw Maggie on anything other than a pixelated screen. Since Alex last heard her voice without static. Since Alex last felt her skin on hers, fell asleep in her arms, held her when she cried.

Three hundred ninety days, thirteen hours, twenty-five minutes, and thirty-two seconds.

And Alex Danvers is shaking with nerves.

“What if we don’t fit anymore? What if we’ve changed too much? What if we got too used to being apart? What if the things we’ve both been through apart – “

“Aime. Hey. She loves you. You love her. I’m not saying it won’t be hard, and that there won’t be complications to work through. But for now? For now, you get to see her again. Try to focus on that, just for now, okay? It’ll be alright.”

Alex nods, grateful to her sister for stopping her spiral.

She’s had a lot of spirals to stop, this past year and some odd months.

She’d lived her entire life without Maggie.

Until one day, she wasn’t. Until one day, she didn’t want to.

And then Maggie went away.

Went away because the President was impressed by the NCPD Science Division, especially a particular detective, and she had a job that Maggie was apparently uniquely suited for. A job that required her to ship out and for Alex to stay… home.

A home that somehow didn’t feel like a home anymore, except when Kara was there. Except when James or Winn or Lucy or Lena would crash on her couch, because they knew she was hurting.

Because somewhere in the time she’d spent with Maggie before she left, she’d developed a family beyond Kara.

Because Maggie got her to be herself.
Because Maggie.

And now Maggie’s coming home, and Alex is nauseous. She can’t tell if it’s excitement or anxiety or both, but either way, Kara isn’t letting her drive.

“I’ll take you to the airport. Come on,” she says, stroking her sister’s newly straightened hair, redder now than it was when Maggie left. Alex nods and smiles, her heart racing faster than even her DEO training could ever prepare her for.

Kara drops her off at the tarmac.

The tarmac where it all began.

The tarmac that was most certainly Alex’s jurisdiction, that… oh. Oh. Maggie’s private presidential jet is landing.

And no Infernians in sight.

Alex bites at the inside of her cheek and rings her hands.

She knows Maggie’s hair’s gotten shorter – not as short as hers, but shorter than it used to be – and she knows she’s gotten herself a new set of scars on her upper arm. She knows she’s still got a slight limp from the last part of her mission.

She knows, but her body still isn’t ready for seeing Maggie’s face, Maggie’s body, right in front of her, stepping off the plane first – Alex wonders who she had to threaten to get that honor, and she smiles, her nerves evaporating.

Maggie’s eyes find hers immediately, and Alex doesn’t know she’s running until she’s up the metallic steps and spinning Maggie around in her arms.

She kisses her like there aren’t other officers grinning and whooping and easing around them so they can get off the plane.

She kisses her, exploring slightly new but perfectly familiar tastes in her mouth, mapping every slight change in her body – harder muscles here, fresh scar tissue there – and wondering how she was able to breathe for an entire year without this woman’s mouth giving her oxygen.

“I love you,” is all either of them can say between kisses, between pulling back to stare at each other and hug and kiss all over again, and neither of them are surprised that Alex starts crying first.

“Welcome back to my jurisdiction,” she murmurs when they finally separate enough – but barely, their bodies still perfectly lined up side-to-side as they walk – to dismount the plane completely.

Maggie pretends to scoff and her eyes shine with unshed tears. She looks up at Alex like she’s never seen anything so perfect, because god, she hasn’t.

She looks up at Alex like she’s her every dream come true, because god, she is.

She looks up at Alex like wearing their engagement ring is the only thing that got her through the past year without her, because god, it is.

“Marry me,” Maggie whispers. “Right now. Take me to city hall, Danvers, just… just marry me.”

Kara is already waiting at city hall for them, because she knew. Of course she knew. Because Alex wasn’t the only one Maggie would skype while she was away.
Except she’s home now. Home, in her wife’s arms at long last.
Chapter 542

Chapter Summary

avidreaderffn asked:
Do you think Maggie Sawyer was a sort of mentor to Nicole Haught at the police academy?
Ofc I do I mean.

Alex groans when Maggie’s phone rings in the middle of the night.
“Adrian?” she asks sleepily, and Maggie grunts as she reluctantly disentangles from Alex’s arms to check her screen.
“No,” she murmurs, her tone one of concerned curiosity mixed with pleasure.
“Nicole?” she answers, and Alex grins sleepily. Maggie’s friend from the academy. A good egg, as Winn would say; even if she does seem to forget the time difference between National City and Purgatory.
“Maggie, hey.” Nicole’s voice comes through clear from the other line. “So you know how you’ve got aliens in National City?”
“Yeah…”
“Well, we’ve got demons here in Purgatory.”

Maggie sits up fully and rubs her eyes, kissing Alex’s shoulder and making sure the covers stay wrapped around her as she slips out of bed.
“Sounds like fun. Tell me everything.”

Three Years Ago

“Yes sir, I’m aware of that, sir, I just think that a more effective way to approach the situation would be – “
“No one said it’s your job to – “
“Hey, Donnelly. You got a problem?” Maggie Sawyer calls across the room, because she’s about to get that promotion and she’s not going to have to worry about his ass any time soon.
“This rookie here seems to think she knows a little something about tracing blood spatter than her superior – “
“Does she? What’s your name, kid?”
Maggie sips on her coffee as she glances up and down at the eager-faced redhead.

Cute, she thinks to herself, and she thinks she sees a similar recognition in the other woman’s face. Excellent. Always need more of us.

“Nicole Hawt,” Donnelly answers for her, and Maggie arches an eyebrow.

“It’s pronounced like hot, sir,” Nicole keeps her chin up, and Maggie decides she likes her.

“Well, Officer Haught,” Maggie pronounces it right with emphasis, and yep, that’s definitely a lesbian gleam in the redhead’s eyes. “Why don’t you tell me where you think Donnelly could improve on his investigation?”

Nicole’s explanation and Maggie’s agreement sends Donnelly away grumbling about young upstart girls threatening to tank the department, and they wait the requisite amount of time before giggling softly to each other.

“Nice work, Officer,” Maggie nods, holding out a hand to officially introduce herself.

“Maggie Sawyer. Between you and me, I’ve got the paperwork for my detective shield coming through the pipeline this week. Shipping out to the NCPD Science Division in a couple months. No chance you’d want to put in a request to train with me until I head out, is there? Could be fun. Two young upstart girls – who maybe like girls? yes? thank god, I thought so – threatening to tank the department together?”

Nicole smiles broadly, and Maggie groans internally that she really must have a thing for redheads.

“I’m game. Where do we start?”

Present Day

She’s on the phone with Nicole for maybe an hour before she brushes her teeth, texts her captain, and gently, lovingly, adoringly nudges Alex awake.

“Hey sweetie. Wanna go on an adventure with me?”

“With you, Maggie Sawyer? I’ll go anywhere,” Alex murmurs as Maggie kisses her lips.

“Perfect. How about Purgatory?”
anonymous asked:
Yesterday my dog got bit by a bug on the inside(?) of her paw. She was really freaking out and she's fine now. I'm still kinda worried. Could you write something where Kara gets a hurt dog from the street and she has to deal with it?

She’s not listening for anything in particular.

Whenever James or Winn ask her what it is that she strains her ears for while she flies above the city, she just shrugs. She doesn’t know how to explain it beyond, “I’ll know it when I hear it.”

Sometimes, it’s the sound of breaks screeching or a gun being cocked or a child calling up a tree for a snake named Fluffy that seems to enjoy heights.

Today, it’s a low, whimpering kind of whine emanating from an alleyway.

And just like she tells James and Winn, she knows it when she hears it.

She puts on a burst of speed and soars down at a pace Barry Allen would be impressed by.

“How little buddy,” she says immediately on landing.

On landing and finding a husky with matted fur and sad eyes, whining and whimpering and alternately licking one of their front paws and squeaking and rubbing it against the ground.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” she says, not moving as the pup notices her and tries to back away. “I’m not going to hurt you. But I see something did.”

“Supergirl,” Alex’s voice rings out in her ear. “Our telemetry from your suit says you put on a lot of speed there: did something happen? You okay?”

Kara just smiles, more to herself than to the puppy.

“You see? My sister’s a great doctor. She can help you with that paw of yours.”

“Kara?” Alex’s voice sounds more confused than efficient now, and Kara changes the tone of her voice to respond, but only slightly, not wanting to further frighten the dog.

“Alex, I’m fine, but I found a puppy in an alleyway on Third between Hudson and Main. Can you meet me here? I think something’s wrong with the little buddy’s paw.”

She feels more than hears Alex’s smile, the shake of her head that of course her superhero sister is a superhero for dogs, too.

“I’ll be right there,” she tells her, no hesitation, no “I’m a doctor, not a vet,” because Alex hides it better than Kara does, but her heart, more than anything, has always been her guide.

“See little friend? Help’s on the way.” Kara crouches even lower than she’d already been and
slowly, slowly, extends a hand toward the pup. They watch her with cautious eyes, and she waits.

Waits for the pup to come to her, instead of the other way around, because touch is intimate, and so is trust.

The pup whimpers in acceptance, then, and shuffles forward, hurt paw bent inward, protectively, to bring their head to meet Kara’s hand. Kara smiles and slowly caresses their fur.

“Oh, you do like touch, huh? Is that a good spot?”

As though in response, the pup closes their eyes, like the pain, for a moment, has been forgotten.

They scamper when they hear a van pulling up outside the alleyway a few minutes later, but Kara soothes them, and Alex approaches slowly, slowly, cautiously, a soft smile on her face.

She’s carrying her med kit in one hand and a dog treat in the other.

Kara doesn’t ask where she got the latter so quickly, but she smiles when Alex, too, crouches a few feet away from the pup and from her sister, offering the treat as peace, as trust, as intimacy.

The pup calms, stills, and shuffles closer to Alex to accept the treat, scarfing it up like they haven’t eaten in far too long. Alex’s eyes water for a moment as their tongue searches her hand for more.

She reaches slowly behind her, into her backpack, and pulls out an entire bag of treats.

“Keep giving them treats while I look at their paw, okay?” she tells her sister softly, and Kara happily obliges.

“Hey there. Listen, I know you’re scared, and I know you’re feeling alone. I know your paw hurts. But you’ve got Supergirl with you. And I promise if you let me look at your paw, I can help. What do you think, buddy?” Alex asks, softly, so softly that Kara is surprised until she remembers that her sister wants to start a four-legged family with Maggie.

An idea forms in her mind – the pup has no collar – but she says nothing, for now, as Alex reaches out softly, waiting for permission to soothe their head, pet their matted fur, before examining their hurting paw. They sigh into Alex’s touch, and Alex clicks her tongue in dismay at the state of their coat.

“I’m sorry you’ve been out here all alone, buddy,” she murmurs as she gloves her hand and brings it slowly down to their paw.

The pup whimpers and starts to squirm away, but calms at both sisters’ soothing and Kara’s offer of treats.

“What’s wrong?” Kara asks Alex, and Alex hisses softly.

“Looks like a pretty infected bug bite. Allergies and all that. I should be able to…” She rummages around in her med kit for a cream she’d synthesized just for this purpose, for damage done in the field.

“Hey buddy, this is going to feel cool on your paw, okay? But then it’ll feel better, I promise. I – see? – there, that feels better already, doesn’t it?”

“You’re gonna make a great dog mama, Danvers,” a soft voice from behind them makes all three of them jump softly, but Alex and Kara relax when Maggie steps quietly into the alleyway.
“Maggie, how did you – “

“Winn told me Kara called you in, and I wanted to see if I can help. I heard we had a little hurt pup on our hands. Hey, cutie!” she crouches down, head tilted and dimples on full display.

Her hand finds the small of Alex’s back automatically, and Kara looks away from that deep, casual intimacy.

“The pup doesn’t have a collar, you know. Looks like they’ve been out on their own for a while. My professional opinion as Supergirl? They need a loving home.”

Kara gives their head one last affectionate rub and passes the bag of treats off to Maggie.

“You’re in good hands, little one. I’ll be seeing you soon.”

She winks at the pup like they have their own inside understanding, and Alex and Maggie just splutter and stammer and blush and fight down tears.

“Can we name you Gertrude?” Alex chokes out when she finally remembers how to speak.

Maggie laughs wetly and offers her hand out for the pup to sniff, to welcome. They do, and she lets a tear spill off her face.

“They seem to like it. Told you it’s not a bad name,” Alex beams thickly. “So can we? Name them Gertrude? Our first dog?”

Another tear drops from Maggie’s face as Gertrude snuggles closer into her hand.

“Yeah, Danvers. We can name them whatever you two want.”
Chapter Summary

Asking Maggie

She’s asked her the thing that was hard.

Kara told her to never let Maggie go, and Alex never was one for hesitation.

So she’s already asked her the thing that was hard.

The whole ‘marry me’ thing.

But after that comes a slew of other questions. A slew of questions that maybe should have come before the first question, but hey, they wanted a lifetime of firsts; they never said they had to be in a particular order.

So they’d stayed up late – so many late, late, beautiful nights – curled in each other’s arms and asking soft questions and giving thoughtful answers about what marriage means to each of them. If they want children. What their finances will look like. House or apartment. Put roots down in National City before traveling, or life a lot of places. Combining health insurance plans. Taxes. Monogamy. The eventuality of getting crushes on other women, and how they’ll deal with it.

But in the midst of all that, Alex hasn’t asked Maggie about the ceremony itself. About whether they can have a service that incorporates whatever’s important to Maggie, of course, but also Kryptonian elements to honor Kara, and Jewish elements to honor Alex.

She’s always been embarrassed about her faith.

About how proud she was the first time her father let her wear a kippah and led her through making kiddush in Hebrew.

About how meaningful it had been, how painful but how fitting, when she’d taken her father’s place at the head of the table, the year he’d disappeared from her life, and led the sedar in a shaky voice, with trembling hands and wet eyes.

The way Eliza had held her when Kara went to search for the afikoman – no x-ray vision allowed – and told her that she was proud of her.

She’s always been embarrassed, because faith is incongruous with being a scientist, isn’t it?

And now, isn’t it incongruous with being… well, with being a lesbian?

So she paces and she wrings her hands, and when the door finally cracks open, she jumps, and she gulps and she turns, but it isn’t Maggie that steps into the apartment.

It’s Adrian.

“Hey Agent Danvers, sorry, Maggie said I could come over to study, I – hey, you okay? You’re
doing that nervous pacing thing Maggie talks about.”

“Maggie told you about my – “

“Maggie tells me everything. Everything,” he emphasizes with a cheeky wink, and Alex laughs despite herself as she tugs him in for a hug.

“What are you studying, Ade?” she asks, but he shakes his head resolutely as he shrugs his saddle bag onto the floor and kicks off his converse.

“Nope. We can do that later. Something’s wrong. Talk to Uncle Adrian.”

Alex furrows her brow at him and he shrugs. “Listen, you two might be my queer mamas, but I’m a big boy, I can dispense advice like a champ.”

“You are a champ, kid,” she nudges him with her shoulder, and he nudges her back proudly.

“Seriously, Alex. What’s up?”

He grabs two bottles of root beer out of the fridge, tosses her one, and strides over to collapse onto the couch.

Alex thinks about how tall he’s getting, and she sighs as she sits down next to him.

“You know I’m Jewish, right?”

Adrian sips while he nods. “Kara was telling me about how you all used to combine Kryptonian and Jewish stuff for holidays.”

Alex grins. “Yeah. I… for the wedding, I want to… do you know what a chuppah is?”

Adrian shakes his head, and Alex takes another swig of her root beer.

“It’s like this canopy thing. Jewish couples get married under it. And I know Maggie’s not Jewish, but I… I never really thought about getting married. As a kid. I wasn’t one of those girls who fantasized about it, you know?”

“Probably because you couldn’t imagine yourself with some man,” Adrian nods knowingly, and Alex clinks her bottle against his.

“Probably. But for some reason, I don’t know. Some of those things are… are important to me, but I don’t want to… I’m gay, we’re gay, lesbians, you know – “

“Yes, incidentally, I’m aware – hey!”

He swats away the pillow she hits him with.

“I just… I don’t want to offend Maggie, or hurt her, or something. By asking to have something religious part of our ceremony. Especially a religion that’s not hers. I don’t – “

“Alex, hey, hey, you don’t have to cry. She loves you. Maggie loves you so damn much it’s almost annoying, always Alex this and Danvers that and yes god Danvers don’t stop – “

“Ade!”

“I mean, that last one was a guess. Which I imagine was pretty accurate – ow! no more pillow
attacks, not all of us have DEO training! – but really, Alex. Tell her exactly that – that you don’t want to trigger her, and you’re open to compromise and all that, but this is important to you.”

“But it’s… it’s stupid that it’s important to me. Isn’t it? Religion? And science, and… and lesbianness?”

Adrian sighs and shakes his head. “You know my folks are really religious, right? But you know what they get from their religion? That they should love their damn kid. Unconditionally. And Alex, Maggie… you know, I think that’s what Maggie loves most about you. The way you’re like, super hard and scary – Winn’s words, not mine – but also kind and soft and bottom-y and stuff. Ow! Not all the time, I know – hey! – I’m just saying, she loves how you’re both. How you’re everything, you know? She’ll love that you’re all hardcore sciencey and yet your Jewishness is important to you, and she’ll love that you’re a religious, or spiritual, or cultural, whatever word you want, lesbian. She’ll love it because she loves you. How much you hold in your personality. You know?”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself, Danvers.”

Maggie’s voice in the doorway makes them both jump slightly.

“Hey babe!”

“Maggie! We were just talking about you.”

“Yes, I hear that.”

“Wise guy. Come here.” She wraps Adrian in a deep, hard hug, whispering a thank you in his ear. For his kindness, his intelligence, his sensitivity and his insight.

“And I feel like you have something you want to talk to me about, sweetie,” she pulls Alex in for a soft, tender kiss that makes Adrian awww and Alex swoon.

“Yeah,” she whispers, breathless, her fear evaporating, because Adrian’s right.

Maggie loves her so damn much. All of her.

So maybe asking her about their ceremony will only bring them closer.

Maybe asking her will be another beautiful, beautiful first.
anonymous asked:
Since Lucy prompts are out there. Lucy coming back from war and seeing Maggie being like "damn I wasn't your gay awakening. I'm shocked"

She’d tried, with Alex.

There were lingering glances and the way she touched her arm, and there were – after she’d saved her from Cadmus – murmured conversations with Vasquez about whether she was just so out she didn’t need to say it or whether she didn’t know yet.

So part of her isn’t surprised at all when she gets Alex’s texts – all fourteen of them – about this girl who plays pool terribly and whose lips are so damn soft and whose smile melts her insides, about high school crushes and so much of life suddenly understood.

Part of her isn’t surprised, because she knew all along.

But the other part of her is shocked.

Shocked that it wasn’t her.

And her feathers are a bit ruffled, truth be told.

“I’m hot,” she tells Kara on the way home from the airport. Kara who blushes and adjusts her glasses and murmurs something about her smelling nice, too.

“I mean, I know that. Right? I’m hot, I saved her from Cadmus on a flipping motorcycle – “

“You also sent her there in the first place – “

“Details, Kara! You’re supposed to be on my side – “

“Am I?”

“Kara. How was I not your sister gawakening?”

“Her – “


Kara just shakes her head and hugs her again, the smile on her face a massive relief.

She’s glad Lucy’s home.

And so is Alex.

So is Alex, and she’s bouncing on her toes – a strange, odd phenomenon that Lucy files away to tease her about later – as she introduces her to Maggie.
And Lucy understands, a little bit.

Because she’s police, not military, but her handshake certainly feels like military.

And her voice is just the right kind of low, and her eyes are overflowing with adoration for the incredible nerd in front of her.

It doesn’t hurt that she’s gorgeous, too.

But as the night goes on, Lucy understands even more.

The way Maggie touches Alex, casual, intimate, like she’s worshiping her, even when the touch is just a graze of the fingers as she gives her a new bottle of root beer.

The way Maggie makes Alex laugh, the way she makes Alex melt, the way she tilts her head when she listens to her, the way she leans over and touches her thigh when Alex updates Lucy on Jeremiah, in more detail than skype allowed for.

“Hey, Maggie,” she catches up to her as Maggie goes to get them all another round. “Listen, I… at first I didn’t get it. How I wasn’t Alex’s gay awakening, you know? But now I’ve met you? You really love her, huh?”

Maggie smiles and nods and blushes just a bit. “Yeah. I do.”

“I’m glad she has you.”

Maggie tilts her head and squints slightly – a habit she must have been picking up from Alex – and her voice is both unreadable and inviting.

“She should have you, too. You should spend more time here. I know there was a lot to get away from, but uh… there’s also a lot to come home to. You know? You should stay, Lucy, if you can. If you want.”

Maggie shrugs and grins and tilts her head in the direction of the bar.

“Come on. Help me with these drinks.”

Something warm and familiar shoots up and down Lucy’s spine as she watches Maggie walk. She turns to look back at Alex, leaning into James’s chest and laughing about something or other.

Yeah. There is a lot to come home to.
Chapter 546

Chapter Summary

avidreaderffn asked:

"Vasquez, Jess, Pam, and Jessy walk into a bar" what would this story be about?

Yall know Vasquez, Jess the Secretary and Pam from HR, but in case you don’t know Jessy the Pizza Guy (who always brings the Danvers girls their pizza)

(So I know this mostly focuses on Supercorp, but I thought yall would enjoy. Cross-posted with my Supercorp series, Always Another Side.)

“Wait, so how do you know about this place, Jessy?”

“What, are you gonna check me for clearance, Vasquez? Please, I’ve been delivering pizza here since freshmen year.”

“Pizza. To the alien bar.”

“Pam, do you honestly think humans are the only ones who like pureed tomatoes and cheese on bread? Have you met Kara Danvers?”

“You know Lena never ate pizza until Kara? I mean, should would once in a while, on the sly, when she was having a more terrible week than normal. But then Kara? It’s one of her happy foods now.”

“I know, and she lets you give me such great tips. Hey, Vasquez, when’s the next DEO pizza party?”

“We don’t have parties, kid, those orders are just Supergirl’s lunches.”

“Yeah, I’m sure she needs them after spending all that alone time with your boss, Jess – “

“Don’t even! The amount of paperwork those Danvers girls cost me – “

“You really telling me you don’t like knowing everyone’s dirt, Pam? Knowing exactly when and where and how Danvers and Sawyer – “

“No one needs to know that, Vasquez! They’re just still bitter that they weren’t Alex’s gay awakening – “

“Nah, that’s Lane – “

“Extra peppers on Lucy Lane’s orders – “

“Do you seriously memorize all your customers’ orders?”

“Listen, brain exercises are fun – “
“Hey, Jess, isn’t that Lena? With – oh… um. Between Kara’s legs?”

“M’gann’s gonna kick them out again.”

“Yeah, and somehow the paperwork’ll land on my desk. I don’t even work here.”

“Well at least you’re not the one in charge of keeping it out of the press.”

“Should I just go grab sixteen pies now? Looks like they’re gonna need them.”

“That poor pool table.”

“That lucky pool table.”

“Vasquez!”

“Am I wrong though.”

“Nope.”

“Not at all.”

“Nuh uh.”
Chapter 547

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I really want someone to write Maggie being a lifeguard and Alex always making her super flustered with her blatant flirting (Maggie turns into an even bigger gay mess when Alex flirts with her while still in her wetsuit cause it's a Look™)

The mornings when Alex just runs on the beach, Maggie can handle herself.

Mostly.

Those are the mornings when her shift has just started and no one is really out yet. She’s got no one to watch out for, and no one to look at except this gorgeous woman with short hair – is it red? she never can tell, but god, does she want to find out – doing sprint intervals on the sand in the midst of her longer run.

She loves the way the woman smiles haphazardly when an unexpected wave crashes up and soaks into her shorts.

She loves the way the woman runs with complete focus, complete dedication, perfect strides, perfect form.

She loves the way the woman stops to stretch right down the beach from Maggie’s lifeguard tower.

She wonders if she does it on purpose.

A few weeks ago, she started to think she does, indeed, do it on purpose.

Because a few weeks ago, she learned the woman’s name.

“Hey,” she’d called up, panting slightly and sweating through the bandanna around her forehead. “I’m Alex. Looks like a lonely shift for you, huh?”

“I… it… s’still early,” Maggie had sputtered, because why was this woman talking to her, squinting up at her, shading her eyes with her ridiculously toned arm, a grin on her face.

“Well, whoever comes by to swim later’s gonna be pretty lucky. Get watched over by someone as beautiful as you. I surf, you know. So I can swim worth a damn. We should do it together sometime. Swim, I mean.”

Maggie’d nearly dropped out of the tower, and Alex – Alex, Alex, Alex – seemed to relish what a mess she was making her.

“I didn’t catch your name,” she offered, and Maggie had gulped. Hard.

“Sawyer. Maggie. Maggie Sawyer.”

“Well, Sawyer Maggie, Maggie Sawyer – I’ve gotta get to work, but uh… I really hope to see you
again tomorrow.”

Maggie had just nodded, had just watched Alex saunter away with parted lips.

She’d spent the rest of the day cursing herself for being such a bumbling mess.

But Alex didn’t seem to mind.

Because now, they’d talk every day after Alex’s run.

Because Maggie – after some practicing with Adrian, anyway – finally figured out how to speak around this gorgeous woman with such intensity of focus, such immense dedication, such a life-changing smile.

That is, except on the days when Alex went surfing.

Those days, she’d come up to Maggie with her board tucked under her arm, her wetsuit still on, her hair still sopping. Her face would be flushed with triumph, with exhilaration, and Maggie would still be trying to calm down from how damn turned on she was by Alex’s command of the ocean, of her board, of herself.

The way the wetsuit would cling to all the right parts of Alex’s body didn’t help in the slightest.

“You took some risks today,” Maggie somehow manages to say, this latest time Alex jogs up to her tower, panting, a gleam in her eyes and her hair and body still marvelously soaked.

Alex nods and they both look out to the ocean, raging today after last night’s rare storm.

“Yeah, it’s a lot today I guess. But no risk no reward, right? And anyway, I knew I had the best lifeguard in town watching my back.”

Maggie scoffs at that, face reddening as she shakes her head. “You’ve only ever seen me sit up here doing exactly nothing.”

Alex plants her board in the sand and grins. “My sister was here yesterday. In the afternoon. Blonde girl, tall, beautiful? Anyway, she saw you rescue that little kid who got too far out. She said it was amazing. She said you were amazing. Which I don’t find at all hard to believe.”

Maggie lowers her eyes and gulps. “Just doing my job.”

“Your job is brilliant, and so are you. I uh… listen, I’ve been trying to get the guts to do this for like a month now, but um… can I take you to dinner or something, Maggie? There’s this great pinball bar – “

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Yeah, you can take me to dinner. I was beginning to think you’d never ask.”
Chapter 548

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey Cap. I'm gonna have a v v shitty day, how about some Superfriends (ans yes, i am including Lucy) playing dinking games à la truth or dare and never have I ever? Bonus for some Director Sanvers if you are up for it, but only Sanvers I alright too. I send very much love to you, stay awsome!

Maggie swears to M’gann that they won’t let Kara have more alien rum than sh can handle, and even though Alex apparently trusts Maggie with her life but not a flash grenade, M’gann trusts Maggie with Kara’s liquor.

She strolls out of the bar with a bottle of the stuff and a smug expression as she heads to Kara’s for Game Night.

It’s board games for a while, but as the night presses on – and as a J’onn-imposed day off on Alex and a captain-imposed day off on Maggie settles in around them – the alcohol, human and alien, comes out in full force.

Lucy leans over Alex’s lap to whisper something in Kara’s ear that makes her blush, that makes her splutter and adjust her glasses, but she nods and she clears her throat.

“Someone thinks we should play Never Have I Ever,” Kara tells the group with a pointed look at Lucy, and James and Winn cheer.

“I’m in,” Maggie shrugs, leaning back into the couch, legs spread and confident, and Alex and Lucy both gulp at the sight.

“Okay okay, since it was my idea, I get to go first, okay?”

“Make it good, Lane,” Winn tilts his beer bottle toward her, and she smirks.

“When have you known me to not make it good, Schott? And don’t you answer that, Jimmy,” she teases, her hand on his knee, and James laughs and squeezes his ex’s hand briefly, shaking his head happily at how this crowd, this family, transforms her into a version of herself that is so much more likely to smile.

“Okay, so: everyone knows the rules, right? I say something I’ve never done, and if you have done the thing, you drink.”

“And every fourth time you’ve done something, you drink water, not alcohol, okay everyone? I don’t want anyone floating away.”

“Yeah Kara.”

“It was one time!”
“Alright alright: so. Never have I ever worn a red cap and put my hands on my hips.”

Kara scowls and shouts “no fair!” while Alex laughs into Lucy’s shoulder. Lucy’s hand slips onto Alex’s thigh and Maggie gulps, both on her own spit and on her beer.

“Maggie, did you just drink?” James calls her out, and she curses internally.

“I was really into Superman as a kid, okay?”

“Awww, little baby SuperSawyer! Ow! No pillow attacks, pillow attacks spill beers!”

“Babe, should we introduce you to Clark next time he’s in town?”

“My sister’s been banging him for years, James wanted to for a while, and hell, Schott still wants to, so I don’t blame you, Maggie – he’s someone to emulate alright,” Lucy grins as everyone yelps in laughter, before leaning in between Alex and Maggie, lowering for voice so only the two of them can hear her. “We can always explore more of your cape-wearing, hands-on-hipping later, too, Sawyer.”

Maggie bites her lip and Alex clears her throat. Loudly. But her smile gives her away, and Lucy’s smug as she sits back down.

“Who’s next?”

“Me, me, I’ll go!” Winn almost spills his beer down his front in his eagerness.

“Okay, okay. Um. Never have I ever had sex with anyone in this room.”

Everyone drinks.

Alex splutters.

“Kara, you and James – “

“No, you know I’m ace with men, I mean we’ve… done things, but not – “

“Well I know you didn’t sleep with Maggie, so who – “

Lucy’s busy examining her nails and James is busy burying his head in his hands and laughing to himself.

Maggie’s jaw drops, as pleased as she was when Alex punched Rick Malverne in the face.

Alex nearly falls off the couch.

“Lane!”

“Danvers.”

“My little sister!”

“Is a very grown-ass woman. A very fine grown-ass woman.”

“My little sister!”

“Listen Danvers, it’s not my fault Kara discovered things about her sexuality before you did, otherwise you could have gotten with this earlier,” she winks. “Thanks for the assist bringing her
out, Maggie. A service to lesbians and bi women everywhere.”

Maggie chokes on her beer as Alex stammers and gapes, her smile almost as bright as her blush.
Chapter 549

Chapter Summary

bungledramblingsofalesbianmind asked:

AU + 5 headcanons: Kara can't stop the ship that Alex is on with the other aliens and she is launched across the galaxy.

this is painful why would you do this to me

(not strictly a fic, but thought you'd like it anyway)

1. Kara and Maggie take down Cadmus. All of it. Kara nearly kills Lilian Luthor, and Maggie talks her down, barely.

2. Eliza refuses to see or speak to Jeremiah, even though he helped Kara and Maggie take down Cadmus when he realized what he’d done.

3. Maggie and Lena team up to form an anti-xenophobia task force in National City, which combines anti-xenophobic education and ad campaigns with relief and prevention efforts to offer confidential assistance to aliens and human immigrants alike who’ve been targeted by Cadmus and white supremacist violence.

4. Kara and Maggie start living together at Alex’s apartment because they can’t bear to rent it out or to sleep in spaces that don’t feel like her.

5. It takes Alex and her unexpected crewmates nearly a year, but, pooling all their knowledge, skills, and support-systems, they finally get out a message to the Waverider. Sara Lance and co. help bring Alex and every single alien refugee back to Earth, safe and sound.

They all live happily ever after.
Chapter 550

Chapter Summary

So this is written as a #Sanvers Life Update over on my tumblr, but it got fic-like so I just had to put it here.

Right now, Maggie Sawyer is eating lunch at her desk as three poor delivery guys struggle under the weight of the three massive bouquets they’re bringing her.

Even though the flowers are clearly from Alex – the card reads “Hey pretty lady, take a break and have some flowers, because I want making you laugh and smile to be my superpowers” – Maggie calls Lena first.

“Hey Jess, can you put her on the phone?”

“Everything okay, Detective?”

“I think Lena’s giving my fiancee lessons in suaveness again.”

“How many bouquets did she send?”

Lena doesn’t mention that there will be even more flowers waiting for her at home that night, and Maggie won’t admit it to anyone but Alex, but she fucking loves it.

I don’t make the rules.
Chapter 551

Chapter Summary

Coming Home (Alt. Post-2x15, Alex gets tossed across the galaxy)

It didn’t matter that she’d blown out her powers trying to save the ship, trying to save her sister.
The only reason she ever felt at home on this planet.
It didn’t matter.

It still took James, J’onn, Winn, and Maggie combined to keep Kara on the regeneration bed in the DEO, under the red-sun lamp when she woke up, screaming.

Screaming for Alex.

Maggie’s eyes were red and her hands were shaking.

She never said anything as she stayed at Kara’s bedside, and Kara didn’t say anything to her. They made eye contact infrequently; blue meeting brown was too painful for now, too raw, too... Alex.

The loss shuttled between them like the worst kind of drug.

They only spoke when, days later, Kara narrowed her eyes, and the familiar charging sound accompanied the golden glow of her gaze.

Her powers were back.

She turned to Maggie. She nodded. Maggie nodded back.

They snuck out of the DEO and into Cadmus before anyone noticed they were gone.

Maggie had to restrain herself from shooting to kill.

She had to restrain Kara from strangling Lilian Luthor.

“Alex wouldn’t want you to,” were the first words she’d said in days, and the shout was raw with her hoarse grief.

“But Alex would do it,” Kara retorted, and Maggie knew she was right.

“You aren’t your sister, Kara,” Maggie reminded her, even though -- when Kara conceded and let Maggie punch Lilian unconscious before arresting her -- they moved in to Alex’s apartment together. After.

After.

Maggie spent her days with Lena, and her nights with Kara.

Her days with Lena, combining L Corp’s resources with the Science Division’s alien CI network,
keeping the aliens remaining in National City safe from the stray Cadmus supporters Maggie and Kara hadn’t incapacitated in their raid, pushing social services and health services beyond the mere memorialization of Cadmus’s victims, both at the bar and across the galaxy, pushing anti-immigration efforts against both humans and aliens deeper into the ground than their grief.

Her nights with Kara, in Alex’s apartment, rarely speaking except to soothe each other after nightmares, except to heal each other when Maggie split her knuckles against her heavy bag and Kara couldn’t move from the couch because her heart was heavier than even that damn ship had been.

They never stopped searching the skies.

But ultimately, it was Alex that got herself home.

Alex and her unexpected crew of alien refugees, some engineers and some botanists, some school teachers and some musicians, all banding together to keep themselves alive, to keep themselves united, for an entire year.

An entire year until Alex and Brian’s old roommate salvaged enough materials and know-how to rig a way to contact their salvation.

Captain Sara Lance of the Waverider.

Alex shared Sara’s quarters when the Legends rendezvoused with the ship, Mick uncharacteristically restraining himself from commenting at the way Sara would sweep Alex’s hair, longer now, redder now, away from her face.

Because she had that look she got when she thought too hard about Laurel.

So Mick would grunt and offer them both beers instead, and it turned out Alex could drink him under the table.

Amaya was amused, and Sara was grateful to hear Alex laugh.

But the best moment?

Sara thought the best moment by far was listening to Alex, Jax, and some of the Pholian engineers yell in excitement when they finally figured out how to extend the Waverider’s protective shielding around the Cadmus ark, how to tether it to take both ships on a jump back to earth in one piece.

And then she thought the best moment was the way Jax scooped Alex off her feet and spun her around in happiness, in gratitude, the way she reached for one of the Pholian children and let them cry in her arms because they were going home. They were all finally going home.

But when they actually made it safely back to earth, Sara realized she was wrong.

Those weren’t the best moments.

The best moments were Supergirl nearly cracking Alex’s ribs and Alex not caring one bit.

The best moments were the way Winn cried into James’s shoulder as he waited to hug Lyra, as he watched Kara squeeze the air out of her sister.

The best moments were children reuniting with parents, cousins and old friends and bar buddies
and lovers.

The best moments were Alex falling into J’onn’s open arms, Lena and James holding Kara while Alex sobbed into her father’s chest.

The best moments were Alex shouting Maggie’s name and sprinting into her arms, kissing her like they could stop the sun from shining with their own brightness, streaming tears like they could make it rain in the desert with the force of their reunion.

And, Sara figured, they could.

“Job well done, Captain,” Amaya nudged Sara’s shoulder, and Sara realized with a jolt that her own face was wet as she grinned.

“What are Legends for?”
Chapter 552

Chapter Summary

Alex’s Number (POI meets Supergirl)

It’s a wonder Alex Danvers’s number hasn’t come up already.

Plenty of people have wanted to kill her. Have planned to kill her.

Somehow, she always manages to handle herself.

This time, though? This time, her number comes through.

This time, Shaw and Reese get on a flight to National City.

“So aliens. Like, actual aliens from outer space, not some racist euphemism?”

The corners of Reese’s lips tilt upward. Slightly. Very slightly.

“Actual aliens gonna be a problem for you, Shaw?”

Shaw pffts and smirks, leaning back into her seat. “If they have kneecaps, they won’t be a problem. Finch able to get a hold of Root? We might need her if our number’s under threat from a little green guy.”

“Or if our number is the threat.”

Shaw hums in agreement.

“And no. Root’s under cover somewhere. Again.”

“Figures. Shame she’ll miss the action.”

But the Machine has other plans for Root.

Plans that land Root, somehow, in a storage closet in the DEO, glasses on, feet up, and chomping on a bag of chips when the door crashes open.

“Dammit, Sawyer, Thursday morning knife practice – “

“Can wait, Danvers. Unless you want me to stop?”

“God no.”

The redhead’s head tilts back as the shorter brunette shuts the door behind them, her hands slipping under the other woman’s black polo shirt.

“Maggie,” the woman against the back of the door breathes, and their kiss gets more tender, more gentle, more deep, somehow.
Root tilts her head, eyebrows raised. She crunches another chip.

The women immediately disentangle, Maggie pulling the silver gun out of the taller woman’s thigh holster, the other woman seamlessly pulling the gun out of the back of Maggie’s jeans. As one, they each train the other’s gun on Root.

“Who are you?” the taller woman demands, and Root arches an eyebrow.

“Alex Danvers, I presume,” she smirks, utterly unconcerned, and Maggie steps in front of Alex, calm aggression, protectiveness, taking over her entire being.

Root decides she likes her.

“How do you know my name?” Alex growls, and Root sighs, popping another chip into her mouth and wiping her fingers daintily on a napkin she’d brought.

“You’re in danger, Agent Danvers,” Root tells her steadily. “And I have a surprisingly useful big lug and a rather gorgeous former assassin on the way to help you.”
“So Purgatory’s actually the name of the town? Not some joke between you and your old academy buddy?” Alex confirms as they pull Maggie’s pickup down a long dirt road, one of Maggie’s hands on the steering wheel, the other hanging out the window.

“No, it’s real, Danvers. And so’s the whole demon thing.”

The sound of a gun cocking next to the window just as Maggie parks makes Alex reach for hers, but Maggie just sighs. “And so’s Nicole’s girlfriend’s trigger happy sister.”

The leather-clad brunette behind the barrel of the gun squints and lowers it slightly. “Been called worse things than trigger happy I guess.” She raises her voice so suddenly Maggie flinches slightly, and Alex’s grip tightens on her own gun.

“Nico! Your ex is here! With a new hottie, by the looks of it!”

“Oh, no, Haught’s not my ex – “

“Please, gorgeous redhead in your front seat, gorgeous redhead in my sister’s bed, you’re telling me you don’t have a type?”

“The lady has a point, babe, Emily – “

“Oh thank god,” Maggie murmurs as she sees Nicole strutting out of the Homestead, thumbs in her belt loop and a broad grin on her face.

“Detective Maggie Sawyer. You can lower that gun, Wynonna, I told you – I trust Maggie with my life.”

Wynonna shrugs and heaves her sister’s shotgun onto her shoulder, tugging open the door for Maggie, who gives Alex’s hand a reassuring squeeze before hopping out of the truck.

“Officer Nicole Haught. Still haven’t got that promotion, huh?”

“I’d say working with the Black Badge is a vertical move, wouldn’t you?”

Maggie tilts her head and laughs as she pulls Nicole into her arms.

“It’s been too long,” Nicole smiles over Maggie’s shoulder, and Maggie nods as she pulls back and reaches for Alex’s hand.

“Nicole, this is my girlfriend, Alex. Alex, Nicole Haught, my old friend from the academy.”

“Pleasure, ma’am,” Nicole arches an eyebrow as they shake hands, and Wynonna snickers. “I hear
you do good work protecting National City – I’m hoping you can both give us a hand here in Purgatory.”

“All business, no pleasure, Nicole; you’re not gonna introduce us all first?”

Nicole chuckles. “Alex, Maggie, this is Wynonna Earp. Kind of a legend around these parts.”

“For absolutely none of the right reasons.”

“Well, the town just doesn’t know you like we do, sis,” a new voice chimes in, and Nicole lights up as a blonde with a high ponytail and playful eyes strides over to the truck.

“Aw, thanks babygirl,” Wynonna grins, and Maggie reaches for Alex’s hand, knowing she’s missing Kara right about now.

“Waverly Earp. And let’s see – Maggie Sawyer and Alex Danvers, right? All the way from National City: I hear you have aliens!”

Alex clears her throat and Nicole hastens to clarify. “We do get newspapers here,” she assures her, and Alex relaxes.

“Yeah, and incidentally, newspapers are how I pieced together everything you’ll need to know about the curse. Come on, I’ll show you. We’ve got display boards and everything!” Waverly practically bounces, eager to share her research with people who don’t already know and who won’t judge.

Nicole laughs as Waverly tugs her hand forward, and Wynonna leans into Alex and Maggie as they start to follow.

“Display boards and donuts. Emphasis on the donuts,” she whispers, and Maggie grins as her fingers intertwine with Alex’s.

She’s never been great with her past meeting her present – and hopefully, her future – but this?

This should be fun.
“So,” Maggie nearly whispers as the door snaps shuts behind Lucy. Her hands are still on Alex’s waist.

She doesn’t move them.

Both of them can still hear her laughing as she heads down the hall toward Sara’s dorm.

“So,” Alex croaks back. They don’t move, fearful of Maggie moving her hands.

They don’t want her to move her hands away from their waist.

Ever.

They glance down at Maggie’s lips again, at the way Maggie’s pupils are dilating, the way her lips are wet and slightly parted.

“So Lucy’s a loyal wingwoman,” Maggie manages to choke out, and Alex laughs softly.

Neither of them move away from each other.

“Yeah. Yeah, she uh… she’s a good egg.”

Maggie nods, her eyes making the trip down to Alex’s mouth.

“So I know you said you weren’t trying to get me into bed by inviting me back here – “

“I wasn’t, Maggie, I’m sorry, I – “

“Hey, hey, it’s cool, you’re okay. I was just gonna ask… there’s no chance you wanna kiss me, is there, Danvers?”

“No chance? Maggie, are you kidding? You’re smart and you’re tough and you’re… I mean, have you seen yourself in the mirror lately? So beautiful. But I mean… do you want me to kiss you? Because we don’t have to – “

“Danvers – “

“I really didn’t bring you back here with ulterior motives, and my breath is probably all pizza-y, and – “

“Danvers.”

“Rambling. Sorry. Lucy’ll kill me. Um. Go ahead. What?”
“Kiss me. Please?”

So they do.

They kiss her slow and tentative, and they see sparks behind their eyes, fluttered closed.

Maggie’s hands stay on their waist, and Alex busies their hands with her hair.

They part their lips and Maggie rises onto her tip toes, brushing her tongue against Alex’s bottom lip.

Alex moans softly. And swoons. Hard.

Maggie steadies them, and the two rest their foreheads together, knowing they need to breathe, but also unwilling to part from each other.

“Wow,” Maggie whispers after a long moment, and Alex splutters.

“‘That was good and I wanna do it again’ wow, or ‘you suck at that and I’m regretting going on a date with you’ wow?”

Maggie laughs, and it’s the best sound Alex has ever heard. “The second one, Danvers,” she assures her.

“So um,” Alex grins, their face bright red, their eyes glistening with hope. “Wanna stick around? Maybe watch some Buffy? Do you like Buffy? I mean, we can watch something else, or we could keep talking, or we could keep… you know, kissing… I mean, if you – “

“Buffy sounds awesome, Alex,” Maggie soothes them, bringing her hand to Alex’s an intertwining their fingers. She looks over her shoulder as she leads Alex to their couch. “And so does the talking.” She clears some of Lucy’s law textbooks off the couch. “And so does the kissing.”

“So you’re saying you liked it? Because that’s… that’s what I got.”

Maggie laughs again, and Alex wants to hear that sound again and again and again.

“Come sit with me and find out.”

So they do. Again and again and again.
Sanvers at a Driving Range

for the wonderful @letsrewhavoc, who said, “Sanvers at a driving range, like classic cheesyness. Showing each other how to hold a golf club”

She wanted to go to the armory.

Or the shooting range, at least.

But J’onn had specified that this mandatory afternoon off should under no circumstances involve firearms.

“Or flash grenades, Detective; don’t tempt her,” he’d warned. “Nothing explosive, please.”

Maggie laughs at his teasing, but when Alex isn’t looking, she and J’onn exchange a somber, knowing glance.

Because her fiancee, his eldest Earth daughter, has gone through too much lately.

Seen too much, heard too much.

Felt too much.

Tortured too much.

Been tortured too much.

Almost killed too much.

Almost died too much.

So no shooting, and no explosives. No weaponry of any kind.

Maggie tilts her head as Alex whines at Winn about what she’s supposed to do for fun that doesn’t involve firearms, and she laughs as Alex reddens when Winn wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

“You walked right into that one, Danvers,” Maggie calls from across the command center, and Vasquez snickers.

“Come on, babe. I know just the place to take you.”

“Pun!” Winn shouts, and Alex raises a mock-threatening hand, even as she laughs warmly.

“Papa Bear said no violence!” Winn defends himself.

“He said no weapons, not -- “
“Detective Sawyer, will you please remove your fiancee from the facility before we have to get Pam up here?”

“Sir yes sir,” Maggie grins, taking Alex by the hand and kissing her knuckles before she starts to walk.

Alex melts, and J’onn and Winn exchange a relieved grin.

“So where are we going?” Alex asks, and Maggie just smiles.

When she pulls up at the driving range, Alex tilts her head.

“I didn’t know you play golf,” Alex says, her voice holding a nearly reverent tone that makes Maggie go gooey inside.

Maggie shrugs. “A lifetime of firsts, Danvers; I hope I can surprise you somehow.”

Alex laughs and pulls Maggie into a deep kiss by her lapels.

Maggie has to clear her throat several times before she’s composed enough to head inside. It makes Alex’s heart soar; it makes Alex’s body language extremely smug.

But her smugness vanishes somewhat when they get to their lane, when Maggie squints at Alex’s body slightly before selecting a club for her. She takes it into uncharacteristically awkward hands, and Maggie tilts her head.

“Don’t worry, babe. I’m gonna walk you through everything.”

“Mmm, well, you are an excellent teacher, so -- “

“Danvers!” Maggie murmurs, her turn to blush. Alex bites her lip, and Maggie has to use every ounce of restraint to not take her then and there.

“Okay, um... golf. Right. Let me see your natural swing.”

The flirtation drains from Alex’s eyes. “But I don’t know how.”

Maggie’s hands slip around Alex’s waist. “I happen to know that you are an extremely fast learner, Alex Danvers.”

“Do you now?” Alex kisses her, and Maggie swoons before collecting herself enough to step back.

“Go ahead, babe,” she encourages, and Alex tries -- hard -- not to overthink the swing. She overthinks anyway, and Maggie doesn’t laugh or snort or tease. She just nods and steps forward.

“That was good, sweetie. You’ve got great body alignment -- and a great body, hey, doesn’t hurt -- and your feet are perfect. But here’s the thing -- you gotta keep your left arm straight the whole way through this part of the swing, okay?”

Although it would be more efficient to demonstrate in front of Alex, Maggie steps behind her so her stomach is flush against Alex’s back, the fronts of her thighs flush against Alex’s. She wraps her arms around her, and Alex melts.

“How am I supposed to keep anything straight with your body against mine like this?” Alex
murmurs, and Maggie chuckles from deep in her throat. She leans up on her tiptoes to kiss the back of Alex’s neck.

“Focus, Danvers,” she teases, and Alex obeys.

It turns out that Alex was right; Maggie is an excellent teacher. And it turns out that Maggie was right; Alex is an extremely fast learner.

But that doesn’t stop them from leaving the driving range a full hour before their reserved time ends; because the sight of Maggie’s hips moving like this, Alex’s arm muscles rippling like that?

Drives them home to a very different kind of relaxation.
anonymous asked:
This is probably weird, so feel free to ignore. I have this hc that, during their first time with a strapon, whether it's their general first time together or not, Alex will just start crying, and Maggie will be worried, but Alex won't want her to stop, because no, she's not in pain, nothings wrong, no, these are tears of joy. And the there's just Maggie holding her and fucking her sweetly while she cries her happy tears, and I was just wondering if maybe you could put this in a fic? Please?

Chapter Notes

all the smut. but like, emotional smut. (I'm such trash for emotional smut oops)

They talk about it while they’re distinctly not in either of their bedrooms, because the night she’d brought over the pizza and all of her courage, Maggie had told Alex that they should probably take it slow.

For Alex’s sake, but for her own, as well.

Because she always falls, but she’s never fallen this hard, this fast, and she wants to make sure she doesn’t mess it up. Not with Alex.

Not like she messes up everything else good in her life.

And Alex? Alex is beyond good.

So they talk about it, in a dark, shadowy booth in a corner of the bar -- their bar, as they’re both starting to think of it -- and she kisses Alex’s knuckles, the joints of her fingers, as they talk, as they blush, as they kiss and giggle and stumble for words.

“I mean, I’ve never um... I’ve never liked it. You know. In the past. With... with men. The whole sex thing. But I liked... I liked...” Alex is looking around the bar and she’s leaning in and Maggie’s smelling the scotch on her breath and it’s making her hotter than she’d care to admit.

“I liked when you put your fingers inside me,” she finally splutters out, and Maggie has to remind herself how to breathe.

“I just assumed I didn’t like penetration. Before. Like, at all. But now, I think maybe... I think maybe I would. If you... I loved the way your fingers felt, but I wanted more... of you. Inside me. Ah, I’m probably saying it all wrong, I’m sorry, I’m probably destroying any desire you had to -- “

“Oh, no, Danvers, no no. That’s not at all what you’re doing. Wanna come home with me, I can uh... show you how wrong you are?”
“I don’t like being wrong.”

Maggie melts because Alex pouts.

“But I do want you to take me. Home.”

Maggie gulps and nods and M’gann chuckles as the two can barely get out of the bar fast enough.

“Alex, we can stop,” she tells her when they finally kiss and stumble and tug each other’s jackets off, all the way home to Maggie’s bed. “Whenever you want. It’s okay if you don’t like it, it’s okay if you -- “

“I want you to fuck me, Maggie. With your strapon. Now.”

“Demanding, Agent Danvers,” Maggie teases, and when Alex hisses, Maggie makes a note to return to that bit of role play later.

For now, she just lets Alex watch her.

Watch her as she wriggles out of her jeans, as she tugs her harness on over her boxers. As she pushes her dildo through a hole in the harness Alex hadn’t noticed before, and reaches back into her bedside table to pull out a condom.

“Maggie, I don’t think you can get me pregnant -- “

Maggie chuckles but shakes her head. “It’s clean, but I didn’t fully sanitize it since I um... used it on myself. I just want to avoid giving you an infection or -- “

“Alright, fine, condom it is, just come over here and fuck me.”

“Needy, Danvers,” Maggie tsks, and Alex bites her bottom lip as she blushes.

“Undress for me,” Maggie asks, soft and suddenly nervous. Suddenly extremely nervous.

Alex’s hands tremble as she takes off her clothes, her eyes never leaving Maggie’s, but when Maggie tries to tell her they don’t have to continue, Alex shushes her softly.

“Please?” she whispers, and Maggie crawls onto the bed next to her. Alex whines and tries to tug Maggie on top of her.

“Danvers, I’m not gonna go right ahead and fuck you. I wanna make sure you’re wet enough first, make sure you uh...” She runs her own trembling fingers down Alex’s throat, her collarbone, her breasts, relishing the way Alex’s body arches when she brushes past her nipples. “Make sure you feel appreciated. Special. Because you are, babe. So damn special.”

Alex gulps at the gentle husk in Maggie’s voice and she pulls her in -- she’s still very much wearing that white collared shirt that always drives Alex out of her mind with want -- to a deep kiss. Her lips part for Maggie’s tongue reflexively, but it doesn’t stop her from moaning at Maggie’s attentiveness, at the way her hands worship Alex’s entire naked body while they kiss, at the way she removes one of her hands, but only for a moment, to make sure that as she moves her body closer to Alex’s, her strapon presses up painlessly between both of their stomachs instead of poking directly into Alex’s.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Danvers,” Maggie murmurs as she moves her lips from Alex’s to her jawline, her throat, and this time Maggie doesn’t resist when Alex tugs her on top of her.
She just chuckles -- “someone’s eager” -- and reassures -- “and I’m all for it, Danvers” -- and lowers her mouth down farther, watching Alex’s eyes for permission before taking one of her nipples between her lips. She teases her with her tongue and she sucks gently, running her tongue over and over and over her nipple until it hardens in her mouth, until Alex’s hands are buried in Maggie’s hair and her entire body is writhing under her touch.

“Maggie, please,” she pants, and Maggie pauses.

“You good, babe? What do you need? I got you, it’s okay, just tell me what you need.”

“You,” Alex arches her stomach, her hips, pressing up into the strapon laying between their bodies.

“Yeah?” Maggie confirms, shifting sideways off of Alex, resting her body weight on her forearm while skating down Alex’s stomach with her other hand.

Alex nods, her lips pursed and her eyes nervous but desperate as Maggie’s fingers comb through her curls and sink into her wetness.

“Fuck, Danvers, you’re so damn wet for me,” Maggie rasps like she’s reciting an ancient prayer.

“What’d you expect?” Alex teases breathlessly, and Maggie grins, leaning back up to kiss her.

“May I?” she asks, nodding down at her fingers, and as Alex gives eager consent, Maggie slips her fingers inside her.

Alex’s head tosses back and her entire body writhes as Maggie moans her delight, her desire, her raw, raw want.

“Good babe?” she confirms as she angles her fingers into a beckoning motion inside her, and Alex reaches a shaky hand for Maggie’s strapon.

Maggie nods and kisses her before slipping her fingers out of her, repositioning herself on top of her. She barely suppresses a groan when Alex automatically puts her legs around her waist, and Maggie...

Maggie stops. She tilts her head as she looks down at Alex, her hair pooled around her head and her lips slightly swollen from their kissing, her chest heaving with her panting, her body slightly sweaty.

“Alex, you know this isn’t how people have to have sex. You know we’ve had sex already, that this isn’t any more important, or better, or -- “


So Maggie nods and kisses her soft and tender, her lips first, and then her nose, her eyes, her cheek, her forehead. She reaches one hand between their bodies and positions her strapon over Alex’s clit, arching her hips slightly to give her firm, solid pressure.

Alex’s eyes fly wide open, and Maggie stops immediately.

“Fuck, no, don’t stop, Maggie, I -- what -- what are you doing?”

“I’m sorry, I -- “

“No, god, don’t be, I just -- “
“I’m not inside you yet, I’m just... I wanted to focus on your clit, I thought you might like -- “

“I do.”

“You’re good?”

“I swear to god if you don’t stop talking and continue what you were doing, I -- “

“Yes Agent Danvers,” Maggie husks with a mischievous grin, and she notes just how much she loves the feeling of Alex’s nails scraping down her back.

As requested, she doesn’t stop rubbing her strapon against Alex’s clit, firm and consistent and just fast enough to be hard, but slow enough to be able to map out every single nuance of Alex’s responses to her ministrations.

“Inside me,” Alex pleads after who knows how long, and Maggie checks with trembling fingers to make sure she’s still wet enough. And god, is she.

She watches her face carefully -- so damn carefully -- as she guides the strapon inside Alex, slow, slow, slow, as gentle and as restrained as she can possibly be, only pressing in deeper when Alex whines, when Alex arches her hips up, when Alex reaches down to grab at Maggie’s ass and pull her in closer. Which is all the time, until Maggie is buried as deeply as she can be in Alex’s body.

She lowers her face into the crook between Alex’s shoulder and neck, her entire body trembling with need, with the overwhelming sensation of being inside Alex this way, of feeling Alex’s body underneath hers, connected to hers, like this. She pushes her hips down and forward slightly, tentatively, and at first when Alex gasps and grabs at her and pulls her closer, elation surges through her entire body.

But then Alex’s gasp becomes something of a sob, and Maggie has never been more terrified in her life.

She lifts her head up to see Alex’s face, and sure enough, there are tear tracks all down the sides of her cheeks, her eyes bright and full of new tears.

“Alex, I’m so sorry, I -- “

But Alex’s hands stop Maggie’s hips from rising, from pulling the strapon out of her body.

“No, no, I’m... I’m sorry, it’s me, I’m being stupid, I -- “

“No, Alex, I told you that it’s okay if you don’t like this, I never should have -- “

“Maggie, no, please, listen to me, please. I’m being stupid because who cries during sex? Me, apparently, but I -- I’m just... I’m happy, Maggie, I’m... I never thought... I mean, I wanted to try with you because you’ve mentioned it’s something you like, but I didn’t think... I didn’t think I could... I could feel like this, I mean... I know we’ve had sex, and I didn’t know I could feel like that either, but I just... Maggie, I...”

Her body wracks with another sob, and Maggie makes it her life mission to never let another tear fall from Alex’s face to her pillow without being kissed away by her first.

“Alex, if it’s too overwhelming, we can -- “

“No, Maggie, I want this. Please? I’ve never wanted anything more, I... please, Maggie? Make love
to me, just like this? Please?”

So she does. She does, slow and gentle and attentive.

Maggie brings one of her hands under the small of Alex’s back, and the other, she scoops underneath Alex’s head like a personal pillow. She holds her -- all of her -- as their hips rock together, slow and gentle and attentive, but also solid and steady and desperate.

She kisses mouth until neither of them can breathe, and when Alex starts screaming the beginnings of an orgasm into Maggie’s neck -- because Maggie is kissing every centimeter of her face, kissing away every happy tear that falls as their bodies move in oppositional unison -- Maggie pulls her head back so she can watch Alex’s face, so she can memorize her every gasp, her every convulsion, her every ounce of pleasure.

So she can memorize the way her lips almost tell her she loves her, but her body tells her, instead.

So she can memorize the way her name sounds pouring off this woman’s lips, the way her orgasm starts in her core and undulates powerfully through even the tips of her hair.

So she can memorize the path her tears travel from her eyes onto Maggie’s waiting lips, kissing her, whispering to her, holding her, through her first time coming vaginally, her first time coming from this kind of internal stimulation.

Her first time feeling like it’s like to be made love to in this way by someone who loves her.

By someone she loves.

“So are we adding this kind of sex to the list of things that make Alex Danvers excited list?” Maggie asks between kisses after Alex comes down from her high, wrapped in Maggie’s strong arms.

“Mnhmmm,” she hums sleepily, contentedly, and Maggie’s never wanted to marry anyone before, but god, the things this woman makes her feel.
Chapter 557

Chapter Summary

Sanvers x Wayhaught (ft. Wynonna’s awful timing)

I couldn’t help it I’m so sorry. Not chronologically part of this Sanvers x Wayhaught crossover.

Chapter Notes

light smut ensues

It’s their first night in Purgatory, and Alex is ecstatic. She’s never befriended another pair of women dating each other, and Nicole and Waverly seem so happy, so sure, so... connected.

It makes her feel closer to Maggie, even if Waverly’s blonde hair and peppy energy guarding her own inner demons make her miss Kara. A lot.

She paces the spare bedroom at the homestead, processing aloud as Maggie watches her, sitting on the bed, elbows dangling from her knees, with her back pressed against the headboard, a beer brought in from the fire pit outside still in her hands.

“I don’t know babe, isn’t it... isn’t it cool? I mean, I’m sorry, I’m sure you’ve had this feeling before, I just... I mean, I know you and Lucy took me to those lesbian bars, and Sara promised to take us to Pride in the summer, but this... I don’t know, this feels different. Special, you know? Like, Nicole and Waverly... we could be friends. With another couple. Lesbian couple. Wait, Waverly’s bi, right? You know what I mean -- another couple of...” She splutters and blushes and runs her hand through her hair. “Ladies luvin ladies.”

Maggie chuckles and finishes her beer, clanking it down onto the bedside table before patting the space between her legs. Alex bounds onto the bed eagerly, and it makes Maggie chuckle harder.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” she murmurs into Alex’s hair, and Alex shifts until their lips connect instead. She shifts the mood along with her body, and Maggie moans as Alex slides them both down until she’s on top of Maggie, until her thigh is between Maggie’s legs.

“Shhh, babe!” Alex pulls back and giggles slightly. “We’re in a house full of people!”

“Academy buddies code, Nicole won’t say anything,” Maggie protests, kissing and licking her way down Alex’s neck. It’s Alex that moans this time, and it’s Maggie turn to giggle.

“And you’re telling me to be quiet, Danvers?” she teases, and they both dissolve into a fit of giggles, muffled by each other’s bodies.

“You think we can be quiet?” Alex asks, playful desperation in her eyes, and her lust shoots through Maggie’s own body like it’s contagious.
Because it is.

“I can be if you can,” she murmurs, and at first, they both can be.

At first, they muffle each other’s moans with teasing lips and playful hands.

When Alex slips out of her shirt and shifts so Maggie’s mouth is occupied with her breasts, though, all the DEO training in National City couldn’t prevent half of Purgatory from hearing Alex’s pleasure.

Maggie giggles and tickles Alex slightly. “Babe!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I know,” she pants, looking down at Maggie with tousled hair and needy eyes. “I’ll be good.”

Which, of course, makes Maggie moan, just as Alex covers her mouth with her breast again.

Which, of course, is exactly when Wynonna strolls through their door.

“Hey ladies, Nicole wants to know if oooookaaaay, apparently it doesn’t matter if you packed pajamas because you won’t be needing them.”

“Shit, Wynonna, I’m sorry -- “

“No, hey, listen, you do you -- or each other, as it were -- it’s my lot in life to walk in on every single woman fucking every single other woman in this damn town. Also to shoot Revenents in the head. That too.”

“Every woman is sleeping with other women in this town? Damn, Earp, is this Purgatory or Heaven?”

Waverly jumps into the doorway suddenly, latching onto her big sister’s shoulders so she, too, can say hi.

Before Waverly can respond, Nicole’s joined the small gathering at the doorway, too.

“Guys, did you wind up having -- wow, okay, I’m gay.”

“Nicole!”

“Only for you, baby, don’t worry; and anyway, it very much looks like both of them are taken -- “

“Out! Get out! All three of you!”

“You know you’re not so scary when your boobs were just in your girlfriend’s mo -- “

“Out!”

Waverly laughs as she tugs Nicole, who arches an eyebrow as she tugs Wynonna, who waggles both her eyebrows as she tugs the door closed behind her.

“Well,” Maggie giggles into Alex’s chest as Alex’s own body shakes with laughter. “This is gonna be an interesting trip.”
Chapter 558

Chapter Summary

avidreaderffn asked:
Prompt: Alex and Wynonna bond over being protective big sisters

The Sanvers x Wayhaught saga continues.

She orders a beer before changing her mind and ordering a beer and a shot. She contemplates ordering two. Or three.

She remembers the night she came out to Maggie, the way she had three shots all lined up for herself.

This might be one of those nights.

Because while she and Maggie were in Purgatory, Kara was back in National City. And Kara got hurt.

Not badly.

Not badly at all.

But any pain for Kara was too much for Alex, and Maggie was out with Nicole, and Alex had just gotten off FaceTime with Kara – she’s fine, she’s fine, she’s fine, she repeats like a mantra in her head – so the alcohol will have to be enough.

Enough to assuage her guilt, enough to ease the lump in her throat and the hatred in her fists.

“You look like you could use something a little harder than that beer,” a voice somehow utterly lacking in judgment chimes next to her, and Alex nods silently in Wynonna’s direction.

She sits. Alex doesn’t stop her. She talks. Alex doesn’t stop her there, either.

“Something wrong between you and your lady?” she asks as she orders her own beer, and Alex shakes her head.

“No, nothing like that. I mean, it’s a little weird watching Maggie and Nicole, just because it’s like part of Maggie’s life I’ve never seen before, and apparently she has a thing for redheads – “

“I noticed.”

“But it’s nice, mostly. Like I’m learning about her more fully.”

Wynonna nods and drinks and waits.

“It’s my sister.”

“She okay?”
Wynonna’s spine stiffens, and whereas a moment before, Alex couldn’t understand why she was spilling her guts to a basic stranger like this, she suddenly understands.

Because she’s seen Wynonna with Waverly.

Because Wynonna will understand in a way that maybe no one else can.

About baby sisters and about responsibility and about…

Well, about failure.

To protect them. Not only from physical pain, but emotional pain. Any pain.

Inevitable failure.

Alex nods as she drinks, deeply. As Wynonna silently orders them both a shot.

“She got injured out in the field today. She’s fine, just a little banged up, but if I were there…”

“If you were there, unicorns would have broken free from the sky and protected her.”

Alex turns to Wynonna for the first time, a fight in her eyes, but Wynonna is nodding.

“Yeah, I get it. You know I’ve seen Waverly with her neck in a noose. I’m the reason she saw our father die, I… but somehow, it doesn’t matter the things we can’t protect them from, right? Because they’re always gonna live their dangerous lives anyway. And we’re always gonna try to protect them from everything from papercuts to Revenants anyway. Aliens, in your case, I guess.”

Alex nods and they silently toast each other before downing the whiskey Wynonna had ordered. Alex gets the next round.

Neither of them speak until it comes.

Only after they drink again does Alex speak.

“Do you ever feel like… like your entire life is defined by how well you keep her safe? By whether she’s happy, whether she’s loved and cared for and just… happy?”

Wynonna chuckles and turns her shot glass over thoughtfully. “Every damn day. That’s why I’m so happy she found Nicole, you know? She’s happy with her, and I know that’s got nothing to do with me, but I just… I feel like I must have done something right with her, if she’s able to be with someone who makes her that happy.”

Alex withers and Wynonna arches an eyebrow.

“You know it’s not your fault if your sister’s with some asshole. Hell, Waverly’s almost exclusively dated assholes until Nicole.”

“Everything’s my fault with Kara.”

“And everything’s my fault with Waves. In the eyes of my town. And mine. Whose eyes are you looking through?”

Alex hesitates before shrugging. “My mom’s. And mine.”

Wynonna nods like she understands, and Alex’s heart feels a little less heavy. “Except when the
kids get success, it’s entirely their doing. They get all the credit when they’re right, and we get all the blame when they’re hurt or wrong, huh? Great system.”

Alex chuckles. “Yeah, but they deserve all the credit.”

The two clink their glasses.

“Ain’t that the truth.”

When Waverly finds the two of them leaning into each other, still talking, swaying some, a few hours later, Wynonna tosses up her arms.

“Hey babygirl! Come here, you. Alex misses her Waverly, and I miss mine!”

“Her Waverly?”

“Kara! My baby sister!” Alex chimes, and Waverly smiles, biting her lip slightly as she looks Alex up and down.

“Wanna FaceTime her?” she asks, whipping out her phone. Wynonna and Alex both cheer.

It makes Alex’s night to see Kara’s face again, and it warms Kara’s heart to see Alex with… friends.

Friends, and pride in her baby sister, and something different, something developing: pride in herself.
Chapter 559

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Sanvers prompt cause i need me some validation in my life right now, but maybe some more ace!Alex and Maggie making out after Maggie assures Alex she's not going to stop loving her even if she's ace?

She doesn’t mind sex. Not with Maggie.

It’s not her favorite thing, and it usually doesn’t make her scream like it makes Maggie scream.

She’ll masturbate sometimes, to work tension out of her body, to help her fall asleep. But it’s not something she feels like she needs.

But Maggie?

Maggie loves sex.

Not that she says it to Alex. But Alex knows, by the way Maggie bites her lip and clamps down moans, the way her eyes drag over Alex’s body sometimes.

How hard she comes when she masturbates with Alex’s name on her lips.

And Maggie has sworn up and down that she’s proud of Alex for coming out twice. Once, as a lesbian. Again, as ace.

“It doesn’t make you a bad lesbian, Alex, and it doesn’t make you a bad girlfriend. You’re pretty fantastic at both, to be honest,” she’ll tell her, and Alex will blush and smile and melt and swoon.

Maggie bought Alex an ace pride tank top for her first Pride, and she almost cried as she held Alex’s hand and felt Alex inflate, breathing in the energy of being surrounded by people like her. People like them.

But Alex Danvers is nothing if not thoughtful. Sometimes, over thoughtful.

And tonight is one of those nights.

One of those nights when they went out with Sara, Lucy, Lena, and Kara, and Maggie danced with Sara.

Hell, everyone danced with Sara.

It wasn’t the dancing that bothered Alex.

It was the fact that Maggie could have had sex with Sara. As much as she wanted. Any way she wanted.

Sara probably wouldn’t stop in the middle, for no particular reason, because she was just… done. Not upset, not post-orgasm, not hurt, not scared, just… done. And wanted to cuddle.
Sara would satisfy Maggie.

In ways that Alex never could.

And it made her happy. Watching the two of them laugh together, watching the way Lucy whooped at Kara and Lena, the way Lucy dragged her onto the dance floor and brought out some of her college days.

The way Maggie’s hands found her hips immediately thrilled her. Made her feel loved, wanted. Which made her feel guilty.

And guilt, along with overthinking, is definitely Alex Danvers’s thing.

So she’s quiet on the ride home, as Maggie talks and laughs about the lap dance Lena gave Kara, about the bedroom eyes Sara and Lucy gave Kara, about the general woman-magnet that was… well, Kara.

Alex nods and laughs in the right places, but when they get upstairs, Maggie asks. Because she knows something’s wrong.

“Are you angry with me, babe?”

“Angry? No, god no. Why would I be – “

“Because I danced with Sara. And Lucy. And Lena. Hell, I danced with your sister. And if that’s all weird for you, it’s okay, we should have talked more about boundaries beforehand, I – “

“No, no, that’s not it, Maggie. I liked how happy you were. Surrounded by ladies luvin ladies, you know? I was happy, too. So happy. It wasn’t like anything I’ve ever felt before. I loved it.”

Maggie nods and kneels to take off Alex’s shoes for her, and tears fill Alex’s eyes at the small but enormous intimacy.

“Then what is it, sweetie? You can tell me anything.”

Alex sighs as Maggie takes off her socks, too, and giggles as she kisses her toes.

She sighs again and lets Maggie take her by the hand and lead her to the couch.

“I was so happy to be there with everyone, you know? But I couldn’t help but think, you know… that you could have anyone there. Any of the women. Our friends, but also like, anyone else in that bar. And they would be able to give you things. Things I can’t usually. And I just…” Alex shrugs and tries to stand up, but Maggie stops her with gentle hands.

“You just?” Maggie prompts softly, and Alex gulps.

“I just don’t want you to leave. Or… or sleep with someone else. But you could. If you wanted to. We could try the poly thing. If you wanted. That’d be okay, if… if it meant I wouldn’t lose you.”

“Alex,” Maggie breathes, and crawls into her lap. “Babe, polyamory… it’s not… I don’t want to sleep with other women as a stop-gap to not leaving you. If we wanted a polyamorous relationship, that’s one thing, but if it’s… if it’s something you’re… offering me, as a way to not lose me, that’s… that would never be something I want.”

“But you do want other women.”
“No! No, that’s… I’m sorry, I’m explaining this wrong, I just… Alex, I want you. Only you. If that means we have sex once a month or once a year or absolutely never, it doesn’t matter to me. Will I masturbate a lot? Yeah. Will I think about you while I get myself off? Absolutely, as long as that stays okay with you. But do I want other women? No. I really don’t, Alex. You’re all I want, and you’re all I need. You’re everything, Danvers. Everything.”

“Did you just quote a Lifehouse song to me, Sawyer?”

“Don’t change the subject, Danvers.”

“Tell me… tell me why? Why you like being with me? Even though I’m ace?” Alex asks, her voice about to break.

“I don’t love being with you ‘even though’ you’re anything, Ally. I love being with you because you’re exactly everything you are. But uh, let’s see.”

Maggie tilts her head and plays with Alex’s hair as she thinks, a small smile forming on her lips. “I love the way you look when you just wake up in the morning. No makeup, crappy breath, sleep sand in your eyes. I love the way you light up when I bring you flowers, and I love the way you laugh when I tickle you. I love the way you look at me, and I love how you always make the perfect cup of coffee.”

“Well that’s not hard, you don’t take anything in it. Gross.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No.”

Maggie kisses her lips, and Alex kisses back eagerly. This, she always loves.

“I love the way you kiss me, and I love the way your hand feels in mine. I love how proud you get when I walk into the DEO, and I love how it sounds when you call me your girlfriend. I love the way you sweat through your bandana on your morning runs, and I love what your eyes do when I tell you how much I love you.”

“And what are my eyes doing?”

“Showing me every good thing in the multiverse,” Maggie whispers before Alex pulls her down into another kiss.

Another kiss that becomes making out, that becomes breathless and just this side of handsy.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie murmurs into her lips, and Alex swoons closer into her arms.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she breathes, her lips curving up into a relieved, loved, cherished smile.
Chapter 560

Chapter Summary

A Note in Alex's Locker

She tells her about Eliza -- about her father -- in a fit of terror.

Terror that Alex will be angry, that Alex will laugh.

That Alex -- who thinks she will never be good enough for her mother, who is constantly trying to fill the shoes of a father who may well have spent the last decade being tortured, whose sister is Supergirl, for crying out loud -- will think she should just get over it.

She was fourteen years old; it was years ago, so many, many years ago; she’s successful, now, she’s where she wants to be, now; she’s out and she’s proud and she’s (relatively) safe and she has a girlfriend, now.

Her father doesn’t control her life, now, and she doesn’t have classmates that spit on her first leather jacket and refuse to change in front of her in the locker room before gym class.

Terror that Alex will wonder why she’s freaking out, why she can’t just shut up and stop whining and accept a goddamn lap dance from this beautiful woman on Valentine’s Day.

She tells her about Eliza -- about her father -- in a fit of terror, and she promptly tries to leave.

“I gotta go,” she tosses up her hands, but then she... doesn’t.

Because Alex’s hands are soft on hers, and her grip is gentle -- unbelievably gentle, from a woman who has killed with these fingers alone as weapons -- as she implores Maggie to stay.

As she whispers that she is so sorry, that she didn’t know. That Maggie deserved to be heard. That she will do better. That she lo... that she’s here. That she’s not going anywhere. That Maggie doesn’t have to go anywhere, unless she wants to.

Every instinct in Maggie’s body tells her to run. Because Alex will change her mind.

Everyone always does.

But Alex dissolves Maggie’s instincts -- born of cuts that are too deep to ever fully heal, forged in fires that will never really stop burning -- with soft eyes and even softer touches.

Maggie stays.

Their first Valentine’s Day is full of tears and Maggie’s snot on Alex’s shirt, and Alex utterly not minding. Alex ordering pizza and tipping Jessy more than double what the pie costed, telling him to take his boyfriend out somewhere nice when he gets off shift. Alex calling Adrian so Maggie can talk to her surrogate little brother while Alex sets the table -- well, the couch, more like, because tonight is a couch night -- and Alex pulling Maggie extra close as they watch SVU reruns without actually watching them.
Until Maggie feels well enough -- stable enough, safe enough, good enough, liked enough, and maybe even loved enough -- to start her usual barrage of correcting inaccurate information as the show goes on.

Their first Valentine’s Day is quiet, and it’s gentle, and it is so utterly home.

But by their second, their third, their fourth, Valentine’s Day is... yes, still corporate nonsense; yes, still a time for Maggie to be extra thoughtful, to type her father’s phone number into her cell and stare at it for an extra long time before ending the call before it even begins.

But it’s also become joyous.

Because Alex is a sharp strategist and a ruthless soldier.

And she is also a helpless, mushy, puddle-on-the-floor, dozens-of-red-roses-lap-dances-and-bottles-of-champagne-and-sex-on-the-beach-at-sunrise romantic.

So on a Valentine’s Day that is far from their first, Maggie strolls into the DEO -- she’s long-since secured her all-access pass -- and has a murmured conversation with Vasquez about Alex’s whereabouts.

Hands shoved deep into their pockets, Vasquez guides Maggie to the DEO locker room, trying to fly casual as they show her which locker is Alex’s -- they renovated recently and things got shifted around -- and they keep a lookout to make sure Alex doesn’t walk in on them.

“Couldn’t you just look for her tracker in the building?” Maggie murmurs with a soft grin as Vasquez tugs Winn into the locker room with them.

“I could, but good old fashioned senses are more fun,” Vasquez grins as Winn immediately catches on to what they’re doing. As he sees the card in Maggie’s trembling hand.

He and Vasquez fall silent as they watch Maggie slip the card -- red envelope, Alex name written in painstaking cursive on the front -- through the grate on Alex’s locker.

A single tear slips down her cheek. Winn and Vasquez pretend not to see.

“You’re a good egg, Sawyer,” Winn murmurs to her, hand gently on her shoulder. She doesn’t threaten to lock him up this time. She just smiles faintly and leans into him gratefully.

She’s grateful, too, for the work he puts into the dress he crafts for Alex. Gorgeous and red and backless and lacy and just... beautiful.

So beautiful.

Maggie’s stomach is in knots back at the precinct, especially when Winn and Vasquez both text her to say that Alex is back from her mission and has gone down to the locker room.

The next time her phone buzzes, it’s Alex. Calling, not texting.

“Hey pretty lady,” Alex greets when Maggie somehow manages to croak a greeting. “I just got the most beautiful Valentine’s card in my locker from the most beautiful woman in the world.”

“You’re writing yourself cards now, Danvers?” Maggie manages, and she revels in Alex’s laughter over the line.

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“From you, babe. I um... I wanted to know... is it okay with you if I show it to Kara and J’onn? My
family, you know, I um... I want to show them how much my wife loves me.”

It takes a long time for Maggie to find her voice; a long time for her to swallow the overflow of cathartic, grateful, loving tears.

Alex waits. Because they have all the time in the world.

“Yeah. Yeah, you can. And uh... is that a yes, then? To come to Winn’s DEO dance with me?”

“With all my heart.”
Chapter 561

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

So, I joined my schools basketball team in the beginning of the year, I kinda suck, but that's ok cause I just started. Anyways, could you do something on Alex being captain of her high school/college basketball team and Maggie being so turned on by watching her play. I mean, I'm not saying the captain on my team is hot - and unfortunately straight - I don't know where you got that idea.

Sanvers Basketball College AU (ft. gay disaster Maggie Sawyer)

Basketball’s never been her thing.

She’ll scowl at anyone who dares to suggest it’s a height thing, and Winn still has the bruise on his arm from their horseplay a few weeks ago when he’d made the mistake of saying something along those lines.

But when Kara turns on her puppy eyes and tells Maggie that it’s her big sister’s first game of the season, Maggie can’t say no to the freshman girl who so warmly welcomed Maggie into a loving school community for the first time in her life.

So she tags along, exchanging a knowing grin with Lucy as Kara nervously takes Lena’s hand on one side and James’s on the other, as and Winn babbles along at top speed to Clark, his face getting redder the closer they get to the school’s gym, the closer they get to the crowd slowly forming for this season’s opening game.

She tags along, and she expects to have fun; but because of the company, not because of the game.

That is, until she lays eyes on the captain of the school team, who scans the stands with keen eyes until she finds Maggie’s and waves and grins and winks.

Maggie blinks and forgets what breathing is. What...

Until she realizes that Kara has jumped out of her seat and is furiously waving back to the team captain.

The team captain with a black sweatband holding back her short, perfect, is-it-isn’t-it red hair, sweat already running in gorgeous rivulets down gorgeous, strong arms, long legs, and...

And Danvers written on the back of her jersey.

Of course she wasn’t winking and waving and grinning at Maggie like that. She was winking and waving and grinning at Kara.

“Kara, that’s... that’s your sister?” Maggie manages to choke out, and Lucy stops laughing with Lena and James to stare intently at her roommate.
“Yeah, team captain, isn’t it great?” Kara beams, too excited to notice Maggie’s shell-shocked eyes and slack jaw.

“Earth to Sawyer. Come in, Sawyer,” Winn leans over Lucy to murmur, and Maggie swats away his teasing hand gently without taking her eyes off of the team captain.

Alex, her name is. Alex.

For the first time, Kara’s amazing big sister -- always busy in the lab or at practice -- takes a shape in Maggie’s mind as something other than... well, Kara’s big sister.

Maggie gulps.

“We can get Kara to introduce you, you know,” Lucy follows Winn’s lead, but Maggie barely hears her.

Barely hears her, because Alex is calling warmup drills and nodding efficiently when her teammates do well, chiding encouragingly when they don’t. Pumping them up for the game, shooting the ball -- perfect, every time, and Maggie has never thought much about the sound a basketball makes when it swishes through the basket, but now the soft, sweet, satisfying sound turns her on beyond comprehension -- like the leader she is, at once like she knows all eyes in the gym are on her and like no one’s eyes are on her at all.

Maggie doesn’t remember much of the game, except that she doesn’t speak. She doesn’t cheer. She only claps when Lucy nudges her.

She just stares. She just accepts the soda that James makes her drink, because he knows her mouth must be dry as the desert.

She does dimly register, though, that Alex is more than the team captain, more than her school’s star power forward.

Alex is gritty -- she gets slammed to the ground more than once by the opposing team’s massive center, once hitting her chin on the court and coming up bloody. She wipes it away like she barely notices, and when her coach forces her out of the game for a moment, she barely seems to notice her mouth being tended to, her eyes are so fixed on the game, on supporting her teammates.

Alex is clever and creative and focused -- she sees things better, faster, than even the best players on the court; sees holes in the defense that no one else can, sees opportunities for her teammates to score that no one believed possible, sees how to rile the crowd with a simple twitch of her lips and toss of her head.

Alex is both selfless and cocky -- she might score more than anyone else in the game, but she also has more assists; she sets more picks -- or at least, that’s what Maggie thinks Lucy calls them -- than anyone else on the team, but she also has a heady way of grinning when she scores that goes straight to Maggie’s core.

Alex comes away with a triple double and Maggie comes away with heat pooling between her legs and trembling hands.

Trembling, because Kara, flushed with her big sister’s victory, is leading her friends down to the locker room exit to wait for Alex after the game, so she can be the first non-teammate to hug her and to inspect her injuries, because Rao knows Alex won’t inspect her own.

Trembling, because when Alex’s eyes -- still glistening with victory -- meet hers for the first time
over Kara’s shoulder, fireworks go off in Maggie’s stomach and everyone else in the multiverse ceases to exist.

Trembling, because Alex moves to shake her hand, and her hands are at once calloused and soft, strong and gentle.

“I’m Alex,” she tells her unnecessarily, and Maggie tries to remember language.

“I know,” is the only thing she comes up with, and she’s never been more grateful for Kara’s cousin Clark.

“Alex, this is Kara’s good friend Maggie. You know, the one who helped her out of that tricky situation at that house party a couple weeks ago.”

Maggie hadn’t known that the intensity in Alex’s eyes could increase, but it does at Clark’s words. Alex’s eyes rake up and down Maggie’s body, quickly, thoroughly.

Their hands are still clasped.

Their friends are silent, watching. Waiting. Hoping.

Alex licks her lips.

Maggie wants to kiss them.

“Well, Maggie, seems like I owe you a thank you. For taking care of my sister.”

“Oh, I um, what are friends for, right, I --”

“Let me take you out tonight. The team’s going out to celebrate the opener, and I uh... I’d love to bring a date. I mean. If you wanted.”

Alex doesn’t hear Maggie’s response over Lucy and Kara’s mutual shrieks, but she doesn’t have to -- the answer is shining in Maggie’s eyes.
avidreaderffn asked:
Wynonna and Kara (and idk about Lena) would fight for the last donut!

Loosely connected to these other stories about the Sanvers and Wayhaught worlds colliding

It’s her first time in Purgatory, and she’s eager to find out if her heat vision can incapacitate revenants without actually sending them to hell.

Because she’s lived her own hell for too long now, and she wouldn’t wish it on anyone else.

“I give them a chance to make their peace,” Wynonna defends herself mildly through a mouthful of powdered sugar and dough.

Nicole lays her hand on Waverly’s arm, primed and ready to defend her sister. Alex flexes her fingers, ready to defend her own.

Maggie’s eyes flicker toward Dolls’ silently, and she knows they’re both thinking the same thing.

Too many firecrackers in this room.

They exchange a small smile.

Because they love their firecrackers to the ends of the Earth.

And they’ve both – in their own towns, their own cities – been to the ends of the Earth, so really, they mean it literally.

“I don’t think Kara’s questioning your methods, Wynonna, she’s just – “

“Just telling me how to do the job my Daddy left me – “

“My father left me a job, too, Wynonna,” Kara interrupts, and it’s firm, but it’s soft. Alex’s hand instinctively reaches for Kara’s fingers, sticky with sugar, while Maggie’s eyes glue themselves to Alex’s suddenly broken-hearted face.

Waverly stares at the ground, now, and Nicole wraps a subtle but strong arm around her waist.

A silence.

Kara grabs for her fifth donut suddenly, and Wynonna starts.

“Alien metabolism and all that, sure, okay. but you gotta save some for the rest of us, kid,” she protests, the fight still in her voice, but a different fight, now.

A fight to the death, sure – because donuts here are do or die – but a kinder one. One based on a sudden, sweeping realization that maybe protecting Purgatory and National City – and the toll it
takes on the soul – aren’t so different, after all.

“Do I?” Kara grins, still poised to grab the last glazed, when the door opens.

Dolls, Wynonna, Nicole, Alex, and Maggie all draw their guns in unison.

Alex and Maggie lower them first, followed by Purgatory’s protectors.

“That was hot, all of you reacting like that. It was hot, right?” Waverly nudges Maggie, who smirks before arching a playful eyebrow at Nicole.

“You could’ve knocked, Luthor,” Maggie throws her voice toward the door, shaking her head as she puts the safety back on and slips her glock back into her waistband.

Lena’s still standing with her hands raised by her hips in surrender, a bemused smile on her face. Kara brightens so immediately, so intensely, that Dolls wonders if she can actually glow.

“If I’d have knocked, Waverly and I never would have gotten… that show,” Lena winks as she strides into the Black Badge Division, kissing her girlfriend’s cheek as she comes up to the table.

She casually swipes that last glazed donut from the box, rips a piece off, and pops it into her mouth.

Waverly and Nicole try to stifle their laughter.

Alex and Maggie don’t bother trying.

If someone looked closely enough, they’d see Dolls smirking.

Wynonna and Kara splutter, looking at the donut piece disappearing into Lena’s mouth like it was their first puppy running away into a deep, dark forest.

“What?” Lena asks as she chews, hand daintily in front of her mouth.

But the gleam in her eyes and arch of her eyebrow suggests that she knows exactly what.

And that Kara will be getting… compensated… for her loss of donut later.
Chapter 563

Chapter Summary

bungledramblingsoflesbianmind asked:

Oh my god! I got you with your asks open! Numero uno: thanks for giving so much to his fandom and being such a source of positivity, light and encouragement. Number 2: you write Alex *so well*! Have you ever thought about doing a ficlet about the time right after J’onn recruits her and coming to the DEO? I’d love to see your version of her overcoming so much to become the "good soldier" she’s supposed to be. I feel like she traded her bad vices for other potentially unhealthy behaviors...

Darling, this is such a beautifully sweet ask – thank you so much. I’m smiling so big, and not at all crying ;) As for J’onn recruiting her, I’m writing a version below just for you, but I’ve also written this in the past

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She told him when he was being held prisoner – for being an alien, for being born with blood, with skin, with abilities xenophobic white men like Harper want to cut open, experiment on, torture – that this was rock bottom.

And she knew what kind of person she was going to be.

Because a few years before? When he found her, drunk and high and humiliated in a jail cell, trying her hardest to keep from swaying, to keep from praying that the one friend from her lab she still had wouldn’t call her mother to bail her out, because god, if Eliza ever saw her like this, ever found out that she...

When he found her, she was at rock bottom.

But a different kind of rock bottom. The kind that she’d created herself. Sort of. The kind that the death of Kara’s planet, Clark’s abandonment, Cadmus – though she hadn’t know it then – and Eliza, god, Eliza and her expectations, Eliza and her tough love, Eliza and her on-again-off-again love and emotional abuse had collided to spiral her into.

Combined with her own deep sense of self-loathing. Her own deep sense of worthlessness.

Because she used to be the star, the one that Eliza fawned over. The one whose nightmares Eliza paid attention to, curled into her bed to hold her against.

Until her nightmares were nothing next to Kara’s, her pain was nothing next to Kara’s, her life was nothing next to Kara's.

She was just… nothing, next to Kara. Except her protector.

And she couldn’t even do that.
Because now? Now, she was nothing but the fuck up who’d tried to drive when she could barely walk, could barely see straight.

She could have killed someone. Herself.

She cared, profoundly, about the first.

She wasn’t sure if she cared too much about the second.

But J’onn? Well, Hank, then?

Hank told her that she was special. That she wasn’t a freak for climbing up on her roof in Midvale and watching the stars, wondering if her father was amongst them, if she even believed in that sort of thing. Wondering if she could ever measure up.

Wondering if she could ever be… enough.

Hank didn’t chide her for being drunk, for being high. He didn’t wrinkle his nose as the scent of whiskey on her breath, the scent of smoke and sweat and disaster on her clothes. He didn’t lecture her about driving drunk.

He didn’t ask why she was partying so hard she was failing out of school.

It seemed her already knew.

He was quiet on the drive to… wherever it was they were going.

She wasn’t even sure why she was going with him. Why she trusted him.

Was she so easy to manipulate, to control, that all some stalker guy had to do was bail her out of jail, not tell her mother, and call her special for her to go with him… wherever?

Apparently so.

But though he never quite explained how he knew so much about her, he was delicate when he brought up Kara. Delicate, not threatening, not coercive, when he told her that she could learn to fight the kinds of threats that Kara’s enemies, anyone that found out about her – both human and Kryptonian – could represent.

She could finish her degrees. She could sober up (though he didn’t put it like that). She could learn to fight. Learn to strategize. Learn to, finally, protect Kara from something other than a loud popcorn maker.

She could learn to protect Kara from the entire world.

She explained the bruises by saying she’d taken up a strike-focused kickboxing class. To let off some energy from long hours at the lab. To make sure her body stayed as sharp as her mind.

She’d never lied to Kara before. Kara had no reason not to believe her.

So the bruises, the cuts, the stiffness, the mental and physical exhaustion?

Same old workaholic Alex.

There was a group, run deep in the basement of the DEO.
A group so she could talk through her grief, her rage, her transformation into a soldier. She never really talked, after all. But she listened. J’onn determined that it was a good enough start.

Becoming a soldier – becoming ruthless – came naturally to her. She’d always had a borderline unhealthy protective streak, and her training fed into that well.

In her mind, it was always Kara that she was protecting.

In her mind, it was always penance that she was doing.

For what, she wasn’t always sure.

She rose through the ranks – beat Hank – sooner than any recruit ever had. Part of her was surprised, since so many other recruits had military backgrounds. The other part of her just grimaced and nodded, like it had been expected.

Because, of course, she expected nothing less from herself.

She didn’t socialize, not really. She watched the other recruits go out for nights of bonding, of drinking, of talking and laughing and tossing french fries into each other’s mouths.

She went exactly once, and only because that Vasquez person was compelling in a way she couldn’t quiet put her finger on.

But it reminded her too much of… of before. Before J’onn found her, saved her. From the world, from herself.

She never went again, but Vasquez always seem to keep a quiet eye on her after that.

It was Vasquez who got her patched her up – “ma’am, I’m afraid I’ll have to take you to the med bay whether you want to go or not” – when she went too long on the heavy bag in the basement without wrapping her hands, when her knuckles were bloodied and bruised and swollen.

It was Vasquez who made her eat when she forgot – “ma’am, I’m done with my lunch, and I noticed you like Noonan’s fries, so please have the rest” – and she forgot so frequently that she could swear Vasquez was ordering extra food just for her.

It was Vasquez who kept her self-destructive, overworking tendencies somewhat in check – “ma’am, with respect, you’ve been on shift more or less without rest for twenty-eight hours” – and Vasquez who saved her life more than once by talking her through some technobabble in the field.

But it was J’onn who watched her with eyes that she could only describe as fatherly as she had her hair cut soon after she started training.

J’onn who nodded softly to himself before covering her shoulder with a warm hand after he overheard Alex arguing with her mother over the phone, something about “I like it this way, Mom, it’s easier to keep up in the lab.”

J’onn who debriefed her after her first mission. Her first mission that went disastrously, that got people killed, because she couldn’t hold on, she wasn’t fast enough, wasn’t good enough.

He told her about his own first mission. About the people he’d lost in the field. About the gutting feeling of responsibility when you think of their families. About how it never goes away, not really; but the parts that linger – if you don’t allow them to eat away at you – will make you a better soldier. A better person.
J’onn who would smile only, it seemed, for her; when he watched her teach new recruits, watched her battle her own demons and the world’s.

Watched her slowly, slowly, start to win.

Chapter End Notes

Not so much Sanvers, but it's like... half of Sanvers, so... ???
backintheblackparade asked:
Someone should tell Maggie about Alex's swan dive... she gets nervous/rants, but the result is Kara taking her flying and they bond over it and stuff like Kara and Alex did when they first became sisters

Winn mentions it without realizing that Maggie didn’t already know; that in the chaos of… well… the world almost ending, Alex didn’t tell her about meeting Kara outside.

Via the balcony.

He mentions it at the bar a few weeks later, when they’re just starting to be able to joke again, just starting to be able to laugh again. When Alex has finally gotten Kara to leave the apartment again.

So now, Kara’s leaning into Alex, her hand still on James’s thigh from the first belly laugh they’d all shared in weeks. Since… since.

But when Winn gestures at Alex with his beer bottle, saying something about “and none of us knew if you were being a badass or completely out of your mind, Alex, swan diving off the balcony in the middle of a warzone like that, like really, do you two practice that kind of thing?”

James kicks Winn lightly under the table.

Both of the Danvers’ girls go wide as they turn their gaze turns to Maggie, who’s frozen with her beer bottle halfway to her lips.

She blinks once, twice. Turns to Alex. Alex gulps.

“You did what off the balcony in the middle of the war zone?” she asks, and her voice is almost deathly quiet.

Winn pales immediately, apologizes immediately.

He, James, and Kara exchange a tense glance. Maggie’s been having an especially hard time letting Alex out of her sight since… since. And it only got worse after the invasion.

So hearing about… this?

Kara worries at her bottom lip and Alex reaches for Maggie’s hands.

Maggie pulls back.

“I couldn’t get out of the DEO through the front, and I knew the best way to save everyone in the building and out of it was to get out myself so I could assess, so I could plan a counterstrike. So the only way I figured was – “

“I caught her, Maggie, we used to do it when we were kids. Loads of times. She’s fine. She doesn’t weigh a thing, and I – “
“You jumped off the DEO balcony. During an interplanetary fire fight.”

“I caught her, Maggie – “ Kara’s voice was small, and Alex’s posture, even smaller.

“Obviously you caught her, Kara, she’s not in the morgue now is she? And it wouldn’t have mattered if you caught her if she’d gotten shot; do none of you remember how many Daxamite ships were – “

“We were all there, Maggie,” James tries, his voice soft, his hand on her arm softer.

“Great, okay, so then you’ll all understand why I – Alex, you could have died. Again! Do you think I’d be able to… to fight, to function, if anything… Danvers, I – you know what, I… I gotta go.”

She slaps a twenty on the table and is gone before any of the superheroes at the table can even react.

“Maggie,” Alex calls, half-standing, but it’s Kara that rises first.

“I’ll go. It… let me try?”

“I’m sorry,” Winn puts his hand on Alex’s, tears in his eyes.

“Not your fault I forgot to tell her, Schott, I… she’s so angry at me, I – “

“I don’t think she’s angry at you, Alex. I think she’s scared. Let Kara go after her. Give her a minute. She loves you so much, and she’s… she’s almost lost you. A lot. It’ll be okay, Alex. She loves you.”

She lets James’s voice soothe her, lets herself nod at Kara so her little sister can run after Maggie.

She winds up having to run very far.

Because Maggie’s already halfway out of the city on her Triumph, already speeding well past the limit and fogging her helmet slightly with tears.

“Maggie,” Kara calls, checking the abandoned highway before settling into what for her is a moderate flying pace next to Maggie’s bike.

Maggie glances at her and revs her engine, kicking up to over a hundred miles an hour. Kara sighs.

“Maggie, you know I can break the sound barrier, right?” Kara tries again, and her Kryptonian hearing gives her a front row seat to Maggie’s groan and string of muttered curses as she relents, slowing her engine and pulling off to the side of the road.

She tugs off her helmet and Kara gulps at the fire in her eyes.

“What if you’d been late? What if you’d missed her, by just a second? Or caught her the wrong way and dislocated something, or – I can’t lose her, Kara, and she can’t… she’s not you, okay? You maybe still think you can leap before you look because you can fly, but Alex can’t! She’s human, Kara, and she might pretend otherwise, but she breaks like the rest of us! You of all people should know that, how could you – “

“Maggie. I hear you. I do.” Kara’s hands are up around her waist in calm, tearful surrender. “I know Alex is human. And you’re right, I know it better than anyone. I know exactly how many of her broken bones are my fault: all of them. All of them, and she’s the second in command of a
clandestine military organization. I know, Maggie. But at the time, it was the safest thing. It… it would be like you riding your motorcycle with… with a mouse in your front pocket, or something.”

“A mouse.”

“She doesn’t weigh anything to me, Maggie, I…” Kara tosses up her arms and sighs, looking around the strip of highway, the mountains. The calm.

“I can show you,” she offers, and Maggie laughs bitterly.

“No thanks, I’m fine on the ground, kid.” Her voice is dry and her face, steady.

An impasse. Kara lets the silence, the breeze, grow between them like an enemy neither are sure what to call.

“You know it’s one of the first things we did together. As kids. When I first got here… I was so afraid to break any rules. I didn’t want Eliza and Jeremiah to abandon me, and I didn’t want anyone to be angry at me. But Alex… we flew together. She wanted to fly.”

Maggie’s head tilts as she listens, quiet and thoughtful, her eyes softening somewhat along with her heartbeat.

“It started by her asking me if I really could do it. Fly like my cousin. So I showed her. And then I picked her up. She was taller than me, then, but it didn’t… it was the first time I ever heard Alex laugh. Like, really laugh. The first time I touched her without accidentally hurting her. Eliza was always telling her to protect me, always yelling at her when something would go wrong, but when we were flying… her eyes just got so bright.”

“And I take it her eyes were bright when she dove off the balcony in a firefight right into your arms, huh?” Maggie’s words sting, but her tone is more yielding.

Kara sighs. Of course her sister would date someone with such a protective streak. Even when it comes to… her.

“She’s safe, Maggie. She’s safe, and – “

“Show me.”

“What?”

“You offered to show me. So. Show me.”

Maggie’s heart rate is increasing again, but Kara doesn’t comment. She just nods, silent. Reads Maggie’s body for an indication of how she’d want to be held. Blocks out the sound of Lucy’s sardonic comments about Maggie and Alex’s sex life. Scoops her up so Maggie’s hoisted securely on her back. Not bridal style, like she carries Lena, like she caught Cat.

Her heart quavers.

She focuses.

“Ready?” she asks, and she feels Maggie nod against her hair.

Maggie resists it, at first. The majesty of it all. The exhilaration.

The heady power of flying without wings, without restraint. With only trust.
Kind of like her motorcycle – no walls on either side, not like her old pickup truck or her police car. Only herself and the road and a piece of magic to hold her up.

When she rides, the magic is technological.

Now, it’s biological.

She clings to Kara tighter, but it’s not from the thrill of fear that she expected. It’s from just… the thrill.

“This is amazing!” she calls into Kara’s ear, and Kara smiles.

She’ll tell her later that those were Alex’s first words on her first flight, too.

Later, because now, she just soars.

Soars and listens to Maggie laugh, listens to Maggie’s breath, hears her questions and yells back to answer them. They get soaked going through a cloud, and Maggie shivers, but she asks to do it again.

And again, and again.

She promises to ride Maggie’s bike back into National City – “I rescued Alex from Cadmus on a motorcycle, Maggie, I promise I can handle your Triumph” – and she drops Maggie off right at Alex’s apartment.

More precisely, she drops her off right in Alex’s apartment, right into the open window.

“Maggie, what – “ Alex asks, home from her night with the boys after all these hours, nursing a bottle of beer and a terrified heart. “Are you okay? Why – why are you wet?”

Maggie shrugs as Kara sets her down with a small oomph.

“Your kid sister flew me through a cloud.”

“A cloud? I counted at least half a dozen.”

“Guys – “

“It wasn’t that many – “

“You loved it, Maggie, it was absolutely that many – “

“Guys!” Alex’s sister and her fiancee both freeze, looking for all the world like drenched, scolded first graders.

“You went flying together?” Alex is asking both of them, but right now, she has eyes only for Maggie.

“I’m sorry I snapped at you,” Maggie’s eyes flood with tears as an answer, and Alex shakes her head, stepping forward to embrace her.

“No, no, I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, that I scared you, I – “

“It’s okay, baby. You’re safe now, that’s all I care about.”
“And you’re soaked.”

“Clouds.”

They giggle softly, relieved, as they kiss, and Kara’s eyes flit up to the ceiling pointedly.

“Well, I’ll just be going – “

“Oh no you won’t,” Maggie pulls back from kissing Alex, though she keeps one hand on Alex’s elbow as she reaches for Kara’s arm. “You’re gonna dry off, put on some of Alex’s clothes, and watch SVU reruns with us until we all pass out,” Maggie invites, and Alex chokes back tears.

“There’s ice cream in the freezer,” Alex seals the deal, and Kara’s excited squeal and even more excited hug takes the breath out of both of them.
When Alex takes a bullet for Kara, Maggie rages in between relieved, tearful kisses.

About how her sister is bulletproof, how Alex is not, how she can’t just put herself at risk like that.

How she can’t lose her. She can’t.

But then there’s the final take down of Cadmus, the mission that was supposed to save Alex’s father once and for all – if he wasn’t yet beyond saving.

The mission that was supposed to keep the alien population of National City so, so much safer from the xenophobia that funded and fueled Cadmus.

And it’s Maggie, this time, that dives in front of Kara.

Maggie who needs emergency surgery.

James and Winn, both needing to forcibly hold Alex back from trying to be the one to operate, because no one else is good enough, and she can’t lose Maggie. She can’t.

J’onn talks her down. Vasquez and Kara talk her down.

She nearly wears a path into the DEO’s cement floors pacing while she waits for Maggie to get out of surgery. For her to be in the clear.

“How’s Kara?” Maggie croaks when her eyes finally peak open. “My team? Yours?”

“All safe, all fine. Thanks to you.”

“You weren’t so bad yourself, Danvers,” Maggie murmurs, and Alex shudders.

“What were you thinking?” she asks, taking the bite out of her words with soft eyes, gentle hands, and even gentler kisses.

“Knew you were gonna ask me that,” Maggie chuckles weakly, and she tries to sit up.

Alex “easy” her, and they both smile wetly at the memory of when the roles were reversed. When Alex first said she loved her.

“They weren’t regular bullets, Danvers. They were meant to be lethal to Kara. You know that.”

“Yes, and I also know that that makes them potentially even more lethal for humans – “
“But they weren’t, were they?” Maggie glances around the med bay heavily. “And as easy as it would be to believe that heaven is waking up in your arms, in my heaven you would never be this sad.”

A tear leaks out of Alex’s eyes as she scoffs and shakes her head. Maggie winces slightly. “And there would be more pain meds.”

Another tear from Alex. Maggie wipes it away with heavy, trembling fingers. “My point is, I didn’t go anywhere. I’m alive, I’m safe, I’m here. With you. And so is Kara. It’s okay.”

Alex’s entire body tenses like she’s about to stand up and rage, but she’s supporting Maggie as she sits up, so she keeps her hands where they are.

“It’s not okay, Maggie. It’s the opposite of okay! You’re always telling me that I’m human and Kara’s bulletproof, well: you’re human! And Kara’s bulletproof! So I’m gonna ask you again, babe: what were you thinking?”

“Really Alex? You even need to ask?”

“Maggie – “

“I was thinking that if Kara died, and I lived, I would never be able to forgive myself. Because there would never be that light in your eyes again. I was thinking that I love you too much to let you lose the most important person in the world to you. I was thinking that, when I survived – because I wasn’t planning on leaving you, Danvers – I wanted to be able to look you in the eyes. Because they’d laced their bullets with kryptonite, babe, you know that. And I can’t watch you lose Kara. I love you too much for that.”

It’s a long, long, long while before Alex can speak.

It’s a long, long, long while before Alex can remember how to breathe.

When she does, there are only five words she needs. Only five words she’ll ever need.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she murmurs once, twice, over, and over, and over again.

Until Kara walks in on their gentle but passionate, soft but tangled, making out and swears to Rao that one of these days she’s going to install a warning system on the two of them.
anonymous asked:
I got homework to read and annotate stave 2 of A Christmas Carol, a book I need to know inside out for my English GCSE, and left my copy at school. Could you maybe write a HSAU where Alex forgets some homework and gets stressed and Maggie calms her down?

Sanvers HSAU

She’s never understood how people can forget things like their homework. Don’t they have checklists and don’t they panic when they don’t have their things?

How can they sit there and, cool as a cucumber – she’d had to bring out an actual cucumber to explain that particular expression to Kara the other week – just tell the teacher they didn’t have their homework?

She didn’t get it.

Maggie said it’s just about different people having different priorities. That if you’re feeling checked out of school, it won’t feel like it matters so much.

Alex listens, because – especially since she’d come to live with them, after everything that happened with her parents – she seemed so… wise.

When she wasn’t a firey ball of anger.

Which, truth be told, Alex thought was adorable.

But now?

Now, nothing is adorable, because nothing is right, because everything is wrong. Because she’s wrong.

Because she knew the assignment – she knew the book like the back of her hand, because Kara loved it, so she’d been reading it with her to practice English over, and over, and over – but this morning?

This morning was a flurry of waking up late because she’d been texting Maggie late into the night, going out surfing because she never felt right if she didn’t, skipping breakfast because her stomach might be screaming for her to eat something but she would never forgive herself if she was late to first period chemistry, and then…

And then, she dug into her bag, and realized that she’d forgotten her third period English homework.

She texts Maggie to meet her in the third floor bathroom.
Stat.

She’s shaking by the time she gets there, because she’s been doing so well, how could she have been so stupid, are they going to call Eliza, what actually happens when you forget homework, what –

“Hey, Danvers, hey, it’s okay, you’re okay. You didn’t hurt anyone, you didn’t do anything wrong. It’s homework, and yeah, it’s a big deal to you so that’s a big deal to me, but it’s not going to ruin everything, I promise. You don’t ruin everything. Hell, Alex, you don’t ruin anything.”

Alex blinks a few times, looking down into Maggie’s warm, comforting eyes.

“Was I saying all that out loud?”

Maggie nods sympathetically. “Second I opened the door. I’m glad it was me, not some poor slob of a freshmen who’s just trying to pee.”

Alex laughs despite herself, and the knot in her stomach lessens somewhat.

“What if Ms. M’orzz is mad at me? What if she’s… disappointed in me?”

Maggie sighs and kisses Alex’s chin, her cheeks, her nose. Her lips.

“She won’t be. She knows you. She knows you always try your best, and that your best is damn good. And if she is disappointed, Alex? Or mad? For like a hot second? She’ll get over it. Because her disappointment or anger doesn’t reflect on you, and it doesn’t… I dunno, stain you or anything. Okay?”

“I am rubber and you are glue? That’s your advice?”

“M’orzz loves you, Danvers. More than a stupid homework assignment. Okay? And even if it were for some jackass teacher, like I said: no one else’s judgment makes you a bad person. Okay? I promise.”

One of the toilets flushes in the stall nearest them and both girls jump back from their impending kiss.

“Jesus, Danvers, Sawyer, you’d think if you were gonna coordinate bathroom breaks, it would be for something good, like good old fashioned bathroom sex.”

“Lane!”

“I swear to god, Lucy!”

Lucy steps out of her stall wearing an enormous grin. An infectious grin.

Alex sighs and kisses Maggie with a little extra gusto, partially to make Lucy groan. Maggie giggles into her lips.

“Thank you,” she tells her girlfriend, with her words, her eyes, her body.
Chapter 567

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
College Au where they're roommates and completely in love with each other and completely oblivious about it. Kara and Lena save the day.

She’s reasonably convinced that the only reason she talks – well, gushes, really, if truth be told – about her roommate all the time is because her roommate has a motorcycle.

She has a motorcycle, and she’s studying forensics, and she runs the school’s LGBTQ+ club, and she’s got this long, gorgeous hair that somehow still looks amazing even when she tosses it into a messy bun, throws on her glasses, and plays video games after making them both pancakes on Saturday mornings.

Alex has started to live for Saturday mornings.

And that’s normal, right?

Sure, Maggie’s a lesbian, but it doesn’t make her one just because she just really, really, really likes her, does it?

Of course not.

And even if it did, there isn’t a snowball’s chance in hell that Maggie likes her back.

Because Maggie is too… too perfect, and Alex is just… just Alex.

And on Maggie’s end?

Maggie refuses to have a crush on her apparently straight roommate.

Refuses to fall for the girl who moans absently when she eats pancakes, who’s never once made fun of Maggie’s glasses, who knocks on her bedroom door when she sees the light on late at night to check if she wants any pizza, who is always, always, always studying and always, always, always protecting her little sister from everything from papercuts to asshole frat boys.

Maggie, for her part, refuses to get her hopes up about her roommate just because Alex – Alex perpetually busy, perpetually in the lab, perpetually having time for nothing and no one but studying and her sister Danvers – has started to block off her Saturday mornings so she can stay in the dorm with Maggie and watch her play video games.

She doesn’t even play herself. She just seems content to sit there, next to Maggie on the floor, and cheer her on over the tops of her own glasses, wrapped in sweatpants and a sweatshirt, a text book unopened in her lap.

Maggie refuses to get her hopes up.

Straight girls just really like their roommates sometimes, right?
And she probably doesn’t even really like her, anyway. She’s probably just sitting in the living room because she likes the pancakes Maggie makes and feels obligated to stick around because of it. Or maybe she wants to use the TV for herself, and she’s just waiting patiently for Maggie to be done with her gaming.

She sighs.

She doesn’t realize – and Alex doesn’t realize – that they’re slowly starting to spend all their time together.

Grabbing meals together in the dorm’s cafeteria.

Studying together in the library.

Quizzing each other in subjects the other isn’t even taking.

Just to be helpful.

It’s what good roommates do.

Sara always arches her eyebrows when she’s around them, like she’s waiting for them to just strip each other’s clothes off then and there.

Caitlin politely asks Alex how Maggie’s doing whenever she sees her in the lab, and Alex thinks it must just be what people do, ask about the well-being of their friend’s roommates.

Cisco and Winn sigh that they make such an adorable couple, and that’s when Maggie runs.

Because Alex is a straight girl, and straight girls get her kicked out of her house when they think she likes them.

Maggie starts keeping to her room and she stops making pancakes. She stops playing video games.

Alex doesn’t even know where she goes Saturday mornings, now.

But she knows she wants her back.

“Hey Sawyer,” Lena sits down on Maggie’s right one night at dinner. Maggie grunts in acknowledgment, but doesn’t look up. She does, however, when she realizes that Kara has taken the seat at her left side.

“Little Danvers,” she murmurs, her heart starting to race.

“Alex says you haven’t been around the room much anymore,” Kara starts, feeling absolutely no need for a preamble. Because Alex might not understand what she feels for Maggie yet, but Kara does. And she has a feeling Maggie does, too. And if she doesn’t, she should.

“Been busy,” Maggie murmurs around her food, gulping a little too hard. Her eyes water as Lena thumps her gently on the back.

“She’s been worried about you,” Lena tells her then, and Maggie’s body stiffens.

“Figured she’d be angry at me,” Maggie murmurs, and Kara adjusts her glasses.

“You know,” she starts, and Maggie just wishes she’d punch her and get it over with. “I didn’t realize I was falling in love with Lena until everyone else around us thought we were dating. Heck,
Maggie, I didn’t even realize I was bi until suddenly I had an accidental girlfriend.”

She waits until Maggie looks up at her, and she smiles, then.

“Talk to my sister. It’s okay. Just talk to her.”

“Speaking of which – “ Lena murmurs, reaching around Maggie to tug Kara up and away. She nods at the door, where Alex is strolling in.

“You’ll be fine,” Lena whispers in Maggie’s ear. “The Danvers girls are worth it.” Maggie manages a smile and a gulp and, somehow, manages to stand without knocking anything over.

“Danvers! Wanna sit with me?” she asks, pulling out the chair Lena had just pushed in.

Alex’s eyes fly wide as they meet Maggie’s, but she nods, and Maggie watches her rush through her food selection. Watches her forget to pick up silverware and blush wildly when she realizes.

She thinks that maybe Little Danvers and Little Luthor have a point. Maybe Alex does like her. Like that.

She dares to hope.

“Alex, I – “

“Maggie, it’s – “

They both start speaking at the same time when Alex comes to sit down.

“You go ahead.”

“Sorry – “

“Okay.”

They giggle at their uncharacteristic lack of synchronicity, and Maggie goes first.

“Listen, I’m sorry I’ve kinda… disappeared on you.”

“Well, I mean hey, you’re taking twenty-one credits and you’re running a campus org, so I can’t expect – “

“No. No, Danvers, it’s… it’s not because I’ve been busy. I’ve uh… I’ve been avoiding you.”

Alex blinks. Her eyes are already wet, and Maggie swallows the growing knot in her throat.

“Did I do something wrong? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“No. No, you didn’t do anything wrong. It’s just… I like you, Alex. I mean I… I like you like, I want to take you out on a date. On a lot of dates. But I didn’t think… I heard Winn and Cisco talking about us being a cute couple, and I didn’t want you to think I was some lesbian stereotype who couldn’t live with a straight girl without wanting to fu – “

“I’m not straight.”

“You… you’re what now?”

Alex gulps and worries at her bottom lip and lets her eyes flutter down to Maggie’s.
“I want to date you, too, Maggie. I just couldn’t imagine that you’d actually… But if you do, I… Maggie, it – can I kiss you?”

The entire section of the cafeteria around them ruptures into smatterings of applause, of “finally!”, of “it took them long enough!” as Maggie catches her breath and nods and parts her lips for Alex’s; as Maggie’s hand catches Alex’s elbow and they both nearly overbalance from the awkward angle they’re sitting at.

Neither of them pay any mind to awkward angles or cheers or whoops; neither of them have the brain space to pay attention to anything other than the way Maggie tastes like the ziti she’d just been eating, the way Alex tastes like the coffee she’d just been drinking; the way Maggie’s thumb swipes across Alex’s cheek and the way Alex’s fingers tangle in Maggie’s hair.

“Your uh… your dinner’s gonna get cold,” Maggie croaks weakly when they finally part for breath, their foreheads pressed together, disbelieving grins on both of their faces.

“Who needs dinner?” Alex asks with the beginnings of a wicked smile.

And Maggie couldn’t agree more.
Chapter 568

Chapter Summary

alternativeapproachtochronology asked:
Sanvers I guess? Some solid hurt comfort with Alex having nightmares and Maggie calming her down? Thank you so much!

All the stuff with Rick Malverne?
Her credit card, that frozen water, that burning in her lungs?
Replays in her nightmares, sometimes.
But more often, it’s other things.
Things that life has been moving too quickly for her to really process.
Things that she may never be able to process.
J’onn, almost being experimented on by Cadmus.
Killing Astra. Kara’s words under Red Kryptonite.
Kara, on Krypton under the Black Mercy, not remembering her at all. Those cool, distant eyes.
Almost killing Kara under Myriad.
Jeremiah.
Stories about Mars. The ones that M’gann told her that J’onn would only ever hint at.
The bar.
The sounds Maggie made when she found out.
The cracks in Maggie’s voice when she was trapped in that tank. The desperation in Kara’s.
A life where she had followed orders without hesitating; where she had blown up her own sister.
It’s those ones that make her scream. Those ones that soak the sheets and make her utterly unable to fall back to sleep, even – especially – when she has to get up extra early for work.
It’s almost easier when the screams from her dreams translate into screams in waking life. It’s almost easier, because even though she feels endlessly guilty for waking Maggie, Maggie helps.

Maggie rubs circles onto her back and traces patterns with delicate fingers from her collarbone down her breasts. Maggie kisses her everywhere and changes the sheets and Alex’s pajamas when they’re soaked through, and sometimes, Maggie showers with her, breaking out their lavender scented body wash and rubbing Alex down until the smells, the sensations, lull Alex’s body back into safety, into sleepiness.
It’s harder, the nights where she wakes up silently. The nights where she wakes up and Maggie is next to her, but also another universe away from her, her breathing even and deep and peaceful.

And if Alex hates waking her by accident, she hates even more the idea of doing it on purpose.

So she’ll stay awake.

She’ll stay awake, and she’ll turn the brightness on her phone to the lowest setting, and she’ll angle it away from Maggie’s sleeping face, and she’ll distract herself until, finally, hours later, her eyes start to droop again. Until, finally, hours later, the remnants of her nightmares fade to exactly what they are, now: dreams.

But one night, Maggie wakes. She wakes and she sees the dim light of Alex’s phone.

“Ally?” she murmurs, her voice thick with sleep and saturated with the way they’d made love before passing out.

Alex gulps and lowers her phone, suddenly washing them both in near complete darkness. “Nothing, babe. Sleep, it’s okay.”

“Buyanaseepin,” Maggie murmurs, and Alex can’t help but smile, even though she’s still shaking from her nightmare, trembling from how real it had felt, how now it had felt.

“Say again, pretty lady?” she asks, shifting to drop her phone back on the nightstand and wrap her arms around Maggie, who gulps and clears her throat in an effort to achieve more coherency.

“But you’re not sleeping,” she protests more clearly, and Alex kisses both of her eyes.

“What, so now one of us can’t be awake while the other’s sleeping?” she teases softly, and Maggie leans up on her elbows, squinting as her eyes adjust to the darkness.

“No, but… did you have a bad dream?”

Alex is good at many things. Lying is one of them.

But not to Maggie.

She just looks down, and Maggie plops on top of her. Alex oomphs, and Maggie shifts.

“Sorry. Trying to hold you,” Maggie says sleepily, and Alex kisses her hair.

“I’m okay,” she tries to insist, but Maggie knows better.

“I’m here,” she tells her, pressing a kiss to her chest. “I’m here, and you’re here. J’onn’s safe, and the boys are safe, and Kara’s probably banging Lena at the moment – “

“I thought you were trying to make me feel better?” Alex tickles her, and Maggie squeals and squirms and Alex relents.

They kiss, long and sleepy and needy.

“I’m here, Al. I’ve got you, okay? Come on, you wanna put on some Food Network? We can both drift back off instead of you trying to comfort yourself on Twitter.”

Alex sighs and nods, her heart slowly going from quaking to glowing.
“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she murmurs as Maggie flicks on the TV and settles solidly into Alex’s arms.

“And I love you, Alex Danvers. Even if Food Network will never help you win your battle with fire alarms.”
anonymous asked:
Oooh, finally here for an open ask session! I'm currently sick with bronchitis and relatively miserable. How about some sort of hurt/comfort fic where Maggie is sick but not telling Alex because she's grown used to taking care of herself since she was fourteen, but then Kara finds her somewhere sick and miserable and of course she takes her to Alex who dotes all over her.

She doesn’t lie. Not exactly.
She just tells her she has a lot of paperwork to do and can’t come over tonight.

Which is technically true. She’d had one of the rookies bring her a bunch of paperwork from her office.

If she’d going to be miserable and sick with bronchitis, she figures she might as well get some work done.

Because she’s used to that. Used to making her own soup. Picking up her own medicine. Getting her own orange juice and holding back her own hair and whatever.

Because she’s been doing the whole taking-care-of-myself thing since she was fourteen.

It’s not like she still misses her father’s soup or her mother’s soft hands, taking her temperature every hour and never allowing her to get up for anything except to pee, because everything else she needed would be brought to her.

It’s not like she misses any of that.

Because it turns out she doesn’t need it. It turns out she’s just fine on her own.

Or so she tells herself.

No point in getting Alex sick, anyway.

She loves her too much for that. She’s doing her a favor. She’s gross and boring right now, anyway. Far from the sexy, exciting detective Alex fell in love with.

She can’t even talk or stand up properly.

But, bonus; if Alex isn’t here, she doesn’t have to talk at all. Doesn’t have to do anything except grab her own tissue when she hacks up mucus from her lungs, has to squeeze her own thighs with disgust and pain when she coughs long, hard, from deep in her chest, when she has to put Vix on her own nose and chest.

She groans to herself. And tries to see straight enough to focus on her paperwork.
At first, she thinks she’s imagining the tapping at her window. At first, she thinks it must be her growing headache playing tricks on her.

At first, she forgets that her fiancee’s little sister can fly.

But the tapping gets more insistent, and when she looks up and tries to stand, the tapping stops. The blonde responsible for that infernal noise squints and frowns gestures for Maggie not to get up. She does something to the window latch with her eyes and lets herself in.

Maggie is secretly relieved. Her head had been spinning at the mere idea of standing up.

“Little Danvers!” she tries to sound casual, but her voice gives away the pain of the chest cough she’s been nursing. As does the messy array of tissues, cough drop wrappers, glasses stained with orange juice, and half drunk mugs of tea.

“Why didn’t you tell us you were so sick?” Kara demands without preamble, and Maggie blinks like she’s trying to keep up. Which she is.

Kara just shakes her head and sighs, not waiting for an answer.

“You two are the same person sometimes, I swear,” she mutters, more to herself than to Maggie. Which is just as well, because Maggie’s foggy brain is still processing Kara’s presence.

“You stay there. Don’t move. If you move while I’m gone, I’ll know. And I’ll be mad. And I’m Supergirl. So you don’t want to make me mad. So stay put. I’ll be right back.”

“I’m not a puppy,” Maggie protests, but by the time the words pass through her lips, Kara is gone.

By the time she starts to wonder what the hell just happened and if Little Danvers was always that protective of her, Kara is back, and she’s not empty handed.

“Oh, babe,” Alex sighs the moment Kara sets her down, rushing to the couch and kneeling in front of Maggie, looking like she doesn’t know whether to kiss Maggie’s forehead or hug her or wrap her more effectively in her blankets or throw out all those used tissues and wrappers first.

“No,” Maggie tries to squirm away from Alex’s embrace. “You shouldn’t have brought her, Kara, I’ll get her sick.”

“But you don’t care if I get sick?”

“You’re Kryptonian, kid, you don’t get sick on this planet.”

Alex just smiles and shakes her head at their banter, completely ignoring Maggie’s protests as she sets about cleaning her sick space off and refilling fresh cups and mugs with orange juice and soon-to-be-brewing tea.

“Danvers, I’m serious, though, I don’t wanna get you sick. And I’m fine, I’m a big girl, I can take care of my – “

“Oh, I know you can take care of yourself, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex interrupts with a double entendre in her voice and in her eyes that makes Kara blush and train her eyes on the ceiling. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to take care of you. If you’ll let me?”

Alex pouts, and Kara chuckles to herself.

Maggie moans, and when the moan turns into a hacking cough, Alex has her arms around her in an
instant, one hand rubbing her back as her body convulses, the other hand in Maggie’s, letting her squeeze as hard as she wants through the pain of the cough.

When she’s done, her eyes are flooded with tears.

And it’s not from coughing.

“I’d forgotten,” she whispers as Kara smiles and lets herself out through the window quietly.

“Forgotten what, babe?” Alex tilts her head.

“What it’s like to be taken care of like this,” Maggie manages hoarsely, and it’s Alex’s eyes that flood this time.

“It’s called being loved, get used to it, Sawyer.”

And she does.
Much like the game, the night goes by in a blur for Maggie.

Alex holds her hand – since when did thanking her for helping her sister out of a tough spot necessitate hand-holding? but Maggie isn’t about to complain – as she brings her around to meet all her teammates, always introducing her as “the girl who decked Max Lord because he wouldn’t leave Kara alone.”

It doesn’t surprise Maggie that Alex doesn’t have to say “my sister Kara” – that they all know her little sister by name. It doesn’t surprise her, but it makes her like Alex that much more.

“Can I get you a drink?” Alex shouts into her ear at one point, music blasting so loud it’s in Maggie’s bones. Or maybe that’s just Alex’s proximity.

“I uh – “

“Coke or Pepsi? Coach won’t let us have anything else, and not even too much of that.” Alex squinches her face in playful disapproval, and Maggie laughs. Which makes Alex laugh.

Maggie decides she loves the way Alex laughs.

“So,” Alex says a little later, her voice quieter as they step outside of the loud, college-run bar, the cool night air making Maggie shiver. Alex immediately slips out of her team jacket and puts it around Maggie’s shoulders. It’s oversized on her, and she wonders if she looks stupid. The look in Alex’s eyes indicates that she certainly doesn’t think so.

“So,” Alex begins again. “You’re a lesbian, right? Or bi? I mean… I guess I’m asking if you know what I meant when I said date. I didn’t mean like, as friends. I meant like, I know who you are because my sister always talks about you and you’re so good to her, and then I met you and you’re drop dead gorgeous, so I wanted to take you on a date. Like, a romantic date. With romance and such.”

Maggie watches Alex ramble with slightly parted lips and a hammering heart that feels like it’s about to fly out of her chest.

“Well,” she ventures, Alex’s recent struggles with language ironically helping her find her own, “you’ve already introduced me to your friends, gotten me a drink, and took your jacket off for me because I shivered. So I’d say you’re doing alright on the romance front, Danvers.”

Alex’s eyes gleam, almost like they do on the court, but different, somehow. Quieter. Less about victory, more about… sheer joy.

“Yeah?” she croaks, and Maggie swoons at the way this suave, larger-than-life, captain-of-the-
basketball-team, sexier-than-sin woman is looking at her. Like she wants to kiss her.

Hell, like she wants to do so much more than kiss her.

“Yes,” Maggie manages to whisper, and she licks her lips just as Alex looks down at them.

“Can I?” Alex asks, and Maggie reaches up to dangle her elbows off Alex’s shoulders.

Alex’s jacket slips off Maggie’s body and falls to the ground.

Neither of them notice, as Alex’s hands find Maggie’s waist.

“Yes,” Maggie whispers again, and when Alex Danvers kisses her, it’s like her entire world stills and spins at the same time. Like the entire world explodes in ecstasy and settles in quiet worship, all at once.

“Maggie,” Alex murmurs against her lips after Maggie parts them for her tongue, after Maggie lets her hips press flush into Alex’s body, after Maggie tangles her hands in Alex’s hair, just like she’d wanted to do during the game.

Maggie freezes, and Alex shakes her head. “No, you didn’t do anything wrong, I just – I don’t wanna be too forward, but uh… do you wanna come back to my room? My roommate’s away this weekend and I – we don’t have to do anything you don’t want, obviously, but I – “

Alex’s breath is cut off by Maggie’s lips, first on her mouth, then hovering next to her ear.

“Shut up and take me home, Danvers,” Maggie whispers, and when Alex barely bites down a moan as she squats to pick up her jacket and take Maggie’s hand on the way up, Maggie wonders how and when she got this bold.

But she’s pretty sure it has to do with Alex Danvers.
Chapter 571

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Can we have a bi friend of Adrian's come for dinner with Maggie/Alex+Kara. It will never happen in the show because, you know we don't have agency, but I would love to see some representation in a fic! Thanks Cap you're the best.

I’m making this a sequel of sorts to Chapter 317 of this series.

The boy had scribbled his number onto Adrian’s forearm, and his name, too.

Jackson.

And even in the midst of finding out that Kara was Supergirl – which really wasn’t all that surprising, because Maggie was so, so right about the glasses – and in the midst of his school being attacked by Cadmus, he couldn’t stop thinking about the feeling of the boy’s fingers on his arm before the medics came to take care of his broken ankle.

Adrian had called.

Of course he’d called.

And he’d visited.

Of course he’d visited. He felt sort of… bonded, to Jackson. He’d saved his life. He hadn’t known he was capable of something like that.

He’d like to think he was, certainly. But he figured that everyone thought they’d be a hero if the moment arose; he actually… had.

It got him a stern talking to from Maggie, from Alex, from Kara, hell, even from James and J’onn. From his mom, from his dad. From his uncle who usually only ever called on Christmas and Easter and his birthday.

But it also got him flutters in the pit of his stomach, because this boy, Jackson?

Jackson was cute.

And, apparently, he was bi.

Which maybe – just maybe – Adrian thought he might be, too.

They weren’t dating – not really, not exactly – but Adrian had gone to visit him in the hospital and he’d brought him Big Belly Burger and they’d share fries and a milkshake on his hospital bed. He’d fluffed his pillows and he’d let Jackson’s mother hug him windless when she showed up, tears streaked on her face and thanking Adrian over, and over, and over again.

So they weren’t dating – not really, not exactly – but they were becoming friends. Good friends.
That part was definitely clear.

And Adrian’s friends – especially the ones who weren’t out, and, it turned out, that Jackson wasn’t – came over to Alex and Maggie’s for dinner.

Except the night he brought Jackson over, the dinner is at Kara’s place.

Because – even though none of them were ready to tell Jackson that Kara’s Supergirl – she wanted to see him. Both of them.

To see with her own eyes that they’re okay.

Because that attack had been personal. All Cadmus attacks were. But this one targeted kids.

It tore Kara’s stomach into shreds.

So when Alex mentioned that Adrian was bringing that boy he saved over for dinner, Kara immediately offered her place.

Maggie smiled. Her family was growing where once there’d been nothing.

“Ms. Danvers,” Jackson greeted Kara politely, holding out the bouquet of flowers he’d insisted on bringing as he and Adrian stepped through the door.

Kara barely caught her laughter, only containing it for the boy’s sake.

“Kara works just fine.”

“Kara, then,” he’d nodded. “Thank you so much for having us in your home.”

“See, I know how to pick em,” Adrian grinned as he wrapped Maggie in his increasingly lengthening arms. “The boy’s mama taught him manners.”

“Yeah, and I happen to know that yours did too, kid, so where are my flowers?” Maggie teased, and Adrian laughed as he shifted to hug both the Danvers girls at once.

“Ain’t your house, Detective Sawyer,” he laughed, and Maggie rolled her eyes as she brought Jackson inside Kara’s apartment.

“Make yourself at home, kiddo,” she told him as his nerves set in again.

Maggie made sure Jackson was looking when she brushed her hand across Alex’s ass when she leaned over to finish setting the table.

Kara made sure to mention that Lena, her girlfriend, couldn’t make it because she was working late.

Alex made sure to work the fact that James and Kara used to date into the conversation.

Adrian made sure to watch Jackson’s comfort level rise the more they talked casually about their lives, their relationships, their loves.

They all saw Jackson’s eyes widen when he realized that Kara’s bi, that she was saying it casually, like it was no big deal. Like it was safe. Like it was… loved. Like she was safe, and loved.

Adrian bit his own lip in between bits of laughter and tales of college life in Star City. Jackson
wasn’t the only one who was terrified to tell people that he also liked men.

“So, he’s cute,” Maggie leaned over and murmured to him when Jackson excused himself to go to the bathroom. “You too an item? You’d be cute together,” she nudged him softly.

His eyes flooded, but hers were warm enough to evaporate the tears.

“I love you, Ade,” she reminded him as Kara reached for Alex’s hand under the table. “Always.”

Adrian swallowed with difficulty and nodding, putting his own hand over Maggie’s, which was squeezing his thigh gently.

“Love you too, Mags. And uh… thank you.”

He tried to put as much into the simple words as he could. Maggie suddenly wet eyes told him that he succeeded.

It only took until dessert for Jackson to casually mention a crush he’d had on this boy in high school.

His voice, that is, was casual. But his body was rigid, and Kara could hear his heartrate soaring.

“Oh yeah. Did you know it was a crush at the time, or no? Because I had this gigantic crush on my best friend in high school, and I had no idea I liked her like that until a decade later,” Alex chimed in enthusiastically.

It took Jackson a moment to revel in his relief, in his ecstasy, in his sense of home.

He hoped this was a place he could always come back to.
Nothing had even happened. Not really.

Just a typical day on the force.

A typical day with its typical irritations.

And that’s what they would be to someone else. Someone… normal.

Irritations.

But to Maggie?

When she was feeling like this, she didn’t know what irritation was. Irritation would have been easy, would have been a comfort.

Hell, even anger would have been easy, would have been a comfort.

But Maggie often doesn’t get irritated. She doesn’t even get angry.

She goes straight to enraged.

It took a few years – well, nearly a decade and a half, really – but she finally has a system down.

Pushups when she doesn’t have access to her heavy bag.

Holding her breath, because it works better for her than deep breaths do.

Holding ice in her fist above the sink, because it won’t hurt her, but it’s pain, anyway.

She refuses to have sex with Alex when she’s like this.

Alex can. Alex can have sex when she’s enraged. She can channel it into Maggie’s body, into their making love, and still, somehow, make it feel like making love. Rough, sure. Hard, sure. But the way Alex holds her, the way her eyes burn for her? Maggie always feels cared for, always feels respected.

Always feel safe, and wanted, and loved.

Maggie doesn’t trust herself enough to make Alex feel that way when she’s like this.

So the best coping mechanism? Is her heavy bag.

Nothing happened – nothing in particular, anyway – but there’s the rage, again, there’s the fury,
There’s the terrifying part of Maggie’s core that wants to do nothing but hit, nothing but kick. Nothing but scream and curse. That wants to do nothing but destroy. To tank relationships and to break her body into submission, into something that people tell her is sanity. Mostly, to destroy herself.

So now she’s tearing into her heavy bag – tearing into herself – and her headphones are blasting so loudly and her fists and her feet at working so quickly that she doesn’t hear Alex come in.

She doesn’t know that Alex stands for long, long minutes in the doorway, watching with a broken heart and a worried frown.

So she’s surprised when, just at the moment her knuckles are starting to crack, even beneath her wraps, and her form is starting to break, a pair of strong arms wrap around her body.

Maggie tenses, then resists.

Alex can’t touch her. Not now.

Not when she’s… this.

Not when she’s nothing but destructive, nothing but pure rage.

Not when she’s just as sociopathic as her ex said she was.

She tugs out of Alex’s grasp and her guilt, her self-hatred, her rage, only increases when Alex stumbles.

“I’m sorry,” she reaches out to catch her, but Alex just shakes her head.

“I’m a DEO agent, babe, you’d think I’d have better balance.” Her soft joke, her kindness, only makes it worse.

Only makes everything worse.

“Danvers, listen, I… I’m gonna hit the gym, okay? I – “

“Maggie, you’re drenched and you’re breathless and your muscles are shaking. I think you’ve had your workout.”

“But I – “

“Maggie. Talk to me. Please. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” Maggie says, and it’s louder than she intended it to be. Alex doesn’t flinch. But she does tilt her head.

Maggie hates seeing the similarities in their movements, the way Alex is picking up some of her habits. She knows Alex has her own rage issues, but she would never want the woman she loves to pick up on… this.

“Sorry. Nothing. Nothing’s wrong, Danvers, that’s exactly the problem. I’m just… I’m just super fucked up, okay? Even when things are going fine, I can’t… the slightest thing will just… you know what, it’s whatever, I’m gonna take a shower – “
“And turn the water on so hot it burns you?” Alex asks, and Maggie hates that she knows.

Alex asks, and Maggie loves that she knows.

But she doesn’t want her to. Because she doesn’t deserve any of this.

“Dammit, Danvers.” Her words are soft, but her gestures are big. She slams her fists into her own thighs, and only then does Alex look somewhat alarmed.

She reaches her in a single stride and grips her wrists. Hard.

“You wanna snap at me, Maggie, you snap at me. But don’t hurt yourself like that. Please.”

“That? That was nothing, please, you know what we both take in the field.”

“Maggie – “

“No! No, Alex, you can’t pretend this is okay! I snapped at you and I raised my voice at you, and I’m doing it again right now, and I’m fucking crazy, Alex, I just hit myself for crying out loud, who the hell does that, Alex, why – I’m just super fucked up, okay? You don’t have to pretend like you want to stick around, it’s okay, I understand, just let me shower and I’ll be out of your – “

“No.”

Alex’s voice is low, but it’s harder than Maggie’s ever heard it when they’re not in the field. It’s enough to stop Maggie from struggling to get out of Alex’s grip.

“No?”

“No. I’m not pretending anything. And you’re not crazy. Who hits themselves like that, Maggie? People. People do, people who are in pain. And you’re in pain. And no, hey, my turn to talk, okay? It doesn’t matter that there’s not an immediate reason. It’s okay that you’re scaring yourself. I mean, it’s not okay, it’s awful, but it doesn’t make you awful, Mags. I scare myself, too. And Kara, you think she doesn’t scare herself? J’onn? What would you call us, Maggie? You gonna go around saying terrible things to everyone who’s ever been in so much pain that we don’t know where to put it? I love you, Maggie. And I’m not here to judge you for your feelings, okay? I’m here to help you find a place for them. I love you. Do you understand me?”

A long silence rises between them. A silence that contains both of their Elizas and both of their fathers. A silence that holds busted knuckles and tortured prisoners; a silence that screams the pain of finding a family after having lost one so long ago.

“How could you love me anyway, Alex? I’m… I’m a monster when I get like this, I’m abusive, I’m just… I’m just a monster – “

“No. Hey, no. You’re not. You’re a person, Maggie, and you’re in pain. And you’re right, okay, fine, maybe it’s not super great that you snap at me. But you know what I think, Maggie? I think for the little bit you snapped at me, you’re raging at yourself so much harder. You have so much control, Maggie. All the time. Over your emotions, over your actions. Sometimes, that control’s gonna slip. And we’ll work on it. But snapping at someone, isolated like this – babe, that doesn’t make you abusive. I’ve been emotionally abused, remember? And this isn’t it. This is you raising your voice for point two seconds and trying to run away from me so you don’t hurt me.”

“Alex – “
“No, I’m not done. Just one more thing. I don’t love you anyway, Maggie. I love you because. You have… you have all these feelings inside you that… that hurt. So badly. And what you are, with all these feelings, isn’t a monster. What you are is the woman I love, the woman who was perfect and selfless when I came out to her even though you were in twenty kinds of pain after watching people die out of nowhere; the woman who didn’t ask any questions when I needed to go after my father, you just supported me and helped me; the woman who threw me a Valentine’s prom when really, we should have been focusing on your own pain. Maggie, you’re wonderful, and that… that monstrousness inside you? It could make you cruel, and abusive, you’re right. But it doesn’t. It’s just made you… loving. And I love you. All of you. Alright?”

Maggie doesn’t speak. She doesn’t remember how.

She doesn’t remember how to cry into anyone’s arms, either, but she knows she’s about to.

And as Alex kisses her face and draws her now limp body close into her strong, steady one, she thinks that maybe it’s about time.
Chapter 573

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Hey, Cap! I was wondering, could you maybe do some more Sanvers + Sara fics, because I absolutely love how you write Sara? <3

She’s on her way to drunk – she’d rather be high, but Gideon doesn’t supply everything – and she’s thinking about Snart.

About Snart and Laurel and about Jackson.

Jackson, who’s very much alive but whose eyes haven’t been quite the same since they traveled back to the Civil War.

She heaves a sigh and glances around the bar approvingly. She knows – because Kara had told her in hushed tones and with eyes that reminded her of both Laurel’s resilience and, a little bit, of her own inner demons – that this bar has seen so much death. Too much death, too much blood.

But, looking around, what she’s seeing is life. So much damn life.

She wonders what Rip would think of a place like this. All these aliens, all these humans.

Hell, she wonders where Rip is.

She takes another long, slow swig of her drink as her eye catches on the tight-as-sin jeans hugging Kara’s sister’s ass just so. A subtle grin forms on her lips.

The woman putting her arms around the eldest Danvers sister as Alex lines up a shot on the pool table – the detective, Maggie, her name was – is lucky.

But hell, so is Alex.

Her sister may be Supergirl, and live with all the attendant dangers involved therein. But that’s exactly the thing.

She lives with them. Because Alex’s sister is alive.

“Lance!” Maggie’s voice drags her out of Laurel’s reproachful look and into the present, into the bar. “Isn’t a night out of the Waverider supposed to mean you having fun?”

Sara sighs with a twisted grin and swirls her drink around the glass before finishing it in one go. She signals for another before standing and sauntering over to the couple, swishing her hips just a little bit more than she normally would.

She watches Alex gulp and her grin deepens.

“You’ve got two assumptions there, Sawyer. One: that nights in the Waverider aren’t wild and wacky fun. And two: that I’m not having fun sitting at the bar drinking alone.”
She flinches with a crinkled nose and a grimace as the words come out of her mouth.

“Did it sound less sad in your head, Sara?” Alex takes pity on her, and Sara pretends to glare.

“So what do you two do for fun then? Other than the obvious?” She points between them, somehow suggestive without being lewd, evocative without being objectifying.

“She loses to me at pool.”

“I try to get her to give me flash grenades.”

They speak at the same time and Sara grins, reaching up to grab herself a pool cue from the rack on the wall.

“Flash grenades? Is that what the kids are calling it in 2017?” she grins as she starts setting up the table for a fresh game.

Alex blushed and stammers and Sara winks at Maggie.

“They might be adoptive sisters, but somehow the oddly attractive awkwardness runs in the family, huh?” she asks, and Alex splutters some more.

There’s laughter and there’s blushing and there’s flirting.

There’s Maggie losing and there’s Sara giving her pointers and there’s Alex messing up on purpose so Sara gives her pointers, too.

There’s even more laughing and blushing and flirting after that.

But after a few games – and a few more drinks – Sara’s eyes keep flitting to Maggie’s hip.


“You’re shield. My dad’s a cop, too. A detective.” She pauses and sips on a bottle of beer, shaking her head. “No. It’s 2017. He’d be a captain, now. Hard to keep track sometimes.”

“Did he want you to join the force?” Alex asks, hopping up to sit on the pool table until M’gann waves her off from across the bar.

Sara laughs, low and liquid and just this side of lost.

“Hell no. He wanted us to stay far away from that gig. Too dangerous. He taught us how to handle a gun and how to defend ourselves, but…” She shrugs and she sighs and she twists her mouth into a small grin.

“The Gambit,” Maggie supplies softly, because she’s heard the stories.

“Do you ever wanna go back? In the Waverider?” Alex asks, and Sara nods and then shakes her head and then nods again.

“If I hadn’t gone with Ollie, Laurel might have. And I… the hell that those years were? I would never risk putting that on my sister. Or on the timeline.”

Maggie takes Alex’s hand when Sara mentions Laurel, and Alex reaches for Sara’s.

“Well, don’t we know how to have fun?” Sara chuckles dryly after a few moments of damp
silence.

“We do, actually,” Alex grins, kissing Maggie’s hand and squeezing Sara’s.

And that giddiness – borne, not of levity, but of gratefulness, to be alive, to be breathing one more day, to be holding hands with... well, with family – spreads through Alex’s fingertips and into Sara’s, into Maggie’s.

And the rest of the night is exactly what a night away from the Waverider should be.
Chapter 574

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Prompt: Sanvers passionately making out. Like, intensely. Not like, penetrational sex. But like, intense. Catch my drift?

She needs Maggie’s lips on hers like she needs oxygen.

Nothing bad happened – not today, at least – but she had to leave extra early this morning, had to leave when Maggie was still wrapped up in their blankets, in their bed.

She still can’t quite believe it’s their blankets, their bed.

But it is – theirs – and their blankets were warm, their bed was warm. Hell, Maggie’s mostly naked body was warm, and that was the part that was so damn hard for Alex to leave.

So now? After an eighteen hour shift and a six hour text chain of how badly they missed each other, wanted each other, needed each other?

Alex needs Maggie’s lips on hers like she needs oxygen.

Hell.

More than she needs oxygen.

“Can I kiss you?” she asks the moment she opens the door to her home. Their home.

“Of course, Danvers,” Maggie’s response is immediate, but her brow is furrowed and her head is tilted in confusion.

“No,” Alex clarifies, kicking off her boots and putting both guns in her waistband down. “I mean like… really kiss you.”

Maggie bites her lip as her breath hitches, her pupils suddenly dilating, her body suddenly melting.

“Please do,” she husks, and Alex doesn’t wait another moment, because after receiving Maggie’s invitation, she doesn’t think she’s capable of waiting another moment.

They both part their lips almost automatically, but there’s nothing automatic about the way Maggie makes her swoon, the way Maggie’s palm cups her elbow, her comfort spot, her passion spot, her stabilization spot.

Stabilized, that is, until Alex urges her body back until the backs of her thighs hit the couch, and when Alex hesitates to check if the progression is alright with Maggie, it’s barely for a full second, because Maggie is suddenly moaning into her open mouth, and her hands are suddenly everywhere.

Alex’s hips, the hem of her shirt. Her elbows, her shoulders. For a moment, her ass. For another
moment, her breasts.

Alex writhes with each movement, with each time Maggie can’t make up her mind, because she wants to touch Alex everywhere, everywhere, all at once.

And Alex wants the same.

She doesn’t take Maggie’s shirt off – she doesn’t want to take their lips apart long enough to do that – but she does murmur into her mouth while her hands cup her cheeks, run down her shoulders, the small of her back, encouraging their bodies closer together.

“I missed you today,” she whispers, and Maggie’s mouth turns upward into a smile even as she flicks her tongue across Alex’s bottom lip.

“Mmm, did you, Danvers? I couldn’t tell,” she teases, which has the exact affect she wants it to.

Alex practically growls, and Maggie lets herself be putty in Alex’s hands, one of which suddenly finds hers, interlacing their fingers as she softens their kiss, slows their tempo, but somehow increases their intensity.

“I love you,” Alex tells her now, and this time, Maggie has no sass. Because this time, Maggie swoons as hot tears spring to her eyes.

She rises to deepen their newly slowed kiss, trying to put everything she feels for Alex into the contact between their bodies, the intermingling of their breath.

She succeeds.

Alex swoons, this time.

“I love you back,” Maggie tells her, and they don’t stop holding hands until long after they’ve stopped kissing.
anonymous asked:
I really wish Alex and Lena got to hang out this season. They could bond over science!
And maybe being their family's unfavorite child? (Though that was way worse in
Lena's case than in Alex's case, but still.)

It’s about Kara, at first.

Because Alex is an excellent liar, and she knows Lena is, too.

Which is exactly how she knows that Lena’s skills at lying come from the same place hers do:
survival.

Which is exactly how she knows that Lena isn’t lying about loving her sister. About her sister
being Lena’s hero. Kara, not Supergirl.

So at first, it’s about Kara, that they bond.

They laugh softly – like she did with Maggie – about how no, the glasses really don’t help. About
Kara’s hilariously transparent slips of the tongue about flying on a bus, about what planet she’s
from, about not being able to see without her glasses.

But that’s all it is: about Kara. On their own, they don’t know what to talk about, at first.

Polite exchanges about work and about how Maggie’s doing. But it’s strictly focused on Kara.

At first.

Then it becomes about the science.

The science, first, because these are two women who grew up wanting to change the world, who
grew up knowing that their minds were special but feeling that themselves as people would never
quite be… enough.

The science, first, because Winn won’t shut up about this genius idea he and Lena had yesterday,
and Alex wants to smack him on the back of the head for not inviting her.

She refrains. She’s working on it with Maggie.

But Winn still gets a stern talking-to, and she gets invited to all their super secret science meetings
after that.

So they talk about reversing climate change and growing food in seemingly impossible conditions
and truly renewable fuel and ways to defeat Cadmus for good.

And that’s when it bridges from science to… life.

Because Cadmus has taken both of their parents, in too many ways to count.
And that’s when they start getting beers – well, Alex gets beers, Lena gets red wine – together, when it’s no longer about Kara or quantum physics or biomechanics.

That’s when it becomes about… them.

About watching a sibling receive more love than they know what to do with; about never quite measuring up; about dreaming of making their mother proud, about taking comfort when they talk to the stars at night and see them twinkle, because sure, it’s light from thermonuclear explosions dozens of lightyears away passing through Earth’s atmosphere into their retina, but they both imagined – imagine – that the stars that they can never reach are, somehow, more proud of them than their mothers will ever be.

Sort of, for Alex. Because Eliza at least would never abandon her.

It’s those nights that she holds Lena, rests her cheek on Lena’s hair, wondering if this is what intimate friendship with a woman who’s not your girlfriend and not your sister feels like.

And then there are nights that Lena sighs and turns down her laptop because Alex Danvers, like her little sister, has free reign to pass by Jess and come into her office whenever she wants.

Nights that Alex has gotten into another fight with her mother and can’t tell if it was her fault, or not, or both, and Lena knows all about gaslighting so please, can she help her make sense of it?

Lena tends to avoid hard liquor at work, but she starts keeping an extra bottle of bourbon in her office, just for Alex. Just in moderation. With water.

Because she and Alex are too similar sometimes; both of them could easily flip off the edge, dive into oblivion.

But they don’t.

They don’t, because of a lot of long, complicated, painful, and glorious reasons.

But one of those reasons, now, is because they have each other.
Kirstyn-loftus asked:
Prompt: Alex met Adrian when they identified as she/her but now are nonbinary, maybe Alex coming out to Adrian with maggie and kara helping? And congrats on the book cap'n :)

*whispers* Thank you for the congratulations!

Maggie’s worried that Alex will pace a hole into the floor and Kara’s worried that Alex will stress eat all the donuts before she gets a chance to.

And Alex is just… Alex is just worried.

Because they’ve been through this before. Over and over again, first with Kara, then with Maggie.

Of course Adrian will be fine with it. How could he not be fine with it?

But they’re Alex Danvers, and Alex Danvers somehow both overthinks everything and lives on pure instinct, so of course they’re pacing a hole into the floor and stress eating all the donuts in the apartment.

“Babe, you gonna leave some for your sister?” Maggie asks softly, holding her hands out toward Alex’s waist, but waiting before she touches them. Waiting for Alex’s needy nod, at which point Maggie melts forward into them, pressing her stomach flush against Alex’s back, holding them just the way they like, just the way they asked for with their nod.

“Sorry,” they murmur, absently trying to wipe powdered sugar off their shirt.

Maggie chuckles softly. “It’s fine, babe, I just don’t want to be stuck in an apartment with a Danvers sib with a raging stomachache, a Danvers sister with a raging hunger for more donuts, and a teenage boy who’s almost as likely as Kara to burn the place down if he doesn’t get his pre-dinner donuts.”

“I will get a stomachache, won’t I?” Alex sighs, ceding the rest of their powdered sugar morsel to Kara, who snatches it with eager hands but a sober face.

“Alex, Adrian loves you. He’s gonna be proud of you, just like I am,” she tells her sibling, and Alex’s eyes flood with tears.

“Oh, sure, but what if he’s… what if… I mean I’m not all that masculine, right, and I don’t know all the… all the ways of doing things yet… hell, I still get my own pronouns wrong sometimes, so what if he thinks I’m not…”

Kara tilts her head – a habit she’s picked up from her sister-in-law – and hesitates with reaching fingers before Alex nods their consent. Kara brushes some powdered sugar off their nose, licks her fingers absently, and asks, her voice soft and loving and knowing, “Thinks you’re not what?”
Maggie and Kara make brief eye contact over Alex’s shoulder as they wait for them to answer. Kara’s eyes are swimming with tears, and Maggie’s are on their way, too. She holds Alex closer, rubbing her hands softly, gently, up and down their bare arms.

“Real,” Alex finally whispers, shoulders slumped in defeat, and Kara sandwiches Alex between herself and Maggie almost before the word finishes leaving their lips.

“Oh, Al,” Kara murmurs, a tear nearly slipping down her cheek. “Can I join the hug?”

“Actually, if Alex wants, this might be a good time for a sibling only hug,” Maggie kisses Alex’s cheek questioningly. Alex reaches to squeeze Maggie’s hands in gratitude – for the insight, for the word choice – before leaning forward into their sister.

Maggie steps back and watches with a bowed head and a small smile growing on her lips.

The Danvers siblings.

Stronger together.

“We’ll be right here with you, Alex,” Kara is assuring them. “And I’m so proud of you. I… Alex, I’ve watched you take down a human-sized insect with your bare hands, and I’ve never been more proud of you than I am right now.”

“You always go back to that damn fight,” Alex murmurs, and all three of them laugh.

“It was a good training session,” Kara shrugs, and they’re both still laughing, still holding onto each other, when the musical knocking that always signals Adrian’s arrival raps out crisply into the apartment.

Alex stiffens. Kara holds their hand and smooths their hair out of their face.

“I am so. Proud. Of you,” she tells them one last time, with as much feeling as she can muster.

“So am I, babe,” Maggie offers a kiss before heading to open the door for Adrian. Alex leans into it gratefully, and Kara blushes a smile.

“Maggie! Alex! Stop traumatizing Kara with your making out and open the door, it’s steaming hot in your hallway!”

Alex and Maggie startle apart as Kara laughs and skips to the door.

“My hero,” she tugs it open, and tilts her head with a question, her arms spread out. “In the mood for a hug?”

“Always, as long as you don’t crush my ribs!”

“It was that one time!”

“Come here.”

They hug long and hard, until Kara frowns and pulls back.

“Hold on – how did you know they were kissing? Have you developed x-ray vision lately, Mr. Rodriguez?” Kara tilts her glasses so she’s studying him over the rims, and he nearly doubles over with laughter at her antics.
“A lucky guess,” he grins, stepping into the apartment and closing the door behind him.

“And how are my favorite lesbians?” he opens his arms for Alex and Maggie, and Alex jolts unintended pain through Maggie’s hand with the force of how hard they grip it suddenly.

They weren’t going to tell him right away.

They were going to ease into it.

Kara and Maggie would use their pronouns, and Adrian would probably pick up on it. He might ask. He might not. Either way, having him hear it naturally in conversation first was Alex’s plan.

But Alex Danvers is nothing if not determined, and they don’t want to sit with this pit in their stomach. Not with their family.

“Hey, Ade. Um, listen,” they start as they sink into his arms, wondering if he’ll feel that they’re wearing a binder. “I’m still a lesbian.” They pull back from the hug and nudge Maggie playing with their shoulder, who grins and nods and nudges them back, holding their hand while looking up at them like they’re the greatest thing that’s ever happened to her.

Because, aside from Adrian, they are.

Alex is silent for a moment as they glance at Kara, whose eyes are wide and affirmative and absolutely perfect.

Uncharacteristically, Adrian doesn’t make a snarky aside. He just waits, his head slightly tilted, his eyes reminding them of Maggie’s a little bit.

Alex forces themself to press on.

“But uh, the thing is, I want you to know… I’m… I’m more like you than previously expected.” They laugh nervously at the garbled way this is coming out of their mouth. “I uh… I mean, I’m not a guy like you, that’s not what I meant, god, I had this all practiced out…”

They look at Kara, then at Maggie, then at Adrian.

They look for irritation or skepticism or impatience.

They only find unbridled admiration.

“Sorry, what I mean to say is… the reason I um… I’ve been feeling so myself lately… I’m uh – I’m nonbinary. I didn’t know the words before, but Kara’s been researching stuff with me, and I… it just… it fits, you know? Being an enby lesbian, it… so um… I’m using they pronouns now, and you can use them with anyone other than my mom because I haven’t told her yet, but why would you talk to my mom anyway? Um, point is… yeah. Yeah. This is the part where you can say something.”

Adrian nods slowly and his lips quiver slightly. “Are you still using Alex, or do you want me to call you something else?”

They’re too close to crying to say anything about how they’re experimenting with Al as a nickname for Alex as a full name, so they just nod. Alex. Yeah. Alex.

“Okay. And uh, listen, you can totally say no to this, especially since you must be having a lot of feelings, but um… Alex – I’d love to hug you right now. May I?”
Alex answers by launching forward, and tears leak down Maggie’s cheeks as she watches the two people closest to her in the world hug like they’ll never get another chance while the third closest person to her in the world steps around them and offers to take her hand.

She accepts.

“I’m so proud of you,” she hears Adrian whisper to Alex, and she tries to hold in a sob when she notices the tears streaming down both of their faces.

“Congratulations, Alex,” Adrian says after none of them know how long, his face gleaming with tears and with an enormous smile as he and Alex untangle from their hug. “When am I taking you out to celebrate?”

And while that is something they’ll have to check in with their DEO schedule about, the celebration the four of them have together that night is absolutely perfect.
anonymous asked:
I wish I could tell my parents I'm a girl. Any chance I could get a fic of Sanvers
helping someone with this? Obviously you don't have to if you don't want to. I'm sorry,
I'm probably bothering you. I know this isn't really a party ask.

It was usually Adrian that brought kids who needed validation home to Maggie and Alex.
That day, it was Kara.
That day, it was Kara because there was an attack on National City High and one of the girls who
was injured – not seriously, thanks to Supergirl – begged, begged, begged for the medics not to call
her parents.
Supergirl eyed her and swooped in just as the medics were trying to insist that regulations
mandated them to let her parents know.
“Maybe I can talk to her for a moment?” Kara had asked, her voice low in her Supergirl capacity.
And when the girl – Leslie, her name was – whispered to Supergirl why she didn’t want the medics
to call her parents, Supergirl nodded and asked her if she’d like a hug.
She did.
“But I’m really going to need you to get that cut on your arm looked at,” she’d told her. “I can have
a few friends of mine look at it and fix you right back up, if that’s okay.”
It was.
So she took her to the DEO, and J’onn’s potential rage about Kara bringing an unvetted child into
the facility without anyone’s permission simmered to nothing when Kara just widened her eyes at
him. He nodded, frowned, crossed his arms over his chest, and bent slightly, remembering what it
was to have a daughter who was significantly shorter than him, and trying not to.
“Did Supergirl tell you that this is a top secret place, and you can’t tell anyone its location?”
Leslie nodded. “I know a thing or two about secrets,” she murmured, and he glanced at her stiff
collared shirt and at the barrette in her short hair, and he nodded.
“Well, I have a doctor here that’s very good at listening to secrets,” he told her.
“That’s what Supergirl said!” Leslie perked up, like she was just realizing that Supergirl had just
flown her somewhere, that Supergirl was talking to her, helping her, introducing her to her friends.
And as if on cue, Alex strode out of the med bay, lab coat on, brisk walking, head turning, I-have-
somewhere-to-be-right-now stride on.
“Leslie? Hi. I’m Doctor Danvers. I hear you’ve got something you need stitched up.”

Leslie held up her arm and Alex bent to examine it keenly.

“Alright, that shouldn’t be too hard. Do you want to come to the med bay with me?”

Leslie glanced at Supergirl, who nodded down at her. “Doctor Danvers is the absolute best there is, Leslie. She’ll take really great care of you. And I’ll be right out here when you’re ready, okay?”

Leslie nodded as she followed Alex.

“Danvers!” A low shout from down the hall made them both turn, and Alex broke into a wide smile.

“Hey, babe.”

Leslie’s eyes flew wide.

“I got Supergirl’s text, she said – oh, hey, you must be Leslie. Nice to meet you, I’m Maggie.”

Leslie blinked with an emotion she didn’t know how to articulate, but she thought it might have something to do with introducing herself to one person – Supergirl – as her real self, as Leslie, and then having the three people she met next – big, important people, it seemed like – all automatically call her by that name, no questions asked and no sarcasm or cruelty to be found.

“She’s my girlfriend.”

“Fiancée, Danvers, or did I miss something?” Maggie teased.

Alex beamed and bounced on the balls of her feet. Leslie marveled at the transformation. “Nope, I just like hearing you correct me.”

“Nerd.”

Leslie’s eyes traveled between them with awe and with admiration and with something that looked an awful lot like longing.

Alex giggled before sobering and led the two of them into the med bay, where she prepped Leslie for stitches.

“So,” she asked conversationally as Maggie watched her work, as Leslie held on tight to the stuffed animal that Maggie passed her. “Supergirl tells me you didn’t want the medics on site to call your parents. Even though something really awful just happened. Everything okay at home?”

Alex flinched at her own lack of finesse, but Leslie didn’t seem to notice.

“Yeah. No. I just… Doctor Danvers, are you gay?”

Alex laughed, but Maggie laughed so hard she nearly toppled a set of microscope slides off the table nearby.

“Sorry, I’m so sorry, Leslie, it’s a good question, an important one. I just… yes, I’m a lesbian. I didn’t realize until I met Maggie, and that was… kind of a big thing for us, so that’s why we’re laughing. Why Maggie’s… still laughing, apparently. Why do you ask?”

“I think I’m gay.”
“Well there’s absolutely nothing wrong with that,” Maggie sobered enough to say earnestly.

“But the thing is, I’m not gay as in I like boys. People call me gay because I like to be more feminine. But I don’t like boys. I like girls. But people think I’m a boy. But…”

“But they’re wrong,” Alex supplied softly, casually, as she stitched Leslie up.

She nodded, and so did Maggie, slowly, supportively.

“So I’m a girl. And I like girls. I think my parents would be okay if I was a boy and liked boys. I think they’d get used to it. But I don’t know… I’m a girl. So I’m a lesbian, but also… well… a girl. It’s the girl part I just don’t… I don’t know how to tell them. That part. The girl part. That I’m a girl. And I… I’m sorry, I don’t know why I’m telling you all of this, I don’t know you, I – “

“Hey, hey, you’re okay. You’re not doing anything wrong,” Alex reminded her, and Maggie had never been so in love.

“But how do I…”

“Tell them?”

Leslie nodded, her eyes transfixed on the small stitches Alex was making in her arm.

“You might wanna be a doctor when you grow up, Leslie, the way you can watch me stitch you up like that,” Alex grinned approvingly before Maggie started answering.

“Well, how do you communicate with them best? Like, are you the serious talks type of family, or the texting type, or maybe joking around? When do they hear you best?”

Leslie gave a dry laugh. “When I cry.”

“Yeah, sometimes we do that when we come out,” Maggie murmured, and Alex resisted the urge to pull her into her arms.

“I guess sometimes they interrupt me. Like, when I try to tell them something that’s important to me, if it makes them uncomfortable, they like, try to talk about what’s on TV or something. So maybe writing them something. Because then they won’t interrupt me.”

“What do you think you’d want to say?” Alex asked, careful to keep her tone casual.

“That I love them. That there’s nothing wrong with how they raised me, that there’s nothing wrong with… with me being a girl. That I’ve sort of always known I wasn’t a boy, but I didn’t know I was a girl until I realized I could be. That I want them to know because I want them to know all of me. That they’re not losing a son, that I’m still their same child and I still like the same things, I’m just their daughter now. That I love them and I need them to love me. As a girl. With my name. Because they raised a great daughter, even if they didn’t know they were doing it. And I want them to be proud of themselves that they raised such a badass girl, and I want them to be proud of me because I am that badass girl. I… yeah. That stuff. I’d want to tell them that stuff.”

Leslie sniffled and she trembled while Alex and Maggie fought to keep their own eyes dry.

“You said that really beautifully, Leslie,” Maggie told her, and she made a mental note to pick up three dozen donuts for Kara as a thank you for doing this.

“Do you want us to help you write it down before you go back to school?” Alex asked, and Leslie
lit up like she was on top of the world.

“Yes, please,” she beamed, and when J’onn and Kara peeked in a half hour later, they’d never seen so much giddy joy in the med bay.
Kara Danvers isn’t the only one in the family with a massive appetite.

Because Maggie might be gross and boring in her breakfast choices – who can eat right when they wake up, Danvers, come on, and dry double toasted bagels are not gross – but when it comes to other forms of decadence, she is all in.

Hence tiramisu.

Hence the elaborate meals she cooks Alex.

Hence the explorations with ice cream they have in the bedroom.

And sometimes, because Alex is so conditioned to have Kara eating the most out of everyone at any given gathering, Alex even forgets.

That Maggie sometimes isn’t satisfied by just her own veggie burger and fries.

Sometimes, she wants Alex’s fries, too.

Or Winn’s. Or James’s. Whoever’s with them, really.

And often – more often these days, since Rick Malverne and the fight and the saving the woman they both love more than life itself and the subsequent handshake-become-hug – the only other person eating with them is Kara.

It’s a sign that she loves a person, more than anything.

That she trusts them.

That she’s intimate with them, if not romantically, then some other deep, deep way.

That she trusts they’re not going to be angry with her for taking up too much space, for taking what’s not hers, for being an awful, selfish, waste of a human being.

So the first time she finds herself popping one of Kara’s french fries into her mouth, she’s surprised.

She’s surprised and when she realizes – the Danvers girls didn’t notice, too distracted by Winn’s animated discussion with Brian over at the bar – she almost starts bawling.

She excuses herself to the bathroom and tries to pull herself together, because the level of her intimacy with Alex was surprising enough.

But to feel comfortable enough with her sister – with whom she’d been, well, shaky-on-the-border-
of-hostile with for so long – to steal her fries is…

Well, is overwhelming.

So she doesn’t talk much more that night, but she hugs Kara extra long when she drops the girls off for their alone sister time.

Kara is startled and a little baffled, but grateful. Because she’s felt something shift in their relationship, too.

Alex, of course, couldn’t be happier, and even though she’s the human of the sisters, she’s the one who practically floats for the rest of the evening.

The next time it happens, Maggie is more aware of it.

And she lets Kara see.

She just leans over, grabs a fry from Kara’s plate, swipes it through Winn’s mixture of ketchup and mustard, and pops it into her mouth with a satisfied grin.

James’s fork stops halfway on the journey to his mouth.

Lucy drops her burger onto her plate.

Winn jumps at the sound and stares at Kara, silently pleading with her to be merciful.

Lena bites her lip and tries not to laugh.

Alex gulps.

“Babe,” she starts slowly, softly, but Kara ignores her.

“Did you just… take a fry from my plate, Maggie?”

“Mine are all gone,” Maggie teases innocently, confident that Kara’s outrage is playacting. “Why, you don’t want it back, do you?”

“Ew, Maggie, save the flirting for your girlfriend, not for her sister!”

“Since when is regurgitation flirting, Schott?”

“Hey, don’t yuck my yum!”

“Winn!”

“Ow!”

“Hey, see, you wasted a perfectly good fry throwing it at Winn’s perfectly good face – but it’s outrageous to think of sharing it with the woman who treats your sister so damn well?”

Lena and Lucy whoop and James nearly chokes.

Winn thumps Alex on the back with a wide grin on his face.

Kara adjusts her glasses and splutters.

“I… it… excuse me? I’m sorry, can we please get another order of fries? Thank you so much.” She
turns back to Maggie.

“A share plate.”

“A what now?”

“A share plate. If you wanna take my food, we’ll have a share plate. My meal, your meal. And then the share plate.”

“So like… food dessert. For you and me.”

“But survival of the fittest style,” Winn inserts, and Lena shakes her head at this new family she’s somehow acquired.

“You’re on, Little Danvers,” Maggie grins.

And that’s how their share plates begin.

Kara loves the arrangement – extra food for her, along with extra laughs when they start frantically swiping each other’s food and Alex tries to keep the peace by keeping the share plate full – and Maggie loves the arrangement for much the same reasons, with the addition that she’s never felt quite so… loved. Casually intimate. Connected.

But Alex is the one who loves it most of all.

Because she’s the one who gets to hold the share plate during what she and Kara have started to call Maggie Nights: nights where the three of them cuddle on the couch, as close as can be, under layers of blankets and mounds of food.

Alex gets to have her sister pressed against one of her sides and the romantic love of her life pressed against the other, both of their hands periodically brushing into the share plate Alex keeps on her lap.

Except, of course, when one or both of them want to lay on her lap.

Then she sort of becomes a share plate herself.

And in those moments, she really couldn’t be happier that Maggie started stealing Kara’s food.
anonymous asked:
I know this is not sanvers but maybe after sanvers week you could write something with Kara pushing away Alex because she feels guilty about the torture (Sorry about my english is not my first language and Sorry to bother)

If she hadn’t been so stupid as a teenager, he never would have found out.

If she hadn’t been so careless – if she’d just listened to Alex in the first place – he never would have found out.

He never would have spent a year stalking her sister, and she never would have had to cut into her own body with her damn credit card, and she never would have nearly drowned and she never would have nearly…

She didn’t die.

She didn’t.

But she almost did.

And even if all that other stuff wasn’t her fault – what happened when she was a teenager, coming out as Supergirl, all that – even if that wasn’t her fault, not listening to Maggie was squarely on her shoulders.

Because Maggie was right.

A hundred percent right.

Kara never looked before she leaped.

And sure, she could fly.

But no amount of flying could take back the fact that her leaping had almost gotten Alex killed.

That her leaping had been what triggered the water to start flooding, that transformed the cage into a tank.

That transformed a terrifying holding cell into a veritable torture chamber.

Her sister had survived that.

Her sister had held on through that.

She shouldn’t have had to. It was all Kara’s fault.

So she pulled back. She pulled back and she retreated into herself, into her job at CatCo and into her role as Supergirl. Into Lena. Into a destructive relationship.
She told herself it was what Alex would want.

Alex had wanted to talk to Maggie alone, not Kara.

Maggie was with Alex when she woke up, not Kara.

She told herself she was pulling away from Alex because that’s what Alex wanted.

Maggie. Not Kara.

And that was fine. That Alex wanted to spend so much time with Maggie. She couldn’t imagine being that in love and the other person not knowing and…

She brushed thoughts of Lena out of her mind.

But really, the thing that kept her away from Alex? If she were more honest with herself than she ever was with the DEO-mandated therapist?

Was that she couldn’t stand to look at her sister anymore.

Because she’d seen her sister’s nearly dead body floating in freezing water.

And it had all been her fault.

She couldn’t imagine the terror Alex had gone through.

And it had all been her fault.

Some sister she was.

So she told herself she was surprised when there was an almost aggressive knock at her door, and she x-rayed through to see who it was, and it was Maggie.

She told herself she was surprised, because she’d expected Maggie to be happy to have extra time with Alex.

But really, if she were honest with herself?

She wasn’t surprised at all.

She sighed and she dragged her feet to the door, because she knew from the sound of the knocking that Maggie wouldn’t stop until she answered.

“Aren’t you supposed to be with Alex?” she asked by way of greeting, and she found herself almost intimidated by Maggie’s arched eyebrows.

“Aren’t I supposed to… you’re supposed to be with her, Kara. It was Sisters’ Night, and you cancelled. Again.”

“So she could be with you, I thought you two would be happy to – “

“Save it, kid. You gonna let me in or are we gonna have this talk in the hallway?”

“What talk?”

“This one.”
Maggie blew past Kara into the apartment, and Kara blinked and adjusted her glasses several times before shutting the door and following her.

“Maggie – “

“Listen, Kara, I get it. I do. Sometimes I can’t look at her, because all I see is her dying, her trapped. Sometimes she wants to have sex and I – I’m sorry, kid, but you have to know it’s not just you – and I can’t, because any sound she makes, sounds that used to be my favorite sounds in the world – sorry – just sound like I’m hurting her, now. But Kara, I’m working it through. I’m talking to her about it. Well, some of it to her, because she has her own healing to do, too, and I don’t want to interfere with that. But I’m working it out, Kara, with her. Not away from her. She needs you. And I think you need her. So listen, any problem you’re having, I guarantee you that you’re not alone in it, but you can’t just – “

“And you can’t tell me what I can and can’t do, Maggie, okay? You can work it out with her because none of this is your fault! But it’s mine, Maggie, do you understand what that feels like, what it’s like to try to look her in the eyes when I’m the reason she was tortured, the reason my own sister almost died?”

“Kara – “

“I didn’t listen to you, okay, and I should have. I should have, but I didn’t, and then the water, and I – “

“The water? Kara, are you… you were trying to save your sister’s life. But me, I should have seen all this before the water, before the elevator, I… Kara, he was stalking us. Some entitled white man with no training was stalking your sister, and me, for an entire year and I didn’t know? I’m a detective, Kara, I’m in the science division, I should have noticed, I should have – “

“And Alex is a DEO agent, Maggie.” Kara’s voice was soft, then, more forgiving, than it was when she’d been talking about herself. “You have to live your lives, both of you, without constantly looking out for bad guys. Otherwise you’ll… you’ll always be at work, and even at home, you’ll never be home. It… it’s not your fault, Maggie, just like it’s not Alex’s.”

“Okay, whatever, maybe. But it’s not your fault either, Kid Danvers. But if you feel like it is, you need to tell her. You need to tell her, and cry with her, or do whatever you need to do with her, because you need each other, Kara.”

“Did you just… call me Kid Danvers?”

“Didn’t you tell me they had a Kid Flash over in that other universe?”

“Well, yeah, but I’m not – “

“Yes you are.”

Kara sighed and smiled for the first time in what felt like ages.

“Yes, I am.”

“So, go on, get out of her. Sisters’ Night.”

Kara gulped and took off her glasses to clean them, a luxury she was glad she could now do in front of Maggie.
“Can I make a request?” Kara asked, her voice small and just this side of intimidated.

“Course you can, Kid Danvers.”

“Can you stay? Can Alex come here, and it’ll… it’ll be the three of us, for tonight?”

Maggie fought her own tears. It didn’t help that she saw them reflected in Kara’s eyes, too.

“Sure. Sure, Kara. Let’s call her and tell her to bring all the pizza and potstickers in the land.”
Chapter 580

Chapter Summary

“sanvers wedding fic: maybe one where they dance to say you won’t let go and find out kara’s gift is a retired police husky/german mix, and she’s not named gertrude but that’s okay?” prompt from @kirstyn-loftus

In the end – or at the beginning, as it were – they had so many songs they didn’t know how to choose just one.

Alex stressed and Alex cried, because it had to be perfect – their wedding had to be perfect – and Maggie tried to console her, to assure her, to gently kiss away her face and her worries. Kara took her flying and James took her sparring.

In the end, though, it was Winn that made her feel better.

He cleared his throat one morning in the command center of the DEO, loudly and nearly bouncing on the balls of his feet. “Excuse me, everyone? I need your attention.”

“What is it, Agent Schott?” J’onn pretended to be annoyed, but he knew, and he could barely contain the smile growing on his face.

He put on a good show, though, and Winn would run and slide into a hug with Papa Bear later as thanks.

“Alex,” Winn started, holding up the flash drive.

“Did you manage to plot the path and origin of that hull fragment we uncovered last week?” Alex rushed forward, reaching eagerly for the drive.

Winn snatched it away, and J’onn nearly choked on his laughter. Kara nudged him with her elbow, and he crossed his arms over his chest and kept his eyes on his eldest human daughter, trying to look grave.

“Uh, no,” Winn said. “I mean, I’ll have that to you by this afternoon, Agent Danvers, but I um… I had another project I was working on.”

“Winn, what could be more important than – “

“It’s for you. And Maggie. It’s… for the wedding. You were worried about choosing a wedding song. The best wedding song for you two. You wanted it to be perfect. So perfect that you didn’t stop to think about another option. But I figured, why just have one? You guys have so many forms of love together: why sum it all up with one song? So I… I gave you them all.”

He presented the flash drive to her with a little bow, like he was presenting her with a grand treasure.

And really, he was.
Alex most certainly didn’t cry in front of the entire DEO that morning.

Certainly not.

But she did hug Winn hard enough to leave a mark, and when she pulled away, her tears were on his shirt.

It was one of the best hugs he’d ever had.

During the wedding, he and Kara danced with their sister and her new wife during most of the playlist.

But for some of the songs, they got up, and they sang for them.

“Um, ‘scuse me, everyone. Um. I know Alex and Maggie love this song – the amount of times I’ve watched them make out to it at the bar is really upsetting, so much so that I had to beg M’gann and Darla to take it off their playlists.”

Everyone laughed, and M’gann and Darla held up their glasses in a toast to Winn. He lifted his imaginary glass higher and exchanged a grin with Kara.

“I mean, lesbihonest, those of you who’ve gone to the bar with Alex and Maggie know that I really could be talking about any song.”

“Here here!” James called softly, and Alex clung to Maggie while she leaned into James’s arms, laughing and blushing and crying all at once.

“But this song… this song is a special one. To me. Because this song is a story, more than anything. And I’ve… I’ve watched Alex and Maggie go through this story together. And I’m honored to watch them continue this story together. Alex, you… crap, I just lost a bet to James, I said I wouldn’t cry… I don’t know who I’d be without you. And Maggie, my favorite pool shark, I don’t know who I’d be without you, either. I always wanted a family. I met Kara, and found one. And now you’re part of it, and I… well, anyway. I’m gonna shut up and sing now.”

He cleared his throat and Kara took his hand and squeezed as she nodded to Lucy to start up on her guitar.

As she plucked out the first few notes of the song, an audible ‘awww’ rose through the crowd.

“I know, right?” Winn said softly into the microphone, and James made a note to talk to him about his natural performing talent later.

Soft laughter and Maggie’s tears mingled along with the first notes Winn sang.

“I met you in the dark,
you lit me up.

You made me feel as though I was enough.”

Kara took over in the next part of the song, and their voices joined during the bridge, and Alex and Maggie pulled each other closer as prompted, dancing with their foreheads together and tears on their faces.

But that wasn’t what made even J’onn cry.
Somewhere in the midst of the chorus, Alex found her own voice, and stared right into her wife’s arms, and sang.

And Maggie sobbed and shook smiled because she was so in love with Alex, too.

They both laughed quietly together at “I’ll bring you coffee with a kiss on your head,” because, even they both went to kiss each other’s foreheads, they both knew exactly what the other was thinking: that Maggie’s coffee order is “gross.”

But that Alex loves her so much she’ll bring it to her, anyway.

That Maggie loves her so much that she got her coffee wearing nothing but boxers and Alex’s t-shirt, that first morning.

A lifetime of firsts.

Including this.

Including dancing at their wedding, surrounded by the people they loved most in the world, wrapped in the voices of Alex’s little sister and one of their best friends.

Wrapped in each other, forever and ever.

They thought – both of them thought – that they couldn’t possibly get more emotional than they had already.

Kara proved them wrong.

Because she took the microphone a little bit before the party wound down.

“Hey everyone. So I know I’ve made speeches and sang already, but I just have one more thing. Well, not really a thing, more like… um.” She glanced toward the door, looking for something or someone that Alex and Maggie couldn’t see. She must have seen what she wanted to, though, because she nodded with an excited glow in her eyes.

“Okay, so… Maggie, we’ve said it before, but I want to say it again: we love having you as part of this family. And you and Alex make an absolutely beautiful family.” Kara’s chest wracked in a soft, silent sob, and Alex almost went up to hug her sister, but Kara held out her hand and shook her head.

“I’m okay. I’m losing a bet to absolutely no one, though, because I would never have bet against my crying tonight.”

“Yeah, Schott,” Iris West teased, and Winn laughed harder than anyone.

“So like I was saying. You two make a beautiful family, a perfect family. But um… but I think there can never be too much beauty in this world, so I wanted… I wanted to add to it. I hope that’s okay. James?”

And she nodded at the door she’d been looking at before. James strolled through with an enormous grin and an enormous dog.

“No,” Maggie whispered, tears pooling already.

“Kara, you didn’t,” Alex dropped to her knees, because even though she said one thing, she already knew to answer.
James guided the pup to them steadily, his camera at the ready in one of his hands.

“I did,” Kara said into the mic. “She’s a retired police pup, and she needed a home, and I thought who better? And no, Alex, you can’t rename her Gertrude. You’re welcome, Maggie.”

Both of them barely heard Kara as they let their new family member sniff them, get comfortable with them. Lean forward and lick their faces immediately.

“Kara,” Alex whispered as she felt Kara approaching behind her. “Thank you.”

She leaned into her sister even as her hands met Maggie’s over their pup’s fur.

“Only the best for the best couple I know,” Kara whispered, kissing Alex’s temple with a wet smile and a soaring heart.
anonymous asked:
Oooooo... Can we pleeeaaase find out how Sanvers get together in you NB Alex College AU?? I'm super hooked on that series and I need mooore! *makes random excited squeaky noises*

Maggie had suggested that they sit together on the couch, and Alex had never associated couch sitting with nerves.

They’d always associated it with studying or with Movie Night with Kara or with Game Night with Lucy and Kara and James and Winn, or with Siblings’ Night.

Not with this.

Not with… kissing.

Not with Maggie Sawyer, this girl who literally rode into her life and who, already, Alex didn’t want to stop being around. Ever.

“You’re so good at this,” Alex breathes into her mouth, and when Maggie sighs a small laugh, Alex pulls back. “I’m sorry, that was a weird thing to say, I ruined it, didn’t I, I’m sorry I – “

“Whoa, hey Danvers, slow down, hey.” Maggie shifts her hands from Alex’s undercut and jawline to their torso, hesitating before she brings her hands down on Alex’s tank top, their binder underneath.

“Can I touch you here? Only if you want me to,” Maggie clarifies, and Alex reaches their hand down on top of Maggie’s, bringing her hand onto their ribcage.

Alex gulps. Maggie gulps.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Danvers, okay?” She chuckles again, warmth lighting up her eyes and her entire face. “It was cute. You’re cute. And hot.” Her eyes travel down Alex’s body. “Very hot. And you’re not so bad at this whole making-out-on-the-couch thing, either. It takes two, you know?”

Alex blushed, and Maggie decides she wants to make them blush every day.

Multiple times a day.

“Okay. But still, it was a corny thing to say.”

Maggie shakes her head and brings one of her hands back to Alex’s face.

“This okay?” she asks. Alex nods their head eagerly, and Maggie leans forward to kiss their nose. “I like corny, Danvers. The world could use a little more of that corny earnestness you have. And anyway, sex is all about communication, right?”
Alex’s eyes fly wide, and it’s Maggie’s turn to blush and splutter.

“I mean… not that we’re having sex. Who’s having sex? Your roommate, probably, not us. Not right now, anyway, I – god, I kissed you twice, and now I’m becoming you? What – “

“Maybe kiss me again. Another test. To find out if we’ll really do the whole lesbian merging thing.”

Maggie licks her lips and glances at Alex’s mouth. “So what, you get all smooth when I’m the one stumbling over my words, Danvers? My hero,” she teases, and Alex’s breath hitches at the way her tongue wets her lips.

“Well? Do you consent to further testing?” Alex quirks their lips to the side, and Maggie barely stops herself from swooning.

“I do,” she whispers, leaning forward again, and Alex’s lips on hers take her breath away.

And she gladly gives her breath to Alex. Her breath, her slightly parted lips; her hands, her hair, her soft whimper when Alex tentatively flicks their tongue across Maggie’s lower lip.

“Was that okay?” Alex asks, their voice low and questioning, and it’s a question Maggie’s used to asking, but not so used to getting asked in return.

“Yes,” she whispers, and Alex’s smile could light up the multiverse.

“Good,” they murmur, lowering their head so they can do it again.

And again, and again, and again.

Maggie’s laying with her back on the ledge of the couch – this okay? Alex had asked, and Maggie had nodded desperately – Alex’s head pillowing her head – aww, you’re so sweet, Danvers, Maggie had teased, but her heart had never felt this warm – Alex’s leg between her thighs – don’t fall, Danvers, she’d cautioned, and Alex had chuckled, I would, wouldn’t I? and Maggie had secured her hands protectively on Alex’s waist to make sure they didn’t as they both giggled and kissed each other’s faces – Alex’s hair tousled by Maggie’s hands – so you like the way the undercut feels, huh? Alex had asked, and Maggie had blushed – when there’s a loud knock on the door.

“Fuck,” Alex pants into Maggie’s mouth, resting their forehead on Maggie’s.

“Dirty mouth, Danvers,” Maggie chuckles breathlessly, her eyes shut tight from the effort of not moaning her disappointment.

“Who the hell is it?” Alex calls, crawling off of Maggie. And, sure enough, nearly falling in the process.

They cling to each other and giggle.

“It’s me, Alex,” Lucy’s voice sounds. “And Sara. I am so sorry, but I left my laptop in here and I realized I have an assignment due at midnight – “

“You realized? I reminded you, Lane,” they hear Sara’s voice joining the mix.

“Whatever, can we come in? Just for a second? No need to get dressed, I’ll keep my eyes closed – “
“We are dressed!” Alex protests, and Maggie bites her lip and blushes as she checks over her clothes and hair to make sure she’s somewhat presentable.

“What a shame,” Sara grins as she strolls in with Lucy. She glances at both of them up and down with a faux-critical eye.

“Looks like you almost weren’t dressed, though, hm?” she teases, strolling forward to hug Alex and shake Maggie’s hand.

“Shut it, Lance,” Alex blushes, but appreciates the way Sara hugs her with more masculine gusto than she hugs most of her other friends.

“So you must be Maggie. I hear you’ve got a motorcycle. Nice. But uh… You plan on treating them well, right?” Sara raises her eyebrow as she and Maggie shake hands.

“She practices krav maga,” Lucy whispers loudly from across the dorm, and Alex aims a playful kick her way.

“Guys, don’t scare her off,” they singsong, their hands shoved deep into their pockets.

“My only plan with them is to treat them the way they deserve to be treated,” Maggie ignores Alex and Lucy’s antics, her eyes belonging to Sara for the time being.

Whatever Sara sees in them, she must like. She must trust. Because suddenly she goes from a protective stance to a welcoming smile.

“Well good, then, Maggie Sawyer. Luce, you have your laptop? Good, okay. Have uh… have a good night,” Sara winks and flashes a peace sign as she heads back out the door with Lucy.

“Have fun, kids!” Lucy gives them an identical wink as she, too, rushes back out the door.

“Sorry about that,” Alex chuckles when they’re alone again. “My friends can be… a lot.”

But Maggie shakes her head and takes their hands. “No, I told you: I love that they care so much about you. You deserve it.”

Maggie licks her lips again and Alex gulps.

“So. Looks like we have the rest of the night to ourselves,” they manage to choke out, and Maggie reminds herself to breathe.

“Looks like it,” she repeats. “Wanna kiss me again?”

And of course they do.
Chapter 582

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
prompt: Kara finding out Maggie loves musicals

At first, she doesn’t register the soft singing that becomes humming at the highest notes.

At first, she just registers it as part of the natural background to the amazing scents of pancakes and coffee and the crisp fall breeze pouring in through the open windows.

Part of the natural background – her new normal – of the sounds of her big sister in the shower while her sister’s girlfriend makes enough brunch for six people… just for the three of them.

Her new Sunday morning normal.

It takes her a few weeks to realize that it’s Maggie humming, that it’s Maggie, singing, as she cooks for the two most important people in her life. Safe. Secure. Happy.

It’s enough to make Kara hug Maggie for no apparent reason, and whisper in her bewildered ear that she’s so happy Alex has her.

It takes her a few more weeks to realize that Maggie is humming songs from musicals.

Sometimes, she realizes, it’s Wicked. Other times, it’s Hamilton. Once, it’s that song from Waitress. Other times, it’s The Newsies. Once or twice, it’s Les Mis.

Kara runs back through her memories of Maggie’s song-murmuring, and her jaw drops with the realization.

“Maggie,” she stands suddenly, her eyes wide. “You like musicals?”

Maggie freezes and splutters and Kara nearly breaks down laughing, because god, her big sister really is rubbing off on her.

“I… sorry, was I singing? I never realize when I do it, uh… when I feel safe, uh… it’s just something I do, but I can stop, I’m sorry, I – “

“No, Maggie, no! Don’t… don’t you know what this means?”

“Um… can I ask the audience?”

“Maggie,” Kara repeats, jumping up and down now, and Maggie looks pleased, if not slightly alarmed. “You like musicals. You know who else likes musicals?”

“Barry Allen?” she asks, and Kara waves her arms wildly like she’s physically brushing away an invisible Flash.

“Aside from him!” she jumps up and down eagerly.
“Oh god,” Alex says from the bathroom door, dressed only in a towel, her hair dripping wet.
Maggie’s jaw drops. It never fails to drop when she sees Alex… like that.
Kara sighs.
“Oh god what?” she wants to know.
Anything to keep Maggie from striding across the house and doing the things she so apparently wants to do to Alex right now.
“You finally put it together, didn’t you? That I’m dating a massive musicals nerd?”
“You knew?” Kara shrieks. “You knew and you didn’t tell me, Alex? I thought we were family! I thought we were best friends! I thought we were sisters!” Kara’s eyes are wide with mock-outrage.
“We are, Kara, but I also didn’t know if Maggie was ready to handle what goes with being a Danvers woman and loving musicals.”
“Um – “ Maggie starts, and Kara takes her cue, flying straight over the counter to take Maggie’s hands into her own.
“I can fly us to New York – no need to spend all that money on planes or a hotel, I can be there super fast – hehe, get it? – and we can see any show we want! We should aim to see one once a week! The perks of a DEO and CatCo paycheck! And… and the food! We can get food there, Maggie! New York pizza! And we can watch everything here! All the classics! We can invite Barry over! And Winn! Oooh, and Iris’s dad has a great voice, too! He’s a cop, a detective, you’ll like him so much! And we can have singalongs! We can have performances! We can – “
“Whoa, Little Danvers, I don’t perform – “
“We’ll need a stage manager if you’re not ready to sing in front of everyone yet!” Kara’s enthusiasm remains unchecked.
Until she notices that there are tears flooding Maggie’s eyes.
“Wait, no, I’m sorry. You can be an audience member, you don’t have to stage manage, either, I’m sorry, Maggie, I – “
“No, no, Kid Danvers, that’s not it, I… you… your sister called me a Danvers woman, and you didn’t protest, and I… I’m sorry.” She sniffled and touch the top of her index fingers to the bottoms of her eyes and gave her head a vigorous shake. “I’m sorry. You were saying? Singalongs? Performances?”
“Yeah,” Kara tells her, smiling, quieter now, more intimate, now. “For the family. Our family.”
They reach for each other at the same moment, and Maggie tip toes to fit her head over Kara’s shoulder.
“You will put on some clothes before joining this hug, Alex!” Kara scolds laughingly as she hears Alex approach.
Maggie groans in mock disappointment, and Alex grumbles about clothes being overrated, and Kara groans as Maggie agrees enthusiastically.
And all three of them don’t know the last time they were this, purely, happy.
She knows what kind of mood Alex is in the moment she walks through the door.
Because Alex is in her flowery little silk robe, and there are candles lit across the apartment, and there’s soft jazz playing, and she’s got that look on her face.
That almost shy, adorably hopeful, subtly seductive look.
“Welcome home, babe,” she says, and yep. Yep, Maggie’s right.
Because Alex’s voice is low, but not hard; sexy, but not demanding.
Alex’s voice is submissive, and heat goes straight through Maggie’s core.
“Well, someone looks beautiful tonight,” Maggie breathes, not once taking her eyes off her girlfriend as she takes her gun out of her waistband and kicks her boots off.
Alex bites her lip and blushes as she glances around the otherwise empty apartment.
“Oh? Who would that be?”
Maggie chuckles and slips off her leather jacket, tossing it onto the chair and striding toward Alex, her eyes gleaming with raw adoration.
“You, Alex Danvers. You.”
Alex’s breath catches, and tears flood her eyes for a moment before she swallows them in favor of drawing out her… plan for the evening.
“Do you wanna sit down?” Alex asks when Maggie is close enough to touch.
And in those simple words, she’s asking so much.
Is this alright?
Are you in the mood for this tonight?
Would you rather blow out the candles and just relax on the couch?
We can do that, too.

“I do,” Maggie husks.

And in those simple words, she’s affirming so much.

Yes.

Absolutely.

I want to make love to you. Right now.

More than anything.

Alex smiles and bites her lip again. Maggie barely suppresses a groan.

“Then come sit.” Alex offers her hand, and electricity passes through their fingertips as Alex leads Maggie to the couch.

“Would you like me to dance for you?” Alex asks, and Maggie’s breathing somehow both quickens and slows at the same time.

“Yes,” she manages, and Alex flashes a soft, seductive grin as she turns, slow and steady and smooth, raising her hands to tousle her own hair. Maggie gulps as Alex swirls her hips down, down, down, until Maggie can’t help but reaching for her.

“God, you’re so good at this, Danvers,” she murmurs, and Alex tosses her head back as she half-sighs, half-moans.

“Maggie,” she gasps, and Maggie’s hips move in time with Alex’s perfect rhythm.

“I’m right here, beautiful,” Maggie spreads her fingers to interlock them with Alex’s at her waistline.

“Tell me?” Alex asks, and Maggie smiles, because she knows.

“Do you wanna be a good girl and keep dancing for me, and I’ll tell you everything you wanna hear?”

Too overcome to speak, Alex nods. Maggie leans forward to kiss her back.

“I’m in love with you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her as Alex keeps dancing, as Alex keeps grinding her ass down into Maggie’s lap.

Alex grips Maggie’s hand tighter, and Maggie smiles.

“I’m in love with the way you think, the way you look at the world. I’m in love with… fuck, Alex, that, I’m in love with the way you do that.”

Alex gasps out a proud, pleased giggle, and Maggie doesn’t know if she can do this anymore without being able to see her fiancee’s face.

“Ally, can we… I wanna continue, but can… I wanna see your face.”

Alex stands and turns immediately, her eyes shining.
“Take me to bed then, Detective,” she offers, and Maggie stands to kiss her, to lift up under her thighs, to carry her to bed with Alex’s legs wrapped around her waist and Alex’s hands lost in her hair.

She lays her down gently and she lays her down perfectly. She fingers the tie holding her robe together.

“May I?” she asks. “I want to see your gorgeous body.”

“I love you,” is Alex’s answer, and Maggie kisses her stomach as she unties her robe and lets it pool back around her. Alex goes to sit up so she can take it off entirely, but Maggie shakes her head.

“You can leave it like that. Just… open like that for me. If that’s okay.”

But Alex’s breath had hitched so hard when Maggie told her she wanted it open for her that Maggie knows it’s more than okay before the words are even out of her mouth.

“You like that, do you, Danvers?” she murmurs as she presses kisses up her stomach toward her bare chest.

Alex gasps and arches her body toward Maggie’s mouth.

“Be a good girl and use your words for me,” Maggie whispers between worshipful kisses.

“I do,” Alex complies breathlessly, and Maggie smiles into her breasts.

“Good. Now where was I?”

She takes one of Alex’s nipples between her lips and flicks her tongue, lacing her fingers with Alex’s above the sheets.

Alex screams. Maggie’s smile grows.

“Mmmm, I think I was telling you things I love about you. Things I’m in love with about you. Do you want to hear more, babygirl?”

She looks up at Alex’s face even as she occupies her mouth with Alex’s nipple, and Alex nods desperately.

“Good girl,” Maggie affirms, and Alex arches her hips. Maggie grins and shifts her weight to her free arm so she can slip one of her legs between Alex’s.

Alex whimpers and arches her hips needily.

Maggie grinds down.

“I love when you show me what you want, Ally,” she murmurs into Alex’s collarbone.

“Mags,” is all Alex can manage, but it’s all Maggie needs. She pulls back to watch her face, to make sure she’s all green lights.

She is.

“I’m in love with the way you work in the lab. I’m in love with your dedication. I’m in love the fact that you’re both a doctor and a soldier.”
Alex writhes harder and Maggie shifts to kiss her neck, to lick her earlobe.

“I’m in love with the way you scream and scrape down my back when I do this,” she whispers hotly into her ear just as she grinds down with her thigh the way she knows drives Alex crazy.

And sure enough, Alex screams, and Alex drags her nails down Maggie’s back. She hastily sits up to tear her shirt off. Alex whines at the loss of contact until she realizes what Maggie’s doing.

Then, she helps.

Free of her shirt and her bra, Maggie turns her attention back to the woman underneath her.

“I’m in love with your fire, and I’m in love with your drive,” Maggie says into Alex’s mouth, her jawline, her throat. “I’m in love with the way you light up when you have an idea, and I’m in love with the way you laugh.”

She kisses her way back up to Alex’s mouth and laces their fingers back together. “This okay?” she asks, positioning Alex’s trapped hand beside her head.

Alex gasps and eagerly brings her other hand up for Maggie to take, for Maggie to hold down.

Maggie shudders with need.

“Take it, Maggie. Take what you need,” Alex manages to whisper, and Maggie nearly comes just from that.

“Ally,” she moans, lowering her forehead to Alex’s lips, shaking and completely overcome. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too, Maggie Sawyer.” Alex kisses her forehead. “I love you so damn much.”

“Good girl,” Maggie manages. “And one more thing I’m in love with?” she gasps raggedly, because she knows she’s not going to be able to be coherent much longer. She raises her head, because she needs to see Alex’s perfect eyes for this.

Alex nods, hips arching and entire body writhing with need.

“I’m in love with the way you come for me,” Maggie whispers, and it throws both of them over the edge.

Alex comes all over Maggie’s jeans, and their lips on each other’s lips is the only anchor they both have to the earth.

“I love you,” they whisper at the same time as they both shudder through their waves, holding each other’s hands tightly.

“I love you so damn much.”
Chapter 584

Chapter Summary

She Needs You (and you need her)
prompt from @benny-so-what – “Maggie putting some sense into Kara after she fought with Alex”

She texts her under the pretense of needing to discuss a case with Supergirl.

That’s been the only way any of them – even Alex – have been able to talk to Kara, lately.

Since…

Since.

Kara won’t consent to meeting at the bar, and Maggie knows this. So she doesn’t even try.

The diner, across from the precinct, she says, because it’s not frequented by people Kara knows, but it’s also not in the middle of the damn precinct where anyone can overhear the mild-mannered – if these days quite depressed – reporter talking like she’s Supergirl.

Because she is.

And these days, that’s all she is.

And Alex had shown up, crying.

Shown up, crying, and Maggie had taken her by the arm gentle, loving, and taken her into the single-stall precinct bathroom, ignoring the raised eyebrows from her colleagues, because Alex was keeping it together in front of other people, but her eyes were red and her voice was broken and Maggie... knew.

Because Maggie knows her.

So she had dragged her into the bathroom and pulled her into her arms and let her cry, let her gasp for air that would never feel like enough.

She let Alex sob and claw helplessly at Maggie’s shoulders, at her shirt, at her back, desperately trying to find an anchor, something to hold onto.

Because Kara wasn’t letting her hold onto her sister, anymore.

Not even when they both needed it most.

“And she asked what if it’d been you, and she… she wouldn’t let me touch her, Maggie, she… she flinched away from me, and I… it was like Red K all over again, her eyes, Maggie, it was like she… she hated me, like she’s not… like I’m not her sister, like… and it’s my fault, Maggie – no, no, it is, it is – because she told me not to let you go, but then she… maybe if I were more available, maybe if she were the only person in my life again, maybe she wouldn’t shut everyone
out so hard, maybe she wouldn’t be suffering so much, maybe… I can’t lose her, Maggie, but I feel like I have, I’m scared I… Maggie…”

Her voice broke and her body broke and Maggie held her. Just held her.

Held her and kissed her hair and kissed her face and shushed her when she started to fret about all the snot and tears she was drenching her henley in.

Held her and understood, finally, yet another reason that Alex was panicking about their wedding.

Because she was afraid it was contributing to the distance with Kara. That it was causing the distance with Kara.

So she held her and kissed her and soothed her.

She offered no solutions and she offered no empty platitudes.

But she did have a mission.

Because when Alex leaves – her shaking slowed and her breathing regulated, her tears kissed away and her agony somewhat eased – Maggie texts Kara.

Under a false pretense.

Because Maggie doesn’t like to lie.

But she also doesn’t like… this.

Any of this.

“So, what does your department need to know?” Kara asks when she slides into the booth across from Maggie.

No preamble, no greeting. No hug, no smile. No pleasantries. No glasses-adjusting.

No… Kara.

“Well, for starters, how you could have chewed into your sister like that when she was trying to help you.”

Because if Kara isn’t going to preamble, then dammit, neither is Maggie.

“Excuse me, I don’t think it’s your place to – “

Kara is halfway out of her seat, but Maggie is all the way out of hers.

“You’re going to sit back down and god knows I can’t make you talk to me, Kara Danvers, but whatever part of you still knows how to love your sister the way she deserves to be loved, how to love yourself the way you deserve to be loved, you’re going to sit back down and listen.”

Kara glares, and for a moment, she hates her.

For a moment, she hates everything about the woman standing across from her. The woman her sister is marrying.

Her sister.
Dammit.
Kara sits.

“Does this work on the suspects you interrogate?” she crosses her arms across her chest, and Maggie’s facial expression doesn’t change.

She sits, slowly. Her eyes don’t leave Kara’s. She doesn’t come back with a quip about how it apparently works on superior alien beings, so of course it works on her mere human suspects.

Instead, she tilts her head. She blinks.

“Yes,” she answers simply.

Kara glares harder. Maggie’s face, still, remains unchanged.

A moment passes between them. Maggie nods a thank you at the waitress that quietly sets down a plate of potstickers in front of Kara.

Kara opens her mouth.

“I didn’t order – “

“I did. You can eat them, or not.”

Kara’s stomach wins.

She shoves one into her mouth angrily, and Maggie almost smiles.

Almost.

“I’m not going to tell you how badly you made her cry. Or how you brought her back to that incident with the Red Kryptonite last year.”

“You just did,” Kara says, somehow injecting anger into her statement through a mouth full of potstickers.

“Not really. I could tell you much more. So many more details. About the pain you put her in. But I won’t. Because I don’t think you need to add that kind of guilt to your conscience, do you?”

“Maggie – “

“I know, Kara.”

“Know what,” she snaps, and it’s a statement, not a question.

“I know what you spend your nights researching. You use the DEO channel to access NCPD records, so I know. The casualty reports. The death tolls, the damage reports. This city nearly died, and you almost didn’t stop it. You practically invited it, falling into a relationship with the man who brought them all here, delaying the inevitable to try to keep him here. All those deaths – “

Kara is trying to leave again, and Maggie is faster again.

“All those deaths are not on you, Kara. And they’re not on Supergirl. They’re on the people holding the guns and the people flying those ships. They are not on you, Kara. None of this is on you. His leaving is not on you. Lena being kidnapped is not on you. None of it.”
Silence.
Kara sits.
Maggie sits.
Kara eats.
Maggie watches.

“You have no idea what you’re talking about,” Kara swears, and Maggie stands, this time.

“Maybe not. But I know you, at least a little, Kara. And I know you love her. And I know how easy it is to take out your guilt, your mourning, on yourself, and anyone who tries to help you. So you want to punish yourself? Okay. I’ll be here – we’ll all be here – to make sure you don’t take it too far. Which you’re about to, by the way. But you want to punish Alex? For loving you? I don’t care what your superpowers are. I won’t permit it. Understood?”

Kara’s lips part and her entire body freezes.

“You love her so much,” she says, and it’s a statement. It’s an admission.

“And I love you, too, Kara Danvers. Not Supergirl. God knows, Supergirl drives me insane.”

She gets a small smile from her soon-to-be sister-in-law, and her heart sings.

Because a little smile is a massive improvement.

“But Kara Danvers? She needs her sister. And Alex needs you. Alright?”

She’s about to leave – she’s already paid the bill – but Kara’s hand on her wrist stops her. She looks down, then up once Kara stands.

“Thank you,” she whispers, and Kara pulls Maggie in to a hug.

It’s stiff and it’s nervous and it’s a little begrudging, but it’s a hug.

It’s a start.

It’s an apology.

To Alex, to Maggie.

And, maybe, a little bit, to herself.

And that’s good enough for now.
Chapter 585

Chapter Summary

Asking Maggie, Asking J’onn
@cosmicsthetics “j’onn hiring maggie for the deo or her asking him permission to marry alex?”

He’ll need her to go through basic training. He makes that very clear.
He’ll need her to go through basic, and advanced tactical, and strategic planning.
But he’d like her to consider working for the DEO. Not full time.
He knows how much she loves her job.
But Kara does it.
They both lower their eyes at that, at the mention of Kara.
He wants to know what she thinks.

“I’d be honored, sir. Absolutely honored,” is her response, and the corners of his lips turn upward.

“Excellent. I’ll have Pam from HR get in touch with you regarding the details.” He stands and offers to shake her hand. She takes it, but gently, hesitantly.

He furrows his brow.

“Was there something else, Detective?” he asks, and he feels her nerves. Feels how strongly she’s thinking about Alex.

He desperately hopes those thoughts aren’t about the… things… they were doing in the armory this morning, that he overheard Winn and Vasquez teasing Alex about.

“Yes sir, I… um… can we… can we sit? Again?”

He’s never heard Maggie Sawyer stumble over her words – he reserves that for Agent Schott, the youngest Danvers girl, and the eldest (only when, of course, she’s talking about Maggie) – and he sits with his level of confusion rising.

J’onn gestures for her to continue.

She gulps.

“I’ve been meaning to… I…” She looks down at the table in front of her and something steels behind her eyes.

He wonders how Alex ever managed to get this woman’s defenses down enough for them to love each other so much.
Then again, if anyone could do the impossible – and have the impossible done to her – it’s Alex Danvers.

“After the invasion, Alex asked me to marry her. I know she’s told you, and I know… I know this might be old fashioned, or misogynist, or… I don’t know. I know Alex doesn’t need anyone’s permission to do anything, but I also know that Alex thinks of you like a father. Like her father. And I’m going to call Eliza tonight, but I… I said yes. To Alex. But I wanted to make sure… that that’s okay with you. As… as her father. And if it’s not, I wanted to ask if there’s anything you think I can do, to be… more worthy. Of her.”

There’s a long silence, and for a moment, Maggie’s mind screams so loudly about her own father – about his love, then his hatred, his rage, his rejection – that J’onn almost goes to embrace her, to fight away her demons. To tell her that she’s becoming a daughter to him, too.

That she doesn’t have to have no father. Not anymore.

“Maggie,” he begins after a long, long moment. “I watched Alex grow up. For her father. And you’re right. I love her like she’s my daughter. I always want to protect her. Like she’s my own. It started as a promise to her father, but it became… something else. And in all those years watching over her – and then, in all her years at the DEO – I’d never seen her like she is with you. I’d never heard her… giggle.”

He allows himself to smile, and he covers Maggie’s hand with his own when he finds her fighting off tears.

“Except when she was with Kara, but that… it’s not the same. It’s not less, or more, but it is different. With you… Maggie, if anyone is worthy of loving Alex Danvers, it’s you. I’m honored that you asked, and I… yes. Yes, of course. Just you never stop loving her as well as you do right now. Because I am nearly as strong as Supergirl, and she is my daughter.”

He tries and fails to look stern.

She tries and fails to banish tears from her eyes.

And when he hugs her, she nearly breaks.

Because he hugged her after… after. But it wasn’t like this.

It wasn’t just the two of them, and it wasn’t in the pure relief that their Alex was alive, was safe.

This… this is like being hugged by a father.

And she never, ever, ever wants to let go.
Chapter Summary

Alex is Serious
“Alex checking in with Maggie to see if she’s really that serious and broody and Maggie doesn’t lie but teases and kisses her to show she’s not serious and broody all the time” prompt from @ahhveee

“Maggie, I’m serious!” she pouts when Maggie tries and fails to hold back a snort.

“Apparently you are,” she teases, because Alex has just relayed Winn and J’onn’s comments – word for word, of course – that Kara has gone from little miss sunshine to… Alex.

“I go out! I do things! I go out! I’m fun. A lot of fun. I’m so much fun! And I don’t… pout all the time! I’m not…” Alex tosses up her hands and casts about for an analogy. “I’m not Oliver Queen!”

Maggie tilts her head and buckles her knees and leans into Alex, close, close, close.

“Oooh, no, but you’d look great in a suit like his – “

“Maggie!” Alex practically stomps her foot, and Maggie decides that the more petulant her fiancee is, the better.

Because this really is priceless.

“I mean, babe…” she starts, because she knows Alex can go from petulant and adorable to dangerous and lethal in 0.35 seconds. She weaves her fingers through Alex’s and pulls her close, making sure their hips are touching.

Making sure Alex is turned on by their proximity, by the drop in Maggie’s voice. By the way Maggie is moving her body.

“You can be a little… dangerous.”

“I – “

“Threatening Winn with bodily harm like… daily?”

“It’s not daily – “

“Making sure all the new DEO recruits are terrified of you?”

“It’s just part of their training – “

“Making Brian piss his pants with fear just from a look you give him at the bar – “

“It was that one time!”

“Babe,” Maggie kisses her neck, and Alex hisses.
Maggie moans softly.

She doesn’t bring up the other… dangerous parts of Alex.

The parts that can’t be made a joke.

The parts that torture other people, that torture her.

The parts there is almost no coming back from.

She keeps it light.

She keeps it amusing.

She keeps it sexy.

Because Alex needs laughter, not a guilt trip that will make Kara’s angst look like sunshine itself.

“Don’t stop,” Alex whispers, and Maggie bites down gently in that spot between her throat and her collarbone that always makes Alex yelp, partly turned on and partly ticklish.

“Babe!” she squirms with laughter, and Maggie bounces on the balls of her feet, immensely pleased with herself.

“Well, I guess you’re not broody all the time,” Maggie bites her lip and grins, and Alex rolls her eyes and pffts and blushes in the most adorable way possible.

“I guess I’ve gotten pretty soft on you, huh, Sawyer?” she bites her own lip, and Maggie’s breath hitchs.

“Yeah, Danvers, I guess you have.”
Chapter 587

Chapter Summary

Wake Up (the real version)
“Alex’s voice waking Kara up underwater instead of mon-el” from @superollie21 and “Danvers sisters make up pls. Also what the fuck of all the people Kara loves, fuck boy wakes her up? Pls change that” prompt from @commanderangel

(okay, not Sanvers, but like... necessary for life??)

She hears Alex’s voice.
She hears Winn’s.
She hears J’onn’s.
She hears James’s.
Hell, she even hears Maggie’s.
It’s like the explosion set off something inside her.
Both destroyed her body and sharpened her senses.
So she could feel herself dying in even more detail, part of her thought.
And part of her, maybe a little bit, relished the idea.
And it would be fitting, wouldn’t it?
Alex almost died.
In water.
In water just like this.
And that – just like this – was Kara’s fault.
All of this was Kara’s fault.
Not Supergirl.
Kara.
Because all the parts of Supergirl that Maggie had yelled at the night Alex was… taken… those parts were all, solidly, Kara Danvers.
So part of her heard their voices.
Heard the way their lips pronounced her name with nothing but love.
Despite how she’s been treating them.
Another thing that’s her fault.
Another reason for her to just rest.
Finally, to rest.
To rest, in this water.
The burning in her lungs is starting to feel comforting, truth be told.
It would be nice.
To rest.
They’d all be happier, probably.
Because lately, she’s been doing nothing but making any of them miserable.
Alex has Maggie, now.
She doesn’t need Kara. Not anymore.
And National City has Guardian, and hell, National City has Lena.
The city doesn’t need Supergirl. Not anymore.
And doesn’t she deserve to just… rest?
After all this?
After the invasion, bursting open every wound she’d ever had? After the invasion, forcing her to
lose her home – because they might have been Daxamites, but they were also, strangely, home –
over, and over, and over, again, and again, and again?
Doesn’t she deserve to rest?
They don’t need her, anyway.
Alex doesn’t need her, anyway.
But then there’s her voice, again.
Alex’s.
And Alex’s voice weaves a different story than the one Kara’s semi-conscious brain is telling her.
Alex’s voice – Kara, Kara, Kara. Wake up, wake up, wake up – is telling her that none of this has
been her fault. That she doesn’t need Supergirl. That she needs Kara Danvers.
That she’s always needed Kara Danvers. That she always will need Kara Danvers.
That Kara does deserve to rest, but in Alex’s arms. At Game Night, at Sisters’ Night. At the bar.
Surrounded by people who love her. Surrounded by Alex’s kisses to her shoulders and Winn’s
adorable stammering and James’s kind laughter and Maggie’s gentle teasing and J’onn’s quiet
adoration and Lena’s… everything.
“Wake up,” she hears Alex’s voice, and it’s a plea, not a command. It’s an expression of faith, of love, not a demand, an order.

“Wake up,” she hears Alex’s voice, and it’s gentle and it’s passionate and it’s laced with need, and it’s infused with belief.

Belief that Kara can wake up.

Belief that Kara is strong enough to do this. To do… all of this.

Strong enough to live.

Strong enough to let herself be cared for.

To let herself be loved.

Truly, deeply, loved.

“Wake up,” she hears Alex’s voice, and she does.

She does, because Alex’s will always be the voice that brings her back to herself.

Alex’s will always be the voice that brings her home.
Chapter Summary

Missing Pizza Night

They’ve never had Game Night without Kara.

She couldn’t have Sisters’ Night without Kara, and that was bad enough.

But she figured… she figured if they had a night together, all of them – their family – Kara would come.

Especially if they called it Pizza Night, instead of just a regular Thursday.

She figured – she really did – that if they had the night anyway, and invited Kara, her sister’s stomach would overpower her grief. That she’d come. Even if she said no at first.

It didn’t work.

It didn’t work, and Alex almost broke.

And even Jessy the Delivery Guy knew something was wrong.

“Hey Alex,” he grins when she opens the door, but his face falls when hers does.

Because she’d thought – she’d hoped – that maybe it was Kara.

“Hey, Jessy,” she tries to smile, reaching out for the heaping boxes of pizza while also slipping him a massive tip. And he appreciates her attempt at smiling, he does. But her utter failure at it makes his own smile fade.

Her hears her fiancee, their friends, inside, laughing at something Winn said.

But there’s a voice he doesn’t hear.

“Your sister okay? She hasn’t ordered in a while, and she’s not – she’s not here tonight, huh?”

Alex sighs, and melts backwards as she feels a pair of warm hands slipping around her waist and reaching for the pizza boxes.

“Hey Maggie,” Jessy grins again, and his smile broadens at the way Alex blushes when Maggie presses a kiss to her neck.

“How’s the boyfriend, Jessy?” Maggie asks, and it’s Jessy’s turn to blush.

“You told her?” he asks Alex, though he’s clearly not actually displeased.

“I mean, she’s gonna be my wife, so yeah, I told her. And I wasn’t exactly under the impression it was a secret, you bouncing in here announcing it to all of us when he finally asked you out,” Alex smirks, and Jessy’s blush increases.
“Yeah, yeah,” he murmurs. “But really, Alex. Is Kara okay?”

Alex freezes and Maggie’s hands run up and down her waistline supportively.

Neither of them tell him that Kara’s been ordering from a different pizza joint because she doesn’t want to see anyone she knows.

Doesn’t want anyone smiling at her, when she doesn’t deserve it.

Or, when she thinks she doesn’t, anyway.

“She will be, Jessy,” Maggie fills in softly when Alex clearly can’t find the words. Alex turns her head to kiss Maggie a thank you.

Jessy nods like he knows, and somehow, Alex suspects he does.

“Well, if any of you need anything, aside from pizza, just let me know, okay?”

“You got it,” Maggie supplies when Alex again can’t speak, and they both sigh as the door closes, as Maggie presses a soft kiss to the back of Alex’s shoulder.

“You two gonna stand there all night with all that pizza?” Winn wants to know, and Alex is grateful for the distraction, for the levity.

She pulls out her phone as Maggie kisses her once more and takes the boxes over to a ravenous-looking Winn.

No messages from Kara.

No anything from Kara.

She dials.

No answer.

No surprise.

“Hey sis, I just… I know I left you messages about it, but I just… the pizza just got here, so I thought maybe you’d want to know. The window’s always open for you. I… no pressure, okay? But feel free to pop by. Everyone’s here, and everyone… everyone misses you. But no pressure, okay? I… I love you, Kara. Okay. Bye.”

James squeezes her hand as she sinks into the couch next to him and she leans into his shoulder for a long, long moment.

They’re all silent for a long, long moment.

“Papa Bear says she’ll come around when she’s ready,” Winn says softly, and Maggie kisses Alex’s free hand.

“She will,” she assures, and Alex smiles softly, gratefully.

“Hopefully before the pizza gets cold,” she prays to a god she doesn’t think she believes in.

Kara doesn’t show.
Again.

Alex’s heart breaks.

Again.

Her friends – her family – is there for her.

Again.

And always.
Chapter 589

Chapter Summary

The Gayest Wedding
“Maggie and Alex actually talking out their probs instead of running away!” prompt from @pittyyy and “more sanvers, always” from @bi-bi-babie and “And Maggie and Alex talking about her asking J’onn” from @figuringoutme4me

She doesn’t want to bring it up.

Her father.

Because Maggie won’t have her father there.

Hell, Maggie won’t have any of her family there.

But she wants a big wedding. A big deal. With all the traditions, with all the pomp and circumstance and all the… everything.

Maggie Sawyer wants everything with Alex.

But right now, Alex doesn’t… she doesn’t feel like she can give her everything.

Because her father, because she’s being a huge baby, because Maggie is so much stronger than she is and she doesn’t want to open Maggie’s wounds by nursing her own stupid ones, but also because…

Also, because Kara.

Because Kara won’t be there.

At the wedding, sure.

She’ll be there.

She’ll show up, and she’ll smile, and she’ll perform her part just right.

But afterwards, she’ll disappear. Again.

And beforehand? She won’t be there.

Not for any of the tastings or dress fittings or… or anything.

And it’s Alex’s fault.

It’s always Alex’s fault.

So she doesn’t tell her.

She doesn’t tell her, and she puts on a brave face, but Maggie sees through it, because Maggie
knows… well, Maggie knows her.

“Talk to me, Alex,” she says, and Alex knows Maggie, too.

She knows Maggie is panicking.

Not the way Alex is panicking; because Alex isn’t panicking about anything that has to do with Maggie, not really.

But Maggie’s eyes, Maggie’s voice?

She’s putting on a brave face of her own.

Because she had gone home to her own apartment that night, because Alex should let her know when she figures out what she wants, because Maggie thinks… Maggie thinks that Alex doesn’t want her.

And she couldn’t be more wrong.

So she tells her.

She tells her over the comm, but only a little bit.

Only some of it.

She tells her more – she tells her everything – later that night.

“Talk to me, Alex,” she says, and it’s still a plea, and it’s still panicked.

Because she knows Alex, and she knows what they’d talked about over the comm wasn’t the whole story.

“I want to marry you, Maggie,” she assures her again. “I love you. Forever. I just…”

She plays with Maggie’s hair as she tries to find the right words.

“I feel selfish. For wanting my father there. For wanting my sister there, before. I mean, I know she’ll come to the wedding, but I… I wasn’t the kind of kid that fantasized about what my wedding would be like, you know? It just… it didn’t happen, in my head. But when I met you, I…”

She pauses and blushes and she watches the relief start sweeping over Maggie’s face. The knot in her stomach loosens.

“I did. I started… fantasizing. About a wedding, about… marrying you, and… and what it would be like. And, I don’t know, maybe… maybe it could be okay. Without my father. But without Kara? Helping me with… god, with everything? Before? Celebrating with me, every day, about the stupid, little choices that go into planning this thing? She barely looks at me anymore, so how… whenever I’ve fantasized about a wedding, it’s never been without Kara, it’s never… but then I feel…”

Maggie strokes her knuckles and tilts her head. “Selfish,” she supplies softly, and wipes Alex’s tears as she holds back her own. “Why?”

“Because!” Alex bursts, and her voice cracks along with Maggie’s heart. “Because who am I to whine about all this, when your family… I’m just complaining, I’m… I shouldn’t be making this about me, because my family loves me, they accept me, but yours…”
“Alex, hey, babe, stop, stop. Listen to me, okay?”

She takes Alex’s face in her hands and it’s her voice that’s cracking, now, Alex’s heart that’s cracking, now.

“You are not responsible for what my family’s like. Okay? You’re allowed to have your own feelings about your family, and I’m here to support you, okay? With whatever those feelings are. Just like you support me, okay? You are not selfish. Okay? You’re not selfish for having feelings. And Alex, I… I know I said it before, but I dunno, we were at work, and a bomb was about to go off, so maybe you didn’t really register it… I know you know that family is deeper than blood. You have Kara, so I know you know that. And Alex, chosen family… I have that, now. With you. And Kara, and James, and Winn, and J’onn. They’ll be there. Adrian will be there. I don’t need…”

Her eyes flash and Alex kisses her nose. They press their foreheads together for a long moment. They breathe together.

Maggie continues.

“I do have my family, Alex. The family I’ve chosen. And… listen, babe, you know how hardcore I supported you when your dad was here – “

“Ride or die,” Alex smiles wetly, and they kiss soft and sweet and still.

“Ride or die,” Maggie repeats. “But… and tell me if this isn’t okay to say, Danvers, but I don’t… I don’t think Jeremiah is the only dad you’ve got.”

Alex’s brow furrows for a brief moment, before images of J’onn telling her she’s special, showing her that she’s special; of bringing him chocolate when he was imprisoned; of him saving her life, over, and over, and over, and over again; of him risking his life, his freedom, his everything, for her, to protect her, to keep her safe; of him telling her that his money is on her girl; of him laughing beside her at the bar; of his pride in her; of his unconditional, unyielding love for her… of her unconditional, unyielding love for him.

She sniffs and she smiles and she nods.

“You’re right. You’re… you’re right. Thank you, Maggie. Thank you.”

“That’s what I’m here for, Danvers.”

“Forever?” Alex asked, her eyes beginning to shine again.

“Forever,” Maggie confirms, before sealing the promise with another kiss.
Chapter 590

Chapter Summary

Winn’s Favorite Couple

He still hasn’t quite forgiven himself.

For not realizing Alex was a lesbian, generally.

For not realizing she was falling in love with Maggie, specifically.

“I should have seen it; I should have been a better friend to you, Danvers,” he’d told her one drunken night, leaning into her shoulder unsteadily.

“How could you have seen it if even I didn’t, Winn? Come on, man, you’re a great friend.”

A pause.

“Don’t tell anyone I told you that, or I’ll be forced to silence you permanently.”

He’d let it go, but not really.

Not really, because Alex was always so focused on other people, on what’s best for other people.

He should have been more focused on her.

But now?

Now, he is.

Now, he is, and he notices.

He notices that Maggie leaves the bar early, with a part-terrified, part-angry look on her face.

He notices, and he shoves his hands deep into his pockets, and he makes a note to text Maggie later, to make sure she’s okay, to see if she wants him to come over.

But for now, he walks over to his first big sister.

“Alex?” he asks, and he watches her muscles ripple with tension.

“Yeah?” she asks without turning around, and he knows without needing to see her face that she’s close to tears.

“Everything okay? With uh… with you and my favorite pool shark?”

“Of course it is. Why wouldn’t it be? We’re getting married, aren’t we?”

She’s trying to snap at him, and she’s utterly failing.

He decides it’s safer not to point that out.
“You can be getting married and things can still be hard,” he reminds her, keeping his voice as casual as he possibly can.

She finally turns to look at him.

“Winn,” she starts, but she doesn’t finish.

Because there isn’t any teasing in his eyes, and there isn’t any judgment.

There’s just… love.

“Listen, Alex, you don’t have to talk to me. I know I’m not… I’m not Kara. And I’m not Maggie.”

“Thank god for that,” Alex teases, and Winn smiles, pulling a hand out of his pocket and touching her arm gently.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to talk to me. But you can. If you want to. And if you don’t want to… you should talk to Maggie. Because whatever it is… you two have been to hell and back together, Alex. And that doesn’t always mean that two people belong together. But you two? You do. And she deserves – you deserve, you both do – to talk it out instead of letting it… fester.”

“Since when are you my therapist?” Alex deflects, and Winn smiles, because he knows she heard him loud and clear.

“I love you, Alex. Okay? Talk to her. When you’re ready. Alright?”

She doesn’t speak, but she doesn’t have to.

He already knows.

And the next morning, he stays silent on the comm when Maggie asks Alex to talk to her, please.

He’s almost surprised when she does.

He smiles to himself when she does.

Because he’s so damn proud of her.

And, truth be told, a little proud of himself. That he said something to her.

Because if he can’t help Kara right now – if Kara won’t let herself be helped right now – then at least there’s one Danvers girl he can show love to.

He knows he should probably tell them he’s on the comm. Or shut it off.

But if he shuts it off, they’ll hear the click.

It’ll end the conversation.

If he interrupts to tell them he can hear them, it’ll end the conversation.

And he doesn’t want them to end their conversation.

So he bites his lip and his chest swells in pride that Alex is actually taking his advice.

Is actually talking.
His chest swells in pain when she talks about her father, and his chest swells in bittersweet love when Maggie talks about choosing family.

Because he knows exactly what she means.

He chose these two love nerds, after all.

And when he tells them – because he can’t lie to them, not now that Alex has said all she’s going to say for now – that he heard the whole thing, that they’re his favorite couple, he means every word.

His favorite couple, and his… well, his family.

And family gets to irritate and tease family.

So he grins, because the way he talks?

And the way Alex responds to him?

Like she’s his big sister, and he’s her little brother?

Maggie’s absolutely right.

Chosen family really is… life-giving.
Chapter 591

Chapter Summary

Comforting James

They can’t comfort Kara when she doesn’t want to be comforted.

But Alex, Maggie, and Winn will be damned if they don’t comfort James when he needs it.

He tries to pretend he doesn’t, at first.

That her digs about Guardian and her quitting and her stalking away from him and the coldness in her eyes hasn’t torn his heart into pieces, that his utter inability to help her believe in herself again isn’t breaking his will to do… well, much of anything.

But Winn tracks him to the bar, and he texts Alex and Maggie to join, because James needs his friends.

No.

James needs his family.

“I’m fine, Winn,” he says by way of greeting him, but his voice is hard and his eyes are harder. Winn doesn’t flinch, but James does.

“I’m sorry,” he corrects immediately, and Winn pulls up the bar stool next to him.

“You know, I didn’t exactly have a lot of positive models of… of masculinity, growing up. Of how to function in this world, as a man. There was my dad, blowing people up and swearing I’m just like him, and then there were foster fathers that…”

Winn orders a beer and James lifts his head to study his best friend. His brother.

“But then I met you. And I wanted to hate you. I tried to, I did. Because of Kara, because… well, that whole thing. But James, you… you’re my brother, man. And what you did, just now? Snapping at me, and immediately apologizing? You’re… you’re my brother, James, but you’re also like… my role model.”

James sees Alex and Maggie stepping into the bar behind Winn, and he smiles softly down at the counter.

“Thanks, man,” he whispers, his hand clapping softly onto Winn’s thigh. “I… you too. I admire you, too. And uh…” He raises his voice so the girls can hear him, but not so loud as to make Winn nervous. “I see you called in the cavalry.”

Alex and Maggie approach, hand in hand, now that James has indicated that it’s alright; now that James has indicated that he, unlike Kara, is open to being… well, loved.

“I just wish she would let us in. She quit, you know, Alex.” Maggie covers Alex’s hand with her
own, and James shakes his head. “Snapper’s on sabbatical and she didn’t submit anything official. So it’ll be okay. She can come back, whenever she’s ready, but I just… I’m scared. I’m scared she’ll spiral and not… come back.”

“I’ll talk to her,” Alex assures him. “I don’t know if it’ll do any good, but I’ll… it’s about time, you know? I’ll talk to her. Right now. But before I go, I… James, thank you.”

“For what? For pushing your sister too far and making her walk away from the last thing that was keeping her Kara Danvers?”

Winn shakes his head and puts his hand on James’s shoulder, and Maggie leans across Winn to put her hand on his thigh.

“No,” Alex says, and her voice is firm. Her voice is broken, and her voice is love. “You didn’t do this, James. A lot of people contributed to… this. To Kara going through what she’s going through right now. You’re not one of them, you hear me? And I was thanking you because… because you were brave when I… when I was too scared. You tried to help in a way that I’ve been scared to, and I… thank you. For loving her so well. Even when she’s… pushing us all away. I’m her sister. She’s stuck with me forever, but you… you don’t have to. But you do anyway. So, thank you.”

She stands and crosses behind Maggie and Winn to lean down and hug James. He hugs back, but shakes his head.

“You’re wrong, Alex. I do have to. That’s what family does, right? Stays?”

She smiles grimly and nods at him. “Yeah. I’m gonna go talk to her. You gonna be okay with these two?”

“We’ll take excellent care of him.”

“I’ll drink him under the table again.”

“That was one time, Sawyer.”

“One very beautiful time, Olsen.”

“Do you two need a room?”

“Shut it, Schott.”

“No one asked you, Winn.”

Alex shakes her head as she leans down to kiss Maggie with needy, slightly parted lips.

“I see I’m leaving you in very capable hands,” she teases James, and he chuckles as she leaves.

“She loves you, James. This isn’t forever. You know that, right?”

James sighs as Maggie holds his eyes with hers.

“What if it is?”

“It’s not,” Winn interjects firmly. “It’s not.”

“Thank you two,” James holds up his bottle of beer, and Maggie and Winn clink theirs against his.
“Always, brother.”

“That’s what family’s for, Olsen. Also for kicking your ass at pool.”

“In your dreams, Sawyer.”

“In reality, Olsen.”

“Ooh, who’s team do I get to be on?”

“No one’s.”

“That wouldn’t be safe, Winn.”

“Yeah, no one’s trying to go to the hospital tonight, Schott.”

“It’s just geometry for – “

“Nope.”

“You guys are no fun.”

“You love us.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.”
Their eyes meet between the passing of strangers that they’re there to protect.

Their eyes meet across too much distance and their eyes meet across all of time.

“I love you,” Maggie tells her, because god, she does.

“You too,” Alex assures her. “Forever.”

She says it because it’s true.

She says it because those words, those feelings, are only ever for the woman she’s locking eyes with.

The woman she’s marrying.

She doesn’t say it with the intention of it becoming a thing.

But – just like jurisdiction battles and the black lung and getting soft on each other and you’re saying you like me and a lifetime of firsts, god, god, a lifetime of firsts – it becomes a thing anyway.

It becomes Alex’s automatic response whenever Maggie says she loves her.

Automatic, but never emotionless.

Automatic, but always full.

She says it when Maggie’s away for work, when she’s away for work. To end phone calls, skype calls. To begin phone calls, skype calls.

Because sometimes, the first words that slip out of Maggie’s mouth when they greet each other long distance aren’t ‘hey babe’ or ‘want me to tell you about a dead body.’

Sometimes, the first words that slip out of Maggie’s mouth – her greeting – is, simply, I love you.

“You too,” Alex will tell her, always beaming, always with her heart leaping. “Forever.”

She texts it, and it’s always in two texts.

You too.

Forever.
Because a statement like that should never be rushed.

A promise like that should never be rushed.

So she always stretches it out over two texts.

Forever.

“God damn, you’re good at that,” Maggie tells her one night, both of their bodies glistening with sweat, both of their chests heaving with exertion, all of their limbs limp with post-orgasmic bliss.

“You too,” Alex teases. “Forever.”

And she screams with laughter when Maggie somehow finds the energy to laugh, to reach for her, to flip her over, to plant kisses all over her face.

They write their own vows at the wedding.

They don’t share their vows with each other beforehand; they agree that they want to hear them for the first time as they were making these promises to each other in front of everyone they love.

Maggie’s voice trembles as she says hers.

Maggie ends her vows with a simple “I love you.”

And Alex’s hands shake in Maggie’s – with nerves, with excitement, with laughter – because this just proves it, once again.

That they were born to love each other.

Because Maggie ended her vows with “I love you,” and Alex had planned to start hers with, “You too. Forever.”

Because forever with Maggie Sawyer?

Sounds absolutely perfect to Alex Danvers.
Maggie had said she wanted to hit the town, because, if they were being honest, Alex needed it.

Alex needed it because Alex needed her sister, but couldn’t have her right now.

So Maggie told her to wear something nice.

Again.

And she did.

She’d relished the way Maggie’s mouth went dry and the way she’d stammered over her words when her eyes found Alex’s choker.

“See something you like, Sawyer?” she’d asked, feigning like she wasn’t having coherency problems of her own, caused largely by Maggie’s lipstick and the thought of getting it all over her body.

“Always, Danvers,” Maggie had answered.

She’d taken them to the bowling alley, and it turned out she was nearly as bad at bowling as she was at pool.

Alex teased her about getting bumpers for the gutter, and Alex pulled Maggie’s hips in close to hers, and Alex whispered something about her mind being in the gutter.

And then they’d gotten the call.

“From now on, I only do date night in tactical gear,” she protests while Maggie drives, and Maggie grimaces.

Grimaces because Alex has a point, and not even about the possibility of dying at any moment and the practical need to have some kevlar in a situation like this.

No, that’s not it.
Alex has a point because, as hard as it would be to focus on safely navigating them through a high-speed car chase with her girlfriend leaning, in full tactical gear, out the window to shoot, at least Alex doing things like shooting out the car window in tactical gear was something Maggie was used to.

But this?

Alex dolled up for a date?

Alex, in that choker?

Alex, dolled up for a date, in that choker, leaning out the window like she’s invincible, completely trusting Maggie to keep them on course, to keep them safe, at 80 miles an hour on a very not-open road?

Maggie’s body was not prepared for that.

So she grimaces and she focuses – hard – because focus is something she needs right now.

Because she really can’t afford to be thinking, right now, about the things she wants to do to Alex.

About the things she wants Alex to do to her.

She saves all that until they get home.

Until they get home, when Alex has seemed to forget all about Maggie’s lipstick and her own choker and their date night and the concept of romance generally.

Because Alex has pulled back.

Again.

Because Alex has retreated into worrying about Kara territory, again.

And Maggie understands. She does.

But she also wants her.

God, does she want her.

Her in that choker, her in that outfit, her with her bravery and her faith and her anger and her dedication.

Her with her ability to joke about tactical gear and date night when they can be blown out of their car at any moment.

“Alex,” she rasps, and when Alex lifts her eyes to meet Maggie’s, something sparks.

Like maybe Alex, now, can feel it, too.

Maggie’s raw want.

Her emotional patience combined with her raw sexual frustration that Alex has been so distracted, lately. Too distracted, too upset, to do any of the things that are on Maggie’s mind right now.

“You look so beautiful,” is all she can whisper, and Alex’s breath hitched.
Her pupils dilate. Her tongue wets her lips.

“So do you.” She says it like she’s praying, and Maggie thinks that maybe she is.

“You can say no – you know you can always say no – but I want you, Alex.”

Because the sight of her in that choker has her purely and utterly wrecked, and she needs… god, she needs so much.

Reassurance. Intimacy.

Alex writhing under her and screaming her name.

“I want you, too,” Alex whispers, but there’s hesitation in her eyes.

Maggie tilts her head. Alex smiles.

“Not sex? Not tonight. I… I did, want to. But now, I just… can we just… I wanna kiss you. Can we just… can we kiss?”

“Come here,” Maggie welcomes, and Alex crawls into her lap eagerly.

They start slow, all lips and all tentative and all gentle.

Maggie’s hands roam from Alex’s waist to her face to her arms to her ass.

Alex grinds down into her lap, and Maggie’s hips arch up of their own accord.

They both smile into the kiss, and they both go to deepen it at the same time.

Maggie moans softly into Alex’s mouth as her tongue brushes Maggie’s lips, seeking and retrieving entry.

Alex gasps at the heat in Maggie’s response, at the way Maggie’s tongue caresses hers, at the way Maggie’s teeth gently swipe at her bottom lip.

“Danvers,” Maggie whimpers, and Alex shifts off her lap quickly.

Too quickly.

Maggie looks up in dazed confusion.

Alex holds out her hands.

“Come to bed,” she said, and Maggie tilts her head.

“We don’t have to, babe, you said you weren’t in the mood to – “

“I’m not. But I want to… I want to take your clothes off. I want you to take mine off. And I want to keep kissing you. But closer. I wanna be so close to you.”

“Alex,” Maggie whispers as she stands, as she kisses Alex all the way back to her bed. To their bed.

“Undress me?” Alex asks, and Maggie does.

Slow and reverent and worshipful, she kisses every newly-exposed inch of Alex’s skin, gasping
softly at the revelation that is her naked body, eyes hungry and loving, like she knows Alex by heart and like she’s seeing her for the first time.

Alex nearly cries.

She doesn’t, because it’s Maggie’s turn.

Maggie’s turn to feel revered, worshiped, cherished. Loved.

She takes her time stripping Maggie of her clothes, pressing open-mouthed kisses to every part of Maggie’s body.

Including the parts that always tickle her.

She revels in Maggie’s shrieks, in her giggles, in the way she tugs at Alex to never, ever stop.

“I love you,” she murmurs when they’re finally laying skin to skin, interlaced in each other’s arms, kissing slow and steady and soft.

“I love you too, Alex Danvers,” Maggie promises back, her lips traveling briefly down Alex’s jawline to her throat before coming up again to meet her mouth, heated and passionate and open.

They interlace their left hands – the touching of their rings sending an extra surge of awe for the other through both of their bodies – on top of the covers as they fall asleep, their limbs intertwined, their bodies flush against each other.

And for a moment – a long, peaceful moment that lasts all night – they’re all that exists in the world, and everything is absolutely perfect.
Chapter Summary

“I got you. Always.”

“please just danvers sisters (and mags if you like) fix it/extension?” prompt from @superspies-and-apple-pie and “Danvers sisters make up pls” from @commanderangel and “Ik Eliza isn’t a regular, but I feel like they could have or in the future could use her to help Kara work through this. Alex is the main person that loves Kara Danvers, but Eliza is too.” from @figuringoutme4me

She tells the soldier – terrified and in pain on the cold, solid ground – that he’s going to be okay. That he has no internal injuries. That he’ll be alright.

That she’s got him.

It makes her think of her soldier.

Her sister.

And it wrenches her own insides. Painfully.

She almost calls her.

Almost.

But she has Maggie, now.

She doesn’t need Kara butting in and ruining everything, now.

But she can’t stop thinking about what she told that soldier.

The thing that Alex always tells her.

I got you.

I’m here, you’re safe, I’m taking care of you, I’m protecting you, I love you.

She doesn’t know, now, how to let Alex be there. Keep her safe. Take care of her. Protect her. Love her.

Because she can’t give any of that back to Alex.

She can’t give anything to anyone. Not anymore.

Not as Kara Danvers.

And Alex never wanted her to be Supergirl.

And now, that’s all Kara wanted to be.
So she doesn’t know how to let Alex… love her.

Because she doesn’t know, anymore, how to let her love… herself.

“I’ve got you,” she told the scared, young soldier.

She tries not to think of her sister as a scared, young soldier, nearly drowning in that tank; a scientist, a healer, transfigured into a killer.

All because of her.

All because of the burden of growing up with Kara Danvers.

She doesn’t want to be a burden anymore.

She doesn’t want to… be. Anymore.

And, later, when Alex comes over and tries to demand that she talk to her, tries to demand that she let her in, Kara lets all her rage flood out of her veins and into Alex’s soul.

It feels like Red K felt, but there are no excuses this time.

It feels like Red K felt, and it feels amazing.

It feels amazing to break Alex’s view of her, to wrench her big sister from the delusion that Kara Danvers is worthy of existing, to rid her of the false hope that humanity is worth living in.

She gets a rush from the hurt in Alex’s eyes.

And she hates herself for it.

She hates herself for it, and the more she hates herself, the more she pours her hatred into her sister.

She hates herself all the more when Alex doesn’t leave enraged. When Alex doesn’t try to hurt her back.

When Alex doesn’t try to get even.

She hates herself all the more when Alex still insists that Kara Danvers is her favorite person. Even after all… that.

J’onn tries.

Lena tries.

She feels everyone around her trying.

It makes her feel all the worse.

But somewhere inside her, it buoy her.

Somewhere inside her, it reminds her of who she used to be.

Who she can be.

The feeling just increases when Eliza texts her.
I love you, Kara. Please call me when you get the chance. I want to hear your beautiful voice. I am so proud of you, my wonderful, wonderful daughter. I’m so grateful you came into our lives. And Alex is, too. We’re here for you, Kara. We’re always here for you.

She wipes her eyes at the way Eliza writes essay-long texts. At the way she’s proud of her. Always. Just like her sister is.

She sighs.

She calls James, first.

“I’m sorry,” she tells him, without preamble.

“It’s okay, Kara,” he tells her, without hesitation.

The hatred threatens to return. She fights to keep it at bay.

“It’s not,” she counters, and she hears him sigh. “Can I unquit?” she asks, before he has a chance to try to comfort her again.

“Of course you can,” he tells her, and she thanks him, and she hangs up, because small steps, and she’s about to break.

She texts Lena next.

The heart Lena sends in response makes the corners of her lips twitch upwards.

And then she does something terrifying.

She heads out to the bar.

Because Alex still texted her to tell her where everyone would be tonight. Just in case.

She knows Maggie’s eyes light up, and James’s, and Winn’s.

But she only has eyes for her sister.

Her sister, who doesn’t, somehow, hate her for the things she’s said. For pulling back. For abandoning her when Alex needs her, too.

Her sister, who kisses her shoulder and who loves her more than she loves her own life.

Her friends – no, her family – do a good job of keeping things normal. Of not making a huge deal that she’s finally come out with them, after all this time.

But after a while, James and Winn announce that they’re going to play pool. Maggie kisses Alex before getting up to follow them, alleging that she has to keep the bar safe from Winn and his awful interpretation of geometry with sticks.

After a while, they leave Kara alone with her sister, because they know they need it.

Kara wants to be angry, irritated.

She’s grateful, instead.
“I love you, Kara,” Alex tells her before she can say anything. “I love you, and there is nothing that you could ever say or do that would make me love you less.”

Kara nearly breaks. She holds on to her big sister instead.

“I’m sorry,” her voice cracks. “For how I spoke to you, for pushing you away. You’re getting married, Alex, and I should be here for you, I – “

“Kara, that’s not – “

“Yes, it is. Celebrating life is just as important as… as mourning things. And you two, celebrating your love? Especially after…” She doesn’t talk about the tank, because she doesn’t have to. Alex knows. “I should be here for you, Alex.”

Alex shakes her head and takes Kara’s hands into hers. “And I want to be here for you, Kara. With everything you’re going through. I got you, Kara. Always. But you need to let me, you need – “

“I know.”

Both of their voices are broken and both of their faces are wet.

“I love you,” they say at the same time, and they laugh softly and Kara puts her head on Alex’s shoulder and moans.

“I’ve been such a jerk,” she says, her words muffled by Alex’s shirt, but Alex just shakes her head and kisses Kara’s hair.

“Yeah, because I’ve never been a jerk to you before in my entire life,” Alex says, and Kara smiles.

“How many kinds of potstickers are gonna be at that rescheduled tasting?” she asks, and Alex beams.

“So many,” she grins, and nearly cries when Kara lifts her face and there’s a smile plastered on it for the first time in too long.

“Excellent,” she kisses Alex’s cheek, and for the first time in too long, it is.
Chapter 595

Chapter Summary

At the Bar, ft. Lucy Lane

“Lucy Lane” from @teardropsonrooftops and “a happier ending to the last scene”/“i heard “general lane” somewhere in there….. Lucy?” from @bi-bi-babie “and lucy showing up at the bar after kara at the end of the episode” from @kirstyn-loftus and “More sanvers like idk maybe an actual kiss or like maggie wrapping her arms around alex when she goes up to her in the bar just some like physical affection” from @superollie21 and “The Bar scene at the beginning and at the end please!!” from @pityyyyy

Lucy doesn’t tell anyone she’s coming.
She just flies in and heads straight to the DEO.
Straight to the DEO and into the command center.
“I am so sorry,” she tells J’onn without any preliminary greetings, and he raises his eyebrows at her.
“Major Lane, unless you’ve been promoted to General and sound, somehow, exactly like your father, I don’t know what you have to apologize f– “
“I think he still holds it against you. Everything that happened. The fact that I stood against him. And I think he’s enjoying making your life harder because of it.”
J’onn sighs and shakes his head.
“Your father enjoyed making my life harder far before you were in the picture, Major Lane,” he assures her. “But I doubt you flew all this way just to apologize to me for something you didn’t do.”
Lucy smiles and nearly blushes, glancing around hopefully. “I um… I know Kara’s not doing all that great, and I thought – “
“They’re all at the bar. I can’t guarantee that the younger Ms. Danvers is there, truth be told – she’s not doing ‘all that great’, as you say – but you’ll find the rest of the rabble-rousers there.”
“Oh, sir, you know you love the rabble-rousers who all somehow become your children. You know Winn calls you Papa Bear behind your back.”
J’onn tries not to smile at the memory of Winn sliding across the floor to hug him.
He fails utterly.
“Not always behind my back. Now go on, go meet your friends. And Major Lane – “
Lucy turns, military-style, and J’onn allows himself a full smile. “It’s good to have you home.”

She thinks she’s gotten the best reaction she possibly can – a smile from the man she’d both condemned to slow, painful death and then rescued from said slow, painful death – but that’s before she parks her bike outside the bar and strolls in, eyes alert and helmet in hand.

“Lucy!” Kara yells, disentangling from Alex’s arms and nearly bowling Lucy over. She slams back into Maggie from the force of Kara’s hug.

Winn tries to catch Maggie, and James tries to catch Winn.

Alex watches her sister knock their family down like bowling pins and can’t help but laugh.

“Way to make an entrance, Lane!” she calls. “First thing you do is get on top of my fiancee?”

Alex strides over to help them all out of the heaping pile that Kara is profusely apologizing for.

“I don’t think getting super-hugged by your sister so hard that I fall backwards into your fiancee counts as getting on top of her,” Lucy wheezes, still winded and rubbing her ribs, but smiling from ear to ear.

“Good to see you, Maggie,” she winks, and Alex bites her lip as Maggie blushes, James and Kara stare at the ceiling, and Winn’s eyes fly wide open.

“What are you doing home?” Kara asks, playfully eager to change the subject, and Lucy flushes at the way Kara calls all these people’s arms her home.

Because nothing has ever been more accurate.

“I missed you all,” Lucy shrugs, because it’s not untrue. “Plus, my father is driving your father – “

she nods at Alex, who beams and melts into Maggie’s arms – “absolutely up a wall, so I wanted to come by in person and make sure we’re all good.”

“Did you talk to J’onn?” James asks as he pulls Lucy into a bear hug.

“Yeah. He sent me here, called you all rabble-rousers.”

“What? We don’t rouse rabbles!” Winn protests as he takes his turn hugging Lucy.

Everyone stops to stare at him. He shrugs.

“Okay, maybe we rouse some rabbles. But still! Rude!” he harrumphs, and he’s rewarded – they’re all rewarded – with a full, deep belly-laugh from Kara.

Which is exactly what Lucy traveled all that way to see.
Chapter 596

Chapter Summary

“You’d be at the bar every night. You’d be a wreck.” (hurt --> fluff)

*Jane the Virgin Narrator Voice*: It should be noted that literally no one asked for this fic. But J is an asshole, and wrote it anyway.

She said Alex would be at the bar every night, but that’s not exactly what she meant. Because if she lost Maggie, she wouldn’t be at the bar. She’d be nowhere – absolutely nowhere – aside from work and home. Just like Kara has thrown herself into being Supergirl, Alex would throw herself into the bottom of endless bottles of bourbon. But it wouldn’t be at the bar. The bar would be too public. The bar would be too… Maggie. The bar would be too much of an admission that she would be broken. No. Kara didn’t mean Alex would be at the bar every night. She meant that Alex’s apartment would become a bar every night. She was saying a lot of cold things, Kara was – but she still wouldn’t voice it. She still needed a euphemism. Because if she called it what it was – Alex’s drinking problem, just this side of abuse, just that side of addiction – she would be admitting it. Admitting that it was there all along, and that she had missed it. That she had let Alex drink alone for far too long; that Maggie had seen it, had done something about it, when Alex’s own sister hadn’t. And she couldn’t deal with yet another thing to feel guilty for. To hate herself for. So when she brings Alex donuts the next morning – a peace offering, an apologetic gesture, a thank you and an I love you – she doesn’t bring it up.
But she can tell Alex has been thinking about it.

Because she has.

“She said I would be at the bar every night, if it... if I lost you.”

There’s a long silence, Maggie still, frozen, stiff, in her arms.

“I wish I could guarantee that you won’t, Alex. Lose me. Because our jobs, this world…” Maggie shifts so she’s looking up into Alex’s eyes, and she kisses her lips slow and steady and comforting.

She flits her tongue across Alex’s bottom lip and sighs. “But you wouldn’t spiral down into that kind of drinking, Alex. That, I do know. Because you’re a badass, Danvers. You’d hold on. You’d hold on, and you’d be alright. You have so many people who love you. Who’d be there for you.”

But Alex is shaking her head and her hands are trembling, so Maggie stops and presses kisses all over her face.

“But I’m not going anywhere, Danvers. We’re not going anywhere. Not today, not for a long time. Okay? We’ve got a lifetime of firsts together, right?” She reaches for Alex’s left hand, and she brings her knuckles to her lips, kissing each finger, paying special attention to Alex’s ring finger.

Alex blushing.

Maggie wants to marry her right then and there.

“I love you, okay? I love you.”

“You too,” Alex whispers. “Forever.”

Maggie’s smile lights up her entire sky, and before either of them know it, they’ve fallen asleep, and they’ve woken – for the first time in far too long – to the sight of Kara puttering around in their kitchen, looking for plates for their donuts.

“I got enough for all three of us,” Kara tells them as they blink their eyes open and slowly disentangle their bodies.

“So does that mean you bought out the entire donut shop?” Maggie asks, her voice groggy with sleep, and Kara actually... smiles.

Alex’s heart leaps.

“Maybe,” Kara even grins, and Alex pats the bed next to her.

“I demand sister cuddles,” she rasps sleepily, and Maggie and Kara exchange a glance, because they both know exactly where Kara got her pout from.

“Are you... dressed?” Kara asks with squinted eyes, like she doesn’t want to know the answer.

“I didn’t strip her naked last night, no; you know how your sister loves her nerd pajamas,” Maggie grins. “Bring the donuts!”

Kara blushes and shakes her head and grabs three boxes of donuts on her way to her sister’s massive bed.

“I missed this,” Kara admits as Maggie kisses powdered sugar off of Alex’s bottom lip and Alex
tries to sneak the last of the glazed from under Kara’s nose.

Alex collapses forward into a sugary hug with her sister.

“It’s been than being alone,” she murmurs into Alex’s shoulder, and Alex nods as she kisses Kara’s hard and forehead.

“Or drinking alone,” Alex agrees, currents of unspoken apologies and promises passing between them.

“I love you, Alex,” Kara half-sobs, and Alex smiles, because she knows.

Maggie tries to get to the last of the chocolate frosted donuts as the sisters hug, but both of their hands reach out for hers at the same time.

“Don’t even think about it, Sawyer,” Alex grins, still buried in Kara’s arms.

“Superhuman strength, remember?” Kara teases – the first time either of them have heard her joke in far too long.

“I love you two,” Maggie mutters begrudgingly, and the words make Alex’s heart leap and Kara’s heart melt.

Chosen family, forgiveness, and donut-based catharsis, all before sunrise?

Somehow, all three of them are certain of something they hadn’t been certain of even hours before; that they’ll all be alright.

Because they’ll all be together.

Forever.
Chapter 597

Chapter Summary

Sanvers x Sparring x Sara Lance

“Alex and Sara sparring with Maggie getting all flustered/turned on and Sara randomly pointing out how many queens she has kissed throughout history (and tbh Sara is also a nerd that instead became an assassin due to circumstances so she could join the nerd team as well)” prompt from @lexasfallenstar

In the end, none of them are quite sure whose idea it was.

For Alex and Sara to spar.

It might have been Oliver’s casual, “you can learn a lot from each other’s tactics,” or Sara’s “I’d love to get you on the mat, Danvers.”

It might have been Sara reminding Felicity to make sure the power is coming from her hips, and Felicity shyly asking Alex to show her; and the way Sara’s eyes meet Alex’s over Felicity’s shoulder.

It might have been Maggie leaning into Alex and whispering, “you know, babe, Queen has a point; you could learn a lot from each other’s… tactics.”

Either way, it’s all giving Dig a headache and Felicity a massive blush all over her cheeks, because Sara Lance is sparring with Alex Danvers and Kara is even redder than Felicity, Caitlin has no idea who to root for, and Cisco has his feet up, sharing popcorn with an extremely flustered Iris.

“Where’d you learn that, Danvers?” Sara asks the first time Alex lands her on her back.

Alex tosses her hair back and grins as she tugs Sara up by the forearm.

“In Geneva.”

“Isn’t it supposed to be all peaceful there?” Sara asks as she ducks Alex’s swing.

Alex’s eyes glisten.

“Not when you’re there to break up an Infernian crime ring.”

Her eyes catch Maggie’s at the mention of Infernians, and that’s the opening Sara needs.

“Dammit, Lance,” Alex wheezes. “Where’d you learn that?”

It’s Sara’s turn to grin.

“Nanda Parbat. The whole assassin thing, you know.”

Alex grunts acknowledgment as she sets herself.
Maggie, off to the side, jumps when a soft voice reaches her ear.

“My money’s on your girl, Detective,” J’onn says with a grin, and Maggie would normally smile.

She would normally smile and lean into him and maybe even get egged on enough by the twinkle in his eyes to whoop and cheer Alex on.

But her fiancee is sweating through her tank top, and Sara Lance moves like she’s made of the sexiest, strongest kind of fluid, and their eyes are locked in an even more intense battle than their bodies.

So her soon-to-be father-in-law is not exactly the person she wants to be talking to right now.

Because the women on the platform might be dripping with sweat, but Maggie is just… dripping.

She reddens and she stumbles over her words until she feels someone’s arm around her.

“Maggie, some popcorn?” Iris offers, both of them giving J’onn an apologetic smile as Iris tugs her away.

“Thank you,” Maggie murmurs, without taking her eyes off Alex and Sara. “I love J’onn, but right now – “

“Right now you wanna watch your fiancee and one of the hottest women on this or any other earth go at it,” Iris supplies with a small, wicked grin on her face.

“I – “ Maggie stammers, and Wally sidles up to them with a fistful of popcorn in his hand and an even more mischievous grin on his face.

“Don’t worry about it, Detective; Iris is a reporter, she’s trained to pick up on people’s, uh… cues.”

He winks and Maggie mock glares. “Yeah? Well then what’s your excuse?”

Wally bows slightly as crunches down on his popcorn. “I’ve secured the role of annoying little brother.”

Iris laughs and swats at him with a gentle hand, while Maggie’s eyes fall back on Alex.

On the way Alex has Sara face-down on her stomach, arm twisted behind her back, a victorious, almost lusty grin on her face.

Until Sara wraps her legs up around Alex’s waist and flips them both until she’s straddling her, hands clamped on her wrists and a matching grin all over her expression.

J’onn groans slightly and Kara furrows her brow.

Sara looks up to wink at a cheering Cisco – “I’m sorry, Alex, we’ve known her longer, Supergirl please don’t heat vision me!” – and Oliver opens his mouth to warn her.

He’s too late.

Dig chokes laughter into his fist as Alex takes advantage of Sara’s momentary distraction to gain the upper hand again.

“We gonna keep flipping each other over like this all night, Danvers?” Sara wants to know, and
Maggie’s throat is so dry she needs to swallow several times before she can make words.

“If you are, at least let her fiancee join in,” Maggie calls.

Wally and Cisco choke on their popcorn; Felicity, Caitlin, and Iris cheer; Kara flies straight out of the room; and J’onn, Dig, and Oliver groan and file out after her like their brains will never be clean again.

“I’m game if you are,” Sara grins, and Alex has never been quite this disastrously gay.

“Breathe, Danvers, your sister will kill us if we kill you,” Wally reminds her as Iris tugs him out of the room.

“Enjoy yourselves,” she tosses over her shoulder, and as Sara wipes sweat from her brow, Alex licks her lips, and Maggie bites her own, all three of them have a feeling that they will.
He keeps flinching when he tries to get out of bed.

He keeps flinching because at least when he’s laying down, his chest falls a bit flatter. When he gets up, he has to go through the whole showering thing before he can even tug his binder on.

He keeps flinching, and he groans.

There’s a knock on his door, and he groans louder.

“Whaddaya want, Winn?” he calls out to his suitemate.

“Hey man, just wanted to see if it’s okay that I have some of your Cocoa Puffs for breakfast.”

Adrian frowns and is distracted from his own self for a moment.

“Winn,” he manages to sit up. “You hate Cocoa Puffs.”

He hears Winn sigh, and he ignores how heavy with depression, with immobilizing anxiety, his body feels.

Because if Winn is asking for Cocoa Puffs, something must be wrong. He tosses on a huge sweatshirt that somewhat comforts him, and he opens his bedroom door.

“You okay?” Adrian asks, still rubbing sleep and anxiety from his eyes.

Winn shuffles his feet. “Yeah, dude, I just wanted some chocolatey goodness.”

“Your dad loved Cocoa Puffs. So you hate them. So you sure as shit don’t want any of mine.” Adrian gives him a gentle, affirmative shove. “So what really is it, Schott? You can tell me, I’m here for you.”

Winn sighs and shoves his hands into his Star Wars pajama pants pockets.

“I heard you tossing and turning and generally sounding like you feel like crap. I wanted to knock and see if you were okay before you started blasting MCR and wouldn’t be able to hear me.”

Adrian scoffs and shakes his head and scoffs again.

“You’re a good egg, Schott,” he tells him finally, and Winn’s eyes crinkle into a soft smile.
“But uh… do you know if Alex is around?”

Winn’s eyes flicker with understanding, and he reaches for his phone. “They’re probably still in bed with their giiiiirlfriend,” he singongs as he texts them. “But I’m sure they’ll be right over. Do you uh… do you wanna be alone while you wait, man, or – “

For a moment, Adrian wants to say yes. But Winn doesn’t usually call people “man” and “dude.” He’s using those words just for him. Because he’s kind and because he understands and because he doesn’t think anything is wrong or weird or freaky about Adrian.

He wasn’t one of those kids who made his life hell in high school.

So Adrian just steps back into his bedroom, climbs back into his bed, and pats the mattress next to him. Winn hops on, knees first, before checking his phone again.

“Well, Alex’ll be here in – “

There’s a loud knock at the door.

“Okay, Alex’ll be here in – “

“Hey, what’s – “

Alex is breathless and half dressed as they poke their head into Adrian’s room, Maggie right behind them, a half-formed hickey on her neck.

“Oh, shit, guys, I’m sorry, you were clearly uh… busy, you didn’t have to – “

“Hey, no, not at all.”

“Don’t even worry about it, little man,” Alex and Maggie say at the same time, asking before Adrian nods, before they shove Winn playfully over and all four of them sink into Adrian’s tiny twin bed.

“Wanna talk about it?” Alex asks, their voice low, their eyes gentle.

Their hand hovers near Adrian’s ankle, and when he nods, they touch the hem of his plaid pajama pants.

He shifts so his head rests on Maggie’s shoulder, and she puts her arm around him and kisses his forehead. Winn and Alex exchange a soft smile.

“Not really. I just have orgo today, and it’s lab, so everyone’s always talking and carrying on while experiments are running, and like… when the guys treat me like one of them, it’s nice, you know? Validating, like. But then sometimes they’ll talk about girls in a really gross way, and if I accept like I’m one of them, does that mean I’m accepting like… their attitudes? And I don’t want to be distant from the girls, just because I’m not a girl, and I have to get dressed, and how I dress is gonna effect how they treat me, and I just want a break from having to calculate everything I do, you know? I don’t want to have to… overthink everything. I just want to… be.”

He’s nearly crying, now, and so is Alex. So is Maggie. So is Winn.

Adrian shakes his head and leans closer into Maggie’s embrace.

“I’m sorry, guys, you were having a good morning, I – “
“Hey, no, this is what roommates are for,” Winn tells him before the others get a chance to speak. “And raging lesbians just trying to start their morning as gayly as possible.”

Maggie tosses a pillow at him and Alex straight up smacks him with one, and Adrian laughs as he wipes tears from his eyes.

“I know it doesn’t fix anything, Ade,” Alex sighs after their laughter dies down. “I know it doesn’t make it better, not all the time, but… you can take a break right now. We can be your break. That’s… that’s what it feels like for me. Being with Maggie, with you and Kara and James and even this nerd here.”

“Takes one to know one, Danvers.”

“My point, Adrian, is… is we can be your break. Because we love you. And you’re real. And other people’s misogyny isn’t your fault, as long as you don’t reproduce it and make sure they know you don’t approve when you feel safe and healthy enough to do it, and all that. And how do I know? That you’re real and all kinds of badass for being you? Because this is exactly what you and Maggie tell me when I’m feeling similar to how you’re feeling. Isn’t it?”

Adrian sighs and Maggie’s hand hesitates before touching his cheek. He presses his face into her touch and they both smile as she exaggerates flinching at his newly-growing stubble.

“They’re right, Ade. I promise. We love you so much. And it’s okay to have a crappy day. It doesn’t make you a crappy person. Doesn’t make you less you. Okay?”

Adrian nods and sniffs and, finally, smiles.

“I love you guys, too. Thank you.”

“Always,” all three of them assure him at the same time, because that’s exactly what they mean.
Dealing with It

“Maggie or Alex losing their best friend (not through death tho) and them dealing with that? If that makes sense? Oh and if you made one of both nb you’re my lifesaver❤❤

” prompt from @trustfool

Maggie’s friend in this is from this old fic: Chapter 11

There was only one person they ever called from back home. From back in Blue Springs.

But they called him, reliably, every week.

“He was the only other out gay kid in our town,” Maggie had explained to Alex the first time she heard them on the phone, simply, quietly, with a shrug.

Like it wasn’t a big deal.

Like their decades-long friendship wasn’t a big deal.

Like them taking punches for each other and leaving bruises for each other wasn’t a big deal.

He’d come out to them when they were both fifteen, one eye swollen shut and the other eye full of tears.

They’d come out to him when they were both fourteen, when… well, when the whole school, the whole town, found out. So, they hadn’t really had to come out to him, specifically.

Because suddenly, overnight, they were just out to everyone.

But they did have to come out to him later, so much later. About gender. About pronouns. About “you still love me, right, man?”

And he did.

Of course he did.

It took him a minute. Alex told Maggie she could fly down to Blue Springs and beat some sense into him.

She hadn’t had to.

He loved her, more than he loved his own preconceptions about the way the world is.

So it wasn’t his fault, not exactly, when one week they realized they just weren’t connecting the way they used to.

That Maggie’s stories about aliens and death and kidnap and torture just weren’t connecting with his life of beer and pool and work.
“My life is beer and pool and work, too, Tommy,” they’d protested sadly. “Just… a different kind of work.”

They didn’t fight.

Sometimes, Maggie wished they had.

Instead, they just… fizzled.

After all this time, after all these years, the past wasn’t enough to keep them in each other’s present, to launch them into each other’s futures.

“And it’s okay,” they told Alex one night, but their knuckles were red from their heavy bag and their eyes were glistening with unshed tears, because no, no, it was was not okay.

“It’s whatever, you know? I’m dealing with it, I just… it’s like I don’t have any pieces left. Of that part of my life. You know?”

Alex kissed their forehead and thought of Kara; she thought of Kara and of Clark and of Lena. She thought of watching the people she loved lose their pasts so quickly, so deeply, so harshly.

Tears stung her eyes.

“Yeah. I do. And I know… I know it’s not the same, and I know it’s not enough. But those pieces aren’t gone, Mags. They’re still in you.”

Maggie put their index finger under their bottom lip and shook their head. “But maybe not, I mean… your memories aren’t just yours, right? Other people have memories, too. Of course. And sometimes, other people’s memories become your own because that’s… well, that’s what history is, isn’t it? And I guess… I feel like without him, I don’t… I don’t have any of it. Not anymore, not even a little piece.”

“I’m so sorry,” Alex whispered, because there was nothing else. She kissed them and she held them and she fed them vegan ice cream. She licked a bit of melted ice cream off their bottom lip, and she made them smile.

It made Alex’s heart sing.

“I know you don’t like it. Talking about yourself. But, if you want… and I know it’ll never be the same… you can talk to me. About Blue Springs. I know you do, in bits and pieces, but… when Kara got here, she’d… she would tell me everything, like she was vomiting an encyclopedia, so she wouldn’t be the only one left who… remembered.”

“You don’t wanna hear my Blue Springs sob stories, Danvers,” Maggie sniffled, apologetically trying to wipe tears and snot off Alex’s shirt.

Alex stopped them with gentle hands and even gentler eyes. “I do. Always. And… losing a friend? It’s like mourning. Even if they’re still out there in the world, all well and fine, it’s… it’s like mourning. You can mourn, Mags. With me. And… and there’s a reason people tell stories, when they mourn. You know?”

“To break the awkward silence after a funeral?” Maggie offered dryly, and Alex rolled her eyes and kissed Maggie’s nose.

“To process, babe. And I’m here, okay? For whatever mourning or processing or celebrating you
need to do. Okay?”

Maggie’s eyes softened under Alex’s tender gaze.

“Does that include feeding me more vegan ice cream?”

Alex smiled, and Maggie’s lips twitched upward, too.

“Always.”
Chapter 600

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Hi Cap! I was watching a spy movie the other day and got this idea for a prompt. Can you maybe write a Sanvers Spy AU where both of them are spies and fall for each other on a mission?

Maggie makes the way-too-attractive-for-her-own-good woman three blocks back.

She makes her because the woman is cocky, the woman is confident. Too confident.

Confident that Maggie won’t notice that she’s been following her, that she’s been stopping to look at her phone, leaning too-casually on lampposts, whenever Maggie stops to chat with the guys running the halal stands and newspaper stands.

So Maggie turns a block. She turns and she doesn’t keep walking. She waits.

She waits until the redhead – is her hair actually red? Maggie can’t quite tell – turns the corner, too.

And then Maggie deliberately bumps into her, spilling the contents of the purse that she hates carrying, but hey, burdens of the gig, of playing her part.

“Shit, I’m so sorry,” she says, scrambling to pick up her things, her voice an octave higher than it would normally be, playing every bit the clumsy, innocent personal trainer on her way home from work.

“No, hey, you’re okay. Here,” the redhead offers, and sure enough, Maggie watches the woman’s eyes memorize everything on her splayed-open wallet.

Everything about her cover-story, that is.

“Maggie,” the woman smiles as she hands Maggie back her things.

Her first name. The one thing that’s the same. That’s hers.

She blushes, and her stomach lurches when she realizes it’s not an act. That it’s not because she’s trying to keep this woman who’s been following her off her guard; it’s not because she’s trying to throw this woman off track.

It’s because this woman’s eyes are the most beautiful she’s ever seen, and when she put her spilled wallet back into her hands, their fingers brushed, and Maggie suddenly wants to do more than brush fingers with this woman.

She swears internally. Maybe it wasn’t such a great idea to try to ascertain this woman’s motives, to get a better glimpse of her.

Because apparently, a better glimpse might be the death of her.
She locks her hair behind her ear and she giggles softly, irritated to find that the giggle, the blush, isn’t part of the job.

“My hero,” she grins.

“Hardly,” the woman answers, standing and offering a hand to pull Maggie back to her feet. Maggie accepts, and there’s that heat again. “I’m the one who barreled into you and made you drop everything.”

Maggie arches an eyebrow and tilts her head. She thinks the other woman is starting to blush, but she can’t be sure.

Good.

“You think it’s your fault?” she asks with a small smile. “Okay then. Make it up to me. I know a fantastic bar around the corner. But me a drink…”

“Alex. The name’s Alex.”

Maggie licks her lips and lets her eyes trail up and down Alex’s body.

She takes in a wealth of information; Alex is standing with more weight on her right foot than the other. Could mean she’s right-side dominant, but she picked up Maggie’s things with her left hand, so it could also mean that she’s sporting some kind of soreness or injury on her left leg. She’s taller than Maggie, but not enough to make a huge difference in a fight.

She’s gorgeous. She’d look incredible naked. Maggie would love to see her naked.

She chides herself.

Mission, mission, mission.

Find out as much as you can about this woman who’s been following you. Don’t let her find out anything real about you.

But god, the things you’d like her to find out about you.


“Well, Alex. Wanna make it up to me then?”

“It’d be my honor,” Alex half-bows, offering an arm out for Maggie to take. She gulps and she takes it and she swears she can handle this.

She swears she knows what she’s doing.

But then Alex grins down at her, and suddenly she’s not quite so sure.
It’s not the first time this week that Alex has come home with a raging headache.

“I’m fine,” she insists, like she insists every other time.

She still chooses wine with dinner. She doesn’t have a glass of water alongside it. She doesn’t take a glass of water to her bedside.

Maggie tilts her head and sighs.

“Danvers,” she asks as Alex lays out on the couch, irritably watching nothing at all on TV, squinting like if she tries hard enough, she could force her headache away.

“Mm?”

“When was the last time you drank water?”

“How?” Alex shifts on the couch to look at Maggie like she just asked what color the sky is. “Uh… I… I drink water!” she sits up. “I do!”

Maggie nods, fighting down her smile as she strides to the couch, picking up Alex’s legs and putting them back down on her lap as she sits. “Uh huh. When?”

“When I…” Alex thinks and Maggie tries not to laugh at her adorable, headstrong DEO agent.

“When someone shoves water into your hands, right?”

Alex scowls. “You saying these headaches are my fault?”

Maggie shakes her head. “I’m saying water is your friend, Danvers. I mean come on, you love the ocean, right?”

“The saline content of ocean water wouldn’t – “

Maggie groans as she gets back up. Alex whines at the sudden loss of pillow for her legs as Maggie strolls into the kitchen. “Not my point, Danvers. My point is, we need to get you hydrating yourself more consistently.”

“It’s annoying,” Alex whines petulantly, and Maggie relishes the way that Alex doesn’t want anyone at work to know she’s capable of crying, but she feels safe enough, loved enough, cherished enough, to whine like a child at the prospect of drinking a glass of water, at home with her fiancee.
Maggie swallows her smile and turns to face Alex, glass of water in hand, eyes suddenly made only for the bedroom.

“I’m sure I can find a way to make it the opposite of annoying, Danvers,” she seduces, and Alex stands and gulps and walks over to Maggie like she’s hypnotized.

“Can you?” she asks, her throat suddenly dry in a way that has nothing to do with her lack of hydration.

“Come find out,” Maggie walks backward toward their bedroom, never taking her eyes off Alex’s face.

Alex stumbles as she crosses the kitchen, and Maggie sloshes water on herself as she lurches forward to make sure Alex doesn’t hurt herself.

“You’re wearing my water, Sawyer,” Alex observes with a grin.

Maggie doesn’t miss a beat. She presses the half-full glass into Alex’s hands and strips her damp sleeping henley off and tosses it on the floor.

“Now your water has nowhere to go but your mouth,” she grins smugly, victoriously, satisfied with her foolproof plan.

“Is that so?” Alex counters, and before Maggie can move, she dumps the rest of the glass on her hair.

Maggie shrieks and giggles and squirms and runs to the sink, grabbing her own glass.

“No no no, not my Flash pajamas,” Alex backing up, looking down at her red onesie that she would rather murder Barry Allen than admit that she owned.

“Better off than on,” Maggie grins, but she doesn’t continue until she knows Alex is consenting. When Alex leans over to counter to spray water from the sink onto Maggie, though, she knows the fight is on, and anything and everything is fair game.

Maggie shrieks again and Alex giggles maniacally, another secret she would kill to protect.

And Maggie will protect it – the fact that Alex Danvers is capable of giggling like this – but she can’t say the same for Alex’s Flash pjs.

Because in a moment, they’re as wet as Maggie’s hair, as cold as the water from the tap.

“Now I’m colddd,” Alex pouts – another secret Maggie will protect with her life – and Alex takes advantage of Maggie’s moment of sympathy to spray her with another blast from the sink.

“Cheating!” Maggie yelps. “No pouting allowed, Danvers!”

“Oh, I think everything’s allowed, Sawyer,” Alex winks, and they’re both drenched – along with the kitchen floor, counter tops, the back of the couch, and most of the cabinets – and breathless within minutes.

Alex swears she won the water war, but she concedes to drink two entire glasses, which, sure enough, clear up her headache, though she’s loathe to admit it.

They don’t bother drying the apartment – it can wait until morning – but they take their sweet time drying each other’s now naked bodies with the softest towels they have and the softest touches.
they can give.

They fall asleep still reliving their antics, still laughing lightly in each other’s arms, their limbs entwined and their heart beats thrumming together.

When there’s a loud slip and crash in their kitchen the next morning, neither of them are alarmed, but both of them are very apologetic.

“Sorry Kara!”

“Blame your sister, Kid Danvers!”

They try to talk their way around explaining why the apartment is soaked, and they utterly fail.

Kara smiles anyway, because Alex might think it’s a secret that she giggles and pouts and whines and wears Flash onesies, but she knows her sister.

And Rao, does she love how happy she is.
anonymous asked:
Prompt: Kara and Waverly have a lot in common. Both are used to acting sunny and cheerful and happy all the time while they deal with their dark pasts and with supporting their older sisters. Both are really smart.

Nicole is exhausted. She’s exhausted and she’s drained and she’s terrified.

Because the girl she loves is in one of her rages, and she loves her, god, she loves every bit of her fire, but sometimes, she doesn’t know how to help.

Because sometimes, Waverly doesn’t want help.

Not from Nicole. Hell, not even from Wynonna.

Because sometimes, Waverly believes she deserves to suffer.

Nicole collapses onto the couch next to Maggie, who silently passes her a beer.

They clink their bottles. They drink. They don’t speak.

Just like the old academy days.

And, just like the old academy days, eventually they talk. They don’t look at each other, and there are long stretches of silence between their words, but they eventually talk.

“You know,” Maggie starts this time. “When Alex and I first got together, we made a bet.”

Nicole drinks deeply and grins slightly, shaking her head, gazing directly ahead. “You two always make bets.”

Maggie concedes the point by clinking their beer bottles together again and taking another long swig. “True. But we made a specific bet. That Kara was too mild-mannered, too nice, to efficiently talk her way onto a restricted-access crime scene.”

Nicole snorts. “Well, you must’ve lost that one good.”

“Yeah.”

Another long, long silence.

“My point is, they’re pretty similar, those two.”

Nicole sighs and lets her head sink down onto Maggie’s shoulder.

“Yeah.”

“Sunshine on the outside, hurricane on the inside,” Maggie murmurs, and Nicole nods into her
“She always feels like she has to take care of Wynonna. Even though Wynonna’s never let anyone actually take care of her. She… it’s like she doesn’t want to ruin Wynonna’s image of her bright, happy sister. Because otherwise…”

“Otherwise Wynonna’ll blame herself. Alex too. Yeah.”

For a while, the only sound that passes between them is the occasional sigh, the occasional sip, the occasional shift in position.

Until a loud bang – the kind of bang that makes both of them draw their guns – shakes the Homestead.

They sprint as one body until they find the source, and when they do, they skid to a grateful halt.

Kara has a car – a pink car, looking suspiciously like Doc’s – strung up like a heavy bag, and Waverly has her own, human-strength bag hanging next to it.

There’s a massive dent in the car’s transmission.

A thin layer of sweat lines both of their foreheads, and neither of them have noticed their girlfriend and sister-in-law, respectively.

Kara reminds Waverly to move from her hips, and Waverly reminds Kara to straighten her wrists.

Waverly rages about the bastards that took everything from her, and Kara punches the car apart over the man who tortured Alex, the invasion that nearly took Lena from her, her own parents who let her entire planet die.

Nicole and Maggie exchange a quiet glance, slipping their guns back away, slipping themselves back away, sighing softly in relief that they’re not the only ones who’ve realized that Kara and Waverly need each other.
Chapter Summary

Nothing to be Ashamed Of

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

Not Sanvers, but y'all seem to love it when I insert Winn fics, so um... here?

She’s forgotten, lately.

That Winn used to be her shoulder to cry on.

That before there was Supergirl; before there was the DEO and before her sister was living a double life – well, before she knew about it, anyway – there was Winn.

She’s forgotten, lately.

She’s forgotten a lot, lately.

So when she tells him that she’s stronger than that – stronger than having a mere human panic attack – she almost doesn’t register what the flicker of pain on his face means.

Almost.

But then he stumbles over his words, and he recovers himself, because this is about Kara, Kara, Kara, not about him.

He tells her that there’s nothing to be ashamed of.

And suddenly, she is ashamed.

But not because of her panic attack.

Because of his.

Because of his father’s birthdays and the calls from the prison that send Winn into a downward spiral.

Because of nights spent at his little studio apartment – sometimes alone, sometimes with James, sometimes with Alex, and, more recently, sometimes with Maggie – making sure he can breathe. Making sure he takes his medication with some food in his stomach. Making sure he knows where he is. Making sure he knows that he’s safe. That it’s not his fault his mother left. That he is none of the things his foster families would tell him he was.
That he is not, and never will be, his father.

And suddenly, the wall she’s spent too long now trying to carve around her heart cracks, melts, vaporizes.

Just like her planet.

She pushes that to the side, for now.

Because Winn deserves better than for her to imply that he’s weak. That she’s stronger than him, better than him, because she’s too good to have panic attacks.

Even if that’s not what she meant.

“Oh, Winn, no, I’m… I’m not ashamed.” And her voice is softer, now, less defensive, now.

More loving, now.

She shifts closer to him and hesitates before putting her hands on his. He accepts her touch gratefully.

“And you have nothing to be ashamed of, either. That… that was a terrible thing to say. That I’m stronger than that. Stronger than panic attacks. I… I didn’t mean that. That was a terrible thing to say. I’m sorry, Winn. I’m so sorry.”

He shrugs and he scoffs and he tries to smile. Tries to pretend he isn’t about to cry.

Tries to pretend his heart underneath her boots, shredded by her tongue and her pain that made her forget his.

“Not about me, there, Supergirl,” he quips, trying to inject levity in his voice.

“No, Winn, don’t… don’t do that. Not for me.”

“Do what?” he asks, trying to laugh, and she squeezes his hands, taking care not to do it enough to hurt.

“Don’t laugh it off. I messed up, Winn. I hurt you. You can be angry at me. It’s okay.”

Winn sighs and shakes his head.

“Kara, I’m not… you just had a horrible panic attack. You lashed out, you… you’re in pain. It’s… it’s okay. But you need to tell Alex, Kara. You need to tell J’onn. Please.”

She sighs and starts to leave, but he holds onto her hands, pleading in his eyes.

“What if I hadn’t told you? When I needed you? Please, Kara. We’re your family. Let us be here. Let Alex be here. She’ll threaten me with her index finger, and maybe even her pinky, if she finds out I know and didn’t tell her, anyway.”

This brings a small laugh from his best friend, and he smiles faintly.

“I love you, Kara.”

The words hurt – because everything hurts, especially the love of people who don’t understand how worthless she is – but they make her smile anyway. It’s soft and it’s pained, but it’s
something.

She steps into his arms and she lets him hold her, like she’s held him through his attacks.

“I love you too, Winn,” she murmurs into his shoulder, and it’s good enough for now.
Chapter 604

Chapter Summary

Morning Routines (Sanvers)
“Taking the opening scene farther then what they showed?” prompt from @sanvers-endgame and “Sanvers morning time ;)” from @hunseckerde and “I second the above + an extension of the morning domestic scene because it was SO CUTE” from @two-x-chromosomes and “That sanvers opening scene and what happened before…

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it
soft smut ahead

The sex is anything but routine, but it is… frequent enough to be something of a habit.

Because Alex has never really thought of herself as a sexual being, but now?

Now, she curls her body back into Maggie’s, pulls Maggie’s body back into hers, preening when Maggie kisses the back of her neck, moaning softly, sleepily, at the taste of Maggie’s skin when she does the same in reverse.

Now, she whines in disappointment when Maggie has to rush into the precinct without going down on her first.

Now, she writhes groggily and she buries her hands in Maggie’s hair as Maggie’s tongue drags across her clit, slips inside her body.

Now, she giggles as Maggie kisses her way up Alex’s half-dressed form, shirt still on from the night before, but shorts long-since abandoned.

Now, she sighs as sunlight traipses into the room as Maggie reaches across her body to lace their fingers together, both of them stopping to admire the way their rings look next to each other.

“I’m gonna be your wife,” Alex greets, her voice full of gravel from a night of not talking, because their morning language is more body than verbal, more action than words.

“Mmmm, that you are, Danvers,” Maggie murmurs into her skin. “Would you like your future wife to lick you until you come again, then?”

Alex giggles and blushes and writhes all at the same time.

Maggie giggles and flips herself on top of Alex and they kiss, noses and chins and cheeks and foreheads and lips.
“Yes please,” Alex prays with a soft smile, and Maggie kisses her mouth longer, softer, deeper, before venturing back down her body.

“Yes please,” she asks when her tongue skims the hem of Alex’s shirt, and Alex moans lazily, contentedly.

“Yes please,” she repeats, arching her body up so Maggie can tug her shirt off.

“You sure you wanna marry me, Danvers? Because god, your badassness, your kindness, your genius? With this body? You could have anyone you damn well please.”

Alex lets her head drop back onto her pillow – their pillow – and runs her fingertips through Maggie’s hair, over her shoulders, holding her hands.

“Lucky for you I have the only woman I want, then,” she breathes, and Maggie’s eyes well with tears.

“You getting soft on me, Sawyer?”

Maggie grins wickedly and kisses Alex’s navel. “Shush and spread your legs for me, Danvers.”

Alex bites her lip in feigned concern. “Pretty sure if I spread my legs for you, I won’t be able to shush, Detective,” she flirts.

Her seduction becomes a high-pitched shriek-giggle when Maggie tickles her sides, pressing kisses anywhere, everywhere.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex tells her when they both finally stop giggling.

She tells her again when they make each other coffee. ("Doesn’t taste as good as you do.”)

When they make each other breakfast. ("Dry double toasted. Again. Gross.”)

When they help each other find their jackets, their boots, hastily shrugged off, kicked off, the night before, in their mad rush to be in each other’s arms. ("How did they get there?”)

As they leave her apartment – their apartment – hand in hand.

“I love you too, Alex Danvers. Forever,” Maggie reminds her before she sets off for the precinct, and Alex knows that her sister is the one with the superpowers, but she swears she floats the entire way to the DEO.
Chapter 605

Chapter Summary

A Second Big Sister
“An extended scene of Maggie comforting Kara in the bank vault at the beginning please!! I need more of their relationship.” prompt from @itsme-lissabee and “Maggie and Kara scene.. Maggie was so protective and went into ‘mom’ mode!” from @figuringoutme4me and “Maybe the Maggie/Kara/Alex sister moment I was really hoping we were gonna get after she rescued her at the bank.” from @whatdoidowiththisthing and “A big sister Maggie Sawyer fic would be cool” from @misadventurous-meridian

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

She’s not scared when she sees everyone on the ground, in evident agony.

She’s not scared, because she’s done this before.

She’s not scared – okay, maybe she’s terrified – but she has it under control.

Her order for her team to check that the others are okay is crisp, as is her outward control.

But she is scared when she checks the vault.

Terrified.

Her voice even cracks.

Because she and Kara may not always get along, and she would never tell Kara this – well, maybe not never – but she’s come to think of Kid Danvers as… well, as something other than her fiancee’s little sister.

Maybe a little something like hers, too.

And she’s seen Kara scared. She’s seen Kara enraged. She’s seen Kara utterly helpless, desperate to save her sister.

But she’s never seen Kara… unhinged.

Alex has told her about Kara’s panic attacks when they were kids, when Alex has her own, when Maggie has her own.

But this doesn’t look like… a typical panic attack.
This looks… whatever… whoever can do this to Kara… this is beyond terrifying.

She orders an evacuation.

Because Supergirl doesn’t need assistance right now.

Kara Danvers does.

She sprints.

“Kara.”

She hesitates before putting her hands on her, because Kara’s half slumped on the ground, but she might be averse to touch, and Maggie has enough trouble navigating Kara’s boundaries in typical situations, but this…

She hesitates, but she grabs her when Kara is about to completely collapse.

She tells her she’s got her and she tells her she’s okay.

Kara’s eyes, Kara’s body, don’t respond.

Maggie’s own panic starts rising.

She raises Alex and Winn on the comms.

“Alex, you need to come get her.”

“What is it?”

“What is it?”

“Is she alright?”

Maggie gulps, and she stares, and she holds her future sister-in-law in her hands, and she wishes it were her, instead.

Because, complicated as their relationship is, Alex isn’t the only Danvers girl Maggie would die for.

“She’ll be alright, but she can’t fly us outta here. I’ll keep her okay until you get here, okay? Just be safe coming, you hear me?”

If Alex responds beyond ordering an evac team to assemble, Maggie doesn’t hear it.

Winn, instead, chirps softly into Maggie’s ear.

“She likes when you hold her hand,” he tells her, and Maggie promises herself she’ll give him the biggest hug – and the biggest bar of chocolate she can find – when she gets them both home safe.


And maybe it’s the way she keeps repeating Kara’s name.

Maybe it’s the way she’s holding her hand, smoothing her hair out of her face.

Maybe it’s the way she presses a soft kiss to Kara’s forehead.
Maybe it’s the way she doesn’t flinch or complain at the strength of Kara’s hold when Kara melds her body into Maggie’s, pressing her ear to Maggie’s chest, needing to feel someone’s heartbeat thrum in her ears that isn’t her own.

Needing to feel someone else’s heartbeat, because back then? In that pod?

Her heartbeat was the only one she thought she’d ever hear again.

Or maybe it’s the way Maggie uses Alex’s phrase.

I got you.

Maybe it’s everything. Maybe it’s gravity and maybe it’s trust and maybe it’s forgiveness.

Whatever it is, Kara opens her eyes and her chest loosens somewhat and she returns to Earth.

To a planet that is populated.

A planet that isn’t full of dying screams.

A planet that’s alive.

A planet that isn’t rubble and the shredded memories of an abandoned child.

“That’s right,” Maggie’s voice smiles softly at her. “Hey, Little Danvers,” she tilts her head so Kara can see her eyes. So Kara can have someone’s eyes – something warm – to focus on.

To take her out of her nightmares.

Out of her memories.

Out of her panic.

“Maggie,” Kara rasps, and it sounds like she hasn’t spoken since she got into that pod all those decades ago.

And, for a long moment, it feels like she hasn’t.

“That’s right, kid. I’m right here. I’ve got you, and I’m not going anywhere. And Alex is on her way, okay?”

“Alex,” Kara croaks, keeping her ear pressed to Maggie’s chest. Maggie hesitates before pressing a kiss to the crown of Kara’s head.

“Yeah, that’s right. Alex. Alex is on her way, Kara. We’ve got you. We’ve all got you.”

“Those people,” Kara starts to struggle to sit up, but Maggie shushes her softly, holding her still.

Part of Kara wants to resist. Most of Kara is relieved. Grateful. Exhausted.

“They’re okay, Kara. They’re okay. And so are you.”

“Kara?” Alex’s shout makes them both jump slightly, but Kara stays limp in Maggie’s arms.

“In the vault, Alex!” Maggie calls, lifting her face so she’s not yelling right in Kara’s ear.

“Kara,” Alex repeats, softer now that she’s entered the vault, and Maggie turns her head to see
Alex’s gun clatter to the ground, to see Alex’s heart shatter on the floor.

“Hey, it’s me,” she tells her little sister, but she doesn’t extract Kara from Maggie’s arms. She just settles into her other side, holding her, protecting her from all sides. “I got you. I got you.”

And for that moment, being surrounded – being enclosed – isn’t the end of the world.

For that moment, being surrounded – being enclosed – is the beginning of it.
Chapter Summary

The Silence was the Worst Part
“Danvers sisters talking about their respective experiences and mental health. Supporting each other” prompt from @avidreaderffn and “Danvers sisters actually talking about Kara’s panic attacks” from @wanderingaroundyoutube

She tells Winn that the silence was the worst part.

Trapped and alone.

The soul-crushing raging of her dead planet banging into her pod, and then the silence that meant it was real.

That meant that her planet was gone, her people were gone, and the explosion didn’t even have the courtesy of taking her into the abyss with it.

The silence after the all that banging was the worst part.

There was nothing to drown out the screaming in her head.

There was nothing to hope for, because the silence meant that they were just… gone.

Everyone.

She hasn’t talked about it – not really – in years.

Winn says he’s sorry this is happening, and she brushes him off, but really, he couldn’t have said it better.

Because her planet is dead, but it won’t stay dead in her mind.

Her aunt.

The Black Mercy.

Myriad.

Daxamites.

Her planet is dead, but it won’t let her mourn and move on.

And it probably never will.

There’s nothing else to say.

And somehow, even when they were children, her new big sister understood this.

Her new big sister – Kara had always wanted a sister – was annoyed with her at school every day.
Embarrassed by her.

Got yelled at by Eliza because of her.

But at night?

Nights were their time.

Nights were the times they never spoke about.

Nights when Kara would fly – and take Alex with her – because she couldn’t bear staying confined in one room, in that little bed they gave her.

They’d tried to fluff it with lots of blankets, lots of pillows.

The more they touched her – the more walls there were – the more she was back on that pod.

So she would leave.

And she would take Alex with her.

She would relish the open space, the frozen air, the screaming wind.

Because when she was in a little space?

She could barely breathe.

“I’m sorry this is happening,” Alex would whisper as she put her hand on her chest, encouraging her to breathe out into her hand.

It didn’t occur to Kara until years later that Alex knew what to do with a panic attack because she was so used to coaching herself through her own.

“I got you,” Alex would whisper as she held Kara close, and it was the only kind of confinement that would make Kara feel safe instead of trapped, together instead of alone.

And she’s feeling alone again, now.

She’s made herself alone again, now.

Her own skin is too confining again, now.

She only texts one word.

Alex’s name.

It’s all her sister needs.

She’s at her apartment in minutes.

“I got you,” she tells her immediately, no questions asked, and Kara isn’t sure she’ll ever be okay again, but she’s sure that she definitely has no chance without Alex.

“How did you do it?” Kara asks after a long moment in Alex’s arms, a long moment focusing on her freckles, the fine, thin hairs on her muscled arms, the way Alex’s belt digs into Kara’s side, just this side of uncomfortable.
"Do what?" Alex asks softly with a kiss to her sister’s temple.

"When we were kids."

Alex takes such a slow, deep sigh in that Kara feels her own body moving with the force of Alex’s breath.

Alex doesn’t ask what Kara means. She knows.

“I had them, too,” Alex explains after a long silence, confirming Kara’s long held, long-dreaded suspicions. “I still do. You know that.”

Kara nods. She’d gone to the DEO medics with Alex when she got her first dose of anti-anxiety meds, when she’d first gone on anti-depressants.

Just like Alex had created Kryptonian medication for her all those years ago.

All those years ago when Kara wasn’t trying so hard to wrench everything she deemed human out of herself.

Trying so hard to wrench all feelings out of herself.

“Wasn’t it annoying, then? A… burden?”

“Kara,” Alex nearly sobs, turning Kara around so they’re looking each other full in the face. “No. Never. You are a lot of things, Kara Zor-el Danvers, but you are never, ever, ever a burden. Not to me. Understand?”

Kara shudders and Alex kisses her forehead. “Are these the same? As before?” she asks, and Kara knows what she means.

Are these panic attacks the same as they were when they were kids. When Kara had first gotten to Earth.

“I can’t tell,” Kara admits. “Those… claustrophobia episodes when we were little… I didn’t know why they were happening. Which was kind of scarier, but also kind of better, because I didn’t…”

“Realize you were reliving it,” Alex supplies softly, apologetically, and Kara lets a tear slip down her face. Alex wipes it away softly.

Kara nods, and trembles, and tries to speak.

She fails.

Alex waits.

What’s left of Alex’s heart breaks.

“But I was a child, then. It was… fresh, then. But now… now, it’s just… it’s just stupid fear. It’s… it’s weakness, it’s – “

“Hey, hey, no. Don’t do that. You don’t get to do that, Kara.”

“I get to say what I feel, Alex – “

“Yeah, yes. Okay, you do. But Kara, you don’t get to… is it weakness when I have panic attacks?
When Winn does? Lena? Kara, unless you’ve been lying to me when you comfort me and you secretly think I’m weak, then I – “

“But you’re human, Alex.” Kara has squirmed out of Alex’s arms, now, and her eyes are far away again. “You try so hard not to be, but Alex, you’re human. At your strongest, you can’t beat me at my weakest.”

“I seem to remember some sparring matches saying otherwise – “

“That was about technique – “

“Kara, so is this. This… this is about coping. It’s not about weakness, Kara. You’re not weak. I promise you, you’re not. This… this is about coping techniques. About not surrendering to it, not shutting everyone out. Don’t shut me out, Kara. Don’t shut me out. Please.”

Kara stares, and Alex stares.

Kara breaks first.

She sighs and she lets her body fall forward, limp, into Alex’s arms. She cuddles her head onto Alex’s chest, to feel her heartbeat, to feel her closeness. To feel her protection.

“Kara, I love you. I love you, and I can’t imagine the pain you must be feeling right now, but I… I’m here, Kara, okay? I’m always here.”

Kara doesn’t say that she’d thought her parents would always be there, too. Her planet.

Instead, she lets herself sink further into Alex’s arms.

“I’m here, too,” she murmurs, and – for the first time in far too long – she accepts something that feels a lot like comfort.
Chapter 607

Chapter Summary

DJ v Band
“Alex finding Maggie at the precinct (because she had no urgent need to actually really go there)…maybe apologizing for participating in a fight in the middle of the DEO and those two nerds kissing each other’s faces” prompt from @ahhveee

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

It’s not about a DJ. It’s not about a band.

Hell, it’s not even about the wedding.

Not really.

It’s about you didn’t tell me why you didn’t want to do the tasting did you not trust me enough do I not show you how much I love you enough do I not take care of you well enough and it’s about I feel weak and selfish because your entire family has disowned you and I’m whining that my father can’t come and it’s about how did we get engaged without talking about any of this and it’s about are we ready and it’s about if I ask you to compromise about this maybe you won’t want to marry me anymore and it’s about I love you too much to mess this up but of course I’ll mess this up because that’s what I do to everything I touch.

But they’re both terrified.

So neither of them say the things they need to say.

They say, instead, the things that hurt.

They say, instead, the things that make them shout in the middle of the damn DEO, because fighting is easier than I’m scared but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to marry you and I was happy for like five minutes and the universe is just smacking me down from being happy, because it’s whatever is easier than I miss my family every minute of every day and my father used to be my best friend but I don’t want to tell you because you have enough problems with your own parents.

Winn flinches away from the shouting, and Vasquez shoots a text to Lucy so she can shoot a text to Alex to tell her to kiss and make up with her girl, already.

J’onn tries science and he tries levity, but the grief coming from both women is not about music or dancing, and he knows it.

Everyone in the room knows it.
Except, maybe, the two women shouting in the center of it.

It takes Alex all morning to seethe. To think. To realize.

It takes Maggie shorter than that, because her tendency to beat herself up is, sometimes, even stronger than Alex’s.

But Maggie doesn’t reach out.

Because Maggie figures it’s better to explode than fizzle, anyway.

Like everything else in her life.

Like everyone else she’s ever loved.

“She loves you,” Kara tells Alex as Alex works in her lab and Kara leans in the doorway with her arms folded across her chest. “She loves you so much, Alex. Don’t throw that away.”

“I’m not throwing it away,” Alex tosses her hands up and almost crashes her hand into the monitor displaying all the brain wave data they’ve collected.

“Alex,” Kara half-sighs, half-scoffs, and it’s Alex’s turn to cross her arms.

“You have more important things to worry about right now,” Alex tries to dismiss, but even at her worst, Kara knows Alex better than that.

“Is this really about a DJ versus live music? Because I can sing for you both even if there’s a DJ, Alex, I’m sure it’ll be — “

“No, it’s about her not listening to me, to what I want!”

Kara furrows her brow and Alex tosses up her hands again.

“She always listens to me and to what I want,” she admits dully, tonelessly, and Kara nods.

“Right. So what is it really about?”

Images of Maggie crying about her father; of Alex breaking over her own; of Maggie coming completely unraveled, naked underneath her; of Maggie’s arms, Maggie’s lips on her face, when her lungs were learning how to breathe again, when her body was still soaked with the water that had been about to kill her.

Life is too short.

Alex sighs and nods and doesn’t speak, but Kara smiles, because she doesn’t have to.

And, sure enough, at first opportunity, Alex steals away to the precinct.

“Sawyer,” she leans on her desk, trying to look cool, to sound casual.

Maggie barely looks up from the case files she’s trying to find patterns in.

“Don’t you have a citywide crisis on your hands, Danvers?” she asks with no emotion in her voice.

No emotion, that is, other than raw pain, of the distant variety. Of the bracing-for-disaster variety.

“Maggie,” Alex tries again, her voice less affected this time, her voice softer this time.
Because one of them has to be vulnerable first, and it might as well be her.

Maggie looks up, and her eyes are guarded. But they’re also hopeful.

“Can we talk?” Alex asks, and Maggie sighs.

“Interrogation room,” she leads the way, and Alex bites back a sex joke. Not the time.

“So the first thing is that I love you, and I want to be your wife,” Alex starts the moment Maggie closes the door behind them, and Maggie folds her arms across her chest protectively.

“If the shoe fits?” she repeats Alex’s earlier words, and Alex flinches.

“I’m sorry,” she tells her, and she takes a step forward.

Maggie takes a step back.

“Maggie, please.”

“What, Alex? Please have a band? Sure, it’s whatever, Alex – “

“Stop saying that – “

“But that’s not what this is about, is it? It’s about you didn’t think before you asked me to marry you, Alex. You… you’re just like your sister, Danvers, and… hey, no, wait, hear me out – and I love that about you. I love that you are so damn smart but listen to your heart first. I love it, Alex. I love everything about you, I just… I’m…” She unfolds her arms and she lets Alex step forward, and she leans into her embrace.

“What if we’re doing this too fast? My family, they said… they said I could never be happy like… like this.”

“Like… lesbian?”

Maggie laughs weakly and Alex kisses her nose tentatively. Maggie smiles, so Alex does it again.

“Yes, nerd, like lesbian. And since we got engaged – “ They both pause, and they smile more, because neither of them have been able to reference their engagement without smiling from ear to ear, and neither of them particularly want to – “we just… we’re fighting all the time, because we didn’t… we didn’t think. We’d just barely survived a war, Alex, and we – “

“Maggie, exactly. We survived a war. Together. I think we can get through wedding planning, don’t you?”

Maggie chuckles and sighs at the same time, leaning up to kiss Alex’s cheeks, her chin, her lips. They linger in their kiss, soft and not moving, lips just gently pressed together until they both smile into each other’s mouth.

“We’re gonna need to figure out a better way to have arguments. And a better place. I’m sorry, Alex. That’s your job, your whole life, I never should have – “

“I never should have, either, Maggie.”

A silence. A kiss to Maggie’s forehead. A kiss to Alex’s neck.
A hug, long and close and full-bodied.

Another kiss, parted lips, wet eyes.

“Can we just stop for a minute and… and do this whole thing the right way? We’re engaged, Danvers. And I never want to be engaged again. Only once. To you. And I want it to be good. I want it to be great. I want us to be great. So can we just…”

“Yes,” Alex agrees, because god, god, god, this woman.

“I love you, okay?”

Alex grins broadly, and Maggie rolls her eyes affectionately before the words even come out of Alex’s mouth, because it’s all she’s been saying, lately.

“You too,” she beams. “Forever.”
Chapter 608

Chapter Summary

Alex’s Worst Fears
“How about Psi attacking Alex and both Kara and Maggie have to help her through her deepest fears?” prompt from @starblaze-knight and “Psi showing Alex her fear? That'd be neat” from @iamdeltas

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

She’s so immersed in trying to save her sister that she doesn’t stop to remember that she doesn’t have her own protection from Psi’s particular brand of torture.

She’s so immersed in trying to save her sister that she doesn’t realize that it’s all Psi’s doing when suddenly Jeremiah is in front of her again.

In front of her, and terribly out of reach.

In front of her, but never so far away, because his body is mechanical where it’s not splayed open. His eyes are distant, cold. Gone.

As he does the same thing to J’onn, no anesthetic, no compassion, that’s been done to him.

“Everything I’ve done, it’s been for you, Alex,” he tells her, looking her straight in the eyes as he searches for the neurological mechanism behind J’onn’s telepathy.

She screams, and it will never be loud enough.

She fights, but it will never be hard enough.

Because Kara is protecting Jeremiah, protecting his torture. Her eyes are dark and her suit is darker, entirely black.

Red K floods through her eyes, except somehow, Alex knows it’s not really Red K.

It’s just Kara.

Just Kara and her resentments toward Alex.

They’ve never been sisters.

They never will be sisters.

Kara fights her, and she doesn’t fight back.
She feels her body splitting open, and she doesn’t fight back.

Until Kara’s deadened gaze turns to Maggie.

And then Alex’s soul is being torn apart, and her mother’s voice isn’t just in her ears, it’s in her head.

What a disappointment she is, that she couldn’t save her father. J’onn. That Kara is suffering so much. That she’s fighting with Maggie, that Maggie will leave, that she’ll sabotage it, unless… unless Kara…

Alex screams again, because screaming is the only way she can breathe, because tearing her throat open is the only way she can fill up her lungs.

Her lungs, her lungs, burning, burning, because she’s never going to see Kara again; Maggie will never know she loves her; Eliza will never be proud of her; J’onn will lose yet another daughter.

And it will all be her fault. All of it.

“Hold on,” a voice reaches her, and it reminds her of being in the tank, but it also reminds her of being home.

“We’ve got you, babe,” the voice repeats, and another, even more familiar, follows it immediately.

“I love you, Alex. You’re safe. You’re gonna be okay. I got you.”

“Kara,” she chokes, and the hands on her aren’t something to fight anymore.

She has no one to protect anymore.

Only herself.

Only her own heart, which feels like it might explode at any moment.

Only her own throat, which is so tight it feels like she’ll never be able to speak again.

“I got you,” Kara says again, and she feels familiar lips kiss her forehead.

“Maggie,” she chokes this time.

“I love you,” Maggie whispers, rocking her slightly, and Alex melts into her body, into Kara’s.

“She’s gone,” Kara tells her. “You’re safe. You’re safe, I promise.”

“J’onn’s okay?” Alex needs to know, and if Maggie and Kara exchange a concerned glance, they don’t let Alex see.

“Oh course he is, he’s back at the DEO. We can patch him into the comms if you want,” Maggie tells her, and Kara nods affirmatively.

“Don’t let me go,” she asks them both.

And the way they hold her, she knows they never will.
Chapter 609

Chapter Summary

Completely Trapped and Alone
“Kara’s biggest fear actually being about her and NOT mon-ew” prompt from @ohhsoadorkable

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

The silence meant it was real.
The silence meant it was over.
The silence meant she was alone.
She thought she’d healed.
Well, until she found out that Astra was alive.
Until the Black Mercy.
Until Myriad.
Until the Daxamites.
She thought she’d healed, because the claustrophobia episodes went away.
Alex had helped.
Alex had always helped.
Alex was the only reason she’d ever felt at home on this planet.
Alex was the only reason she’d stopped feeling completely trapped and alone.
But in these flashes that Psi gave her? In the hell Psi locked her into?
There was no Alex.
There was no… anyone.
Just herself.
Just herself and the void of space and the debris of her planet, the vaporized gasses that were once her people.
Her teachers and her friends and her cousins and her parents.

The people she smiled and said hello to every morning on her way to the academy.

The people who would smile and talk about what potential she had, about how whether she followed in her mother’s footsteps or her father’s, she would be one of Krypton’s greatest.

Now she would Krypton’s… only.

An entire planet, an entire people.

Contained in one tiny, terrified body, contained in one tiny, battered pod.

Completely trapped.

Completely alone.

Under Psi’s influence, there was no Alex to hold her. No Alex to spend hours in the library looking up techniques for Kara to fight off her worst fears. No Alex to spend years in the lab synthesizing Kryptonian medications to help Kara fight off her worst fears.

No Alex to fight away the trappedness, the aloneness.

It was just… her.

Alone.

Like she’d been all those years ago.

All the defenses she’d learn over the years, all the coping mechanisms she’d refined, all the love she’d filled some of her deep void with… gone.

Completely and utterly… gone.

And she couldn’t imagine them ever coming back.

She couldn’t remember what hope was.

What together meant.

“You’re marrying Maggie, Alex, and you should, you should,” she chokes, because she realizes. “But I’m pushing everyone away, even you, and I don’t… I don’t have an anchor anymore. I feel like I’ll just… I’ll just float away, like I’ve locked myself back in my pod, like… Like I can never get out, no matter how much time passes, no matter…”

Her voice breaks, because her heart breaks, and Alex’s breaks along with her.

She scoots forward and she wraps her little sister in her arms, kissing her hair and whispering wordlessly into her ear.

“You’re out, Kara. You’re not in your pod, and you never will be again.” She feels Kara shaking her head, so she pulls back and looks her deep in the eyes.

“It’ll never stop hurting, Kara. Losing your family, your people, your whole planet. It’ll never stop hurting. I wish that it would, and I wish I could take it from you, Kara, but… but I can promise you that it’s not always going to feel like it does right now. It’s not always going to be this intense. I
promise. And you can never push me too far away that I won’t come back. The same goes for this whole family we’ve made together. You… you’ll always have anchors here, Kara. Always.”

“I just want it to stop,” Kara moans as she starts to shake, as she starts to sob. Alex gathers her into her arms.

“I know,” she whispers. “I know you do. But you don’t have to go through it alone, Kara. You’re not trapped. You’re not alone. You never will be again, okay? You’ll never not have me. You’re kinda stuck with me.”

Alex nudges her and Kara nudges her back weakly, a small, pained smile starting to form on her lips.

“Oh, I’m sorry, was that… was that a Kara Danvers smile just there?” Alex pokes at her cheeks, and Kara squeals and her smile deepens, but she doesn’t move away.

Because she never wants to move away from this – from love – again.
Chapter 610

Chapter Summary

I Can’t Lose You
“Kara’s greatest fear is about losing losing Alex, not the Mon-El crap.” prompt from
@crimson-archangel

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

It takes her a while to realize it.

It takes her a while – an a handful of full-blown panic attacks – to realize that her panic is about her own traumas, her own losses.

But also, her panic is about what she almost lost.

Who she almost lost.

Because she hasn’t had time to think about it.

To think about Alex.

Because Alex’s lungs filled with water – Kara’s fault, Kara’s fault, Kara’s fault – and then there was an invasion and then there was the fallout and then there were these… panic attacks.

Then there was this fear.

So it takes her a while to realize that it is about her pod, and it is about her planet.

But it’s also about Alex.

Because Kara is no longer the only Danvers sister to almost lose everything in a confined space with no way out.

Kara is no longer the only Danvers sister to almost drown in the silence, to almost break her fists trying in vain to get out, to feel something other than the nothingness, the impending death, the inevitable agony that will precede it.

And it’s all Kara’s fault.

It takes her a while to realize that, in her flashes of Psi-induced panic, she’s not the one completely trapped and alone in her pod.

It’s Alex.
She only realizes as Alex rushes to her, runs to her, drops to her knees to comfort her, to tell her she’s there, that she’s okay, as she can feel Alex’s body heat.

A horrible and blessed contrast to how frozen and clammy she had been when Kara had broken her out of that dammed tank.

“It’s you in the pod, not me,” she weeps, her voice not nearly as broken as her spirit.

“Me?” Alex asks, her hand on Kara’s shoulder, her eyes glued to her face.

“I almost killed you. With Rick. I almost killed you, that was me.”

“No,” Alex tries to interrupt, but Kara isn’t having it.

“You almost died. When I saved those people when we were kids, he figured it out.”

“Kara – “

“And Maggie told me, she told me to take things slow, to think things through, but I just… and the water, all that water, and you – “

“Hey, hey, Kara, listen to me,” Alex tells her, her jaw slack with shock, with pain. “Look at me, hey.”

Kara’s face is scrunched from the tears, from the agony, and Alex fights to keep hers clear.

“Kara, look at me, okay? I’m here. I’m here, and none of what happened – none of it, do you hear me? – none of it was your fault. Okay? I promise. None of that was your fault. And Krypton wasn’t your fault. There’s no shame in surviving, Kara.” Alex’s voice cracks, and that, more than anything, eases Kara’s breathing. But not by much.

“But you – “ she tries to protest.

“I’m alive. I’m here. You saved me, remember? You saved me. You did that. I’m alive, because of you. You saved me.”

“I saved you?” Kara asks, her voice high, broken, destroyed, unhinged. Hopeful.

“Yeah,” Alex breathes, trying to smile for her little sister.

Kara closes her eyes, forcing herself to feel Alex’s presence. To hear her heartbeat. Forcing herself to breathe.

“Alex,” she chokes, because she needs Alex’s faith.

More than her suit. More than her cape.

She needs Alex’s faith more than anything.

And Alex knows. She always has, and she always will.

“Go get her,” Alex braces her, and Kara knows, now, that she can.
Chapter 611

Chapter Summary

The Kids Conversation™

“An actually reasonable and in character conversation about kids that doesn’t end in a breakup, maybe?” prompt from @skygriffins and basically the entire rest of the fandom.

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

She’s seen the photos from when they were teenagers: Alex and Kara.

And – smiling or unrelentingly serious – Alex always looks ready.

Ready to protect Kara.

Ready to make her laugh.

Ready to make her feel good, to make her feel special.

And she’s wonderful with Adrian.

And she’s seen her here and there with kids coming in and out of the precinct.

She always lowers her body to be on their eye level, but somehow never manages to be condescending about it.

Her voice changes when she talks to them, but just a little.

A little more sunshine and a lot less hurricane.

Still Alex.

Still beautiful.

Still… perfect.

But Maggie’s never brought it up, never imagined Alex would want kids of her own.

She basically raised Kara.

Maggie can’t imagine Alex wanting to put her life on hold to raise another kid.

So she assumes.
She assumes, and she probably shouldn’t have.

Because when she sees Alex with Ruby, it warms her heart.

Because she loves discovering all of her fiancee’s secret talents.

She loves learning every little thing there is to learn about Alex Danvers.

But then Alex makes the comment.

About when they have kids one day.

When, not if.

And Maggie seizes up.

She doesn’t want to.

But she can’t help it.

She seizes up and she wants to surrender then and there.

Because of course this is too good to be true.

Of course Alex was always going to leave eventually.

Or, more precisely, Maggie was always going to destroy them eventually.

Alex says they should discuss it, and they need to. They do.

But Maggie shrugs it off, because their lifetime of firsts – and whether or not that includes children – is important.

But more important, right now, is the child, now woman, that Alex has already raised.

“Go be with Kara,” she tells her. “I’ll see you when you get home.”

And Alex kisses her, and she smiles, but both the kiss and the smile are close-lipped.

Alex heads home to Kara.

Maggie heads home to her heavy bag.

She lays into it hard and long and painful, and she barely has the energy to take a shower.

She doesn’t bother putting on anything but boxers and a tank top.

Alex’s tank top.

Might as well wear her fiancee’s clothes while she still can.

While Alex is still her fiancee.

She passes out on the couch, face down, stomach down, before she realizes she’s falling asleep.

It’s sunrise by the time the door cracks open.
Sunrise by the time Alex kneels beside the couch, sweeps Maggie’s hair away from the nape of her neck, and kisses her newly-exposed skin.

“Couldn’t make it all the way to the bed, beautiful?”

The affection in Alex’s voice makes Maggie want to run.

It’ll end sooner or later anyway.

“We need to talk,” she sits up, pushing up on her hands, her voice both groggy and sharp. “But how’s Kara?”

“Sleeping. She took the morning off to rest, she… you’re right. We need to talk.”

Maggie rubs sleep from her eyes.

“Tea and agave,” Alex asks, but it’s more of a statement.

“I love you,” Maggie responds gratefully, before realizing that love might not be enough. Before realizing that her world might be about to crumble apart.

Again.

They don’t speak as Alex puts the kettle on, making a coffee for herself and a tea for Maggie.

They don’t speak until Alex sits back down on the couch, shifted toward Maggie so their knees are touching.

“So,” Alex starts, sipping and flinching because it’s too hot, too much, too fast. She tries not to think of it as a metaphor. “You don’t see yourself as a mom.”

Maggie shakes her head. “It’s just never been something I wanted. And it’s not… it’s not because of my parents, it’s not because of some trauma or… I’m not broken or anything, I – “

“I didn’t say you were, Maggie,” Alex interrupts softly, and Maggie tries to take a deep breath.

“But you do. Want kids.”

Alex sits back and sighs and blows on her coffee, staring over the rim of her mug at her fiancee.

“I mean… not now. Eventually, I always figured. I mean… back before I came out, before I realized I’m a lesbian, I… I guess I just figured I’d raise a child myself. With Kara, you know? The whole ‘it takes a village’ thing. Except then, the village was just me and Kara. Now, I guess I assumed it would be you and me. And… and our chosen family.”

Maggie nods and tries to swallow enough tea to burn away the tension in her throat.

It doesn’t work.

“I don’t want to be in the way of something you want, Alex. The kind of family you want. So if you – “

“No. No, Maggie, you don’t get to do that. This is a relationship, it’s not… you don’t get to decide for me that because I want something you don’t, you need to leave me for my own good. Unless you want to leave.”
Her hands shake nearly enough to spill her coffee.

Maggie puts her tea on the coffee table and puts her hand on Alex’s thigh.

“Of course I don’t want to leave, Danvers. I just don’t want to – “

“Be in the way of something I want, you said.”

A silence.

It grows longer and their eyes remain locked.

They sigh, suddenly and in unison.

They laugh despite themselves.

“Alex, I’m just worried that… is this something we can… compromise on? I mean, it’s like sex, isn’t it?”

Alex furrows her brow and tilts her head.

Maggie smiles sadly. “You get that from me,” she pokes the space between Alex’s eyes gently, and Alex bites her lip to keep herself from crying.

“It’s like sex in the sense that, if one person doesn’t want to have sex, and the other person does, it doesn’t matter. You just don’t have sex. And with this… I don’t want kids, Danvers, but if you do, then… I don’t…”

“This is my fault,” Alex puts her mug down and buries her face in her hands.

“Babe, no, hey. There’s nothing wrong with you wanting kids, Alex, it’s not – “

“No,” Alex moans from behind her fingers. “I was impulsive, I was stupid… we’d just survived a war, a literal alien invasion, and I…”

“Do you not want to marry me?” Maggie finds herself asking for the second time that week, and it breaks both of their hearts.

“I do, Maggie. I do. Just… there’s so much we haven’t talked about. And I’ve wanted to. I’ve thought about it. Having kids. With you. All of it. I just… I guess I was scared to say certain things… I didn’t want to…”

“Scare me off?” Maggie asks, and Alex finally lifts her head out of her hands with a nod.

“Alex, listen to me. If you don’t want me to leave, I’m not leaving. Just because we don’t know what the compromise is right now – or if there’s a compromise – doesn’t mean we won’t find one. You’re the smartest, kindest, bravest woman I’ve ever met; and I’m not that terrible in my better moments.”

“Mags.”

“What I mean is, we make a pretty good team.”

They both pause and smile at their beginnings, and they lace their fingers together.

Maggie kisses Alex’s knuckles while Alex kisses Maggie’s, their eyes locked together.
“If anyone can figure this out, it’s you and me. We just need to communicate and be open. The whole way through. No assuming what the other wants or what the other needs, okay? I need to hear you and you need to hear me, and to do that, we need to talk. About everything. Okay?”

Alex nods with brimming tears.

“I want to marry you,” she whispers, and Maggie kisses her eyes.

“And I want to marry you,” Maggie smiles. “Forever.”

She rubs their noses together, and Alex giggles and returns the gesture.

“We’ll figure this out?” Alex needs to hear it again.

“We’ll figure this out,” Maggie assures.

They seal it with a kiss that contains their entire past and the multitude of their future. Together.
They knew everyone would be there around 6:30pm.

They knew, and at 6:21pm, they decided that was enough time for making out.

Just making out.

But at 6:23pm, just making out became Alex’s hands wandering up Maggie’s waistline.

At 6:26pm, Alex’s hands wandering up Maggie’s waistline became Maggie moaning softly into Alex’s mouth.

At 6:27pm, Maggie moaning softly into Alex’s mouth became Alex asking and receiving an enthusiastic yes before pushing her fiancee back against the kitchen counter.

At 6:29pm, Alex asking and receiving an enthusiastic yes before pushing her fiancee back against the kitchen counter became Maggie’s shirt winding up somewhere in the living room and her bra somewhere else entirely.

And, at 6:31pm, Maggie’s shirt winding up somewhere in the living room and her bra somewhere else entirely became a very scandalized Winn, James, Kara, Lena, Adrian, and J’onn in their apartment doorway.

J’onn and Kara pointedly stare at the ceiling and contemplate flying away; Lena strokes Kara’s hand and bites her lip to keep from giggling; James suddenly finds his shoes extremely interesting; and Winn and Adrian break out into massive grins.

“My favorite couple,” Winn tosses his arms out victoriously while Adrian makes a mental note to compliment Alex on her technique later.

Alex grabs the nearest movable thing – fortunately for Winn, a dishtowel – and chucks it in his direction, gallantly stripping off her collared shirt for Maggie to wear, leaving Alex with her sleeveless, ribbed undershirt and a very red face.

“Heyyy, Little Danvers,” Maggie greets with raised eyebrows as she slips down from where Alex had lifted her onto the counter.
“We’re just not gonna acknowledge that this ever happened, okay?” Kara adjusts her glasses, still staring at the ceiling.

“Just be grateful you’re not telepathic,” J’onn murmurs to her, and Adrian chokes on his own spit so hard Lena has to thump him on the back until he can breathe properly.

“I love the Superfriends,” he beams when he can speak again. “But okay, if you two are done – I mean, we can always wait outside if you wanna… um… finish – “

“Ade!”

“What? Your fiancee’s the one who taught me about sex positivity!”

“Adrian Rodriguez,” Maggie says sternly, but her smile and the hug she wraps him in gives her away.

“Okay, okay, well – Kara brought over a planner, and I brought my Pinterest board.”

“I brought beer,” James contributes.

“I brought wedding magazines,” Lena smiles almost shyly.

“Kara and I brought pizza and potstickers,” J’onn offers with mock gravity.

“And I brought my lovely self!” Winn jazz-hands, and Maggie and Alex roll their eyes with a matching smile.

By the time they sprawl into the living room – Maggie in Alex’s lap; Adrian next to them, sitting with J’onn and Winn; Kara on the floor with Lena and James, pizza boxes, beer bottles, Adrian’s root beer, and potsticker boxes littered everywhere – everyone’s belly is full and spirits are high.

“Colors?” Lena asks, her eyes on the list Kara’s pen is hovering over.

“Lavender,” Alex and Maggie say at the same time, kissing each other when they hear the other’s immediate response.

“See, I told you we had this thing down, babe.”

“Oooh, are we all gonna walk down the aisle before you guys?” Winn wants to know.

Alex nods. “We want to pick different songs for each of you as you walk down.” She waggles her eyebrows secretively at Maggie, and J’onn looks mildly alarmed.

“Are you going to tell us what these songs are?” he asks.

“Don’t worry, J’onn,” Alex leans forward to take his hand. “You’re walking us both down the aisle, so you’ll be spared a surprise theme song.”

Silence fills the room as J’onn squeezes both of his Earth daughters’ hands.

James snaps a quiet picture on his phone.

“Do we know what kind of cake you’re doing?” Kara wants to know, skipping around on her list according to wherever her stomach takes her.

“No cake,” Alex starts, and both she and Maggie hold up their hands defensively as the protests
pour in from all parts of the room.

“Tiramisu,” Maggie tells them, leaning back to kiss Alex. “Don’t blame me, it was this one’s idea.”

“Awwww, she loves you!”

“I should hope so, she’s marrying me,” Maggie tousles Adrian’s hair.

“Yeah, I am,” Alex beams, and Kara chuckles as she takes her vibrating phone out of her pocket.

“Oh, hey guys, shhh, it’s Lucy!” She flips her phone over so everyone else can see the screen, where she’s answered Lucy’s facetime call.

“Awww, aren’t you two adorable,” she greets, mostly sincere but with a touch of teasing that makes Alex blush.

“Hi Lucy,” they all call in somewhat eerie unison.

“Okay, that was frightening, never do that again,” she tells them. “Where are we, what did I miss? Did we talk about a photographer yet? Because Jimmy, I don’t think you should do it, you should enjoy the ceremony and the party, you know?”

“Yeah, we’ve already started that argument with him,” Maggie grins, and Lucy nods on screen approvingly.

It goes on for hours, their collaborative wedding planning.

Their family pre-celebration.

Their cuddle piles and their laughter and their loud debates about the merits of day-of-coordinators and whether or not to have a menu comprised entirely of different kinds of potstickers.

Eventually, they all fall asleep, including Lucy, over facetime.

J’onn tucks each of them in: Kara entangled with Lena; Winn sprawled out with his head on James’s chest; Alex laying between Maggie’s legs; Adrian’s head resting on Alex’s thigh until J’onn wakes him gently to take off his binder, before he groggily crawls back into position and Alex instinctively wraps her arm over his back.

He flies, then, to Washington, DC, to tuck Lucy into bed as well, and to make sure her phone is charging.

When he slips back to the Danvers household to check to make sure everyone is still safe and sleeping and comfortable, he contemplates leaving.

But Maggie’s eyes crack open and she holds out the arm that isn’t being pleasantly mushed between her fiancee and her best man.

J’onn hesitates, and then he smiles and lowers himself onto the floor next to Maggie.

She smiles and sleepily puts her head on his shoulder.

He wraps his arm around her, and surveys his sleeping children one more blissful time before letting himself, too, fall into a peaceful, contented sleep.
Chapter 613

Chapter Summary

Earth Daughter-in-Law, Space Dad, and Space Grandpa

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

He’s become so attuned to all his earth children now that he feels her pain the moment they reenter the earth’s atmosphere.

Maggie’s emotions feel different, to him, than Alex’s or even Winn’s or James’s.

Hers still feel newer, to him.

But they’re so strong he almost jumps, almost worries that a white Martian has somehow found a way into his ship – their ship, their ship, their ship, he reminds himself, still staring at his father like he can’t believe he’s there, because good god, he truly can’t – because Maggie’s emotions are all rage and pain and deep, deep emptiness.

Emptiness that is only filled by her own steeliness, and by that of the woman he instinctively knows is holding her hand, holding her entire body.

“Father,” he says gravely as soon as they land. “I want to acclimate you to this world. I want to share minds. I want all the things I’ve longed for, these hundreds of years I thought you were gone. But I have… I have a young woman I need to attend to.”

His father raises his eyebrows and even Kara tilts her head.

“My son, I was under the impression that you and that white Martian rebel commander – “

“Yes, yes. No, Father, that isn’t what I meant. Kara… Kara and her sister, Alex, have become… like adoptive daughters to me. And Alex is getting married, to this wonderful human woman, and she… words are clumsy, Father. May I show you?”

His father nods and Kara lowers her eyes as J’onn touches his fingers to his father’s temple.

It’s only a moment later that M’yrnn opens his eyes wide and nods eagerly at J’onn.

“You must go to this young woman. She’s in need of… of a father.”

J’onn smiles hesitantly and gently puts his hand on his father’s. Something he never thought he’d do again.

He fights not to break down.
There will be time for all that.

Later, later. Later.

“And I’m in need of mine. After all these years, Father… Maggie is a private woman, but I think she would understand… would you accompany me? Kara can walk with you if Maggie doesn’t want new company – “

“Of course, J’onn.”

Kara nods grave assent to their plan, but soon her nod becomes a pout.

“No, Kara.”

She pouts harder.

J’onn heaves a heavy sigh and switches seats with her, letting her take the steering wheel.

M’yrnn laughs and laughs and laughs, relieved if not utterly confused, as Kara cranks up a song about hitting babies and steps on the gas.

Their moods are significantly more somber, however, by the time they reach Maggie’s apartment door.

They hear sobbing, and J’onn’s heartstrings tug.

He knocks gently.

“Alex? Maggie?”

There’s a rustling, the sound of a body running into something that sounds like a couch, and the door slams open.

Alex throws herself into J’onn’s arms, reaching around him to tug her sister in, too.

“You’re home, you’re safe,” she murmurs to both of them as the sound of muffled sniffling comes from over her shoulder.

“And you… brought a friend?” Alex asks.

J’onn straightens and steps back, still holding Alex’s hand.

“Alex, this… this is my father, M’yrnn. Father – “

“Alex Danvers,” M’yrnn smiles. “And where is your lovely wife?”

“Not yet, Father,” J’onn murmurs and Alex blushes.

“I’m so happy for you, J’onn,” Maggie gives him her best smile as she approaches from behind Alex. “It’s an honor to meet you, sir,” she tells his father, stepping back warmly to let them all into the apartment.

But her eyes are red and the shoulder of Alex’s soft v-neck is stained with tears.

J’onn takes her hand.

“Maggie, we didn’t come here for you to meet my father. I brought him because… well, because
frankly I can’t bear to part from him right now. Like if he’s out of my sight, it won’t be real.”

Four sets of hands reach for J’onn, to reassure him, and his heart glows softly.

“But we came here because I… I sensed your pain. And I sensed why, and Maggie, I am sorry. I am so terribly sorry.”

Maggie bites her bottom lip as Alex holds her hand and presses her forehead into her temple. She shakes her head.

“J’onn, you just went home in the first time in centuries. You just visited the graveyard of your people, risking your life for people who slaughtered your own. You just found your father, J’onn, you don’t have to worry about – “

“Nonsense,” J’onn interrupts gently. “Family supports each other, Maggie. We can support each other. If you’ll have us.”

Maggie’s throat is too tight to speak, so she nods. Alex kisses Maggie’s mouth and J’onn’s cheek and holds both Maggie’s and Kara’s hands.

M’yrnn clears his throat.

“My dear, forgive me: I know we’ve only just met, but to explain the situation to me, my son shared some memories of who you are, how you came into his family. And might I say? You would make a fine Green Martian. Brave and valiant and somehow unfailingly… kind. Despite what this world of walls and war and… strange music… has done to you. It is an honor to come out of such long, terrible isolation and be greeted with such a… a granddaughter.”

Alex and J’onn are the first to cry, and Kara and Maggie tease them so intently, but so gently, that they start crying, too.

“You’re home now, Father. You’re safe. I promise. And so are you, Maggie,” J’onn assures them through their laughter, through their tears.

And for the first time in centuries and decades, respectively, M’yrnn and Maggie start to believe it.
Chapter 614

Chapter Summary

Live with an Aunt for Three Years
“maggie’s aunt coming instead of her dad and fluff and “she’s the happiest i’ve ever seen her, thanks to you.”” prompt from @kirstyn-loftus and “maggie’s aunt coming!!!” from @cosmicsthetics and “maggie’s aunt” from @superspies-and-apple-pie and “also second absolutely anything to do with maggie’s aunt please and thank you (have HER invited to the shower and bring 14yo maggie pics or something)” from @syllabicacronyms

Chapter Notes

3x02 fix it

She leaves a message for her dad, but she doesn’t expect to hear back from him.
And she doesn’t.
She doesn’t hear from anyone.
Until a few hours before the party.
Until she gets a text from a number she’s known for years but rarely dials these days, because it’s not like it was a great three years they had together.
It’s not like Maggie stayed a day after her seventeenth birthday, the age where she could emancipate herself, the age where she’d figured out how to get enough credits to graduate high school early and get herself the hell out of Blue Springs.
Forever.
The text tells her that the bus from the airport should get into the city’s center around four pm.
The text from the aunt that she’d lived with when… when.
They hug, and it’s awkward.
They talk, and it’s awkward.
They pretend they know each other after all these years, and it’s excruciating.
But she’s here.
“How did you… I left the message for my dad. You – “
“Your mother and I still talk every day, Maggie,” her aunt reminds her, and she gulps in soft gratitude, because at least her aunt had used the nickname she’d started insisting on as a teenager.

Anything to get the rhythms of her father’s speech out of her ears.

“Oh. And she didn’t – “

“Oh, you know how she is about flights – “

“No, no, you don’t have to explain.”

It’s awkward and it’s excruciating, but even after all these years, it’s… familiar.

And when Alex answers the door at the party, Maggie’s stomach sinks, but Winn holds her hand, and Eliza puts her hands on her shoulders, and James gives her thigh a gentle, supportive squeeze.

“There aren’t any pictures of you, I notice,” her aunt tells her, and Maggie just stares, because really, her aunt knows exactly why. “I didn’t think there would be. I hope… I hope you don’t mind, but I… I brought you some.”

“You kept them,” Maggie whispers when her aunt takes an entire album out of her bag, and Alex can’t squeeze her hard enough, and Maggie doesn’t want her to ever let go.

“After your parents took them out of their albums? Of course I did. Just because they couldn’t bear to… they missed you, Maggie, but that’s… here. I brought them for you.”

Maggie’s hands shake and Alex steadies them and Eliza keeps watch and James and Winn flank her on either side, like her protectors, because that’s how they feel, and that’s what she deserves, and that’s what they are.

James is the first to smile, and Alex is the first to cry.

“Looks like we went through the same overall phase,” Alex’s voice cracks, and Maggie laughs shakily.

“It wasn’t a phase for this girl, it was practically all she wore,” her aunt chimes, and Maggie shakes harder, and Alex holds her closer.

“And someone had a thing for ice cream,” Winn smiles, and James snickers.

“Still does,” he grins, and Maggie leans into his chest for a cathartic moment.

And for a moment – as they pour over pictures of Maggie in various states of awkwardness, various stages of puberty, various moments of joy and irritation and newness – the four of them feel. Just feel. Together.

James, his dead father who gave him his camera but no roadmap for living without him.

Winn, his murderous sadist who swore he was just like him.

Alex, hers who abandoned everything decent about humanity and said it was for her.

And Maggie, hers who abandoned… her.

“Alex,” Maggie’s aunt jolts them all out of their shared memories, even though her voice was soft.
“Yes,” Alex straightens and questions Maggie with her eyes before going to follow her. Maggie nods and Alex kisses her. Maggie melts, and before she can feel the keen pang of Alex’s body moving away from hers, James, Winn, and Eliza step forward as one to keep her standing, to keep her steady.

“I can’t stay, Alex, I… I may not agree with Maggie’s choices, and I also may not agree with her parents’ decision to – “

“To abandon her,” Alex fills in, and it’s a statement, not a question.

Their eyes lock long and hard and it isn’t Alex that looks away first.

“But I do need to live with them. In that same town that Maggie left. She’s changed; it hasn’t. I can’t stay long. But I wanted to bring her those photos, and I wanted… I wanted to meet you. To see if this woman, this Alex, she spoke of on the phone was… was worthy of my niece.”

Alex narrows her eyes slightly, unimpressed but somehow calm.

“And my dear, I… I have never seen her happier. And I don’t just mean from those awful teenage years she had, I mean… ever. I’ve never seen my only niece happy like this. And that’s… that’s clearly thanks to you. Thank you, Alex. Thank you for looking after my Maggie.”

Alex stands a little straighter, and when she speaks, it’s gentler than she thinks any adult from Maggie’s past deserves; but if she’s learned anything from all these years as Kara Danvers’s sister, all this time with Maggie, it’s something about second chances and it’s something about kindness.

“She doesn’t need looking after. She’s…” They both turn to watch Maggie, laughing into Winn’s chest. Alex’s eyes immediately lock with her mother’s, who’s watching her protectively. Alex smiles softly. “She’s really spectacular. I’m lucky to have her in my life. I’m the luckiest woman in this or any world.”

And as she stares across the room at the woman she’s going to marry, she knows every word of that is true.
Chapter 615

Chapter Summary

You Are Enough (Sanvers post-3x03)
“I need Alex letting Maggie cry, letting her break down, her comforting her, saying all
the right things, not making it about her and having kids, and Alex just worshipping
her, if u wanna get smutty” (this won’t get smutty for the folks who don’t want that,
but I’ll write a sequel soon) prompt from @thebiwisebrownkid and “Expand more on
that last scene between Alex and Maggie. Not the kids thing but some more content
from Maggie telling her dad off to her telling Alex that she is all Maggie needs.” from
@photochic525 and “Maggie being really reassured that she is enough for Alex.” from
@ahhveee and “that last scene but longer and no mention of kids?” from @kirstyn-
loftus and “okay but obviously fixing the convo between alex and maggie at the end,
like the fuck” from @syllabicacronyms

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

points if you catch one of the seven hundred song references in this one

She doesn’t go straight for the liquor cabinet when she gets home, and Alex doesn’t know whether
it breaks her heart more or makes her grateful.

Because Maggie’s been trying to get Alex to drink less when she’s upset, so Maggie’s doing the
same thing to make it easier for her, and Alex couldn’t be more moved.

But she doesn’t want tonight to be about her.

This isn’t about her.

Because she misses Jeremiah – she has all kinds of feelings about Jeremiah – and she misses J’onn
and she misses Kara, but god, the agony in Maggie’s eyes.

The decades of pent-up grief. Of not being good enough.

Of being something to be tossed onto the side of the road.

Something to be ashamed of.

“When I went after my father, I told you I had to go alone,” she says, softly, as Maggie crashes
down onto the couch next to her, in front of her. As she takes her hands and wishes she could take
her heart into her hands and stitch it back together, piece by piece.

Maggie nods, and Alex shakes her head. “And you told me you had to do this alone.” Maggie nods
again. Alex tilts her head.
Maggie laughs dryly.

“You get that from me, Danvers.”

Alex smiles. “Somehow, Maggie, it feels like I get all the best things in my life from you.”

Maggie both smiles and scoffs, and the sound breaks Alex’s heart. Again.

“My point was, you had to go say goodbye alone, and I… I understand that. I respect it. But Maggie, this next part? This part where you’re home now, and you process, and you… you do whatever you need to do to… to grieve? To be proud of yourself? Because you should be proud of yourself, you know… This next part? The rest of our lives, learning and coping and healing? You don’t have to do this next part alone, Maggie.”

Maggie just stares.

But her eyes are welling with tears, and Alex kisses each of her knuckles without breaking eye contact.

A tear slips down Maggie’s face so fast Alex can’t wipe it away before it lands in her lap.

“I love you,” Maggie chokes out, and Alex tries not to sob.

“You too. Forever.”

Maggie smiles and coughs down tears. “Nerd.”

“Your nerd.”

“Danvers – “

“Maggie. You don’t have to shut me out.”

“You have your own father pain, Al – “

“Oh, and there’s someone in our family that doesn’t?” Alex interrupts, and Maggie tilts her head and thinks and laughs.

Hard.

“God, you’re right, it’s all of us, isn’t it?”

They put their foreheads together and they laugh until they’re not sure if they’re laughing or crying.

Until they are sure.

Until Maggie’s chest starts wracking so hard so goes completely silent, and Alex knows. She knows and she kisses her hair and she pulls her into her lap and she rocks her back and forth and side to side.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” she tells her, and Maggie sobs, and sobs, and sobs.

She sobs until she hiccups and she sobs until her entire body aches.

She sobs until Alex’s shirt is soaked through and she sobs until she can barely catch her own breath.
“Alex, I’m sorry,” she croaks, and Alex is having none of it.

“You have absolutely nothing to apologize for. Hey. Hey, look at me,” she pleads, and her index finger gently touches Maggie’s chin.

“Hi,” she smiles softly when their eyes meet, and Maggie’s frown intensifies.

“Sweetie, no, why are you crying?”

Alex starts, because she didn’t realize she was.

“I…” She gives the only answer that rings true. “Because you’re my soul, Maggie. When you cry, I cry.”

“I just… I know I’m good. Without him. And I told him that, I… I don’t need anyone but you, Alex. I just… I’m good, you know? Alone. And better with you. I just… I wish that made it stop hurting, I wish… I wish I didn’t want to be good enough.”

“Maggie Sawyer, you are always good enough. You… you are more than good enough, you – “

“No, but Alex, he’s right. He’s right, what he said. About this country, about… about building a damn wall, about hating…” She sighs and presses her forehead to Alex’s and wonders, not for the first time, if she’s relieved or burdened by dating a woman who tries to understand, but doesn’t in her bones.

“Yeah, he is,” Alex says, and Maggie’s heart leaps. “But he’s not right about you, Maggie. He’s right about… about racism, and about homophobia, and about what happens when they collide in the same person’s body, but he’s… he’s not right about you, Maggie. Because you are brave and powerful and kind and generous and so damn smart, so I know you know this, babe: you have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. You are everything to be proud of, and you are nothing to be ashamed of. Not when you were fourteen, not now, not ever.”

Maggie looks away and more tears slip down her face.

Alex kisses them away and Maggie sniffs.

“But what if… what if you – “

“What? Suddenly realize that you’re not everything I’ve ever wanted? Because you are, Maggie. Everything. You’re everything. Everything I’ve ever wanted and nothing I ever dreamed I could possibly have, possibly deserve. You are smart and tough and so, so beautiful, Maggie Sawyer, and I could not be more honored to be looking forward to a lifetime of firsts with you.”

Maggie trembles. “Even if I messed up our party with all this – “

“You didn’t mess anything up. Nothing. You understand me? You’re perfect, Maggie. I adore you. I love you like I’ve never loved anyone, and I… you make me whole, Maggie. I’m in love with you, and I want you, and I will never stop loving you, and I will never stop wanting you. I will never stop choosing you, Maggie Sawyer. Because you will always be everything I want and everything I need and everything that I love with every part of my being.”

“Alex Danvers, did you just write your vows?” Maggie flirts softly, but happily.

Happily, because maybe, just maybe, she’s finally enough for someone.
Because she’s certainly, finally, enough for herself.
Chapter 616

Chapter Summary

Gaining Another Daughter
“more of Eliza and Maggie and Alex?” prompt from @warriorbard2012 and “if you’re feeling fluffy I’d love to see Eliza mothering all the superfriends” from @itsmelissabee

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

Alex panics and vomits and rings her hands and does all the things she always does before she sees Eliza.

Kara comforts her.

Maggie comforts her.

Winn comforts her.

James comforts her.

J’onn comforts her.

But then Eliza shows up and she makes all these cheesy party activities with Winn and James – “sorry, Alex, the lady asked and she makes amazing lasagna, were we supposed to say no?” – and Kara, and Alex is overwhelmed, because she and Eliza might have their… differences… but the fact that Eliza is throwing herself into this party with the same gusto as she throws herself into Channukah and Valentine’s Day and Halloween is… is one of the most moving things Alex has ever experienced.

But she knows it’s hard.

For Maggie.

Maggie won’t say it. Of course she won’t.

But she watches her eyes clench in pain as Alex watches Maggie watch Eliza putter around the kitchen, completely taking over the apartment, making the girls lasagna and insisting that they do nothing but set the table because this is their day, this is their celebration, this is the start of a beautiful chapter of their life.

“I love you,” she murmurs into Maggie’s ear, slipping her arms around her waist from behind and kissing her neck, her temple, her cheek, her lips.
She surprises herself by not feeling like she shouldn’t kiss the woman she loves in front of her mother.

She surprises herself by feeling giddy when Eliza glances up from her food preparation to see Maggie melting into her arms, and Eliza smiles instead of raises an appraising eyebrow, sighs happily instead of irritably.

“You know, I never much thought of marriage for you, Alex. Oh, not because I didn’t think anyone would want you. It was never that. But I was never sure you’d be interested, and I also… I was convinced no one would ever deserve you.”

She says it casually, as Maggie helps her set the table.

She says it more to Maggie than to Alex, and Maggie flushes.

“I try my best, Dr. Danvers – “

“Oh, no dear, you misunderstand me. I meant… I never thought anyone would deserve Alex, that she might never find her match. Until she met you.”

Alex’s heart jolts and Maggie’s twists six different ways at once.

“But I suppose life is full of the unexpected. I never expected to raise a Kryptonian girl, but suddenly there Kara was, my second daughter. And now, a third,” Eliza says, her hands finding Maggie’s, now.

“I’m sorry about what Alex has told me. About your parents. No child deserves such horrific treatment. No grown woman, either. And I know I can’t replace anyone in your heart, and I’m not trying to, Maggie, but… thank you. For taking care of my Alexandra, and for… for giving me another daughter.”

By the time Winn and James tiptoe through the door, hoping for leftovers, they find Eliza on the couch, an arm around both of her human daughters, both sleeping, both with tear-stained faces but soft, loved smiles still curved on their lips.

She looks up and nods the boys toward the refrigerator, and they raid it like Kara and Alex used to when they were children.

Eliza kisses Maggie’s forehead, then Alex’s, as James and Winn quietly sink to the floor in front of the couch with heaping plates of lasagna and a bottle of beer each and grateful, somewhat bashful smiles on their faces.

And it may not be Midvale, but Rao, Eliza sure does feel at home.
Chapter 617

Chapter Summary

Alex vs. Maggie’s Father, ft. Eliza Motherfucking Danvers
“alex going off in maggie’s dad and telling him how much she loves her daughter and she makes her a better person, and maggie telling her dad how loving alex has healed her and has given her everything she ever needed” prompt from @staaysaane and “Pretty much just alex or eliza or even Kara screaming at Maggie’s Dad would be awesome” from @parissobsessedd and @itsme-lissabee and “Eliza and Alex going after Maggie” from @laurarasmith and “I need Alex going after Maggie’s dad. Cause Alex would not sit by and just let that happen.” from @smallspkp

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

Maggie runs after her father, and Alex runs after Maggie.
Because she’s been restraining herself.
Because this is important for Maggie.
This… chance at reconciliation.
Alex knows what that’s like.
She thinks of her own father, of guns and space arcs and the woods at night.
She thinks of utterly breaking.
She knows what second chances with fathers can be.
And she knows how they can break a person.
She knows how it broke her.
So she’s restrained herself so far, for Maggie.
But now, they’ve kissed, and now, he’s walked out.
He’s slammed the door of her sister’s apartment, and Maggie’s work friends stare, and Maggie is a private person, and Maggie is not a perfect person, but Maggie is the perfect person for Alex, and Maggie is… well, a person.
So when Maggie goes after her father, Alex goes after her.
Because no one deserves… this.

No one deserves to not be loved for who they love.

And she hears him.

His pain, his fear. As he has it out with his daughter by the dumpsters behind Kara’s apartment building.

She hears him, but she puts her hand on the small of Maggie’s back, and she feels Maggie breaking.

She hears him, and she hears her.

She hears the woman she loves, fighting for a scrap of dignity from a man who should know better.

Fighting for the love of a man who can google her cases but who can’t bring himself to watch her kiss the woman she loves.

She watches, and she listens, and when Maggie’s about to break, she feels Maggie’s consent seep into her bones.

So, finally, she speaks to him the way she’s wanted to since she found out about… about him.

“You know the thing, sir? The thing that really baffles me about all this?”

“Agent Danvers, this is between my daughter and I, you’re not involv – “

“Oh no, that’s one of the many parts you don’t seem to be able to understand.”

Alex steps toward him, and Maggie doesn’t stop her.

Rage replaces her the blood in her veins.

“Because I am involved. Because whether you like it or not, I’m marrying into your family. You may have disowned your one daughter, but now you have two, so you’re going to listen, and you’re going to hear me.”

“With respect, Agent Danvers, I – “

“No. No, clearly, you don’t have any respect for me. And that’s fine, you don’t know me. But what really baffles me, sir, is that you don’t have any respect for your daughter. For your daughter, who’s idolized you and done nothing but love you, nothing but try to honor you her entire life. Because those awful things you’re talking about? Guess what? She experiences them, too. She lives in the same world you do, and you’re right.”

“I know I am – “

“No, not for the reasons you think. You’re right that it’s not different, and it’s not better, not everywhere, not all the time, not for everyone. Not for people who don’t look like me or my sister, anyway. But the thing that I can’t seem to understand is that you’re the one making it awful for your daughter. You can’t bring yourself to accept that she’s carved out a life for herself that is better, and it’s better when it’s without you.”

“You dare to – “
“Yes, I do. Because Maggie is an out lesbian homicide detective and she is damn incredible at what she does. You’re impressed by the cold cases she’s cracked, that she makes the news for, that she makes a name for her precinct with? You should see what she does on a daily basis. You should see how she talks down the same kinds of white terrorists you’re talking about who want to build walls, so nobody dies. She’s saved my life, and the lives of everyone in this city, more times than I can count, and you can stand there and tell her she’s shamed you?”

“Agent Danvers – “

“No, you don’t get to speak. You don’t get to speak because I’m not done. Your daughter has loved me, and she’s healed me, and she has given me everything I’ve ever needed, and nothing I’ve ever deserved. She’s making me into the best version of myself, because that is exactly what your daughter does for everyone she meets. Everyone except you, apparently; because all you can do is fixate on who she loves, who she sleeps with?”

“That’s enough – “

“Yes, I quite think it is.”

Maggie jumps, and Alex jumps, at the sound of a new voice from behind them.

Eliza.

“Mom,” Alex whispers, and Maggie’s lips – firmly pursed with the effort of not sobbing a moment before – drop open.

Eliza sweeps past both her human daughters like they aren’t there, and steps straight into the face of the man who’s made her newest daughter cry, over and over and over again.

“I don’t know how you’ve slept at night these past decades. Abandoning your own flesh and blood like she’s worth less than the ground beneath your feet? What kinds of hatred must live inside you to compel you to cast a child – your own child – away like she means nothing, like she is nothing, because she’s… what? Offended you? Frightened you? Turned out to be different than the woman you expected her to be? Well, my daughters turned out differently than I expected them to, as well. And my Alex and I don’t always see eye to eye, but I will tell you the one thing that I will never do: I will never turn my back on my daughters. You say she brought you shame? You bring shame with you everywhere you go. You come into my daughter’s home, to celebrate the profound love of two beautiful women, and you storm away when they express that love? How dare you. How dare you treat my child that way.”

“I have done nothing to Agent Danvers – “

“I wasn’t talking about Alex.”

A silence.

Even the cars in the streets beyond seem to hush.

Maggie weaves her shocked fingers through Alex’s, and they cling to each other like they’re both fourteen, and being defended like they’ve always deserved to be defended.

“Margarita is not – “

“Oh, yes, she is. Maggie Sawyer is my child. You abandoned her long ago. Parenting isn’t about blood, as you proved with that suitcase and that silence and those words you spewed. Parenting is
about choosing to love, every day and every night and every little moment in between. And I choose to love Maggie like my own, because she is my own. And I’m afraid that, if it’s alright with Maggie, I’m going to have to ask you to leave so that she can try to salvage this celebration of her love in the peace and happiness that she deserves and that you’ve refused to give her.”

Eliza steps out of his space, and when she holds her hand out for Maggie to take, Maggie takes it.

“I spent all those years trying to hold onto a family that stopped existing when I was fourteen. But you know what? I’m good. I’m good, now. On my own. With my family. With… with this family. Goodbye, Papa,” she tells him, and she turns with a straight back and a raised head.

He watches her walk away, watches Alex and Eliza follow her with linked hands and a closer bond than they’ve felt in years.

And he won’t know it, because he won’t go back upstairs, but the party after that?

Is the sweetest either of them have ever been to.
Chapter 618

Chapter Summary

After The Call
“Maggie being upset and worried after she called her dad and Alex holding her and then cuddling and just fluff anywhere you think fluff was missing” prompt from @superollie21 and “Alex comforting Maggie after the phone call to her dad.” from @lastbestplace

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

She didn’t want to wake her.
She didn’t want to wake her, but she’s not entirely surprised when she turns to find Alex sitting up, watching her with a look in her eyes that’s a cross between heartbroken and proud and in love.
She didn’t want to wake her, but she’s privately relieved and glad that she did.
Because when she crawls back into bed, Alex opens her arms.
She opens her arms and she lets Maggie fall into them, more exhausted than she would be after running a marathon, after an intense gym session with James, after a seventeen hour hostage negotiation.
Because those things, she’s trained for as an adult.
This?
This, she’s been waiting to do since she was a child.
“Why did I do that?” she asks, not for the first time, as Alex cradles her while somehow managing to make her feel strong, to make her feel powerful.
To make her feel brave instead of like she’s crawling back to the man who’s caused her so much pain.
To make her feel courageous instead of like she’s pathetic and a waste of life and just… a shame.
And, sure enough, the words out of Alex’s mouth are what she needs to hear.
“Because you’re brave. You’re brave and you’re kind and you are so damn beautiful, Maggie Sawyer.”
Maggie lifts her head from Alex’s chest to squint up at her face.
“Not so sure my looks had anything to do with calling my father there, Danvers.”

Alex mock glares before kissing Maggie’s face. Everywhere, everywhere.

“On the inside, Sawyer. You’re beautiful the way… the way a nebula’s beautiful.”

“Explain,” Maggie murmurs as she settles deeper into Alex’s arms.

“From the outside, it looks just… just breathtaking, and perfect, and gorgeous.” Alex lets her eyes drift over Maggie’s body, and she licks her lips absently. Soft heat shoots through Maggie’s core, and she relishes the way Alex’s fingers feel on her bare skin.

“But on the inside, nebulae are… they’re burning and they’re hotter than fire and they’re full of the kinds of explosions we can barely imagine. But they’re still… gorgeous. And they’re where stars are born. Which is all I ever see in your eyes, Maggie Sawyer.”

“DEO Agent Alex Danvers. My poet,” Maggie kisses her stomach, and Alex giggles, but her eyes are serious.

“It’s true, Maggie. All that fire in you? It’s forged the most beautiful things. And you don’t… I’m not saying it’s good, that you went through it. I’m not trying to… to erase that pain, like your parents…”

“Erased me,” she says, and her voice is small, and it wavers, and it’s strong.

Alex kisses her softly as an answer.

“But Maggie, you… you’re incredible. That you’ve come out of all that, as kind as you are, as sensitive, as… as generous as you are?”

“You’re the only woman who’s ever called me those things, Danvers.”

“Well, those other women clearly didn’t deserve you,” Alex deadpans, and Maggie chuckles.

“And I’ll be here, Maggie. However he responds, or not. I will be here. You were ride or die with me and my dad. And I… I’m ride or die with you and yours. But Maggie, I also… I want to be ride and live, with you. Because we have too much to do together for that whole die part. Okay?”

There’s a long silence and their heartbeats sync.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her, because there’s never been anything truer in her entire life.

“And I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex kisses her, slow and deep and steady, because there’s never been anything more perfect in hers.
Chapter 619

Chapter Summary

Kara’s Other Big Sister
“I would love to see Kara showing up and comforting Maggie; I want them to have a relationship on the show so badly but I know it’s never going to happen lol” prompt from @letlivego and “kara (and maybe superfamily?) sticking up for Maggie and Maggie being shocked when she learned what happened bc she didn’t expect kara (and everyone) to do that, because they aren’t really close but it shows her that she has more than just herself as family she has Alex and kara and everyone.” from @cicinicole-14

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

It’s late and they’re exhausted, but Alex leaves the window open, because she has a feeling Kara will come by again.

She has a feeling, but Maggie? Maggie is shocked.

“Kara,” she calls out confusedly when Kara slips through the window, and Alex immediately tilts her head.

Not because she’s surprised Kara’s here.

But because she knows her sister better than anyone.

And she knows her sister’s just had it out with someone.

Someone human, not Martian.

“Kara?” she repeats her fiancee’s words, and Kara suddenly finds her shoes very interesting.

“Kara, what did you do?” Alex asks, and Maggie’s eyes flit between them, her heart sinking because it’s alright if this night becomes about Kara – of course it’s alright – but she’d also needed a night for… well, for her.

“I ran into your father, Maggie.”

“You – “

“It kind of… wasn’t an accident. I picked up James and Winn and J’onn, and we sort of… we had a few words with him. At the airport.”

“Is he… alright?” Alex asks, starting to beam as she holds her shocked fiancee in her arms.
“He has a very good sense of how many people love his daughter, I think,” Kara shrugs, and Maggie stands.

“Kara, you didn’t hurt him.”

Kara shakes her head. “I would’ve, but I didn’t think you’d want that. Also J’onn wouldn’t let me. Even though he looked like he wanted to land a punch himself, to be honest. Winn almost did. James stopped him, but you know, barely.”

“Why… what… why?”

Kara kneels in front of the bed, and Maggie sits back down. Kara hesitates before taking her hands until Maggie grants her consent.

“Because you are our family, Maggie. You… I get a new sister, now. I never really wanted one – I always kind of wanted Alex all to myself – but now that I have you in my life? Now that I know you? Maggie, you can go toe-to-toe with my sister and still have enough in you to negotiate an entire hostage situation and solve decades old cold cases by lunchtime. You have no superpowers but you can win a fight against a man twice your size with nothing but your bare hands. You… no, I was wrong before. You do have superpowers. Your heart, your brain. I’ve never met anyone who… who’s a match for Alex. She’s getting a wife, Maggie, and I’m getting another big sister. And sisters defend each other. Always.”

“But – “

“But nothing. Look, I… I idealize my parents, because I lost them. But I’ve learned that they… they weren’t perfect. I told J’onn today that I thought they’d be proud of me, if they could see me now, but honestly? I wonder sometimes. Because I think I would have sided with my aunt Astra, if I’d known what was going on, back on Krypton. What my parents were doing. Not how she did things, sure, but… but she wasn’t wrong. And my mother locked her away, and… my point, Maggie, is that sometimes I honestly don’t know if my parents would be proud of me. But I know Alex is. And I know J’onn is. Eliza. I know I’m proud of me. And we’re all proud of you. No matter what your parents think or say or do. We’re the always kind of family, okay? Stronger together.”

“Stronger together,” Alex and Maggie whisper at the same time.

None of them are quite sure when Kara crawls up into the bed with her sisters, snuggling herself in between their sleepy bodies, but they know that when they wake the next morning – to the scents and sounds of J’onn, M’yrnn, James, Eliza, and Winn making them breakfast – they’re entangled together even though, somehow, Kara has burritoed herself in the blankets between them.

And they know that they will never, ever lose the memory of waking up like this.

Waking up… perfect.
Chapter 620

Chapter Summary

“We’re Your Family”
“I would like to see M’gann surprising Sanvers by visiting Earth after she hears about their engagement. I would also like Kara and J’onn to attend the shower” prompt from @starblaze-knight and “a lot of fluff because maggie doesn’t deserve any of that :)” from @rxingcorp and “space grandpa meeting the superfam” and “winn talking to maggie about his experiences with his dad and comforting her” both from @cosmicsthetics and “space granddad! coming to the bridal shower because anything would be better than that absolute dumpster fire” from @superspies-and-apple-pie and “Okay I need Maggie going back in to the Superfam after that fight with her dad and them all holding her together and calming her down (including J’onn and Kara)” from @laurarasmith and “kara and j’onn being at the shower. when maggie comes back after the final goodbye, they’re there, alex is there, eliza’s there, etc. they just say that “we’re your family”” from @kirstyn-loftus

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

Alex understands why Kara and J’onn can’t be at the shower.

And Maggie understands why Alex keeps checking her phone, to make sure there are no urgent updates from the DEO.

To make sure her sister and her father aren’t coming home from Mars in pieces.

Hell, Maggie keeps checking her phone, too, because they’re family now, aren’t they?

They understand why two of their most important family members can’t be there, so they try not to talk about how sad it makes them both.

They don’t expect to get another shower in its stead.

This time, with everyone.


They don’t expect Eliza to do another round of cooking and Winn and James to do another round of cleaning and they don’t expect another round of gifts, but that’s exactly what they get.

It’s exactly what they get when Maggie is a wreck and her eyes are swollen and the only reason they’re even at Kara’s apartment to begin with is because they wanted to pick up their gifts as a way to try to cheer themselves up. Because they thought it would be empty, not brimming with
people who love them.

People who wrap their arms around Maggie and tell her that she’s loved, that she’s good enough, that she’s wanted.

“You are our family, and we’re yours,” J’onn tells her, and she hugs him long and hard, because he found his family today, but he also lost it again, and she can’t imagine what it feels like for him. But in her own way, she did, too.

He seems to understand her meaning, and he hugs her all the deeper in response.

“Congratulations, Maggie. You finally found a keeper,” M’gann wraps her arms around her, and when Maggie and Alex both stammer that she’s too busy for wedding showers, she laughs and she smiles and she shakes them off.

“I’m fighting for a life where we can be at peace and have happiness with our families. And this is mine,” she gestures around the room, and Maggie sinks back into her arms with a warmth born of too many long nights drinking together, sharing stories and sharing pain, sharing joys and sharing dreams.

And now, sharing this party. Together.

M’yrnn turns out to be an incredible storyteller.

Which works well, because somehow they feel like a more ebullient party would be a bit much for the older man after hundreds of years of isolation.

So they listen to his stories, and Alex holds J’onn’s hand, and he squeezes hers, and M’yrnn thanks her for taking such wonderful care of his son all these years.

M’gann leans into Alex and kisses her cheek. Alex blushes and Maggie smirks.

“Sir, may I ask you a question?” Winn asks, partially because he’s been barely keeping it in this whole time, and partially to spare Alex the experience of crying in front of everyone.

“Of course, young man,” M’yrnn answers, and J’onn groans, because he’s pretty sure he can guess what’s coming.

His guess is accurate.

“What was J’onn like? As a boy? It’s okay if you don’t want to talk about it, obviously – “

“No, no, not at all,” a smile spreads across his face, and J’onn glares teasingly at Winn while James hands him another beer. “This celebration is about these two fine ladies, however, so I want to make sure these are stories they want to hear before launching into – “

“Yes, please.”

“Absolutely, yes please, sir.”

M’yrnn laughs for the first time in hundreds of years, and the sound nearly makes J’onn weep.

Alex holds his hand and James puts an arm around his shoulder and Winn puts his palm to his own mouth and Kara holds J’onn’s other hand.

“J’onn was a mischievous boy,” M’yrnn tells them, and Alex and Winn whoop while Kara giggles
into Lena’s shoulder, under the observant eyes of Eliza, and James exchanges wagging eyebrows with Maggie and Lucy.

“Were you now?” M’gann flirts, and J’onn buries his face in his hands in mock displeasure.

He weaves stories for them of J’onn’s rebellious streak as a young boy and as an adolescent; of the ways he always tried to shirk his responsibilities and run off with his friends; the ways he learned to psychically project his presence in his room at night while meanwhile he was out exploring the mountains; the ways his mind was always in the stars rather than his education.

They laugh and they spill beer and J’onn doesn’t stop smiling once, even after his face starts to hurt from the intensity of it.

Winn sidles up to Maggie in the kitchen as she’s pouring Eliza another glass of wine, as she’s getting Alex another beer.

“My favorite pool shark,” he greets, the laughter of their family so close behind them, warming them both, buoying them against their demons.

“My favorite undertrained DEO agent,” Maggie teases, and clinks her beer bottle against his with a twisted grin.

“So, J’onn’s dad, huh?” Winn asks, and they lean against the counter as they watch him. As they watch their families.

“Yeah.”

“Seems to be getting along with his son after a couple centuries better than your dad’s getting along with you after a couple decades,” Winn offers, and there’s only empathy in his voice.

Maggie stiffens, and Winn holds his arm up. “Okay?” he asks, and when she nods, he puts his arm around her shoulder.

“I don’t know how much Alex has told you. About… about my dad.”

“Winn, I’m a homicide detective,” Maggie reminds him, but it’s gentle, and it’s sensitive, and it’s loving.

“Right,” he sighs. “Listen, he… he has a way with words. I heard your dad does, too. Makes it so he sounds both horribly deluded but also possibly right at the same time. Like, he’ll point out structural problems with the world, and he’s so right. It’s just… it’s just that the conclusions he comes to are terrible. Sometimes, they’re… they’re inhuman.”

Maggie nods quietly, looking up at Winn like she’s never quite seen him before.

“I know you don’t like talking about yourself. And no, Alex didn’t have to tell me that, I can just… I can tell. But I… look, I can’t imagine what you went through, but I… I wasn’t a wanted kid, either. My parents… I wasn’t enough. I wasn’t enough to keep my father from becoming a killer, and I wasn’t enough to keep my mother around. So I know you don’t like to talk, but if you ever want to just… be… with someone who maybe understands, just a little bit… I’m here.”

There’s a long pause as they watch M’gann lean in to kiss J’onn, as Kara blushes and beams and looks away and James and Alex slap an excited five. They both have faint smiles on their faces, and they’re both here and decades away.
“You’re a good egg, Schott,” Maggie tells him, and he squeezes her closer to him gently.

“I learn from the best, Sawyer,” he grins, and he hesitates for a moment before kissing her cheek.

“We’re gonna go back to the party now and pretend this moment never happened, aren’t we?” he asks.

“What moment?” she winks.

And they do go back to the party.

But they don’t pretend the moment ever happened.

It was too valuable for that, and they both know it.

So they cherish it instead. They build on it instead.

As a family.
Chapter Summary

Alex’s Turn for Trivia and Maggie’s Gift
“maggies dad not ruining the party? alexs turn for trivia, what was in the present, lenas there” prompt from @prettyprettygirls and “maggie opening alex’s lovely gift instead of being interrupted by her father making a scene also that trivia i’d really like to know how alex went” from @rnsmari and “just a happy wedding shower.” from @katiemcgraffs

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it

She knows the card is from Alex just like she knew all the answers to trivia.

Winn starts with the easy ones – she says “blue” instead of “black” for Alex’s favorite color because she knows the difference between what Alex is willing to admit in public and what Alex really loves deep down – and she eggs him on, encouraging him to go deeper, make it more difficult.

He murmurs to her that he can’t make it that difficult in front of Eliza, and she laughs, because god, this feels amazing.

She knows the card is from Alex just like she knew Alex would get all her trivia questions right.

And – even though she protests her entire way into the hot seat – sure enough, she gets every question right.

“Just treat it like a polygraph, Danvers,” Lucy encourages, and as the other Superfriends groan and laugh, Lena leans in to ask Lucy what she means.

“That woman can beat a polygraph without breaking a sweat,” Lucy tells her, and Lena arches an eyebrow and ponders ways to make the technology more accurate. Not for military use. Just… for fun.

She knows the card is from Alex just like Alex knows tiramisu (”favorite food?”), bonsai trees (”random passion?”), getting crushed by a vending machine (”weirdest fear?”), Captain Kathryn Janeway (”nerdiest television crush?”), and “f Lucy, k Kara but only because she couldn’t if she tried so there’s a loophole, and no offense Lena but she’s only marrying me” (”fnk Kara, Lena, and Lucy?”).

She knows the card is from Alex because only Alex would give her a homemade card – well, a DEO-made card, courtesy of her design ideas and Winn’s gorgeous execution – dressed up to look a storebought one.
“I think I know who this is from,” she teases, because who else would photoshop their heads onto the bodies of the Doctor and Clara Oswald and edited the whole thing further to look like a Victorian snowy winter’s night… in space?

Only Alex Danvers.

She reads the card in Alex’s adorable scrawl before opening her gift.

She swore she wouldn’t cry at this damn party.

She breaks her promise to herself, and she really doesn’t mind.

Because inside the blank card, Alex had written the most beautiful words she’s ever read; because they were all, lovingly, painstakingly, for her.

“Maggie,

I’ve never loved anyone like I love you. I’ve never touched anyone – been touched by anyone – like the way we touch. And I don’t just mean… you know ;) I mean… Babe, from the moment I first laid eyes on you, I felt my entire multiverse shift. I didn’t understand it then – baby lesbian, I know, haha – but Mags, my center of gravity suddenly became… well, you.

After I came out to Kara, she asked what you’re like. I told her you’re smart, and tough, and beautiful. So beautiful. And I was right. But I was also wrong.

Because you aren’t just smart: you’re brilliant. I would say you’re going to save the world with that mind of yours, but baby, you already do.

You aren’t just tough: you’re courageous enough to be vulnerable and steel enough to be unbreakable.

You aren’t just beautiful: you’re beauty defined, inside, outside, every side.

I am honored to be your friend, your girlfriend, your fiancee. Soon, your wife. I smile every single time I say that. Your wife.

Here’s to you, my soon-to-be wife. Here’s to us, and to our lifetime of firsts.

After Always,

Your Alex.”

The gift, next to that card, Maggie thinks will seem frivolous. Because that card is… that card is everything.

And so are the photos that James takes of the kiss they share – the long, intimate, nobody-else-in-the-world exists kiss they share – when Maggie finishes reading that card.

But that’s for later.

Because now, Alex’s eyes are gleaming as she urges Maggie to continue opening her gift.

Because, just like the card, it’s completely customized to her.

Maggie snorts when she sees it, and then she gasps, and then she nearly shrieks. She covers her mouth and her eyes fly wide and the box with the gift tumbles off their laps as she launches herself
at Alex. Again.

Winn goes to pick it up for them, and promptly drops it like it burned his hand on contact.

“Seriously, Alex?” he squeals. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, you two are still my favorite couple, but is this even…” He leans in and whispers. “Authorized?”

Alex grins and shrugs as Maggie swoops down to pick up her gift like it’s the best thing anyone’s ever gotten her.

“J’onn left me in charge of the DEO,” she offers, and Lucy groans, and Kara groans, and Winn groans, and James groans, and Lena and Eliza lean forward to see what everyone’s groaning about.

“Maggie, is that a…” Lena asks delicately, and Maggie doesn’t even look up at her as she looks down at the thing in her hands, holding it like it’s alive, like it’s precious, beaming down at it, caressing it, like it’s a small puppy.

“It is,” she breathes.

“I am so, so, so in love with you, Alex Danvers,” she kisses her fiancee again, and again, and again. Because at long last, she’s finally been gifted a flash grenade.
Chapter 622

Chapter Summary

Let Me Show You (how much I adore you)
because @thebiwisebrownkid said: “I need Alex letting Maggie cry, letting her break
down, her comforting her, saying all the right things, not making it about her and
having kids, and Alex just worshipping her, if u wanna get smutty”

Chapter Notes

3x03 fix it
very soft, intimate smut ahead

“Maybe I did just write my vows,” Alex says, and it comes out lower than she’d intended.

Sexier than she’d intended.

But she certainly doesn’t mind the effect it seems to have on Maggie.

Maggie, who bites her lip and holds her breath and looks at Alex like she needs her, like she needs
to be loved, like she needs to be adored, like she needs to be…

“Do you want me to show you? How much I cherish you?” Alex asks, keeping her voice
deliberately soft but casual, this time. Because she’s not trying to seduce Maggie if Maggie isn’t
trying to be seduced. She wants to offer, not push. She wants to give, not impose.

“Please?” Maggie asks, and Alex doesn’t hesitate.

She scoops her into her arms and she carries her from the couch to the bed, kissing her mouth
gently the whole way there.

“You sure? We can cuddle, you can cry more, we can – “

“Danvers. Make love to me. If you want. Please?” Maggie’s voice is ragged and her voice is
wrecked, and Alex gulps, because she knows it’s from raw want, raw need, not sorrow, not grief.

“Always, baby,” Alex assures, and licks her lips as her eyes survey Maggie’s body. “Can I undress
you?” she asks, and Maggie sits up in response.

Alex’s eyes never leave Maggie’s face as Maggie raises her arms above her head so Alex can pull
off her shirt. As she reaches behind her and undoes her bra with one try.

They both grin at that, Maggie teasingly, Alex smugly.

Alex kisses her nose. Maggie giggles.
Alex licks her lips. Maggie bites hers.

“Lay back for me, Maggie,” Alex prays, and Maggie responds, laying back and lifting her hips immediately so Alex can tug off her pants, her underwear.

And as many times as Alex has seen her naked, she still gasps softly when she takes in the sight.

“You,” she breathes, kneeling between Maggie’s legs and pulling off her socks, kissing her toes and her ankles and the delicate bones and veins of her feet.

“Are,” she whispers as Maggie’s breath hitches, as she kisses her way up Maggie’s shins, spending extra time on her knees, on the childhood scars accumulated there, from jumping off of swings and leaping down from trees, from getting pushed in the schoolyard and getting shoved on the dirt road.

“Absolutely,” Alex licks and nips her way up Maggie’s thighs, paying special attention to the places that make Maggie tug at her hair, that make her whine and start to writhe.

“Gorgeous,” Alex presses kisses up from Maggie’s hip bones up the sides of her waist, to her navel, up her ribcage, between her breasts, on her nipples.

“I want to feel your skin on mine,” Maggie whispers as Alex finally brings her mouth up to meet hers again, as she kisses her lips, her chin, her cheeks, her temples, her eyes, her forehead, her dimples.

Alex hops off the bed lightly, silently, and strips without a sound, without once taking her eyes away from Maggie’s.

When she crawls back onto the bed – back onto her fiancee – they both gasp at the contact, at the rush, at the warmth. At the intimacy.

“Let me worship you,” Alex rasps softly, and it’s both a statement and a question.

The statement makes Maggie moan gently, and the question makes her nod with ragged breath and eager eyes.

So Alex continues kissing her way up and down Maggie’s body, pressing open-mouthed kisses to every centimeter of her skin, to every scar and every stretch mark, to every hair and to every callous.

“I am so in love with you,” Alex murmurs with her tongue between Maggie’s legs, and Maggie is quieter than she normally is when Alex licks her, but this feels too intimate for screaming, too emotional for yelping. Her gasps and her pants and her muted pleas fill Alex’s ears and soul all the same.

“Do you want me inside you?” she asks, and when all Maggie can do is whimper Alex’s name, she pulls away slightly, wiping her mouth and her chin on her bare shoulder.

“Babe, do you need to stop? We can stop, sweetie – “


“My absolute pleasure, baby,” Alex kisses her inner thighs tenderly before slipping her tongue inside her, before bringing her tongue to pressure her clit as she slips one, then two, then – at Maggie’s softly frantic, entirely wrecked pleading – a third finger deep inside her.
“I love you,” she whispers into her clit, just as their eyes lock, just as she moves her fingers just so inside her, just as her own orgasm spills over from the pressure she’s getting from grinding down into Maggie’s knee.

She feels Maggie’s climax cascading through her body, and watching it from between her legs is like watching the sunset over the ocean, but better, better, god, god, so infinitely better.

“I love you, Alex,” Maggie prays as she comes, and Alex greets it with a long stream of her own “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you”s.

“Forever,” they breathe at the same time as Alex crawls up toward her, both of them shifting blearily so they can hold each other, stay close to each other, breathe the same breath in the same rhythm in the same heartbeat.

Forever.
Kara fiddles with the sound system on the way to Mars.

Of course Kara fiddles with the sound system on the way to Mars.

Because, apparently, some features of the old baby blue convertible stay the same, even when Martian technology is masquerading as old Earth tech.

Some features like J’onn’s CD selection.

Which, currently, is a Britney’s greatest hits collection.

“J’onn,” Kara starts, because she can’t imagine going back to Krypton if it were still in one piece. She can’t imagine what he must be feeling, but she thinks she has a pretty good idea. And if that were her, she’d want someone to distract her.

And besides, she really wants to know.

No.

Needs to know.

“Is this a question about our life-or-death mission?” J’onn asks, his eyes on the nav menu.

“Sort of?” Kara asks, and J’onn sighs.

“What is it, Kara?” he asks, though he thinks he already knows.

“Why… why do you have a Britney Spears CD just… sort of loaded and ready to be played in your space car?”

There’s a long silence, and Kara wonders momentarily if, in preparation for returning to Mars, J’onn is practicing only nonverbal communication.

“I knew I was coming to pick you up, and I… I recall you blasting Britney and Justin music quite
loudly from your room as a teenager. I thought, since we’re going off world for a highly dangerous mission, you would appreciate the stress-free selection.”

Kara nods, but her brow is furrowed and her lips are pursed.

“Okay. But even if that were true… and Alex is the one who can pass lie detector tests, J’onn, I’m not sure about you – “

“I trained your sister!”

“We’re getting off topic.”

“Are you sure Detective Sawyer isn’t training you in interrogation?”

“Again, off topic,” she singsongs, but she’s grinning broadly. “Even if that were true, the question still stands as to why you even have a Britney CD in here to begin with.”

J’onn shifts uncomfortably, and Kara waits, because yes, she has been getting trained by Maggie in interrogation techniques.

Apparently patience is important.

And sure enough, at the very moment that the silence stretches so taut that she wants to sing something just to snap the quiet in two, J’onn speaks.

“As I said, you used to blast it from your window as a teenager. I… began exploring the genres of music you and your sister seemed to… appreciate most.”

“So you also had a punk rock phase?”

J’onn gingerly avoids the question.

“I was interested in learning as much as I could about you both, and obviously I couldn’t simply reveal myself and speak to you, so I – “

“Explored our genres of music.”

“Correct.”

“And that… included Oops I Did It Again.”

“It seemed to have resonance with you.”

“And you… after all these years?”

Something like a smile pulls at J’onn’s lips.

“Hit Me Baby One More Time seems a more appropriate anthem to prepare for where we’re going.”

“Are you suggesting a singalong?”

“I’m suggesting that Ms. Spears’s soundtrack is preferably to this interrogation,” he says in a tone he usually reserves for new DEO recruits, but Kara sees right through him.

She grins as she hits play and the ship suddenly fills itself with questionable but delightful 90s pop
music, Britney-style.

She grins even more broadly when she notices J’onn’s fingers thrumming in time with the beat on the side of the navigation pad, but she says nothing aloud about it, because this moment with her Martian father and the spirit of Britney Spears as they speed past Phobos and Deimos?

Is one she wants to focus on cherishing forever.
They’ve talked about wanting a lifetime of firsts.

Alex was the first to bring up a house, because frankly, the idea had always terrified Maggie.

She’d been so used to running for so long.

Running toward safety; running for survival; running because she didn’t know how else to exist; running because it was habit; running because she didn’t know how to stop.

But Alex made her want to stop.

Well, not stop, not exactly.

Because they would always be running, both as individuals and together.

Because with Alex?

With Alex, she wanted to both run and be stable; with Alex, freedom and security weren’t contradictory. They were complimentary.

They were perfect.

So they buy a house, because when Alex tells her she wants that to be part of their lifetime of firsts, she cries just like she did when Alex proposed.

Because she’s shocked, because she wants it. God, she wants it.

So they drink wine on balconies and they lay in each other’s laps and they research and they make lists and they fantasize.

How many rooms, what kind of style, location, location, location, rankings of whether it’s more important to have a garage or a pool, discussions of ‘do we ever really use the kitchen anyway’ and ‘yes, babe, if J’onn permits it, we can have a separate space for your weapons.’
Buying a house involves a lot of firsts, and they both revel in each one.

But this one? This particular first?

Is going to be fun.

“Danvers, you grew up on the beach, you’ve never – “

“There’s grass in Midvale, Maggie.”

“Okay, but there’s like, only grass in Blue Springs, Danvers.”

“And why would I make my beautiful wife feel like she’s back in Nebraska, huh? Come on, babe, it’ll be fun. I don’t mind, honestly.”

Maggie tilts her head and squints and sighs.

“You gonna wear that?” she asks, gesturing lightly at Alex’s tank top and cut offs and boots.

“Problem?” Alex asks.

Maggie tries to swallow, but her throat is too dry. “Nope. I mean… if you really don’t mind? To be honest, I always hated cutting the grass – “

Alex positively squeals with excitement. “Excellent! I’ll be outside, then!” She leans in and kisses her lips, and Maggie wants to deepen the kiss, wants to pull Alex into her body and never let go, but Alex is out the door before Maggie can even open her eyes.

“Nerd,” she mutters under her breath with a smile.

“Takes one to know one!” Alex calls over her shoulder.

“My wife has superhuman hearing,” Maggie murmurs, still grinning.

“No I don’t, you’re just predictable!” Alex shouts again, this time over the roar of the lawn mower coming to life.

Maggie chuckles and shakes her head and wanders into the kitchen – their kitchen – to do the dishes from Kara’s homemade brunch this morning.

She doesn’t expect to feel like she’s just gotten an electric shock, particle accelerator explosion style, when she looks out the window above the sink to see her wife looking… like that.

Because it’s only been ten minutes, but it’s absurdly hot outside, and Alex must have fished a bandanna out of the garage because now it’s tied around her head, stained slightly in sweat, just as Alex’s calves are getting stained slightly with dirt, with the remains of sheared blades of grass.

She has to concentrate to put the plate she’d been washing down so she doesn’t just drop it, break it.

Because hot damn, her wife is… well, hot.

“Damn, Danvers,” she rasps to herself, watching as Alex wipes sweat away from her forehead with a shrug of her shoulder. Maggie rinses and dries her hands, eyes still transfixed on the sight out their window, and checks the weather on her phone.
Yep. Over 90 degrees.

Which has everything to do with how sweaty and dirty Alex has gotten in so short a time, but absolutely nothing to do with what she’s doing to Maggie’s body right now.

Well, maybe it has a little something to do with it. Because it’s the sweat and dirt that are driving her out of her mind.

She tries to gulp, but her throat is too dry. She grabs a glass, fills it, takes a sip or two – eyes still focused on her wife – refills it, and tears her eyes away from Alex for a moment.

She bites her lip and looks down at her own body. She checks her fly and shimmies around slightly so her shirt is positioned just so, runs her fingers through her hair so it falls around her face just so.

She clears her throat and she heads to the doorway, immediately regretting not calling Alex inside instead, because the heat compared with the house’s central air hits her hard.

“Thirsty, Danvers?” she calls, leaning on their doorway like she’s not already burning up.

Both because of the temperature and because of the sweat and dirt clinging to her wife’s body like someone painted the stains onto her skin and clothes.

She has to shout again, because Alex doesn’t hear her. But when she does, her grin is so wide, so earnest, that Maggie melts.

And it definitely has nothing to do with the sun.

Alex flips off the mower, trots over and takes the glass gratefully but hesitates before kissing Maggie.

“I’m kinda gross,” she gives a disclaimer when Maggie frowns, which makes Maggie bite her lip as she drags her eyes slowly up and down Alex’s body.

“Gross isn’t the word I’d use,” she rasps, and Alex nearly chokes on her water at the tone in her voice.

“Yeah?” she splutters, trying so hard to be smooth that Maggie lets it slide.

“Mmhmm,” Maggie takes the glass from her and kneels slowly to set it down on the porch. She runs her fingers over Alex’s lower legs, and Alex’s shivers as her fingernails scrape through the sweat on her shins, ghosting over without actually touching the dirt on her calves.

“Maggie, we’re… we’re outside,” she croaks, and Maggie stands immediately.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, I – “

“No, hey, no, it’s fine. I’m fine. This… this is literally why we got such a private back yard, I just… I was flirting, I’m sorry, I didn’t want… I didn’t want you to stop.”

Maggie tilts her head. “Babe, you sure?” she asks, and Alex backhands sweat off her face, leaving a streak of dirt there that just turns Maggie on harder, as she nods eagerly.

Maggie nods, too, as she kneels again, slower this time. “Change your mind at any point, Danvers,” she tells her, and Alex smiles.

“So uh… gross isn’t the word you’d use. What uh… what word would you use?”
“Fucking sexy,” Maggie asks with her eyes before unzipping Alex’s cut-off jeans.

“That’s two words,” Alex wheezes as she nods before getting impatient and unzipping her cut-offs herself.

“Someone’s eager,” Maggie chuckles, and Alex tosses her head back and moans.

“Both of us, I’d say,” she hisses as Maggie tugs her jeans down and her underwear aside.

“May I?” she asks, and they both chuckle as Alex, in her eagerness to lift one of her legs onto Maggie’s shoulder, forgets that her shorts are still sort of on, and nearly falls.

“Mmm, maybe I should go down on you later,” Maggie teases, and something flashes in Alex’s eyes, then.

Something Maggie didn’t want to ask her for, because she knows this mood of Alex’s is somewhat temperamental, but god, has seeing her like this made her want it.

“What, Danvers?” she asks breathlessly, even though she already knows.

“Stand up?” Alex asks, and her voice is already ragged, already wrecked from the sight of Maggie on her knees, wanting to go down on her.

Maggie stands.

“Turn around,” Alex demands, and Maggie hisses with pleasure because she knows Alex’s demands are always questions.

“Yes,” she whispers, “but kiss me first?”

So Alex does. Alex does, and Maggie swoons, pressing her body against the damp heat that is Alex, flush against the barely-there restraint and raw need that is her wife.

“You’re so damn hot,” she murmurs into Alex’s mouth, against Alex’s tongue, and when Alex moans, Maggie pulls back.

“You can turn me around now,” she invites, and Alex spins her around and presses her against the back wall of their house so fast they both need to pause, need to breathe each other in.

“You good?” Alex makes sure, and Maggie grinds her ass back into Alex as answer.

“Yeah. You?” she confirms, and Alex answers by bracing herself against the wall with one dirt-stained hand just above Maggie’s head, by putting her other hand on Maggie’s waist and pulling her even closer into her body.

“Fuck,” Maggie murmurs, and Alex grins into her shoulder blades.

“Exactly,” she husks, and Maggie whines and grinds back into her, finding a rough and needy rhythm that isn’t exactly a first, but is exactly perfect.

“So I can’t exactly touch you right now,” Alex tightens her grip on Maggie’s hip, on her jeans. “All that dirt and sweat that seems to turn you on so much.”

Maggie moans and Alex’s hand on her hip, Alex’s body against the back of her thighs, her ass, stabilize her more than the ground or the wall she’s pressed against ever could.
“Danvers,” she manages.

“Color?” Alex checks.

“Green as that damn grass,” Maggie chokes, and they both chuckle.

“So since I can’t touch you like I want to right now, you wanna be a good girl for me and do me a favor?”

“Fuck, Danvers.”

“Is that a yes, Sawyer?”

“Yes, fuck, Alex, yes.”

“Good girl. Can you touch yourself for me, Mags? I wanna make you come so damn hard, fucking you like this, holding you like this. The backyard of our new house… who knew lawn mowing could be so… fuck, that’s right, baby,” Alex pants as Maggie shifts so she’s braced on the wall with only one hand, slipping the other down her jeans.

“You good, Ally?” Maggie gasps, because Alex goes quiet, her breathing ragged, at the sight in front of her, in her arms.

“Perfect, Maggie, yeah. I love you so much,” she tells her, and it’s that, more than anything, that tosses Maggie over the edge.

Alex holds her steady and whispers how much she loves her as she rides out her waves.

“I love you too,” Maggie sighs, her forehead against the back of Alex’s hand, which she’d shifted to prevent Maggie from hitting her head against the wall.

“So you were saying something about fucking me yourself?” Maggie asks as Alex kisses her shoulders, her back, her hair, the nape of her neck.

Alex groans softly. “And you were saying something about going down on me,” Alex grins into Maggie’s skin, and Maggie moans like she does when she tries amazing food.

“Shower?” she turns her face to ask, her eyes still hazy from her orgasm, but glistening with excitement all the same.

“Oh yes,” Alex grins, and they’re not sure if they’re tugging each other up the stairs or racing up the stairs, but either way, their clothes come off somewhere along the way as they make out and giggle and shriek and tickle their way through their first house.
Chapter Summary

Girls Night
“Maybe some more girls night?” prompt from @crimson-archangel and “more of their girls night, please!” from @warriorbard2012

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

Kara flies out for a couple extra bottles of wine before Lena and Sam get there, telling her sister and her soon-to-be sister-in-law that she’ll be back in a flash.

She chuckles to herself as the pun sinks in, and she makes a note to tell Barry next time they chat using Cisco’s communicator.

By the time her chuckle is finished, she’s back with red and white and sparkling, and her sister is leaning back against the kitchen counter – her kitchen counter – with her hair askew and Maggie’s lips on her neck.

“Guys!” Kara squeals, hiding her eyes and nearly dropping the wine.

Alex squeaks and Maggie freezes in instinctive terror before Alex’s hand finds her waist, and she relaxes, because it’s only Kara, and she and Kara may have their differences, but god, would they die for each other.

“I was gone for like two minutes! Not even!”

“Listen, Little Danvers, your sister is very – “

“Lalalala, I know, I know! Alex, you’re beautiful, but that doesn’t mean – “

“Oh, Kara, were they making out in front of you again?” Lena’s voice in the open doorway behind her makes Kara blush deeply as she adjusts her glasses, her clothes, her hair.

“Lena! Hi!” She’s more breathless at the sound of Lena’s voice than she was at flying halfway to Metropolis just to get Maggie’s favorite kind of wine.

Maggie nudges Alex with her shoulder. Alex nudges back. They both try to hide their giggles.

Lena goes to hug Kara, and Alex’s eyes widen at her sister’s awkward, adorable rambling as she murmurs about being careful not to drop the wine, she traveled very far to get it and wine stains really are hard to get out of clothes and Lena your hair looks really beautiful down.

Sam arches an eyebrow behind Lena, and her eyes meet Alex’s over Lena and Kara’s shoulders.
Alex raises her eyebrows twice at her, and Sam nearly laughs aloud.

Maggie tilts her head. “Sam and I also have a bet on when Lena and Kara are gonna realize they’re dating,” Alex murmurs, because she and Sam had found more to talk about than kids, after all.

Maggie snorts.

“Hey Lena,” she strides over, wanting to make sure Lena doesn’t think they’re being standoffish. Wanting to make sure Lena doesn’t think she’s on the outside looking in, even as she sits with all of them. Because she knows what that feels like – intimately – and she doesn’t want Lena, or anyone, to feel that way.

“Oh, and where are my manners?” Lena perks up as though it were her apartment, not her… not Kara’s. “Detective Maggie Sawyer, this is Samantha March, L-Corp’s new – “

“New Lena, right. I heard you’re doing a great job,” Maggie shakes her hand warmly as the Danvers sisters and Lena beam.

“Well, she has rather killer heels to fill, but – “

“Oh please, I’ve only ever used them to stab one or two white male executives,” Lena teases, grateful – for once in her life – to be in a room full of women where she can joke like that, as a woman, as a Luthor, without the people around her thinking her a murderer, thinking her a ticking time bomb, thinking her nothing more than her last name.

“Ugh,” Alex groans, gesturing for everyone to follow her to the sitting area as she helps Kara unload the wine from her arms. “I had to go on this stupid fake date once – before your time, babe – for work – Sam, I uh… I work at the FBI – and god I wished I could’ve stabbed the guy with those heels I had to wear.”

Light laughter fills the room as Kara jogs – at a human pace – toward her old CD player and flicks on the radio.

Background music to their joy. Background music to their bonding. Background music to the FaceTime call from Lucy Lane, bemoaning the fact that she couldn’t get into National City for the weekend but promising them all a whirlwind of stories and something harder than wine next time she’s in town.

Background music to Maggie cuddling into Alex’s arms, listening to her steady heartbeat and smiling, grateful and peaceful and loved, remembering a time when she couldn’t do anything like this, for fear of rejection and pain and loss and ugly, ugly accusations.

Background music to Alex laughing along with Lena and Sam, her arm around Maggie as Lena spins an old college story about an ex girlfriend who once walked in on her dancing by herself and lip syncing to ‘Nsync oldies in nothing but her college sweatshirt and ballet socks.

Background music to Kara turning bright red at the idea of Lena with a girlfriend, of Lena dancing and lip syncing, of Lena wearing nothing but her college sweatshirt and ballet socks, grateful no one other than her can hear heartbeats in this apartment, because if they could, they’d all hear hers beating only for Lena.

Background music to Sam easing into conversation with increasing comfort and increasing hope that maybe, this time, she’s found a solid, steadfast group of friends – family, even? – because it’s been so long since she’d had a night like this and god, she needs to do it more often.
Background music to Lena reaching for Kara’s hand as they laugh, her heart skipping several beats when Kara takes it and interlaces their fingers, her heart nearly stopping when Kara doesn’t let go, when suddenly they’re holding hands and Alex, Maggie, and Sam are all exchanging looks, but they’re excited and hopeful and giggly, not cruel and protective and judgmental.

“So Sam,” Alex wants to know after the laughter dies down, because they’re all several drinks in and it’s almost time for Truth or Drink (which is really another way to phrase Truth and Drink). “We’ve all been trying to figure it out, and we can’t – maybe you can help us?”

Sam raises her eyebrows and waits for Alex to finish. Maggie nudges her gently and kisses her cheek. “You’ve gotta get the words out of your brain for Sam to answer you, babe,” she teases, and Alex kisses her full on the mouth.

“Mmmmm, you’re right. Isn’t my fiancee such a damn genius? No seriously though, did you know there was this cold case – “

“Babe. Sam?” Maggie reminds her, bemused.

“Right! See? Keeps me on track, this one,” Alex beams, and Maggie couldn’t imagine anything better than being loved by this woman.

“Sam,” Alex starts again.

“Yes,” Sam leans forward and nods gamely. Kara and Lena lean in, too.

“We’ve been trying to figure out what it is about National City that makes us all come here for fresh starts. Like…” Alex looks around the room and nods, affirming her own thoughts. “All of us in this room came here to start again. From something or other. You did, too, I’m guessing, right? And none of us can figure it out. Why here? Do you have any ideas?”

Sam sits back and looks up as she nods slowly and takes a long sip of her wine.

Kara kisses Lena’s hand while she thinks no one is watching. Lena swoons.

Alex and Maggie barely hold in a yelp of victory.

“I think some places… some places just… call you. You know? Some places just… bring us together. Like… like geographical glue. God, that’s something Ruby would say. But really, I… sometimes I think the universe just needs certain people to find each other, you know? You and Maggie. Kara and Lena. Me, the ultimate third wheel – “

“Or third partner, hey,” Lena raises her glass, and they all clink them together with soft blushes and giggles.

“I just… this might sound really corny, but I just think some things are meant to be, you know? So maybe… maybe this city is where we were all meant to meet.”

She shrugs and hopes she didn’t just weird out her new potential friends. But Maggie is kissing Alex’s hand and Alex is leaning over to grab Kara’s free hand. Lena reaches out and tugs Sam onto the floor with her and Kara.

“I think we all know what this calls for,” Kara grins, and Alex nearly cackles.

“What – “ Lena looks confused, but Maggie’s been through this already, and she pretends to groan.
“Cuddle pile!” the Danvers girls shout as one, and the night plays out as the sleepover all of them grew up wanting but never quite had; corny pop music and long giggle fits and hand holding and some kissing and a lot of pillow tossing and wine and tears and life long bonds and eventually, when the sun starts to come up, sweet, sweet sleep in the warmth of the arms of chosen family.
Chapter 626

Chapter Summary

Kara, Alex, James, & Winn: The Scooby Crew go to a Cult Meeting

“can the episode have like, more alex? please? have her go to the cult meeting with kara or something” prompt from @syllabicacronyms

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

James texts her as they’re leaving CatCo, because she would never let him hear the end of it if he hadn’t told her.

Because she’s almost lost her sister – too many times, in too many different ways – to want her going somewhere like this without her.

Because Alex may not be able to do anything superhuman in the face of burning buildings and crashing airplanes – she may be forced to let her sister risk it all on her own, with the occasional assist from J’onn – but this?

This is a human thing.

And Alex will be damned if she doesn’t come along.

Kara isn’t surprised when Alex meets them at the entrance to the community center. In fact, she smiles a little bit, like she was expecting it. Like she’s grateful.

She reaches for Alex’s hand.

Of course she’s grateful.

“Why didn’t you call me yourself?” Alex asks in hushed tones as they set off to find the meeting room, but she thinks she already knows the answer.

“Because you know more about my life on Krypton than anyone. All those nights up under your covers with that old flashlight when we were kids?”

“And on the roof,” Alex smiles wistfully, holding Kara’s hand tighter.

“Yeah. So having you here… I’m glad. I’m glad you’re here. It just… it makes it a little more…”

“Real,” Alex supplies, and Kara nods, her eyes straight ahead.

“I got you, sis,” Alex reminds her, and that turns Kara’s lips into a soft smile.
“You two are my favorite siblings,” Winn whispers, his words silly but his face grave. “We’ve got you too, Kara,” he reminds her, and James nods.

Kara’s heart melts.

She might be walking into her past – or a perverted version of her past, anyway – but thank Rao she doesn’t have to do it alone.

She listens to Alex’s heart rate soar as Kara explains that they’re new here, that this is their first time, and what happens in these meetings, anyway?

She watches from the corner of her eye as Alex manages to somehow look innocent and interested while she counts the exits, the escape routes, the possible weapons in the room itself, the number of people, the level of physical threat.

When James asks if she remembers the girl, Alex squeezes her hand, because she knows Alex already knows the answer.

“I remember all of them,” Kara murmurs, and she can practically feel Alex’s heart break.

“You know, they’re not wrong,” Winn whispers to her after a while of listening to what a miracle-worker Supergirl is. “I mean, the whole cult thing is creepy as hell and I’m so sorry that they’re messing up your faith like this, but Kara… you are a miracle,” he previews words James will tell her later, that Alex will affirm.

“And it’s not because of your superpowers,” Alex mutters out of the side of her mouth as James and Winn nod firmly.

“It’s because of your heart,” they all say together, and they don’t need to pray to a false god to honor the woman sitting between them; the woman who’s saved all of their lives more times than they can count, as Kara Danvers and as Kara Zor-El, but always, always, always, as both of them.
Chapter 627

Chapter Summary

A Very Supercorp Girls’ Night
“maybe at girls night when it’s mentioned if kara is dating anyone and lena gives her that look indicating that her and lena are ready to tell everyone? or alex and maggie noticing lena looking at kara and alex confronting either kara or lena or both about it?”
prompt from @softlena and “I second @softlena’s request. have kara and lena finally admit after Alex and Maggie noticing the looks between the two and then obvs bets are won. or just like idk something to do with that fact…” from @cicinicole-14 and “Lena’s reaction to “I’m not seeing anyone”” from @katiemcgraffs and “no mention of mon el in the girls night scene. instead of sam asking if karas seeing anyone, she asks if she has her eyes set on anyone and cue nervous glances between kara and lena” from @prettyprettygirls

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

heavily featuring Sanvers (and flash grenade bets)

Sam noticed it the first time Lena mentioned Kara – and the second, and the third, and the fourth – but she wasn’t sure until she actually met Kara, until she saw her and Lena together.

That they were together.

Except no one knew it.

So when they’re all teasing Alex and Maggie about how cute they are together, about what a gorgeous couple they make and how many women they must make weep with their monogamous softness, Sam deliberately tries to keep her voice casual as she asks Kara the question.

“And what about you, Kara? Do you have your eyes on anyone?”

Lena’s eyes sparkle with both desire and challenge; with both affection and need; with sheer adoration and utter respect; with something even purer than tenderness and something even more painful than terror.

Because at Sam’s question, Kara’s eyes immediately and impulsively seek Lena’s.

Maggie, Alex, and Sam all hold their breath.

“Oh, I’m so… I’m so busy… building my career… at CatCo, you know, that reporting career!”

Maggie and Alex barely resist facepalming. Sam arches a bemused eyebrow and Lena just beams at this nerd who’s become the center of her universe.
“Okay, sure, but it doesn’t take too much time to uh…” Sam’s eyes subtly trace the path Lena and Kara’s eyes keep traveling, to each other. “Set your eyes on someone?”

Kara reddens, and normally, Lena would consider it her duty to laughingly get Kara out of the spotlight.

But she can feel her pulse in her fingers and her heart might slam out of her chest if it beats any faster.

She wonders if Kara can hear it.

Of course she can.

And Kara’s eyes find hers, and this time, they’re not just flirting. This time, they’re not exchanging a secret or a memory or a fleeting touch.

This time, Kara’s eyes are asking a question.

And this time, Lena’s eyes are granting consent. Readiness. Willingness. Excitement.

“Actually, um… I’m sorry, I… I lied before. Just now.”

“No!” Alex puts her hand on her heart. Maggie nudges her shoulder and Alex nudges back. Alex’s face sobered, leaning down from her teasing to hold Kara’s hand.

“It’s okay, Kara, you can say it.”

“Say…” Kara leads, because she’s not sure what Alex means, because how could Alex possibly know?

“I think your sister’s referring to the fact that I’m your girlfriend, darling,” Lena ventures, and her voice is small, and it’s brave, and it’s hopeful, and it’s terrified.

“Told you Luthor would spill it first!” Maggie chimes, and Kara adjusts her glasses and tries to keep up with the ebullience around her.

With Alex dropping to the ground and nearly toppling Lena over with the force of her hug.

With Maggie dropping to the ground and nearly toppling Kara over with the force of her own.

With Sam slipping her phone out of her pocket and snapping pictures, because the Danvers girls and their future wives are going to want to have this moment on film.

“You’re not getting a flash grenade!” Alex scolds, still holding Lena.

“Oh come on, Danvers,” Maggie whines, still holding Kara.

“I can build you one of your very own, Detective Sawyer,” Lena whisper-shouts with a mischievous grin, and Alex lets go of her immediately.

“Don’t you dare, Luthor,” she warns, and Kara’s eyes fly wide.

“Choose carefully,” Sam leans into her. “The sister versus the sister-in-law and the girlfriend – I don’t envy your position right now.”
Her smile is wide and Lena’s is wider.

“Oh darling, don’t be distressed, Alex and I are just teasing.”

“There will be no teasing if you build my fiancee a flash grenade, Lena,” Alex tries and fails to sound stern.

“Maybe as a wedding gift, then,” Lena teases, and Kara crawls over Alex’s legs into Lena’s lap.

“Maybe we can debate the finer points of the ethics of giving Maggie unnecessary weapons later?” Kara asks, and they all laugh.

Lena leans down to kiss her lips, and Alex watches her little sister melt. She watches her little sister soak in and radiate so, so, so much love.

She watches her little sister float, and bring her girlfriend along with her, and god, is it a beautiful sight.
Chapter 628

Chapter Summary

Kara’s Faith, Alex’s Faith
“Someone checking in on how Kara is doing with processing the cults perversion of Rao’s ways.” prompt from @hunseckerde

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

When she was a child, she had faith in a lot of things.

Her parents.
Rao’s teachings.
The fundamental goodness of Krypton.
Kindness.
Compassion.
Forgiveness.

That everything works out for the best.

After her planet died, a lot of that faith changed.

Somehow, not all of it evaporated. But a lot of it… morphed.

After she came out as Supergirl – after attack after attack after attack after attack – some of it evaporated.

The faith in her parents.
The belief in Krypton’s inherent goodness.
Her faith in herself.

But other faiths had sprung up.

Well, one, really.

Faith in Alex.

The one faith that never had shaken.
Not ever.

Not for a moment.

And she needed that faith – Alex’s faith in her, because this kind of faith was the kind that went to ways – more than ever.

More than ever, as she closed the door to her apartment and dropped to her knees.

Dropped to her knees because she hadn’t thought about those prayers in years, but there they were, rolling off the lips of a man who would destroy an entire block full of people just to test his own hubris, just to gain more followers, just to…

It didn’t matter.

They were there, and they were etching scars into her heart.

Opening wounds she’d thought were scars.

Creating new ones.

She needed Alex, but she didn’t text her.

Alex had enough on her mind, she didn’t need…

“Kara. Kara, I know you’re home, just open the door. Please, Kara.”

Her heart leaped against her will.

Alex’s faith. Constant.

Steady.

All she needed.

She shoved off of her knees, turned, and tugged at the door.

Her sister’s arms immediately wrapped her up. Her sister’s arms immediately made her… safe.

“Talk to me,” Alex murmured after a long, long, silent while.

Kara just sighed.

“Kara,” Alex whispered, pulling back so she could brush the hair out of her sister’s face. “I’m here.”

“You always are,” Kara smiled shakily as she headed over to the couch. She got nervous when Alex didn’t follow.

“Rocky road,” she said simply as she tugged open the freezer, and Kara smiled.

Her faith in Alex really had never let her down.

“Talk to me,” Alex asked again once Kara had half a pint in her stomach.

Kara sighed and rested her head on Alex’s shoulder.
“I just… those words, those prayers… that symbol… I thought I was the only one who knew them. In the whole world.” She shuddered. Alex pulled her closer. “In the whole universe. Because my people… and if I was ever going to hear those words again, it should have been… but he took them and he turned them into something evil… Alex, there were children. The boy who set that fire off, he was just… he was just a boy. But he really thought he was doing it for… for me.”

Alex sighed and nodded quietly, wiping her sister’s tears and holding her as close as she could.

“Dad said he did all that horrible stuff he did for me, too. I know it’s not the same, but I… it’s not your fault, Kara.”

“But he really believed it, Alex, you know? He actually believed that even after we defeated him, he… he’d given me purpose. That his purpose was fulfilled, that… that he’d been right all along.”

“Was he?” Alex asked, and it was gentle, but Kara stiffened.

“I just meant…. what did you text me earlier? That he’d wanted to bring you clarity? Do you feel like you have that, now? More than earlier?”

Kara sighed and she took Alex’s pint and chomped into it. Alex knew better than to protest.

“I guess so? But not because of him. Remember… remember when I told you I need your faith, more than the cape or my family’s crest?”

Alex beamed softly in answer.

“I guess… I guess it’s because you are my family. But my religion… it’s disorienting. Because what does a religion mean if no one’s alive to keep it up? And then he was, and it felt… it felt good, but it was terrible, because he was wrong, but at least… at least Rao’s name was in the world, for a moment, you know? But it was so evil, so twisted, so perverted from the kindness I grew up associating with our gods… I’m not making sense – “

“You are. You’re making sense, Kara. And even if you weren’t. You don’t need to make sense all the time. You can just… feel.”

A long silence followed, with nothing but the soft sounds of Kara eating Alex’s ice cream and Alex running her finger’s through her sister’s hair.

“Alex?”

“Mm?”

“Thank you. For letting me just feel. I don’t think I’m done feeling. Or rambling. But for now, can we just… be?”

Alex smiled and reached her hand around both their bodies to grab the throw blanket. She wrapped both of them in it and grabbed the remote control.

“Shall we just be with a musical background?” she asked, and Kara smiled through a mouthful of ice cream.

Because this is the kind of faith that felt utterly uncorruptible. That felt like it would just always… be.
Chapter 629

Chapter Summary

Motorcycle Girlfriends
“Maggie helping alex and Kara at the hockey game” prompt from @mary-nevergiveup

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

She revs her engine.

Not because she has to. Not because it’ll make her faster. If anything, it’ll make the engine whine later, make her up to her elbows in oil later, making it up to her precious Ducati later.

But Maggie will like that, later.

Just like Alex knows she likes it now.

Because Maggie revs the engine of her Triumph back, and Alex grins inside her helmet as they set off together for the stadium.

“There’s some kind of game going on tonight, and it’s a full house,” Winn is telling them urgently in their headsets, and Alex furrows her brow.

“I didn’t even know National City has popular enough sports team to fill a stadium to begin with,” she grunts as she hugs a tight curve, Maggie right behind her.

“Oh come on, Danvers, you guys have a pretty respectable hockey team,” Maggie’s voice chimes in her ear, and Alex almost crashes with her impulse to turn and look at her fiancee.

“How are we getting married and I still am uncovering further depths of your nerdery?”

“I’ll have you know I played hockey in – “

“Small talk later, ladies,” J’onn reminds them, and they both grimace and blush.

“My favorite couple,” Winn whispers into the comms, and they can’t see J’onn’s mock glare, but they can imagine it well enough.

“Okay J’onn, approaching the stadium now.” Alex’s entire body is tense with adrenaline, suddenly, as she tugs off her helmet and unzips her jacket for better mobility. Next to her, Maggie does the same.

They stride into the building and flash their badges as one.
Later, they’ll reminisce and flirt about what a great team they make. What a sexy team they make.

Now, they focus on the fact that everyone in this stadium is about to die.

“Supergirl,” Alex calls, keeping the terror barely out of her voice at seeing Kara on the ground, at seeing her face veined with green, with pain, with fear. She knows without needing to look that Maggie has her back – their backs – that Maggie has her gun trained on yet another ego-maniacal white man trying to ruin their lives and convinced it’s because the universe owes him something.

“Kryptonite. In the core,” Kara chokes, and Alex drags her away from the device as Maggie keeps their mark from doing anything rash.

“It’s okay, I got you. I got you,” Alex comforts her, switching places seamlessly with Maggie, who kneels by Kara, one hand training her gun on the cultist, one hand rubbing soothing circles on Kara’s back.

“We’ve got you, Supergirl,” she murmurs. “Take one step toward her and it’ll be the last you take,” she reminds him as he tries to move near Alex, and Kara, even in her pained state, marvels at the difference in tone two breaths apart, realizing exactly why her sister is so in love with this woman.

Alex chucks the Kryptonite core, and one look exchanged between she and Maggie tells her that Supergirl isn’t going to be able to fly that thing out of here.

She starts spinning her mind for ideas, for then Kara is leaning on Maggie to help her stand.

“Hey, hey, I’ve got you,” Maggie tells her.

“Stand back. Both of you. Back!” Kara barks, pained and determined, and Maggie and Alex wordlessly obey her.

Her heat vision burns a massive, deep well into the ground, but Alex and Maggie only have eyes for their sister, Alex’s eyes welling with tears as she watches Kara nearly burn out her powers. Again. As she watches her sister in pain and pushing through it to save everyone. Again.

“You have to push it in. You have to push it in,” Kara collapses into both Maggie and Alex’s arms. They set her down as gently as they can and move as one to push it. Maggie does the pushing with her shoulder, because she keeps one of her arms straight out, loaded gun facing the man responsible for… all this.

They don’t count out loud for when to push, because they don’t need to. They just need to glance at each other.

They just need to glance at each other and they know when to push, and how hard.

Maggie will comment later about how they make a pretty good team, and Alex will bat her eyelashes teasingly and bite her lip seductively.

Later.

But now?

Now, they save the world, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, breath to breath, yet again.

Now, Maggie rushes to make the arrest and Alex rushes to her superhero sister.

Now, Maggie passes him off to one of her colleagues and helps Alex help Kara to stand.
Alex help Kara to heal.

Together.
Chapter Summary

“She’s my sister, too.”
“what if Maggie finds out about the kryptonite incident and runs into the DEO wanting to make sure Kara is alright and it conflicts Alex?” prompt from @letlivego

They’re used to holding off – or trying to, anyway – an irate Alex Danvers while they try to do their jobs and care for Supergirl.

They’re used to it, which doesn’t mean it doesn’t terrify them.

But an irate Alex Danvers hasn’t prepared the DEO medics for an irate Maggie Sawyer.

Because for the span of time she’s been dating Alex, Kara has never been exposed to Kryptonite like this.

But Maggie’s heard the stories.

God, god, has Maggie heard the stories.

“I swear, Whithers, if you don’t let me through I will make you life a living – “

“Maggie?” James pokes his head out of an adjacent room, and Maggie brushes by the terrified agent toward him.

“James! Look, can you tell this poor excuse for a guard dog that I didn’t break sixteen traffic laws to get here just to be – “

“Alex is fine, Maggie, she wasn’t even injured – “

“I’m not talking about Alex!” Maggie almost stomps her foot, and James’s eyes soften even more.

“Maggie,” he whispers softly, and she suddenly hardens her outer shell and shrugs.

“She’s my sister now too, Olsen,” Maggie tries to say it nonchalantly, and she fails miserably.

“Let her through, Whithers.”

“Sir, I don’t take orders from – “

“For crying out loud, Whithers, let her pass or there will never be any peace and quiet in this medical bay again,” J’onn’s voice sounds from inside the med bay, and Maggie and James sport matching grins.

Whithers walks away sullenly, muttering something about filing a complaint with Pam in HR.

“Kara,” Maggie strides into the room, kneeling immediately at Kara’s bedside, reaching for the hand Alex isn’t holding and hesitating before Kara nods wearily and she takes it.
“Maggie, Alex’s okay, look, she’s right here,” Kara slurs slightly, and Maggie scoffs with tears in her eyes.

“Alex isn’t the only Danvers girl I’d kill and die for,” Maggie swipes her thumb over the back of Kara’s hand, and Alex wants to marry her right then and there.

“Reports came over the wire about Supergirl being hit with Kryptonite, and I got here as fast as I could. Can you eat?” She looks up at J’onn, at James and Winn and Alex. “Can she eat? I can run out and bring her the best potstickers in town.”

Kara nearly bolts upright. “Can I eat?” she repeats Maggie’s question, her eyes gleaming, and everyone shares a soft, wet chuckle as Alex and Maggie gently push Kara back down onto the bed.

“Yes, you can eat,” one of the medics chimes from the back of the room, and Maggie nods with a smile and kisses Kara’s hand. “Okay kiddo, you hang in there, and I’ll be back with all your favorites, yeah?”

“I told you to never let her go. Let it be known that I told Alex never to let you go,” Kara murmurs blearily, happily, groggily, and her family laughs again, soft and relieved.

“I love you,” Alex grabs Maggie’s lapels before she can leave, pulling her in for an open-mouthed kiss over Kara’s bed.

“Um,” Winn murmurs.

“Agent Danvers,” J’onn pleads.

“Wow,” James averts his eyes.

“I take it back,” Kara teases, eyes squeezed shut, already fantasizing about the potstickers and pizza her new sister’s going to bring her as soon as she’s done making out above her hospital bed.
Chapter Summary

Pushing Down Your Feelings (The Kids Talk Version)
“how about Maggie wakes up when she feels Alex crying and they actually talk about this?? you’re amazing btw” prompt from @two-x-chromosomes and “Maggie and Alex actually fucking talking maybe?” from @maggiexdanvers and “Alex waking Maggie up and actually talking about what she wants and not pushing her feelings down” from @pittyyyy and “they are in tune with each and can see and feel something is off between them” from @lastbestplace and “after alex explains everything she wants to do as a mom, but she only wants to do it w maggie/maggie is the first person she actually thought about starting a family with” from @staaysaane and “when Alex comes to bed Maggie immediately senses something wrong and wakes up to find Alex crying and then alex explains everything she said to Kara and they work it out” from @thebiwisebrownkid and “Alex telling Maggie everything she told Kara about wanting kids.” from @hunseckerde

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

Maggie stirs when Alex comes home.

She stirs, but she doesn’t wake herself up fully.

And she smiles softly in her sleep, because that’s a strange luxury for her: even as long as she was with Emily, she was never in a place where she could just… sleep… this easily, next to someone, with someone. In front of someone.

Too vulnerable, too powerless, too… terrifying.

But with Alex?

Well, Alex terrifies her more than anyone she’s ever known.

Because Alex makes her feel safer than anyone she’s ever known.

So she stirs when Alex comes home, but she trusts her, so she doesn’t wake fully.

Not until she feels Alex climb into bed but not fully lay down.

Not until she waits in vain for the typical pressing of kisses all over her face that accompanies Alex coming home to find her asleep.

Not until she feels Alex’s body, in bed but tense, physically present but so, so, so far away.
She opens her eyes just as Alex starts to shake with tears.

“Babe,” she croaks, her voice groggy with sleep, and Alex shudders away from her.

Maggie feels her heart collapse in on itself and releases her immediately.

“I’m sorry, I – “

“No, no, you didn’t do anything wrong,” Alex sobs and reaches for Maggie again, pulling her back onto her body.

But her touch, her closeness, only makes Alex sob harder, her voice catching in her throat, drowning in her tears, high pitched and pained like a small creature being tortured.

And Maggie feels like she’s being tortured, because she’s been chained up against her will and she’s been beaten and she’s been battered but this?

This might break her where nothing else ever has.

“Alex, what happened? Is Kara okay, is – “

“I want kids,” Alex chokes, and Maggie thought “I love you” were the three scariest words there were, but this knocks that right out of the competition.

Her entire body freezes and suddenly she needs to vomit, but Alex’s entire body is trembling and her teeth are starting to chatter and her face is soaked and she’s clinging to Maggie like she’ll drown without her or she’ll drown with her, but either way, she’s clinging to her like she’s drowning.

Again.

Maggie opens her mouth and finds that she doesn’t know what to say.

Alex sobs harder.

Maggie crawls on top of her and kisses her face. She kisses her tears and she wipes away her snot and she smooths the hair away from her now sweaty forehead.

She builds layers and layers between herself and the woman she loves, because she has no choice.

Because Alex deserves comfort, and they both deserve communication, and to have anything like that, she needs her layers. She needs her walls.

And through those, she finds that she can speak.

“Okay, babe. So let’s talk, okay? It’s okay, I’m here. I’m not going anywhere, Danvers, just… what brought this on?”

It takes a few minutes of desperately gasping for air, of Maggie laying her head on Alex’s chest to help Alex regulate her breathing, before she can tell her anything coherent.

And when she does, she tells her what she told Kara. About camping and constellations and reading and cheesy Valentine’s Day cards.

The silence that fills the space between their bodies is one of the most loaded, terrifying silences either of them have ever heard.
“Say something,” Alex begs when she can’t bear it anymore, imploring Maggie to look at her, to lift her head, to straighten up from where she’s straddling her. To look at her, talk to her. Be with her.

Maggie tries. She fails.

“Say something,” Alex begs again. “Please. Maggie. Please.”

Layers and walls and protection. Maggie gulps. She rebuilds boundaries around her heart. Her heart that feels like it no longer exists.

“I don’t want those things, Alex. They’re… they’re beautiful things. And I want you to have them, if they’re what you want. If they’re not just some heteronormative fantasy you’ve been taught you want, then… then I want those things for you. But I… I don’t. For myself. So I don’t… I don’t know…” She almost breaks. She refuses. “I don’t know where that leaves us.”

Alex’s entire body quakes underneath her, and Maggie lays back down to cover Alex’s body with her own. Like she can protect her from the shrapnel of their conflicting desires.

“Hey, shhhh, hey. Alex, sweetie, I’m… I’m not going anywhere. I’m here. I’m here.”

“But,” Alex sobs, leaning back as Maggie does the same, so they can look at each other. So they’re equally vulnerable to their own shrapnel.

“But you just said you don’t know where that leaves us, and… and it’s like sex, right?”

Maggie blinks. Alex explains. “Like…” She wipes her nose on the back of her hand. “Like if one person doesn’t want to have sex and the other person does, then you go with not having sex, because consent, right? So like… if one person wants kids…” Her voice breaks, and Maggie trembles, and Alex trembles harder. “And… and the other person doesn’t… then you just… you don’t have them, right? Like sex.”

Maggie chuckles masochistically at the adorableness of Alex’s simple conclusion, and she wipes her own eyes. “I don’t know, babe. I hear you, and I appreciate… you trying to… but you’ve been trying to do that. And I’m… I’m glad you told me, Alex. Because I don’t want you pushing down your feelings. And if kids are what you want, and we use that logic, then… then you’ll basically always be pushing down your feelings, and I don’t… I don’t want you to live like that just… just for me. Or for any reason. I love you too much to let you… to let you give up something you want like that.”

“But I want you, Maggie,” Alex quakes, and tears from Maggie’s face join the rivulets on Alex’s.

“And I want you. I… I love you. But maybe… maybe that’s not enough. For you.”

And Maggie doesn’t say it. Because saying it would be manipulative. But Alex knows, anyway, because Alex knows her.

“You’re enough, Maggie. You’re more than enough. You’re everything.”

“Apparently not,” Maggie can’t stop the words before they pass through her lips. She flinches immediately. “I’m sorry, Alex, I didn’t mean that, that was a selfish thing to say, I – “

“No, no, hey, if I’m not allowed to push down my feelings, then neither are you. But Maggie, my wanting kids has nothing to do with how… with how complete you make me feel. With how… with how amazing you make me feel, with how much I love you. You’re my family, Maggie, and
that’s more than enough for me. But just like you not wanting kids isn’t about me, it’s about you…
wanting kids is about me, not about you. You know?”

Maggie shrugs, because it hurts, but yes. Yes, she knows. She shakes her head and she tries to stop
her own teeth from chattering.

“So what do we do?”

Alex takes a deep breath. “Do you want to leave?”

“No.” Her answer is immediate. “Do you?”

“No.” Alex’s answer is just as immediate.

They breathe out breaths of agonized laughter as Maggie brings her forehead down to meet Alex’s.

They breathe in. They breathe out.

“Maggie, you and I… you and I have saved the world. More than once. Against impossible odds.”

A slow smile forms on Maggie’s face. “And your logic is that if we can figure out how to do that,
we can figure out how to both get what we need?” Maggie smiles, and it’s sad, but it’s hopeful.

Alex nods.

“Nerd,” Maggie chokes out, and Alex sobs, but her lips are curved up into a smile.

“So can we? Figure out how to both get what we need?” Alex asks, and Maggie kisses her lips soft
and slow and wet and willing.

Let’s figure out how to both get what we need, okay? Together?”

Alex trembles, but this time it’s with need, with relief. With adoration and with trust.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she whispers as they kiss, as they cry, as they promise.

“I love you so much,” Maggie tells her.

“I love you so much,” Alex tells her.

Over and over and over and over, because Rao, how they do.
Chapter 632

Chapter Summary

Can’t Get Close Enough
“Maggie wakes up and finds Alex crying and asks what’s wrong and Alex finally tells her the truth about the kids thing and they talk a bit and they’re not sure but they both definitely want to be together and then soft sex cause they wanna feel close to each other” prompt from @letswreakhavoc and “make up sex between Alex and Maggie at some point” from @lastbestplace

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it
very soft, emotional smut ahead

Their tears turn to kisses and their kisses taste like tears.

But they also taste like something else: something like hope.

Something like the first time they kissed; beer on Maggie’s breath and freshly brushed teeth on Alex’s, because she went to the bar with a goal, with a vision, with a purpose, with determination.

Like she did everything else in her life.

And she puts all that determination, now, into kissing the woman whose body is covering hers, comforting hers, protecting hers. Turning her on, setting her tears on fire when she hadn’t known they could possibly be flammable.

“I love you,” she whispers for the thirtieth time, at least, since they started kissing, since Maggie’s lips started caressing hers. Since her hands started wandering up Maggie’s soft shirt, since Maggie started sighing into her mouth as Alex pulled her even closer by the hips.

“I want more of you,” Alex tells her, and it’s sexual but it’s not, because she wants their bodies closer, but more, she wants their souls closer.

She wants to look into Maggie’s eyes, with her fingers curved all the way inside her, as deep as she can go, so deep that neither of them can tell whose body is whose anymore; so deep that it’s no longer a relevant question, because they’re too close for differences to matter, too close for the impossible to remain impossible; too close for ever, ever, ever separating.

“Take your clothes off?” Maggie responds softly as she shifts off of her, but only just. Only enough for Alex to strip, for Maggie to do the same, for them to immediately toss aside the blankets, the sheets, so their skin, their bodies, are flush against each other, slick with tears and buzzing with need.
“I love you,” Maggie murmurs into her neck, her lips sucking at her pulse point the way she knows Alex needs.

“I love you,” Alex sighs as she shifts so Maggie’s thigh is between her legs, so her own thigh is between Maggie’s.

They both moan at the contact, at the heat and the slick lack of friction, and they shift automatically to gain more. To be closer. Always closer.

“May I?” Maggie asks, indicating with her hips that she wants to bring her clit down to meet Alex’s, and Alex answers by shifting so they’ll fit – perfectly, always perfectly – and they both breathe out a small giggle as Maggie almost overbalances, steadying herself with Alex’s raised knee.

“I love you,” they lock eyes as they lock words, as they both use their fingers to guide their connection, to guide the way Maggie brings the most sensitive parts of their body into contact, wet and hot and wrecked and so damn needy.

They whisper each other’s names and they both have to freeze, have to pause, have to seek out the other’s hand to hold at the intensity of their connection, the intensity of the way Maggie’s bare chest is rising and falling, at the way Alex’s hips are arched up, angled to meet Maggie’s perfectly.

“I want to marry you,” Maggie whispers, and Alex sobs and holds her hand tighter.

“I want to marry you, too,” she affirms, and they start to move.

It’s slow and it’s gentle and it’s everything, and they both know that neither of them can come like this, but orgasm isn’t on either of their minds.

Closeness is.

Connection is.

“I want to kiss you,” they both breathe at the same time, and they sigh out laughter, and they shift their hips and Maggie collapses into a push up position just above Alex’s body, and when her arms quake, Alex encourages her to let her weight rest on her body.

“Kiss me,” she implores, and Maggie does.

She does until they both have a wave of small climaxes, not enough to make their entire bodies rock, but enough to make tears leak out of their eyes and whispered “I love you’s slip into the other’s mouth.

“We’ll figure this out?” Maggie rarely asks for reassurance, and Alex is happy to provide it.

“Yes,” she tells her, because they are two women who do the impossible on the daily.

Impossible means nothing to either of them.

“I love you,” they murmur to each other, and they don’t stop repeating it until the sun comes up and they think that maybe they should get some sleep.

Wrapped in each other’s arms, of course. Always.
Chapter 633

Chapter Summary

Soft, Safe, Happy Sanvers
“soft, safe, happy sanvers?” prompt from @wanderingaroundyoutube and “Can you please just give Alex & Maggie a happily ever after?” from @zhyan

Chapter Notes

3x04 fix it

Neither of them are sure how they got stuck with cleanup duty after Girls’ Night, but neither of them complain much beyond a grumble.

Because Ruby called to ask if she could go ice skating with the friend she’d stayed with last night, so Sam can stay, and if anyone in National City gets to sleep in less than the four other women in the apartment, it’s Sam. So they let her sleep where she’d passed out on Kara’s bed.

And Lena is wearing one of Kara’s oversized sweaters, smiling blearily into her steaming mug of coffee as Kara putters around the kitchen in nothing but a flannel and boy shorts, making enough breakfast to feed a human army, but that in reality will feed exactly the five of them.

So Sam is sleeping, and Lena is melting over the sight of Kara making everyone breakfast, swooning into soft morning kisses and gentle, passing touches.

And in this situation? With this aura of peace, of happiness, of rest, permeating the entire place?

Maggie and Alex aren’t about to complain about their task of tip toeing around the apartment, picking up glasses of wine and empty bottles from last night.

Because they’re not just picking up plates and leftovers and garbage.

They’re picking up memories.

Their hands brush over the bottle that Lena had laughingly spun when she wanted to kiss Kara. It had stopped on Alex, and she switched its orientation as everyone squealed with laughter, and Kara had turned so red with pleasure that she knew she’d never live it down. And that was okay with her.

Their eyes meet adoringly as Maggie picks up the paper plate that, last night, had been full of the cookies the two of them had shared on the couch as they whispered to each other, kissed, fed each other, won the award for most despicably sweet couple in the galaxy from their sister, her girlfriend, and their newest friend.

Their lips curved into marching smiles as Alex picks up a piece of pizza crust that had miraculously escaped Kara’s notice, and they giggle into each other’s shoulders when they glance
over to see her eating a pancake right off the pan.

“Thank you,” Maggie whispers as she holds Alex from behind when they’ve sorted everything into compost, recyclables, and garbage.

“For what?” Alex turns her face so they can kiss as Lena and Kara do the same in the kitchen.

“For… this,” Maggie explains. “For… for sharing your family with me.”

Alex shakes her head and turns around, staying in Maggie’s arms but shifting so they’re face to face, chest to chest, so close their thighs are touching, too.

“Our family, Maggie. Ours,” she corrects her tenderly, and she steadies her when Maggie swoons, when she shivers.

“You cold?” Alex asks, and Maggie shakes her head.

Alex smiles, then, because she knows.

“It’s called being happy, get used to it, Sawyer,” she tells her and kisses her until neither of them remember where they are; until neither of them remember what air is that hasn’t come directly out of the other’s lungs; until neither of them remember where her body ends and the other’s begins.

“Breakfast is ready, lovebirds,” Lena’s voice is warm with a smile, and they stop kissing slowly, but they keep their bodies connected.

“You’re two to talk about lovebirds,” Alex teases her sister and her sister’s girlfriend. They don’t bother denying it, because they couldn’t even if they wanted to. And they don’t want to.

They just want to stay like this forever.

And so they do; all of them.
“So Muggles dress as witches and wizards and try to scare each other, even though they can’t do magic,” Lena recaps, her brow a map of confusion, worrying at her bottom lip as she tries to understand.

Kara adjusts her glasses and her yellow and black striped tie, her face turning slightly pink at the sight.

“Yep,” Winn answers gamely.

“Absolutely,” Maggie nods sincerely.

“Are they joking again?” Lena turns to Alex and James, who shake their heads.

“Nope, this isn’t like that time they tried to convince us that rubber ducks were actually Transfigured animals,” Alex mock glares at her Hufflepuff girlfriend, who leans into Winn conspiratorially.

“Ravenpuff jokester squad for the win,” she congratulates him, and they clack their wands together in imitation of something they call lightsavers, or something like that.

“Nerd,” Alex murmurs, and Kara snorts.

“Hey, you can’t laugh at that, Little Danvers, because if I’m a nerd, you’re the…”

“The nerdier nerd?” James suggests, and he and Maggie share a dap.

“Yeah, that.”

“So wait, can we go back to the original point?” Lena asks, absently flicking her wand at the stack of books on the massive shelf in the Room of Requirement and coaxing them to magically rearrange themselves in alphabetical order.

“About dressing up for Halloween?” Winn perks up.

“We’ll look pretty strange at the feast,” Lena says into a moment of silence before they all break out hysterically laughing.

A Gryffindor and his Ravenclaw best friend? A Slytherin sister with her Hufflepuff sister and girlfriend, who has her own Ravenclaw girlfriend? They already look pretty strange in the Great Hall. Not to mention Adrian and Lucy – cracking open the door to the Room of Requirement as they laugh – a Hufflepuff first year and a Gryffindor fifth year who are about the same height and wearing matching grins.

“We brought a pre-feast feast!” Adrian exclaims as he lets the massive bulge in the stomach of his
robes clatter onto the table. Lucy does the same, and the amount of Honeydukes candy on the rug in front of them is enormous.

“How did you – “ Winn starts to ask, and Adrian just holds up his hands.

“Ask me no questions, and I’ll tell you no lies!” the smallest of them declares, and Maggie asks with her eyes before tugging him playfully down into her lap.

“How are you a first year and already know more ways out of the castle than most seventh years? And how are you encouraging this, Lane?” she asks, but she’s grinning and reaching around Adrian to open a chocolate frog as she speaks.

“My mom says I’m special,” Adrian grins with a sparkle in his eyes, and James holds out a hand for him to slap.

“She’s got that right, little man,” he ruffles his coarse hair gently after pausing with his hand above his head, giving Adrian the choice to accept or reject the touch. The little boy beams.

“And Lucy and I also had a great idea for costumes!” he buzzes with excitement, and Lena exchanges an amused look with her girlfriend.

“Tell us the whole plan,” Lena quotes one of those Muggle TV shows Winn likes to watch on that odd little screen of his.

Kara beams and leans over to kiss her girlfriend while Winn high-fives her. Maggie snuggles into Alex’s arms, and Alex gladly holds her Hufflepuffs in her Quidditch-trained arms.

When they show up to the feast in the Great Hall that night – already brimming on full from the Honeydukes sweets – Adrian is drowning in Alex’s spare Slytherin robes, and Kara has never looked so good in her girlfriend’s blue and bronze. Lena sports Kara’s Hufflepuff gear with elegance, and Maggie fits nicely into Lucy’s Gryffindor robes. Lucy rocks Adrian’s yellow and black, and Winn looks extra sharp in James’s red and gold. Clark swoons slightly when he sees James stroll by in Alex’s Slytherin gear, and Maggie keeps biting her lip at the sight of her girlfriend in Winn’s spare Ravenclaw tie and robes.

Headmaster J’onzz takes one look at his costumed students – his children, really – and smiles, because the way they’re so happy together? The way they’re just… family, regardless of House?

Is exactly what holidays, even the silly ones, should be about.
“Babe, you home?” Alex calls when she walks in, because god, does she need her to be.

“Hey you,” Maggie glances up from the couch, her glasses on the edge of her nose and meticulously switching a pile of case files from her chest to the floor.

“How was your – “ Maggie starts, but when she strides over to Alex, there’s a look in her fiancee’s eyes that stops her words, that takes her breath away.

“I want you,” Alex says, and it’s all she needs to say.

“So take me,” Maggie half-whispers, and Alex obliges.

She lifts her effortlessly onto her kitchen island and takes advantage of every inch as Maggie tilts her head back, offering Alex full access to her throat with a soft moan.

“What brought this on, Danvers?” Maggie sighs, her hands already buried in Alex’s hair, her chest already heaving with need.

“Was looking through,” Alex murmurs as she unbuttons Maggie’s shirt with eager fingers, fingers that Maggie encourages with the arch of her back and the whimper of pleasure escaping of her lips.

“Some of our uh… pictures. From when you were away a couple weeks ago. Can I?” Alex asks, waiting deliriously for Maggie’s eager nod before tugging her bra away from her nipple, not even bothering to take it off before clamping her mouth down around her.

They both moan, and Maggie tries in vain to get pressure between her legs from Alex’s body.

“Want something?” Alex asks with a soft chuckle, and Maggie just writhes.

Alex keeps one hand on the small of Maggie’s back, holding her safe, holding her steady.

“Please, Alex?” Maggie gives in, and Alex relents.

Tongue still occupied with Maggie’s nipple, Alex slips her free hand down Maggie’s stomach, her thighs. She unzips her jeans and moans at how wet she finds her fiancee.
“Fuck, Sawyer,” she murmurs into her body, and Maggie scoffs.

“What’d you expect, Danvers?”

“Fair point,” Alex grins. “You want me inside you?” she asks, and Maggie bites her lip before shaking her head.

“Just pressure on my clit?” she asks, like she’s scared Alex will be disappointed, but the smile Alex gives her makes her swear she might pull a Kara and float.

No, no, no. Terrible time to think about Alex’s kid sister.

“Of course, babe,” Alex returns her mouth’s attention to Maggie’s breasts and concentrates on keeping her fingers, her palm, in constant pressure, constant rhythm, on Maggie’s clit.

They’re both sweating and Alex’s wrist is sore by the time Maggie shudders through a soft orgasm, and she slips herself down from the island almost as soon as she gets there.

“Babe, you don’t have to – “

“I want to,” Maggie promises, and she puts her hands on Alex’s hips.

“If you want to?” she confirms before going any further, and when Alex nods, Maggie pulls. Pulls her hips forward, pulls her hips toward her, slipping her thigh between Alex’s legs. They both almost overbalance at the other’s eagerness, and they press their foreheads together and giggle raggedly until Maggie slips her hands into Alex’s back pockets and squeezes slightly.

Alex’s forehead falls forward onto Maggie’s shoulder as she gasps, as she slips her fingers through Maggie’s belt loops, both of them desperately grasping onto the other – for balance, for pleasure, for pressure, for closeness, for love – as Alex rides Maggie’s thigh, staring down at her swollen lips and her glasses and her loose hair and her open shirt and her out-of-place bra until Maggie whispers that she loves her, whispers that she can let go, whispers that she’s her everything and she’s got her and she loves when she takes what she wants like this.

So when Alex unravels, it’s hard and it’s powerful and it nearly sends both of them tumbling to the ground.

But Maggie holds her up – holds them both up – and they both grasp the edge of the island for balance as they catch their breath.

“Damn,” Alex whispers, and Maggie kisses her nose.

“Damn,” Maggie affirms, and they both giggle again.

“Welcome home, Agent Danvers,” Maggie grins when they’ve caught their breath somewhat. Alex preens and giggles and blushes.

“Really Danvers? That’s the part that makes you blush?”

“Yes?”

“Nerd.”

“Your nerd.”
“My nerd.”
survivingasafangirl asked:
About the superfriends/team arrow thing (I think I sent something about it a little while ago). In my headcanon Alex is the Green Arrow, Kara is Speedy, Maggie is the Black Canary, James is Spartan, Winn is obvs tech support aka the Oracle. I like to think both Lena and J'onn know about it. She develops their gadgets at a secret lab on LCorp and he is either the mayor or the head of police. But yeah, that's exactly what I'm talking about and I can't wait for you to do it

She hisses as the Green Arrow stitches her up.

“Sorry,” the Arrow pauses, and the Black Canary shakes her head.

“No, it’s fine, I’m fine. You don’t have to stop.”

A soft chuckle floods both their lair and Black Canary’s bloodstream.

“I’ve heard you say that before.”

She scoffs, partially in response to the innuendo, and partially to hide another hiss of pain. “In quite a different context, Danvers.”

The Arrow winks through the black makeup that still circles her eyes. “It was a great context,” she shrugs, and though the Black Canary can detect the joy in her voice, it doesn’t show on her face.

Not much has shown on Alex Danvers’ face since she got back from Lian Yu.

Except when she’s making love to the woman called the Black Canary, who was once a girl named Maggie Sawyer.

Once.

Before her first girlfriend was declared dead, along with her father and everyone else on that damned boat with her.

Once.

And now?

Now, they stitch each other up and send each other back into battle, because that’s what their lives in Starling City have become: a battle.

Except when they’re in each other’s arms.

The only place that feels real for Maggie anymore.

Safe in the arms of the woman that should have died. The arms of a woman whose body is painted with more scars than she’d ever talk about, a woman who wakes up from nightmares she swears
she doesn’t have.

A slam at the top of the stairs makes Maggie jump. Alex doesn’t flinch, but her eyes shift up keenly.

“Speedy – “ she tries, her mollifying voice fully in place, but Kara Danvers isn’t having any of it.

“A routine mission, you said! You said, you promised, Alex, that this one was routine! And you’re back here giving Maggie stitches? And James said you almost got shot? What – “

“And who told you all this?” Alex’s voice is measured and calm; she’s still working through Maggie’s stitches, even as her attention has swiveled to her little sister.

“It uh… it most certainly wasn’t me,” Winn emerges from behind James, who’s behind Kara.

Maggie snorts. Alex almost cracks a smile.

Almost.

“Are you alright, Maggie?” Kara asks, sucking in a sharp breath as she shifts to see the long, thin cut on Maggie’s upper chest, near her shoulder.

“Your playgirl sister turns out to be quite the surgeon these days,” Maggie reaches for Kara’s hand and swipes it with her thumb lovingly. “I’m fine, Speedy,” she promises. “And so’s Alex.”

James and Winn exchange a glance behind Kara’s back; she’s still new to their team, to finding out that the Green Arrow, formerly the Vigilante, is her older sister.

She still gets that steely but wide-eyed look at the sight of her torso when she walks in on Alex changing into her suit.

All those scars.

“We’re all alright, Kara. I promise,” James reaches for her free hand, and Kara nods.

“I want to help,” Kara says, accepting James’s hand, but her voice is stern when she looks to her older sister like she’s actually the younger.

Maggie averts her eyes and Alex nearly groans. “Speedy, we’ve been through this; I won’t be able to focus in the field if there is any part of me that thinks you’re not safe – “

“And you think I’ll be safer not knowing how to defend myself?” Kara accuses.

“She’s… she’s got a good point – “ Alex shoots Winn a death glare, and he nearly squeaks. “You know what, I’m… I’m just gonna monitor the surveillance feeds on this Deadshot guy, that’s… that’s what I’m gonna do. Yep. Over here. Far away from this conversation and from Alex’s lightsaber arrows.”

“I didn’t think she had lightsaber arrows, Mr. Schott, but I’m sure if she did, they would have been developed by you and me,” a new voice fills the lair, and Kara’s heart leaps.

“Lena,” she runs to her girlfriend, and Alex’s lips quirk up into a small smile. Maggie squeezes her hand, and Alex squeezes back.

“You got anything on the man who killed my father, Lena?” James asks, and Lena nods slowly.
“I think I have a lead Winn and I can follow, but I’m actually here to bring Alex a gift.”

“For your sister-in-law? Aw, Lena, you’re too kind,” Maggie grins as both Danvers girls blush in unison.

At least Lian Yu didn’t change certain things.

Lena holds out a thin, black, synthetic figure eight. “A mask. I’ve been working on it with Mr. Ramon in Central City; it’ll conform to fit your face and it’ll be much easier – and more concealing – than that ridiculous eyeshadow,” Lena grins, and Alex’s eyes glisten as she gazes at her gift.

“Thank you, Lena,” she croaks, and Kara beams at her girlfriend and her sister.

Winn’s phone chirps, and they all – except Alex – jump slightly at the sudden interruption.

“Detective J’onzz, hi. Did you – uh huh – yeah. Yes. Okay, yes, we’re on it.”

“Okay, team, there’s a hostage situation developing downtown. Maggie, are you okay to go into the fie –“

“No, she’s not,” James and Alex answer simultaneously.

“Yes, she is,” Maggie counters, slipping off their workbench and surgical table with barely a wince.

Lena and Kara exchange glances but agree to stay out of it.

Alex and Maggie hold each other’s gazes long and hard and intense, and Kara’s heart wavers when she thinks of how many years – how many different forms of torture – tried to kill them both, to tear them both apart. And how all of it only served to bring them back together.

“Alright, fine. But you do the negotiating, not the fighting, you hear me?”

Maggie grins. “I don’t moonlight as an attorney for nothing, Danvers.”

They kiss and Winn barely resists snapping a picture with his phone.

Alex helps Maggie on with her suit jacket and grabs her bow and quiver.

James tugs his helmet back on.

They nod in unison.

“Let’s go,” Alex says, her voice modifier on, and Maggie has to resist kissing her again.

There will be plenty of time for that after they save the city.

Again.
Chapter 637

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
Sanvers lap sitting, just sitting in each other's lap, angsty and fluffy situations

The first time she tugs Alex into her lap, it’s because Alex is in that dress and Alex backed her into the couch with the force of her kiss and Maggie is breathless and she needs more contact, and she pulls away only to ask, and Alex pulls away only to say yes, and suddenly they’ve discovered a whole new way to be… close.

The second time Alex is in her lap, they’re making room for Kara on the couch, so Alex swings her legs onto Maggie’s thighs. Neither of them think about it for a beat, until their eyes connect, until their hearts leap.

“This okay?” Alex asks, and Maggie beams.

“Yeah,” she whispers, and Kara smiles at the way their heartbeats are increasing in unison.

The first time Maggie sits in Alex’s lap, it’s to straddle her while they kiss, to keep their bodies flush against each other, because they can never possibly get close enough, because even stripped naked and skin to skin isn’t close enough, intimate enough, for them.

The second time Maggie’s in Alex’s lap, it’s been a long day at the precinct – far too long – and she’s curled up on the couch by the time Alex gets home. She pokes her head up groggily when she hears Alex’s key scrape the lock, and when Alex kicks off her boots, puts down her gun, and tugs off her jacket, she sits in the spot where Maggie’s arms had been cushioning her head, Alex’s thighs now serving as her pillow, her fingers running through her hair and easing her back into a peaceful sleep.

The most peaceful sleep she’s ever had.

It becomes routine, then.

Lap dances and lap sobs; straddling while making out and curling up together during Game Night.

Maggie curled in Alex’s lap, sobbing as Alex kisses her face, her hair, after everything with… him. With the tank. Because Maggie almost lost her. Almost.

Alex cradled in Maggie’s lap, sobbing as Maggie whispers soft affirmations in her ear, rubbing her back and letting her clutch onto her shirt, after her sister had almost died. Again. Almost.

Maggie with Alex’s thighs as her chair and her stomach as her backrest during Game Night, Alex’s arms her anchor and her seat belt and her everything as she laughs with James and trash talks with Winn and teams up with Lena and Alex to make Kara blush.

Maggie with Alex’s body as her home during Movie Night, Maggie holding her and soothing her – subtly, of course, subtly, because none of the others, save Kara, can know that big bad Alex Danvers absolutely hates horror movies, that she needs Maggie’s kisses on the nape of her neck and
Kara’s hand holding hers under the blanket the three of them are wrapped in to keep from flinching away from the screen.

When they honeymoon in Aricebo, Maggie curls up in Alex’s lap as they watch the sunset and watch the clearest night sky either of them have ever seen bathe their faces, their eyes, in soft starlight.

When they go visit Eliza in Midvale, Alex crawls into Maggie’s lap as they watch Kara carry Lena deep into the ocean, holding each other while the sun sets on another perfect, perfect day.

When they take their first dog to the park along the waterfront in National City, Alex plays with Maggie’s hair while Maggie sits in her lap to watch Gertrude navigate the social scene of the dog park.

And when they drive Maggie’s pickup way out into the desert, Alex settles deep into Maggie’s lap as they sit in the pile of pillows and the mattress they loaded into the back, the better to sleep in, the better to watch the meteor shower in.

“Never let me go?” Maggie whispers, Gertrude at her feet and Alex’s arms around her waist.

She smiles and sighs happily as Alex kisses the back of her head, her hair, her shoulders, her ears.

“Never,” she promises with a smile, because she won’t.
Chapter 638

Chapter Summary

Dancing on my Own
“Maggie dealing with the breakup because we’re not going to get her perspective and that’s so heartbreaking” from @dogs-of-society and “Kara and everyone else calling/visiting Maggie to make sure she’s okay and they know she may not want to see them because it’s too soon, but they don’t want her to think she’s alone. Actually, showing that she has some other friends and ISN’T alone would also be nice.” from @enchntedapril and “mgann checking on maggie.” from @kirstyn-loftus

This is an angsty, Maggie-perspective post-break up, since the show won’t honor her feelings enough, ever, to give us that. I’m also going to write an Alex post-break up fic. Just to get it over with. After that, all tonight’s fix its will be non-break up. Stay tuned.

Chapter Notes

3x05 fix it

She told her she had a friend to stay with.
And she could have.
Could have crashed on her work partner’s couch. His wife wouldn’t have minded – she probably would have liked the company, honestly – and their kid would have been thrilled.
Their kid loves Maggie, and she loves their kid.
Their kid.
She doesn’t want to be around kids right now.
Because she loves kids, she just doesn’t… want them, for herself.
Because she loves kids, but she loves Alex more, but Alex doesn’t…
So she doesn’t call him. She doesn’t ask.
She just checks in at the Baldwin.
Where Emily had caught her cheating, all those years ago.
She chuckles masochistically to herself.
It’s fitting.
She’s through her third shot at the hotel bar when a familiar hand touches her shoulder.

“She’s through her third shot at the hotel bar when a familiar hand touches her shoulder.

“The hell are you doing here?” she asks, forgetting, for a moment, that she’s just lost everything, as she launches herself into M’gann’s arms. “I thought you were off leading a revolution.”

M’gann pulls back and holds her by the shoulders, searching her face like she’s searching for evidence of harm. To herself.

“Revolutions don’t mean anything unless we care for our own, Maggie. And you – “

“But I didn’t send you a message.”

Maggie blinks like the alcohol is finally starting to hit her brain, because it is.

M’gann just guides her back to her bar stool and taps at her own temple.

“Telepathy, remember?”

“Across all that space?”

“You love her that much,” M’gann says just above a whisper, and Maggie finally breaks.

She breaks forward into M’gann’s arms, breaks forward and breaks down, breaks up and breaks entirely.

“Shhhh, I know. I know,” M’gann whispers, running war-torn fingers through her hair and soft comforts through her wet cheeks.

The bartender grimaces in sympathy and pours them both free shots. M’gann mouths a thank you at him over Maggie’s shaking shoulder.

“I can’t… I can’t…”

“Shhhh, it’s okay. Take your time,” M’gann tells her, rubbing circles onto her back and peace into her stomach.

Maggie turns and downs the shot that’s appeared, to her, out of nowhere.

“She was my family. And she… I wasn’t enough for her. Wasn’t enough family for her. So she… she’s leaving me on the side of the road, and I can’t… I don’t know how to even stay in this city, with… we’re gonna still work the same cases, we’re… and her sister, I’m the NCPD’s liaison with… I can’t… M’gann, how am I going to do this?”

“You don’t have to do it alone,” a voice says softly, but it’s not M’gann’s.

Maggie jumps and wipes her eyes, her nose, rapidly before turning somewhat unsteadily.

“James, Winn, what the hell – “

“Hi Maggie,” Kara steps out from behind them, and her voice is small, her body even smaller.

“Kara?”

She says it like she’s talking through a dream, because she thinks maybe she is.

Kara doesn’t speak. She just strides forward and wraps Maggie in her arms.
“Listen, I have to… I have to go be with…”

“I know. I know you do,” Maggie’s heart wavers and she tries not to break. Again.

As she ponders whether someone who’s already completely broken can, technically, still break.

“But I wanted to just… you’re not alone, Maggie. You’re part of our family, and that…. that doesn’t change just because you guys…”

Maggie trembles and James takes her hand while Winn puts a hand on her thigh and M’gann rubs her back.

“Your sister dumped me,” she states tonelessly, and Kara’s eyes flood.

“She loves y – “

“No. No, no. Kara, I get it, I do, and I appreciate what you’re trying to do, but I can’t hear that she… I can’t. It won’t help, it’s not… enough, apparently.”

“Maggie, that’s not what – “

“It is what it is, Little…. Little Danvers.” Her voice breaks on their last name – the last name she’d wanted to be hers – and she lets her head rest against Winn’s chest, because she has no other choice but to surrender.

“Maggie, my point is that you’re not alone, okay? You don’t have to do any of this alone. We don’t abandon family, okay?”

Maggie swallows thickly and nods tightly.

“Go. Be with her. Take good care of her, okay?”

Kara nods solemnly. “Always,” she promises, leaving Maggie with a broken heart and a family.

“So you told Alex you’re staying with a friend,” Winn says softly, and Maggie almost groans. But before she can object, he keeps talking, staring at his hands. “And you know, we don’t wanna make a liar out of you, Sawyer. Or rack up your credit card bill on this place, so uh… you know, my couch is extremely comfortable.”

There’s a pause and she doesn’t know if it’s the liquor or the tears that make her world almost spin out.

“Is it?” she croaks, somehow stable because of M’gann’s hand on her back, because of James’s steady eyes, because of Winn’s almost bashful offer of… a home.

“Sure is. And I have all the gaming systems you can dream of. Come stay with me. Please? You don’t have to be alone, you pool shark, you.”

She thinks about protesting. She thinks about insisting that she’s fine.

She thinks about lying and she thinks about pushing her feelings down and she thinks about Alex so she thinks about throwing up.

And then she thinks about family, and these people.

These people who somehow love her even after… after.
“Take me to your leader, Schott,” she manages, and James and Winn walk her out with their arms around her while M’gann picks up her luggage and brings around her space ship car.

Because J’onn isn’t the only one with cool toys, and because if Maggie’s heart is going to be broken, at least it can be broken with family and with a flying Mustang convertible soaring over the desert. Together.
Chapter Summary

Please Let Me Forget
“Kara with Alex at the end of the ep” prompt from @superkaralex and “more kara and alex” from @thebiwisebrownkid and “alex begging j’onn to mind wipe her” why would you prompt this @staaysaane this is the definition of fucken rude and “I’m trying to cope both with this fictional break up and my own actual one, so I’d really appreciate an Alex struggling with her broken heart fic.” from @kissthegirlswewanttokiss and “Kara apologizing to Alex for all the times she threw “what if it were Maggie?” in Alex’s face” from @ahhveee

Chapter Notes

3x05 fix it

They’ve been texting throughout the day.

They’ve been texting, and Alex has been insisting that she should stay with Lena, take care of Lena. That she’s fine.

Well, that she’ll be fine eventually.

Even after she and Maggie’d had sex, even after Maggie had left and Alex had broken.

She’d insisted to her sister that she was fine.

But she wasn’t.

She wasn’t fine.

She was exactly what Kara said she’d be.

Broken and drinking in a bar.

Destroyed.

Useless.

Well, Kara hadn’t gone that far, necessarily, but it translated the same way in Alex’s head.

She should be stronger than this. Stronger than… herself.

And she reminds Kara, the moment she gets to the bar.

She reminds Kara, and Kara’s apology is immediate, right after her call to J’onn.
“Alex, you know I… I should never have said that to you. Compared my… thing to your relationship. I shouldn’t have – “

“You didn’t do this, Kara,” Alex interrupts her, angling another empty shot glass toward her sister for emphasis. “I’m the one who ruined everything, not you.”

“You didn’t ruin anything, Alex, you just – “

“I just told the woman I love that she wasn’t enough, just like everyone else in her damn life ever has.”

Kara blinks and she shakes her head because Alex’s shoulders have started to shake, her calm, steely composure starting to crack.

But then Alex blinks and shakes her head and orders another line of shots, and her calm, cold, drunken composure is back.

“You loved her well, Alex. You loved her so well. You’re not her parents. You didn’t abandon her. You have needs and she has different needs, and it’s terrible, but it’s… it’s what she said a few days ago, right? Better now than five years down the road when your lives are even more entangled?”

Alex shudders and drinks and Kara bites her lip and signals for water.

“And two club sodas, please,” a gruff voice joins them, and Alex doesn’t look up at her space father. She can’t.

And he doesn’t ask her to. He just covers his hand with his own and sits. Sits and loves her, and tries to radiate it to a non-telepathic being as much as he can.

“Club sodas?” yet another voice enters the mix. “Not for us. Can we get two glasses of merlot, please?”

Alex blinks. “Lena, Sam, what – “

“Ruby’s with a sitter, and – “

“But Lena, you – “

“Have been proven innocent and am getting those children the best care they can possibly get. And now, Alex Danvers, you need…” She hesitates before she uses the word, but Kara’s pinky brushes hers, and it gives her courage. “Friends. You need friends. And you have them.”

Alex shudders, and J’onn knows. “Your brothers are with Maggie, Alex. They’re taking good care of her, and they send all their love to you. They just wanted her to know that she’s not – “

“Abandoned,” Alex’s voice breaks, and finally, so does her body.

She looks up at J’onn like she’s just realizing he’s there. “J’onn, you could… could you? J’onn.” Her voice breaks, because suddenly she’s drowning in the feeling of waking up tomorrow without her.

Of making coffee for one and rolling over in bed to find cool sheets instead of warm ones, of longing for a woman she turned away, of working cases without her fiancee.

Of telling her mother, her family’s friends, her colleagues.
The sympathetic looks at the DEO and memories of Maggie’s laughter and her hands on her waist and her kisses to the back of her neck and the aching, aching need for lips that she’ll never kiss again…

“J’onn, please. I don’t want… I can’t do this. I can’t feel this, I can’t… J’onn, you could wipe my mind. You’ve gotten so good at it, on humans, you could – “

“Alex – “

“No, please. You could make sure I don’t remember the parts that I – “

“Alex, I can’t – “

“But you can! You can, but you won’t! You won’t, because – “

“Alex, stop it – “

“No, Kara, you were allowed! You were allowed to be horrible to people after everything that happened. What about me? Where do I get to let it out? Where do I get to suffer? Where do I get to – “

She’s standing, now, and she’s half-yelling, now, and Kara’s holding Lena’s hand and Lena’s reaching for Sam’s, because J’onn is just wrapping his arms around her.

He’s wrapping his arms around his eldest earth daughter and holding tight.

Holding tight even when she pushes, even when she hits.

“I don’t want to remember! I don’t want to remember the way she says my name and I don’t wanna remember the gross way she eats bagels or the gross way she takes her coffee or the way she kisses me, because she’s just gonna be kissing someone else, someone else is going to be touching that birthmark on the small of her back and someone else is going to be smelling her shampoo all over their pillow and I can’t, J’onn, I can’t do it, I can’t, I can’t, please, please, don’t – “

“Alex, listen to me. Alex. Alex, please.” And it’s something in the pleading in his voice, something in the tears streaming down Kara’s face, that makes her pause, that makes her bite her lip hard enough to make herself stop ranting, to make herself breathe.

“Alex, those memories are sacred. The moments you and Maggie had together are sacred, and they always will be. You’ll always have grown from them. They will always have changed you. If I took them away from you, you wouldn’t be the same, Alex. And I love the person that you are, the person that you’ve become. Erasing that would help in the short term, but it would be erasing such a big part of yourself. And that… I would never do that to a child of mine.”

Lena’s head is on Kara’s shoulder, now, and Sam’s is on Lena’s. They all nod softly at Alex, and she shudders one more time before letting herself collapse forward into J’onn’s arms.

“I got you,” Kara moves forward to remind her sister, kissing her hair as she cries into J’onn’s chest, and Alex nods helplessly, because she can barely breathe and she certainly can’t stand up on her own, but it turns out she doesn’t have to.

Because her family’s got her.
Chapter 640

Chapter Summary

I Want You, Too
“Alex chasing after Maggie shortly after she leaves because it suddenly hits her that between kids or Maggie, she’d rather be with Maggie.” prompt from @crimson-archangel and “an alternative to alex replying “i want kids” after maggie says “i want you” like maybe alex realizing that that’s really what she wants too bc if maggie is more important to her and matters more than anything else” from @heavenlykvi and

I’m writing another next where Alex does have a kid (alone) (and they drift back together), because I think representation for people who feel both sides of this is sooo important: it’s completely valid to want a kid and it’s completely valid to not want a kid. It’s completely valid to not bend about that (thus, I also have coping-with-the-breakup fics from earlier tonight). But, I know a lot of people want to see it either way, so I’m gonna do one of each and leave it at that. And then, I’ll have a whole bunch that just ignore canon and a breakup is not on the horizon lmao those are the ones I’m really looking forward to.

Chapter Notes

3x05 fix it

It’s the “see you around, Danvers” that does her in.

It’s the full circle that makes her resolve break.

It’s the look in Maggie’s eyes when she tells her that she’ll be a great mom that makes her step toward the door after Maggie closes it.

That makes her realize she never wants another door shut between them again.

“Maggie, wait,” she stumbles out the door, and Maggie stops without turning around.

“Alex – “ she tries with a warning in her voice, because she might break if Alex gives her any room, any option other than leaving and trying to pick up her shambles of a life.

Again.

“No, Maggie, you… you asked if I can give up all… all this. Us. And I… I know I said I could, but I can’t, I can’t, I – “

Maggie still doesn’t turn to face her. Still can’t. But she takes a deep breath, and she speaks.

“Danvers, this is what a breakup feels like. Even breakups that aren’t amicable. It feels like the earth’s fallen out from under your feet and if the person doesn’t stay, you’ll fall and shatter.”
Her voice falls and shatters, and her body nearly does to. But she swallows and makes herself keep speaking. “But you made your decision. And I want what’s best for you. And that’s… that’s not me.”

“You’re wrong,” Alex begs, the pleading in her voice for Maggie to turn, to look at her, clear in her voice.

“Danvers,” Maggie warns, and Alex dives.

“Stay with me. I’ll… we can get a dog. We’ll get a dog. And… and we’ll be really cool aunts to Ruby, and to whatever kids Lena and Kara might wanna have, and… and god, can you imagine taking care of tiny Winns and little James’s if they ever wanna have kids?”

Maggie turns, finally, with a pained grin and red eyes.

“You don’t want that, Alex. You don’t want to be the… the cool aunt. You want to be a mom.”

“I want to be your wife,” Alex reaches for her, and Maggie is in her arms before she can resist.

“You said I’m all the family you need, and Maggie, I don’t want to stop being your family just because… just because you don’t want kids. I… I can have a kid and you don’t have to have parental responsibilities, but we can be together. People do that. Or… or we can get a dog, like I said, and go from there… I don’t want a kid any time soon, so it… I… I don’t want to lose time with you. The years we can have – “

“But won’t that just make it worse? When you decide it’s time for you to have a kid?”

“That’s always an argument, Maggie. It’ll be more painful to fall in love, to let someone in, to… to kiss the girls we wanna kiss.”

They both sob slightly, but it’s in each other’s arms, now, their foreheads pressed together, Maggie’s bag dropped at her feet.

“I’d rather take the risk. I can’t lose you. I can’t… I can’t lose my family. You’re my family, Maggie, and you’re enough. I want you, Maggie Sawyer. I’m in love with you. Please stay. Please.”

Maggie steps back and tries to swallow. It takes several tries.

Alex waits with her heart in her throat.

“You can’t go back and forth about this, Alex. We can’t… we can’t do this where I’m not enough and then I am and then I’m not – “

“No. No, Maggie, that’s not what… you almost died. Remember? And then you kissed me, because life is too short? And then… and then I almost died, and that’s when we said I love you. And then, just now, I was watching you leave, and I… I don’t want you to. Please?”

“So you’re saying we need near death or near breakup experiences to bring us to next levels in our relationship? Because you forgot that you also proposed right after this massive war…”

“Yeah, we’ve gotta work on that, don’t we?”

They laugh, and it’s wet and it’s exhausted and it’s anguished. It’s hopeful and it’s drained and it’s full of rich, rich love.
“Please come inside and... and we’ll put our rings back on. Please Maggie? Please.”

Maggie tilts her head. “It is a pretty nice ring you got me, Danvers.”

“Maggie,” Alex blushes and begs.

“I am so in love with you,” Maggie whispers, somber now, serious now, into Alex’s lips right before she kisses them, right before she kisses her like she’s never kissed her before, like she’ll never kiss her again.

But now?

Now, she will, she will, she will.
Chapter 641

Chapter Summary

Coming Back To You
“alex has a kid on her own (u choose how) and meets maggie again later and they slowly get back together” prompt from @thebiwisebrownkid

Chapter Notes

3x05 fix it

They stay in touch for a while, especially since Maggie stays in touch with Alex’s friends. Because they’re her friends – her family – now, too. But years pass, and they text less and less. They call less and less. Not for any reason, other than the simple need to let go. The simple need to try and live outside of each other. Part of that need, for Alex, is a child. And it’s years later, and she’s slept with a lot of women – she’s dated a lot of women – but no one has been… She’s on her own, now. Well, on her own with her sister, with her family. And they’re all extremely supportive when she says she wants to have a baby on her own. J’onn never got to be a grandfather, after all, and even though they still try to hide the fact that either of them can cry from the DEO, in truth everyone’s known for years; they just finally see it, now. She thinks of Maggie throughout her pregnancy. Not nearly as much as she did years ago. But… enough. Enough to make her heart throb with yearning. An old yearning that feels like a small tug rather than the sharp stab it used to feel like with each breath. But when Kim is born, she becomes Alex’s entire world.
She’s all Alex thinks about.

Well, Kim and her newest alien weaponry.

It’s raining one day, and Kim is five, and they’re running.

Not from an attack.

They’re running just… because.

Running to find the biggest puddles to splash in, and Alex is nothing if not ecstatic.

And then Kim runs into – literally, runs full speed into – the legs of woman.

Legs that, even after all these years, Alex knows all too well.

“Sorry!” Kim splutters at the woman as Alex just freezes.

“Well that’s okay,” she hears a voice that makes her heart crack, that makes her knees nearly give out. The woman sinks to one knee in front of Kim, paying no heed to the rain, to the damp, to the mess. “Bet you’re looking around for puddles to stomp in, huh?”

Kim nods eagerly, and Alex can’t help the small smile that forms on her lips.

“An excellent thing to do in the rain. But kiddo, are you with a grownup?”

“Yeah!” Kim smiles broadly, with the massive gestures befitting a kindergartener, and she splays her hands out behind the woman, toward Alex. “My mommy’s a grownup!”

“She is, huh?” the woman chuckles, and Alex’s heart freezes and her entire world crashes into Maggie Sawyer’s eyes.

“Alex,” Maggie breathes after a beat of silence, a beat of shock, a beat of nothing but memories of soft touches and late night laughs and orgasmic screams and agonized parting.

“You and Mommy are friends?!” Kim jumps up and down excitedly, and Maggie doesn’t even reach up to wipe her face from the extra droplets Kim splashes onto her cheeks.

“Yes, Kim, this… this is Maggie, sweet face. An old… an old friend of Mommy’s.”

She talks to her daughter, but her eyes belong to Maggie.

As many women as she’s been with over the years, her eyes have always belonged to Maggie.

Maggie rises from her knee, slow and shaking and open-mouthed.

“You wanna come stomp puddles with us?” Kim reaches for Maggie’s hand, and Alex thinks she sees tears starting to mingle with rain drops on Maggie’s face.

Her hair is shorter, now.

She’s even more beautiful than she was years ago.

Alex didn’t think that was possible.

“She uh… inherited certain things from Auntie Kara,” Alex stammers uselessly, and Maggie clears her throat once, twice. Three times. Not enough.
“Yeah, sure sweetheart, if um… if your mom’s okay with that?”

It’s an innocent question, but it’s also a prayer.

Because neither of them are big believers in fate, but maybe… maybe that’s what this is.

So Alex nods, and Kim laughs, and she takes Alex’s hand in her free one, and she tugs.

Tugs Alex and Maggie with her, begs them to help her fly. Like Auntie Kara.

Their eyes meet through the pouring rain – both of them drenched and breathless and full of something they haven’t felt in years – as they swing Kim through the air, as her shrieking giggles pierce through the storm in the air and the storms in their eyes.

“You’re good at this, Maggie!” Kim giggles, and Maggie nearly runs.

Nearly.

But she ran once.

She won’t again.

Something about destiny and soulmates and true love.

Something about the look in Alex’s eyes.

“Does she have another mommy?” Maggie asks, keeping her question neutral for the child.

Alex shakes her head, trembling suddenly.

Maggie strips off her oversized rain slicker and lets go of Kim’s hand for a moment. “Sorry sweetie, your mommy looks cold, huh?”

“No, Maggie, you’ll be cold, I – “

“I’ll survive somehow, Danvers,” Maggie assures her, and they both freeze when her hands graze Alex’s hair, her skin. They both freeze when suddenly they’re breathing each other’s breath and they’re close enough to count the rain drops and tear drops on each other’s faces.

“Oooh, Mommy, maybe you should ask Maggie on a date! Like Auntie Kara and Aunt Lena!”

Maggie snorts despite herself. “That finally happened then?” she asks, and Alex’s eyes glisten.

“Come home with us and I’ll give you more updates. And we can get you out of those clothes – “

“Danvers – “

“And into something warm.”

“Alex – “

“I’m – no, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have assumed you’d want to catch up, you’re probably just – “

“Alex. Can you get Kara to watch Kim for the night? I… I want to give each other more than updates. If you… if you want.”

“But you… you don’t want…”
“I never stopped wanting you. And – “ She glances down at Kim, bouncing on the balls of her feet, waiting patiently for Alex to be done with grownup talk, murmuring something to herself about the water cycle and its impact on plant growth.

“And who could say no to someone so beautiful, who came from someone so beautiful?”

“Maggie – “

“I’m not making any decisions, Danvers. I’m just asking if we can talk, and see… see if we could still…” Her eyes drift down to Alex’s lips, and Alex’s take the same journey across Maggie’s face. “Please?”

Something about fate. Something about destiny. Something about true love and soulmates and meant to be.

“Yes,” she tells her without hesitation, and when she reaches down, she finds that their hands still fit perfectly together. “Absolutely we can.”

And Kim isn’t the only one who feels like she’s flying through the rest of their adventures in the rain.
Sometimes when Alex is depressed, she needs her depression playlist.

And sometimes, when Alex is depressed, she needs Maggie to turn off her depression playlist and get her dancing.

This?

This is one of those times.

So when Maggie stares at her long enough to tell what kind of depression this is, she switches the music wordlessly to Cyndi Lauper.

It takes Alex a minute to smile.

It takes her a minute, but when Maggie starts to move, Alex can’t help herself.

She smiles and she laughs and she accepts the hands Maggie is offering her.

They twirl each other and they laugh helplessly in each other’s arms, teasing each other about how their dance moves aren’t nearly as coordinated as their fighting styles, about how much fun their wedding reception is going to be.

“Oh my god, Winn’s gonna be hysterical,” Maggie laughs, but when Alex takes her face between her hands and Maggie does the same, the energy transforms from fun to needy, from hilarity and relief to passionate and a different kind of intimate.

“Let’s not talk about Winn right now,” Alex breathes as she kisses her.

Kisses her all the way back to the bed – their bed – all the way back to where Maggie tugs her shirt off and Alex melts into her body.

She’s about to take Maggie’s shirt off, too, when One Week randomly starts blasting through
Alex’s phone.

They both stop and they both laugh until they cry.

The last few months have been… they’ve all almost died. Several times. The city had almost burned. Kara was only now starting to smile again.

So they collapse into bed and they laugh until they cry, until they hold each other close and steady. Maggie’s fingers find the hem of her own shirt.

“May I?” she asks, and Alex nods eagerly. “I’m not hitting on you, I just wanna feel more of our bodies together,” she explains unnecessarily, and her need to constantly affirm whatever Alex wants – or doesn’t want – to do is one of the reasons Alex is so proud to wear her ring.

So Maggie tugs off her shirt and Alex bites her lip.

“Damn,” she breathes.

“Gay,” Maggie retorts, and Alex preens.

“Yep!”

“Nerd.”

“Your nerd.”

“Always,” Maggie holds out her arms and gathers Alex into them, and their bodies meld together effortlessly.

“I know I haven’t been entirely present lately. About the wedding,” Alex tells her softly as Maggie strokes her hair, as she traces Kryptonian letters of love onto Maggie’s bare stomach with her fingers.

“You’ve had a lot on your mind, Danvers,” Maggie kisses her nose, and Alex scrunches her face in appreciation, but she shakes her head.

“No, I know, but… I know I’ve scared you. About wanting kids, about… about pushing you with your family.”

“Hey, I’m the one who said I don’t want you to push down your feelings, Alex. And I don’t.”

Alex sighs and shifts so they can kiss, and they do, long and soft and tender.

It’s slow and it’s gentle, but they’re both still dizzy and breathless when they part.

“I know you don’t, and that’s one of the many things I love about you,” Alex takes her turn to kiss Maggie’s nose, and she relishes the giggle that she knows Maggie only makes for her.

“I just… I want to make sure I’m treating you well enough. Making you feel like you’re… enough. Like you’re valued enough, good enough. Loved enough. Because you are. All those things.”

Tears spring to Maggie’s eyes, and she nods slowly.

“You definitely want to marry me?” she asks, and Alex’s eyes give her all the answer she needs.

“I definitely want to marry you,” she affirms with her words, too, and they’re the sweetest words
Maggie’s ever heard.
Chapter Summary

Different Ways to Dance
“post dancing smut” from @syllabicacronyms and “More smut & go into more detail after mag spoonin alex” from @lastbestplace

Chapter Notes

3x05 fix it

soft, emotional smut follows because I'm trash

Her breath hitches when Maggie shifts the way she’s holding her, when Maggie shifts and her hand grazes Alex’s chest.

“Sorry,” Maggie murmurs, moving her hand immediately, but Alex reaches just as quickly to bring her back.

“That wasn’t a bad gasp,” she whispers, and this time, it’s Maggie’s breath that hitches.

“That so, Danvers?” she asks, and Alex’s body starts to move back closer into Maggie’s.

“Mmhmm,” Alex nearly squeaks, and Maggie rewards her with a kiss to the back of her neck.

“Wanna finish what we started, Danvers?” she asks with all the heat they’d had when they’d transitioned from dancing to the bed.

“Please?”

Maggie kisses her bare shoulder before giving her a slight nip. Alex gasps and arches back into Maggie’s body.

“Your wish is my command,” Maggie grins into her soft skin, and Alex swoons as she turns to face her, to kiss her, to touch her.

Later, neither of them will remember who took whose clothes off or in what order or how the hell Alex’s underwear wound up all the way in the kitchen.

Later, all they’ll remember is how needily they tended to each other’s bodies.

How Maggie’s entire body shivered when Alex ran her tongue up her stomach to her chest.

How Alex screamed when Maggie flipped her over and took her nipples into her mouth, one at a time and both at once.
How Maggie whimpered when Alex whispered how much she loves her into her ear while she slipped her thigh between Maggie’s legs, while she rode Maggie’s knee without restraint.

How Alex blushed every time Maggie checked in to make sure she wanted what they were doing, to make sure she wanted her tongue to slip inside her body before dragging up to her clit, to make sure she wanted her to fuck her with her mouth and her fingers at the same time.

How Maggie came just from going down on Alex, just from the pressure of Alex’s leg between hers combined with the heady rush of the taste and scent and feel of her pulsing underneath her tongue.

How Alex pulled Maggie up her body until she was sitting on her face, confirming with breathless nods and eager panting that they were both desperate for Alex’s tongue parting Maggie’s lips and driving her to the brink again, and again, and again.

How Maggie made it her mission to top Alex from the bottom, watching in ecstasy while Alex rode her mouth and later, rode her hand, her thighs, until she came screaming her name over, and over, and over again.

“Damn, Danvers,” Maggie croaks, later, when she’s gathered Alex back into her arms, both of them spent, both of them sweaty, both of them needing to be closer, closer, closer.

“So you’re saying you liked it? Cause that’s what I got,” Alex teases, and Maggie kisses her long and slow and smiling.

“No,” she corrects softly. “I’m saying I loved it. And I’m saying I love you.”

“You too,” Alex smiles back, blushing and beaming like the newlywed that she’s about to be. “Forever.”
Chapter 644

Chapter Summary

Sanvers Life Update

Chapter Notes

usually these life updates only live on my tumblr (queercapwriting), but this one got longer than the others, so I figured I'd put it on here too.

Right now, Maggie Sawyer is waking up tangled in her fiancee’s arms, and Alex smiles reflexively in her sleep as Maggie kisses her temple, and Alex is moaning and arching her back groggily as Maggie traces her lips down her jawline.

“Best way to wake up ever,” Alex is murmuring, and Maggie’s eyes are glistening.

“Bet you a flash grenade I can make it even better,” she’s asking with her fingers skating down Alex’s bare stomach, and Alex is definitely awake – and perfectly peaceful – now.

“You’re on,” she’s giggling right before Maggie makes the sound turn into a loud gasp.

Their neighbors are sighing and rolling their eyes, because if the nerds next door are morning sexing, it must be time to get up.

I don’t make the rules.
Eliza’s Brave Girl
“just more eliza/alex/kara in present time conversations. that was seriously lacking.”
prompt from @kirstyn-loftus and“More Alex struggling with losing Maggie. The very brief moments were great, but now I’m worried that they aren’t actually going to show her grieve.” from @smallspkp and “Generally just more Alex/Kara/Eliza in current day” from @alexdanvers-ismy-spiritanimal

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

She doesn’t say anything to Eliza when she gets out of the car.

She doesn’t say anything because there’s absolutely nothing to say.

Kara doesn’t speak either, not really.

Eliza sighs and watches her girls all but storm into the door Alex and her father had wanted to paint deep, rich blue in honor of the TARDIS when she was a child, when she would watch old school Doctor Who in his lap with hot chocolate and popcorn.

Before… before.

Now, Alex sweeps right up into the bathroom she used to fight Kara for. Eliza sighs again as she hears the shower squeak on.

It’s almost like having two teenagers back in the house.

It feels sad, and it feels… whole. Comforting.

The fine print of the mom contract, she tells Kara, grateful that Kara won’t flinch at the word, grateful that she has one daughter – who maybe doesn’t feel so much like her daughter right now – who’s willing to be in the same room as her.

And she doesn’t have super hearing, but she hears Kara’s quip about having signed up for sad drunk, but not for mean drunk.

She sighs – she has a feeling she’s not going to stop sighing for a few days – and pokes her head into their room.

“Alex, I’ve barely seen you since you got here. Come spend some time with me.”

And she immediately knows – hell, she knew before she opened the door – that Kara was exactly
right about which kind of drunk Alex is right now.

“Spending time with you wasn’t the point. You know what, I’m not even sure what the point was at all. What, is Midvale supposed to protect me from feeling? Are you gonna chew me out for not forcing Kara to come here when she was sad? All six months of that? So, she gets six months to isolate herself and be a jerk, but I get, what, three days of the place that most reminds me of my father and I’m supposed to, what, heal? Get better? Forget her? Forget that I left her, that I ruined everything? Again?”

“Alex – “

“Am I talking to you, Kara? No, you know what, I’m not, because I begged you, I begged you, to talk to me, to at least be in the same room as me, god, for months, and you – “

“Alex – “

“Oh, I’m sorry Mom, am I being too harsh with your prize child? Is this why you brought me here, Kara, so you two could gang up on me, so – “

“Alex, darling, no one is ganging up on you.”

Alex tries to shrink back into her bed, away from her mother’s warm. Away from her mother’s calmness. Away from her mother’s understanding.

Because for the first half of her life, she knew this version of Eliza.

Then for the next decade, she knew another version. Someone overly harsh on her, someone who used to be the center of her world, now worrying more about some other girl than about her, loving some other girl more than her.

And now, it was back to the woman she’d known and idolized before… and she can’t keep up with the whiplash. She doesn’t want to keep up with the whiplash.

She just wants to be left alone.

She just wants… Maggie.

“Mom,” her voice cracks as Eliza perches on her bed, as she reaches her arms out.

And Alex doesn’t want to.

She doesn’t want to be weak. She doesn’t want the comfort of a mother’s arms when Maggie has none, when she abandoned Maggie to… nothing. To no one’s arms, because Alex’s had been all she had, and she abandoned her for… nothing, for everything, for nothing, for everything.

And she’s not sure when she starts talking. When she starts choking high-pitched words out into her wracking sobs, but eventually she realizes that Eliza isn’t the only one holding her.

That Kara, too, has crossed the room and crawled into Alex’s bed.

That Kara’s head is on her shoulder, that her arms are around her.

That her arms won’t let her fall.

“I’m sorry,” she squeaks, gasping for breath in a way that tears at Eliza’s heart, but at least her girl is letting it out.
“My brave girl,” she whispers as she kisses her forehead, as Kara shakes her head that no, no, she has nothing to be sorry for.

“M’ot,” Alex murmurs, and Eliza and Kara exchange a sad, bemused glance.

“Say it again, sis,” Kara encourages softly, and Alex takes a great, shuddering breath.

“I’m not,” she tries again, more clearly now. “Brave.”

“Crying doesn’t make you weak, Alex,” Kara says just above a whisper, stroking Alex’s hair and coaxing, finally, the glass of whiskey out of her hands. “It’s what makes you brave. That vulnerability.”

Alex scoffs as Eliza smiles at Kara gratefully. “Then why does it feel this way?” she asks, feeling like a teenager again.

A teenager, a kid. Like Maggie had made her feel.

Maggie.

She starts sobbing again, and this time, she doesn’t try to control it.

“It feels this way because your emotions are as powerful as you are, sweetie,” Eliza murmurs when Alex’s crying becomes quiet enough to be heard over. “It feels this way because you love her.”

“But I let her go, it’s me, it’s my fault, I don’t have the right to – “

“You have every right, Alex,” Kara objects, soft and firm and steely, somehow all at the same time. “Just because the final call was yours doesn’t make your heart ache any less.”

Alex shakes her head and sniffs and wipes her nose on the back of her hand. “It doesn’t feel like aching. It… it feels like…”

She shudders.

She thinks of the tank.

She thinks of being tortured.

Kara knows. Kara hugs her closer.

Eliza hugs both her girls.

“It’s okay that it feels like that, Alex,” Eliza whispers into her hair. “You don’t have to feel it alone. And you don’t have to feel it with my entire liquor cabinet.”

If she’d said it a year ago, it would have felt like ridicule. It would have felt like she was a disappointment. It would have felt like an accusation.

But somehow, tonight, it feels like the first thing to make Alex sniffle and smile and shake her head.

“I’m a federal agent,” she objects, but some of the vitriol is gone from her voice. “I don’t get to fall apart.”

“In this house, Alex, you can always fall apart,” Eliza promises. “Your sister and I will always keep
the pieces for you. My brave girl.”

And this time, Alex lets them hold her.

This time, she doesn’t argue.
Chapter 646

Chapter Summary

Road Trip in Space Dad’s Car
“Since they’re driving J’onn’s special car, how about Kara taking Alex on a tour of the solar system to cheer her up?” from @crimson-archangel

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

“You know,” Kara says after an hour goes by in silence. After Alex refuses to do anything but stare broodily at the road in a way that reminds her uncannily of Oliver Queen. “This isn’t just a car.”

“Yes, I know, you went to save Mars in it,” Alex tosses up her hands, and Kara bites her tongue to ignore the resentfulness in her tone, to ignore the callousness in her regret.

“What I meant,” she’s careful to keep her voice gentle and somewhat light, “is that we could use it as… you know… more than a car.”

That gets Alex’s attention.

It gets her attention and it gets her to lower her sunglasses and stare at her little sister with something that might be a small, almost imperceptible flame of life in her eyes.

“No way. We can’t. J’onn would kill us.”

“J’onn loves us,” Kara corrects as she pulls over.

“That doesn’t mean he won’t literally murder us,” Alex argues, but her wheels are already spinning.

“We wouldn’t take it out past the Kuiper Belt, and we won’t get a scratch on it,” Kara singsongs.

Alex scoffs. “Yeah, okay, you’d better let me drive if you don’t wanna run into some asteroid or something. Although, sounds nice right about – “

“Alex.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, no gallows humor.”

She’s grateful that Kara doesn’t argue that going through a breakup isn’t like being about to die. Because that’s sure what it feels like.

She would know.
She’s been about to die before.

Recently.

And that time, she’d known Maggie was coming for her.

This time…

Maggie.

She forces herself back to the present, to Kara’s burning, pleading eyes.

“I taught you that pout, you are not allowed to deploy that pout on me,” Alex warns, but there’s not enough life in her voice to put any conviction into it.

“You wanna drive? You’ve flown my pod more recently than I have. Drive,” Kara grins, hopping out of the driver’s seat and practically skipping to the passenger’s side.

“Kara, we can’t. Are you serious?”

“Have I ever not been serious?”

Alex furrows her brow like she’s trying to do calculus while fighting off an eight foot superstrength alien. “Is that a trick question?”

“Alex. Are we going or aren’t we?”

“That’s definitely a trick question.”

Kara points to the controls Alex needs to send the car into space ship mode, and Alex’s eyes definitely have some life in them now.

When Winn’s photo comes up on Kara’s phone, she ignores it the first time.

She picks it up the second.

“Winn, this isn’t a good – “

“Kara, you don’t happen, by any chance, to be taking J’onn’s very precious, very irreplaceable space ship convertible with the most unexpected collection of music possible on an interplanetary joy ride to cheer your sister up, are you?”

Alex glances sidelong at Kara, who bites her lip and shrugs.

“You wouldn’t be calling if you didn’t know the answer, would you?” she asks as the ship ascends and Alex all but bounces in her seat.

“Um, yeah, Kara, the thing is, uh… do you… do you really think that’s a good idea? Because I’m gonna be the one within extreme disapproval range if you guys – “

“We won’t get vaporized and we won’t start any wars and we don’t scratch the paint, I promise, Winn. We’ll be back soon. Alex needs it.”

“I need it, Winn!” Alex calls, and they’re not sure if it’s her voice or Kara’s pout, somehow effective through the phone, that makes him grin and tell them he gets to come with them next time.
The first real smile that tugs at Alex’s face in days comes as soon as they leave the atmosphere.

As soon as she turns and watches the Earth become a living marble of life and death and everything she’s ever known.

When she rescued Kara in her pod, she was too focused to take in the beauty. Now, Kara takes the controls and lets Alex bask in the soft light of her home planet.

Alex takes the wheel back eventually, wordlessly, navigating them through the asteroid belt smugly. Traversing the entire Red Spot of Jupiter – “do you know it can fit at least thirty-eight Earths in it, Kar?” she says in a voice that sounds almost worshipful – and crying at the rocky rings of Saturn.

Kara starts blasting J’onn’s Brittney collection somewhere near Neptune, and for a moment, it feels sacrilegious to Alex.

But then, it feels… right.

A Kryptonian and a human, bringing their teenage years across the solar system they both now call home.

“I love you, sis,” Alex holds her hand as they turn back, as promised, at the start of the Kuiper Belt.

“I love you, Alex,” Kara promises, and Alex’s smile lasts all the way back to Earth.
Chapter 647

Chapter Summary

Not Against an Accident
"Idk if this is just me being a low key suicidal teen but there were a lot of suicide hint kinda things like Alex being “brave” when officer white man (I don’t remember his name) pulled a gun on her and just the way she was acting when everyone was like “u almost died” and then Big Alex being like “I wasn’t too against getting in an accident then” when she made fun of Kara’s driving because like those r jokes I make All The Time so just wondering if u could write about Alex dealing with that/Kara checking on Alex about it” prompt from a brave and wonderful Anon

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

tw for suicide references and episode-related gun references

They’d called her brave, then.

To hear that she’d stood at gunpoint and hadn’t flinched.

Kenny was dead, and it was her fault: because if she’d been better to him, somehow, he would have been alive. She knew it.

Vicki was out of her life, and it was her fault: she didn’t know why they’d kept fighting, but it was Alex’s doing. She knew it.

Her father was dead, and it was her fault: well, maybe not the plane crashing specifically, but if she’d been better behaved, taken better care of Kara, maybe he wouldn’t have gone away on his work trip so suddenly, maybe he would have stayed. But he didn’t, and it was her fault. She knew it.

Her mother was different, and it was her fault: she was a cold-hearted person, she knew it. She wasn’t brave. Not brave enough to be kind to Kara. Not brave enough to defend Kenny at school. Not brave enough to be sympathetic, to be understanding, to not roll her eyes when Eliza talked about how Kara had lost everything and they had to be good to her, they had to take care of her. She was cold-hearted and she was cruel and she was broken, and her mother knew, Kara’s presence had revealed it, so it was her fault her mother was different. She knew it.

And Kara… Kara. The last thing she would remember of Alex would be her storming out of their room, declaring Kara unfit, declaring her unworthy, not good enough. Kara would be broken, and it would be her fault. She knew it.

So when they called her brave, for standing there in front of a loaded gun, in front of a man who’d
She knew they were wrong.

She wasn’t brave.

She was just… tired.

She just wanted to rest.

She just wanted it to end.

Just like she knows, now, that she isn’t brave.

She isn’t being stoic, or calm, or stony in the face of heartbreak.

She’s just… tired.

She just wants to rest.

She just wants it to end.

Because she was supposed to be building a lifetime of firsts with Maggie.

Instead, she was building a new series of firsts with herself.

First time sleeping without her in their bed, not because one of them was on shift, but because…

First time trying to eat without her.

First time looking down at her left hand and wanting to burn everything to the ground because it was missing a ring, it was missing a promise, it was missing a full, happy life of firsts.

So when she sees the possum darting out onto the road before Kara does, she doesn’t react.

She doesn’t try to backseat drive.

Because she knows Kara will swerve. Hard.

Too hard.

And maybe, just maybe, if she’s lucky, hard enough.

Kara will be fine. The whole invincibility thing. And M’gann will be able to send J’onn another ship.

It’ll probably be salvageable, anyway. If it can survive the vacuum of space, it can certainly survive a possum-induced car crash, right?

But the car doesn’t crash.

She sighs.

Kara raises her eyebrows over her sunglasses at the lack of reprimand, at the utter lack of response from her sister.
She says nothing.

She says nothing, that is, until Alex makes that passing comment that really isn’t so passing. The one about not being too against getting into an accident.

But now Alex is driving, and that’s good. Now, it seems, she cares.

So Kara cranks up J’onn’s utterly shocking playlist, and they sing – badly – and they giggle – hysterically – until they can barely breathe, until they pull over, still laughing, to a rest stop to snack on sandwiches and Eliza’s chocolate pecan pie.

“Alex,” Kara asks with a mouthful of pie, having left all the sandwiches to her sister and gone right for the real prize. “What did you mean, back home? About an accident, and not… not being against one?”

Alex takes an overly large bite of her sandwich, then, and Kara recognizes the tactic as the one that buys her a few precious seconds to think, to calculate.

She takes an enormous gulp and squints before she speaks, carefully. “Doesn’t matter about accidents now, I’m driving, not you,” she tries to turn it into a joke, but Kara won’t have it.

“You remember when we were kids?” Alex starts suddenly, and Kara quiets and listens. Just listens, and loves, and arranges her face into one of empathy but not sympathy, caring but not panic, because that’s what Alex needs. “After we though Dad died, and then Kenny, and I didn’t… I didn’t see the point, you know? And sometimes, now, I don’t… after Maggie… it’s not… it’s not something I’d do anything about, you know, I don’t think. It’s just… a thought, sometimes. Almost… almost, maybe, a wish. That I didn’t have to do it anymore, feel anymore. Be responsible anymore. So sometimes it… sometimes it’s like a wish. Like… like if there was a passive way to be here one moment and gone the next, simple, I could just…”

She screws up her eyes and she shakes her head and Kara scoots closer to her. Alex leans into her offer of an embrace.

“But then I’d be leaving you. And then I’d be… I’ve gotten through it, you know? Every time. Every single one of them. Every terrible thought, every… every moment of giving up. So if I surrender to it, I just… I just know I can get through it, you know? Because I have before. Obviously I have, I’m here, so… I’m sorry, I’m not making any sense.”

Kara shakes her head and brushes stray strands of hair from Alex’s forehead. “You’re making perfect sense, actually. Is there… is there anything that I can do? In those moments? Anything you want, or need?”

“I don’t need a fuss. I don’t want pity and I don’t want… I just want… I just want you. To be there. To not force me to talk about it if I don’t… just… just be there. And for Rao’s sake, learn how to drive.”

Kara snorts, and Alex’s own dry laughter follows. “I’m sorry,” she says again, and Kara shakes her head again.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Alex. Nothing, okay? I’m here. Always. No matter what, alright? And I’m… I’m proud of you. For telling me, and for… for getting through. All those times you’ve gotten through.”
Alex’s eyes are shining with tears when she raises her head to meet her sister’s gaze.

“Yeah?” she asks, her voice broken but her heart somewhat hopeful.

“Always, Alex. I promise.”
Chapter 648

Chapter Summary

Failing Calculus, Telling Maggie
Note: in this version, the kid of color doesn’t die for the sake of white girl character development. In this version, Kenny lives on the come to their engagement party. Hells yes.

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

He doesn’t approach her because he has a massive crush on her little sister.

He doesn’t approach her because he wants anything from her.

He approaches her because he sees the light in her eyes when she’s alone and says hi to him, and he sees how dead they get when she’s with Josie and company. How cold. How different.

Different than when her father was alive.

Different than they were when she was inseparable from Vicki Donahue. Vicki from her calculus class. Vicki that he’d thought maybe, just maybe, she’d get together with, and then maybe, just maybe, he’d be brave enough to tell them that he’s bi, and maybe, just maybe, they’d have something other than Kara and general love of science to bond over.

Because he’s seriously lacking bonds with people at this school, and he sees what she’s like when she’s alone. She’s nicer. She’s lighter. She’s… kinder.

But she’s also always studying, always stressing. Always knowing the answer, always feeling the pressure of the next exam, the next project.

His parents don’t pressure him – they support him, yes, bought him his telescope, yes, but they don’t pressure him like he suspects Alex might be under pressure since Kara came, since her father died – but he wonders if she’s keeping her failure a secret because she can’t handle that pressure.

And if he knows anything about pressure, it’s that pressure forced into a small space tends to… well, explode.

“Alex,” he finds her at her locker one afternoon when she is, mercifully, alone.

“Kenny,” she smiles, and it’s almost like it was before her father died. When they sat together in chemistry class and high-fived over right answers and advanced formulas.

And suddenly he stammers, because he didn’t think through how, exactly, he was going to tell her.
“So um, listen. You know I don’t really have friends here except for your sister.”

She bites the inside of her cheek and nods slowly. “Yeah, I’m sorry, it’s… it’s stupid. You’re a good guy,” she taps her fist to his arm lightly, and he smiles.

“But look, I uh… because I’m not exactly drowning in friends, I notice things. And I uh… I noticed you seem to be having trouble in calc. And I thought, if you wanted, I could tutor you.”

He holds up his hands before she opens her mouth, before she can get defensive.

“Look look, I know, okay, I know you don’t want anyone to know, otherwise you’d be going to extra help and stuff, alright? There’s a spot, in the woods, okay? That I like to go look at the stars. It’s quiet, private.”

She raises her eyes, and he flaps his hands around like he’s trying to dissipate a layer of smoke.

“No, no, not that way, I’m not… no! Just… if you wanted help. Okay?”

And she sighs, and she looks around to make sure they haven’t been overheard, and she smiles.

Ten years later, she lays in Maggie’s arms, laughing about tutoring Adrian in physics, in calculus, how much Maggie loves how she looks in her glasses and her Princeton sweater, sprawled on the floor surrounded by equations and an air of pure, unabashed nerdiness.

“I wasn’t always good at calculus. I almost failed it, in high school, you know.”

Maggie gasps teasingly. “Alex Danvers, almost failing a class? What is this alternate universe?”

Alex nudges her with her shoulder, and Maggie nudges back before they both instinctively snuggle closer together.

“It was after we thought my dad died. After Vicki and I had our falling out. She was in my calculus class, that’s how we got close – “

“Tale as old as time, Danvers.”

“Oh hush. And when we – huh, that’s funny, I almost said broke up – when we had our falling out, I just… I couldn’t do it. And once I did poorly on that first test, I panicked, and it spiraled, and I just… you remember Kenny, from the engagement party?”

“The guy you said you and Kara had a little crime-stopping spree with? The one who had a huge crush on Danvers the Younger?”

Alex laughs and nods. “Yeah. That all got started, partially, because he tutored me in calc, on the sly. He never told a soul. Even today – notice he didn’t mention it at the engagement party.”

“Aww, that wonderful man, keeping my sweetie’s deep dark secret all these years.”

Alex laughs again, and they kiss, slow and sweet and smiling.

“Yes, he’s a good guy. And his boyfriend seems nice, right, you think?”

Maggie nods. “I mean the man gifted us with a line of unbreakable smoke detectors, so he’s definitely a keeper.”

“I still don’t know why Kara insists on telling everyone that story.”
“That story? You say like there’s only one? Danvers, if your sister’s kryptonite is… well… kryptonite… yours is a working smoke detector.”

“I can cook!”

“Okay, sweetie. I know. Come here,” Maggie teases, pulling Alex’s head into her chest as Alex giggles and squirms.

“Ooh, I like you there, actually.”

Alex promptly stops giggling.

“I can stay here,” she says, and her voice is at least an octave lower than it was a moment ago.

“Please do,” Maggie smirks, “And remind me to invite Kenny over for dinner. I wanna know what other teenage stories he knows about my beautiful fiancee.”
Chapter 649

Chapter Summary

Vicki and Alex, Then and Now
“Vicki actually being Alex’s best friend in the flash back…cause SG seems to have forgotten that part…” prompt from @supertworld and “Holy shit… alex running into vicki at the store and it turns out vicki’s gay, married, and maybe has a kid? and alex is just like “did everyone know before me’”’ from @kirstyn-loftus

Again, in this world, Kenny doesn’t die, because no. And Sanvers is together, because no.

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

Her house – her room – her bed – was Alex’s respite.

It was her break from responsibility, her vacation from grief, her sanctuary from angst.

At their sleepovers, Alex would feel things she couldn’t feel – wouldn’t acknowledge – elsewhere.

At school, Vicki was her constant companion.

If Kenny was Kara’s go-to in the cafeteria, Vicki was Alex’s go-to, everywhere.

“Alex,” was all she said before wrapping her in her arms when she heard Kenny’d been threatened. Because she knew what Alex had told no one else: that Kenny had been tutoring her. That Kenny was her friend.

“I’m fine. I mean, he’s fine. It’s fine, I’m fine – “

“Alex, you don’t have to be fine. You’re plenty tough,” she nudged her, and Alex felt herself blushing and had no idea why.

“You think so?” Alex stammered.

“I know so,” Vicki reassured her.

And when they’d found out about Josie, she’d gone with Alex to confront her. To see if she’s alright. To tell her it’s not her fault. To tell her that her feelings for him were real, but his violation of consent was also real. To tell her that they’d be there for her.

She’d been there with Alex when Josie had stormed out. When Alex had been left in the bathroom, shaking and trembling, because for the first time since Kara came, since her father died, she had something, someone, to fight for beyond her own grief and fear and resentment.
“Did we do the right thing?” she’d asked Vicki in tears, and Vicki had kicked at one of the stall doors and shrugged.

“Is there such a thing?” she’d responded, and Alex wondered if this is what she was supposed to feel for boys before pushing it down, down, down. Far, far down.

When everyone stopped talking to her – when she, Kenny, and Kara had exposed everyone’s favorite teacher for what he was, gotten their biggest football star suspended, everyone’s favorite neighborhood sheriff arrested – Vicki didn’t.

Vicki stayed.

She stayed and she held Alex’s hand under the lunch table, where she knew – because she knew Alex – that she would be worrying at her cuticles.

She stayed and she made Alex wonder if every girl feels this way about their best friend. This close, this warm, this… this.

She stayed and she gave Alex a new choker for no reason other than “I saw it and I thought of you” and she laughed at all her stupid jokes and she was nice to Kara and she was nice to Kenny and she was nice to cuddle up to in bed at their sleepovers.

She stayed, and even though years later – years after Alex had blown it to pieces, because Alex still lashes out when she’s terrified – she’s there, in the grocery store in Midvale, and the sight of her makes Alex’s stomach drop, after all these years.

“Babe, what – “ Maggie asks, but she sees Kara’s eyes fly wide, Eliza’s eyes fly wide, and she thinks she knows why.

“Vicki!” Alex confirms it, and Maggie bites on her lip to keep from grinning enormously. She glances at Kara and Eliza, and they look like they’re doing the same thing.

The woman Alex is approaching in the frozen food section nearly spills her purse, and Alex catches it easily, her reflexes smoother than her words.

“Alex. Alex Danvers,” Vicki says, and Maggie’s stomach somersaults when she hears her voice, because it’s low and it’s sexy and it’s lesbian catnip.

“Yeah, it’s me, uh… uh, hi! Hi, how – are you still living in Midvale? Not… not still, like to imply that you should have moved away or anything, I mean I just meant – “

“So you still ramble adorably when you’re nervous,” Vicki smiles and shakes her head, and Alex’s rambling sputters to a halt as Eliza, Maggie, and Kara all nearly choke with an effort to contain their laughter.

“She does,” Kara sweeps in to save her sister, and Vicki’s arms fly wide open when she sees her.

“Kara!”

Kara hugs her eagerly and holds her a little longer than she normally would, trying to give Alex as much time as she can to compose herself. Somewhat.

Eliza nudges her softly in the small of her back to help her along.

“Um, Vicki, I… we’re just here visiting my mom – “
“Hi Dr. Danvers.”

“Hello darling,” Eliza smiles, glancing at Maggie as though to prompt her eldest daughter as to how to be social.

“Oh, right, uh – Vicki, this um, this is Maggie, my fiancee.”

“Nice to meet you,” Maggie shakes hands warmly, but her stomach sinks again when she realizes that Alex is frowning, now.

“Wait, Vicki, you’re… you’re not surprised.”

“Um… by?”

Kara and Eliza nearly bury their faces in their palms.

“By… well… Maggie’s my… we’re engaged, she… we… I’m gay. A lesbian. I’m a lesbian, and I… you’re not surprised.”

Vicki squints and tilts her head, and Maggie decides she likes this woman.

“Alex, are you just… oh my god, did you not know? I thought… I thought you were just so out you never felt the need to say anything, that… that when I got a boyfriend and we started fighting over every little thing, you just… It’s not that I didn’t like you, by the way, I just… I wasn’t ready to be out as bi, but you… did you not know why you were so angry at me?”

“She didn’t,” Eliza grimaces with a smile, and Alex turns to her with her hands tossed into the air.

“Mom!”

“You didn’t, dear, not until recently.”

“I… it… did… did everyone know before I did?”

Vicki purses her lips. Eliza stares at the ground. Kara suddenly finds six different flavors of ice cream she just needs to have.

“I mean… babe. You do kind of… you are kinda obvious.”

“But you didn’t know!” Alex objects, pointing suddenly at Maggie like she’s the solution to a terribly difficult equation.

“I didn’t want to hope. There’s a difference, Danvers.”

“I… it… you… why… why didn’t anyone tell me?”

Vicki laughs. “If you’re in town for a while, maybe the three of us can grab dinner? You too, Kara, if you want? And we can all explain some things to you, Alex.”

“Wait,” Alex furrows her brow. “But you’re not… mad?”

“After all this time?” Vicki shrugs. “I missed you, Alex. Maybe now we can see if we still pass each other’s best friend exams.”

“You two had exams?” Maggie wants to know.
“Kara, dear, that’s more ice cream than can fit in the trunk,” Eliza chides gently, and Kara slumps her shoulders.

“Don’t worry, Little Danvers, I brought my car, too,” Maggie murmurs, and Kara brightens as Vicki laughs and leans into Alex.

“You picked a keeper, Alex,” she tells her, and Alex beams, because she knows.
Chapter 650

Chapter Summary

3x06, Rescored
in which Alex comes looking for Kara the night she’s in the woods with Kenny and
the three of them take down Collins together

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

Eliza had told her to watch Kara.

And of course Kara had snuck out.

She just wants to make my life miserable, she’d texted Vicki as she stormed out after her.

I don’t think she wants to, Alex. Little sisters are annoying. It’ll be okay. You’ll find her, and
neither of you will get in trouble.

Alex sighs and runs faster as she pockets her phone.

She finds them in her and Kenny’s spot. Exactly where she thought she’d find them, because Kara
might be the one with superhearing, but Alex can read her better than she’d care to admit, and Kara
had been positively reverberating with Kenny vibes before she’d left.

“What the hell, Kara?” she demands as both Kenny and Kara jump.

“Alex, what are you – “

“Oh my Ra– god, did you follow me?”

“Mom said to watch you, and you know who gets in trouble when you do something wrong. And,
guess what, it isn’t you. And good thing I found you, too, you two out here all alone at night! It
could be dangerous, something could happen, it – “

The sound of a gun cocking – something she’d only heard in movies before, but now so, so close to
her back – makes her stop. Makes Kenny yell and Kara nearly rip off her glasses.

Without turning around, Alex just shakes her head almost imperceptibly at Kara.

“You’re right, Alex Danvers. Something could happen. Three kids out here all alone at night. Up to
some mischief. Find an old gun. Pick it up, fool around with it. All three turn up dead in the
morning.”

Alex turns slowly at the sound of the voice behind her. “Sheriff Collins? What… what are you
“You, boy, is that the computer? Is that the damn telescope you’re using to try and ruin my life?”

Kara steps in front of Kenny as Collins’s gun wavers toward him. “Sheriff Collins, whatever Kenny has on his computer, I’m sure – ”

“You’re sure, are you? That we can all walk away from this calm and nice? I didn’t want to kill the boy, and I certainly don’t want to kill you girls. I’m quite fond of your mother, and, well, a triple homicide is harder to cover up than a single. Harder. But not impossible.”

Kenny steps forward before even Kara can react.

“It’s me you’re angry at. It’s me who saw what you did. The drugs you’re dealing.”

Kara and Alex exchange a wide-eyed glance.

“Go,” Alex mouths at Kara, hoping she’ll understand what she means.

She does.

Because while Kenny keeps Collins’s attention, while Alex steps beside Kenny, knees soft and ready to take a bullet for him if Kara doesn’t get there in time, Kara slips away behind the trees.

“I already emailed the pictures to everyone. So killing me would only point right back to you. But if that’s the way you want to do it, fine. Just let Kara and Alex go. They have nothing to do with this. And they’re good at keeping secrets. They’ll never tell.”

He nods to Alex when he says it, like he knows something he shouldn’t. Like there’s a deeper meaning to his words beyond asking a murderer to spare the lives of his friends.

Kara takes his words as her cue.

She super speeds out of the trees, from behind Collins, so he’ll never know it was her.

He’s unconscious before he hits the ground.

Alex wraps Kara in her arms harder than she ever has before, and Kenny beams as he watches, as they both reach out at the same time and pull him into their hug.

“How’d you know?” Kara asks, and Kenny nods toward his telescope.

“Don’t worry. I’d never tell. I promise, Alex.”

Alex squints as she pulls back from their hug.

“Why are you promising me?”

He grins. “Because you love your sister more than you give either of you credit for. I think you’d kill anyone who tried to hurt her. And I won’t. Promise.”

“You could have been hurt,” Kara grabs him back for a hug again.

“I knew you and Alex had my back. And even if you didn’t. Friends like you? It’d be worth it every time.”
“Same,” Alex smiles, nudging Kenny in the shoulder, and he smiles right back.

“So… what do we do now?” he asks, looking down at Collins, the three of them only realizing now that they’re shaking.

“I think it’s called a citizen’s arrest,” Alex smirks grimly down at the man brought down by the strength of teenage loyalty.
Chapter 651

Chapter Summary

Maggie’s Drive to Midvale
“Alex breaking down while home and Maggie comes after her” prompt from @lastbestplace and “Eliza calling Maggie to check on her post break up. What if Eliza reveals she also never wanted kids (Jeremiah did) but her perspective changed when she had Alex? Maggie shows up in Midvale to make things right and get Alex back.” from @crimson-archangel and “how maggie got through her first night without alex (i know. sorry.)” from @freewillandphysics

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

She’s drunk.

She’s too drunk to drive and she’s almost too drunk to sling words together, let alone put one foot in front of the other.

She’s heard through the grapevine that Kara whisked Alex off to Midvale.

She would take her bike out there right now if she wasn’t sure she’d crash it. If she wasn’t sure it would be completely disrespectful of Alex’s obvious desire to not be with her.

Completely disrespectful of Alex’s choice to leave her behind. To abandon her for the sake of something, someone, she doesn’t even have yet, might not even want for years now.

She orders another round.

Her phone buzzes.

Her heart leaps, because maybe it’s Alex. Maybe it’s Alex, calling to tell her that she loves her, that she’s changed her minds, that we should kiss the girls we wanna kiss and she wants to kiss…

It’s not Alex.

It’s Alex’s mother.

Maggie fumbles to press the magical green button that will bring her a little bit closer to Alex. Alex’s stubbornness, her persistence, her brilliance. Her cold streak, her warmth, all mixed together.

She fumbles to press it, fast, because god, no, please say nothing’s happened to Alex, that nothing’s wrong, that –
“Dr. Danvers, is everything alright? Is Alex okay? Kara?”

There’s a slight silence on the other end, and Maggie frowns at her phone, like it’s offended her, like it caused Eliza to butt dial her, like –

“You’re going to have to say that again, Maggie dear, I’m afraid I couldn’t understand you.”

Maggie puts her finger in her opposite ear like that will help Eliza hear better.

No.

No, that’s not it. She must have been slurring. All that alcohol.

Dammit.

She tries again, repeating herself, slower this time, more intentional.

“Yes, yes, the girls are safe, no one’s hurt. I was… I was actually calling about you, sweetie. I wanted to see if you’re with someone who can take care of you. But you… you sound like you’re alone. With a bottle of the same thing Alex is glued to right now.”

She says that last part more to herself than to Maggie, but Maggie hears, and her heart shreds.

“You didn’t have to call, Dr. Danvers, you… you have your own kids to take care of – “

“Just because you and Alex don’t think you can work it out doesn’t mean you’re no longer a daughter to me, Maggie.”

She nearly starts sobbing at the sentiment, but something in the detective part of her brain slows her emotions. She squints. She tilts her head. She leans into her phone almost desperately.

“Don’t think we can work it out? Why? You… do you think we do?”

She hears Eliza chuckle softly, and she wonders if she said something funny.

“Just as sharp as Alex always says you are, even brimming with alcohol.” She hears her sigh, and it reaches her ear like a loud gust of wind. She nearly drops her phone, but she hangs onto it like a lifeline.

“Dr. Danvers – “

“You’re the only person who knows what’s best for you, Maggie. And I respect you not wanting children. I respect it quite a lot more than you might expect. And I would never want to try and change your mind.”

“But…” Maggie supplies, not knowing if she’s annoyed, angry, or hopeful for the first time since she and Alex had made love for the last time.

The last time.

She nearly chokes on a sob.

“But,” Eliza sighs. “I didn’t… I didn’t want children. Alex was… well, we didn’t conceive on purpose, but Jeremiah wanted a child so badly, and when… I’ve never loved anyone or anything as powerful as I love the woman you’re drinking over right now. And I’m not… I’m not saying that to guilt you, Maggie, or to… I didn’t even intend to say any of this when I called you, but I… you fit
together. Your values align. Your goals.”

“Our goals? She wants… she wants PTA meetings and brownies and… and mom stuff!” Maggie splutters, agonized, and Eliza sighs again, but softer this time.

“That’s not all there is to being a parent. And fostering is… taking in Kara was… no. No, no no no, I’m sorry, Maggie. I didn’t call to convince you of anything any which way, I genuinely called to see if you need anything, if I can do anything. Where are you? Are you home? You sound like you’re at a bar. Can I call you a cab, please? Will you let me do that for you, Maggie dear?”

She does.

She does let her, because she suddenly feels an urgent need to be home. Well, on her work partner’s couch, anyway.

Because she needs to sleep off this drunken stupor. Sleep it off enough to drive.

Because in the morning, that’s exactly what she does.

Drives.

Drives her motorcycle miles and miles and miles, coffee staving off a hangover and nerves keeping her alert.

Alex is on the porch with Eliza and Kara when she gets there.

Her eyes are red and swollen, like she only fell asleep come morning. Like she’s been crying. Like she’s been drinking as much as Maggie has.

She rushes her park job and she tugs off her helmet and she notes vaguely that Eliza is smiling and that Kara looks ready to throw her beyond Saturn, but she only has eyes for Alex.

Alex, who’s dropped her mug of coffee.

Alex, whose eyes are flooded with fresh tears.

Alex, whose jaw is nearly on the porch.

Alex.

The love of her life.

The woman she wants to marry, the woman she wants to be her forever.

The woman whose name burns in her blood and whose laughter courses through her veins.

“I heard everything you said,” she starts, and Alex walks down from the porch, toward her, like she’s in a trance.

And maybe she is.

Maybe they both are.

“I heard everything you said, about how we can’t be together. About you wanting – needing – to be a mom. And I know you heard me. About how it’s not some trauma issue, how I’m not going to change my mind. And if… if this is crossing too many boundaries, if my being here is harming
your healing, I’ll go. I’ll disappear, and you will never see me again.”

Both of their eyes burn with the memories of old words, new. Healed wounds, fresh.

“But if you give me just two minutes of your time, I – “

“Two minutes,” Alex interrupts her, her voice cracked, her eyes blazing, her arms crossed over her chest and her lips moist.

“I know how badly you wanna be a mom. And I respect that. I… it’s not what I expected, but I love that about you. That you want to… Alex, I love everything about you. But we didn’t… we got so wrapped up in what we can’t do that we didn’t get wrapped up in what we could do. You being a mom and us being together but the kid being yours, unless… unless maybe getting to know the kid… your kid… would get me feeling otherwise, and we decided… Or fostering. Maybe teenagers, or older kids, maybe that would feel different to me than raising a baby. I know you made your decision, and I respect it, Alex, I respect you, I just… I just wanted to ask one more time, if we could… I don’t wanna give up on us, babe, I – “

But the rest of her words are lost on Alex’s lips, on Alex’s tongue, on Alex’s hands in her hair and Alex’s tears on her cheeks.

“I love you,” Alex is whispering into her mouth, over and over and over and over, and Maggie is whispering the same, over and over and over and over.

Kara hugs Eliza, back on the porch, and when Maggie finally opens her tear-streaked eyes, finally glances past Alex’s face to those of her family – their family – all she sees are smiles that are welcoming her home.
Proposing Again
“Instead of breaking up last episode, Alex and Maggie took a step back from their relationship so Alex can think about what she wants. Alex goes home to Midvale with Kara to do that and when she returns to National City, gets back together with Maggie. Maybe Alex took their engagements rings and proposes again to reaffirm her love for Maggie too.” prompt from @starblaze-knight

Maggie tells her to take the rings with her.
“I’m all in, Alex. I want to spend my life with you. You know that. But if you decide,” she fights to keep her voice steady as she says it, “that we can’t be together, just… keep them, give them away, I don’t know. I just can’t…”

She swallows thick tears that won’t stop but also won’t fall from her eyes.
“But if you… want me…” Her voice finally breaks.
“I do,” Alex nearly sobs. “I do want you, Maggie.”

Maggie shakes her head and steps away from Alex’s attempt at comfort. “If you decide you want me more than anything else. Bring them home with you.”

She doesn’t specify what she means by home.

Because, technically, Alex is going home to Midvale.

But they both know she means home to National City. Home to her.

And it’s in Midvale that Alex thinks.

That Alex paces and surfs and drinks and paces and surfs and drinks some more.

She agonizes with Eliza and she rants to Kara and she calls J’onn and she facetimes Lucy and she grabs lunch with Kenny Lee to get her mind off things.

She’s in the ocean – out so deep Kara can only see her clearly with her super vision – when it hits her.

That all those experiences she talked about wanting?
She wants them with Maggie.

And if she can’t have them with Maggie…

She catches the last set of waves that bring her to shore.

“We need to go back,” she tells Kara the moment she slings her board underneath her arm. “We need to go back.”

She texts Maggie to meet at their place, and for a moment, Maggie thinks the bar.

But she knows better. She knows Alex better.

She heads to the airport, and flashes her badge to gain access to the tarmac.

Their tarmac.

Her jurisdiction.

Definitely her jurisdiction.

“No, it’s not,” a voice makes her jump, but it’s softer than the first time she heard it, in this very spot. She turns, and Alex’s eyes, too, are softer.

“Not what?” Maggie whispers, her voice trembling, her voice nervous, terrified, and just this side of hopeful.

“Not your jurisdiction,” Alex smiles softly, and Maggie tilts her head, hope starting to win out over terrified.

“You go to Midvale and come back a mind reader, Danvers?” she quips, and Alex just steps into her space and takes her by the hands.

“I went to Midvale and came back knowing what I want my life to be,” she tells her, soft and clear and watery.

She sinks to one knee, and Maggie’s chest wracks with a single sob.

“Maggie Sawyer. I never imagined what the perfect person for me would be like, because I didn’t imagine she existed. But now? Now, I know that she’s smart, and tough, and so, so beautiful. She raises gorgeous bonsai trees and she commits her life to keeping other people safe. She’s brave and she’s independent and she’s the best kisser on this or any planet. She’s the most brilliant woman I’ve ever met, and the kindest, the most patient.”

“So, you went to Midvale and met yourself a girl?”

“Maggie,” Alex breathes. “You. You’re smart, and you’re tough, and you’re so, so beautiful. You raise gorgeous bonsai trees and you commit your life to keeping other people safe. You’re brave and you’re independent and you’re the best kisser on this or any planet. You’re the most brilliant woman I’ve ever met. The kindest. The most patient. And I know I require a lot of patience. But Maggie, I… I went home to Midvale to realize I left my home in National City. You. You’re my home. You’re my home, and I want to have… I want to have that lifetime of firsts with you. I’m sure. I’m sure, and I’m not going to run. I might panic, but I won’t run. I love you, Mags. I’m in love with you. So please. If you’ll have me. If you want me. Maggie Sawyer, will you marry me?”

Her normally steady hands tremble when she takes Maggie’s ring out of her pocket, and Maggie’s
smile, Alex decides, can light up the cosmos.

“Yes, Alex Danvers. Yes, yes, yes,” she murmurs, the last yes disappearing into Alex’s mouth as she stands, as they kiss, as they intertwine fingers and intertwine souls.

Again, and forever.
Chapter 653

Chapter Summary

Her Childhood Bed
“sanvers smut in Alex childhood room.” prompt from @lastbestplace and “eliza and/or kara catching Maggie and Alex getting frisky in the childhood bed” from @letsrewhcavoc and “Maybe Maggie sees a pic of teenage Alex wearing That Choker and That Vest and gently teases Alex about how gay she was” from @ahhveee

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it
the obligatory smut chapter

Alex practically bounces on the balls of her feet throughout the entire grand tour she gives Maggie of Eliza’s house in Midvale.

Her surfing equipment, taking up half the garage – always ready for her to use when she comes home, which she fully plans on doing in the morning – all the pictures of her that make Alex blush and that make Maggie hold her closer and kiss her all over her face.

“Oh, sweetie, that little vest and that little choker? You were such a tiny lesbian,” she teases softly as she peppers her face, her neck, with soft kisses that make Alex blush, that make Alex swoon, that make Kara distinctly look elsewhere and that make Eliza smile to see her daughter so well cared for, so thoroughly loved.

She gets somber as she shows Maggie some of Jeremiah’s old things.

The chair where she used to curl up in his lap when she was small.

The table where he helped her learn to read.

The spot on the roof where sometimes, he would crawl out of the girls’ bedroom window to stargaze with them after Eliza had gone to sleep.

Maggie holds her, then, too, and kisses her then, too.

“I love you,” she reminds her, and Alex melts into her arms.

“I love you too,” she returns, and her voice is lower than she intended it to be, but when she catches Maggie’s eyes wandering up and down her body, she doesn’t mind at all.

She’s spent a respectable amount of time fawning over Alex’s childhood posters and photos and books, after all.
She’s shown endless fascination with all things Alex, with all things little Alex, with all things about Alex’s life.

And now that they’re alone in her childhood bedroom, she doesn’t mind in the slightest that Maggie is showing interest in… other aspects… of her.

“Maggie, I used to sleep in here with Kara!” she teases as she shuts the door, and Maggie immediately backs off.

“No, no, hey, I was flirting, I… I don’t want you to stop,” Alex clarifies, and Maggie’s grin returns.

“I don’t see Kara here now,” she picks up where she left off.

“Well, she’s on all these pictures on the walls here,” Alex bites her bottom lip in mock innocence as she walks backward toward her bed and slips off her sweater.

“The only person I see is you,” Maggie murmurs, pausing only to make sure Alex nods eagerly before kissing her soundly.

Alex moans immediately into Maggie’s mouth, but she resists when Maggie goes to push her down onto the bed.

“I’m sorry – “ Maggie starts immediately, but Alex shakes her head.

“Oh, we’ll get to my bed. Just… reading nook first,” she bites her lip again, and Maggie practically growls at the sight.

Alex giggles as she pulls Maggie backward into her old reading nook, as Maggie braces one hand on a bookshelf behind Alex and holds her by the waist with her other.

“This good?” she confirms again, and Alex swoons at her concern.

“Please,” she affirms, and nearly drowns in Maggie’s kiss.

It’s open-mouthed and it’s hard and it’s fast and it’s full-body contact, because learning all these new parts of Alex has only been making Maggie feel closer to her, but somehow not close enough, never close enough.

Alex rolls her hips and tilts her head back helplessly as she opens her legs for Maggie’s thigh, gasping sharply in the beginnings of ecstasy before Maggie mutes the sound with her lips.

“Gotta be quiet, Danvers,” she grins wickedly, and of course it only serves to make Alex all the louder.

“Maggie,” she pleads, and Maggie takes pity on her.

“Bed?” she asks, because she knows she’s going to need every resource she has to muffle Alex’s screams, and she wants to make sure she’s pressed against something soft to do it.

“Yes please,” Alex pants, and Maggie taps her outer thighs and Alex automatically jumps slightly, giggling and moaning all at the same time at the way Maggie lifts her like she’s nothing and carries her over to her bed.

She lays her down gentle and she lays her down tender.

“You never made love with anyone in this bed?” she asks, even though she’s pretty sure she knows
Alex shakes her head, and Maggie kisses her eyes softly.

“We can stop whenever you want,” Maggie reminds her, and Alex shakes her head again.

“Then let’s never stop,” she whispers, pulling Maggie down by her collar for a soft, deep kiss.

It’s Maggie who moans this time, at the fullness of their connection, the depth of their kiss, the openness of Alex’s body underneath hers.

“Make love to me, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex whispers into her ear, and Maggie bites gently into Alex’s shoulder to keep from moaning her name.

Alex gasps out in pleasure, and Maggie raises her head immediately.

“Babe, shhhh,” she giggles, and Alex’s eyes are smoldering, and Maggie’s eyes are absolutely wrecked.

“Make me,” Alex tempts, so Maggie does.

Sometimes, with her lips, and sometimes, when Alex tells her she wants it, with her hand pressed gently over her mouth.

Alex asks for Maggie to keep her hand over her mouth while she’s going down on her, while she’s eating her out with a heady combination of raw enthusiasm and tenderness, and Alex squirms, ecstatic, pliant, wrecked, under Maggie’s diligent attention, the intentional swirls of her tongue and the deliberate curve of her fingers buried deep inside her.

They’re doing well enough at keeping quiet, so they’re both disoriented when a small scream hits their ears from the doorway.

“Kara!” Alex yells as Maggie hurriedly wipes her face on her own shoulder. Alex’s voice is tinged with irritation, but the next word out of her mouth is full of something else, something high pitched. Something mortified and somewhat panicked.

“Mom!”

“Well, it was bound to happen one day. I’m just glad it didn’t happen when you were a teenager. Dinner’s ready, girls. If you’re still hungry, that is, Maggie sweetie,” Eliza arches an eyebrow as she turns from her daughters and heads back down the stairs.

Whether Kara, Alex, or Maggie blushed harder is a topic of debate for years to come.
Chapter Summary

Sanvers and Supercorp Roadtrip to Midvale
“Well since sanvers never broke up and Supercorp is canon can we have a double date drive to Midvale with adorable singing and general fun times in the car. Or a stargazing double date with the telescope?” prompt from @ownyourstage and “i second @ownyourstage request. i missed supercorp and obviously sanvers, also there wasn’t enough gay in this episode” from @softlena and “omg i second @ownyourstage supercorp sanvers double date roadtrip please and thankyou” from @syllabicacronyms

Chapter Notes

3x06 fix it

“Someone’s going to explain to J’onn why you three hacked his music system with 90s girl power pop when we get back, right?” Lena wants to know, leaning casually into Kara’s arms, her feet dangling slightly off the side of the door as she and her girlfriend sprawl across the back seat while Alex drives, her arm around her fiancee in the front.

“Um, yeah, Lena, here’s the thing,” Alex calls over the blaring Spice Girls tunes. “This is all J’onn’s music. Britney, No Doubt, all of it.”

Lena sits up straight at that and she shoves the back of Alex’s shoulder gently.

“You don’t have to lie to me because I’m a Luthor, Agent Danvers,” she teases, but Maggie turns in her seat to grin at her sister-in-law’s girlfriend.

“Nope. Not lying. It’s entirely true, Lena. Although we’ll probably both get our DEO privileges, and possibly even our girlfriend privileges, revoked if we ever speak of this to anyone, so… you know… mum’s the word.”

Lena’s face splits into a wide grin, then. “Well, you know what we have to do then. Live it up while we’re out here on the open road,” she smiles, because she’s never had a road trip with a group of friends, let alone a group of her girlfriend and their family, and this is…

This is amazing.

So when they all laugh and high five and let the wind flow through their hair and guide their fingers through the highway’s currents, none of them care that they’re singing off key or that they all – except Kara, maybe – have reputations to uphold.

They just care that they’re together.
It continues late that night, after Eliza has gone to bed, when they all crawl through Alex’s window and out onto the roof, Kara wrapping a blanket around Lena and Maggie helping Alex carry four steaming mugs of hot chocolate.

Lena lays back into Kara’s arms, and Alex into Maggie’s, as they trace the Milky Way onto each other’s bodies with their fingers, as they count the shooting stars with their souls, as they listen to Kara’s stories of Krypton with their entire beings.

“When I was a kid, I’d drive out for hours in my pickup, and when I got too tired to drive back, I’d lay out in the back and just watch the stars until I fell asleep. Always alone, though. Never like this.”

“Never with Eliza’s perfect hot chocolate,” Kara grins, and Lena kisses her hand.

“True,” Maggie grins, clinking her mug with Kara’s. “And never with family.”

Alex snuggles deeper into her, and the two couples shift closer together, all their eyes trained on the stars above, all their hearts beating with each other’s.

Lena and Alex are the first to fall asleep, and for a long time, Kara and Maggie lay there and stroke the hair of the women they love, holding them close and keeping them wrapped in warm blankets and warm feelings.

Maggie falls asleep next, her head drooped onto Kara’s shoulder and a small smile on her lips.

Kara gently flies them all into the bedroom softly before collecting their mugs and heading in herself, pausing to glance up at the rest of the universe with glistening eyes and, for once, a peaceful heart.

“Thank you,” she whispers in the first spoken language she ever learned, and she swears she sees that stars twinkle in response.
Chapter 655

Chapter Summary

“Sara and “wow, Kara didn’t mention you were so gorgeous *winks*” prompt from @ohhsoadorkable and “Okay but newly married Alex meeting Sara and Sara flirts because of course she does. And Alex is all ”you’re very sweet but I have a wife” queue blushing and smiling as she thinks of said wife” prompt from @ownyourstage

Kara asked if Maggie and Alex wanted to make a double wedding a triple wedding.

She asked, and Cisco was so enthusiastically supportive of the idea that he nearly blew their comms out.

But Alex stammered and Maggie froze, and Kara smiled, correctly interpreting their hesitation as the desire for something smaller, something more intimate.

Well, as small and intimate as Eliza Danvers would allow it to be, anyway.

So by the time the Superfriends are heading through the Cisco-generated portal to Iris and Felicity’s double wedding, Alex and Maggie already have matching wedding bands to go along with their engagement rings.

“We meet at last, I feel like I already know you!” Cisco beams, pulling a baffled but pleased Alex in for a hug and Maggie right along after her.

“Kara says you turn her hardcore badass sister to mush, I like you already,” he grins, and Maggie holds Alex’s hand tighter, because god, is this what it feels like to have an extended family that loves you unconditionally, just for being… you?

Because it feels overwhelming, and it feels amazing.

They wade through it together – Iris’s warm hugs and Felicity’s flirtatious rambling and Barry’s awkward enthusiasm and Caitlin’s eager science talk – and frankly, both of them are somewhat relieved by Dig’s warmth mixed with reserve and thoughtful quiet, and Oliver’s just… reserve and thoughtful quiet.

Maggie leaves Alex’s side only once through meeting everyone – to grab them both more drinks – because Alex seems fine with Oliver, taking a break from the intense and intensely welcoming socializing to just watch and drink and brood, but happily so.

It’s while Maggie’s getting their drinks that Sara Lance arrives, because somehow having a time machine doesn’t make the Legends any more prone to being… well, on time.

Kara announces their arrival with a squeal, and Oliver raises his eyebrows as they both turn to watch her sister wrap Sara and Amaya and Jax in an enormous, rib-crushing hug.

“My little sister’s a hugger, too,” Oliver grins to himself, nodding over at Thea, and Alex grins.

“Someone’s gotta be, huh?”
They clink their nearly empty bottles together amiably, both holding in a chuckle – and Alex, an already rising blush – as Kara practically drags Sara over to them.

“And Sara, this is my sister, Alex – Alex, Sara’s captain of the Waverider, she says she can give you a tour if you want.”

Sara arches her eyebrow and gives Alex a twisted grin accompanied by a slow once-over as they come to a halt in front of her and Oliver.

“I can offer more than a tour if you’re willing, Danvers the Elder,” she extends her hand, and she keeps Alex’s eyes while they shake.

Alex gulps. Sara’s smirk deepens.

“Kara’s told me a lot about you, but she uh… she never mentioned you were gorgeous.”

Alex gulps again as Kara’s eyes bug out of her head and Oliver clears his throat.

“Oh, hush, Ollie, you can’t be jealous, you’re about to marry Felicity Smoak,” Sara teases as she pulls him down for a giant bear hug.

“No, it’s not that, Sara, I – “

“You’re very sweet,” Alex saves Oliver the stammering, and Sara’s eyes glisten as she hears her voice for the first time. “But I…” She smiles like she’s the happiest woman in the world, and the badass Kara has told Sara so much about practically squirms in shy pride. “I have a wife,” she holds up her left hand like she’s not quite used to the word, not quite used to the reality that’s making her look like she’s floating.

Sara drops her jaw and tilts her head at Kara. “Didn’t mention that part, kid,” she murmurs with a growing smile on her face.

“Well yeah, because I was too busy telling you all the other cool things about her!” Kara quips back, pretending to be scandalized as she adjusts her glasses. Oliver snorts into his beer and Alex blush only increases as Maggie returns with drinks for them all.

“Saw your sister came by so I figured I’d get for everyone,” she says as she passes them out.

“Maggie Sa – Danvers. Maggie Danvers,” she blushes her own blush as she offers Sara both a drink and a handshake.

Dig passes by and claps Oliver on the back as he chokes on his drink, and Sara grins broadly.

“Sara Lance. I’ve heard incredible things about your wife from her sister, and I’m sure there’s a lot of incredible things to hear about you, too. I can give you both a tour of the Waverider, if you’d like,” she offers, and Kara groans as Oliver continues to choke and Alex continues to blush.

Maggie glances back and forth between her wife and Sara for a moment before accurately detecting, and promptly grinning her own sideways grin.

She slips her free hand into Alex’s and their fingers lace.

Kara flies away before she can hear their answer – something about needing to challenge Barry to a
race far, far away from here – and Oliver just grins as his friends stroll off together, talking and laughing and, on Alex’s part, blushing a whole lot.

“Some family we’ve put together here, huh Oliver?” John grins, his hand still on Oliver’s shoulder.

“Who would’ve thought?”
Chapter 656

Chapter Summary

In Front of My Time Machine
“Sara lance totally catches sanvers getting frisky in the wave rider

Gideon tries to tell them that they might want to exercise caution when engaging in intimate activities in the armory of a ship that isn’t theirs.

Alex tries to tell Gideon where she can shove her advice, but Maggie drowns her rudeness with her lips.

“Fuck,” Alex rolls her hips helplessly, and Maggie can’t help but agree.

“Futuristic weapons on a time machine? Glad to know what gets you off most effectively, Danvers,” Maggie teases as she works her fingers beneath her jeans, as she works her lips down her throat.

Alex pulls back and Maggie stills with caution, but Alex just grins wickedly and spins them around, so Maggie is the one with her back against the cold metal wall of Sara Lance’s ship.

“You,” she corrects, with lust in her voice and love in her eyes. “You get me off most effectively, Sawyer.”

And Maggie, now, is the one writhing, the one desperately melting under her wife’s hands, her wife’s lips, her wife’s teeth and tongue and short, hot breath in her ear.

“And you’re going to come for me, aren’t you, Mags? In this room full of futuristic weapons on a time machine?”

“Mmm, Danvers, you know I love when you talk dirty to me,” Maggie grins headily, and Alex bites her lip as she looks around them.

“Looks like that one has a positronic base, probably used to destabilize the core of more advanced weapons,” Alex husks into her ear, and Maggie moans helplessly.

“You can tell that by looking at it?” she asks, and Alex chuckles mercilessly as she nips at her neck.

“You can tell what a suspect’s gonna do just by looking at him, I’d say that’s pretty sexy, too, Sawyer,” she murmurs, and Maggie scrapes at her back to bring her body closer, closer, closer.

“More, Alex,” she begs, and there’s that chuckle again, and just when her knees are about to give out, Alex braces her body with her thigh between her legs, with one arm wrapped tight around her waist.

“More of this,” she grinds into her, hard. “Or more of this?” she licks at Maggie’s ear lobe, and Maggie tosses her head back, but Alex’s hand is already there, already protecting her.
“Both?” she asks, desperate and destroyed, in all the best ways, by the feel of Alex’s body, the sound of Alex’s voice.

And now by… the sound of… Sara Lance’s?

“Well, I’ve gotta say this isn’t what I had in mind when I said I’d give you both a tour, but I’ve also gotta say I’m not upset about it.”

Alex squeaks a little and Maggie swallows a groan of frustration, of need, of heat, as she and Alex somehow disentangle.

“No need to stop on my account,” Sara smirks, her pupils dilating and her lips moist and parted just so.

“Sorry,” Alex murmurs as she zips up her jeans and tries in vain to make her hair somewhat presentable.

“I… your ship is… cool.”

Sara laughs deep in the back of her throat. “You sound like your tech guy. Winn, right? It’s cute.”

Maggie didn’t think her wife could get any redder, but Rao, apparently she can, because she does.

“Can we make it up to you, Sara? A tour of the DEO, back on our Earth?” Maggie offers, and Alex nods, because J’onn grumbles about it, but she knows how much he secretly loves adopting more children.

“I’d absolutely love that,” Sara grins, and even though Kara is nowhere within earshot, Alex can practically hear her rolling her eyes and muttering to herself about the curse of superhearing and x-ray vision.
“Absolutely not,” she tells him, and she hopes to god he doesn’t pout.

He does.

“Maggie, it’s a Bulbasaur. C’mon, you know how much I love Bulbasaur, you know he’s basically my Patronus. Like… all watery and stuff?”

“Watery and stuff?”

“I don’t have time to get philosophical, Maggie, come on!”

“Ade, your mom will murder me – quite possibly literally – if she has to pick us up from the precinct for trespassing tonight. And I don’t think Pokemon Go counts as a legal defense in court.”

“Mags, you’re not a cop yet. You don’t have to always uphold the law. Pleaaaaaaassee?”

“Oh no, don’t you dare do the – “

But his puppy eyes have already been whipped out, and Maggie is utterly defenseless.

She looks left.

She looks right.

They’re a little too close to suburbia than she’s comfortable with, but hey, maybe that increases the chances that no one will be home. That no one will catch them… as they catch… a… Bulbasaur.

She sighs and braces her knees and cups her hands together.

“Go,” she murmurs, because she knows it won’t last long, but just for this summer, she’s still taller than him. So she’s the one who will boost him over the fence.

And when he steps into her cupped hands and tugs himself up, a gleaming grin on his face, the last thing she expects is for him to… squeal.

But squeal he does.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to – I was just – ” she hears, and she launches herself over the fence before anyone can hurt him, before anyone can –
“He was just playing Pokemon Go, it’s my fault, I’m so sorry it – whoa! I – I’m sorry,” her voice changes as her stomach lurches, because there’s a girl – a very, very, very gorgeous girl – wearing very, very, very little, sprawled out on a beach chair, physics text book in very, very sexy hands.

Maggie does exactly what Adrian does and spins around, facing the fence with her eyes squeezed shut and her hands somewhat raised.

“I’m sorry, honest, it’s my fault, I’m supposed to be taking care of him, he just… he saw a Bulbasaur in your yard and I was stupid, I thought – “

“Hey, no, it’s… I’m not going to call the police or anything, if that’s what you’re worried about,” the girl says, and Maggie opens her eyes and catches Adrian’s terrified glance.

“You’re not?” they both ask, neither of them turning around.

“No, of course not. You’re just a kid, and you… you’re… you can turn around, you know,” the girl says, and they do, slowly, slowly, slowly.

“I’m really sorry,” Adrian blurts, and Alex nods toward his hand. Toward his phone.

“Did you catch him?”

“What?”

“Bulbasaur. I mean, it seems cruel to catch them and put them in such little capsules and then make them fight for you, but I mean hey, at least it’s fiction, right?”

Adrian shrugs sheepishly. “That’s what Maggie’s always saying. But I just think they’re cute. I don’t want them to fight for me, I just want to be friends,” he shrugs again, holding his phone up and scanning her yard.

He suddenly yelps victoriously, and the girl – her eyes on Maggie – jumps slightly.

“Come on Bulbasaur! Yes!!!!” He yelps some more and he jumps up and down, his eyes glowing brightly. “Mags, look!” he can’t help himself, and he barely even notices when the girl – now with a sleeveless flannel on – walks up to look at Bulbasaur, too.

But Maggie notices.

Maggie notices everything this girl does.

“Nice job, man!” the girl puts up her hand, and Adrian slaps it gamely.

“I’m Alex,” she introduces herself to them both, but her eyes are on Maggie’s. “Would you like a drink or something? For your trouble?”

“For the trouble of hopping your fence?” Maggie asks, both attracted and skeptical.

The girl – Alex – giggles, and Maggie’s skepticism melts.

“For the trouble of catching – or, uh, befriending – a rare Pokemon.”

“Can we, Maggie?” Adrian pleads, still flushed with victory.

Alex extends her fingertips, and when they meet Maggie’s, both girls gasp slightly as Adrian grins knowingly.
“Yeah, sure kid. Why not?” Maggie agrees, because she doesn’t automatically trust many people, but there’s something about this girl.

Something about this girl that she knows she already loves.
Chapter 658

Chapter Summary

Coming Back to You (Part 2)

Summary: “alex has a kid on her own (u choose how) and meets maggie again later and they slowly get back together” prompt from @thebiwisebrownkid

Alex had been right: Maggie did get cold after stripping off her oversized jacket and putting it around Alex’s shoulders.

She did get cold, but that cold isn’t the reason she’s shaking.

“Are you a policeperson?” Kim asks out of nowhere as they walk through the rain, and Maggie looks down at her, startled before she realizes she probably shouldn’t be startled at all.

“And why would you think that?” she asks her as Alex runs a hand through her own wet hair and Maggie tries not to break, tries to keep her attention on the child with Alex’s eyes and apparently, with Alex’s sharp mind.

The child that was just an idea when they broke up, but is very, very real now.

Very, very real now, and holding both Maggie and Alex’s hands, strolling through the rain like it’s the most natural thing in the world.

Maggie’s never been more grateful for the protective covering of raindrops on her face.

“Well,” Kim squints and tilts her head, just like her mother.

Maggie’s heart lurches with an acute kind of pain she hasn’t felt in so many years. Because she hasn’t felt much of anything in so many years.

“You’re not wearing your badge, but your jeans have a little mark where a badge would go. And your eyes keep going everywhere like you’re trying to notice everything on the street all at the same time. So you could be a soldier or you could be an agent like Mommy or you could be a cop. I think cop because you don’t walk all stiff like that soldier Mommy dated last year.”

“Kimmy,” Alex groans softly, and Maggie forces herself to keep all her attention on the child, the child, not… not… anything else.

“And it seems like Mommy’s already training you to be a secret agent, huh?” she tries to keep her voice even, and she hopes Alex doesn’t hear it trembling.

“She says I can be anything! Last week I wanted to make new computer programs like Uncle Winn, but this week I think I might want to take pictures like Uncle Jimmy.” The girl shrugs gamely. “Can you fly me again?”

So they do, counting back from three and swinging their arms out so Kim’s feet leave the ground, both grateful for a five-year-old’s rapid changing of conversational pace, both grateful for her
joyful shrieks so they don’t risk hearing each other’s pain.

And again, Maggie almost runs.

Because Alex looks… it suits her.

Being a mom.

Somehow, unexpectedly, it suits her, and Maggie is lost in the last time they made love, lost in the last time they danced, the last time that Alex said she loved her, but it wasn’t enough, she wasn’t enough, she was never enough –

And suddenly Alex’s hands are bracing on her upper arms, and suddenly her face is so close to hers, and Maggie almost forgets everything, almost forgets the interceding years, almost forgets the numbness and the mindless sex and the endless scotch and the constant overtime at work, because Alex Danvers is within kissing distance and Alex Danvers is –

“Maggie, you’re shaking,” she’s saying, and Maggie has to blink several times to process what the sounds passing through her lips mean. “You’re shaking all over, I told you you’d get cold, here – “

“No, Danvers, it’s fine, keep it on, I – “

“Maggie – “

“Alex – “

“Please.”

Their eyes lock in a battle that has absolutely nothing to do with the cold, but everything to do with the actual reason Maggie is shaking.

And then Maggie’s phone vibrates.

Of course it does.

Her stomach sinks as she and Alex jump apart, as they both chuckle humorlessly because sometimes, things never change.

“Captain Sawyer,” she answers crisply, and she chances a glance at Alex’s face.

She’s rewarded with the way Alex’s eyes widen with surprise and with pride and with something that looks – or used to look – like arousal.

Maggie dismisses that as a possibility, because no, because she wasn’t enough then, all the promotions in the world wouldn’t be enough to make her enough now…

But she was only supposed to be in National City for the afternoon, and she’d run into… something about fate.

Something about destiny.

“Yeah. Yeah, he gave me the files, I’ll be bringing them back on the first train out tomorrow. No, plans… something came up, and I’ll be staying the night after all. Yes. Okay. Bye.”

“Captain,” Alex croaks as Maggie slips her phone back into her pocket, and Maggie’s throat is suddenly very, very dry.
“I still have a few CIs here who will only work with me, and I – “

“Captain,” Alex repeats, and Kim’s eyes narrow slightly as she watches her mom’s eyes and the eyes of this woman lock with a particular type of intensity she’s never seen in her mother before.

Maggie shrugs. “A lot’s changed,” she says simply, and neither of them swing their eyes down to Kim. They just keep locked on each other.

“A lot’s changed,” Alex repeats, more to herself than to Maggie, her voice low and cracked and just this side of broken.

“Mommy, I miss Auntie Kara. I can see her tonight, right? We can make our thunderstorm fort together,” Kim chimes, and Maggie resists the impulse to offer the kid a high five and a job as a junior detective.

“Yeah, sweet face. Yeah. Let me call her right now,” Alex smiles as she pokes her daughter’s chin playfully, and Maggie’s heart lurches as Kim giggles and blinks extra hard at her.

Maggie tilts her head thoughtfully. Was the kid… trying to wink?

Was she that obvious?

Was Alex?

Was there anything for Alex to be obvious about?

She didn’t want her. She hadn’t wanted her.

Not enough, anyway, not…

But she’s calling Kara to watch Kim tonight, and her eyes are on Maggie even as she walks away to make the call, and there’s something in those eyes that…

Maggie gulps.

Something like fate. Something like destiny.

Something like second chances.
survivingasafangirl asked:
What cute puppy stuff Gertrude would do that you think would make sanvers awww as the proud moms that they are?

When she’s a puppy, she chases after dogs five times her size in the dog park.

Alex is nervous at first – her protective instincts kicking into overdrive when Gertrude yelps – but Maggie steadies her with her fingers on the pulse point of her wrist, and sure enough, the yelp proves to be a yelp of excitement, of joy, at getting to play with such gigantic versions of herself.

Maggie tilts her head and squints in adoration when Gertrude winds up rolling over on her back and squirming around in the dirt like she has no bones before bounding back up to press her nose to the other pups’.

Alex doesn’t know who’s cuter – her dog or her wife – but either way, she’s ecstatic.

They’re both nervous at first when Gertrude starts having what are apparently very vivid dreams.

Because they keep her safe and protected, away from DEO drama, away from attacks on aliens and alien attacks, but – even though neither of them say it, because both of them know there wouldn’t be a scientific basis for it – they both worry that some of their nightmares have somehow transmitted into the mind of their baby.

But when they get to know her a little better – when she’s lived with them longer – they recognize the ways she’s panting, the ways she’s moving her legs like she’s running even though she’s fast asleep on her side, the little yips she’s making.

They come to recognize those sounds, those movements, as joyful ones. Not from nightmares, but from pleasant dreams of running through fields and playing and chasing.

So Gertrude’s dreams become one of their favorite things.

When James comes by to take a series of family portraits of them, they’re all a little worried that he’ll have a hard time – Pulitzer Prize winner though he is – getting their hyper little baby to sit still long enough for a good shot.

But Gertrude apparently loves the camera.

She poses and she preens and she makes sure her eyes are just wide enough, that her expression is just adorable enough, to make the humans around her all melt.

And that night, she sighs contentedly as she curls into Maggie and Alex’s bed to sleep, her belly full of treats and her heart full of the knowledge that her parents love her so, so much.
Alex’s NB Birthday
“hm maybe something like nb Alex celebrating their first birthday party after coming out as non binary?” prompt from @trustfool – happy, happy, happy birthday darling!!!! You deserve the best of all things, always!!!! <3 <3 <3 <3

They wake up nervous.

Nervous, because Eliza is big into holidays, into birthdays, and what if she wishes a happy birthday to her “beautiful girl” or her “brilliant daughter” or…

“Good morning, Mom,” they answer Eliza’s annual early-morning birthday call groggily, heart hammering wildly, hearing Maggie pattering around in the kitchen but not able to see her, to hold her hand for comfort just in case… just in case.

“Happy birthday, my wonderful child,” Eliza greets, and Alex’s eyes flood with tears immediately.

“I love you,” they choke out, because nothing else matters in that moment.

“You know, sweetie, I got a text from Maggie first thing this morning. She wished me a happy birthday too, and thanked me for bringing the best thing that ever happened to her into the world. I thought you should know that.”

They hear Eliza’s smile through her words, and they fight not to sob then and there.

A few more minutes of groggily, tearily discussing birthday plans and gratitude and embarrassing stories of Eliza being in labor with them later, Alex tugs on a pair of Maggie’s basketball shorts – still strewn on the floor from last night’s… activities – and a sports bra, wishing their mother love as they hang up and pad into the kitchen.

“Good morning, birthday love,” Maggie greets with a warm smile that makes Alex’s entire body melt.

They let themself sink into her arms, Maggie holding the spatula she’s using to make Alex’s pancakes out to the side as they hug, as they kiss.

Alex is the first to deepen the kiss, and Maggie moans before giggling and pulling back.

“Babe, don’t make me burn your birthday breakfast! There’s birthday sex on the agenda, I promise! Just not yet!”

“Oh, so there’s an agenda?” Alex grins, swiping their finger through the pancake batter and licking it off with eyes locked into Maggie’s.

Maggie bites her lip and her eyes flash with want. Alex preens slightly and then remembers what Eliza said, shifting to stand behind Maggie, wrapping their arms around her waist as she goes back to flipping pancakes with a soft smile.
Alex nuzzles their nose against the back of Maggie’s neck so she can kiss the skin at her nape, and Maggie melts back into their touch.

“Everything smells amazing, babe,” they whisper, and Maggie turns to kiss their cheek.

“That’s the idea, sweetie.”

Alex sighs as they stare at her, at this woman who loves them this much, this workaholic who took an entire day off just because she said Alex’s birthday should be an intergalactic holiday and therefore celebrated as such.

“Mags, my mom told me you texted her this morning,” Alex kisses a path from Maggie’s temple to her chin.

“Did she?” Maggie shifts to spoon more batter into the sizzling pan.

“She said you wished her happy birthday, too,” Alex furrows their brow questioningly, and Maggie chuckles.

“Well to be fair, Danvers, she did a little more work than you did for your whole birth thing.”

Alex chuckles and kisses her cheek again. “What did I do to deserve you?” they ask, and Maggie shakes her head.

“I ask myself that question about you every day, Danvers.”

“Awwww, my favorite couple being all coupley and sickeningly adorable!”

Winn’s voice makes them both jump slightly, until they look up and notice that while they were lost in each other’s eyes, Kara had flown their family in through the window, all bearing presents of different sizes and shapes and – by the looks of it – levels of lethal-ness.

“Happy birthday, Alex!” they all chorus, and Kara speeds forward to scoop her sibling up and spin them around.

“Go get dressed! Did Maggie tell you the plan? I’m going to take you flying if you want and then by the time we get back Maggie will be done with your birthday brunch – “

“I brought the best homemade donut recipe ever to donut!” Winn chimes.

“And I brought storeboughts for when Winn’s inevitably explode!” James offers with a grin.

“And if all of this is too overwhelming, we can all go away and wait until you’re ready and wanting birthday company!” Kara supplies eagerly as she takes a few pancakes directly off the grill and pops them into her mouth.

Alex tilts their head and squints at J’onn.

“And how did you get all of National City to not have any attacks today?”

J’onn smiles as he pulls his eldest child into his arms. “Called in some favors,” he chuckles as he kisses their forehead.

“Happy birthday, Alex,” he tells them as they lean into his arms and sigh happily, watching their brothers, their sister, their sister’s girlfriend, and their soon-to-be wife; all happy, all safe, all celebrating, all together.
The most perfect birthday gift they could ever have.
anonymous asked:
If you want some party smut prompts.. Can I get a Maggie packing and going out to a party/bar/club/game night and Alex finding out and going crazy for her?

Chapter Notes

smutty waters ahead, mates

She’s never packed outside the house before.
She’s never wanted to.
In all her other relationships, all her other trysts, it was always assumed she would top.
Something about the leather jackets and the attitude and the badge.
And Alex loves that hard edge to her.
Loves it so wildly much.
But Alex also lets her be soft. Alex also lets her be out of control, lets her rest, lets her lay back and be worshiped.
No one’s ever done that for Maggie before.
And it’s making her desperate to return the favor.
So when she comes home from work to find Alex in a short skirt and lacey top, makeup perfect and choker specially designed to drive her wild, she knows exactly how.
“Sorry I’m so late, babe, I know we have to get going – “
“Don’t worry about it. Lucy’s already at the club, so I’m gonna go meet her – come catch up? Is that okay?”
And normally, Maggie might pout. Alex leaving before her, looking like that. Because god, she doesn’t want her out of her sight. She wants her in her arms, she wants her underneath her, she wants…
Everything.
Everything with this beautiful, amazing woman.
“Go ahead, sweetie, I’ll catch up,” Maggie smiles, and Alex practically squeals with excitement as
she kisses her and practically runs out the door.

It’s been a long time since she’s associated clubbing with anything good, but lately, with Lucy and Vasquez and the occasional attendance of the girls from Earth 1, she’s been rediscovering how to dance for fun, not for escape.

And tonight, Maggie’s hoping to show her… quite a lot of fun.

She takes her time dressing – simple; the white collared shirt she knows Alex loves and a dark pair of jeans – and she takes her time figuring out how best to arrange her dildo so she doesn’t look like she’s walking around completely hard for Alex. Which, well, she will be, but… something about decorum.

She grins to herself as she arranges the dildo underneath her tightest boxers so it’s running down the length of her thigh, fitting comfortably into her jeans.

She takes her car instead of her motorcycle to the club, her heart hammering in her chest.

True to the amount of effort she put in, Alex doesn’t notice right away.

She successfully gets through a round of drinks with Lucy, Vasquez, and her girlfriend before Alex takes her hand, kisses it, and leads her seductively to the dance floor.

Lucy and Vasquez whoop and cheer behind them, and Maggie rolls her eyes happily at them as Alex tugs her into a sea of dancing people, turns around, guides Maggie’s hands to her hips, and immediately grinds into her.

She freezes with the first movement, and she turns her head to look back at Maggie, her lips slightly parted and her pupils suddenly dilating intensely.

“Maggie,” she whispers, and Maggie immediately regrets her idea, immediately feels blood rushing to her face, immediately feels the swooping burn of humiliation tearing through her veins –

“Fuck,” Alex interlaces their fingers, keeping Maggie’s hands on her hips, grinding harder back into her. She moans softly and lets her head drop back onto Maggie’s shoulder as her hips find the music and she lets her old party days take her body over.

“Alex, I – “ Maggie tries to explain, but Alex turns so they’re dancing – well, so that she’s dancing on Maggie, Maggie too frozen with nerves to move – chest to chest, and Alex’s eyes are pure lust.

“So I take it my outfit made you nice and hard for me then?” Alex asks into her ear, her voice affection and sex and raw need.

“Danvers,” Maggie chokes out, and Alex’s chuckle turns her on beyond belief.

“So here’s the plan, if you like it, Sawyer. I’m going to dance on you until neither of us can take it anymore, and then you’re going to take me into the bathroom and fuck me with this – “ Alex swipes her hand over Maggie’s crotch, making them both shudder with pleasure – “until I can’t stand up on my own. You know. If you want to.”

It’s Alex’s turn to look intimidated by her own boldness, until she realizes that the fire suddenly burning in Maggie’s eyes matches her own, until Maggie is kissing her hot and desperate and loving.

And Alex makes good on her plan.
She dances on Maggie – grinding and swinging her hips just so and running her fingers through Maggie’s hair, through her own, laughing when Lucy catches her eye and gives her a thumbs up – until they’re both sweating, until they’re both soaked, until they’re both keening for each other so intensely it almost hurts.

“I want you,” she tells Maggie when she can barely see properly anymore, and it’s a statement, but it’s also a question.

A question that Maggie answers with a smirk and a gentle tug on her hand, pulling her to the bathroom and asking with her eyes, when they lock the door on the single-stall behind them, whether this is still what Alex wants.

“Please?” Alex answers as she drops to her knees.

“Mmm, Danvers, the floor’s dirty,” Maggie protests gently, and Alex just winks as she tugs at the zipper on Maggie’s jeans.

“If I know you – and I do – you back pockets are jammed with condoms and some cute little wipe packets I can use to clean up when we’re done,” she says, and Maggie tries to scoff at how very right she is, surrendering to Alex’s perfect logic and running her hands gently through Alex’s hair as Alex tugs impatiently until she can access Maggie’s dildo from the hole in her boxers.

“Mmm, condom first, my eager girl,” Maggie grins, snapping out of her reverie for a moment, and Alex nods impatiently as Maggie passes her a condom for Alex to roll up the dildo, just in case any particles or some such from her jeans have stuck to it on the way over, during the dancing.

“Do you still want this?” Alex asks from her knees, and Maggie forgets how to words.

“Green,” is all she can choke before watching her dildo disappear into Alex’s lips.

“Fuck, Danvers,” she moans, stumbling back into the bathroom door, Alex reaching a hand up the small of her back to keep her steady.

“You like that, baby?” Alex wants to know, eyes wide as she looks up at Maggie as her tongue teases out of her lips and her fingers simultaneously press the base of the dildo to pressure Maggie’s clit.

“You know I do,” Maggie whimpers, and Alex’s chuckle makes her growl.

“I wanna fuck you,” she tells her, and Alex pauses.

“You don’t like fucking my mouth?” she asks, her eyes the picture of mock innocence, and Maggie laughs.

“I do, babygirl, but I uh… I want something a little tighter than that. If… if you want,” she stammers, and Alex smiles warmly as Maggie helps pull her to her feet.

“I can help you with that,” Alex hitches up her skirt, slow and steady, never breaking eye contact with Maggie until she turns, bracing her hands on the sink and looking over her shoulder, biting her bottom lip.

“Fuck me?” she requests, reaching back with one hand to tug aside her underwear, and Maggie moaning into her shoulder blades before shifting so they can kiss each other nearly tosses her over the edge.
Feeling Maggie hard and wet against her, behind her, nearly tosses her over the edge.

But she doesn’t get there until after she feels Maggie pull back, angling the dildo better for fucking her from behind; until after Maggie kisses her lips, her neck, her shoulders, constantly checking in with her, constantly making sure it’s alright, constantly making sure this is still what she wants; until after Maggie finally heeds Alex’s pleads to just fuck her, as hard and as fast as she wants; until after Maggie’s hands, stabilizing her body on Alex’s hips, tighten around her while Alex uses her own free hand to give her clit all the pressure it needs while Maggie comes in and out of her with increased abandon; until after their eyes meet in the bathroom mirror as Maggie slips one of her hands under Alex’s shirt, under her bra, to play with her nipple while they both watch; until after Maggie whispers, “come for me, babygirl,” hotly into her ear, and Alex then, finally, lets herself.

She unravels with a silent scream that tosses Maggie over the edge, too, just watching her in the mirror, just feeling her rut against her own hand, against Maggie’s dildo, against Maggie’s hand on her breast.

“Wow,” Maggie whispers as she kisses her down from all her waves, gentle and reverent, slipping out of her carefully and gently before dropping to her own knees, not caring if her jeans get a little dirty, to clean Alex’s bare ones from earlier.

“You uh…” Alex tries to catch her breath, to remember a little thing called language. “You should hard pack more often. If you want. I mean.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, beautiful,” Maggie grins, and Alex swoons.

“Well, you two certainly had fun,” Lucy arches an eyebrow when they finally rejoin their friends.

And, of course, she’s absolutely right.
anonymous asked:
I know there's no prompts and I'm so so sorry but I am so scared to let anyone get close because I might hurt them or they might leave after I've trusted them and it'll break me all over again. Your fics mean the world because I get to feel like my problems are okay and someone eventually will stay for the long haul but maybe you could write something about Maggie feeling like me? Obviously only if you want to :)

Sometimes she just picks fights.
She doesn’t do it on purpose.

Usually, she’s not even aware she’s doing it.

But sometimes, she just picks fights, because sometimes – well, all the time, really – she feels like she doesn’t deserve her.

Like she will leave her – knowing all she does about her, knowing her as intimately as she does, knowing things about her she’s never shared with anyone else, knowing that she’s her everything – because one day, Alex will figure that out, too.

Might as well speed up the process, right?

Alex falls for it a couple of times.

Falls for the idea that Maggie is just being a jerk for no apparent reason.

Until Alex picks up a pattern.

When Maggie messes up – or thinks she does – at work.

When she sees Alex interacting with other women, beautiful women, single women.

When Alex does something particularly brilliant.

It’s not that Maggie takes out her bad days on Alex; quite the contrary. Often, the only way Alex even knows Maggie’s had a bad day is because Winn will call to let her know that her overheard certain things on the NCPD comms lines.

And it’s not that Maggie doesn’t want Alex to interact with other women; quite the contrary. She encourages it, and she smiles and she tells Alex – and she means it – how great it is to have more people who make her smile in her life.

And it’s not that she isn’t supportive when Alex does something particularly brilliant; quite the contrary. She goes all out to congratulate her, to praise her, to celebrate her, making her feel like she deserves, hardcore, to be celebrated.
Alex just picks up the pattern that, in the days surrounding those types of things, Maggie tends to withdraw into herself, to pick fights.

And one day, it’s just crystal clear to Alex why: the through line is Maggie’s fear.

Maggie’s fear that she isn’t good enough.

That she’ll hurt Alex.

Or, before she gets a chance, that Alex will realize she isn’t worth it, she isn’t enough, and she’ll leave.

And Maggie will be destroyed.

So one night, she pads over to the couch Maggie’s insisted on sleeping on – at least she’s stopped trying to leave the apartment when she gets upset, because the anxiety Alex has that something could happen to her while they’re fighting is just too much – and she kneels next to her girlfriend.

She runs gentle fingers through her hair and presses light kisses to her face until Maggie wakes up.

“What, Danvers?” she asks, their fight – about nothing, about Alex driving with too little gas in her Ducati’s tank – still thick in her voice.

“Come to bed, baby,” Alex whispers, and it’s the love in her tone that snaps Maggie’s eyes open.

“I was a jackass,” she deadpans, the sleep gone from her voice now.

Alex nods slowly, no judgment in her eyes, no anger in her stance. She crawls onto the couch as Maggie sits up, shifting the blankets so she can be next to her.

“And I think I know why,” Alex tilts her head, and Maggie chances a glance at her.

“Oh yeah?” she croaks, and Alex reaches out a hand to caress her face.

“May I?” she asks.

“I don’t deserve it,” Maggie mutters, and Alex smiles softly.

“See? That’s what I mean. I think… Maggie, I think sometimes you’re so scared to get broken again that you forget that I love you. I think sometimes you’re so scared by how the world’s treated you that you forget that I’m not the rest of the world. And I think when you get that scared, you push me away, because better to be in pain now than later, when you’ve opened yourself up even more, right?”

Alex offers her hand out to Maggie again, and this time, Maggie relents, letting her face press into Alex’s palm.

“What makes you think that?” she asks despite herself.

“Because I know you, Maggie Sawyer. And you know what? I love you. I love you more than I’ve ever thought it was possible to love someone, and I just… I want you to let me. So come back to bed. Let me hold you. Please?”

“I picked a fight for no reason,” Maggie protests softly.

“Like I’ve never made any mistakes,” Alex counters, stroking her hair and kissing her face.
“I’m sorry,” Maggie whispers, as she lets Alex pull her off the couch and carries her to bed.

“Make it up to me by letting me love you better,” Alex kisses her hair as she tucks them both in, as she snuggles Maggie close into her body. “You deserve all my love,” she assures her as Maggie latches onto her. “I’ve got you, and I’m not going anywhere. I love you, Maggie Sawyer. I love you so much.”

“And I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie murmurs as she falls asleep, as she lets Alex love her and, possibly, begins to love herself.
Chapter 663

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
I need more college sanvers in my life. You fic was so good and I'm a sucker for that au

“What’re you doing for Thanksgiving, Sawyer?” Max Lord wants to know, his eyes flashing.

And normally, Maggie can handle herself around jerks like Max. Very well. But right now, her body gets smaller and her eyes get terrified and her lips stammer over a response.

Until Alex slings an arm around her – still sweaty from basketball practice – and puts her other hand on her hip, glaring at Max heavily.

“She’s coming home with me,” she tells him, her feet finding Maggie’s toes and stepping down slightly so that she doesn’t argue or ask what she’s talking about.

Because it’s something they haven’t talked about.

Well, mostly.

Because when Maggie told Alex that she was staying on campus for Thanksgiving, she said it like it was a closed conversation. Like she didn’t want to talk about it. Like she wanted to pretend the holiday didn’t exist, because that’s exactly what her family did with her.

So as Max stammers his way through sarcasm and terror of the basketball team captain’s glare and backs away slowly, Alex looks down at Maggie with an apologetic squint on her face.

“I’m sorry, I just didn’t want you to have to deal with – “

“No, Danvers, no need to apologize. You did me a big favor there, I owe you big.”

Alex’s stomach flushes, and she knows it’s not just from post-practice jitters.

She can practically hear Lucy and Kara yelling at her in her mind, telling her to just kiss the girl already.

She shakes her head.

“You never owe me anything. What are friends for, right?” she grins lopsidedly, and takes her arm off Maggie’s shoulders, swooping down to pick up the basketball by her feet and dribble it casually toward the locker room.

“Friends. Right.”

Maggie follows and changes the subject, asking Alex how her practice went, how that new Luthor girl is fitting in with the rest of the team, if she’s still taking it easy enough on the ankle she’d sprained last month.
As they talk, Maggie tosses Alex’s basketball up and down to herself, laying back on one of the locker room’s wooden benches, as Alex strips to get changed.

Alex tries not to blush and Maggie tries not to look.

Both fail.

“Really though,” Alex says suddenly, interrupting their banter about Alex needing to learn how to take better care of herself. “You can come home with me for Thanksgiving, Mags. I know you like to deal with the holidays by pretending they don’t exist, and that’s okay, it really is – “

“It’s fine, Danvers. I don’t want to celebrate the genocide this country was founded on, that’s all – “

“And neither do I, Sawyer, but we can’t change the fact that everyone talks about it like it’s time for family, and that that… can get painful. And I don’t want you to be in pain, and I don’t want you to be alone. You don’t have to be. I mean. No pressure or anything, I just – “

“Yes,” Maggie interjects, sitting up, now, her legs straddling the bench, the basketball still in her hands. “Okay, sure. As long as your mom and Kara won’t mind – “

“Won’t mind? They’ve been telling me to invite you for weeks, you just never seemed to want to talk about it – “

And suddenly, the basketball is bouncing aimlessly on the floor, because Maggie’s arms are wrapped around Alex’s body, and Alex is hugging her back just as eagerly.

Until they both realize that Alex is still shirtless.

Until they both blush and gulp and stammer and make excuses in their heads for why they’re suddenly more turned on than any kind of closeness with anyone has ever made them.

Until, that is, the next week, when Alex flies Maggie out to Midvale with her, and their pinkies touch throughout the plane ride.

Neither of them acknowledge it – this shift between them – and neither of them talk about the fact that it feels like Alex is bringing home her girlfriend, not her best friend.

But they don’t have to talk about it, because Kara is beaming enough over the two of them to more than make up for it.

Maggie locks herself in the bathroom during Thanksgiving dinner, because Eliza had been so warm to her and Alex had kissed her on the cheek when Eliza said she was so grateful she could join them and Kara had said it felt like having another big sister in the house and everyone treated her like she belonged and…

“Mags?” Alex’s voice is soft and empathetic and understanding and full of unbridled love.

“I’m fine, Danvers,” Maggie tries not to sniffle, but Alex tries the locked door anyway.

“You know I can just pick this lock,” she tells her, and Maggie sighs with a surrendering smile as she opens the door, letting Alex take in her red eyes and wet face.

“Oh Maggie,” Alex takes her into her arms and promises to never, ever let go.

“Decorating time!” Kara tosses stuffed animals at her sister and her sister’s maybe-girlfriend the
next morning until they wake up and disentangle from each other’s arms.

“Decorating?” Maggie asks groggily, and Kara just laughs maniacally, takes her by the hand, and tugs her downstairs.

“Decorating!” she declares, arms spread wide at all the boxes of Channukah and Christmas decorations Eliza had brought down the night before.

Alex blushes as Eliza shows Maggie the macaroni ornaments Alex had made as a child, and Maggie blushes when Kara – with big eyes and sharing a wink with Eliza – announces that she’s going to hang the mistletoe.

And then proceeds to dangle it right above Alex and Maggie’s heads.

“Now, this is a consensual mistletoe, so no one has to kiss anyone if they don’t want, but – “ Kara explains merrily, but Eliza shushes her gently as Alex’s eyes meet Maggie’s. As their hands find each other’s faces. As their breaths sync up and their heart rates skyrocket.

“You’re already my family, Maggie,” Alex whispers as Maggie licks her lips and fights in vain not to cry. “But would you… would you want to be my girlfriend, too?”

“Yeah, Danvers,” Maggie’s voice cracks, and she finds that she doesn’t even care, because her smile, in this woman’s arms, never will. “Now can I kiss you already, or – “

Kara whoops and Eliza wipes her eyes as Alex kisses Maggie slow and soft and passionate, and Maggie kisses her back with everything she has.

“Alright girls, save the rest for when you’re not in front of your mother,” Eliza chides gently when Alex’s lips part for Maggie’s tongue. “And I’m afraid I’m going to have to give you the same series of sex talks I gave Alex, Maggie darling – “

“Not right now, Mom!” Alex shouts, but she’s smiling because all she sees is the light in Maggie’s eyes.

In her new girlfriend’s eyes.
Kara calls her out for her drinking.

Not directly.

Not really.

She just calls her a mean drunk, and Alex hears the implication: that she has different kinds of drunk, because she’s drunk often enough.

Sad drunk, happy drunk, mean drunk, horny drunk.

She has all the different types, because she’s drunk so often.

Well, less so, before.

Less so, with Maggie.

And it’s hard, now.

For Kara not to call Maggie, because Maggie always seemed to know how to coax the bottle out of Alex’s hands, how to tell her she should slow down without making her defensive, how to tell the difference between Alex drinking to be social, to have fun, and Alex drinking to forget, to numb.

So Kara just calls it like she sees it, like she feels it.

That she signed up for sad drunk, not mean drunk.

And the sting between them lasts for hours, for days, even; even though they don’t talk about it again.

“It’s not that I have a drinking problem, you know,” Alex tells her, out of the blue the next Sister’s Night they have.

Kara shifts her eyes to her big sister and waits. Waits for her to say more.

“J’onn’s been making me see some DEO shrink. Since Malverne.”

Kara fights to keep her flinch at his name internal. “I know,” she says softly, because she held Alex through her rages at being required to go in the first place, at being required to get the psychiatrist’s go-ahead before getting off desk duty.

“And she says it doesn’t sound like an actual alcohol thing. I mean, she says it can become one.”
Alex rolls her eyes, and Kara strokes her hair. “Whatever. I just… she says I’m in an endless pit of agonized angst.”

Kara scrunches her nose with a soft smile. “Yeah? Is that what she says?”

Alex chuckles dryly and wipes her eyes with the tops of her index fingers. “Those might not have been her words.” She shrugs. “She says more about like, depression and stuff.” Again, she shrugs. It feels, strangely, similar to how coming out had felt; even though she knows Kara won’t treat her any differently – hell, that Kara probably won’t at all be surprised – she’s scared. Terrified, really. But also, profoundly relieved, somehow.

“Depression and stuff,” Kara repeats, gently, softly, gently. Her fingers run through Alex’s hair again, shorter now, redder now, straighter now. Kara spares a moment to think about how she misses the curlier phase, but she thinks that will make Alex think of Maggie, and… not now.

Alex nods as a single tear spills down her face. “She says I should tell someone. So… I told you.”

The phrase makes her think of Maggie – how Maggie had encouraged her to tell Kara something, too – and it turns a single tear into two, into three, into uncontrollable, wracking sobs.

“I miss her,” she shudders after a long while. “And I miss… I miss me. I mean, sometimes… sometimes, it’s not… torture. Living, you know? But sometimes, like lately, it’s just… every second is… and it doesn’t feel like me. Or the me I want. But at the same time, it feels like the only me there is…” She looks up at her little sister and chuckles bitterly. “I’m not making any sense.”

Kara shakes her head.

“You’re making perfect sense. And I’m proud of you, Alex. I am so proud of you.” She kisses her head again, and Alex shivers through a sigh.

“How you think she’d take me back? If I asked? If I told her… that she’s enough? Because she is, Kara, she is, and I… do you think she’d… do you think she hates me?”

Kara shakes her head again, harder this time. “No. No, I know… I know she doesn’t hate you. That’s not who Maggie is. And Alex, if you want her back, that’s okay. We’ll make it happen.” She smiles and boops Alex’s nose, and Alex starts to smile for the first time in weeks. “But you can’t make that decision right now. You can’t make it just because you’re going through this right now, okay? Get through this – and we’ll all get you through it, Alex, I promise – and then if that’s what you still want, we’ll come up with the most romantic way to apologize and get Maggie back. Okay?”

“What if the shrink wants to give me medicine?” Alex wipes her eyes, calmer now at the thought of not having ruined all hope with the love of her life.

“Then she’s wanting to give you a way to help yourself heal.” Alex shudders at the phrase, and Kara pulls her closer. “You stitch yourself up when you get wounded, Alex. It’s no different. You’re allowed to take care of yourself. You deserve it.”

And if Alex questioned it before, the look in Kara’s eyes – the pure, utter adoration and the pure, utter faith – doesn’t allow her to question it now.

Maggie’s voice echoes in her mind – how she deserves a full, happy life – and she purses her lips and nods.
“And you won’t let me go?” Alex asks her sister, her voice small and scared and hopeful.

“Never,” Kara pulls her close. “Never ever ever.”
anonymous asked:
Hello Cap! It's been a while since I've caught your ask box open. Can you please write a Sanvers Thanksgiving fic with Maggie spending it with her chosen family?

She’s spent Thanksgivings with other people’s families before.
The families of women she was with, the families of friends on the force whose spouses wouldn’t take no for an answer when they heard that the detective was planning to spend the holiday alone.
But she had always felt like a guest.
And it was pleasant. Nice. Happy, even.
Still, though: just a guest.
It was never her family.
Always someone else’s family, that maybe she was part of, for a little while. But it never felt… permanent. And she always felt vaguely pitied, which made her stomach turn inside out.
But this year?
This year roughly marks a year since she and Alex had gotten together.
This year, she isn’t a guest.
This year, she is… part of the family.
And it feels permanent. And permanence has never felt so freeing.
She changes outfits at least three times before Alex tilts her head in the doorway and sighs with a soft smile on her face.
“Dressing to impress some women, Sawyer?” she teases gently, and Maggie’s instincts send her defenses up, but one look at Alex breaks them down again.
“Only you, Danvers,” she shakes her head at this nerd she loves so much.
Alex crosses the room and puts her hands on Maggie’s waist. “Talk to me, babe,” she encourages, and Maggie lets her head drop forward lightly onto Alex’s shoulder. Alex strokes her hair and waits patiently.
“I just… I know we have dinner together all the time, but this… it’s a family thing, you know? And I feel like it’s family, with you, and that’s… I haven’t had it, not like this, in a long time.” She shrugs. “Ever, really, because turns out even the sense of family I had as a kid was actually contingent on… things. But this feels… unconditional, you know?”
Alex strokes her cheek and brings her fingers through Maggie’s hair before kissing her lightly. Maggie’s lips part for her automatically and Alex nearly swoons.

“Because it is unconditional, Maggie Sawyer. I love you, unconditionally. And so does our family.”

And – when two sex-induced clothes-changes later – they show up at Kara’s apartment, they show her so, so, so well.

Winn has made little place settings – “I’m sure we could have seated ourselves, Winn,” Eliza teases, but she ruffles his hair proudly like he’s a teenager, anyway – with Maggie between him and Alex.

“Look at us, a place at an actual family table,” he nudges her with his shoulder, and they hug until they both decide they have something of reputations to uphold.

“I’m so glad you’re here, sweetie,” Eliza takes her turn. “And she sets the table without being asked; you can learn something from her, girls,” she teases Kara and Alex, giggling with each other off in a corner.

“Yeah, she’s a keeper,” Alex calls, beaming, and Kara superspeeds across the room to hug her.

“Yeah, she makes the besttttt foooooodddd,” she says longingly as Lena shakes her head and laughs.

“Try not to crush your sister’s girlfriend’s ribs, darling,” she reminds Kara, who blushes and preens as she dinsentangles herself from Maggie.

“Seriously though, Maggie. Having you and Lena in our family is amazing,” Kara beams, and James is next to scoop Maggie into his arms.

“It really is,” he tells her as they rock back and forth in their hug.

Because normally, she’s not overly physical with people.

But somehow, this day, this place, it feels right.

It feels safe. It feels happy.

It feels like… family.
"Again, babe?" Maggie calls from the bedroom, and when she emerges – dressed in Alex’s Stanford sweater and basketball shorts, but still rubbing a towel through her wet hair from her shower – Alex freezes and their eyes widen guiltily.

“Um… no?”

“Danvers,” Maggie grins, stepping into the kitchen and winking over Alex’s shoulder at a chuckling Winn, James, and Kara. “I’m a detective. What does that mean?” she teases.

Alex fidgets with their hands behind them, blushing but obviously pleased with the attention from their wife, and with their teasing siblings laugh happily behind their hands.

“You detect,” Alex murmurs, a grin tugging at their lips.

Maggie nods. “Mmhmm. And with these detection superpowers, I overheard three things: the fire alarm beeping. You cursing. Then a loud crash. So you know what I’m thinking?”

Alex tilts their head to the side and pretends to think.

“That you’re developing superhearing and heard someone’s fire alarm go off from across the city, and you heard me cursing because Winn stole the last donut, and the crash was from Kara tackling him with rage over said last donut?”

“Ahinatalaout!” Winn mutters behind them.

They turn on their heel and arch an eyebrow at their brother. “Come again, Schott?”

He takes an enormous gulp and tries again. “I did not take the last donut!” he exclaims, but the massive dusting of powdered sugar on his chin tells a different story.

“So Alex,” James steps in, trying and failing to prevent a grin from forming on his face, “let me see if I have this right. You’re trying to avoid getting in trouble with your wife for breaking and throwing out your, what? Fourth? Fire alarm this month – “

“One of those times was Kara!”

“They’re actually right about that, I got carried away with my heat vision – “

“Okay, third time this month… and you’re trying to divert blame onto Winn?”

Winn straightens up, grinning and nodding and trying to subtly wipe the powdered sugar off his face.
“What James said! See, at least someone here loves me!”

Alex crosses the room in two strides and hesitates, waiting for Winn’s grin of approval, before wrapping him in their arms.

“Awww, no, I love you too, Schott. You’re just also a great scapegoat!”

“Babe, you know I’m standing right here?” Maggie tries not to laugh, and Alex’s eyes widen.

“I’ve been caught,” they mutter to Kara, who giggles at her sibling’s ridiculousness, remembering a time when Alex didn’t know how to be this playful, this absurd, this ridiculous.

“You know, Maggie, if you feel the need to punish them, we can all evacuate – “

“Winn!”

“No one asked you, Schott!”

He chuckles into Kara’s shoulder as James grins and shakes his head, while Maggie steps over to Alex and wraps her arms around their waist.

“Sweetie, you murdered another fire alarm, didn’t you?” Maggie asks again, and Alex sinks into her arms with a small pout.

“It was being overly critical of my cooking abilities!”

“Al, you’re my sibling and I love you endlessly, but to be fair, half the kitchen was on fire for a second there – “

“Only a second!”

“All the burners were like out of control – “

“We’ve faced down alien invasions, you think a couple little burners – “

“The bottoms of the cabinets all got singed – “

“Whose side are you on, anyway?”

“Justice,” James grins, hands on his hips as the entire family bursts out hysterically laughing, Alex leaning forward into Maggie’s arms, asking with their eyes for a kiss.

“Yes, I murdered another fire alarm. But it was for a good cause!” Alex pouts the original Danvers pout, the one that Kara has honed and perfected over the years.

And sure enough, Maggie melts.

“I love you, you massive nerd,” she tells them, and their family awwws in unison as she stands on her tiptoes to kiss them, wrapping her arms around their neck and sighing into their embrace.

“Let’s order pizza?” Maggie asks with a dazed smile when they finally untangle.

“And potstickers!” Kara chimes, and Alex grins.

Their family really is the best.
anonymous asked:
What if, somehow, through maybe the shenanigans of a magical imp, Team Flash and Team Supergirl end up swapping powers? Like Winn somehow winds up with Vibe powers, Alex ends up with ice powers, Kara becomes a speedster, while Barry somehow has the powers of a Kryptonian, and Joe has the powers of a Green Martian? How hilarious would that be?

It’s not much different for Kara.
There are things she can’t do anymore – and she’s frankly baffled, and tells him as much, that Barry has managed to fight so many bad guys without superstrength and the ability to (really) fly – but she can still snag ice cream from Alex’s fridge and snuggle onto the couch before Alex even knows she’s in the apartment, so… it’s not that different for Kara.

Before and after the power-swapping meta invaded their lives and swapped their powers.

But for Iris?

Suddenly, she and Barry can’t make out without real risk of him breaking her nose.

They’d figured out long ago how to have him not… well… vibrate quick so fast during… activities… but this is a whole new set of powers to get used to.

Lena sympathetically supplies them with red sun lamps – ones that automatically seep through Barry’s suit at his discretion, because he’s having just as much trouble controlling simple things like steps that don’t break through the ground.

And at this rate, he’s more of a danger to the city than a hero.

And, to be honest, it’s more than a little cute.

For Iris, anyway.

“Okay, it’s not funny! I squint and suddenly I can… see things that I can’t unsee! I can hear things – do you know what kinds of… of bedroom things Mr. And Mrs. Garfinkle in 6B get up to? It… you can’t unhear that, Iris!”

At which point Iris breaks down laughing at her husband, and Kara takes pity on him, giving him her glasses to quiet his overstimulation.

At which point Iris suddenly goes from thinking her Barry is adorable to thinking he is extremely sexy, and Kara evacuates as fast as Barry’s superspeed will carry her.

Racing James – because James and Wally have swapped powers, and James is loving his every moment at superspeed while Wally is enjoying his newfound fighting abilities almost too much – is exhilarating, anyway.
Best let Barry have his little crises alone with Iris.

Just like Alex is having her... well, experiences... alone with Maggie.

Because Alex now has Caitlin's ice powers, and she’s taking to them brilliantly.

“Oh my god, babe, you’re like Elsa,” Maggie’d snorted when she’d find out, and Cisco immediately decided that Joe wasn’t the only detective he loved.

“Would Elsa do this?” Alex is whispering now, conjuring small droplets of slowly melting ice to drip down Maggie’s naked torso, and Maggie writhes and chuckles, somehow absurdly turned on and amused at the same time.

“I wouldn’t know,” she pants, and Alex bites her lip as she creates small drops of ice lower, lower, lower...

“Never thought you being so cold could be so damn hot, Danvers,” Maggie chokes, but Alex’s lips, her kisses, are more than hot enough to compensate for the newly-flowing ice raging through her veins.

“You think Caitlin will let me keep her powers after we sort all this out?” she enthuses hours later, still naked, but completely nerding out now, standing over the sink and practicing different forms, different functions, different limits, of her power. “Imagine what I could do for the DEO if I could harness all this – “

“You realize you’re a massive nerd, right Danvers?”

“You realize you’ve wildly in love with me precisely because of that, right Sawyer?

And, across town, Joe is just grateful that it’s not his children that are getting up to the things Alex and Maggie are getting up to, because he can hear every thought they have.

“Imagine it like volume on your stereo,” J’onn had coached him through trying to tune out Iris and Barry’s... experiences... because he loves their relationship, but he doesn’t need to hear that much of it. “You can turn it down at will.”

“You know, I never really thought I’d get used to this whole superpower thing,” Joe’s telling him now, looking at his hands like they’re a marvel. “But now, I’m not even... a meta. It’s like I’m an...”

J’onn grins. “Actual alien?” he guesses, and Joe nods with a laugh.

They both jump slightly – J’onn more subtly, Joe reaching for his now unnecessary gun – when a blue portal appears out of nowhere next to them.

Winn tumbles out of it, breathless and laughing wildly, Cisco at his side.

“Whoa, that thing makes you way dizzier when you’re not the one controlling it,” Cisco points at the closing breach accusingly. “But my man! Nice work,” he tosses his arms out for Winn.

“That was amazing! Papa Bear, did you see? I’m like America Chavez! I can punch holes into spacetime!”

Joe and J’onn exchange a smiling glance, and Joe points his index finger warningly.

“Don’t you start calling me Papa Bear,” he cautions, but Cisco’s already planning to do exactly
that.

And he’s about to say so, when his hair goes flying, and so do all the papers in the lab, because suddenly Wally and James are at his side, laughing and high fiveing and hugging each other as James sets Wally down from carrying him at superspeed.

“Being carried by a new speedster is even cooler than getting carried by a seasoned one!” Wally practically giggles, and Joe raises his eyes.

“Better than being one yourself?” he asks with a small smile, and Wally shrugs as he shakes his head.

“Nope! But Dad, you should see how I can fight now, can I show you?”

“I’d rather not get my ass whooped by James Olsen’s powers in my son’s body, thank you,” Joe laughs, until they all stare pointedly at him.

“Ohhhhh,” he laughs again, in shock this time. “I can fly now!”

“Good god,” J’onn puts his head in his hand as father and son engage each other playfully.

“Hey, it could be a good thing to have a speedster as Guardian,” James grins, his hand on J’onn’s shoulder.

“All of you with new and untested powers? Sure, Mr. Olsen. What could possibly go wrong?” J’onn shakes his head with a subtle smirk and not-so-subtle joy in his heart that at least this attack has given all his children something to have fun with.
Chapter 668

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
[trigger warning] Hey will it be alright if you write a fic where Alex tells Maggie or Maggie tells Alex that everything will be alright? I just had a big row with my mum and I really feel like punching the wall and cutting myself (haven’t done that for more than 3 years now) and I just really need some Sanvers today

Thank you so much for the warning, darling (even when you’re in crisis, you’re so considerate, and that is so sweet and beautiful). It was three years for me a few days ago (breaking my own hand in the way described, but not shown, in this fic), actually, so I feel you hardcore. I’m so proud of you. Please keep yourself safe: oftentimes, holding an ice cube in my hand over the sink really helps. Either way, you are worth it, and keeping your body intact is worth it. I’m sending you so much love. I believe in you hardcore <3 <3 <3

Chapter Notes

tw for self-harm

She has to wait in the decontamination chamber when she gets back to the DEO, but Maggie can tell through the comms: Alex is not alright.

So she runs – no, she sprints – to decon and she demands to be let in.

“But ma’am,” the fresh-faced rookie on duty objects, “you’ll have to go through decontamination procedures, too – “

“Then I’ll go through the damn procedures. Now let me in that room,” she demands, and Maggie hasn’t quite achieved the level of scary that her wife has, but the kid lets her in, because she’s close enough.

“Alex,” she says when she gets through the multiple doors and layers of safety protocols.

Her name is all she says.

Her name, because it’s probably all Alex can handle.

Alex, who managed to save the lives of the agents under her command tonight, but who had an argument with her mother over the phone on the way back, bloodied and partially radioactive, to the DEO, and it was the argument that broke her.

Maggie knows.

She knows by the tightness in Alex’s voice. The tension in her shoulders. The bloodshot quality of
her eyes.

The way she keeps staring at the cement wall in front of her like she’d like nothing more than to break all her bones, shatter her skin, on its grainy surface.

But before Alex can take a swing, Maggie grabs at her hands.

Grabs at her hands, and covers Alex’s knuckles with her palms, somehow both gentle and firm.

Because Alex will punch into her pain with nothing to protect her knuckles.

But with Maggie’s knuckles over her own?

She would never.

She struggles for a moment, and she screams for a moment. She doubles over and she squirms, but she won’t strike out.

She doesn’t want to hit anyone but herself.

But Maggie won’t let her go.

So when Alex yells her throat raw, when she starts to sink onto her knees, Maggie’s got her.

She’s got her, and she slows her collapse to the ground with her own body.

She’s got her, and she kisses her neck and the parts of her face she can reach from behind her.

“It’s alright, babygirl. It’s alright, it’s alright. And the parts that aren’t alright right now are going to be. I promise, Ally. I promise.”

“How?” is the only word Alex can choke, and it breaks Maggie’s heart as she kisses her calm, kisses her quiet, kisses her face until Alex is leaning back into Maggie’s embrace, gentle and needy and desperate to be held, to be loved, to be cared for.

To be protected.

To be in the arms of someone who thinks of her fists, her arms, her body, as something to be protected.

To be in the heart of someone who thinks of her soul as something to be protected.

“Because you are stronger than your strongest demons, Alex Danvers,” Maggie whispers, shifting so she can look her wife right in the eyes. “Because I believe in you. And because Kara is outside ready to wrap you up in every blanket she’s ever owned and watch every season of POI with you.”

“Really?” Alex asks, her voice weak but her spirit calming.

“Always,” Maggie promises.
They didn’t start training as younglings. Not officially, anyway.

Because the Jedi, everyone said, were all but extinct.

But Jeremiah and Eliza had always suspected otherwise.

First, of their eldest, who could see things with a clarity others couldn’t; whose reflexes were almost inhumanly fast; who was so undeniably good that they couldn’t stop her from joining the rebel fleet as soon as she was old enough.

Barely old enough.

And second, their youngest. Adopted.

The girl Alex had rescued after the Emperor’s forces destroyed Alderaan. Alex and her crew were some of those sent in search of survivors.

They didn’t find many.

But they found Kara.

And Alex brought her home, and when he saw what she could do – like Alex, she could see things, hear things, but unlike Alex, she could control things, too, just a bit – Jeremiah couldn’t wait any longer.

Especially after Kara said she wanted to stay with Alex, in the rebel fleet.

There was no place for her anywhere else, anyway.

He couldn’t wait any longer: he gave both of his daughters what he should have given Alex the first time he left home.

For Kara, a blue saber; one he’d found in the charred remains of one of the old Jedi temples.

For Alex, a green one; one he’d built based on the blue, when she was a child, when he first started noticing, first started hoping, that maybe, the Jedi weren’t dead.

That maybe, the Jedi lived on, in his daughter.

And now, in both his daughters.

The Force wasn’t strong with him, but he knew enough – he remembered enough from the old days
– and he taught them what he could before they left for war again.

Eliza knew more than she’d let on, all these years. She taught her girls even more than he could.

About control, about emptying themselves. About draining the emotion from their limbs and from their bloodstream, replacing it with the flow of the Force. Replacing it with their mission. With their connection to each particle around them.

They learned together. They grew together. They practiced together.

Until Jeremiah’s science research vessel was destroyed in crossfire of a battle with the Empire.

Destroyed by a TIE fighter that should have been shot down so much earlier.

And Alex shouldered the blame.

Because it was a gunner she’d trained that failed to pull the trigger on the TIE that destroyed her father’s ship, and when Eliza found out, she made sure Alex never forgot.

She was grieving, Kara tried to comfort her big sister. Eliza was grieving, she didn’t mean the things she was saying.

Alex wasn’t to blame.

Alex left that night, anyway. Left to seek training elsewhere.

Left to seek vengeance elsewhere.

“Whoa there, Danvers. I can’t just loan you my ship without knowing what you’re gonna do with it,” Maggie Sawyer had objected at the space port, and Alex itched for her lightsaber.

Itched for the ability to reach into Maggie’s mind with her own and change it.

But Maggie’s eyes were soft and steely and steady and understanding, and they cracked something open in Alex’s heart.

They reminded Alex that she had one.

“My dad’s dead,” is all she said.

And Maggie just took her hand, and sighed, and nodded. She knew.

She’d held Alex all night, that night.

All night, like she wished she could hold her every night.

“And you wanna… what? Go off after the Empire on your own?” Somehow, her words are gentle. Somehow, her words are understanding. Somehow, her words forgive Alex for every dark thought she’d ever had, every dark desire she’d ever wanted to succumb to.

“Jedi are always alone,” Alex reminded her, and Maggie tilted her head.

“No,” she re-corrected. “You’ve been training with Kara. That’s hardly alone. And Alex, just because you trained the kid that missed that TIE fighter… Battles are terrifying, Danvers. You weren’t the only one in that fleet. We both saw the same things. The same war. I helped you get Kara out, remember?”
She looked around, made sure no one was listening. Lowered her voice anyway. “I was the one who first told you I thought the Force was strong in your veins. Remember? So I know, Alex. I know. But not everyone has your reflexes. And not everything is your fault. And that can be intolerable, and unfair, and… I know. But you…”

Maggie sighed and drew her hair back into a ponytail. Alex keened at the loss of her hand on hers, and wondered, not for the first time, what it would be like to kiss her lips.

Even though she couldn’t, if she wanted to be a true Jedi.

Couldn’t, if she wanted to serve her people as best she could.

Couldn’t, but Maggie’s eyes...

Maggie was speaking again. She forced herself to focus. True Jedi need focus, not distraction. Discipline, not… love.

“Look, let me get a crew together. You wanna rejoin the rebellion without letting it look through the Empire that they’ve got a couple Jedi rising up? Alright. Let’s get Kara. And Luthor, Olsen, Schott. We’re better off together than we are alone, okay? Please?”

Alex chuckled unconsciously, and the tilt of Maggie’s head deepened. “What?”

“Nothing,” Alex chuckled again. “Just… something Kara says. That we’re stronger together.”

Her eyes drifted down to Maggie’s lips, and her heart leapt when she thought she saw Maggie’s doing the same.

Better off together than alone.

And looking into Maggie’s wide eyes, she started to believe it.

That maybe being a Jedi didn’t have to mean being alone.

That maybe bringing down the Empire didn’t have to be through a thirst for blood. Maybe it could be a thirst for… together.

And, for the first time since Jeremiah, Alex grinned, and Maggie’s hand was warm under hers.

“Alright, Sawyer. You’re on. Let’s get that crew together.”
She’s not sure if it’s the way Alex bites her lip when she pretends not to watch her line up a shot, or the way she tosses her head to the side and tilts her whole body when she laughs, or the way her shirt rides up to expose the small of her back when she leans over the pool table to take a shot, or the way her new haircut falls into her face just so.

She’s not sure exactly what it is, except she knows it’s everything that is Alex.

That’s making her want her so badly.

Want her lips on hers, her tongue in her mouth, her teeth on her neck.

“Danvers,” she says, her voice low and her pupils dilating even in the low lighting at the bar.

“Maggie,” Alex grins, not quite catching on yet.

“Danvers,” Maggie repeats, and lets her eyes flicker down, this time, to Alex’s lips.

“Oh,” Alex whispers, nearly tripping over herself and dropping her pool cue before composing herself, before smirking that confident smirk that makes Maggie a complete and utter mess.

“Oh,” she says again, but her voice is sultry this time as she leans her cue against the table and walks toward her wife. “You want to kiss me, don’t you?” Alex practically purrs into her ear, and Maggie gulps.

She shivers as she feels Alex’s fingers running down her sides, hands finally settling in Maggie’s back pockets.

“May I?” she asks as an answer, and Alex hums as she nips at Maggie’s earlobe.

“You may,” she grins, so Maggie does.

She kisses her slow, at first, almost chaste, at first.

Because, sexy as Alex’s words and eyes might be, they’re still in public.

And she knows Alex’s is a bit of an exhibitionist – she knows it quite well – but that might not be what Alex is after tonight, it might not be –

But Alex is moaning softly and melting her body forward into Maggie’s and squeezing slightly where her hands are still in Maggie’s back pockets, and Alex is parting her lips for Maggie’s tongue before she pulls back, concern in her eyes.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t check – is this okay? Is this what you meant when you said you wanted to kiss me?”
And Maggie chuckles, because it’s so sexy, how concerned Alex gets.

“Yes, Danvers,” she comforts, and fire flashes through Alex’s eyes in excitement.

“Excellent,” she murmurs before taking Maggie’s mouth again, pushing her back slightly onto the pool table.

Her pool cue clacks down to the floor, and both of them notice, vaguely, but neither of them care.

Because Maggie’s hands are in Alex’s hair and Alex’s hand that isn’t on Maggie’s elbow is under Maggie’s shirt at her waist and their bodies are flush against each other and Maggie is whispering how gorgeous Alex is in the breaths between kisses, in the breaths between the way her lips trace down Alex’s jawline.

“You know I can just let you two into the back room so you don’t destroy my pool table,” M’gann offers mildly as she passes behind them to pick up their empty club soda glasses.

It takes a moment for them to surface, a moment for them to disentangle, for them to press their foreheads against each other’s until the room stops spinning with hazy want and sharp desire and consuming love.

“Really? Would you?”

M’gann grins. “And I won’t even tell your father, Alex,” she chuckles as Alex blushed and, holding Maggie’s hand, follows eagerly.
Chapter 671

Chapter Summary

peaceful-polis asked:
DEO (undercover as FBI) vs NCPD Science Division baseball fic? Where Alex and Maggie are subtly (but not really) flirty and Kara is banned because well… superpowers. Winn is trying to help Alex with physics and statistics during timeouts to win the game while Maggie’s team is ribbing her about how her girlfriend needs to chill “…it’s just a game Sawyer. She’s acting like it’s war.” James is covering it for CatCo’s new ‘Everyday News’ column and Lena is in the stands dealing with a mopping Kara.

“Absolutely not.”

“But – “

“Kara, they don’t make baseball bats – or baseballs, for that matter – to handle your level of power,” J’onn explains for the thirtieth time.

“Yeah, and knocking a ball into orbit might… you know… blow your cover,” Winn smirks as Kara breaks out her best pout.

“But we could make special bats and stuff, can’t we?”

Winn raises his eyebrows and opens his mouth to say that sure, they could, but J’onn shakes his head.

“The FBI isn’t supposed to have that kind of technology, Supergirl. And anyway, what would we tell Maggie’s colleagues?”

“That they’re going down!” Winn raises his voice, looking past J’onn as Maggie strolls into the command center.

“The enemy walks among us!” James laughs as he tosses an arm around Maggie, who rolls her eyes.

“I’m not here to steal your non-existent baseball strategy secrets, Olsen,” she grins. “Just here to pick up my wife.”

“Literally,” Winn coughs into his hand, and J’onn groans and shakes his head, walking away before any of his children can see him smiling.

But no one sees him smiling the day he dons a baseball cap and FBI baseball jersey and leads his team out to meet the NCPD Science Division team.

Because his heart is smiling at the fun his children are having, but his head is completely into the game. Into winning.

Just like his eldest Earth daughter, who yells out the physics of certain pitches to her teammates
after brief and intense conferences with Winn in the dugout. Under his careful direction, she records RBIs and strikeouts scrupulously, because “the only way we’re guaranteed to win next year is if we analyze everyone’s strengths and weaknesses and practice accordingly,” she tells a sighing Vasquez and a facepalming Agent Butler.

“You know, Agent Danvers, sometimes too firm a hand can deplete team morale,” Lena chimes mildly from her position behind a moping Kara, holding her sad Kryptonian and kissing the back of her neck and whispering to her until she giggles and preens into being a little less droopy.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” Alex mutters with a grin, but her eyes stay just as sharp, just as focused.

“Your girlfriend’s intense, Sawyer,” Maggie’s work partner elbows her in the ribs as they job back to the dugout between innings. “You’d think it was war. She knows it’s just a game, right?”

Maggie turns back to watch her girlfriend taking the field with people who she would die for, who would die for her, and she just grins, part proud and part sad.

“Everything’s war to her,” she tilts her head thoughtfully as she watches her.

“And do you think that gives the FBI an advantage in this game?” a small microphone appears in her face out of nowhere, and she snorts as she looks up to see James, camera in hand, CatCo press pass around his neck.

Maggie arches an eyebrow and grins in earnest as she watches that determined focus settle over her girlfriend, taking warmup pitches just as seriously as she takes… well, everything.

Work hard, play hard.

Maggie’s never quite been so in love, and either way – win or lose – she knows she’ll definitely be winning (both of them will) when they go home together tonight.

“The FBI hasn’t got a chance,” she smirks, knowing the quote will get back to Alex.

And that it’ll make their night together even more fun.
Chapter 672

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
I know you have a million prompts in your inbox but if you ever have time, i’m experiencing a lot of biphobia and violence atm (dw i’m safe and far from my partner right now) and it would mean the world if you ever wrote maggie supporting a young bi girl who comes into the station after being abused by a partner. your fics help me so much thank you

Chapter Notes

tw for references to abuse and biphobia

She was raised not to trust the police.
How could she? They killed people who looked like her, didn’t they?

But she didn’t know where else to go. Didn’t know what else to do.

And she’d gotten the card – from that boy with the dyed green hair and soft eyes and silver earring, that one time she’d been brave enough to go to the LGBTQ+ Center in town – of a detective that the boy promised would be good to her, would help her.

She hadn’t told him anything was wrong.

He just kind of looked at her, and offered her some water and a place to crash if she needed it.

She declined – her girlfriend would be so damn angry if she didn’t come home on time – and that’s when he gave her the card.

Detective Maggie Sawyer, it said.

So she was raised not to trust the police, but the boy who gave her the card was brown, like her, maybe even bi, like her.

Her stomach rolled around even more than it had last night when her partner had gotten… disappointed in her. Again.

The fights – were they fights, really, if she was the one taking all the blows? mostly emotionally, but sometimes, like last night, physically too? – almost never started about her being bi.

But they always, somehow, wound up there.

Wound up with her being a slut, with her not knowing what she wants. With her needing to just call it one way or another, with her making her girlfriend constantly feel insecure, and doesn’t she care
about her, doesn’t she want to make her feel good, doesn’t she want to make her happy, not make her worry all the time, make her stressed all the time, make her angry like this all the time?

Her nerves – terror, really, is a more accurate way to describe it – makes her feet want to pace in front of the precinct, Detective Maggie Sawyer’s business card in her hands, until she works up the courage to walk in.

But she worries that she’ll get in trouble, somehow. If they think she’s being suspicious, somehow. For existing, for feeling, or whatever.

So she holds her breath and she remember the eyes of that boy with the silver earring, and she makes herself march into the precinct.

She stands, awkward and still and wide-eyed, because no one pays attention to her. There’s a quiet buzzing, and she can’t tell if it’s in her head or just the way the old central air functions in this place.

She thinks about clearing her throat, or saying excuse me, but her throat isn’t working.

She thinks about leaving.

Running away.

Running back to her girlfriend.

No.

“Can I help you?” a man at the front desk finally asks, not much older than her. He barely looks at her, and it at once makes it more and less intimidating: more, because how will she ever get him to take her seriously, but less, because at least he’s not looking at her like she’s going to cause any trouble.

“I… yeah – no – yeah, I…” She shakes her head and clears her throat and holds up the business card like she’s offering up a prayer. Because, really, she is.

“I’m looking for Detective Maggie Sawyer,” she manages, and he barely glances at the card before her smiles lightly.

“One of her strays, huh?” he asks, and his words are distant, but his eyes, now, seem more focused, more kind.

She just shrugs, because what does that even mean?

He chuckles softly. “She’ll take good care of you. Come on, kid, I’ll take you back to her desk.”

She nods silently, follows him silently. “You’re lucky she’s actually here today. Usually out in the field, that one,” he says before stopping in front of the somehow precisely messy desk of a woman with long, dark hair, pulled back in a ponytail, glasses on the bridge of her nose, leaning with a frown and a pen in her mouth into a file on her computer.

“Sawyer,” the officer says, stopping short of clapping her on the shoulder, as though it’s his instinct to do so, but he knows better. “Kid here for you.”

“Adrian?” the woman asks without moving her eyes from the screen, holding up her index finger to tell him to wait a moment.
“No, a newbie.”

That takes the woman out of her seeming trance, and she turns immediately, taking the pen out of her mouth and the glasses off her face as she does so.

“A boy at the Center gave me your card,” the girl rushes to explain, as the officer just nods and slips back to his desk. She doesn’t say what center. She hopes she doesn’t have to.

The detective tilts her head and smiles softly, clearing some papers off a chair at the side of her desk without taking her eyes off the girl’s face. She gestures for her to sit before holding out a hand.

“My name’s Maggie,” she tells her, and the woman’s intense focus, the way the other officer had treated her, makes the introduction not at all what she’d expected. “What’s yours?” She leans forward with her elbows on her knees, her head still tilted, her eyes still soft, her lips still smiling slightly.

“Jacqueline. Uh, Jacqui.”

Maggie hadn’t stood on the formality of a last name, so Jacqui doesn’t, either.

“Jacqui. And what brings you here today, kiddo?”

Jacqui gulps. She’d practiced what to say.

She had no idea what to say.

Her eyes flood, instead. Her eyes find the ground, instead.

She feels Maggie’s eyes sweeping her body, carefully. She wonders vaguely what it might be like, to be a detective. To be able to tell so much about a person, about a room, by… looking.

She wonders if she would have gotten with her girlfriend if she’d known everything a detective could… well, detect.

“Something easier, then,” Maggie says, her voice soft, her eyes softer. “You hungry?”

Jacqui looks up with a wrinkle in her brow. “I…”

“I am,” Maggie offers, and the interruption doesn’t make Jacqui feel slighted. It makes her, instead, feel held, and she wonders how Maggie learned to do that.

“My fiancee’s bringing me lunch in a while. She’s amazing at pretty much everything, but she nearly burns down the kitchen at every opportunity. So it’s takeout. Should I ask her to bring you something, too?”

Jacqui’s eyes widen, and her heart thumps louder than normal, harder than normal.

“Oh, OK,” she whispers, and Maggie smiles and picks up her phone, holding up her index finger again. To call her fiancee. A woman. A woman who, when she picks up her phone, makes Maggie’s eyes glisten. It gives Jacqui the chance to sink into her chair, to get acclimated to sitting her. To prepare what she wants to say. How she wants to explain.

There’s a beat of silence as Maggie clicks off the phone, and in that beat, Jacqui finds words.

And once they start, they don’t stop.

“I keep disappointing my girlfriend. Things are really hard for her right now; she’s working full time and she has night school, and I’m only working part time, but sometimes I still don’t have time to do everything she asks, and then also I have this friend, and he’s a guy, and we’ve been best friends since middle school, but she doesn’t want me to spend time with him because I’m bi, and I should be less touchy with him, and I should just pull back because it makes her insecure, right, and why would I want to make her feel like I don’t want her? So it makes her angry, because I keep disappointing her, I keep letting her down, and that’s pretty much all the time, except sometimes it’s really great, like we have the best times together, too, we went on vacation last month and it was amazing, and she loves me so much, she just is afraid of losing me, but last night, she…”

Jacqui stumbles to a halt; slams, more like, feeling like she’s talked her way into a brick wall.

A brick wall with insults on its tongue and cold, solid hands on her cheek.

This whole time, Maggie hasn’t moved. Her facial expression hasn’t changed, and her body hasn’t flinched. If Jacqui were looking at Maggie’s hands, she would see a slight clenching of her right fist. But she’s not looking, because her eyes are blurry, so she only sees Maggie’s stillness, her calmness.

The slight tilt of her head and the sheer warmth in her eyes.

“She?” Maggie prompts, and it’s soft and it’s not judgmental and it’s not calling her stupid for not having left earlier and it’s not calling her anti-feminist for loving her and it’s not calling her fake for being bi and it’s not calling her a bad girlfriend for, sometimes, trying to assert herself.

“I’m wearing a lot of makeup,” Jacqui says finally, and it almost cracks her voice as her eyes flood with shame and she feels like all the eyes of the precinct, of the entire world, are on her. All the fingers, pointing. All the mouths, frowning.

Or, more accurately, yelling.

But she forces her eyes up – up to Maggie’s eyes – and she’s nodding softly, silently.

“Do you know that none of this is your fault?” she asks after a long, long silence, and Jacqui tries to nod, tries to shake her head, and winds up shrugging, and swallowing a sob.

Maggie’s palm hovers over one of Jacqui’s hands, and Jacqui stares down at it like it’s foreign.

She can’t remember the last time someone asked permission to touch her.

She nods, and warmth courses through her at Maggie’s touch.

“It’s okay that you don’t know. But I know it enough for both of us, for now. None of this is your fault. You haven’t done anything wrong. If someone is insecure about you being bi, they need to get over their insecurities and biphobia, not shove them all into you. And I know you love her, and that’s okay. We usually love the people who hurt us most. But that love doesn’t give her the right to hurt you. With her words or with her hands, or with anything. You don’t deserve any of that abuse. Do you know those things?”

Again, Jacqui shakes her head, then nods, then shrugs.
“You’re not by yourself now, okay? I’m going to help you figure out how to make yourself safe. But the first thing you need to do for me is be at least a little bit proud of yourself for coming in and telling me these things, okay? Can you try to do that for me?”

Jacqui nods, this time. It’s slow and it’s hesitant, but it’s a definite nod.

Because maybe – just maybe – she can try it for Maggie.

And for herself.
Chapter Summary

“give me like maggie slowly realising over like several instances that alex is an absolute cuddle monster when shes sleepy and/or drunk?” Happy birthday to the wonderful @letswreakhavoc!!! This was your birthday prompt, and you got it, darling <3 <3 <3

Alex Danvers has a reputation to uphold.

And so does Maggie Sawyer.

So she understands when Alex tells her to ignore the pajamas.

She understands, but she thinks they’re cute anyway.

And when she says as much, it doesn’t go unnoticed – she is a detective, after all, and she does nothing if not detect – that Alex blushes and grins that goofy grin and seems, deep in her nervous little core, to like it. A lot.

That Maggie thinks the badass DEO agent’s soft little pajamas are cute.

But Alex has a reputation to uphold, and Maggie understands, so she doesn’t push it past that point.

This whole thing is new, after all.

This whole seeing-fireworks-while-making-out-with-the-most-beautiful-woman-she’s-ever-seen thing.

But she does notice, and she suspects.

Suspects that Alex might, in fact, be a lot softer than she tries to project; or, perhaps, than she even knows herself.

Because the first time they make love – and god, does it leave Maggie’s entire body tingling – she’s not sure if Alex will freak out. If Alex will leave, or expect Maggie to leave, because maybe the sex broke the bright and shiny bubble, and maybe Alex will move on to the next lesbian she can bring to orgasm again, and again, and again.

But instead, Alex kisses her neck sleepily and tugs gently at Maggie’s hands until Maggie is completely wrapped around her, their legs entwined and Alex’s back flush against Maggie’s stomach and Alex holding Maggie’s hands near her delightfully bare chest.

And Maggie thinks, then, that maybe it’s just because they’ve just had sex for the first time. That maybe Alex is freaking out, and the way she’s freaking out is by keeping Maggie close. To keep somebody close.

But the next time it happens – the next time Alex blearily insists on close, close cuddles – they haven’t had sex.
Not for lack of trying, though.

Because, indeed, Alex had tried.

Alex had tried to be sexy – it worked – and she’d tried to be seductive – it worked – and she’d tried to power through the transition from kissing to… more… than kissing… with energy and verve – and that?

That hadn’t worked at all.

Because Alex has just come off a forty-six hour shift and she is bone-dead tired.

And she tries.

She tries to make love, but Maggie’s the one that slows them down, with a chuckle that starts low in her throat and a smile that lights her entire soul.

“Danvers, it’s okay. Sleep. I want you to sleep. Okay?”

“But the sex,” Alex murmurs, even as her body starts to obey Maggie’s words.

“The sex can be had when my beautiful girl wakes up,” Maggie kisses her eyelids as Alex lets them close as she lays down.

“Sleep time?” Alex asks, barely conscious now.

“Yes, babygirl. Sleep time,” Maggie kisses her face again before moving to get out of the bed, to let Alex sleep.

“Stay,” Alex moans, so desperately flailing her arms out for Maggie that she almost wakes herself up. “If you want to.”

“You want me to stay, Ally?” Maggie smiles, and Alex nods victoriously, even with her eyes closed.

“You want me to hold you while you sleep, sweetie?” Maggie confirms, and Alex’s sleepy smile gets even wider as she settles back into Maggie’s open arms.

“Flying with Kara and dragons,” Alex murmurs as she sinks into sleep, and Maggie tilts her head into the pillow in a combination of amusement and confusion.

“That’s right, babe,” she kisses the back of Alex’s neck, and Alex hums happily in her sleep.

Which, even more than her adorable, awkward stammering or the way she sighs into their kisses, confirms it more than anything: badass DEO agent Alex Danvers is soft as anything and loves, loves, loves cuddles.

And Maggie has never been so honored to be trusted with such a beautiful part of someone’s being.
The first time James called him his brother was one of the best days of Winn’s life.

Because he was stealth when they met.

But when he called him his brother?

Was the day Winn came out to him.

It’s late and they’re a little tipsy and it’s Game Night and Kara knows but he hasn’t gotten around to telling James or Alex or Maggie yet.

But they’re family.

They’re family, and this night is about family, and his being trans is just as much a part of him as his being bi, and James and Alex and Maggie hadn’t blinked about that, had they?

There’s the voice in his head that tells him that sexuality is different than gender. That sometimes, people who act fine with your sexuality get somehow threatened and angry about your gender journey.

There’s another voice in his head that tells the first voice to calm down, because this is his family.

It’s late and they’re a little tipsy and he accidentally wound up clicking his Mario Kart avatar to be Princess Peach and it’s making his palms sweat.

He’s long since been more than alright with things considered to be feminine in heteronormative society, but Peach has a long history with him.

A long history through the one foster home he stayed in that actually had gaming systems. He usually wasn’t allowed to play, but when he was, the older kids made him be Princess Peach, because they said he was such a princess.

They said it precisely because he kept trying to be anything but that.
So he accidentally selects her as his avatar and his palms start sweating and Kara hears his heart rate elevating and as the others argue loudly over which road to race on, Kara leans into him.

“Winn?” she asks.

He jumps, like he’s surprised to hear the name he gave himself.

The name that matches the man he grew up wanting to be, and the man that now, grown up, he never wants to be.

The man he’s always known he had the potential to be, both the good and the terrifying.

“We need to restart!” he yelps, and his voice cracks like it used to when he first started going on T.

“No way, Schott, just because you always get your ass whomped in Bowser’s Castle doesn’t mean – “

“No, Alex, seriously,” he says, and Kara beams at him without smiling as James immediately pauses the game and Alex turns to Winn with sudden concern in her eyes.

“Sorry, Schott, I didn’t know you meant it. What’s up?” Alex asks as Maggie tilts her head with soft, patient eyes.

James puts a tentative hand on his knee, both comforting and questioning.

Winn remembers when he had been afraid James wouldn’t do that anymore, after he found out he was bisexual.

Turns out, though, that they don’t have a straight friend in their group at all, so that… that had helped.

And he hopes it’ll help now.

He gulps, and his eyes flicker from Alex’s to James’s to Kara’s to Maggie’s, back to Kara’s, and then, to his own hands.

He is terrified, and he is panicking, and he is diving, ready or not.

“I’m trans,” he splutters, and Kara smiles into the silence.

Alex tilts her head and Maggie smiles softly and James nods slowly, not moving his hand from Winn’s knee.

“Okay,” James is the first to speak. “Do you want us to call you something else, or use different pronouns, or – “

“No,” Winn interrupts, feeling his face get red now. “No, I don’t mean I’m a trans girl or nonbinary or anything. I mean I… I mean, I was raised as a girl, and I started T the month I aged out of foster homes, and I never meant to not tell you guys, it’s not like it’s a secret or like I’m ashamed, I just don’t tend to tell people at work for maybe obvious reasons and then suddenly we were friends, and then family, and I never knew how to bring it up, and now… they used to make me play as Princess Peach, when I was a kid, and I don’t want to, even though, let’s be honest, I’d make a fabulous Princess Peach, but it just made me think… you guys are my family, and I want to be able to share all the parts of my life with you. So… yeah.”

“Oh, Winn,” Alex murmurs, because there are tears streaking down his face, and they’re in their
socks on the floor in Kara’s living room and her cold steel DEO reputation has long-since been shattered in this room, with these people, so she drops her controller and she crawls forward on her knees, and she wraps her arms around him and kisses his forehead and wipes his tears.

“Look at you, making me hug you and have feelings,” she swallows a sob after a long moment, and they laugh shakily in each other’s arms.

“I’m proud of you, man,” Maggie tells him with light in her eyes that makes him feel like he can fly.

He wipes his eyes as he looks from Maggie’s beaming face, past the Danvers’ girls’ teary ones, to James.

“You were my brother yesterday, Winn, and you’re my brother today. You’re gonna be my brother forever, you hear me?” James grins, and when they pull each other in for a hug, the girls hold each other close, too, because family, family, family.

“Let’s restart this thing and make you Toad,” James smiles broadly when they finally disentangle from their embrace.

“Toad works for me!” Winn beams as Kara reaches for his hand and brings his knuckles to her lips.

“I love you,” she mouths at him.

And he has never felt it more.
Chapter 675

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

nb! Kara au where Kara is using ace bandages and it's hurting them but they can't afford a binder because they're a student. Maggie takes care of them and comforts them and surprises them with a new binder. Alex is an absolutely mess because her girlfriend loves her sibling almost as much as she does. Lena is a mess because her partner probably has the best family anyone can ask for.

She notices when Kara gets winded on a flight of stairs.

Because Kara Danvers barely ever gets winded. Especially not on a flight of stairs.

But she doesn’t say anything. Not yet. Because maybe it's nothing. Maybe she’s being overprotective.

But then Kara flinches when Winn hugs them.

Winn.

Winn, who’s gentle as can be. Winn, who’s always extra careful to not hurt a soul. Winn, who’s genuinely convinced that murder is in his DNA, and spends most of his energy trying to prove himself wrong.

So Maggie takes Kara by the hand and leads them back to her room.

“Um, you haven’t mistaken me for my sister, have you?” Kara teases, but Maggie just rolls her eyes and shuts the door behind the two of them.

“You look amazing, Little Danvers. Anyone tell you that today?”

Kara freezes, eyes wary and just this side of hopeful.

“What do you mean?” they adjust their glasses.

Maggie lets her eyes slide down Kara’s body, then smooths her hands over her own chest in a flat motion.

“Your shirt’s falling really well on you,” she grins, and the tentative hope in Kara’s eyes explodes into ecstasy.

“Really? You think so? I mean, you noticed? Because I can’t tell if other people aren’t noticing, or if they just don’t care, or maybe I’m doing it wrong and so it’s not good enough – “

“Well,” Maggie asks, because she’s pretty sure she knows. “How are you doing it?”

Kara worries at their bottom lip with their teeth. “Is it weird if I take my t-shirt off?” they want to know, and Maggie shrugs with deliberate nonchalance.
“Not if you don’t think feel uncomfortable.”

Kara thinks, and feels, then nods, stripping their t-shirt off and standing in exactly what Maggie feared.

Standing in a mess of ace bandages around their chest.

“Oh, sweetie,” Maggie says, and Kara shakes their head before Maggie can say anything else.

“I know you’re not supposed to do it with bandages, but binders are so expensive, and who the hell has that kind of money? We’re in college, you know? And anyway, it looks good! You said it looks good, and it feels good, and – “

“Does it, though, Kid Danvers?”

“You said it does look good – “

“No, I mean. Does it feel good?”

Kara’s chin rises defiantly before they melt under Maggie’s incisive gaze. “It hurts,” they admit in a soft voice.

Maggie nods softly. “You wanna take them off, then? I can help.”

Kara flinches. “But then I’ll be… but then I won’t… it’ll be bad, I’ll look bad, I’ll feel bad, I’ll be bad.”

“Hey, hey, kid, no. No. You’re never bad because you’re taking care of your body. And you’re never bad because your body’s being pesky and not behaving how you want it to. It doesn’t make you less of a badass enby, okay? I promise, kid.”

“But I don’t have any shirts that look good without it. They all feel… gross.”

Maggie sighs and nods and thinks. “Can you wait here? Just for a few minutes? And I’ll be right back?”

Kara sinks onto their bed. “Fine.”

“Don’t fall asleep in that, Little Danvers. We’re gonna take those bandages off when I get back, okay? Don’t nap. I’ll be right back,” she promises.

And when she returns, she’s armed with an arsenal of James’s sweatshirts, all too big for Kara. All big enough, all baggy enough on them, to make them feel at least somewhat at home in their skin.

Kara smiles and they cry and eventually, they fall asleep, after a long session of shaking and raging about how it shouldn’t cost money to be who they are, cuddled in between Maggie’s arms and Alex’s arms.

The sweatshirts are all they wear for a week.

For a week, until Maggie shows up at their dorm door with a gleam in her eyes and Alex hot on her heels and a package in her hand.

Lena answers the door, wearing nothing but boy shorts and glasses and a sweater, and Alex groans but Maggie just grins.
“I take it Kara’s home,” she greets Lena, who blushes and nods toward the bedroom.

“Kara, your sister and Maggie are here!”

“Please make sure you’re dressed, Kar,” Alex calls, her hands covering her eyes while Lena laughs and tugs on a pair of sweatpants.

“I’ve got a present for you, Kid Danvers.”

“Ooooh, tell me what it is! Alex, tell me what Maggie has for me!” Kara calls from the room.

“I honestly can’t – she wouldn’t tell me,” Alex admits as Kara steps out of their room, hair a mess and lips slightly swollen.

“Here, sit down.”

“Is it my Earth birthday? Did I forget?” Kara wants to know, and Alex rolls her eyes.

“No, nerd, you didn’t forget your Earth birthday.”

“Yeah, well you’re an even bigger – oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, Maggie – “ Kara whispers, their voice breaking as they rip open the package Maggie brought them.

“What is – oh, Maggie,” Lena echoes as she leans over Kara to get a peek, her eyes immediately flooding with tears as Kara pulls a sleek black binder out of its wrapping.

“It’s beautiful,” Kara croaks as Alex starts crying even harder than Kara is.

“What, sweetie?” Maggie strokes her face with concern, but Alex just shakes her head and kisses her.

“I love you so much,” is all she can manage before letting Maggie just hold her as they both watch Kara fawn over their new – their first – binder.

“Can I try it on?” they ask, their eyes wide.

“Do you know how?” Maggie grins, and when Kara’s smile freezes, Lena kisses their mouth to reassure them.

“I’ve looked it up, darling. Come. May I help you?” she asks, all gentle hands and adoring eyes.

Kara nods without words, but doesn’t head back into their bedroom with Lena until they tackle Maggie with a massive hug.

“I like having two sisters,” they whisper with a smile so bright it will be all the thanks Maggie ever needs.
anonymous asked:

Have you ever considered this: Maggie and Alex meet at an underground, ufc type, meet up. And they end up getting paired for a fight (1st time meeting each other but they know each other's names from the power they carry). Then it becomes that gif of the two ufc fighting women were one checks the other one out and she's kinda like. Oh my. Gorgeous.

She knows her reputation. Of course she does.

And she’s seen pictures. Of course she has.

But she’s never been booked for a fight the same night as the famed Alex Danvers, though she’s always wanted to be.

Until tonight.

Until tonight, when she’s told that she’ll have the opportunity to make more money in one night than she usually does in a month.

Because this is the match up of the year.

Maggie Sawyer versus Alex Danvers.

She’s heard rumors that Danvers got into the game when her father went missing and her kid sister needed extra cash to help with college.

She wonders what rumors Danvers has heard about her.

About the schools she’s been kicked out of and the way her parents threw her out.

About the way she fights like she’ll lose everything if she gets knocked out, because every single time, that’s how it feels.

About the way she casually befriends most of the women she knocks out in the cage, because it’s all about being a good sport, isn’t it?

But the rumors – rumors about the way Danvers fights with more mind than body, fights with more rage than technique – have nothing on the way this woman looks when Maggie steps out into the crowded, underground arena to see her opponent standing, barely wearing a thing, bouncing on the balls of her feet and loosening up her neck.

“Fuck,” Maggie murmurs to herself, because goddamn, this woman is a vision.

Her expression is focused, concentrated, determined. Take-no-prisoners. Somehow, at the same time, her expression is haughty, almost bored.
But then, Danvers turns.

She turns, and her eyes catch Maggie’s eyes.

And then they do a quick once-over of Maggie’s body.

And her expression flickers.

Flickers to something like shock and something like awe and something like raw, pure want.

The expression on Danvers’s face vanishes almost as soon as it appears, but then Maggie smirks.

She smirks, and it seems to shatter all the pretenses Danvers has.

The crowd roars as she strolls toward her, grin firmly in place, hand out.

“Danvers,” she greets, and she’s surprised when Alex bites her lip at the sound of her voice.

Surprised and very, very turned on.

“Sawyer. Your reputation precedes you,” Danvers returns, and it doesn’t escape Maggie’s notice that they’re more holding hands than shaking hands at this point.

“Does it?” Maggie asks, letting her eyes drift down Alex’s body slowly, slowly, slowly.

She forgets the crowd and she forgets the sponsorship money and she forgets… well, everything.

She wonders if she could get lost in this woman, and if she would mind it at all.

“It does. Dinner after the bout? On me if you win, on you if I do.”

“Oh, so you’re definitely buying,” Maggie smirks, and Alex shrugs.

“We’ll see. But I feel like I’ll be winning either way.”

She gives Maggie a look that sends heat straight through her body, and she’s pretty sure Alex has a point; win or lose the fight, tonight feels like it’ll be about winning for both of them.
Chapter 677

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey... can we have one where Maggie validates Alex's need to cry? I imagine Eliza wouldn't let her cry cause crying never get things done. Thanks cap my cap!!! If you can't. That's fine too!!! Whatever you write is amazing!!! As always!!!!

She had never said it to be cruel.
She’d never said it in anger.
Sometimes, in frustration.
But always, because she just wanted Alex to be… extraordinary.

“Oh, Alex, you know that crying has never gotten a project finished,” she would tell her when she was up until all hours, stressed because her group mates hadn’t come through (again) on their project in high school.

“Alexandra, there’s no use crying over there while Kara needs your help here,” she would tell her when she and Kara had gotten into a fight and Eliza determined that Alex was the one who needed to apologize.

“Oh, sweetie, you know crying won’t help matters any; you just have to go ahead and put on your big girl boots and fix it,” she would tell her when she was frustrated with a problem in the lab, with a problem with a boy, with a problem with… everything.

Crying wouldn’t get work done.
And it certainly wouldn’t bring her father back.

So the first time Alex cries in front of Maggie, all she does is try to stop.
All she does is apologize.
She holds her breath to stop her chest from convulsing with tears, and she wipes at her face, and she gives herself the hiccups with the effort to stem the tiny rivers flowing from her eyes, and she apologizes over, and over, and over, and over.

Maggie doesn’t ask her why.
Not then.

Then, she just holds her and rocks her and kisses her tears and calls her sweetie and tells her she has nothing to be sorry for. Nothing at all.

Maggie doesn’t ask why Alex keeps apologizing – she thinks she has a pretty good idea, anyway – because Alex asks her first.
“Why?” is all Alex can choke out once her tears have shuddered to a halt.

“Why what, beautiful?” Maggie kisses her nose and wipes her tears.

Alex scoffs. “I look disgusting,” she objects, and Maggie stiffens.

“No, you don’t,” she tells her, and her voice is firmer than it usually is. And for some reason, that firmness makes Alex feel more loved than even her gentle caresses do.

“Why?” Alex asks again, and it’s a different question, but it’s the same question.

“Because you deserve to let your feelings out, Danvers. You deserve…” Maggie sighs, and shifts so she can kiss Alex’s eyelids. “Alex, you’re allowed to have feelings, and you’re allowed to have them recognized.”

Alex’s shoulders sag.

“But it doesn’t help anything. It’s just a waste of time.”

Maggie tilts her head and kisses Alex’s mouth gently. “It’s never a waste of time to let yourself be human, Danvers. It’s never a waste of time to let me love you.”

Alex blinks, and Maggie’s eyes widen as she realizes what she said.

And then her lips are lost in Alex’s, and her kiss tastes like salt and like old scars starting, slowly, slowly, to heal over.
Chapter 678

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hey cap, can you write some soft maggie musician au? maybe she's an artist and she plays at the local bar and alex comes in and falls for her instantly

She usually doesn’t head into bars.

Not since the disaster that was failing out of school.

Not since alcohol was only a tool to numb her brain and body; not since she gave the stuff up in favor of coming out, in favor of letting herself be herself, in favor of letting herself… feel.

It’s harder, this way, sometimes, but she likes it better. She likes herself, better.

And bars are still comforting, anyway, in a strange way.

Because for Alex, it’s a chance to sit and watch people, listen to people. Be with people without actually having to interact with anyone if she doesn’t want to. Because she’s long-since perfected her leave-me-the-fuck-alone glare.

So when she slips into her favorite local bar, it’s for the familiarity and the being-alone-without-being-alone, rather than for the alcohol.

But the moment she walks in, she’d very much like to not be alone at all.

Because this bar, on this night, hosts local musicians, musicians on tour, musicians passing through town to build their names and build their base.

And this bar, on this night, is hosting the most beautiful woman she’s ever seen.

She doesn’t have a band.

She just has a guitar and a beanie and ripped jeans and a vest and a soft, gorgeous voice that burrows itself right into Alex’s bloodstream.

Alex stands in the doorway to the bar like she was just struck by lightening like that CSI in Central City, because really, it feels like she was.

The musician looks up in the middle of a long, sweet note that makes Alex’s bones tremble, and when their eyes meet, Alex’s throat runs dry.

She only moves when someone else, trying to get into the bar, bumps into her.

When she looks up again, the musician’s eyes are still locked on hers. She smirks so slightly it’s almost unnoticeable, and Alex nearly trips over herself.

Which only makes the musician’s smirk travel up to glisten in her eyes.
Somehow, Alex finds herself a bar stool, and somehow, she finds herself a glass of club soda.

“Her name’s Maggie,” M’gann murmurs to her as she wipes the bar down in front of Alex.

“No one asked,” Alex murmurs back, but her eyes never leave Maggie’s face.

“Alex, if you stared any harder – “

“Maggie, huh?” Alex sips at her drink, spilling some down her shirt, and M’gann chuckles.

“Maggie Sawyer,” M’gann confirms as Alex swirls the name around in her mouth.

She watches Maggie’s lips and she watches the way her fingers move on the strings of her old acoustic, and she finds herself jealous.

She doesn’t move when Maggie’s set finishes, and she doesn’t move when M’gann nudges her and murmurs that she shouldn’t lose her shot.

She doesn’t move, that is, until the girl with the beautiful voice and gorgeous arms underneath nothing but a sleeveless vest comes right up to her.

“Evening,” she greets, and her speaking voice is so much lower than her singing voice, and it shoots right through Alex’s body.

“Hi,” is all Alex can manage, and M’gann groans softly behind the bar. “You um… you’re beautiful.”

Maggie’s eyebrow shoots up, and she licks her lips.

“I mean… I mean you played beautifully. Your voice and your… all that…”

Maggie still stares, tilted head and bottom lip between her teeth.

“But I didn’t mean… not to say that you’re not beautiful. I didn’t mean you’re not – I – it – “

“Do you have a name?” Maggie saves her, and M’gann smirks as she cleans a glass that’s long since been spotless.

“I do.”

Maggie tilts her head further, a smile forming on her lips.

“Oh. It’s… it’s Alex. Danvers. Alex Danvers.”

“Well, Alex Danvers. Would you like it if I got you a drink?”

Alex reddens and her face falls as she raises her glass. “Club soda.”

But Maggie just smiles deeper. “Two club sodas it is then.”

And Alex’s heart trembles even stronger than her hands, and she’s never been happier with her decision to walk into a bar.
Chapter 679

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Oh I’m definitely a hugger :) Whenever you have the time I’d love a superfamily + girlfriends + space parents at a theme park, please. I-pod anon.

“Absolutely not,” J’onn crosses his arms over his chest, the only one of the group not in shorts and tank tops and nerdy snapbacks (and, in Winn and Kara’s cases, Mickey Mouse ears).

“You can disarm me before I go in. I promise I won’t shoot anything,” Alex pleads, like she’s twelve not twenty-nine, her eyes wide and beginning to pout.

“Look away if you want to stand your ground, J’onn. You know who Little Danvers learned her pout from, don’t you?” Maggie warns, slapping five with Kara as Lena giggles with Winn and James.

“Agent Danvers, am I to understand that you brought alien weaponry to Disneyland?” J’onn shifts the subject, and Alex fidgets.

“…. no?”

“Your girlfriend is extremely trigger happy, isn’t she?” Lena teases Maggie under her breath, who pffts.

“Yeah, well, yours is bulletproof, so, you know.”

“It’s… not the same thing, Mags,” James ventures, but backs away quickly when Maggie rounds on him.

Winn laughs until Maggie turns to stare at him, which prompts him to take James by the arm and head off in search of popcorn.

“Did you expect her to not come prepared for anything, dear?” M’gann asks J’onn, who falters, not under Alex’s pout, but M’gann’s.

“I’m just concerned that she’ll draw her weapon at the first sign of anything even remotely frightening in that ridiculous Haunted Mansion.”

“I will not – “

“Babe, to be fair, you nearly drew your gun at Winn when he leaped onto our bed this morning – “

“You all think I can’t handle a haunted house?”

Kara steps toward her sister, eyes wide and Mickey Mouse ears practically bouncing with her enthusiasm.

“It’s not a haunted house, Alex. It’s a whole mansion of haunt.”
“A mansion of haunt, darling?” Lena asks, and Kara shrugs.

“English wasn’t my first language.”

Lena laughs as she draws her in for a kiss, and M’gann leans into J’onn’s chest.

“It’ll be fun, J’onn. You and your daughters, getting the thrill of danger without actually being in danger for once?”

J’onn sighs and Alex tries – and fails – to hold back a cheer.

She grabs Maggie and J’onn’s hands and tugs them forward, looking over her shoulder to where Winn and James got to.

“Guys, come on! To the Haunted Mansion!” she calls, and they catch up with Lena and Kara to race after her, weaving their way through children and adults who’ve forgotten how to be children, but who might just remember, watching this group, these nerds.

This family.
Chapter 680

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey cap, I don't know if you're still writing sanvers after the atrocity™ but if you are could I request some super smutty smut? Like super smutty™ kinkiest of the kinky™ you get me my friend? Only if you want to. I'm talking restraints, dirty talk, ice, spanking, whatever comes to mind. :) be well.

Chapter Notes

smutty waters ahead, mates

The last time Maggie suggested the hit the town, they wound up in a car chase.

The time before that, they ended up narrowly avoiding a lethal run-in with Cadmus.

But this time?

This time, Maggie has had Winn run scan after scan after scan for any signs of building Cadmus or other sinister activity across National City, because tonight will not be interrupted.

Because Alex just bought herself this new red miniskirt, tight and short and absolutely breathtaking, and she mentioned offhand this morning that she plans to wear it with that choker Caitlin got her for Chanukah, and Cadmus be damned: Alex Danvers is all hers tonight.

That’s the plan, anyway. But they barely get out the door.

It’s not Cadmus’s fault, this time.

It’s not another Daxamite invasion.

It’s Maggie.

Because they have plans to go dancing, but she can’t keep her hands off of her fiancee, and frankly, Alex doesn’t want her to.

“So you know we don’t have a great track record with trying to go out anyway,” Alex tries to logic her way through their rapidly changing plans as she arches her neck back to allow Maggie’s lips, tongue, and teeth better access to her pulse point. But her voice is gravelly from want and she’s already panting with need, and it’s all Maggie can do to focus on making words.

“You’re saying you want to cut our losses and just stay home?” she grins, her lips trailing down Alex’s collarbone to her cleavage, now.
Alex squirms and buries her hands in Maggie’s hair.

“I’m saying don’t you dare stop,” she whimpers, which, of course, makes Maggie… stop.

Alex whines at the loss of contact, and Maggie chuckles softly. “But we got all dressed up, baby,” she teases, and Alex glares down at her, shifting the energy between them just with her eyes, just with the subtle, barely-there change in her stance, her pattern of breathing.

And, sure enough, the next moment, it’s Maggie with her back against the door, Maggie with her hands pinned above her head, Maggie whimpering and utterly open for the woman pressing against her.

“And did you get dressed up for the other women at the bar, or did you get dressed up for me?” Alex asks, her eyes shining, every bit the fearless DEO agent she presents to the world.

Maggie gulps, and Alex’s grip softens.

“Color?” she checks, and Maggie leans up to kiss her lips softly.

“The one that means don’t stop,” she rasps, and it’s Alex’s turn to chuckle.

“You stopped when I asked you not to,” she moves her body back slightly, but keeps her hands pinning Maggie’s wrists above her head. Her eyes rake over Maggie’s body slowly, taking her time with her surveillance. It makes Maggie writhe, and Alex doesn’t have to unzip her jeans to know how soaked she’s getting for her.

“Unfair, Danvers,” Maggie pants, struggling against Alex’s hands but winking at her to indicate that the struggle is for fun, not for real.

Alex bites her bottom lip and tilts her head as she considers Maggie as a cat might consider a mouse. “You want me to show you unfair, Sawyer?” she smirks, just to watch the way Maggie’s hips roll at the low tone of her voice, the burning look in her eyes.

“Bed,” Alex steps back from her completely, and Maggie gulps and nods and bites her lip as she walks.

Alex tilts her head as she watches her.

“Wait,” she says, slipping her hands around Maggie’s waist and holding her close, soft, gentle. She kisses the side of her face with something that can only be called reverence as she holds her from behind. “You know how much I adore and respect you, right?” she asks, and Maggie hums in delight as she backs herself even closer into Alex’s arms.

“Always, sweetie,” she smiles, turning her face to kiss Alex’s lips. “But right now, if you wanna show your undying adoration and respect for me by ordering me around, I mean, I’m down – “

“Speaking of down,” Alex releases her again, slipping back into their developing scene and walking around Maggie’s still standing form to perch herself on the bed, “I still want you here.” She pats the mattress on either side of her. “But on your knees.”

Maggie gulps, and worry flashes across Alex’s eyes.

“Don’t worry, Danvers, I’m good to go,” Maggie whispers as she drops to her knees, continuing forward, half-shuffling, half-crawling, eyes never leaving Alex’s face.
But she doesn’t make it more than a foot or two before Alex crosses the room again and lifts Maggie off the floor, effortlessly carrying her to the bed and laying her down for her. And it’s Alex who kneels, now, on the bed – their bed – to take off Maggie’s boots and kiss her feet as she slips them off.

“You okay, sweetie?” Maggie makes sure, and Alex shrugs, eyes lowered.

“I thought for a minute I was in the mood to… to top you, but then I saw you on your knees, and I… I’m sorry…”

“Hey, no, babe, it’s all good. Some things are sexier in fantasy than in reality at certain moments, and that’s okay.”

“But I… I don’t want to stop.”

Maggie tilts her head, trying to ascertain Alex’s meaning, her desires, her needs. And sure enough, something has shifted in Alex’s eyes again, and it surges like heat through Maggie’s entire body.

“Wanna switch places, Danvers? You’re in the mood to have me fuck you senseless, aren’t you?”

Alex squirms and blushes and nods, and Maggie grins as she sits up.

“Okay. So tell me what you think of this plan. Head over to the closet and grab the hand and ankle cuffs and my strapon. Whichever one you’re in the mood for. And then I want you to be a good girl and crawl back to me when you bring me what I need to fuck you nice and hard.”

Alex gasps softly and doesn’t move until Maggie’s hand touches her face, gentle and tender and protective.

“Baby? You good?”

Alex nods with wide eyes. “Oh yes. Definitely. Green. Like, forest green, or neon, or – what’s the greenest green?”

“Danvers.”

“Mmm?”

“Be a good girl and tell me what you think of my plan.”

Alex gulps and turns her face to nip at the flesh of Maggie’s wrist.

“I like it. But um… can I make one change to it? Please?”

“Of course, sweetie.”

Maggie curses herself internally for adding the crawling part. It was too much for Alex to see her doing it tonight, so she should have taken it off the table entirely, she should have –

“Can I take my shirt off first? I’m wearing a push-up bra that matches my skirt, and I think you’ll like it, and – “

“Why are you talking and not stripping, then?” Maggie asks, and Alex nearly tumbles off the bed in her eagerness to obey.

She bites her lip as she gathers the cuffs and Maggie’s harness and the thickest dildo they have; as
she watches Maggie’s eyes glisten at her strapon choice; as she sinks to her knees to crawl back to Maggie, watching Maggie’s jaw drop and her breath slow and her eyes rake down to her cleavage and her tongue poke out to moisten her lips.

“I have another proposed alteration to your plan, Detective,” Alex offers when she’s on her knees right in front of Maggie, right in front of their bed, and all Maggie can do is nod dimly.

“I want you to fuck me. Harder than you think I can handle, and then harder than that.”

A moan escapes Maggie’s lips, and Alex smirks.

“But I want you to earn it. I want to tie you down first. I want to ride you as hard as I can until you can’t do anything but slam your hips up into me and beg me to uncuff your hands so you can touch me. And if you’re good – if you’re really, really good for me – I’ll consider uncuffing you and letting you come buried all the way inside me. How’s that sound to you?”

Maggie opens and closes her mouth once, twice, three times, before she can make words happen, looking down at Alex, on her knees for her, that choker, that skirt, that pushup bra.

“Oh,” Alex continues before Maggie figures out how to language. “And I’d love for you to wear your glasses for me. While I ride you.”

A sound that’s almost a groan and almost a squeak works its way out of Maggie’s mouth before words do.

“Absofuckinglutely,” is all she can choke, and Alex smirks wickedly before rising off her knees and straddling Maggie, kissing her hard and pushing her tongue past her lips in a way that makes Maggie gasp and scream into her mouth and pull Alex closer, closer, closer.

“Good?” Alex makes sure, and Maggie answers by pulling her down on top of her, hands not knowing if they want to settle on Alex’s ass or hips or torso or breasts or face, so they travel everywhere, instead.

Maggie writhes as Alex strips her of her jeans, of her shirt, her bra, and kisses each newly exposed inch of flesh like she’s worshiping her, because god, god, she is. She whimpers as Alex tugs the harness on Maggie and puts the dildo in her hands so she can position it in the way that’s going to feel best for her. She moans as Alex brings her lips down to suck on the new extension of Maggie’s body, taking as much of her into her mouth as she can, all the while keeping eye contact with the woman whose hands are entangled in her hair and whose heart is entirely hers.

“I love you,” Alex whispers as she gives a final kiss to Maggie’s strapon, turning her attention now to cuffing first her ankles, then her wrists, firmly to the bed.

“Feels good?” she asks, and Maggie nods breathlessly after testing the restraints gamely.

“Good girl,” Alex praises, and she rewards Maggie with a kiss before slipping off the bed.

Maggie whines, and Alex swoops back down to press a kiss against her bare stomach.

“I’ll be right back, babe. I promise. Can you be my best girl and wait for me?”

Maggie writhes at the kind of praise she usually heaps onto Alex, her hips arching up of their own accord, fruitlessly trying to get some much needed pressure.

“Soon, baby,” Alex promises as she pads into the kitchen, tugging open the freezer with a grin that
makes Maggie’s heart skip a beat.

Because Alex returns with a hand towel and a glass full of ice.

Ice that she asks if she can drip onto Maggie’s stomach, onto her thighs. Maggie pants and hisses and begs for more as Alex takes a cube of ice between her teeth and melts it with her breath until it drips right onto one of Maggie’s nipples.

Maggie screams, at that, and Alex immediately takes the ice out of her mouth and replaces the freezing water making Maggie’s nipple hard with her cool but rapidly warming lips. She massages her nipple with her tongue while she traces patterns with a rapidly melting ice cube over Maggie’s other breast, over her stomach, her sides.

She grinds down into her, Maggie’s strapon pressed between both of their stomachs.

“Fuck,” Alex groans, and Maggie struggles against her wrist restraints.

“You need them off?” Alex snaps out of her haze immediately, and Maggie shakes her head somewhat sheepishly.

“I like the feeling,” she murmurs, and Alex smiles and kisses her lips tenderly, because she knows exactly what she means.

“Should I keep going?” she asks.

“Please,” Maggie whispers, so Alex does.

When Maggie’s body can’t take any more freezing ice drops – when her entire being is begging for more contact between them – Alex pats her dry with a soft hand towel before slipping off the bed to take off her panties.

She leaves her skirt on, but lifts it just enough for her to be able to straddle Maggie, opening her legs wide enough to take her inside her.

All the way inside her.

Maggie moans and fights to keep her hips down on the bed, letting Alex control the pace, control the way her body stretches around the thickness, the length, of her strapon.

“I’m gonna ride you now, okay?” Alex teases, but also asks, and when Maggie nods, she’s confirming, not just begging.

She doesn’t bother starting slow.

Slow isn’t what she wants tonight.

She buries her fingers under Maggie’s body, gripping her ass as she lets her torso drop down over Maggie’s, pulling her closer with every downward thrust of her hips, with every time she tries to take Maggie deep enough to bottom out inside her.

“I need more of you,” Alex groans when both their throats are raw from each other’s names, from strings of profanity pulled from each other’s lips, from begging and pleading and green, green, green.

“Then take more,” Maggie prays, and Alex shakes her head.
“I think you’ve earned the right to give it to me,” she grins, and Maggie’s eyes widen eagerly, offering her wrists up for Alex to unlock, her ankles for Alex to uncuff, once she slips off of her slowly.

Alex lays on her back once Maggie’s out of her restraints, but Maggie shakes her head.

“Another plan?” she asks, and Alex is all ears.

“I want you on your stomach. I want to turn the dildo around so it’ll be angled just right, and I want to fuck you from behind while you touch your clit with both hands, so I can stretch you out with my strapon while you give your clit everything you need with those pretty little hands of yours. Oh, and I want to make you beg for it. Since you made me wait so long to be able to fuck you back.”

Alex doesn’t answer with words.

She just flips over onto her stomach, arches her hips up slightly, and shifts so both her hands are underneath her body, fingers poised to press on her soaking clit.

Maggie clicks her tongue in gentle scolding. “Not yet, Danvers. I left one part out of the plan.” She puts her hand gently on Alex’s exposed ass, asking a question with her soft gesture. Alex whines and writhes and nods desperately, but Maggie shakes her head.

“I need you to say it, baby,” she tells her, her voice asking for consent, not for a sexy line, and Alex smiles with how much she loves this woman.

“I want you to spank me, Mags,” she whispers, her face burning red until Maggie leans down to kiss her cheeks lovingly. “Hard.”

“There’s my girl,” she murmurs, hesitating slightly before bringing her hand up and then, quickly, solidly, back down.

The sharp sting and even sharper sound puts Alex’s entire body on alert and at ease, somehow at the same time. She bites the pillow so she won’t scream, but Maggie tuts again above her.

“You don’t have to hold back, babygirl. I want to hear how much you like it when I smack your ass.”

Those words alone make Alex scream, and Maggie chuckles in satisfaction before bringing her hand down again.

“You wanna count for me, baby? If you’re a good girl and get to ten, I’ll shove my strapon inside you just like you like.”

“I… it… Mags…”

“Use your words, babe,” Maggie braces her, and Alex gulps.

“One,” she breathes out, and before she’s finished with the word, Maggie brings her hand down again.

Alex screams and whines and practically sobs with need, with want, as she chokes out a second number, then a third, then a fourth, her counting interrupted only by assuring Maggie that yes, yes, yes, please, she wants more.

But by the time Maggie brings her hand down on Alex’s ass for the seventh time, Alex is dripping
onto the bed and wrecked and ruined beyond her own control. So instead of forcing the number seven out of her lips, she begs.

“Please, Maggie. Please, please fuck me, I can’t… I… just…. please. Please.”

She expects Maggie to scold her, to punish her, to encourage her to start counting all over again.

But instead, Maggie obliges, checking with her fingers to make doubly sure Alex is wet enough – and god, is she – before wordlessly pushing inside her, covering her entire body with her own so her breasts are pressed against Alex’s back, fucking her deep enough that she bottoms out inside her with two simple, calculated thrusts.

Alex buries her hands in the sheets and sobs with need as she bucks her hips back desperately, as she fumbles to find some semblance of friction amidst how soaked she’s made her own clit.

“Maggie,” is all she can choke out, and she only remembers how to breathe again when she feels Maggie’s lips on the nape of her neck.

“I’ve got you, babe,” she murmurs into her ear. “You can let go, Alex. I’ve got you.”

She punctuates her promise by pushing inside her, burying herself in Alex’s body, chest wracking with her own sob as she pulses her hips against Alex’s ass, inside Alex’s body, one of her arms bracing her body next to Alex’s side and the other shifted so she can interlace Alex’s fingers with her own.

“Mags,” Alex whines, and it’s all she can say before she feels herself topple over the edge, the pressure from her own fingers combined with the curve of Maggie’s strapon, insistently pressing into all the right spots inside her, completely and utterly undoing her.

She comes without a sound, just shuddering, absolutely ruined gasps of breath, and as Maggie coaxes her through her every wave, she feels her coming inside her, too.

“Goddamn,” Alex breathes when she finally remembers how again, as Maggie gently slips out of her with a soft pop before flipping over onto her back next to her, her hand on Alex’s ass and her eyes closed in an absolute daze.

“Goddamn is right,” Maggie murmurs, turning her face blearily to kiss Alex’s mouth.

“I love you,” she tells her, and Alex smiles at her earnestness. “I love you so damn much, Danvers.”

“Well, that’s convenient,” Alex shifts closer to Maggie. “Because I love you so much, too. Forever.”
supertworld asked:

Hey J, hate to be a downer but body’s decided it’ll be a pain no matter what I do kind of day. You’re probably not writing today but if you were some Alex being a bad patient (Nb!Alex would be even better) would be awesome... If not just some good thoughts that I can get rid of this pain for a while would be awesome...

They bite down a groan the moment they open their eyes.

It’s going to be one of those days, and it’s the worst timing it could possibly be.

Because everyone’s coming over for brunch today, and everyone wants to have fun today, and everyone just wants to be normal today.

“Morning, sweetie,” Maggie’s groggy voice and soft lips on their shoulder jolts them out of their rapidly spiraling thoughts. Somewhat.

Alex just grunts, and they see Maggie tilt her head out of the corner of their eye.

“How’d you sleep?” Maggie asks, and Alex suppresses an irritated groan, because they know that’s not what Maggie’s asking.

She’s asking how Alex’s pain is; she’s asking if she needs anything; she’s asking if badass secret agent Alex Danvers is going to be weak as all hell today.

“Fine,” Alex forces themself to turn their face to their fiancee, forces their lips up into a smile. “What about you?”

“Good,” Maggie nods slowly, letting Alex have their wall, for now.

It doesn’t stop her from watching Alex carefully as they shift in bed, as they start to sit up.

“You know, I was thinking we could ask everyone to come by later. More like a late lunch than brunch. I kind of wanted to cuddle this morning. If you wanna skip your run and keep me company?” Maggie invites, biting her lip and arching an eyebrow suggestively.

Alex glares for a moment and hesitates before letting themself lay back down. Before letting themself sink back into their mattress, into Maggie’s open arms.

“Do you really want to postpone brunch?” Alex asks, and they feel Maggie swallow, practically hear Maggie thinking.

“I thought it might be nice to order pizza for everyone, instead of you and me cooking and all that. It’ll be better for the fire department, that’s for sure,” she grins.

“I’m fine, you know,” Alex protests, but they flinch when they try to shift in Maggie’s arms too
quickly.

“I know you are, babe,” Maggie presses an open-mouthed kiss to Alex’s shoulder. “That doesn’t mean you have to pretend you’re not in pain.”

“I’m not – “

“Alex. Remember when Cadmus kidnapped me?”

Alex shudders and gathers Maggie closer to them involuntarily, ignoring the shooting pain that accompanies the sudden movement. “How can I forget?”

“Remember I tried to tell you that I wasn’t suffering, after? That I didn’t suffer, during?”

“Mags – “

“Your pain is no less real than that.”

Their eyes lock and Alex swallows hard. A long silence. Still bodies, shallow breaths. Unblinking eyes.

“Everyone was looking forward to brunch.”

There are tears trapped in Alex’s throat, and Maggie smooths their hair out of their face with soft fingers and even softer lips.

“No. Everyone was looking forward to spending time with someone they love.”

“Also me,” Alex jokes, and Maggie preens teasingly.

“They do love me, don’t they?” she smirks, and Alex kisses her with a soft smile.

“I certainly do.”

“Limits are alright, babe. Postponing and just resting this morning so you can enjoy yourself later? Ordering in so we don’t have to cook? There’s nothing wrong with any of that, sweetie. There’s nothing weak about any of that.”

Alex squints and grits their teeth and sighs heavily.

“Fine. Wanna text them?”

Maggie smiles and kisses her fiancee lightly. “Yes please,” she rolls over to grab her phone from the nightstand.

And, hours later, when their friends come over, they come armed with pizza and potstickers and six packs and bright, bright eyes.

James hugs them lighter than he normally does, and he thanks them for postponing. “I’m proud of you, Al,” he punches his fist lightly on their shoulder.

“Lookin’ fly, Danvers,” Winn tells them, knowing they can’t bind today. Knowing they’re wearing one of his old sweaters that’s baggy on them to minimize the visibility of their chest. “An excellent wardrobe choice, if I do say so myself.”

“Hey sib,” Kara says through a mouthful of potstickers.
“Kar, did you crack open the box of potstickers on the way here?” Lena asks over her shoulder, winking at Alex and Maggie as Kara takes an enormous gulp.

“No,” she stammers, and Alex laughs. Hard.

Because no one is mad at them. No one is disappointed in them.

Everyone’s just digging into pizza and teasing each other and teasing Alex and tossing popcorn at each other and loving, loving, loving, all crowded on Alex and Maggie’s bed like it’s exactly where they’d all planned to be.

Because it’s exactly where they all want to be.
Chapter 682

Chapter Summary

superspies-and-apple-pie asked:

hi Cap--could I ask for a fic or two of Alex or Lena worrying about potentially having to drop a course in school, and maggie or kara helping them through it? i'm really struggling with one of my courses right now and i'm worried I might have to drop it to save my GPA. it's all of my neurotic perfectionist tendencies, but I identify with Alex and Lena for those reasons too

Kara and Maggie meet eyes over Alex’s head, both of their faces grim, both of their breaths held.

“Al,” Maggie starts tentatively, but Alex holds up her hands and waves them frantically, as though her fingers can physically stop anyone’s comfort from getting through to her.

“Alex,” Kara whispers this time, slipping her hands around Alex’s waist from behind without touching her, waiting for her big sister’s permission.

She trembles for a moment, stiff and desperate to bury herself in her books, away from the reality that her girlfriend and her sister are trying to convince her is alright.

Trying to distance herself from her failure.

But she looks up into Maggie’s eyes, full of nothing but adoration – completely free of the judgment Alex is subjecting herself to, that she knows Eliza will impose on her – and she feels the gentle hesitation in Kara’s hands, the love and respect and attentiveness implicit in the way Kara is waiting for permission to actually touch her.

So she sighs and lets herself be loved, leaning back into Kara’s touch. Maggie smiles encouragingly at her, her head tilted slightly, which skews her glasses at an angle that Alex finds irresistibly adorable.

“You know I love you in glasses, right, Sawyer? I don’t understand why you won’t wear them outside our dorm.”

Maggie gives her a fake scowl as she offers one hand for Alex to hold, as she gently closes Alex’s organic chem text book with the other.

“No changing the subject, Danvers,” she chastises, but it’s gentle and supportive. None of the seething hatred that Alex is feeling for herself – not even a trace – is in Maggie’s voice.

“No pun intended?” she chuckles, because changing the subject – or, more specifically, dropping it – is exactly what has Alex in tears.

Maggie’s fake scowl gets even deeper. “Okay, bad choice of words on my part.”

“But really, Alex,” Kara kisses her cheek as she slides out from behind her and collapses next to her on the couch. “You know none of your options are bad, right?”
Alex purses her lips into a tight, panicked line, shaking her head and squeezing her eyes shut as she starts to tremble.

“I just have to study harder, I just – “

“Hey, whoa, babe,” Maggie leans forward to kiss her lips softly, and Kara smiles at the way Alex’s panic slows immediately. “Listen to me, hm? Please, sweetie?”

Alex opens her eyes and sighs, leaning into Kara as she holds her girlfriend’s hand and keeps her gaze locked into Maggie’s.

“If you don’t drop the class, you know you’re not a bad person if it makes your GPA drop. It’s not gonna ruin everything, Alex. Your transcripts are spectacular. You’re spectacular. And one class isn’t going to destroy that. It’s not going to invalidate what an amazing student you are. Or what an amazing person, which is more important, anyway.”

“But – “ Alex starts to wriggle in panic, and Kara takes her turn, now.

“But,” she picks up, Maggie nodding at her encouragingly. “If you do decide to drop it, that doesn’t mean you’re giving up, or that you’re a failure. It just means that this was a really hard term for you; you were taking, what, twenty-three credits? And working a billion hours a week in the lab? If you decide to take a hit to your GPA, it’s okay, like Maggie said. But if you want to drop it, and take it again when your schedule is less strained and your emotional health is better, that’s also okay, Alex. Either way, you’re the best big sister in the world. And you’re still like, a genius.”

Alex scoffs bitterly, even though her shoulders are more relaxed, now. “If I were such a genius, I wouldn’t be doing so crappy in orgo.”

“Would you say that if it were me, Alex? Or Kara, or Lena?”

Alex scowls, and Maggie returns it, both of them leaning into each other and intensifying their scowls until they break out laughing.

Alex’s laughter has tears in it, though.

“I’m not a bad person? Or… or stupid?”

“No,” Kara’s voice is firm.

“Absolutely not,” Maggie’s is, too.

“But Mom – “

“Eliza will deal with it. She has so much to be proud of you about, Alex. And if she loses sight of everything else that you’ve done – everything else that you are – because you had a tough term, well… that’s not your fault.”

Maggie grins at her hopefully-one-day sister-in-law before turning back to her girlfriend and kissing the tip of her nose.

“Kid Danvers is right, Alex. You’re amazing, okay? And you’re so damn smart, and dedicated, and you have so much to be proud of. This doesn’t change that, whichever decision you make. Okay?”

“You won’t be mad? Or… disappointed?” Alex asks them both, not able to look at either of them.

The way her voice breaks almost makes Kara sob as both she and Maggie instinctively embrace
Alex, sandwiching her between them and peppering her face with kisses.

“Never, Alex,” Maggie promises.

“Never ever ever ever,” Kara assures her.

“Will you buy me pizza to celebrate me making a decision?” Alex asks, tears still in her voice, but relief clear in her eyes.

Kara grins broadly and disentangles herself, leaving Alex in Maggie’s very capable hands.

“I’ll be right back,” she beams, zooming away for pizza and Alex’s favorite ice cream, because she deserves all of it.
He doesn’t realize they’re together at first.

Because at first, he’s too distracted by the way his wife is flirting with this hot new detective, comparing notes on glocks and the best defensive moves against much bigger combatants.

Distracted, of course, not displeased.

Because the way this woman – Detective Sawyer, she’d introduced herself with a grin and an extra firm handshake – was making Iris laugh, and Iris’s laughter is always his priority.

But when Kara’s big sister comes up behind Detective Sawyer, slipping her arms around her waist and kissing her with parted lips – kissing her with tongue – as she holds her from behind and Iris beams at the happy couple, Barry’s eyes fly wide open, because now he finally understands.

This detective must be the detective. The one that Kara’s big sister just proposed to.

He runs his hand through his hair and steps back into the conversation.

“Wait, I’m so sorry, I didn’t put it together before – it’s you!”

Maggie turns from Alex while staying in her arms, and cocks an eyebrow at Barry.

“Me?”

Iris laughs and kisses Barry’s cheek. “Honey, what are you talking about?”

“You’re the woman Alex is marrying! I didn’t put it together before, because when you introduced yourself Alex was in the other room, and I – oh, but I see it now!” He bounces on the balls of his feet in excitement.

“What gave it away, Allen? The making out or the massive engagement rings?”

Iris laughs as Maggie rolls her eyes at Alex’s snarkiness, while Barry opens and closes his mouth rapidly.

“My husband isn’t the most observant superhero ever to prowl the streets,” Iris pats his arm sympathetically. Barry is about to protest, but Cisco’s shout from across the room shushes him.

“The wife is always right, Bar!” He air-fives Iris, as Barry nods in genuine agreement.

“And you two are gonna be wives soon!” he enthuses, pointing between a very bemused Maggie and Alex.
“Oh, hell no,” a voice sounds from behind the group, and Barry turns on his heel to see Lucy Lane, leaning in the doorway with a lopsided smirk and sunglasses resting up on her head.

“Hell… no?” Barry gulps, because he’s met Major Lane before, and Iris, Caitlin, and Felicity all swear that she’s the sweetest, more generous, kindest person; but he makes his palms sweat every time.

Probably something about his history with literally every army officer he’s every met, aside from Dig and (sometimes) Lyla.

“I get to be the biggest cheerleader for these nerds,” Lucy smirks as she steps into the room, hugging Iris, kissing Alex’s cheek, and running through an absurdly complex handshake with Maggie. “You don’t get to be in the running, Allen.”

He straightens up at that, and Iris rolls her eyes preemptively, because she knows the love of her life all too well.

“Well, if it’s running we’re talking about, I think I’d do pretty well – “

“You just figured out right now that they’re even together, Allen. I’ve known from the first phone call Danvers gave me about meeting Mags. I’ve known from before Danvers knew she was a massive lesbian.” She turns to Alex with raised eyebrows.

“Still don’t know how I flirted so hard with you all that time and you still didn’t know, Alex,” Lucy grins, and Alex blushes as Maggie and Iris awwww and kiss her cheek sympathetically.

Barry crosses his arms across his chest, playfully gearing up for a fight with Lucy. “A second for a speedster is like months for a regular person,” he sets his shoulders, but it only makes Lucy snort.

“Which means it took you that much longer to put two and two together, Flash,” Lucy grins, and Cisco tosses his head back from the couch where he’s sitting with Felicity and Caitlin.

“Quit while you’re only slightly behind, Barry!” he grins as Felicity and Caitlin laugh.

“Why do we all get together like this?” Barry murmurs. “You all just always gang up on me!”

“Aww, babe, it’s just because you’re so easy and so adorable,” Iris comforts him teasingly, and he accepts it gladly.

“See? I’m adorable,” Barry nods sternly at Lucy, like that has anything to do with absolutely anything they’re talking about.

“Sure, Allen. Sure,” Lucy shakes her head and laughs as all of them awwww helplessly at Alex melting into Maggie’s arms.

Because really, they all ship it pretty damn hard.
anonymous asked:

So I just realized or at least admitted that I am a major commitment phobe. And I know that you have a lot of prompts so you can ignore. But I was wondering if you ever have time, or would want to, if you could share your thoughts on a longtime out, NB, commitment phobe Alex meeting Maggie Sawyer and trying to decide if they want to face their fear or not... Sorry for bothering you...

“I don’t have a fear of commitment, Luce,” Alex tosses a fistful of their popcorn across the couch, making Lucy groan and Kara lunge for the fallen morsels. “Just because sleeping with you didn’t make me want to woo and marry you – “

“Whoa, little sister present!” Kara tosses up her hands while Lucy smirks and rolls her eyes at Alex, reaching over and running her fingers through their hair.

“I’m not saying it’s got anything to do with me, Danvers – please, I know I’m worth sticking around for – I’m just saying. You’ve… got a bit of a phobia.”

Alex rolls their eyes and glances toward Kara, expecting her to chime in and defend them.

She doesn’t.

“Kar?” they prompt.

“I mean… you know I love you, sib, but… Lucy kinda has a point.”

Alex huffs and they grumble and they steal the popcorn bowl away from Lucy and refuse to give it back.

But what they don’t do, is deny it.

Because the more they think about it, the more they know their sister and their best friend are right.

They are a bit of a commitment-phobe.

Okay, maybe a lot of one.

Because there were a lot of women in college, and a lot of women afterward. Some great, some not. But even the great ones never made them want to stay.

Hell, the great ones were the ones Alex ran from fastest and farthest.

Sam Arias, Lucy Lane. Sara Lance.

They were amazed, sometimes, that these women were still their friend.
Because the sweeter they were – the healthier a relationship could have been – the harder Alex pushed it away.

And then they meet Maggie Sawyer.

And Maggie Sawyer never once stumbles on their pronouns, and she is goddamn brilliant at her job.

She’s got this lopsided smirk that makes Alex lose their concentration at work – which never, ever happens – and she’s got this incredible calm about her even during the most terrifying situations in the field, and it turns Alex on far beyond what is responsible.

And when they finally fall into bed together – Alex thinks of it as ‘finally,’ but really, it only takes a few days of working the same case – Maggie doesn’t scream when Alex makes her come.

Which is a very new experience for them.

They’re used to making women scream in all the most delightful ways.

But Maggie comes quietly, even as she leaves marks on Alex’s back that they both know will last for days.

She comes quietly, but she kisses them soft and sweet and almost tender.

She doesn’t perform her pleasure for them, but there’s something in her eyes that tells Alex that she wants to go out again. Soon.

Like, on a date.

Not just to fuck.

Alex isn’t there when Maggie wakes up in the morning.

“You really like her, huh?” Winn nudges their shoulder as they read over the morning reports in the command center, and Alex fixes him with a look that nearly makes his insides shrivel.

“I saw you two leave the bar together last night. And you’re here even earlier than you usually are.”

Alex stares at him for a moment longer before shrugging and going back to their report. “Maybe that means she was terrible in bed. Or that we fought and didn’t actually wind up going home together or something. My entire life isn’t about sex, Schott.”

Winn holds up his hands defensively. “I know, Al, I do. Your entire life is about your job and about protecting your sister and your friends. Which makes sex a lot less scary than letting yourself fall in love. Or even committing to someone long enough to be able to.”

Alex blinks.

“Didn’t J’onn hire you to work tech? No one told me anything about you being our new psychologist.”

Winn sighs, and Alex softens. “Sorry, Winn. I’m sorry. I…” They sigh and sit and Winn sits next to them, waiting for his sibling to let themself actually talk to him.

“You’re right. I do. I like her. I mean, I barely know her, right? But she…” Alex closes her eyes
and shakes their head, running a hand through their hair and finding that they’re trembling slightly just at the memories of last night. “She’s smart and she’s tough and she’s beautiful. She’s so beautiful.”

Winn smiles and puts a hand on Alex’s knee. To both of their surprise, Alex covers his hand with their own and links their fingers together.

“She seems like a good egg, Al.”

“But what if she… what if I…”

“You’ll have us. We’ll get you through it. Me and Kara and James. Okay? I promise.”

Alex squeezes his hand before groaning.

“You left her without leaving a note or anything, didn’t you?” Winn asks, and Alex nods with another groan.

“Text her,” Winn nudges their phone at them. “Text her. I can help you figure out what to say, if you want.”

Alex thinks about teasing him that they’d never take advice about women with him, but he’s been a bit sensitive about that kind of thing since he came out as bi, so they just nod and thank him.

And, it turns out, he’s not too bad at it.

Because that night, they have another date with Maggie.

An actual date.

And Winn comes over – with James and Kara – to help them get ready. To help make sure they don’t run.

To help make sure they don’t panic.

“One date at a time,” Kara whispers soothingly as she kisses their cheek before they leave.

Alex nods nervously, leaning up on their tip toes to wrap James in a massive bear hug before heading out the door. “Thanks, bro,” they whisper, because he’d coordinated their entire outfit.

“Any time, sib,” he kisses their cheek, and they smile as they catch the way Winn is beaming at his boyfriend.

Maybe this commitment thing won’t be so bad after all. One date at a time, anyway.

They try to focus more on Maggie than on the swirling pit in their stomach.

Because they figure that Maggie is definitely worth the risk.
Chapter 685

Chapter Summary

The Danvers Sisters and Their Girlfriends: Snowed In Edition
“Sanvers snuggled up during a snow storm…lots of fluff!!” prompt from @jordyn-m-51 and “Snowed in at the Luthor cabin in the mountains: supercorp :)” from @skierank and “I like the cabin idea! Maybe a double-date ski trip? :“ from @whatdoidowiththisthing and “double date blanket burritos?” from @sandstonesunspear and even a dash of “protective Kara!” for @memoriesonawall

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It turns out that winters in National City don’t agree with Maggie Sawyer.

It’s not that her oversized police jacket doesn’t keep her warm enough. That’s just the thing: it keeps her too warm.

She’s always too warm, because it’s always too warm in this damn city.

“She doesn’t miss Blue Springs, but she misses Nebraska, you know?” Alex sighs over a beer as she waits for Maggie to get done with a long shift, at the bar with Kara and Lena.

Kara brightens with an idea. “I can fly her up to the Fortress of Solitude!”

Alex leans across their booth and kisses her sister’s cheek, but shakes her head. “One, she hates flying. And two, I don’t think she needs it to be quite that cold.”

So it’s Lena, now, who perks up, her eyes glistening with the excitement of finally feeling like she can offer something to her future sisters-in-law.

“I have a cabin. In the mountains. Or, well, my family does, but mother doesn’t… it’s mine. And we could take a trip, the four of us. Or… or you could just go up with Maggie, that’s also – “

“No, no, Lena, that… that sounds amazing. All four of us. A weekend-long double date. Wow. Thank you.” Alex grins and leans forward to cover Lena’s hand with her own, and Kara beams at the interaction, at the way it makes Lena light up.

And she stays lit up through their entire car ride – Kara grumpily surrendering the driver’s seat to her sister and Maggie, but taking comfort in the fact that it means she can snuggle in the back seat with Lena – because Alex and Kara fight over the radio, and she and Maggie conspire to undermine both of their Danvers girls’ music choices, and there’s laughter and a giddiness that Lena’s never really associated with anything but cheaply made, heteronormative romantic comedies.

“Damn, Luthor,” Maggie murmurs when she finally pulls up into the massive driveway of the mansion-like cabin. “This is the place?”

Lena blushing and looks down, worried that perhaps it’s too much, that perhaps it’ll remind them where her family’s money comes from, that…
“It’s beautiful, Lee. Thank you for inviting us,” Kara kisses her temple, and Lena relaxes immediately.

They planned on skiing and snow tubing and lots of hot tub time. The first two in double date form, the last… distinctly as separate couples.

Lena and Alex were grateful that the walls of the cabin were sufficiently thick, but Kara bemoaned that they weren’t lead-lined, which resulted in Maggie teasing her; which resulted in a pillow fight that resulted in all four of them splayed across each other, breathless with exertion and laughter, tears streaking down their faces with how childish they found they could all be together. How free.

They planned on all the activities and the picture taking and the cuddles by the fireplace.

They didn’t plan to get snowed in.

The morning the sky decides to precipitate, hard, in vast fluffy sheets that whip harshly in the wind, Lena ventures out into the local town to bring home lattes for them all while everyone else is still sleeping, Maggie wrapped in Alex’s arms and Alex with her feet still on Kara’s stomach from how they all passed out on a blanket fort in front of the fireplace last night.

Because sure, she could make lattes in the kitchen; but she could also go out and get some herself so she can also pick up those scones that Kara had been moaning and drooling over the day before.

None of the women stir from their deep rest – the first truly peaceful rest any of them have gotten in far too long – when Lena leaves, but she can’t prevent the cabin’s front door from slamming when she comes back in, hands full of lattes and scones and breakfast burritos.

“Lena!” Kara tosses Alex’s feet into the air, sending her into a sleepy tumble as she superspeeds toward her. “You went out in this? Look at you, you’re freezing! Alex, get the fire started up again! Lena, no, why – listen to that wind, what were you thinking?”

Lena holds up the bag of scones sheepishly, blinking ice out of her eyelids and letting Maggie trade her a towel for the lattes. “I wanted to treat everyone,” she shrugs, and Kara melts as she strips Lena of her gloves and takes her hands between her own, breathing onto her fingertips and rubbing them between her warmer hands.

“Darling, I’m fine, I promise,” Lena smiles as she tilts her head forward to kiss her protective girlfriend, who looks about ready to bust out the front door and give the snow storm a piece of her mind.

“You’re so cute, sis,” Alex grins up at her from where she’s kneeling by the hearth, and Kara reddens and fidgets with the hem of her sweater since she’s not wearing her glasses.

“You’d do the same if it were Maggie,” she murmurs with a grin, and Maggie smirks as she leans down to kiss Alex with slightly parted lips.

“Mmm, that I would,” Alex concurs as she kisses Maggie back, hot and hard with just a touch of still-sleepy, until Lena and Kara clear their throats good-naturedly.

“Breakfast, dears,” Lena reminds them, and they take their time disentangling with soft laughter and even softer touches.

Alex is more than a little worried that she’ll get restless, get claustrophobic, get anxious, when it dawns on her just how bad the snow is outside.
Maggie kisses the back of her neck and holds her from behind, the two of them wrapped in the fluffiest blankets ever to fluff, as they feed each other breakfast.

It only takes a few moments for Alex’s potential panic to abate.

“They have the right idea about how to have breakfast, those two,” Lena murmurs to Kara, who eagerly pauses with a scone halfway to her mouth and switches its direction so she’s offering it to Lena’s lips instead.

“Holy crap, Little Danvers,” Maggie is awe-struck.

“You’ve literally threatened my life over the last potsticker!” Alex huffs, but her smile gives her away.

Lena beams as she accepts the scone Kara is feeding her – the love she’s offering her – and thinks this trip should definitely become an annual thing.

Chapter End Notes

this chapter is cross-posted with Always Another Side
anonymous asked:

With all of Alex’s medical and alien expertise, do you think she’s ever looked into making a Kryptonian-strength anti-anxiety/anti-depressant? Cos Kara seems like she could do with having some on standby.

It’s one of the reasons she started studying medicine to begin with.

She wanted to change the world; but her world, too, was her sister.

So before she became a soldier to fight for Kara on battlefields large and small, she became a doctor.

To make sure her sister didn’t suffer like she did.

Because all that time she spends in the lab isn’t strictly required for her multiple degrees.

She spends the extra time – and bribes some of the TAs to turn their backs on the extra equipment and strange chemical requisitions she makes – trying to make anti-depressants that will work on a Kryptonian.

Because Kara’s outwardly cheerful disposition has a devastating toll. Her nightly difficulty falling asleep – her utter terror of silence, of darkness, of thunderstorms, because they all feel like her pod, drifting, drifting, alone, trapped, alone – and that drag she constantly has on her heart, even when she’s doing her best to literally punch through it – don’t escape Alex’s notice.

How could they?

She experiences such similar things herself.

So she spends years, trying.

Year, explaining away Kara’s sudden bouts of intense nausea and shaky hands as modified versions of Clark’s solar flares, because if Eliza knew, she’d want someone with more expertise than Alex, more experience, to take over the project.

But Alex is the only one who can do it.

Who can take proper care of Kara. Who can shield her from the worst of the moments when she winds up splayed out on the bedroom floor, unable to move and unable to do anything but, perhaps occasionally, blink.

The number of hours Alex has spent, laying on the floor next to Kara – building a blanket fort around her little sister – is astronomical.

Almost as astronomical as the amount of time she spends in the lab, trying to make her medicine
that will take the edge off the pervasive clouds of depression that always seem moments away from taking over Kara’s entire sky.

Hell, and her own.

But she’s human. She has access to… things.

Kara’s entire planet is gone. All her people.

Alex is her only hope.

She doesn’t succeed until J’onn picks her up from containment and trains her to use a gun, trains her to use her bodyweight against creatures much stronger, much larger, than her; trains her to kill.

Because he also gives her access to some of the most advanced medical resources in the world; and so he lets her continue training to heal.

The weeks the newest medicine take to course through Kara’s system before making any kind of tangible impact on her day-to-day life are agonizing for Alex, like they’ve been for every attempt in the past.

And this time – with the resources of the DEO at her fingertips – this time, it works.

She finds the right chemicals, the right dosages, the right combinations.

It doesn’t make everything better. Far from it.

But it lets Kara smile easier, and sleep easier, and laugh louder. It helps her spend less energy on just surviving, freeing up her emotional capacity for developing coping strategies, discovering ways of living that work for her, better than they’ve been able to before.

And when Alex meets Maggie, she has an idea.

She invites aliens of various species, from various sectors, who only have access to paltry human medicine, to let her do for them what she did for Kara. With them. With Kara.

It makes Maggie beam with pride and it makes Kara’s heart swell, and it makes the mental health of National City’s alien populations that much better.

All starting with her sister, a college chem lab, and a lot of blanket forts.
anonymous asked:

If you could get to this at any point, that’d be amazing! But also, no worries at all if you don’t :) prompt: a character (Maggie, maybe?) doesn't excel in college, and takes way longer than the normal four years to graduate, and feels constantly down on themselves. Maybe being supported by any character(s)? Hope you're doing well J, and thank you for your writing.

“You don’t have to come, babe,” Alex tells her, kissing the back of her neck as they hold each other close enough to fit on the dorm room’s twin-sized mattress. Which works just fine for them; except when Maggie tries to turn around at Alex’s words, just barely missing nailing her girlfriend in the face with an errant elbow.

“Of course I’m coming, Danvers,” Maggie argues when they’ve readjusted to meld together on the small mattress, chest to chest and nose to nose this time. Maggie tucks a stray bit of red hair behind Alex’s ear and kisses her lips. “You’re graduating with all kinds of honors and shit. You think I’m not proud to walk around being like, ‘that’s my girlfriend?’”

She grins lopsidedly and Alex knows it’s true. Knows how proud Maggie is of her.

But she knows, too, that tomorrow’s going to be tough for her.

Because she and Alex entered college the same year, but Alex is the only one graduating today.

“I know you’re proud of me, Mags, and I appreciate it. I do. But you don’t have to act all tough right now. It’s just you and me. You can talk to me. I love you,” Alex tells her, like it will fix everything, like the sincerity in her voice, in her eyes, will finally sink into Maggie’s bones and help her love herself as much as Alex loves her.

“I love you too,” Maggie whispers, and for a moment, there is no graduation looming, no prospect of watching all her classmates in their caps and robes, while she’s in jeans and a flannel because she’s not good enough, not fast enough, not put together enough, not normal enough, to finish with the rest of them.

For a moment, it’s just two young women, in bed and in each other’s arms and wildly, wildly, in love.

Maggie absorbs it like it’s medicine, because really, that’s what it feels like.

But then she remembers.

Tomorrow.

“Listen, Danvers, it’s fine. You know? Lots of people take five, six years to graduate. I’m just taking the long way around, focusing on other things, I’m not – “
“Babe,” Alex interrupts gently. “It’s me. I don’t need the lines you give your advisors or assholes trying to tell you you’re less than me because you’re not graduating yet. I need your feelings. Your real feelings. I need you, Mags.”

Tears burn her eyes and she huffs and flips over onto her back, staring at the ceiling as Alex shifts to be half on top of her. The slight pressure of Alex’s weight on her body feels good, feels safe. Feels right.

“I just… what if they’re all right, you know? I mean, I know plenty of people who’ve gotten kicked out when they were kids, and obviously lots of people who are graduating on time have mental health stuff. You. Luthor. Hell, Luthor’s younger than me and she’s… So what if everyone’s right? That I’m just lazy, or not as smart, or weak, or making excuses? What if they’re right, Al? And like… I know we’ve talked it to death already, but what if… what if you graduate tomorrow, right, and then you’re embarrassed to be dating some college kid? Or, okay, fine, don’t give me that face. What if it just doesn’t work out? Logistically? You know?”

Alex waits a beat to make sure Maggie’s talked out. It’s not a lot, what she said. But it’s more than she usually does, and Alex is grateful for her trust.

“I do know, babe. But I also know that I love you. More than I’ve ever thought it was possible to love someone. And even more importantly? Maggie, you are the smartest person I’ve ever met. The way you negotiated your way through those simulations in forensics? That’s a kind of smart, a kind of calm and restraint and quick thinking and… and empathy, god, Mags… that none of the rest of us have. You’re creative and you’re sharp and you are not weak or lazy or making excuses. You know what you’re doing?”

Maggie shrugs, letting a single tear fall down her face as she listens to Alex. It’s not the first time they’ve had this conversation, and it probably won’t be the last, but god, is it comforting to here her talk like this.

“You’re being brave. You’re making your own way. You’re prioritizing taking care of yourself, like you did when we were sophomores and you took spring term off to make sure your health was alright. And you’re making sure you don’t burn out, spreading all your classes out like that. Mags, you wanna be a cop: not burning out is the smartest thing you could possibly do for yourself. You know?”

“More?” Maggie asks, her voice small, and Alex leans down to kiss her mouth, a soft smile forming on her own lips as she nods and kisses Maggie’s face while she continues.

“You were the only one who was able to prove that Winn wasn’t responsible when his father got out of prison and tried to make him hurt those people. You, Maggie. And you were the one who had to explain organic chem to me: you weren’t even taking it, that was the term you were only taking psych, remember? And you love me. You love me so damn well. And you love my sister so well. You were the only one who knew what to say to Lena about Lex, and you’re just full of life and love and god, it doesn’t hurt that you look this good.”

She gets a chuckle out of her girlfriend, then, and they snuggle somehow even closer.

“You’re amazing, Maggie Sawyer. And I’m proud that you’re my girlfriend. I’m proud of it today, and I’ll be proud of it tomorrow, and I’ll be proud of it the day after. Okay? You’re amazing. The four years is arbitrary: you’re not. Okay?”

Maggie stares and gulps and nods, more to herself than to Alex, until she finally bites her lip with a soft grin. “What were you saying about how good I look, Danvers?” she asks, and Alex’s eyes
sparkle.

“Let me show you, Sawyer,” she rasps, and god, she does.
Chapter 688

“Maggie, you can’t even stand,” Kara pleads with her.

Well, Supergirl pleads with her.

Because Kara Danvers is a mild-mannered reporter who fidgets with her glasses and stammers around pretty girls.

The woman hovering above Maggie right now is Kara Danvers, certainly, but she is also letting bullets flatten as they drop off her body, shielding Maggie, shielding her sister, shielding James – well, Guardian – from the second barrage of bullets from the latest wave of National City weapons dealers Cadmus has brought in.

The first barrage of bullets caught Maggie in the calf.

“I don’t need to be able to stand,” she grunts through gritted teeth, her bloodied hands slipping on her gun as she focuses, as she aims. “I just need to be able to shoot.”

“Maggie, Alex will kill me if – “

They both flinch slightly as an explosion shakes the garage. Maggie instinctively checks around her to make sure Alex is alright.

She is. She’s facing the other way. She doesn’t know yet. She doesn’t know how much blood Maggie is spilling onto the concrete –

“I’ve got this, Supergirl. You go do your job.”

She’s shouting, now, both to channel the pain and to be heard over the commotion of guns and yelps and orders and explosions.

“My job is to protect – “

“Everyone, not just me! They’re aiming to take down the building’s structural integrity. Go. Be Supergirl, not – “ She pauses, then opts to whisper, knowing Kara will hear it when no one else in the vicinity will. “Not my sister-in-law.”

Kara gives her a worried glance even as Winn’s voice echoes into both of their ears.

“Supergirl, they’re striking at the foundations of the building – “
“I already figured that out, Schott. Supergirl’s on it,” Maggie calls before giving Kara a chance to respond.

“Guardian!” Kara shouts after fixing Maggie with a desperately worried glare. She gestures to Maggie before speeding off to fix the larger problem, the larger attack.

He fights his way to her without question, without hesitation. He fights his way to her, because she’s his sister-in-law, too.

“Maggie, we need to get you a medivac!” he yells when he’s close enough for her to hear him.

“I’m fine, Olsen. We get medics in here, they get shot, no one wins.”

“Your wife happens to be – “

They both cringe slightly as someone throws an alien grenade their way. James bats it away with his shield.

“Aww, I could’ve kept it,” Maggie chokes, and James is too focused to roll his eyes. “And I know who my wife is, but she’s – “

“Right here, Mags,” warm hands are suddenly on her body, and the fear, the pain, that Maggie’s been refusing to acknowledge starts flooding into her veins at how safe, how vulnerable, those hands allow her to feel.

“Danvers, you were on the other side of the – the safer side of the – “

“Hush,” Alex commands, and Maggie tries not to listen, but Alex just rips part of her own shirt off to tie around Maggie’s calf. “You’ll be alright, clean entry and exit,” Alex tells her, trying to keep her battlefield medic composure, but her voice trembles.

“I’m alright, Danvers,” Maggie tells her, her eyes soft and pained and then, suddenly, focused and sharp.

Alex doesn’t have time to react before Maggie aims her gun over Alex’s shoulder and squeezes the trigger. A Cadmus lackey collapses to the ground, his gun clacking to the side, his kneecap riddled with a well-aimed bullet.

Maggie sighs in relief as Alex just stares down at the utter badass that somehow married her.

Maggie clicks into the group coms and grimaces out a smile. “Told you I didn’t need to be able to stand, Supergirl,” she gloats grimly, and Alex doesn’t need x-ray vision to be able to picture the way Kara, even in the midst of battle, rolls her eyes with the kind of irritation that only can come with deep, deep love.
Chapter 689

anonymous asked:

Oo Oo Oo.. I just thought of a prompt and I'm wicked excited about it so here goes.. Red kryptonite this season.. Where Kara goes off on how she's lost Alex and everything about Maggie and Cat leaving and all the ANGST she's harbored this past year? Maybe?

She never wanted to feel that feeling again.

The feeling that Red Kryptonite gave her.

The feeling of watching her sister’s face crumble.

The feeling of hearing Cat Grant scream in terror.

The feeling of destroying everything.

Everyone.

That she loved.

She never wanted to feel that feeling again.

Except also, a little bit… she did.

A little bit, she did, because it gave her an outlet.

Cat had told her to find the reasons she was really angry, and Rao, she found so many.

Too many for any one person to bear.

So she never wanted to feel it again, but sometimes… sometimes, in her darker moments, she imagined what it would be like.

To be able to let go.

Of all the rage and all the hurt, all the disappointment and all the terror.

Terror of losing Alex.

Rage at losing… everything.

Again, and again, and again, and again.

She never wanted to feel it again, except maybe she did… but then she didn’t have a choice.

Because Cadmus got their hands on the stuff, and they were, of course, merciless with it.
So she’s in Alex’s apartment, now, and Alex looks different than she did last time.

Her hair is curlier, is redder. Her face, always confident, carries a little more self-love, a little less force and a little more soft.

But it’s all edges, now, because Kara is telling her everything she’s wanted to tell her – not wanted to, but wanted to, but not, but yes, but… – for too long now.

“And you don’t think she’s actually going to stay with you? She never stays with anyone, she never looks back. But you know who’s stayed, Alex, for you? I have. I have, even when you abandon me, even when you promise me that dating someone won’t take you away from me. But you know what, sister?”

She says the word with disgust. Like she had last time. With a mocking that carves Alex to the core.

“It did. It did, because I needed you. Cat was gone, and she was all I had at CatCo, my only normal anchor. Because Winn wants to be involved in everything Supergirl, and hell, James is his own superhero now! Maybe Maggie can get her own suit, too, it can be a good old party. But Cat was normal, was safe and sane and she left me, like you left me. She left me for mountains and you left me for a girl, and neither of you cared that I was dying inside.”

“Kara – “

“Are you going to tell me I’m wrong? That bringing me back from the Black Mercy wasn’t the cruelest thing anyone had ever done to me? You should have left me there, Alex. You should have left me, in a world with my family, my real family. My family that didn’t include you. I was happy, then, and you ripped me away.”

“You chose – “

“You begged. You begged because you didn’t know who to be without me, but now you have Maggie, and you can just be her mirror like you were mine. You brought me back from paradise straight into hell, and then you left me. A real sister wouldn’t abandon me, Alex, wouldn’t neglect my Earth birthday or postpone Sisters’ Night or be so distracted that I get sucked into a warzone across the galaxy without you. And after you murdered my aunt, the one connection I had left to my home. You could have incapacitated her, you could have done anything but kill her, but you chose, and you made the choice to destroy everything I – ”

“Kara, please – “

She’s crying, now. Alex.

And Kara loves it.

Relishes it.

A small part of her, a quiet part of her, screams against it, protests against Alex’s pain.

But the part of her – most of her – that is flooded with every terrible thought she’s ever had is having the time of her life.

The release is amazing.

This is amazing.
And it can get even better.

“I wonder who’s out there in this city you and your girlfriend love so much that’s going to need protection. I would tell you not to follow me, but you trying to stop me will just make this even better. See you on the battlefield. Sister.”

And she does.

She sees her sister trembling as she fires the DEO-made gun that finally knocks her out.

She thinks later that she could have gotten out of the way, but maybe part of her needed it to stop. Needed to be stopped. Or else she never would.

She almost expects Alex to be nowhere in sight when she wakes, with tears streaked on her face and her body sore all over.

But she is.

Of course she is. Holding her hand and stroking her hair like she hadn’t tried her hardest to break her heart. To break her.

“Alex,” is all Kara can manage, because her voice is hoarse and because her overflow of emotions is just too much.

“No one got hurt,” Alex assures her gently, but her back stiffer now that Kara’s awake.

“That’s not true,” Kara reaches a trembling hand over herself to cover Alex’s, who just grimaces and shakes her head.

“I’ll be fine,” she says, but her voice is tight, and Kara wonders vaguely what she’s told Maggie about their exchange. Or, rather, about Kara’s monologue.

“Alex – “

“It wasn’t you, Kara.” Her voice is firm. Like she wants the conversation to be over. Like she needs that to be the truth. But it’s not. And her eyes tell Kara that she knows it, too.

“But it was,” Kara whispers, and Alex bites her lip to keep from sobbing as she turns her face away.

“I know,” Alex whispers back. “But... but is it also you that loves me? Because if you do, then we can work through the rest, we can – “

“I do, Alex. I do, of course. I love you so much, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I – “


“I love you, Alex. I love you so much, I do, I promise I do, I’m so sorry.”

It’s hours before J’onn decides it’s time to wake them from the sobbing-induced sleep they take in each other’s arms.

He knows it’ll be a long road, but the way Kara hugs Maggie on their way out of the DEO, and the way she walks between her and Alex, holding both of their hands as they finally head home, he knows it’ll be worth the journey. Together.
Chapter 690

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can you possibly do a fic where Alex is a surgeon at some hospital and Maggie is still a detective but got injured and becomes Alex's patient? And obvi they fall in love

She argues the entire way to the hospital.

Of course she does.

Because it’s just a little bullet wound, and it’s just a little blood, and the job isn’t done, and she’s fine, really, if she could just –

But the woman who listens intently as the EMTs report her condition on the way out of the ambulance is the most beautiful woman Maggie’s ever seen.

And it shuts her up.

For a moment.

“I’m really okay, my partner just overreacted and – “

“No, Ms. Sawyer – “ The surgeon – the gorgeous, god, beyond beautiful surgeon – who’s got her eyes half on Maggie’s chart and half on her bare torso, pauses and chews the inside of her cheek for a moment, her eyes sweeping to the badge still at Maggie’s hip – “Detective Sawyer, excuse me – your partner really didn’t overreact. This much blood loss, I’m surprised you haven’t gone into shock yet.”

“I’m tougher than I look,” Maggie tries to grin before trying to smack her groaning work partner as he rolls his eyes at her terrible flirting.

The surgeon just raises an eyebrow and calls out some gibberish that Maggie supposes is English, but doctor-English. Sexy doctor English.

“I’m Alex, Detective Sawyer – “

“Maggie’s fine,” she answers hastily, even as she feels her arms being prodded with IVs.

She thinks she detects the ghost of a grin on the woman’s face. On Alex’s face.

“I’m Alex, Maggie. And I’m going to need to go in and get this bullet out for you. I know they already asked you these things in the ambulance, but I’m going to ask you again, alright?”

Maggie answers her questions about allergies and medical history and on and on as best she can, even as she feels herself slipping, as she feels herself surrendering to the pull of the pain and of the pain meds.

“You’re really beautiful,” she thinks she murmurs as she finally passes out, and she definitely
thinks her surgeon – Alex – smiles this time.

When she comes to, it’s to the steady beeping of a monitor instead of the rush of the ER.

When she comes to, a woman with Dr. Alex Danvers stitched in script on her white coat is writing something on her chart.

Maggie must stir, because Alex meets her eyes almost immediately.

“You’re awake,” she smiles, and Maggie’s definitely not imagining it this time. “How do you feel?”

“Depends. Is there steel lodged in my body?”

Alex chuckles and shakes her head, and Maggie wonders deliriously what her lips taste like.

“I’m better at my job than that,” she tells her, and Maggie tries to swallow, but finds that her mouth is too dry.

“Here,” Alex rushes to put down her chart, reaching for the water and straw by Maggie’s bedside before holding it gently to her lips.

Maggie’s not accustomed to being fed – mainly because it’s not something she’s ever allowed, even with partners – but she finds it easy to let this Alex Danvers woman give her water.

It’s the best thing she’s ever tasted.

“Thank you,” she whispers when she doesn’t think she can handle any more.

Alex smiles, and there’s something stirring in the way she watches Maggie’s tongue flit out to catch a stray water droplet on her bottom lip, but then it’s gone, and then her back is straight and her tone is professional.

“I’ll have one of my residents come in soon to give you more information about the surgery, the recovery, all that. And you have quite the police squad in the waiting room for you; you seem to have quite the support system. That’ll be good for your recovery.”

Maggie wants to tell Alex that she’ll be good for her recovery. That taking her on a date would be good for her recovery.

And she’s high on pain meds.

So she does.

Alex blushes and stammers and it is the most precious thing Maggie has ever seen.

“Come back. When you’re all better. When I’m not your surgeon any more, and when I haven’t just been inside you – damnit. I… it… I never do this right… Come back. If you still want to. If you even remember. Alright?”

“I’d never forget you, Dr. Alex Danvers,” Maggie promises, and Alex is skeptical, but she smiles and blushes and fidgets and blushes some more.

And, true to her word, Maggie comes back – this time, with flowers instead of a GSW – and takes her on the best date of her life.
anonymous asked:

Hi mom I've been freaking out about school and I keep having anxiety attacks and I really need something to help me calm down cuz I think I'm drowning. Could you write something where Alex or Maggie is having an attack but still trying to function because they feel like they have to and the other calms them down (You're really awesome btw thank you for everything you do)

She’s used to it, by now.

The way her heart races and her head can’t focus on anything at all because every new thing she thinks about launches her into a deeper state of panic, gives her something new to spin out about.

She’s used to it, and she can push through it.

She did it throughout middle school, and dammit, she can do it in high school, too.

She doesn’t need the nurse’s office, and she certainly doesn’t need everyone’s alternately curious, sympathetic, or snide looks.

She doesn’t need anything. She doesn’t need anyone.

She’s got this.

She doesn’t have time for this.

She can do this. She’s done it before. She can do it again.

“Maggie?” a voice – her favorite voice in the entire world – sounds from just behind her, and where it usually gives her the greatest happiness, the greatest comfort, right now it just makes her panic worse.

Because her defenses are lower around her girlfriend.

But she can still do this. Really, she can.

She keeps working on her lab report, steadily sifting her way through the chemical reactions she’s stirring up in the beakers, careful to keep her goggles on to avoid the chastizement from their chemistry teacher.

She keeps her goggles on even though they’re making her feel even more closed in, even more trapped, even more… no. No no no no no. She’s got this.

She keeps the pen steady in her gloved hand as she observes the reactions and measures their temperatures.

“Babe,” Alex tries again. “You’re sweating.”
“It’s hot in here,” Maggie shrugs before realizing too late how defensive she’d sounded. She can turn this around. She can, she can, she can. “Just like it is whenever you’re in the room, Danvers,” she tries to smirk, but she imagines that it just comes out like what it is: a panicked attempt to hide her panic.

“It’s actually pretty cold,” Alex says gently, with absolutely no judgment in her voice.

“I’m fine. Just trying to get this lab done.” She tries to keep her voice steady, but there must be something in it that her girlfriend detects, because her gloved hands are suddenly covering Maggie’s.

“Mags, hey. Hey, it’s okay. You can stop. We don’t have to finish right now.”

“Yes, we do! You’re the one always freaking out about making sure your school work is perfect, Danvers, of course we have to finish, don’t be – “

“Maggie. Listen to me. You are my girlfriend. Okay? You’re more important than our school work. And you don’t look okay. I mean, you look great, I’m just saying. I’ve got you. I’m here. What do you need?”

Maggie hesitates for a beat, but Alex’s voice is so genuine, so low and so loving, that she tells her.

“Everything’s spinning and nothing’s right and I can’t do anything the right way and I’m ruining our lab because I can’t handle basic school work and my heart feels like it’s gonna burst even though I know it’s not but knowing that doesn’t make it any better, you know?”

And Alex doesn’t tell her it’s going to be alright. She doesn’t tell her to calm down. She just weaves their fingers together, right there in the middle of their chemistry lab, gloves and all.

“I know. I know it doesn’t. But I promise you, Maggie, you don’t have to push through it. I can ride through it with you. Together. You don’t have to pretend it’s not there, okay? I’m here. And I’m stronger than your panic, and so are you. Okay? Combined? It’ll be panicked about us.”

Maggie can’t help but laugh at her girlfriend’s ridiculousness and earnestly.

“Oh no, poor panic!” she shortles, and Alex kisses her quickly.


“Promise?” Maggie blinks back tears so they don’t fill her goggles.

“Promise,” Alex nods, and she’s right: the panic doesn’t go away. Not right away, not completely. But Maggie does start to see a way to ride through it, now. And somehow, that and Alex’s hand in hers is what gets her through.
avidreaderffn asked:

Cap!!! I saw your post about a superfam bbq with Adrian. Can we see Adrian meet the Superfam for the first time?

Nervous doesn’t begin to cover how he’s feeling.

He’s pacing Alex’s apartment and murmuring to himself as he texts back and forth with his mother, who – Maggie assumes from the embarrassed blush on his face – is assuring him what a handsome young man he is and how lucky Maggie’s friends are to be meeting him.

“Ade?” Maggie tries once, twice, three times, because he doesn’t hear her at first. When he finally looks up, she’s right next to him, and he jumps a little.

“Hey there,” he says, his voice cracking like it used to when he first went on T, and she smiles indulgently at the memory.

She raises her hands to clap down on his shoulders, but waits for his assent before actually touching him. When he grants it, he sinks into her touch eagerly.

“They are going to love you, Adrian Rodriguez. Just like I do.”

“And like I do,” Alex chimes from where she’s been battling the fire alarm, something both of them have long since learned to just let her do on her own.

He nods wordlessly, fingers lifting absently to the silver stud in his ear.

“That was the first one you got, huh?” Maggie tilts her head as she kisses his cheek, and he blushes and smiles.

“Just when I came out.”

“I remember,” Maggie grins, cupping his face between her palms. “You’ve got this, kid.”

“Just like I’ve got this damn alarm!” Alex tries to help, and it works, because Adrian laughs, long and hard.

“You’ve just gotta stop letting it antagonize you,” he suggests, and Alex fake scowls as he and Maggie laugh and laugh.

They laugh until the door swings open, because Winn Schott isn’t really one for knocking on his family’s doors.

“We brought a choice of pizza and Chinese because Alex inevitably destroys the food!” he announces with a grin and full hands, James trailing behind him with bottles of beer and soda and bags of takeout.
“Index finger, Schott,” Alex threatens, and Winn’s eyes draw to Adrian when he snorts.

“And this must be Mr. Rodriguez!” Winn ceremoniously drops the pizza boxes into Maggie’s waiting arms as he holds his hand out to Adrian. “I’ve heard awesome things about you from Maggie. And Alex, but don’t tell her I told you that, because she doesn’t like anyone to know she can even say good things.”

“I’m standing right here, Winn,” Alex rolls her eyes as she helps Maggie and James with the boxes and bags.

“I’ve heard good things about you too, Mr. Schott. And not all of them from Maggie.” Adrian adds the last thing as a whisper, and Winn smiles broadly as he points at Adrian with the hand he isn’t using to shake.

“He called me Mr. Schott! Finally! Some respect!”

James slings his arm around Winn with a shake of his head as he holds his own hand out to Adrian. “James Olsen. Just James, none of that Mr. stuff. And don’t Mr. him either, it’ll give him a complex,” James grins sideways at his date.

“I’m sure you’re tired of hearing it, but I’m a big fan of your work, Mr…. uh, James.”

Maggie comes up behind Adrian and squeezes him softly. “My boy is so respectful, look at him.”

“Mags,” he squirms, but he’s smiling from ear to ear.

“Awww, Alex, did you really say that?”

“I only speak the truth, Ade,” Alex takes him by the hand and pulls him in for a side hug. “You are really good. And hey, did anyone hear from my sister?”

“She and Lena are probably late because – “

“Hush, she’s my sister, I don’t need to hear it!”

Winn pretends to cover Adrian’s ears. “And there’s a child present!”

Adrian laughs and finds Maggie’s eyes amidst the loving commotion.

“Told you,” she mouths at him with a wink, and he practically preens.

He’s already met Kara – so that part is easier – but he has another star-struck moment when she and Lena finally stroll in, Lena, sure enough, with a hickey on her neck.

“Ms. Luthor, I know some kids at that hospital you support, and just… thank you, you know, for giving it that much help – “

“Oh nonsense, darling, the people who work there are to thank, not me. But I appreciate your kindness in saying so. And it’s Lena. Just Lena.”

She looks around the room for a moment: at the way Winn slides across the floor to hug J’onn as he walks in; the way Alex kisses Maggie casually, lovingly, while sharing a soda with James; the way Kara beams across the room at her, her eyes full of promise.
When her eyes find Adrian’s again, she recognizes something in them – something familiar. The thrill and disbelief, at being welcomed into a new family so full-throated, so completely, simply because you’re… you.

“Welcome to the family, Adrian,” squeezes his hand, and he squeezes back with tears in his eyes that match hers, because they’re both, somehow, home.
Chapter 693

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Prettttyy Please may we please have some Kara/Maggie bonding time with bikes because season one Kara on the bike does things to me

Alex tries to avoid letting Kara know.

About Maggie and her motorcycle.

First, because Kara will tease her about having a type.

First Lucy, then Maggie.

Second, because as soon as Kara’s done teasing her, she’ll take Alex’s bike and ride out with Maggie, and get into ridiculous shenanigans, because both of them are about twelve years old, and if they don’t land themselves in a hospital – well, Maggie, anyway, because Kara will of course be fine – they’ll be, at the very least, absolutely insufferable together.

Alex’s predictions, of course, are correct.

Because Kara’s eyes fly wide open the first time she sees Maggie pull up on her Triumph.

“Alex, you didn’t tell me Maggie rides!” she squeals.

“You do too, Little Danvers?” Maggie asks as Alex groans.

And that’s how it starts.

Their weekly bike trips.

They head out into the desert and they speed along the coast and Kara teaches Maggie some tricks while Maggie teaches Kara some of her own.

They set up a bluetooth connection in their helmets so they can talk, and it’s that, more than anything, that makes Kara accept Maggie into their family.

“It’s so peaceful out here,” Kara tells her one week, and she hears Maggie’s sigh with her superhearing and through the earpiece.

“Home was a little like this,” Maggie says after a while, and that’s how Kara hears about Blue Springs for the first time.

“Hey, can you teach me how to brake like that?” Kara asks of one of Maggie’s car chase techniques another week, and Maggie doesn’t tell her that her sister will kill her if Kara gets hurt.

And that’s how Kara finds out that Maggie knows she’s Supergirl.
“You want any help asking Luthor out, Kid Danvers?” Maggie asks casually during another of their rides, and Kara nearly totals her bike in response.

It’s all the response Maggie needs; and that’s how she got her first date with Lena Luthor.

“You know, if you wanted to marry my sister, I’d be okay with that,” Kara tells her during another ride, and it’s Maggie that almost crashes this time.

Which is how she becomes Kara’s sister-in-law.
Chapter 694

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

i don't know if you're taking prompts rn, but I've been thinking non stop about your ace!alex fics these last few days, and they've been helping me maybe figure a few things out. i was wondering if you'd consider writing another fic featuring ace!alex, maybe a love scene (not necessarily a sex scene) but more from maggie's pov? no worries if not, and i hope you have a super day!

She’s sleepy, but she can’t sleep.

And Alex is wearing nothing but a silk nightgown and those glasses – Jesus god, those glasses – and Maggie takes a deep, deep sigh as she tosses and turns restlessly.

Again.

“You okay there, babe?” Alex asks, glancing down from her medical journal, and the effect makes Maggie’s feelings even stronger.

“But worry about it, sweetie,” she kisses her bare thigh – god, she loves when Alex sits up to read in bed while Maggie falls asleep; or, tries to, tonight.

But Alex squints down at her and grins. “You wanna make out?” she asks, and Maggie tries not to literally jump at the opportunity.

“Can we?” she asks, and Alex bites her lip with a smile as she tosses her magazine aside.

“Come here,” Alex husks, and Maggie tosses the blankets off of them both so she can straddle her, weaving both hands through Alex’s hair to protect her from hitting the back of her head on the headboard.

Alex lets her lips part and Maggie fails to stifle a moan. Alex giggles into her mouth and runs her hands all over Maggie’s body.

“Someone’s eager,” she teases gently, and Maggie’s body melts down into hers.

“I love feeling your hands on me,” Maggie keeps kissing her, and Alex keeps running her hands underneath Maggie’s tank top, all along her back.

“Well good, because your skin is soft as hell.”

“You really think hell is soft, Danvers?” Maggie pulls back and tilts her head, and Alex rolls her eyes as she kisses Maggie’s nose.

“I think you should be kissing me and you’re not,” Alex chuckles, and Maggie doesn’t waste another moment.
She kisses her until Alex is done.

She’s not sure how she knows; it’s nothing Alex has to say, and it’s not really anything she does.

She doesn’t come – she does, sometimes, but usually, she feels done before coming – but Maggie still… feels it. When Alex wants to keep cuddling, wants to keep close, but while she’s continuing to read her medical journal, not with… sex.

So she kisses her until she feels Alex reach her emotional climax – her point at which her body doesn’t need anymore – and then she pulls back and kisses her all over her face.

“I’m so wildly in love with you, Alex Danvers,” she murmurs, and Alex preens as Maggie leans over her, blankets twisted and legs all askew, to fish her medical journal from off the floor.

She presents it to her with an exaggerated flourish.

“M’lady,” she jokes, and Alex smirks.

“Getting medieval, Sawyer?”

Maggie scoffs in mock offense. “I would make a great knight in shining armor.” Her eyes sweep down Alex’s body. “So would you, if we’re being honest.”

Alex giggles as she leans forward to kiss her.

“You’re not done, hmm?” she asks, and Maggie stops smiling.

“It’s okay, you don’t have to – “

“I know I don’t, babe,” Alex soothes her, kissing her nose and her lips again. “I’m just saying, don’t feel like you shouldn’t make yourself come on my account.”

Maggie’s silent for a beat. Then: “Yeah?”

“Of course.”

“You mind if I think about you?”

“You’d better not be thinking about anyone else, Sawyer,” Alex runs a finger down Maggie’s spine as Maggie slips her hands underneath herself, laying on her stomach, shivering pleasantly at Alex’s touch.

Alex keeps her hand there, on her back, as she works herself through fantasy after fantasy, through a couple of smaller orgasms before a bigger one that she knows will help her finally get to sleep.

She sighs deeply as she comes down from her waves, and she feels Alex smile as she rubs her back gently.

“Have fun, babe?”

“Mmm,” Maggie grunts sleepily, and she sighs contentedly as she feels Alex shift down from her reading position to hold her.

“Sleep, sweetie. I love you,” Alex whispers, and Maggie kisses the hand that Alex has wrapped around her body.
“I love you back. Forever,” she murmurs, because she will.
mattie-hawkins asked:

I know you really don't wanna have any new prompts so Uhm like ignore this is you wanna, But like the mother of my gf absolutely hates me for dating her daughter and since I like relate to Alex a lot I thought you could maybe write something about her dealing with that kinda situation? I totally understand if you won't, sorry if I'm being a bother! I LOVE your writing by the way

““You know it’s nothing personal, Danvers. It literally has nothing to do with you.”

“No, just with the fact that I’m in love with her daughter and I’m a woman.”

Maggie pauses for a beat, a half-amused and half-apologetic look on her face. “Right. That part.”

There’s another pause as Alex steels herself, sets the shutters behind her eyes to reflect only steady confidence, only sturdy support.

Because that’s what Maggie needs right now: her girlfriend’s support.

“I’ll be absolutely fine, Mags. I’ll be with you. Don’t worry about me: just let me take care of you, okay?”

Maggie bites her lip and studies Alex’s face for a long moment. “Fine. But don’t feel like you have to pretend to be okay just to be supportive, okay? We can support each other: you don’t always have to be the strong one, Alex.”

“Neither do you, babe,” Alex whispers as she kisses her, long and sweet enough to get them through – hopefully – the next three hours.

Because during the next three hours, they’ll be in close quarters with Maggie’s mother, courtesy of one of her little cousin’s eighth grade graduation.

The afternoon starts well – or terribly, depending on perspective – when her cousin practically sprints up to Alex before the ceremony and nearly tackles her in a hug.

“When are we going to the museum again?” she asks as Alex re-adjusts the child’s graduation cap affectionately.

“How about we take a trip to celebrate your big day?” Alex suggests, and Maggie gets the wind knocked out of her with a hug of her own.

“Your girlfriend’s the best, Mags!” she declares before rocketing off again, finally heeding the summons of her teachers to get back in the back of the auditorium.

“You think it’s appropriate to take an impressionable child out for day trips like that, do you?” Maggie’s mother deadpans at Alex. The first words she’s spoken to her today: the first time she’s
Maggie’s fists clench and her back straightens, but Alex soothes her with a caress of the small of her back.

“She really loves the planetarium, and your daughter does a great job of being a tour guide.”

“Well, that’s just because you make the exhibits so much more engaging, babe: Ma, did I tell you that Alex worked on some of the bioengineered projects featured there?”

“You might have mentioned it,” her mother shrugs noncommittally, and Alex kisses Maggie’s hand to help her unclench her fist.

She’s shaking by the time the graduation ceremony is over.

Because Maggie’s mother is generosity and sunshine with absolutely everyone in the auditorium and in the reception downstairs.

Everyone except Alex.

When she acknowledges her existence, it’s either dismissive or critical.

But never downright mean.

She plays her cards better than that.

She never gives Alex anything to directly defend herself about.

To explode over.

It makes Maggie seethe.

It makes Alex excuse herself to the bathroom to cry.

Because she’s a grown woman, and the ire of someone else’s mother – even if that someone else is the woman she wants to spend her life with, whose family she so desperately wants to be part of – shouldn’t make her cry like this.

But it does, it is.

So when she takes just a little too longer and Maggie knows her just a little too well and comes to find her, Alex’s eyes are red and her nose is dripping and her makeup has long since run its course.

“Sweetie,” Maggie murmurs as she crosses the small, junior high-sized bathroom in a few easy strides. Alex tries to resist when Maggie takes her into her arms – Maggie’s in pain, too, and Alex should support her, she shouldn’t be falling apart like this, she… – but Maggie shushes her gently, comforting.

“Let me love you, Danvers,” she whispers into her ear along with a soft kiss, and for once, Alex does.

Maggie doesn’t care when Alex’s snot winds up mixed with her tears on her shirt, and she laughs softly instead of being grossed out when Alex sniffles loudly, wetly, in her arms.

“I’m so sorry, Alex,” Maggie whispers when Alex’s tears start to dry, somewhat.
“Maggie, no, it’s not your – “

“I know it’s not my fault, babe, but it’s still… you don’t deserve the way she treats you, honey. She shouldn’t get to take her homophobia out on anyone, but certainly not on you. I’m so sorry I’m exposing you to such… I should have just come by myself today, I should never have – “

“No, Maggie, I wanted to come, I – “

“I should protect you better, Alex. I never want to make you cry – “

And now, Alex starts to hold Maggie, because now, Maggie is starting to shake, starting to cry.

Alex paints her face with soft kisses and unconditional support and warm murmurs of reassurance, of stability. Of love.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Mags, understand me? You didn’t make me cry, baby – ”

“No. I did, didn’t I?”

Both women jump at the sound of a third voice in the bathroom.

One that Alex has come to associate only with hot anger and searing pain.

Maggie’s mother.

“Ma, we weren’t kissing or anything, we – “

“It’s obvious what you’ve been doing, Maggie.”

They’re silent and clinging to each other, still, like they’re waiting for a verdict from a higher power.

Because, really, they feel like they are.

“You’ve been comforting each other. And that’s… that, I suppose, is something my daughter could use. Even if it does come from… a woman.”

She locks eyes with Alex, and a small current passes between the women even as a stream of noisy middle schoolers burst into the bathroom.

Maggie’s mother nods. Alex, slowly, nods back before taking Maggie by the hand and leading her out of the bathroom and back to the reception, both of them drying their eyes on the way.

“What just happened, babe?” Maggie asks.

“I think your mom still hates me. But maybe, now, a little less.”

Maggie shakes her head incredulously. “Can we not do that again?”

Alex tilts her head questioningly, and Maggie wraps her arms around her shoulders. “Can we not try to suffer alone, next time? Can we be there for each other? I don’t know about you, Danvers, but crying with you is much better than crying by myself. And if you’re going to cry, I want to be there. If you want me to be.”

Alex nods, slowly, as she leans down to kiss her girlfriend amidst a swell of oooohs from the recently minted graduates.
“Always,” she murmurs against her lips, and she means every syllable.
anonymous asked:

Hey, J. I loved your last self-harm fic, but do you think you could potentially write one where it’s not as much weight-of-the-world responsible for the lives of everyone the character loves, but more of just the world feeling like it's falling down around them, if that makes sense? I've been feeling so overwhelmed and off balance recently and it would mean a lot. Thank you for all that you do ❤️

Chapter Notes

tw for self harm and blood in this chapter

If she knew how to make it stop, she would.

Not even the feelings – she knows that plenty of liquor will make those stop – but the world itself.

That’s the part that needs to stop.

Because everything – every. single. thing. – she tries to think about sends her into yet another tailspin.

If she tries to think about work, she winds up thinking about the things she has yet to do, the catch up she still has to play, from her time relaxing with Maggie this weekend.

The price of what Maggie calls taking care of herself.

If she tries to think, then, of Maggie, she can only think about the fact that she’ll probably leave, eventually, because Alex is too new at all this and besides, who wants to be with someone who can’t handle life when nothing’s even wrong, except everything’s wrong, except nothing’s wrong, except absolutely everything is falling apart?

If she tries to think of Kara, she only hears Eliza’s voice. That she’s not taking good enough care of her. She only thinks of Kara’s voice, under the influence of Red K, telling her they’re not sisters, that she doesn’t have a life of her own.

True. She really doesn’t.

Or, she didn’t, until Maggie.

How pathetic does that make her?

And on and on.
Everything she tries to land her thoughts on, her brain convinces her to focus only on negatives, only on terrifying what-if's, only on things that are going to make her stomach flip and her chest contract and her heart feel like it’s going to explode.

She starts slamming her fists into Maggie’s punching bag before she processes what she’s doing. Because she hasn’t put wraps on her hands.

And she’s fought with bare hands before. Of course she has.

She’s taken lives with her bare hands.

The thought, the memory, of life leaving another being’s eyes – her fault, her responsibility, her doing – makes her punch harder.

Yet another thing that’s falling apart.

Her very sense of who she is. Or who she’d always thought she was.

She’s fought with bare hands before, and she knows what it does to her knuckles.

The blood it leaves, the pain.

The way the skin of her knuckles will crackle and then open, small at first, but then she’ll keep punching, she’ll keep slamming.

When blood starts transferring from her hands to the bag, then the release will be worth it. Will be complete.

Because it’ll sting and it’ll last, and the scabs and the scars will remind her.

Of everything.

Everything, which is precisely what’s making her punch, and punch, and punch, harder and harder and harder.

The more her knuckles split, the more she hisses in pain, the better it feels.

And the worse it feels.

But worse is better, sometimes.

Because then she doesn’t have to worry about solutions. She doesn’t have to worry about anything except the sensations she’s creating for herself. The ones she’s controlling.

Because everything is falling down, and everything is drowning her, and everything is off balance; but god, at least her punches aren’t.

Until something warm covers both of her fists.

Until something warm, something soft, presses against her sweaty back.

“Let go,” she begs Maggie, and she doesn’t know why she hasn’t realized until this moment that she’s sobbing.

“No,” Maggie whispers, and Alex can’t, won’t, turn to see her face, but she knows that Maggie,
now, is crying, too.

She doesn’t know when she got home, and she doesn’t know how long she hesitated – if she hesitated at all – before she put her own hands over Alex’s, willing to take the punches on her own knuckles to protect her girlfriend’s.

“She practically growls, her throat thick with tears and with rage and with swelling anxiety.

“No,” Maggie insists again, and that’s when the gravity of Maggie’s protection hits her. Because Maggie never insists on touching Alex when Alex doesn’t want to be touched; Maggie never so much as kisses Alex without her enthusiastic endorsement.

But she won’t let her go right now, practically koala-ed around her body, because Alex’s knuckles are cracked and bloody and the sight is making much the same of Maggie’s heart.

“I love you,” she trembles, and Alex can’t do it anymore.

Can’t stand, can’t move, can’t… can’t.

She lets her body collapse, and she knows that Maggie will just… have her.

And, sure enough, Maggie slows her fall with her own body, gathering Alex’s now limp form into her lap and kissing her face.

“May I?” Maggie asks after Alex stops sobbing, after her chest stops wracking involuntarily – the only part of her body that’s moving at all.

Alex blinks for a moment, unsure what Maggie’s asking for, until she follows her gaze to her own hands.

“What do you want to do?” Alex asks, her voice hoarse and broken.

“Treat your hands the way they deserve to be treated,” Maggie tells her, but without any trace of judgment in her voice, in her loving eyes.

“And how’s that?” Alex asks, because she thinks she forgot a long time ago.

“With love,” Maggie blinks out tears. “May I?” she asks again, and this time, Alex nods.

Maggie kisses her pain, so gentle, so tender, that it makes Alex weep again.

And she weeps when Maggie brings her to the bathroom and cleans her wounds for her.

She gets numb again by the time Maggie has her bandaged up, and she only has two words in her vocabulary.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” she mutters, over and over and over again, but Maggie just shakes her head each time.

“No apologies, sweetie,” she tells her, just as often as Alex apologizes. “Just let me take care of you,” she whispers.

So Alex does. Because Maggie keeps insisting that she deserves it – deserves to be cared for – and she keeps insisting that she’ll be alright. That everything will be alright.
She keeps promising.

She promises so much – and she holds Alex so close – that, slowly, she starts to believe it.
Chapter 697

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we have another 'Alex gets hurt and Maggie will always worry about her' fic? Maybe one with redK!Kara? That would be really tough.

She doesn’t want to talk about it.

At least, that’s what she tells Maggie.

And to a certain extent, she doesn’t have to. Maggie can easily put two and two together.

She is a detective, after all.

But it doesn’t take her detective skills to know that Alex is broken.

Because it’s blasted all over the news – like it was last time – how Supergirl went rogue, and there are debates all over the internet over whether she can be blamed for her actions or not, and should she be made to pay for the damage she did to the city’s bridge before that red-headed woman finally shot her with some special laser and carried her into a mysterious van in her own arms?

The only thing Maggie doesn’t know is what, exactly, Kara said to her, did to her.

But she can imagine.

She waits.

She waits because she has to, because Kara is the priority, because Alex will not leave her side while she’s still unconscious, while she’s still regenerating her cells, her spirit.

So Maggie waits.

She makes herself useful, helping Winn fill in gaps in his intel about the latest Cadmus attack, helping Vasquez reorganize one of the weapons lockers.

J’onn watches her, arms folded across his chest.

Another daughter to worry about. To love.

Winn keeps touching her shoulder supportively, but Maggie shakes her head.

“Must affect you worse than it does me,” she offers him, and he gulps because he has been checking in with the infirmary every three or four minutes.

“Is it selfish that I’m happy I didn’t interact directly with her this time?” he asks with a broken voice, and they hold each other for a long moment.

“The Danvers girls are tough,” Vasquez reminds her later, and she nods because she knows, but
she’s worried that Vasquez sees her lip tremble.

She does, but she lets Maggie have her privacy.

They all look up in unison, hours and hours later, when Kara emerges from the infirmary with Alex’s arm around her shoulder.

She makes her way straight to Maggie, and she throws her arms around her without words, without preamble and without explanation.

It confirms Maggie’s fears: that the crux of what she’d said to Alex while under Red K was about… her.

Alex’s eyes are wet over Kara’s shoulder, and Maggie tries to steel herself, because it’s going to be a long, long night.

A long, long next few weeks. Months.

Because this one is going to take some time.

Kara takes her hand when she finally lets her breathe, and offers her other to Alex, who takes it as they head home.

Maggie yearns to be the one holding Alex’s hand, but she knows that will have to come later.

She leaves them off at their apartment, alone together, because the sisters need their alone time.

She goes back to waiting.

Waiting for Alex.

Waiting to be able to give her what she needs.

Which turns out to be less bourbon and more sex with absolute abandon; less talking and more sobbing into her chest.

The talking will come eventually – and so, probably, will the bourbon – but for now, she keeps her arms tight around her girlfriend.

And she knows, with absolute certainly, that she will never, ever, let go.
Chapter 698

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can I get a fic about Alex and Maggie being dorm-mates in college (after Alex cuts her hair and is training with the deo) but they're so busy that they never actually meet, so when Alex gets to the dorm early one morning and starts making breakfast she doesn't even notice the lump in the other bed, but Maggie wakes up and sneaks up on Alex (bad idea) and Alex goes full agent and pins her to the floor, and Maggie is just a mess because Alex is arguably the most attractive girl she's ever seen.

They text about soy milk and cereal and toilet paper and toothpaste and *yeah go ahead, have my leftover Chinese food, I wasn't gonna eat it anyway*, but they’ve never actually met.

Hank has Alex training twelve hours a day, and on top of that, she’s finally finishing that degree, and she’s too exhausted to do much but collapse on top of the covers of her twin-sized bed on the rare occasion that she ever gets back to her dorm.

Well, their dorm. Hers and Maggie’s.

This girl she’s never met.

Until, one morning, she does.

Because one morning, she’s more hungry than she is tired, and she’s pretty sure that if she doesn’t get waffles in her mouth right this minute, she’ll spin out completely.

She’s so hungry, and she’s been so on for so many hours, that doesn’t notice that the bed next to hers doesn’t just have a lump of blankets on it – that it’s not just her roommate’s typically manageable mess – but that the lump is, in fact, her roommate.

So she doesn’t expect anyone to slip up behind her, clear her throat, and say “morning” while she’s impatiently waiting for the toaster to make toast out of her frozen waffles, caught up in wondering vaguely why there’s a word for raw toast – bread – but there’s not a word for raw waffle, because, toasted or not, it’s still… a waffle.

She doesn’t get to follow up on her line of disconnected, sleepy breakfast thoughts, though, because suddenly the soldier overtakes the college student; suddenly, she has the unexpected presence behind her on the floor, pinned underneath her, knee on her chest and hands holding down her wrists.

“Hey, whoa, it’s your roommate, Danvers,” Maggie chokes out, but there’s not fear in her eyes. More like concern and something like deep, deep respect.

Swirling around with something that looks a lot like raw want.

Alex immediately lessens the pressure she’s exerting on Maggie’s body, but she doesn’t let up completely. Her training is too strong.
“Maggie?” she confirms, and her roommate nods, not struggling against her grasp. Just staring up at her, calm and waiting.

“Alex? I mean, you better be Alex. Otherwise, breaking into my room, making my roommate’s waffles, and pinning me to the ground would just be rude.”

She doesn’t normally ramble, but this woman… this woman is absolutely gorgeous.

And Alex, staring down at the woman beneath her, now lets her go completely, turning bright red as she hops up to her knees and offers Maggie a hand to help her up.

“Yeah, I… I’m sorry. I didn’t mean – did I hurt you? You just… you startled me.”

“Clearly,” Maggie murmurs as she rubs at her own behind and wrists, but it’s good natured.

Like she understands something about fear. Something about survival instincts.

And something about deep, intense attraction.

“Not that I minded. Being pinned down like that. By you. I mean – “

“What?”

“What.”

“Maggie?”

“Danvers?”

“Do you have a thing against first names?”

“Do you have a thing against taking a woman to dinner before you hold her wrists above her head like that?”

“Do you want me to take you to dinner?”

“Do you want to take me to dinner?”

“Maggie?”

“Danvers?”

“Can I kiss you?”

“Please do,” Maggie whispers, and kissing the roommate she’s never met is fast, and it’s rash, and Alex has never done anything fast and rash that feels so utterly… right.

And she immediately decides that she wants to do it again, and again, and again.
Chapter 699

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you write a fin where Alex gets taken by Cadmus and Maggie saves her + possessive!maggie

Chapter Notes

tw: for torture references

Alex’s lips are cracked with blood and the jagged cut above her left eye is going to scar. At least one rib is broken, and her hair is both soaked and frizzed like her cells were fried in water. And this is only what Maggie can ascertain from one glance.

She doesn’t shoot to kill.

But she almost does.

She almost breaks Lilian Luthor’s neck and enjoys it.

She doesn’t.

But only for Lena’s sake, for Kara’s sake.

She doesn’t much care for the thing that used to be her own soul.

Because these people have been torturing the woman she loves.

The thing that used to be her soul has temporarily vacated her flesh, because the pain of it can’t possibly be contained in such a fragile thing as a human body.

“Maggie, stop it,” Supergirl calls to her, and Maggie almost rages at her, for interrupting the extra kick she’s delivering to an unconscious Lilian Luthor’s rib cage.

A broken bone for a broken bone.

Until she sees that Kara is trying to scoop Alex up into her arms. And she immediately decides that this woman is not worth it, but Alex is.

She sprints over.

She nearly shoves Kara away from her; the superhero might be Alex’s sister, but she is… she… she got her to be herself.
She has to restrain herself from gathering Alex into her arms, only her arms, only her hands.

Because Alex is hers, hers, hers.

But Kara is her sister.

And Kara has super strength and heat vision, so Maggie decides to let her be the one to scoop Alex out of the decimated Cadmus building and into the DEO’s medical evac copter.

But she insists on riding with Alex’s unconscious form.

Kara knows better than to argue, and flies next to the copter instead of holding Alex’s broken hand inside.

Maggie counts Alex’s broken bones, and she wishes she’d given into her rage back on the ground.

Winn tries to make her eat, and James tries to make her shower.

She and Kara both refuse.

They don’t speak to each other.

They just watch over the woman they both love, in different way and in the same way.

Desperately.

Like only their love can keep her safe.

Even though both of them failed to keep her safe, back there.

Even though Cadmus had had her for nearly twenty-four hours before they found her.

Kara only leaves her bedside to take a call from Sara Lance and Oliver Queen; because Team Arrow has more experience in this department than the Superfriends.

Maggie doesn’t leave her bedside at all.

Even after the DEO medics and surgeons assure her that Alex will be fine, just fine, just fine, she barely blinks.

She certainly doesn’t eat, and she certainly doesn’t sleep.

Because Alex is hers, hers, hers, and if she leaves her side for even a moment, she might vanish.

She might go back to being tortured. Again.

“I love you,” is the first thing she tells her when Alex wakes, because for so long, she was terrified she’d never be able to say it again.

“I love you back,” Alex murmurs with a groggy voice and soft smile, because those three words from Maggie’s lips are exactly what kept her alive long enough – what helped her hold on – what helped her not let go, of her life, of her sanity, of her loyalty – while Cadmus had her.

“I’m all yours,” she promises as Maggie leans down to kiss her lips, softly, trembling, as though she read Maggie’s mind.

But really, she’s just read her eyes.
And her eyes are exactly right.
“Danvers, it’s practically midnight.”

“Exactly. Perfect time for it. There won’t be any traffic.”

Maggie frowns down at Alex, who’s sprawled out on their dorm room floor, textbooks surrounding them and oversized Midvale High sweatshirt hiding the fact that they’ve heeded their girlfriend’s gentle concern and taken off their binder for the night.


A grin slips onto Alex’s face as they pump out a pushup and jump up into a squat, bringing their lips close to Maggie’s – but not close enough. Maggie leans forward from her own sprawl on the couch to claim a kiss, but Alex backs away with a cackle at the last second, and Maggie mock scowls.

“You’re such a tease, Danvers,” she grumbles, but the gentle thumb swiping on Alex’s forearm reminds them that their banter is never meant to take away Alex’s actual right to pull back whenever they want.

“And you’re teasing me!” Alex retorts. “You’re the one who brought up pizza! And now I want it! Come onnnn. We can take your bike, it’ll take ten minutes. Please?”

“Oh no, babe. Don’t.”

But Alex does: they break out the pout that taught pout-expert Kara Danvers to pout, and Maggie groans.

“Fine,” she says, barely even trying to hide her grin, because Alex never used to ask for what they want – let alone pout for it – and the fact that they trust Maggie enough to assert themself now is just… perfect.

They’re perfect.

“But you’re not driving my bike,” she points a mock accusatory finger at them as Alex giggles and claps their hands before helping Maggie off the couch.

As they stroll out of their dorm and through the campus parking lot, helmets in hand, Alex chats animatedly to Maggie about their latest project in the lab.

They hold hands and they swing them up into the sky and they stop and tug each other in for sweet, soft kisses that leave both of them breathless and blushing and so damn in love.

“Don’t you two know it’s illegal to be that adorable?” a voice makes them both simultaneously jump and smile.

They don’t bother to pull apart – they still hold each other at the hips – but they pull back enough so they can both turn their faces to smile at the freshman greeting them with a broad grin.

“Aren’t you like, five years old? What are you doing out passed your bedtime?” Alex teases, and Adrian scoffs in mock offense.

“Hey, listen, I happen to be seven. Okay? And what are you two doing up past your bedtimes?”
Maggie rolls her eyes at her two favorite people’s banter as she puts her arms out for a hug, and Adrian steps right in, the three of them breathing the same air for a long, happy moment.

“This little enby fancied some pizza,” Maggie nudges Alex with her shoulder, and Alex nudges back playfully.

“Okay, first: laws against being this cute, remember? The shoulder nudge definitely counts as too cute. And second: would I be a terrible third wheel if I joined? I’m just getting out of the library and I’m too hungry.”

“We’re gonna take the bike, kid,” Maggie tilts her head apologetically, her heart sinking.

But, to her surprise, Adrian and Alex both perk up, staring into each other’s eyes with an increasingly mischievous gleam.

“You thinking what I’m thinking?” Alex asks, and Adrian nods.

“I think so,” Adrian’s eyes are wide, and he points to Alex, and they both speak at the same time.

“Maggie stays, we go!”

Maggie pretends to scoff as they laugh and high five and hug and then pull her in for a hug.

“Hey, you chose us!” Adrian reminds her with a wink.

“Yeah, you chose the trans twins of the year,” Alex tugs Adrian in close to them, both of them preening, and Maggie could cry with happiness at them both.

“No, but really Mags. What if we do it the other way around? Take Ade on the back of the bike first, since he’s so hungry – “ Alex tickles his ribs as they say it, and Adrian beams as he shrieks a giggle into the still campus air – “And then come back for me? If you don’t mind all that driving?”

Maggie grins broadly and nods at Alex’s suggestion. “Sounds good to me. Except the damn pizza place might have nothing left by time Mr. Freshman here gets his fill.”

Adrian puts a hand to his heart solemnly. “I will always save adequate pizza for the people I love,” he pledges, and Alex grins as she helps him put on her helmet.

“I’ll wait in the library, at that side entrance – just text me when you drop him off and you’re heading back,” Alex kisses Maggie before she puts her helmet on, and Adrian gives a muffled awww from his own helmet.

“Drive safe,” Alex bites their lip as Maggie tugs on her helmet, a sight that will never fail to turn Alex on.

“I love you,” Maggie reminds them with a smile as Adrian climbs onto the back of her bike.

“I love you, too. And you, Ade,” Alex adds before Adrian can make some comment about feeling like a literal third wheel.

They all laugh as Maggie pulls away, heading for pizza and a night with her two favorite humans.
Chapter 701

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

gurrl please write an AU where Maggie's a bartender and loves mixing cocktails and gives them all the dirtiest names. Alex's the regular who loves the drinks but also hates and glares every time she has to say "I want Sex On The Beach," to a grinning and trying-to-wink Maggie. (Maggie recommends Alex have a Screaming Orgasm (both the drink and the real thing be intended). ".That's not on the menu." "I know.")) please i'm begging you xoxox

She has it down to a science.
The various names she comes up with for each night's cocktails.

She thought her boss would discourage it, at first, but turns out it's been helping keep National City's only lesbian club open; so soon, her flirtatious jokes become a central part of her job.

Turns out the ladies love the delicate scrawl with which she writes each evening's special almost as much as they love the drinks themselves.

One of her favorite lines is that she's just sorry that "sex on the beach" was already a drink name before her time.

"If I'd come up with that name – which you know I would've – I'd give it a warning. Like, 'sex on the beach but make sure you don't get sand anywhere sensitive,' you know?" she'd wink, and her boss – M'gann – would roll her eyes affectionately.

"What?" Maggie would always smirk as she counted her tips and, sometimes, kisses on cheeks. "You know it keeps business good."

To which M'gann will just chuckle and shake her head, every time.

As does Alex Danvers.

That unspeakably gorgeous FBI agent who comes in almost every night.

Who orders either a Corona or a whiskey, neat, almost every night.

Because there's no way in hell Alex Danvers will deign to get into the line of swooning women asking Maggie Sawyer to get her a "right there" or a "make me wet."

Except, one night, Alex Danvers comes into the bar with another woman.

An absolutely beautiful blonde woman, who makes Maggie's stomach drop.

Because Alex Danvers isn't just one of the women who comes into the bar that Maggie tries to flirt with for fun and for tip money.
Alex Danvers is…

M’gann calls Alex Maggie’s “massive crush.”

Maggie calls Alex “whatever, boss, don’t you have some liquor to inventory?”

So when she walks in with her arm around a stunning blonde, Maggie almost wants to beg M’gann to take her off shit.

Until the grinning blonde sticks her hand out to introduce herself, adjusting her glasses as she does so.

“You must be Maggie, right? My sister’s told me a lot about you. I’m Kara. Thanks for never letting her drive home when she has a bit much.”

Her sister, her sister, her sister, her sister.

Maggie’s heart starts functioning again, and she doesn’t even bother trying to contain her smile.

“Hey, yeah, Danvers told me a lot about you, too, kid. A reporter, right? How’s that going?”

They chat until Maggie has to excuse herself to get someone a couple of beers, and when she comes back to Alex’s usual corner of the bar, only the elder Danvers sister is still there.

“Kara leave so soon?” Maggie asks, arching an eyebrow when she finds Alex’s face bright red.

“No, she uh… she ran into one of our friends – Lucy, you know her – and uh… she wanted me to order for her.”

Maggie smirks with deep satisfaction, suddenly understanding Alex’s blush and glare, as she leans toward with her elbows on the bar.

She licks her lips with relish, and she watches with even more satisfaction as Alex’s eyes flicker from Maggie’s lips to her cleavage and back again.

“Well? What’ll it be, Danvers?”

“She uh…”

“Yes?”

Her voice is deathly low, as wicked as the grin on her face.

“She wants ‘sex on the beach.'”

Maggie chuckles as her eye twitches in what she hopes is a successful wink. She arches an eyebrow even as she reaches seamlessly for the peach schnapps.

“Does she now?” she asks, her voice still low, but even in the slight din in the bar, she knows Alex is tuned to her every word. “And what about you, Alex? Can I interest you in a screaming orgasm?”

Alex nearly chokes on her own spit, and Maggie watches her steadily as she shakes Kara’s drink.

Alex’s eyes flit over the handwritten chalkboard menu behind Maggie’s head.
“That’s uh… that’s not on the menu.”

Maggie licks her lips as she pours Kara’s drink without once taking her eyes off Alex’s. She clinks the glass on the bar and leans forward on her elbows again, this time, bringing her face within a hair’s breath of Alex’s.

“I know,” she whispers, her eyes on Alex’s lips, and they’re kissing before Alex can stammer, before Maggie can lose her courage.

But not before a squeal erupts from the other side of the bar, Kara victoriously pumping the air with an excited fist.

“I knew ‘sex on the beach’ would work!” she shouts, triumphant.

But not nearly as triumphant as Alex and Maggie.
Chapter 702

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

you probably have a prompt similar to this already (sorry about how many prompts u have btw yikes) but Alex's inferiority complex and perfectionism is rly relatable to me and she overthinks things a lot like i do and i haven't seen any fics about her misinterpreting Maggie's "you get one" line and thinking she blew her one chance at a mistake and trying to be absolutely perfect. I can really see her grinding herself down trying to do what she thinks she's supposed to do.

She’d panicked, and Maggie understood panic.

She’d blamed herself, and Maggie had her own intimate relationship with guilt.

But her panic, her guilt, had bubbled over into making Maggie feel like she was disposable; making her feel like she was a mistake.

So when she told Alex she gets one, that’s all she meant.

She gets to make her feel like she’s a mistake once.

Not again.

Because she’s been here before: the pushing away and the pulling back.

And it happens once, she can chalk it up to panic and guilt and inexperience.

More than that? It’s a pattern, and it’s one she’s not going to loop herself into again.

So she tells Alex she gets one, but that’s not what Alex hears.

Alex hears that she needs to be perfect, or else she and Maggie are done.

So she does what Alex Danvers always does; she throws herself into research.

Researching how to be the best girlfriend on this or any Earth.

And it doesn’t stop at research; it bleeds into her every movement, her every decision.

Because when Alex Danvers commits to something, dammit, she’s going to do it right.

Especially when she’s on probation. When she’s already marred her record, and she has to be perfect from hereon in to avoid excruciating pain.

It doesn’t take Maggie too long to notice.

How quick Alex is to offer to cancel on Kara. How overly apologetic she is when she has to interrupt their morning to go in to work. How every date she plans is expensive and elaborate.
And at first, she thinks Alex is just being Alex.

So she encourages her to not cancel on Kara; to spend time with her sister.

She assures her that she understands the grind of their jobs, and of course she shouldn’t worry about having to head in to work.

And she makes sure to tell her how much she enjoys their dates, but that she’s also perfectly happy to stay home and cuddle with bad TV and takeout.

But it’s not until Alex starts crying when Maggie’s taking longer than usual to orgasm that she realizes the depth of the pressure she’s putting on herself.

“Hey, hey, babe, come here,” she sits up, untangling her fingers from Alex’s hair and encouraging her to crawl up from between her legs so she can kiss her lips.

“No, I’m sorry, I can do better, I – “

“Hey, whoa, Alex, I love what you’re doing. You’re amazing. Your tongue is amazing, your fingers…” She bites her lip as she trails off before shaking her head and cupping Alex’s face in her hands. “Talk to me, sweetie.”

But Alex shakes instead of talks, and then Maggie thinks she understands.

And she feels like she got punched in the gut. Or worse.

Alex licks her trembling lips and speaks, then, because Maggie had asked her to.

“I can’t make you come so I’m not being a good enough girlfriend, and if I only get one then that means you’ll leave and I don’t want you to leave and – “

“Alex, babe. No, that’s not… I’m sorry I wasn’t clear enough. Sweetie, you’re incredible, and you’re an amazing girlfriend, but I don’t lo – I don’t like you because you perform perfectly. I… I’m with you because you’re you, Danvers. That’s what’s perfect about you: you. Not… not actual perfection, you know?”

“But – “

“I didn’t mean you don’t get to make mistakes, Alex. I meant…” Her voice gets small, now, because suddenly it’s going to become about comforting her, not about comforting Alex. And that’s uncomfortable territory for her. To say the least.

“I meant, you can make mistakes, of course you can, Alex. But I meant… just don’t make me feel like I’m a mistake you made.”

There’s a beat of silence, and Alex’s eyes fill with fresh tears. “Maggie, no,” she whispers, taking Maggie’s face between her hands, now, and kissing every part of her face that she can.

“You could never be a mistake I made, or a mistake everyone else made. You’re brilliant, Maggie, and I… you could never be a mistake. I’m sorry I made you feel that way. I’m so sorry.”

“And I’m sorry I made you think – “

“You didn’t make me think anything. I interpreted.”

“I could have chosen my words better – “
“Are we…” A mischievous grin starts forming on Alex’s mouth now, even as they kiss comfort onto each other’s lips. “Are we both arguing that it’s not the other’s fault when we could go back to the very important business of making you come instead?”

Maggie’s eyebrows shoot up as her breath hitches and kisses Alex soundly.

“Sounds like extremely important business indeed, Agent Danvers. Back to it then, hm?”

They both dissolve into a puddle of giggles and cuddles instead, which turns out to be absolutely perfect.
anonymous asked:

how about Kara and Maggie teaming up to get Alex to stop drinking

It’s been so much a part of Alex’s life for so long that it takes Kara a while to notice.
How often she drinks.
How hard she drinks.
Alone and lonely and nonstop.
And Alex thinks she’s slick, at Thanksgiving.
Getting the whiskey when Kara took away her beer.
But Kara notices.
Of course she notices.
She just doesn’t want to say anything in front of Eliza, because Alex doesn’t need that right now.
She needs Kara. And now, she needs Maggie.
Because Maggie’s the one who brings it up to Alex. Gently, softly. Lovingly.
And Alex thinks it’s absolutely ridiculous.
So ridiculous, in fact, that she stormed into Kara’s apartment and nearly paced a hole in the floor, ranting and tossing up her hands because the night she came out to Maggie she had three shots lined up for herself and she drinks just as often as I do and I don’t drink that often anyway and Rao, Kara, do you think she could be right?
It’s easy for Kara to stop drinking around Alex. Human alcohol doesn’t do it for her, anyway.
It’s not much of a sacrifice for Maggie to stop, either.
Because Alex is more important, and they can discover more creative ways to relieve stress together, anyway.
No; the harder parts are balancing Alex herself.

“Kid, she’s refusing to go to a meeting this morning,” Maggie reports to Kara over the phone, her hair still mussed from sleep, Alex tugging on her running shoes moodily.

“I can go running, I’ll be fine!” she shouts so Kara can hear her over the phone, but it’s fruitless, because her little sister is already flying throughh their window, hands on her hips.
“I’ll go with you, Alex,” she tells her, and it’s not an offer; it’s a statement of fact.

“Maggie, you wanna come down here and take her to the showers?” Kara buzzes through the DEO intercom, because her sister is barely standing up anymore.

She’s caked in dirt and sweat and just a little bit of blood, because sometimes the only way to fight through the frustration is sparring with an alien whose physical strength – even diminished in her special training room – is so much greater than her own.

Kara smiles when Maggie appears in the doorway, slightly breathless but with pure love and adoration in her eyes, wrapping her arm around her exhausted, drained girlfriend, paying no mind to the sweat or the grit on her skin, focused only on giving her everything she needs.

“Comments like that aren’t helpful, Eliza,” Kara explains softly, on a conference call with her foster mother and her one-day sister-in-law after Alex breaks down from yet another conversation gone wrong.

“I know how much you love her and that you were only trying to express support, Dr. Danvers, but Alex hears criticism from you more harshly than she’ll hear it from anyone else,” Maggie follows up, and Kara squeezes her hand, because it’s so good to have someone else in the mix of all this.

“Come here, sweetie,” Maggie wraps Alex up in her arms the night she earns her first chip, and they both sigh happily as Kara snuggles in beside them.

“I love having two sisters,” Kara murmurs as Maggie makes sure the blankets fall over her, too.

“You always will, Little Danvers,” Maggie promises, and Alex smiles into the crook of her neck, because she knows, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it’s true.
anonymous asked:

hey cap, could you write a butch!maggie au? i've been feeling quite down lately because people give me lots of dirty looks in the streets since i've been dressing more like myself, and since i have most of my hair shaved off. it usually doesn't get to me bcs fuck lesbophobia and no one pays my bills but recently its been hurting a little more and its annoying.. dont worry about it if you have too much on your plate! you are awesome

Her entire body shook the first time she cut her hair.

Not for a trim, or for the curling or coloring that her mother wanted her to get.

The first time she cut her hair like she wanted to cut it.

She knocked back a couple of whiskeys first, because she’d made the decision – she was sure – but she felt like she needed something a bit extra to get herself through the door.

“It'll be fine, Mags, I promise,” Adrian had promised, his hand wrapped in hers. “The first time I cut my hair off, I was shaking like a leaf, too.”

“No one’s shaking like a leaf, your mom’s shaking like a leaf,” Maggie had murmured, and Adrian had laughed and kissed her temple.

“You look amazing right now. And you’re going to look amazing after your haircut. Cut or not, you’re still the studliest butch ever to butch. And that Alex Danvers isn’t gonna know what to do with herself. She’s gonna be able to function even less around you than she is now.”

Maggie had guffawed at his banter, gripped his hand quite a bit too tight, and wondered when the roles had become reversed and when he’d become a caretaker, a guide, for her, instead of the other way around.

Probably when she told him she wanted to shave most of her hair off.

Probably when she wore a tie around him for the first time and blushed while he did nothing but support and praise her.

Probably when she was embarking on a journey that wasn’t his, exactly, but that made them even closer, somehow, anyway.

And he was right about it all: about how good it would look, how good it would feel.

The first time she ran her hand over the back of her head and felt nothing but the soft spikiness of her fresh fade, she cried, and Adrian dutifully pretended he saw nothing.

But that’s not all he was right about: he was also right about Alex Danvers.
That DEO agent with increasingly red hair and sharp eyes that caught everything.

Alex is steady and focused and confident, and her scientist-soldier air made Maggie weak in the knees.

For months, she’d thought she was the only one.

But now?

Now, strutting onto the field in her oversized police jacket, walking off the filthy looks and even filthier mutterings she’d just been treated to on the way over, she catches sight of Alex Danvers supervising her field agents’ work.

Effortless, efficient. Flawless. As always.

Until she sees Maggie.

And promptly trips over herself.

Maggie is over at her side in an instant, one hand on her waist and the other wrapped around her wrist, making sure her hand isn’t cut from breaking her fall.

“You okay, Danvers?” she asks, and there’s no teasing or bravado in her voice; not like how there usually is when they interact.

Because the sight of Alex nearly getting hurt could never be funny to Maggie.

Even if the possible reason behind her tripping over herself may or may not be making her heart positively sing.

“You cut your hair,” is all Alex manages to say as she stands back up with Maggie’s help, shooting her agents a look that clearly says that their bodies will never be found if they ever breathe a word of this to anyone.

“I did,” Maggie shoves her hands deep into her jeans pockets as Alex brushes herself off, steady now. Maggie gulps. Alex’s eyes don’t leave her face, her hair. Her body.

She gulps again. “So,” she nods around at the crime scene, “what’ve we got?”

Alex furrows her brow like she’s confused by the question, but only for a moment.

“Right, work, um. See where the concrete’s shattered there? We think it was…”

“Danvers?”

But Alex has trailed off, her eyes unable to leave Maggie’s lips. “It – it – I’m sorry, I – you – you look really good.”

Maggie arches an eyebrow and suppresses a whoop.

“What, and I looked like crap when you saw me last week?”

“Huh? No, god, no, Maggie, you’re always… just… now, you know, with the hair and the boots and the…” She gestures vaguely at Maggie’s body, and Maggie tilts her head, enjoying more than she’d care to admit watching the steel-eyed agent stumble over her own words.
But she takes pity on her before Alex can talk herself into too deep a hole.

“Let’s say I take you to dinner tonight, Danvers, and we can talk more about uh… all the…” Maggie imitates Alex’s hand gesture, but the teasing is gentle, designed to make Alex blush in delight, not to make her feel badly.

She utterly succeeds.

“Yeah? I mean, I’ve been trying to figure out ways to ask you for months – “

“So have I – “

“Then why haven’t we – “

“Well we are now.” They giggle, both a little breathless, both more than a little caught up, and even as she smiles and listens to Alex report on the status of the joint crime scene, she thinks Adrian would probably have the answer to why it took them so long: she had to find more of herself before she could offer it all to Alex.

Because that’s exactly what she plans to do.
softlittlegaybean asked:

(Tw)hey cap I went through a depressive episode recently that was partially triggered by sanvers and i ended up relapsing after over a year of being clean and it has also trigger me to being super sensitive to being touched and lound noises especially on my and I've only got a few people who I'm ok with touching me and everyone is trying to hug me and it's making me panic Could you maybe write something about sanvers and dealing with sensory overload

It’s usually fine with her.

Hell, it’s usually more than fine with her.

Touch.

Loud noises.

Hell, she’s a doctor and a soldier.

Touch and loud noises are kind of her jobs.

But there are days.

Days when she remembers what it was like to be confused by this beautiful cop taking her hand and holding it, no explanation, no excuse, no apology.

She was confused, then, by the intimacy. And she was confused, more, by how much she liked it.

Now, intimacies like that are commonplace. Are glorious. Are perfection wrapped up in warm hands and soft kisses.

Except days like today.

When she’s out in the world and she’s functioning, but god, she doesn’t want to be.

Even laying in bed is too much of an effort.

She wants to be sprawled out on the floor, feeling the rug against her cheek, feel all her limbs in contact with the ground beneath her. Sinking, sinking, sinking.

Because her entire world is sinking.

But she gets up, and she goes – after quite a while, of course, on the floor – but she still can’t bear it.

The sound of cars honking as she passes them on her way to work.
The passing touches of people she loves, wishing her a good morning.
The sound of a fellow agent slamming their locker shut after getting suited up for work.
Every day sounds, every day touches.
Today, they make her want to scream.
Except screaming would take too much effort, and screaming would be too damn loud.
Kara is the first to notice that something is wrong. Well, that nothing is wrong, but that everything
is wrong.
And she wants to hug her, because Kara is nothing if not tactile, if not giving, if not loving.
But Alex flinches when Kara’s arms go up. She tries not to.
And someone else might not have noticed her reticence. But Kara does.
Of course she does.
“No hugs today?” she asks, her voice soft, and her hands suspended in the space between their
bodies.
“Maybe at home, later,” Alex answers, her voice just as soft, because she can’t break. Not here,
anyway.
Not where she’s supposed to be strong, powerful. A leader.
And sure enough, she is. Later that day.
She’s the one who protects that kid, the six year old who was in the wrong place at the wrong
time, and brings them back into their mother’s arms.
The mother, sobbing in relief and recently-abated terror, hugs her. She hugs her full and hard, and
there’s nothing remotely sexual about it. It’s just the hug of someone getting her child back, safe
and sound and grateful. So damn grateful.
And normally, in situations like this, Alex would pat her back and smile, awkward but happy, a
little unsure what to do with a stranger’s intimacy but pleased by it nonetheless.
But today? Today, it makes her chest seize up and it makes her throat tighten and it makes her see
stars.
Because today, touch is not something she can abide.
And today – naturally – is the day everyone wants to hug her.
The mother of the child she saved; the child she saved; the cousin of the child; the kid’s teacher;
the kid’s friends.
And, when she gets back to the DEO, Winn, James, hell, even Vasquez. Because it was a job well
done, and Winn loves nothing more than skidding across the floor into the open arms of his family.
Except Alex’s arms aren’t open.
Because James’s hugs are warm and full-bodied, and his voice is soft when he asks – in her ear, not out loud in front of everyone, because he knows vulnerability is not something she likes to do publicly – if she’s alright.

Because missions like this – even when they end well – can be extremely intense.

He hugs her extra close when she doesn’t answer, because he knows that means she’s not alright.

And she loves him, and she knows how much he loves her.

But it makes her want to scream.

Even worse when Winn hugs her, because it’s cumulative, and because he’s so excited, so proud of her, and what kind of a monster is she that the touch of two men she loves like brothers – two men she would willingly die for – sweep her body into the heady rush of an oncoming panic attack?

She almost punches Vasquez when she pulls her in for a hug, too.

She doesn’t.

No one’s doing anything wrong. Not exactly.

She fights down a scream.

She tries to remember to breathe.

And then there’s a voice, someone calling her name, and it gives her just a little bit of hope.

“Danvers,” her fiancee says, and she turns to see her jogging into the room, smile on her face. “You were amazing out there,” she tells her, and Alex almost flinches because she could swear Maggie’s about to hug her, too.

But she doesn’t. She stops just short of touching range, and she tilts her head and bites her bottom lip as she regards the woman she’s going to marry, the woman who finds it easier to save lives than to live her own.

“No touching today,” Maggie smiles, and it’s the understanding in that smile, the simplicity of that statement, that makes Alex want to break down and cry.

But not from stress, this time. From gratitude.

“Tonight, maybe,” she tells Maggie the same thing she’d told Kara earlier, and, like Kara, Maggie nods and smiles like Alex is completely normal, like she’s completely amazing, even – and especially – when she’s asserting what she needs.

“I love you,” Maggie reminds her by way of responding, and it makes Alex melt still, now, after all this time.

And she knows beyond a shadow of doubt that it always will.
Chapter 706

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Idk if it's true but it feels like we haven't had sanvers smut in a long time. Got any smutty af but still sweet and sensual (with neck kisses and stuff) smut for us?? You're the best cap❤️

She turns the lights down low and she lights candles on all the surfaces she can.

She bites her lip and stares at herself in the mirror and listens to her heart racing.

This isn’t something she normally does.

Gets all romantic on a woman.

Sure, she never leaves a lady waiting.

And sure, she’s attentive and dedicated in bed.

She’s a spectacular listener – too good, sometimes – and she tries to be giving.

But the whole big romantic gesture thing, wasn’t really her thing.

Until there was Alex.

And she’s sure it’s stupid – she’s sure Alex doesn’t even remember, now that they have more significant anniversaries like proposals and their wedding date – but tonight marks four years since she first met her wife on that tarmac, and Alex deserves romantic gestures, now and for the rest of her life.

So she waits in the dim light and the soft jazz until Alex’s key scrapes the lock.

She fidgets with her hands and glances down at her own body, making sure her clothes, her hair, are just so.

“Welcome home,” she tilts her head, but tears flood her eyes when she’s not greeted by Alex’s face, but by the bouquet of red roses she’s holding.

“Danvers, what – “ the softness in her voice evaporates as an overwhelming sensation of being so thoroughly loved – something that, even after all these years, she doesn’t think she’ll ever quite get used to – threatens to drown her.

“I’m sorry,” Alex huffs as she crosses the threshold, trying at once to take her keys out of the door and balance the bouquet. “I know roses are such a cliche, but I also have tiramisu in that bag, and I know it’s silly, you probably don’t even remember, but – “

She stops as Maggie rushes to help her with everything she’s carrying, setting the roses tenderly on the entryway table and watching Alex look around the apartment in soft awe.
“Maggie,” she whispers. “You remembered, too.”

“Meeting you, Alex Danvers? How could I ever forget?”

Neither of them will be sure, later, how Alex’s clothes come off, but both will vividly remember the way Maggie’s lips trace her bare skin before they even reach the bed.

Neither of them will be sure, later, who gently pressed who against the kitchen counter first, but both will vividly remember the way Maggie tosses her neck back as Alex’s tongue tastes every bit of her day – from workout to field work to shower and nervous sweat – all along her throat.

Neither of them will be sure, later, who started repeating it, over and over like a prayer, first, but both will vividly remember the way neither of them can stop whispering I love you, I love you, I love you.

Alex’s hands trace Maggie’s every stretch mark, and Maggie’s tongue worships the insides of Alex’s thighs.

Maggie screams, but softly, softly, when Alex slips gentle fingers over her clit, circling and circling, pressure building in rhythm with their kiss, in rhythm with Maggie’s legs around Alex’s hips.

Alex chuckles affectionately until her chuckle turns into a low moan of pleasure as Maggie takes one of her nipples into her mouth, her lips, her teeth, her tongue, exploring Alex’s body like it’s their first time merging their souls through slow hands and slightly swollen lips.

They don’t count how many tiny, almost-not-quite-orgasmic orgasms they both have throughout the night, but they know the candles burn all the way down low by the time Alex finally slips her fingers out of her wife’s body, licking them clean while keeping Maggie’s eyes in her own, both of them moaning in satisfaction, in ecstasy, in love.

“I’m so in love with you,” Maggie tells her as she tries not to weep with joy.

She fails when Alex returns her words, and it’s the sweetest failure she’s ever had.
Chapter 707

Chapter Summary

hunseckerde asked:

Hey cap!! So glad to see you are feeling better!! Any chance we could get more trans! Winn? Like maybe he and Adrian interacting after Adrian has a rough day and Winn, like, relating and helping him feel a little better?

He leans over the kitchen counter in Winn’s studio, empty glass in his hand and exhaustion written all over his face.

“Hit me,” he sighs, and Winn raises his eyebrows.

“You sure, kid?”

Adrian just taps the glass on the counter insistently, and Winn sighs. “Alright. Not too much of the hard stuff though.”

They exchange a dry chuckle as Winn pours a shot of Pepsi into Adrian’s glass.

Adrian tosses it back like a shot before doubling over, eyes squeezed shut and coughing.

“There’s not any actual alcohol in there!” Winn defends himself from Maggie’s wide eyes and Alex’s dangerous look as he thumps Adrian on the back.

“It was the fizz,” Adrian wheezes after a long moment, his eyes brimmed with inadvertent tears.

He sniffsles once and shakes his head with a loud sigh.

“Hit the spot though,” he nudges Winn, his characteristic smirk back on his face.

“Yeah, if the spot was you nearly keeling over,” Alex teases from the couch, and Adrian sends a mock glare her way.

“I was fine,” he defends himself with another grin.

“Those bubbles’ll really do you in, I know,” James claps a hand on his shoulder and kisses his cheek as he leans past Winn to grab the tray of cookies they’d all made together.

“So kid, you gonna tell us what made your day such an epic failure?” Winn asks as he follows James back to the couch, settling himself in on the floor.

Adrian sprawls down on the couch, his head next to Maggie’s in Alex’s lap.

“Nuh uh uh!” Winn points at him emphatically. “Binder off if you’re gonna be lying down, young man!”

Adrian grumbles as he sits up and James offers him a cookie as compensation.
“I have a few oversized sweaters in my middle drawer,” Winn instructs, because he knows, and Adrian’s eyes flood with tears for a brief second.

Maggie and Alex keep extra big sweaters around just for him, and it makes him feel safe and protected and loved; but being in the home of someone who has them for himself, that Adrian can borrow, feels different somehow.

“Do your stretches!” Winn calls as Adrian grabs a sweater and heads into the bathroom.

“Okay, Daaaaaaad,” Adrian teases from inside the bathroom, and Alex, Maggie, Winn, and James exchange affectionate eye rolls.

They make it most of the way through their pizza and root beers before Adrian feels like he wants to start talking.

When he does, it’s with James’s hand on his knee, Maggie’s hand holding his, Alex and Winn leaning forward with tilted heads and loving eyes.

“It’s nothing,” he sputters at all the attention, but Winn’s slight squint makes him sigh and toss his free hand up.

“Alright, it’s not nothing. I emailed all my professors before term started. About my name, you know? Which I shouldn’t have to do, I mean, out myself like that, but whatever, it makes it easier for the most part, you know?”

James nods slowly and Maggie holds a breath, knowing what’s coming and that she’ll have to hold Alex back from killing whatever professor put that sad glint in his eyes; and that Alex will have to hold her back, too.

But it’s Winn’s eyes that Adrian seeks, because his is swimming not only with love, with understanding, but also with his own memories.

“So anyway, this asshole – sorry Mags – this uh… my bio professor, he was decent about it on the first day, you know, but he keeps ‘forgetting,’ now, and he acts like it’s just such a damn chore, and the other kids, they…”

His voice breaks and Winn’s jaw shifts.

“They don’t know how to interact with you anymore, when they knew two seconds ago.”

Adrian nods, shame flooding his face, and Winn sighs and shifts forward on his knees so he’s kneeling right in front of Adrian’s seat on the couch.

“I don’t wanna make it about me. But would it help you if I made it about me for a sec?” he asks, and Adrian laughs wetly as he nods.

“For me, it was the same, you know, with attendance and all that. But there was also my last name.”

“We need a support group for all our last name issues,” Alex murmurs, and James chuckles as Maggie kisses Alex’s hand.

“Daddy issues club,” James sighs as he kisses Winn’s.

Adrian tosses up his hands with a soft smile. “Sorry guys: my dad’s great.”
Maggie kisses his shoulder. “You never apologize for that, kid. You just be happy about that.”

Adrian nods and all eyes turn back to Winn, who sighs and plays with James’s fingers — drawing comfort from his boyfriend’s touch — as he speaks.

“All the news reports about my father talked about his daughter, his daughter, you know? And nothing makes it better. It doesn’t stop being infuriating, and it doesn’t stop hurting or being unfair. But the shame changes. Because you’re not the problem. People’s assumptions are. Society is. Not you. Never you. And you’ve gotta surround yourself with people who remind you of that.”

Adrian’s eyes flicker. “You didn’t have that,” he says softly.

Winn takes a hard swallow and shrugs with a small smile before looking slowly around the room. His smile broadens, then, as he kisses James’s hand and leans up to kiss Adrian’s forehead.

“I do now. And so do you,” he says, and that’s more than enough for now.
figuringoutme4me asked:

Drunk!Alex - happy, giddy, adorable?

She’s already wobbly by the time Maggie gets to the bar.

In past experience, seeing Alex stumble when she walks has been a terrible thing.

It meant fathers and mothers and phone calls and gunshots and people she couldn’t save.

But now, tonight?

Tonight, it was James’s birthday, and Alex’s smile is broad and completely, utterly unrestrained.

“Babe!” she blurts, stumbling off her bar stool, Winn and James both finding her waist with careful hands to steady her.

She turns unsteadily to frown at them with exaggerated frustration. “I’m fiiiiine,” she tells them, and they both just smile and agree, James with affection and Winn with the knowledge that if he protests, he’ll get threatened by a certain index finger.

“My wife is here to celebrate you, birthday boy,” she declares, poking James gently in the chest as she slips out of his and Winn’s hands and jogs unsteadily toward Maggie, whose smile is broad and whose arms are outstretched.

“Not your wife yet, Danvers,” Maggie reminds her, because their wedding isn’t for another four months, and Alex gives her a powerful pout as she stumbles into her strong arms.

“Basically my wife,” Alex grumbles, and Maggie is helpless under the influence of that pout and that grumbling.

“Yes, babe. Basically your wife. I can’t wait to be totally your wife.”

Alex preens and Maggie accepts the sloppy kiss her fiancee places on her lips, for one count, two, three. She moans slightly as Alex’s tongue brushes across hers, and their hold on each other’s bodies tightens for a heated moment.

“Alright babe,” Maggie pulls back, smiling, breathless, eyes fluttered closed. “More tonight after you’ve had some water, hmm? And after you let me give the birthday boy his birthday gift!”

She holds Alex’s hand and guides her back to James and Winn, where Kara and Lena have joined them, both beaming like they just shared a particularly intimate moment in the bathroom. Which, well… they had.

“Happy birthday, Olsen,” Maggie leans up on her tip toes to hug him as Alex lets herself tilt into Lena’s arms.
“Having fun, Alex?” Lena laughs gently, and Alex nods with exaggerated enthusiasm that will probably leave a crick in her neck tomorrow.

“It’s this one’s birthday and that one’s going to be my wife,” she bounces on the balls of her feet and Kara shakes her head and laughs at her sister.

“Yes, Alex,” she humors her, but Alex is too happy to notice.

“I heard something about presents,” James looks to Maggie with excited eyes, and Maggie nods eagerly, digging into the bag Alex hadn’t noticed earlier and passing it to James with a flourish.

“Maggie,” he whispers as he tears carefully through the wrapping paper, and Alex practically jumps on his shoulders to get a view of the gift.

Maggie shuffles her feet and fiddles with her fingers. “I thought since you’re always taking pictures of the rest of us…” she trails off, and when Kara, too, squirms under James’s arm so she can see what he’s holding, she squeals her soon-to-be sister-in-law’s name, too.

“Maggie! They’re beautiful,” she gasps at the photos of James, both in CatCo and as Guardian, all arranged just so in a multi-photo frame that reads, “Heroes Have Many Suits.”

“I can photograph things,” Maggie murmurs with an embarrassed grin, and Alex trips over herself.

“Yeah, she really can. You know last weekend, we – “

“How ‘bout you don’t finish that sentence, sweetie?” Maggie reddens deeply as Kara groans and shoves her fingers in her ears while Lena, Winn, and James laugh heartily.

“Maggie, thank you so much. I love it, I really do. And hey, if you ever wanna take any pictures for CatCo – “

“I’ll keep my connections there in mind,” Maggie winks as she bear hugs her soon-to-be brother-in-law.

“My wife’s so talented!” Alex splurts with a massive smile as Lena, Kara, and Winn all work to keep her upright.

“That’s right, Alex. And she’s all yours,” Maggie murmurs against Alex’s lips after she disentangles from James, wrapping herself up in her life, her love, her sheer and utter – and, right now, drunken – happiness.
She’s biting at the inside of her cheek again, but Maggie waits.

She knows it’s hard for Alex to ask for help, for advice.

So she just waits, writing in her journal and listening to her music.

And, sure enough, after a few more minutes of cheek-biting silence, Alex shifts closer to Maggie on the couch.

“Mags?” she asks. “Is it okay if I interrupt you a minute?”

“Danvers, you can interrupt me for as many minutes as you want,” Maggie smiles as she finishes her last sentence, presses pause on her phone, and takes out her ear buds. She sighs happily as she looks up to meet Alex’s eyes. “What’s up, sweetie?”

For good measure, she reaches for Alex’s hands, and Alex meets her fingers eagerly.

“How can I ask advice about something?”

“Anything,” Maggie tilts her head, relishing the way Alex looks when she’s thinking this hard, this fast.

“Okay, this… this is gonna sound really stupid and childish. You know what, I – “

“Danvers,” Maggie counters softly, rubbing her thumb over the back of Alex’s hand.

“Sorry. Um. So remember I told you about Vicky Donahue? My best friend in high school?”

A flicker of a smile passes across Maggie’s face as she nods, silent, waiting.

“Well uh, she… she added me. On facebook, I mean. Friended me. And, I don’t know, isn’t… isn’t that weird? Like, after all this time? And wouldn’t I be a bad girlfriend if I accepted it, or like, talked to her, or whatever?”

“First, no. You wouldn’t be a bad girlfriend, Alex. You’re allowed to have friends. You should have friends. Even if that friend is a not-quite-ex-ex that you used to be in love with that you didn’t know you were in love with at the time.”

A short pause fills the room before they both descend into an intense giggle fit. When they pause for breath, Maggie clears her throat, still smiling.

“But seriously, babe. What do you want to do? That’s more important than what I think.”
Alex squints at her before answering. “I mean… I’m curious. I know people add each other after so many years, you know, because why not, people figure, right? I’m just… I’m curious. To see how she’s doing, and to maybe get coffee or something, you know? It might be nice. And I… I know it was so long ago, but I feel like I owe her an apology, you know?”

Maggie nods quietly as Alex continues to talk herself out. “I mean, I know we were kids, and I didn’t know why I… but… you really wouldn’t mind? If I accepted, and maybe messaged her to say hi?”

Maggie shakes her head, this time with a broad smile forming.

“Sounds like you didn’t need my advice after all, Danvers,” she beams, and Alex pffts.

“Sometimes I like to think out loud,” she admits, and Maggie leans forward to kiss her lips soft and slow, with just a hint of sexy.

“I love when you think out loud,” she whispers, and Alex’s voice drops when she responds.

“Anything else you like me doing out loud?” she asks as she scoots closer to Maggie, her hands teasing at the hem of her shirt.

“Yes please,” Maggie grins again as her breath is lost in Alex’s mouth.
Chapter 710

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we get some good old fluff for Sanvers and Supercorp?? Much love cap!

[I added WestAllen because I was in the mood for a triple homedate with these nerds, I couldn’t help myself]

Chapter Notes

cross-posted with Always Another Side

Alex is curled up on Maggie’s lap and leaning over to whisper in Iris’s ear as they both giggle about the perks of dating ethical science-y cops or cops adjacent.

Barry is trying (and failing) not to blush, both because he knows exactly what Iris and Alex are giggling about, and because Maggie’s hand is casually slipped up the back of Alex’s sweater, stroking her wife’s skin as she leans back to chat with Barry about the latest advances in forensic science.

Iris is holding her husband’s hand as Alex makes her laugh and laugh, appreciating Barry’s supportive squeeze because she knows that he knows that she knows that Alex Danvers makes her stomach flutter in much the same way that Oliver Queen does.

Maggie is adjusting her glasses – a habit she’s picked up from her sister-in-law, a new comfort she’s found in being able to take out her contacts in the company of other humans – and peppering Barry with questions about STAR Labs’ latest this or that gadget.

And then all four of them jump, because an oddly-shaped figure suddenly appears right outside their window, rapping on the glass insistently.

Iris nearly topples off of Barry with her laughter, but Alex just groans and shakes her head with a roll of her eyes.

“Does this… happen often?” Barry leans in to ask Maggie, his hands protectively around Iris’s waist so she doesn’t veer sideways onto the floor.

“You’d be surprised,” Maggie smirks as Alex stands and strolls over to the window, still rolling her eyes, but with a smile forming irresistibly, now.

She sighs as she opens the window for Kara and Lena.
Lena’s reclined casually in Kara’s arms, bridal style, her arms draped around Kara’s neck and a broad smile on her face.

“Do you two have to travel like that all the time?” Alex teases as she steps back to let Kara fly in, carefully turning sideways so Lena doesn’t hit her feet on the window.

“No better way to travel than with a beautiful woman in your arms,” Kara kisses Lena soundly before putting her down carefully.

“At least it looks good when you carry her,” Iris stands to hug Lena, then Kara. “When Barry carries me, it’s not always pretty.”

“Carrying someone at superspeed’s hard!” Barry protests, standing now too, his hands in the air helplessly.

“And to be fair, when you catch me, you don’t carry me bridal style,” Alex chimes, taking Maggie’s hand as she sits back down and pulling her down on her own lap, this time.

Maggie groans and Lena laughs, collapsing next to her on the couch.

“I know you don’t like when your superhero wife swan dives out of the DEO and waits for my superhero wife to catch her,” she leans into Maggie, pouting playfully. “But you should try it sometime, Detective. It really is quite exhilarating.”

“I’ll pass,” Maggie grins, tapping Alex’s thighs so they can both move to make room on the couch for Barry and Iris, too.

“Wanna sit in my lap this time, babe? Alex and Maggie switched,” Iris sits heavily next to Alex, kissing Barry’s hand as she pulls him tentatively to sit on her lap.

“That’s because Alex and Maggie are – “

“No more words out of you, Little Danvers!” Maggie tickles a pleased shriek out of Kara, who retreats into Lena’s arms, breathlessly laughing.

“I think I might be too heavy for – “

“You’re a stick, Allen!”

“Can’t you just vibrate so you’re holding up your own weight or something?”

“Who wouldn’t want to sit in your wife’s lap, Allen?”

“Okay, okay, I’m sitting, god,” Barry runs a hand over the back of his neck with a smile, perching carefully onto Iris’s lap, making her smile and coo as she rubs her cheek against the back of his shirt.

“Awww,” Kara beams, leaning even closer into Lena.

“So who’s ordering food?” Maggie asks after a contented moment of silence between the three couples.

“I got it,” Barry offers, getting a kiss from Iris and a squeal from Kara. “It’s only fair,” he grins. “Kara and I’ll eat the first eight pizzas just between the two of us.”

“Does STAR Labs have a food budget for your metabolism?” Lena tilts forward to meet Barry’s
eyes across Maggie and Alex’s entangled forms. “Because I’m thinking about setting one up at CatCo for this one, to compliment the DEO’s.”

Alex snorts. “It’s most of our budget.”

“At least potstickers aren’t that expensive!” Kara adjusts her glasses and blushes as Lena peppers her shoulder with kisses.

“Caitlin keeps trying to design something that’ll fill him up that’s tasty, too,” Iris chimes.

Barry shudders good-naturedly. “She’d an amazing doctor, but I think she should work with a chef on this one,” she grins.

“Don’t volunteer my wife for that,” Maggie teases, earning herself four giggles and one mock-dirty look.

It goes on like that, the entire rest of the evening.

Just three couples, one family.

Together, at peace. Teasing and laughing and loving and eating and letting themselves, for the first time in a long time, truly relax.
“I don’t want to go back to work,” Alex had whispered, her body still drenched from the rain, her forehead still pressed against Maggie’s, her lips, her entire body, still buzzing from that kiss, that kiss, that kiss.

“Neither do I,” Maggie admits, looking up into Alex’s eyes and trying, desperately, to remember how to breathe.

They both startle apart, though, when both their dogs leap onto their legs, pleading for just some of the attention the women have been giving to each other’s lips.

They both giggle awkwardly, heavily, as they break apart, both settling onto their haunches to comfort Gertrude and Spot.

“Don’t worry, Spotty, Mommy still loves you,” Maggie coos, and Alex nearly swoons, hearing the word love slip out over this woman’s tongue.

She chastises herself, because it’s too soon, too soon, too… but that kiss hadn’t felt like anything she’d ever…

“I gotta get back to the precinct, Danvers,” Maggie’s apologetic voice takes Alex out of her swirl of thoughts. “But… you said a second date?”

“Please?” Alex asks, not caring at this particular moment if she sounds pathetic, if she sounds needy. Because Maggie’s lips had opened for her tongue, and she’d sighed just as deeply as Alex had into their kiss, and her eyes were…

“I know, Gertrude, I know sweetie,” Alex laughs, because Gertrude is yipping for more of her attention. She nuzzles her pup, knowing full well that Maggie’s eyes are on her, that she’s reading her body like a book, and Rao, does she want her to.

“Absolutely. Something… a little more private this time?” Maggie suggests. “Not that I don’t love our current company,” she grins, rubbing her face against Spot’s enthusiastically, and Alex laughs at her abandon.

“I think I can come up with something along those lines,” Alex licks her lips, trying to sound seductive, hopeful, instead of terribly nervous.

Instead of sounding like she’s immediately going to drag her sister into the closest available supply closet back at the DEO and interrogate her about what the hell she could possibly do for a date that would be worthy of this amazing woman.

Because that’s exactly what she does.
“Alex, you’re amazing too,” Kara reminds her, though she’s smiling from ear to ear at her mess of a sister, pacing the supply closet with wide eyes and still slightly swollen lips and still sopping wet hair.

Alex waves her away. “That’s not the point,” she rambles, running her hand through her hair and wiping it absently on her jeans. “I just… she’s incredible, Kara. Did you know she made detective faster than anyone ever has in this city? Not that she said it that way, I mean, just based on her age and the year she said she graduated college and – “

“Alex – “

“Rambling, right,” Alex runs both her hands through her hair this time and wipes them on Kara’s sweater, this time. Kara scoffs but sighs, because she hasn’t seen Alex this happy in… well, ever. “I just… will you help me plan our second date, Kar? I have ideas, but I want to make sure they’re good enough, and – “

“Hey, Alex,” Kara puts her hands on her sister’s shoulders, steadying her, ignoring that she’s still soaking wet from the rain. “Of course I’ll help you. That’s what sisters are for, okay?”

“Promise?” Alex makes sure, and Kara just beams.

“Promise. And hey, your phone just went off. Might be your lady,” Kara grins, and Alex practically squeaks in her haste to grab at her phone, nearly fumbling it, thanking Rao that her sister is a Kryptonian with a reaction time just as good as the Flash’s.

“It’s Maggie!” Alex exclaims, and Kara giggles.

“Of course it is. What’s she say?”

“’Hey Danvers. Just wanted to make sure you got back to the office okay and that Gertrude’s okay from her little rain scare.’ Oh my god, Kara, look how sweet she is! I told you about how she wrapped Gertrude in her jacket during the rain, right? Is it possible for someone to be perfect? Or for someone to be in love this fast? ‘If you’re still down for that second date’ – pfft, like I wouldn’t be – ‘I wouldn’t miss it for the world.’ Which is saying a lot, you know, because she’s a cop. ‘Anyway, I’m gonna stop before I ramble. xx’. XX Kara! Look! She sent me kisses! Or is xx hugs? Or… holy crap, you see what I mean? This date needs to be perfect!”

“And it will be, Alex. Because you’ll be on it,” Kara assures her, and Alex squeals as she reads the text again, and again, and again.
Chapter 712

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Maybe fluff? I kind of like a girl in school and don’t know if she’s straight or not so maybe Maggie trying to figure what Alex’s sexual orientation is? No pressure. You don’t have to. I just want to get my mind off the shit that’s happening out in the world. Love your writing! Hope you have the best night/day you can.

She’s got her chin resting in one hand and a beer nuzzled in the other, her eyes fixed on the redhead playing pool across the room.

She sighs so forlornly that Lena and M’gann both turn to stare.

“What?” Maggie deadpans.

“You’re thinking thoughts,” M’gann observes, and Maggie tilts her head at her.

“Those are generally what one thinks, yeah. Thoughts.”

“Haha.”

Lena rolls her eyes affectionately as she leans across the table to touch Maggie’s hand. “What is it, Maggie? Or…” She tries to follow Maggie’s gaze with her own. “Who is it, maybe is the better question?”

Maggie sighs again, nodding toward the woman who’s been occupying all her thoughts of late.

“Danvers,” is all she says, and all she has to say. Because the moment they heard about Maggie meeting Alex in the field, both M’gann and Lena had known Maggie was a goner.

“You asked her out yet?” M’gann asks, and Maggie’s sigh becomes a groan.

“I’m not gonna ask her out because I can’t figure her out. I can usually read lesbians a mile away – “

“How we became friends,” Lena smirks, and Maggie returns the grin distractedly.

“But I can’t figure Alex Danvers out. And I don’t wanna ask unless I know because…”

She trails off, painful and dangerous teenage years flickering through her eyes. Lena squeezes her hand supportively.

“I can help with that,” Sam clinks her own bottle of beer on the table as she nudges Lena to make room for her on the bench next to her.

“With… asking her out?” Maggie blinks in confusion.

Sam shrugs as she takes a long swig of her beer. “Well, you don’t wanna ask her out if you don’t
know for sure she’s into ladies, right?"

“Yeah…”

“Well, I can confirm that she is,” Sam tries and fails to hide a beaming grin.

Lena nearly spits out her wine, and M’gann pounds Maggie lightly on the back as she chokes on her beer.

“And how can you do that, Sam?” Lena grins, the first to recover.

Sam arches an eyebrow, turning to look at Alex over her shoulder, a faint smirk on her face.

“She’s a really great kisser, that’s all I’m gonna say.”

Maggie tosses up her hands as Lena and M’gann laugh and oooohhhh.

“Well I’m not gonna ask her out if you two – “

“No, no, we’re not. I mean, we’re cool, we’re friends, but – no, Maggie, go for it, please. Your instincts are great, she’s amazing. Truly.”

“You wouldn’t feel any type of way?”

“Not even a little bit,” Sam mimics Lena, reaching across the table to touch Maggie’s hand. “You should ask her out. You deserve to be happy, Maggie. Plus, you’re just her type. Trust me. You should hear how she talks about you.”

“And how does she talk about me?”

“Like you’re heaven and earth all rolled up into one sexy woman.”

Lena snorts, and M’gann raises her eyebrows.

“Looks like Alex Danvers might beat you to the asking out thing, Mags,” she murmurs, nodding subtly toward Alex, fidgeting with her hands as she walks over to their table.

“Well, we have some place to be, don’t we, ladies?” Sam, Lena, and M’gann stand as one, despite Maggie’s protests that they really don’t have to –

“Hey Maggie,” Alex greets, her voice softer, shyer, than it usually is, and Maggie melts, because god, Sam was right: this woman is all gay, and god, does Maggie’s life suddenly seem perfect.
Chapter 713

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I was wondering if you could write something about after Alex comes out as nb Kara gets a little quiet and recluse because she starts over-worrying about what will happen if she accidentally misgenders Alex. Maybe she talks to Maggie about it?

She doesn’t want to repeat the mistake she made when Alex came out the first time.

She withdrew and she got quiet and she sank, deep, into herself.

Not this time.

When Alex comes out to her this time, she squeals and she asks excited questions and she makes sure that Alex knows, unequivocally, that she is supportive, that she loves them, that she isn’t angry with them that Sisters’ Night will henceforth be Siblings’ Night.

But inside, Kara is still panicking.

And she tries – she tries so damn hard – to make sure that Alex doesn’t notice.

And Alex may not be using the label “sister” anymore, but damned if they aren’t still Kara’s sibling. So, of course, Alex notices.

“I don’t know what it is, Mags,” they say with tears in their eyes one night, a week or so after they came out to Kara as nonbinary. “She’s trying so hard to show me that she’s supportive, and I love it, but I just… feel like she’s overcompensating? And I know, I know, I know it sounds paranoid, but you’ve seen how quiet she is when she thinks I’m not noticing, how reclusive she’s gotten, right? I just… I can’t lose her, Maggie, I… I don’t know what to do. I don’t know what to do.”

Maggie just bites her lip and holds the person she loves and presses soft kisses all over their face as they cry themself to sleep.

Because she knows that Alex isn’t wrong. Something’s going on with Kara. Maggie just doesn’t know what it is yet.

But she knows Alex isn’t wrong, because she’d gotten a text from Kara that afternoon, asking to have breakfast tomorrow morning, to not tell Alex about it, because nothing’s wrong, but she needs advice, and Alex doesn’t need to know, not yet, please, please, please.

“You can’t ask me to withhold something from them again, Little Danvers,” is the first thing Maggie says the next morning when she slips into the booth across from Kara at Noonan’s.

Kara’s swollen red eyes prevent any further reprimands from slipping out of Maggie’s lips. The superhero just nods, defeated.

“I know. I know, it was a horrible thing to ask, and I’m so sorry, Maggie. I… you can tell Alex all
about this conversation – we both can – or I can, whatever, because it wasn’t your fault I put you in such a terrible position, and I’m so sorry, I just – “

“Okay, hey, slow down, Kara,” Maggie reaches across the table to still Kara’s trembling hands. “What’s going on?”

“It’s about Alex’s… coming out. Part two.” Maggie blinks slowly, saying nothing, just waiting for Kara to continue. Kara tries to read emotions in Maggie’s face – anger, fear, anything. Finding nothing in the detective’s impenetrable expression, she sighs and makes herself continue.

“I feel… transphobic? Because I keep being so scared of misgendering h – them, them, Rao, see? I just keep being so scared that I’ll misgender them, and then they’ll think it’s because I don’t love that, that I think they’re fake, and they have enough trouble feeling like they’re making it up and whatever without me messing up and making it worse, and I… so I’m making their coming out about me, and about how hard it is for me, and that feels… transphobic? Because you’re their girlfriend, and you’re just so cool with it, so what right do I have to… it… I’m not making sense. I’m sorry, Maggie, I shouldn’t have… I just didn’t want to talk to Alex about it because it shouldn’t be them who has to hear all of this from me, and I’ve been trying so hard not to show them that I’m having a hard time, but I – “

“They know, Kara.”

Tears threaten to spill down Kara’s face. “What? But I’ve been so – “

“Overly enthusiastic, yeah. And you’re an amazing sister,” Maggie smiles gently and leans forward slightly to squeeze Kara’s hand. “Listen, answer me this: are you afraid of misgendering them because you don’t want to hurt them and you don’t want to give them any additional fodder for their own internalized transphobia and doubts? Or are you afraid of misgendering them because you don’t actually think being nonbinary is a thing and you don’t want to bother fighting with them about it because – “

“No! No, I… who they are is real! It’s the first one, it’s not – “

“Okay, good then. You’re okay, then, Kara. Because thing is, you’re gonna mess up. It’s not about not messing up.” Maggie pauses and chuckles, more to herself than to Kara. “Both of you, so into being perfect all the time. Thing is, you’re gonna mess up. So am I. Hell, I have. It’s not about not messing up: gender isn’t about that, and neither is life. It’s about why you’re messing up – years of habit and refusal to acknowledge who someone is are really different things – and how you fix it. They’re not going to think you don’t love them if you slip once or twice. Try not to, obviously. Try really hard. But Kara, they’re not going to love you less, just like you don’t love them less. But you’ve gotta stop this overcompensating thing. Because they know you. They know something’s wrong. And you know their imagination. I can guarantee they’re imagining something so much worse than what’s actually going on, just like they did when they came out as a lesbian.”

Kara gulps and nods thoughtfully, adjusting her glasses sadly.

“I’m not a terrible sister?”

“No,” Maggie nods. “Just get out of here and go make sure Alex knows they’re not a terrible sibling.”

Kara leans forward to kiss Maggie’s cheek so quickly she almost leaves a bruise.

Maggie smiles as Kara runs off to find Alex.
Fifteen minutes later, her phone beeps, and she takes it out to find a photo of Kara and Alex, both beaming at the camera as they hold each other close.

It’s captioned “Maggie’s Danvers Siblings.”

Maggie prints and frames and keeps it, always.
Chapter 714

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

First of all congratulations on your book deal. I'm so happy and can't wait to read it. Be sure I will buy it as soon as it's out. Second, can I ask for a mini fic about Alex and Maggie buying engagement rings and giving them to each other?

“If you get Kara, I get the boys,” Maggie concludes, and Alex opens her mouth to argue, but decides her lips would be much happier kissing her fiancée instead.

“Mmmmm,” Maggie hums into their kiss, lips curved up into a smile. “Is that a yes?”

“Yes,” Alex whispers, her forehead pressed gently to Maggie’s as they breathe in each other’s breath, still soaking in the whole feeling of getting married, of promising themselves to each other.

Forever.

It feels overwhelming, but mostly, it feels absolutely perfect.

And that’s how they settle it.

Alex goes shopping for Maggie’s engagement ring with Kara.

Maggie goes with James and Winn.

“Okay,” Winn takes out his list with a flourish. “Something simple, but not plain. Elegant, but not overly feminine. Something soldier-y, but not overly masculine.”

“Did Alex actually say ‘soldier-y’? I don’t remember that being part of the conversation,” James tries to peer at the list over Winn’s shoulder, but Winn pulls away.

“Well, that’s what you get for not taking notes, Mr. Photojournalist,” he teases, and James and Maggie exchange an affectionate eye roll.

“And it’s gotta be strong enough to be able to wear into battle.”

“And not interfere with her gun grip.”

“But it’ll be on her left – “

“You know as well as I do that my woman shoots just as well with her left as she does with her right,” Maggie smirks.

“Well, maybe I don’t know quite as well as you do, Sawyer,” Winn teases before hiding behind James to dodge Maggie’s playful swipe.

Maggie frowns as she stares at their list, still outside the boutique jewelry shop she’d selected.
“Nothing commercial is gonna be able to fit all these criteria, huh?” she points to Winn’s scrawl, particularly the last lines about being battle-ready.

Across town, Alex and Kara are having an even more frustrating conundrum.

“No, I’m not shopping for me, I’m shopping for my girlfriend. My fiancée. Future wife. The woman I’m marrying,” Alex explains, yet again, her voice edged with impatience and her fingers twitching like she wants her ray gun.

“Hey, Alex,” Kara drapes her arm around her, “maybe we try somewhere else?”

“I didn’t like any of the stuff in there anyway,” Alex sighs heavily as they walk together, Alex eating the ice cream Kara insisted on buying her as mopey as she possibly can.

But suddenly, her eyes glitter as she looks up at Kara, whose eyes are also shining.

Because – of course – the same idea’s hit them both at the same time.

Which is how Winn finds himself in the middle of two very in love women.

“How about this?” he texts a picture to Alex, making sure he’s sending it to the right woman at least three times.

“Do you think Alex would like this little detail?” he asks J’onn when Alex is down at Thursday morning knife practice.

“James, what type of gun does Maggie usually use at work? I want to make sure the fit is right.”

“Kara, more shine or too shiney?”

It’s only a couple of weeks before their rings are ready.

Custom made for both women, with loving input from the people who cherish them most.

“Winn, they’re beautiful,” Alex whispers as tears flood her eyes, and she wraps him in a tight hug that leaves him breathless; but it’s the best hug he’s ever had.

“Thank you, Schott,” Maggie hugs him too, also choking on tears, but he holds down his own as he waves away her thanks.

“It was an honor,” he tells them, and steps back to stand with J’onn, Kara, and James as Maggie, trembling, takes Alex’s ring into her hands, tears streaming down both their faces.

“You’re still good to do this?” Maggie confirms, and Alex laughs through her tears.

“For Winn’s sake, I hope so.” Maggie kisses a tear from the tip of her nose, and J’onn holds Kara close as Winn leans into James’s chest.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie tells her. “May I?” she asks for Alex’s left hand, and Alex gives it, eagerly.

Maggie kisses each fingernail, each knuckle – each crease and each scar – before slipping the engagement ring Winn made just for Alex onto her ring finger.

They kiss each other’s lips for so long that their family starts to wonder if maybe they’ve forgotten that Alex has yet to give Maggie her ring.
But Alex doesn’t forget. “I have to give you yours, too,” she smiles into Maggie’s lips, and Maggie
sniffles happily as she steps back slightly from the warmth of Alex’s body, right into the warmth of
her smile.

“You really want to marry me?” Alex asks through tears, and Maggie laughs through her own.

“I just put a ring on it, Danvers, didn’t I?”

Alex laughs, even as her hands tremble, reaching to take the engagement ring from the custom-
made box in Winn’s hand.

“Well then, I guess we’re going to get married,” Alex beams as she, too, kisses Maggie’s fingers
before slipping the ring onto her finger.

“I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” she whispers as the ring slides effortlessly past her knuckle.

“Forever.”
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

!!! you know that little scar the credit card leaves behind on alex’s shoulder? the way maggie kisses it every morning and every night, even after it heals and fades away !!! (im in Tears)

fuck if you were in tears writing the prompt imagine my Emotional Gay Ass writing the damn fic I feel personally attacked by myself.

The DEO medics remind her about cocoa butter, about how the scars eventually will fade.

She barely restrains herself from rolling her eyes, from reminding them that she’s got even more medical degrees than they do, that scars don’t bother her, anyway; because she’s not only a doctor.

She’s a soldier.

And soldiers have scars.

Soldiers hold on.

And she did hold on.

She held on.

Still.

Soldier or no soldier, she doesn’t sleep for weeks, after… After.

She feels guilty about it, at first, thinking she’s the one keeping Maggie up, that Maggie is merely keeping vigil over her.

Until Maggie is the one who wakes up from drifting off – her body well past its exhaustion limit – screaming about let her go, about tell me where she is, about let me switch places with her, just let her go.

They rest each other’s foreheads together, then, tears in both of their eyes and sweat on both of their brows.

“What do we do?” Alex asks, the question deceptively simple, because they were stalked, filmed, survielled, tortured.

Tortured, tortured, tortured.

“I don’t know,” Maggie whispers, finding comfort only in Alex’s arms, Alex’s lips; the steady beating of Alex’s heart.
The therapists J’onn requires both of them to see – “yes, Detective, you too; if you want to be part of the DEO enough for security clearance, you have to be part of the DEO enough for the benefits” – remind them of the importance of rituals, security, safety; consistency that is all too difficult to come by with their jobs, their lives.

Maggie asks, in a voice smaller than she’d known her voice could be, if it would hurt or help Alex to kiss the places he’d hurt, tried to hurt.

She doesn’t want to be selfish and use her lips on Alex’s body for her own comfort.

Her therapist reminds her, with gently raised eyebrows and the ghost of what might be empathetic tears in her eyes, that that’s a question only Alex can answer.

And Alex answers in the affirmative, because she needs Maggie’s lips everywhere that had been hurt.

Her shoulder scar, in particular.

Because both of them only use cash at stores, now; Winn and Kara and James have been taking turns taking their bank cards to ATMs to get them cash; because when Alex holds a credit card, a bank card, she breaks out in a cold sweat, her chest constricting like the water is back in her lungs; and when Maggie even thinks about a credit card, a bank card, she hyperventilates, wants to put her fist in the faces of any straight cis white man she comes across, she wants to scream and cry and wrap Alex in her arms and never, ever, ever let her go.

So every night, now, Maggie kisses the thin, somewhat jagged scar where Alex had sliced into her own body to save her own life.

To hold on.

Every night, Alex murmurs that she held on, and Maggie repeats it softly like a mantra. Their mantra. Their promise.

She kisses it when it’s still angry and red, stitches raised against her trembling lips.

She kisses it when it’s scabbed over and itchy and Alex grumps about having to keep it medicated.

She kisses it when it takes on a purple shade of red, becoming a smoother part of her skin, her body, her being.

She kisses it when it starts to fade, starts to blend in with the rest of her.

She kisses it the morning they get engaged – the morning of the invasion – and she kisses it two nights later, when they finally lay in bed, suddenly, somehow, engaged.

When Alex wakes up screaming Kara’s name, screaming for her father, Maggie kisses the mark that reminds them both that Alex can hold on against all odds.

When Maggie wakes up in a cold sweat, tears unconsciously tracked onto her face, about her own father, about Alex drowning, about the bodies she and James had to step over, fight over, during the Daxamite invasion, after the massacre at the bar, she kisses Alex’s scar, because it reminds them both that they have a lifetime of firsts to look forward to, to live every day for.

“I love you,” she murmurs every morning, bringing her lips to Alex’s shoulder, the morning after their wedding, wrapped up in each other, wrapped up in their love.
“I love you too,” Alex smiles, still half-asleep, still blissed out from their long night together, her fingers carding groggily through Maggie’s hair, her scar tingling underneath Maggie’s lips, because it no longer reminds them of terror; now, it reminds them of how strong their love is, and how strong it always will be.
Chapter 716

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I am so here for the Kara-Adrian Brotp, eating pizza and comparing their badass sisters.

Alex isn’t home when Adrian’s key scrapes the lock, and neither is Maggie.

But Kara is.

It makes him nervous, at first.

He stammers and he blushes and he apologizes, but she waves him off, assuring him that it’s fine, she’s just feeding Gertrude because Alex and Maggie are both on a mission in a cell phone dead zone that’s running late, but they’re fine, don’t worry, so why don’t the two of them order pizza and make themselves comfortable and wait for their respective sisters to come home.

And really, Supergirl is asking him to have pizza with her, so how could he possibly say no? It’s not like this is their first time meeting, anyway. It’s just… their first time alone.

So it takes a few minutes for his nerves to settle, but then they start raiding the fridge together, because sure, the pizza will only take a half hour to get there, but thirty minutes is a long time to go without food.

“How does Maggie even reach these cabinets?” he muses with a small smirk, and Kara adjusts her glasses as she laughs and hovers to reach the cookies above his head before he can grab them.

“Cheating!” he half-shouts, remembering to keep his voice down because of her sensory sensitivity, and she decides that he’s exactly as amazing as Maggie and Alex are always saying.

“Hey, wanna make sundaes?” she wants to know, with a glisten in her eyes.

“Only if we stay away from Maggie’s ice cream,” Adrian laughs, and Kara races him to see who can collect the best ingredients from the most random places in the kitchen.

They’re full by the time the pizza gets there, but they eat a few slices anyway.

“No way,” Adrian pffts, his mouth full of crust. “Maggie whooped Alex’s butt at a weapons accuracy test at the DEO last week, didn’t your sister tell you?”

Kara laughs and swipes another slice from the box. “Yeah, well your sister’s too scared to fly with me,” she teases, and he narrows his eyes playfully because he knows there’s no maneuvering around that one.

“Yeah, well maybe that’s because she’s too busy kicking Alex’s butt at Thursday morning knife practice.”
“Yeah, well maybe that’s because Thursday morning knife practice is a euphemism for – ew, you know what, never mind, we’re talking about my sister – “

Adrian’s eyes fly wide. “So that’s why she looks forward to it so much!”

They both laugh until they nearly cry.

“You know, Alex would have died in that tank if it weren’t for Maggie,” Kara tells him with glassy eyes.

“And Maggie would be convinced she doesn’t deserve anything good in this world if it weren’t for Alex,” Adrian squeezes Kara’s hand gently, because he knows that swooping feeling of nearly losing your sister all too well.

“They’re both kinda badass, aren’t they?” he follows up after a thoughtful silence.

“Yeah,” Kara nods before poking Adrian in the nose. “And so are we.”
Chapter 717

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi. I need some advices about masturbation. I'm 26 and I really suck at it, I just can't get the hang of it. Maybe because I'm ace? It's really frustrating because even if I don't have desire for anyone I still have a libido and it's driving me crazy. I just need to get off. So sometimes when it's too much I ask my partner to help me but I just feel awful afterwards because yikes sex... Also, just an idea if you're comfortable/willing to, i'll just put this here: maybe you could answer this 1/2

2/2 maybe you could answer this as a fic with Maggie helping ace! Alex with the same issue? Or not, you’re probably too busy already. Anyway sorry for the length of this ask…

She likes kissing her. Hell, she loves it.

But she only likes it because it’s Maggie. Because she’s completely, utterly, smittenly in love.

Sex, though?

Not something she’s trying to have.

Because she’s tried in the past, and even in the beginning of her relationship with Maggie.

“You’re not feeling it, are you, Danvers?” Maggie had asked with a gentle smile, and Alex had promptly had a panic attack, because she wasn’t doing it right, she was being a terrible girlfriend, surely Maggie would be insulted and hurt and leave because…

“You wanna just cuddle instead, sweetie?” Maggie had asked, then, and all of Alex’s self-protective instincts screamed that Maggie was mad at her, but the smile on her lips was also reaching her eyes, and, somehow, Alex… trusted.

And Maggie had proven that trust to be a good decision, for years and years and years.

Years that weren’t filled with the sex Alex had assumed was a prerequisite for having a girlfriend, for having a wife. For having a full, happy life.

But no, Maggie had assured her, over and over and over again; “I love being intimate with you, Danvers. And sex is only one kind of intimacy. I don’t need that one particular kind, babe; I just need you.”

Which makes Alex’s heart sing, every single time.

But sometimes, Alex needs… well, not sex. Not exactly.
She just needs to get off.

And masturbating sounds like the easiest solution, and her friends talk about it like it is, but god, for Alex, it’s not.

Because, for Alex, it’s sticky and it’s frustrating and even under the best of conditions, it ruins her underwear and leaves her feeling… meh.

“You know, you don’t have to have penetration to get off, babe,” Maggie had whispered to her, kissing her bare shoulder tenderly, years ago. And Rao, how that revelation had helped.

“You can touch yourself on top of your underwear so it’s not so sticky,” Maggie had kissed her temple years ago, and fuck, it had helped.

“You might get better pressure if you lay on your stomach, love,” Maggie had responded to her frustrated growl, and lord, that had been a good night.

But it still isn’t the easiest thing – masturbating – because she still can never seem to find something good to think of, something to match the fire that sometimes burns between her legs.

“Help me out?” she asks Maggie in irritable frustration one night, Maggie glances at her over the tops of her glasses from where she’s been sitting up in bed, reading, while Alex tried and failed to get herself off, a supportive hand vaguely on her shoulder.

Maggie smirks and bites her lip, immediately closing her book. “Yeah?” she asks, and it’s not like the eager, selfish advances men used to make when she’d had an itch to scratch during her party days.

It’s eager, yes, but it’s affectionate and honored and proud of Alex for asking, humbled to be able to help.

“Yes,” Alex still blushes, shifting her cheek on the pillow so she can make eye contact with her wife even as Maggie tosses the book to the side and scoots down to lay next to her.

Maggie doesn’t touch her beyond bringing her hand down to the small of Alex’s back – a warm, physical connection between them, more for intimacy’s sake than sexuality’s – and it makes Alex’s heart swell.

“What kind of help do you want, beautiful?” Maggie wants to know, her glasses still on.

“Talk to me, maybe?” Alex asks, and Maggie nods, biting her lip and kissing Alex’s temple.

“About how gorgeous you are?” Maggie asks, her voice low and sultry, as Alex’s fingers start rubbing circles onto her clit. She nods wordlessly, and Maggie’s eyes flash.

“And how smart you are? Because god, Danvers, you are the most brilliant woman I’ve ever known.” Alex squeaks before biting her lip to quiet herself, and Maggie chuckles affectionately.

“And how you’re a soldier and a doctor? A woman who can work a flash grenade and heal its effect? Like, damn, Danvers,” she grins, and Alex’s hips start grinding down into her own hands at the praise.

Maggie’s eyes sweep down her body, and where Alex used to feel self-conscious about that – and certainly would if it were anyone else – the expression on Maggie’s face alone serves as yet another form of praise, and Alex feels an orgasm building rapidly.
“Or,” Maggie licks her lips, kissing Alex’s temple again. “Should I tell you about how wildly I’m in love with you? How you’re strong and steady and how proud I am that you’re my wife?”

It’s the love in Maggie’s voice that throws her over the edge, and she rides out her own waves as Maggie praises her more, more, more.

“Good girl, Alex. You did such a good job, babe,” she whispers, kissing her face over and over and over.

“I love you,” Alex pants as she comes down from the release she’d needed, and Maggie smiles broadly.

“Well, lucky for you, I love you too, Alex,” she teases, and it’s a tickle war and pillow fight that brings their night to a close.
Chapter 718

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey! I love your reading your work and I refresh your page over on ao3 several times a day. You have a special teaching and healing gift. I'm much older than Alex but like her, I don't like being intimate. I love the build up but become disgusted not wanting to be touched once I climax, whether I'm alone or with a partner. Alex wants Maggie and I know she would be nervous about whether she should warn Maggie about this. I'd love to hear how an amazing Maggie would support her pre and post orgasm.

She paces and worries her hands and sweats and has to call Kara more than once to talk her down from a complete panic attack.

By the time Maggie knocks on the door, armed with pizza and beer and flowers for their first Netflix and chill night, Alex doesn’t think her heart can take any more tension, any more nerves.

She reminds herself irritably that she’s saved the world multiple times, but oddly, it doesn’t help.

She starts spluttering all her thoughts, all her fears, before Maggie can even kiss her hello, offer her flowers, or kick off her boots.

“Okay, so here’s the thing,” she paces in front of Maggie, and Maggie doesn’t take her gaze from Alex’s face even as she sets down everything she’s brought quietly. “I want you. Sexually. I mean, I want to have sex with you. Tonight.”

Maggie has to bite her lip to keep from smiling, to keep from cheering.

Instead, she tilts her head and narrows her eyes slightly, because Alex is even more nervous than she is, and god, she didn’t think it was possible for a human being to be even more nervous than she was right now.

“But?” she asks, Alex’s nerves somehow calming her own.

“But,” Alex repeats, still pacing, still wringing her hands together. “I’m weird. About sex. Or like… about climaxing. Orgasming. God, that sounds so clinical. Sorry. I… I told you. I’ve never liked being intimate. But I… I like it. With you. Which is totally mind blowing. I mean, you’re totally mind blowing. But I think if we go all the way… god, what, am I fifteen years old? I think I’ll just weird you out. Because I like the build up – the kissing and the touching and all… all that… But once I… you know… get there… god, I’m terrible at this, feel free to break up with me at any time, I’d understand – “

“I’m not going anywhere, Alex.” Maggie’s voice is soft, but it’s firm, and it’s sure, and it gives Alex courage.

She stops pacing and takes Maggie’s hands into her own, forcing herself into looking Maggie in the eyes.
“You keep telling me that I deserve to get what I want. And… what I want, is sex with you. To share that intimacy with you. I mean, if you want to.”

“I do.”

“Good. Great. Excellent.”

“But?”

“But, I don’t want to be touched while I… or, really, after I…”

“Come?”

Alex’s blush is the sweetest thing Maggie’s ever seen. “Right.”

“Okay. That’s okay.” Maggie brings Alex’s hands to her lips and kisses her knuckles in turn. “May I ask a clarifying question?”

Alex nods with fearful tears in her eyes, but Maggie’s smile keeps her from panicking completely.

“When you say you don’t like to be touched after you come, does that mean you don’t want me to spend the night, or that I can stay but you just need space? Or something else? Any answer is completely okay. I’m only asking so I can give you the best experience I can, because…” Maggie’s blushing this time. “Because that’s what you deserve, Danvers.”

Alex gulps and they hold each other’s eyes for a long, long beat.

“I really like you, Maggie,” Alex splutters, breaking the silence and warming Maggie’s heart.

She leans forward on her tip toes, and Alex smiles as she leans forward, too, to meet Maggie’s offer of a kiss.

“I really like you too, Danvers.”

“Good. And I… if you want to stay the night… if that’s not too fast, I… I’d like that. I just… I just need space, otherwise it makes me feel really gross. I know it’s weird – “

“Hey, Alex, stop that. Please? It’s not weird. You’re not weird. I’m glad you told me what you need. That’s… it’s important, Alex. I always want you to do that. Plus,” she shrugs with a twinkle in her eye. “It’s sexy when you tell me what you want.”

Alex licks her lips at that. “Really now?” her voice drops several octaves, and they both completely forget all about the Netflix part of Netflix and chill.

“Fuck,” Alex tosses her head back as Maggie drags her tongue across her clit, long, long minutes of build up and check-ins and making out later. “Maggie, that’s... fuck,” she tangles her hands in Maggie’s hair, and writhes when she feels the vibrations of Maggie’s chuckle against her clit.

“Glad you’re enjoying yourself, sexy,” Maggie murmurs with a smile, and Alex stiffens. Maggie stops and looks up at her immediately.

“You’re enjoying too, right?” Alex panics, and Maggie crawls up her body, tracing kisses all the way up Alex’s naked torso.

“Absolutely, Danvers,” she promises, and Alex finds that she thoroughly believes her.
“Make sure you keep communicating with me, okay?” Maggie asks as she kisses Alex’s neck, slipping her thigh between her legs.

“You too,” Alex gasps, arching her hips up, trying to gain some friction against Maggie’s thigh through how soaked she’s made it.

She doesn’t start to come undone until she flips Maggie over, much to Maggie’s delight, riding her thigh with an abandon she didn’t know she could share with another person, and finding that god, she’s falling in love.

“Maggie, I – “

“Let go if you want to, Alex, it’s okay, I got you,” she tells her, hands on Alex’s hips, but gingerly, ready to let go when Alex needs her to.

And, sure enough, immediately after she rides out her waves, Alex shifts off of her, shaking and trembling.

“Did I hurt you?” Maggie asks, careful not to touch her, but her eyes wide with concern. She’d expected the lack of contact, but not the shaking.

“I’m selfish,” Alex whispers, and Maggie’s heart trembles.

“What? No you’re not, Danvers. Why… why would you say that?”

“Because I came and now I need my own space but you’re probably still really turned on so I’m selfish and – “

“Hey, whoa, slow down, babe. Please… please let yourself enjoy this, okay? I’m good, I am, I promise. If you want to continue later, hell, I won’t say no, but for now… I don’t know about you, Danvers, but I worked myself up an appetite. If I went to the kitchen to make us a massive snack plate and got us water, would that be okay?”

Alex’s eyes flood with tears, but her shaking has completely stopped, because she knew she really liked Maggie, but she never imagined anyone could be quite this perfect for her.

“Do you want help?” she offers, hoping her eyes are giving Maggie all the waves of gratitude she’s feeling.

“No,” Maggie smiles, “you rest here. I’ll come right back.”

“Please do,” Alex bites her lip, watching Maggie’s unabashedly naked body slip into Alex’s flannel with a mischievous wink as she pads into the kitchen in search of post-sex snacks.
Kara squeezes one of their hands, and Maggie kisses the other.

“You’re going to be just fine, Danvers. I promise,” Maggie tells them as Kara beams over at her sister-in-law.

“It’s gonna look so badass, Alex,” she adjusts her glasses with her free hand before digging into her pocket and squinting at her phone. “Oh, and Lena says you’re going to be amazing, and that she can’t wait to see.”

Alex shivers and bites the inside of their cheek. “But what if I hate it? What if it looks ugly, or I don’t have the right face for it, or everyone thinks I look stupid, or that I’m faking it, or – “

“Hey, hey,” James puts a gentle hand on their shoulder, his other hand holding Winn’s, which still makes Alex smile every damn time. “Alex, listen, we love you. You couldn’t possibly look ugly, ever. And we’re going to a good stylist who’s gonna know what’s gonna look right with your face; and if anyone thinks you look stupid or are faking it – “

“You have Guardian, Supergirl, Detective Maggie Sawyer, and… well… me! On your side,” Winn assures them, and Alex nods nervously, gratefully.

“Thanks, guys,” they murmur, accepting a long, gentle kiss from Maggie as they reach the salon door. “You’re sure it’s not stupid that all of you are coming with me?”

“Are you kidding? It’s awesome. We’re cool,” Kara grins, crossing her arms over her chest and automatically leaning back to back with Winn and striking a pose, making James, Alex, and Maggie all laugh.

“Your sister’s right, babe. And anyway, this is a big milestone in your life. It’s normal to want to have your family supporting you.”

Alex nods, their heart beating nearly out of their chest, slamming against their binder.

“And Adrian said to show you this,” Maggie grins broadly, holding up her phone to show Alex a photo spread of Adrian as a younger teenager, sitting with a terrified grin in a barber’s chair, his father holding his hand, first with hair for days and then with it buzzed and dyed. The before pictures are full of fear, and the after pictures are full of ecstasy. The photos make Alex’s heart rate steady.

“You’ll hold my hand?” Alex turns to their wife, and Kara squeals with happiness, leaning into Winn and James as Maggie kisses Alex’s knuckles.
“The whole time, sweetie,” she promises.

Alex doesn’t speak when they step into the salon, but they don’t have to.

Maggie is the one who introduces them, who tells the stylist Alex’s name and appointment time; and she and Kara bounce back and forth with their explanations of every requirement Alex has for this haircut, all the factors they’d discussed earlier, while the stylist smiles with a knowing nod, carding her fingers through Alex’s hair and clearly envisioning the work ahead of her.

“Do you wanna show her your photo spread, babe?” Maggie prompts Alex to take out their phone and pull up the Pinterest board Kara and James had helped them make, of styles they like, styles they hate, styles where they love this but don’t really want that. “They made a bit of a chart,” Maggie turns to explain to the stylist, making sure to emphasize Alex’s pronouns, which soothes them and pleases them deeply.

And, true to her word, Maggie doesn’t let go of Alex’s hand as they get their hair washed, as they sit in the chair. As the stylist tells Alex her plan and Alex nods with wide eyes, murmuring to themself about how they’ve literally saved the planet, they can handle a damn haircut.

Alex meets their sister’s eyes in the mirror as Kara hovers behind the stylist, and when Kara beams and nods eagerly at them, Alex wonders how they got so lucky with their little sister.

And when they catch the gazes of James and Winn in the mirror, too, and they both smile and give them huge thumbs up, they wonder what they did to deserve such amazing friends.

When their phone buzzes and Maggie shows them the “you’ve got this, Alex!” text from Sam and Lena, busy at the office but eager to see the outcome, they smile across their entire face.

And when J’onn texts Maggie and asks her to please tell his eldest Earth child that he loves them and could not be more proud of them, they feel tears stinging their eyes. Good tears. Happy tears. Perfect tears.

And through it all, Maggie never lets go of their hand.

Until, that is, the cut is finished and Alex stands, finally able to run their hands through hair that’s buzzed in the back and sticking up slightly in the front. Finally able to feel a breeze on the back of their head, the skin on the back of their neck.

Finally looking in the mirror and seeing what they’ve been too scared to want to see for so many years.

All their friends hug them at once, and Alex has never been much for intimacy, but this?

This feels absolutely fantastic.

“Thank you,” they whisper to their wife. “Do you like it?”

“Doesn’t matter what I think, Danvers. Do you like it?”

“I love it. But, Mags, it does – “

“It would scar your sister for life if I fully showed you how sexy you are right now, Alex Danvers,” Maggie assures them, and Kara groans and mutters loudly about superhearing; but all along, the smile never leaves her face, because her sibling is an absolutely happy, absolutely perfect badass.
It’s not that Lena doesn’t know what to do for her girlfriend; she knows Kara well enough by now, intimately enough by this point, to know that she needs soft blankets and something even softer to fidget with; that she needs old-school musicals and an endless supply of food; that she needs silence and touches and reassurance that can be offered with no words.

And she’s more than happy to give all of these things to the woman who keeps saving the world and insisting that she needs no one to save her.

But sometimes, Lena knows, she also needs to call in the cavalry.

And tonight is one of those nights.

Because saving the world is old hat for all of them by now, and the DEO has checked and cleared Kara’s body, and J’onn has her – has them all – in mandated therapy sessions, but sometimes those sessions aren’t enough.

Kara gives, and she gives, and she gives, and not just of her body.

Holding up entire buildings with her bare hands is exhausting, but it’s nothing, Lena knows, compared to the rest of what Kara gave today. What Kara gives every day.

Because Supergirl doesn’t just pose for pictures and stop to revel in the applause.
She also visits the people she was too late to protect from burns, from compound fractures, in the hospital.

She visits the homes of the people she hadn’t been able to save; she holds the siblings and the parents and the cousins and the lovers of the people whose bodies she brought home, but without any breath left in them.

She wipes the tears and she listens to the screams, because she can’t not hear them, can’t not bear witness to the pains she can’t prevent.

She gives, and she gives, and she gives, and she acts like she has an endless supply of hope; an endless supply of optimism and kindness and empathy; but Rao, Lena knows that even superheroes have their limits.

Especially ones that are this unfailingly kind, this futilely forgiving, this inspiringly generous.

So she shoots a text off to Alex, and it isn’t long before she hears her hopefully-one-day sister-in-law’s key scrape into the lock of Kara’s apartment.

Kara doesn’t turn around. She hasn’t moved, except to bring popcorn to her mouth, in over an hour.

“Hey sis,” Alex announces her presence, with a tilted head she’s acquired from Maggie.

“Hey, Little Danvers. Little Luthor,” Alex’s wife smiles softly, holding Alex’s hand.

Neither of them take offense when Kara barely acknowledges them.

They just bring the pizza and potstickers right over to the couch, grab a blanket, and nudge Lena over.

Alex kisses Lena’s cheek as she squeezes next to her, and Maggie encourages Kara wordlessly to shift so Kara’s head rests in her sister-in-law’s lap. Alex reaches over Lena’s torso to take her little sister’s hand, her free arm wrapped around Lena’s shoulder.

“Hi Maggie. Hi Alex,” Kara murmurs after a long few moments, after relaxing into the way Maggie runs her fingers through her hair, the way Alex’s thumb strokes her hand while Lena’s hand wanders gently underneath her t-shirt, tenderly massaging the new scar Kara got from saving the world today.

“Our sister brought you potstickers, Kid Danvers,” Maggie tells her softly, and Kara blinks in response, but doesn’t move.

“Weren’t you two supposed to have date night tonight?”

“What better date night than crashing my little sister’s date night?” Alex smiles softly, and Lena scoffs playfully, quietly.

“You’re a nerd, Detective,” she tells Maggie, who grins.

“You don’t have to tell me that, Luthor.”

They continue their banter, their voices soft, plenty of silences stretching in between to make sure Kara doesn’t get overstimulated.

To make sure Kara knows they aren’t trying to force her to laugh, to participate.
That they’re offering her normalcy, comfort, togetherness; not trying to elicit insincere, pressured responses from her.

When Alex’s stomach rumbles, Maggie holds Kara’s head tenderly in her lap even as she leans forward to grab a slice of pizza to pass to her wife.

“It must run in the family,” she jokes with Lena, and Lena laughs as she leans down to press a kiss to Kara’s torso.

“It does,” Kara pipes up, her voice a little rusty from disuse. “You brought potstickers, too?”

“Of course we did,” Alex passes them to Kara with deliberate casualness, as Kara finally sits up and reaches for food.

They continue to talk gently around her, so she doesn’t feel stared at, so she doesn’t feel like she’s under a spotlight – like she’s weaker than the rest of them, somehow, because she’s the one who needs to be cared for tonight – and eventually, it makes her feel safe enough, stable enough, to speak.

“Is there a point to it, anyway?” she asks around a mouthful of pizza. Lena, her hand on Kara’s thigh, stiffens slightly, and Alex and Maggie exchange a quick glance.

“To what, darling?” Lena asks, less a question than a prompt, an encouragement to continue.

“Any of it,” Kara gestures toward her phone; the one that summons her to save the world, to watch people die, to save people who don’t deserve it and to lose people who do. “I mean… my planet’s gone. This planet’s gonna be gone one day. All we’re really doing is just stalling until we die anyway, right? So… isn’t trying so hard kind of… pointless?”

Lena and Maggie both shift their gaze to Alex, who squeezes Lena’s hand before rising from the couch to kneel in front of her little sister.

“Yeah. Yeah, you’re right. Everyone dies. People. Planets. Everyone, everything. And that’s exactly why you’re wrong, too, Kar. Because if…” She reaches one hand up to tuck errant strands of hair behind her little sister’s ear, twining the fingers of her other hand through Maggie’s.

“If everybody dies, it just makes our time here that much more precious. It makes what you do that much more important.”

“What? Delaying the inevitable?”

Alex and Lena exchange glances while Maggie sighs patiently, sadly, and kisses her sister-in-law’s temple.

“No, darling,” Lena pitches in, her index finger gently encouraging Kara’s chin to rise so she can meet her eyes. “Not delaying the inevitable. Making people’s lives richer. Giving people love. Hope.”

Kara scoffs slightly. “Hope,” she repeats in a whisper.

“Yeah,” Alex continues from Lena’s train of thought. “Hope. Because if we’re all only here for a little while, we’d damn well make sure we’re taking care of each other. And that’s what you do. And that’s… that’s our job, to do for you. You don’t have to always be okay, Kara. That’s what we’re here for. And J’onn, and James, and Winn. Sam. You don’t have to carry all this alone, Kara. Never ever. Okay?”
Kara raises her gaze to meet Alex’s, and tears flood the eyes of both sisters for a long moment. Maggie squeezes Alex’s hand as Lena squeezes Kara’s, as Kara and Alex squeeze each other’s.

“Can I have the rest of the potstickers alone, though?” Kara asks, and her voice is still shaky, but there’s a spark reigniting in her eyes.

Courtesy, of course, of family.
Chapter 721

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

for my birthday (pretty pretty please) can u write a fic about maggie not knowing kara is sg and being jealous of her and alex's relationship. its been so long since you wrote one like that.

She’s never thought of herself as a particularly jealous person.
Sad, maybe sometimes; insecure, certainly, in ways that she works incredibly hard to hide.

But jealousy? She associates it with possessiveness, with hints of misogyny that she grew up hating, that she never wanted to reproduce in her own relationships.

And yet, there’s no other word to describe the surge of anger that floods her veins when she watches Alex lean into Supergirl and whisper something with an ease that she just doesn’t show with other people.

It’s jealousy, definitely, and even a flash of anger, that sweeps through Maggie’s stomach when Alex throws her own fragile human body in front of Supergirl’s practically invincible one, during fights with Cadmus.

Not that she would want Alex to put herself at risk for her; of course not. But that feeling of being cared for, of being… protected, by Alex, when she’d first come after her, first rescued her… she can’t help but resenting the fact that maybe she’s not special after all.

If Alex would sacrifice the safety of her body even for an invincible – not to mention blonde – woman who doesn’t need protection, then maybe it means that Maggie isn’t so special after all. That Alex just… protects people. In general. That she doesn’t care about Maggie in any special kind of way.

And if she’s honest with herself, she lov… likes… that about Alex. It’s one of her favorite things about the agent.

So she hates the swooping jealousy that infects her bloodstream when Alex protects Supergirl, when she nearly loses her mind with worry over the superhero.

The feeling is even worse when Supergirl demonstrates that same protectiveness over Alex.

Because Supergirl’s obviously interested. And who wouldn’t be?

And if Supergirl is interested, how could Maggie possibly compete?

Not that Alex is a thing to be competed over. Maggie chastises herself with even more shots of scotch as she tries to get images of the two of them together out of her mind, as she tries to leech her bloodstream of the toxicity of being angry instead of happy that Alex seems to have someone who loves her, that she can be herself around.
“Something heavy on your mind, Detective?”

Alex’s voice makes her jump slightly, and she covers her surprise by downing yet another shot.

When she drags her eyes up to meet Alex’s, it’s to find bemusement and genuine, heartfelt concern.

It threatens to break her.

“Nope. Nothing at all, Danvers,” she shrugs, proud of herself for not slurring as Alex takes a seat across from her.

A blonde woman who instinctively makes Maggie’s blood rush with more jealousy – for some reason she can’t quite identify, though it feels like it’s on the tip of her tongue – sits next to Alex, a similar look of concern on her face.

“Is it okay if I sit, too, Maggie? If you’d rather be alone together – “

“No, Kara, it’s fine,” she forces out of her lips, extending her hand to cover Alex’s sister’s. “Just a rough day in the field. I’m sure your sister told you.”

Kara adjusts her glasses and nods with eyes that are just this side of too wide.

“She mentioned, yeah. I heard Supergirl had to help you guys out of a tight spot.”

She and Alex exchange a subtle but significant glance that Maggie notices, but can’t quite pin down, the buzz of alcohol in her head louder than logic.

“Yes,” Maggie grimaces, gesturing for another round of shots.

“But everyone’s okay,” Alex furrows her brow slightly, the concern heightening in her eyes as she stares across the table at Maggie.

“Yeah, only thanks to your girlfriend,” Maggie blurts before being able to check the unexpected bitterness that pours from her lips.

“My… it… what?” Alex sputters, something that Maggie normally finds irresistibly adorable, but that right now just makes her heart sore.

“It’s okay, Danvers,” she leans forward like she’s offering to keep a secret. “I’ve been with aliens, too. It’s okay, won’t get any judgment from me.” A dark look crosses over her face. “That’d be ironic. Seriously, who could blame you? She’s gorgeous and strong and powerful and she’s obviously wild about you, and who could blame her, I mean, she’s really the lucky one here if you think about it. Not that I think about it, but really Danvers, she’s – “

“She’s my sister,” Alex is leaning forward, too, whispering, too, but her voice is completely sober, her eyes completely steady, if not shining with tears.

Maggie blinks several times, her brow screwed up in concentration.

“I’m talking about Supergirl, not Kara,” she tries to explain, even though she has the vague feeling that different pieces of some sort of puzzle she didn’t know she was putting together are about to sync up.

“Maggie,” Kara leans forward now, too, and this time, when Maggie drags her gaze up to meet Kara’s, the bottom drops out of her stomach.
“Oh my god, I’m such an asshole,” Maggie blurts suddenly, letting her head drop forward onto the table, but not before Alex’s lightening-fast reflexes protect her from bruising her forehead.

“No, you’re not, Maggie, I – “

“No, I… first of all, I’m a terrible detective – “

“You’re not – “

“And second, god, even if… oh, damn, everything makes sense now. Like, everything. But even… oh, Alex. Alex,” she whispers, tears in her own eyes now as a sudden understanding replaces the jealousy in her veins. “You’re amazing, do you know that? Absolutely amazing.”

Because now, Alex being convinced that she’s never good enough makes even more poignant sense than it did a few minutes ago.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers, not sure if she’s apologizing for the possessiveness, for not realizing, for Alex’s pain. For all of the above.

But Alex only takes both of her hands into her own as Kara quietly slips up and out of her stool.

“I’ll let you two talk,” she smiles softly, kissing Alex’s cheek before she leaves.

And this time, it fills Maggie not with jealousy, but with the sense that she and Alex – secrets out – can slip into something much deeper.

And she can’t help but smile.
Chapter 722

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

For Kara x Maggie: I really like angst or hurt/comfort. Maybe Kara dealing with the aftermath of Moron-hell coming back and being shaken up by reliving the abuse and Maggie finding her and helping her work through it?

Chapter Notes

abuse references tw

She tells Alex she’s going to be with James and Winn; she tells James and Winn she’s going to be with Alex.

And everyone jokes that Kara is a terrible liar.

Flying places on busses and totally being from this planet, and all that.

But really, Kara is too good at lying.

Kara’s lying, really, makes Alex’s look amateurish.

Because she’s lying with her body every time she hugs someone without crushing their bones; she’s lying every time she pretends that she doesn’t understand something about Earth science, because really, it was all pretty damn rudimentary; and she’s kind to a fault, she truly is. That part isn’t a lie.

But it’s a lie when she pretends that she’s all sunshine and rainbows even though every morning – every. single. morning. – she wakes up wondering why the gravity feels all wrong until she remembers that her entire planet, her entire people, are just… gone.

So although her friends tease her about being a terrible liar – and, in many respects, they’re right, and she laughs right along with them – she’s also a spectacular one, when the lies are about her day-to-day survival.

And after he shows up again, it feels like a matter of life or death, to tell James and Winn that she’s with Alex, to tell Alex that she’s with James and Winn.

Because if she’s not alone, she’ll have to think. She’ll have to talk, and if she talks, she’ll cry; and if she cries, she’ll break, and she’s fairly convinced that she can’t survive another fracture like this.

And it’s not because she’d missed him, and because he’s with someone else now.

It’s because she’s too kind for him, too smart, too generous.
It’s because she can’t stop wondering if his new woman is as beaten down as she had been.

Which, of course, requires her to admit that she had been beaten down; that she’d let herself be beaten down, be diminished and gaslit and degraded and... abused.

And she’s not about to go there.

So she lies.

And they believe her, because she really is quite amazing at it.

They believe her, and Maggie would have too; if, that is, she hadn’t caught a glimpse of a streak of blonde flying past her window, her flight path erratic and shaky.

She sighs as she strides to her window and sticks her head out of it.

“Kara!” she shouts, knowing the superhero can hear her, even if she’s pretending she can’t. The blonde streak continues flying away, wobbling with what Maggie can only imagine are heavy sobs coming from deep in her chest.

She sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose between her fingers. “I just made pancakes!” she tries again, and this time, her future sister-in-law wavers to a stop.

Maggie smirks, satisfied, to herself before backing away from her window and setting back toward her kitchen. She doesn’t turn around when there’s a slight crash near the sill; Kara might be practically invincible, but damned if that means she’s not clumsy.

“Syrup, butter, or both?” Maggie asks, her attention on the spatula in her hand, deliberately not turning around, deliberately giving Kara whatever moments she needs to wipe her eyes, to arrange her face into her best image of composure.

Instead of answering, though, Kara asks a question of her own as she shuts Maggie’s window against the wind.

“Why are you making pancakes at night?”

Maggie grins, turning with the pan in one hand and spatula in the other.

“Night shift last night, far too much paperwork today. Seems like an appropriate excuse for breakfast for dinner.”

Kara collapses onto the couch as Maggie piles a plate high with pancakes and then sizzles more batter into the pan.

“You never need an excuse for breakfast,” Kara mumbles around a mouthful of pancakes.

Maggie smiles but doesn’t say anything as she waits for the new batch to start bubbling on top, rummaging in the fridge for orange juice, syrup, and butter for her future sister-in-law, bringing them all to the coffee table.

She doesn’t ask why Kara isn’t with James and Winn. She doesn’t demand that Kara apologize for lying to her sister and her best friends. She just bends to kiss the top of her head briefly before shifting back into the kitchen to check if the pancakes are ready to flip yet.

They’re not, so she turns and leans back against the counter, watching Kara eat passively, quietly.
“You’ve been crying,” she offers as an opening, but the tone of her voice makes it clear that if Kara doesn’t want to talk, she won’t press it any farther.

Kara looks up and looks even more like a deer in the headlights than she does when someone talks about aliens.

Maggie stays quiet, keeps her face deliberately neutral. She waits, and for more than just the pancakes.

“Long day,” Kara finally says, setting the pancakes down on the table. Maggie nods as the batter starts to hiss, as she flips the pancakes, presses them down, and chews at the inside of her cheek.

Silence rises between the women as she finishes the batch, switches off the burner, slides them onto another plate, and crosses her studio to sit next to Kara.

“Your ex is back,” she observes, not bothering with a fork as she just treats the pancakes like finger food.

“Alex thinks it’s gross how you eat things plain.”

Maggie smiles. “Alex loves me.”

“She does,” Kara smiles back, until her smile trembles and becomes a sob.

It’s something Maggie was expecting, but it still breaks her heart.

She sets her half-eaten pancake down and hesitates with her arms spread open. Kara lets herself shift forward into them, and gratitude sweeps through Maggie.

“How do you do it? The two of you?” Kara wants to know, and though she doesn’t specify what she means, Maggie knows.

“I respect her. She respects me,” she says, keeping her voice deliberately soft, deliberately judgement-free.

“Apparently I don’t have any respect for myself,” Kara shivers slightly, and Maggie shakes her head.

“It’s not as simple as that, Little Danvers,” she swipes a slow tear off of Kara’s cheek.

“But it is,” Kara stiffens and backs away from Maggie’s arms. “I let myself stay in a relationship that… and even getting into it in the first place was… and now I have to see him at work, and watch people treating him like…”

“I can arrange to make the air toxic for him again. Lena would definitely be down,” Maggie offers, and Kara gives a weak laugh before that, too, transforms into a defeated sob.

“It’s embarrassing,” she chokes out. “I just feel so… stupid.” She’s gasping for breath now, and her face is burning bright red, part with shame, part with the effort of holding back a rush of tears.

Maggie shakes her head, but lets Kara keep control of the conversation. She needs control of… something.

“I’m Supergirl, for Rao’s sake. You know that concert at Ruby’s school we went to? All those little girls, dressed up like Supergirl? But if they knew how weak I really am… the things I let him do to me… I’m so stupid,” her voice squeaks and cracks on the word, and Maggie opens her arms again.
This time, Kara lets herself sink forward into them, the scent of Maggie’s skin mingling with a scent Kara knows to be her sister’s.

“You and Alex are so good to each other,” she sobs. “Don’t stop being good to each other, okay?”

“And if we weren’t? If I started treating Alex terribly?”

“You realize I’m Supergirl, right?” Kara sniffs, and Maggie smiles in relief at the bemused tone in Kara’s voice.

“Yes, and if I ever do treat Alex badly, I give you full permission to destroy me however you see fit. But that’s not my point. My point is, would it be Alex’s fault? If she still loved me?”

Kara sighs. “That’s not – “

“I know. I know it’s not the same, kid. Not at all. I’m just saying. Would it be her fault?”

“No – “

“Then why is it yours?”

Kara’s silent for so long Maggie starts to wonder if the analogy route was the wrong way to go; if appealing to Kara’s love for her sister wouldn’t help, would actually hurt things, would…

“Because I should know better. Because he was never any good to me, he was always manipulative and… and…”

“A gaslighting misogynist?” Maggie scrunches up her face with half of a smile, and Kara laughs wetly.

“Maggie, how did I…”

“He reminded you of home, Kara. He was a piece of what you lost. And even if he wasn’t, that’s exactly what it’s supposed to do. Get into your head, make you doubt what you thought you knew was real. That’s what abuse is, sweetie.”

Kara flinches at the word, and Maggie almost apologizes, but then Kara is nodding with tears leaking down her cheeks as she reaches for three pancakes.

She stacks them like a pancake sandwiched in pancake bread, and chomps down before offering Maggie a bite.

She’s never let anyone feed her except Alex, but she leans forward, opens wide, and takes a bite anyway.

They both giggle through full mouths.

“I like having a second sister,” Kara says after their laughter turns to tears and Maggie holds her steady.

“Should we call your original one, get her in one this wild pancake party?”

“Yes please,” Kara mumbles sheepishly.

“She won’t be angry,” Maggie reassures her. “She loves you, and she’ll understand. So will James and Winn.”
“Can… can we call them, too? And Lena? I… I want my family.”

“Of course, kid. Of course.”
Chapter 723

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

fluffy sanvers at their wedding?

Maggie is pacing and Adrian is pacing right along next to her as Winn adjusts James’s bow tie.

“Okay, you’re done,” Winn stands on his tiptoes to give James a quick kiss on the mouth. “My favorite pool shark, I’ve gotta go make sure your woman is getting oxygen into her lungs.”

Maggie shakes her head and laughs shakily as she pulls Winn into a hug.

“You look beautiful,” he tells her as they pull apart, and James laughs.

“Of course she does. You designed her suit,” James brags, and Adrian and Maggie roll their eyes in unison.

“Tell her I love her,” Maggie tells Winn as he gives her one more hug before setting off across the hotel to where Alex is getting ready with Kara, J’onn, and Eliza.

“I’m reasonably sure she knows,” he teases, dodging the pillow Maggie grabs to chuck at him as he scoots out of the room.

“You really do look beautiful,” James tells her, taking the hand Adrian isn’t already holding.

“Yeah, you look a’ight,” Adrian teases, and Maggie jostles him with her elbow before adjusting his bow tie.

“Hey,” Adrian puts his hand on her cheek gently. “You deserve this, understand me?”

Tears flood her eyes, but she’s smiling so bright.

In Alex’s room, Kara, J’onn and Eliza are assuring Alex of the same thing.

“Sweetie, you look radiant,” Eliza promises her daughter. “And you deserve everything about this.”

“She’s right, Alex,” J’onn kisses her cheek as Alex groans happily with her forehead pressed against Kara’s, her fingers laced in her sister’s.

“Alex?” Winn slips into the room. “Maggie’s ready.”

Alex bites her lip and barely suppresses an excited shiver. “You really killed it with this dress, Schott,” she says as she pulls him into a long, hard hug.

“It was my honor, Alex,” he kisses her cheek, and J’onn pulls Kara close to him happily.

“So she’s ready?” Alex confirms, and Winn nods.
They’ve discussed it and planned every detail: of course they did.

They weren’t going to see each other for the first time on their wedding day with Alex walking up to Maggie, or Maggie walking up to Alex, from behind, one of them revealing themself to the other.

Instead, they’ve planned to walk down the hotel hall toward each other, much like they’re going to do in their ceremony later that day.

Both of them swoon when they see each other.

“Wow,” Maggie whispers as both of them walk forward in a trance, their eyes locked in each other’s.

“You clean up nice,” she choking when they’re within kissing distance, within touching range.

They reach for each other’s hands, each other’s bodies, immediately.

“So do you, with the hair and the shoes and the… all that.”

They laugh until they both have to look up to avoid crying.

“I mean, Winn made supposedly tear-proof mascara, but…” Alex shakes her head, dabbing at her eyes with the top of her index finger.

“I love you, Alex Danvers,” Maggie just shakes her head, staring up at her soon-to-be-wife in disbelief. “I love you more than I’ve ever loved anything.”

“And I love you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex murmurs, and when they go to kiss, Winn coughs loudly from the end of the hallway where his own fiance is snapping photographs.

“No messing up each other’s makeup yet!” he teases.

“Index finger, Schott!” Alex warns with a smile, never taking her eyes off her fiancee’s face, as Maggie flashes a different finger at him good-naturedly.

They kiss anyway, and it couldn’t make Winn happier.

It couldn’t make them happier, either.

Which they’re going to make each other, together. Always.
Chapter 724

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

prompt for whenever :)) --> Alex and Maggie are teachers at a high school, and they are selected as chaperones to an overnight excursion. Little do they know their kids ship them.

She doesn’t think anyone notices – certainly not the kids – the way she bites her lip when the history teacher from the fourth floor pops her head into the Science Office, all the way up on the sixth floor, just to bring her coffee.

“Don’t spill that all over yourself there, Danvers,” Winn smirks from the inner office as Alex blushes at the lab reports she’s supposed to be grading.

“What? Why would I – “ She throws a plush microbe at him when she looks up to catch the look on his face; more specifically, his playfully waggling eyebrows. “Don’t you have something better to do right now, Schott?”

He checks the outer office for lingering students before leaning toward his colleague conspiratorially. “Listen, Danvers, I might be the computer science teacher, not the chem guy, but even I can tell you and Sawyer have ridiculous – “

“Don’t even finish that sentence.”

Alex holds up an index finger with one hand while her other reaches for another microbe – a plushie version of a rotavirus – to toss at him. He relents, but he doesn’t stop smiling.

And, as she goes back to her grading – once she makes sure he’s not looking her way – so does she.

Because, truth be told, Winn has a point about the way Maggie Sawyer makes her feel; the way she can never tell if Maggie’s fingers brush hers when she brings her coffee on purpose, or if it’s her imagination; the way she stammers and blushes when Maggie talks science, talks about the only reason she teaches history, not biology is because she could never get down with the vivisections and such.

It makes Alex swoon.

Everything about her, from the way she always has chalk on her jeans to the way her students seem to adore her, to those belts she wears and those damn button ups and that motorcycle and that little laugh and that tilt of her head and…

“Alex? Alex.”

“Huh?”

“You’re spilling coffee all over your kids’ labs.”
Alex jumps slightly before glaring. “Tell anyone and die, Schott.” She sounds deathly serious, but
the fact that she has a standing Thursday night date with Winn and his boyfriend, the art teacher
Mr. Olsen, just to kick back and unwind, takes some of the bite out of her tone.

“You should invite her out with us,” he says casually, like he’s reading her mind, as they both rush
to soak the coffee out of the lab reports. “It’ll take the pressure off of an official date, and come on,
James and I are fun. We’ll show her a great time.”

It turns out, though, that Alex doesn’t have to make a decision about orchestrating a group date
with the gorgeous history teacher any time soon: the school makes her decision for her.

She’s irritated when she gets the note in her mailbox – it’s her turn to chaperone one of those
overnight junior trips, something about skiing.

She’s irritated and she’s grumbling under her breath about having to miss her weekend with her
little sister… until she notices who else in the faculty lounge got a note in their mailbox.

And she promptly trips over her own two feet.

“Ms. Danvers?” one of her favorite students – not that she’s supposed to have favorites, but this
boy is an absolute delight – is asking her just a couple of hours after that in the junior Anatomy and
Physiology elective. “We… kinda lost you there. You were talking about actin-myosin
complexes?”

The boy has a glint in his eye, but it’s not malicious. It’s a little concerned, a little amused, and she
appreciates his kindness, and his generosity. Even so, she feels the eyes of all her students on her
and she curses herself for letting some silly crush distract her from doing her job.

Dammit.

“Right you are, Adrian, sorry about that. Why don’t you tell us what happens once the calcium
ions are released, Mr. Rodriguez?”

The boy sits up straighter in his desk and beams the way he always does when she addresses him as
Mr. Rodriguez or sir – something she deliberately avoids doing with most of her other students –
and she can’t help but smile.

Maybe, lapse of attention aside, she’s not such a terrible teacher.

She feels it again, though, when – the next weekend – she’s lugging a small duffel bag onto a
cheap coach bus that’s just a couple steps up from a cheese bus.

Because usually, Alex Danvers has a presence. But today, for some reason – and maybe it’s the
sunglasses and casual National City University hoodie she’s wearing, because hey, they are going
on a trip, after all – her students seem to be… giggling. A lot.

At her.

Not that she’s averse to fun in her classroom. To the contrary. Having Kara as a little sister has
taught her a lot about creating safe atmospheres for insecure teenagers.

So she’s used to her students giggling. But with her. Not at her.

She doesn’t put the pieces together until Maggie Sawyer rolls up on her motorcycle and Alex’s
stomach drops through the pavement.
Because the kids’ giggling increases as Maggie swings her leg off her bike, scans the growing
group of students milling around the bus, waves to a cluster of kids that includes Adrian, and walks
— struts? — right over to Alex.

“Sorry I couldn’t grab you a coffee today, Danvers. Bike and all,” she grins, shoving one hand deep
in her pocket as the other palms her helmet against her hip.

“That’s… it…”

But Alex keeps glancing over Maggie’s shoulder at the giggling students, and Maggie is nothing if
not perceptive. She notices and follows Alex gaze, immediately tilting her head and arching an
eyebrow.

“Something amusing, Mr. Rodriguez?”

“No, ma’am,” he says with a bright smile and a big wink.

“Cheeky,” Maggie rolls her eyes affectionately and turns back to Alex, who’s still trying to figure
out how to breathe.

“Hey,” they hear one of the students whisper-shout with glee, “d’you think the teachers room
together on trips like this? Because look at Ms. Sawyer and Ms. Danvers! I mean come on, it’d be
perfect!”

Alex blushes and Maggie clears her throat as they both pretend they didn’t hear the kid. Until, that
is, it becomes glaringly obvious that they both did.

“Seems we have shippers, Danvers.”

“Shippers.”

Maggie chuckles as she bites her lip. “You have a little sister, and you’re friends with Winn Schott.
You know what shipping is.” She tilts her head and glances at Alex’s lips, something that makes
her knees nearly give out. “I wonder if we have a ship name.”

“Sanvers,” Adrian coughs into his hand as he strolls past them to load his own duffel into the
bottom of the bus.

Alex leans forward with laughter at just the same time as Maggie.

Their eyes meet and Alex smells the coffee and — is it peppermint? — on Maggie’s breath.

“Maybe if we’re lucky, we’ve got budget cuts and have to share a room and can uh… see if our
kids are onto something, huh Danvers?” Maggie’s eyes sparkle as Alex’s insides melt.

Well damn.

It’s really going to be a fantastic weekend.
“Hey babe,” Maggie leans down to kiss Alex’s cheek, in that flirtatious way she has that makes Alex feel both masculine and feminine and everything between and beyond, all at the same time.

“Hey,” Alex croaks, still getting used to the shiver that runs down their spine when Maggie looks at them like… like this.

“Cold pizza?”

Maggie hops down the last couple of steps, outside the library when Alex had set up their little studying camp.

“Rao, you’re perfect,” Alex groans as they reach for the pizza box and digs right in. “Can you have class with Jessy forever?”

Maggie chuckles as she settles next to Alex and grabs her own slice. “I’m not sure he’d be too into the idea of my being friends with him for the pizza he gets from his job.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Alex protests through a full mouth.

“Shh, I know babe,” Maggie’s gaze drifts down to Alex’s lips.

“Are you seriously finding me attractive while I’m all pizza-y?”

“Pizza-y?” Maggie retorts. “This is why you’re majoring in all things science, not English, right?”

“I’d be a great English major. Shakespeare made up all kinds of words, didn’t he?”

“Oh, so now you’re an enby Shakespeare,” Maggie flirts, and Alex sighs happily as Maggie plays with the bit of their hair peeking out from under their snapback.

Alex’s breath hitches as Maggie’s fingers skim across their earlobe, followed by her hot breath, her lips.

“You’re the hottest human around even when you’re all pizza-y, Danvers.”

Maggie chuckles as Alex preens. “That so?” they ask, and just as their lips are parting to touch Maggie’s, a very familiar squeal makes them both jump.

“You got me pizza! Alex, you’re the best big sibling ever!” Kara suddenly has the pizza box in her hands, and two stacked slices in her mouth.
Alex pulls Maggie into their lap as they both laugh.

“What makes you think the box is for you, Little Danvers?” Maggie laughs. “Or that Al’s the one who got it for you?”

Kara’s eyes widen as her jaw freezes mid-chew. “Ahoeeiisoomooae?”

“Pardon?” Maggie smiles as Alex laughs lightly at their little sister.

“Say what, sis?”

Kara takes a gigantic swallow as she collapses onto the stairs next to Maggie and Alex.

“I said, I’m sorry, is this from Maggie?”

“Yep, and it was actually for your sib, kid,” Maggie smirks even as she offers Kara another slice.

“You are the best. Alex, keep your girlfriend, okay?”

“That’s exactly what I plan to do,” Alex kisses the nape of their girlfriend’s neck, and the next few hours turn into the best study break they three have had yet.
Chapter 726

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could we see some Ace Alex in college? She's so awkward because all everyone wants to do is sex, and all everyone wants to talk about is sex, and she just doesn't get it and sometimes she's not even exactly comfortable when people do nothing but talk about it.

She normally doesn’t mind the low level of noise, of chatter, that seems to have a life of its own in the lobby of her dorm.

She did, after all, grow up sharing a bathroom with a Kryptonian; so unusual noises are almost comforting to her, including when she’s studying.

But right now? The noises consist of everyone squealing about some sexcapade or another, and it’s making her sweat.

Not in the way it’s making Lucy sweat; no, Lucy seems to be enjoying it, laughing along with the rest and sharing some sex stories of her own.

Even Winn shares some experiences. Winn, who hasn’t had sex, but distinctly puts a “yet” on the phrase, because he does, at some point soon, want to go there with James.

She glances up furtively from her textbook, hoping she won’t make eye contact with her best friend, her crush; because Maggie, too, has stories to tell, lots of them. They’re all respectful, and none of them use names, and none of them are objectifying, but the stories do, nonetheless, speak to the fact that Maggie is – like the entire rest of the world, it seems – a person who enjoys… it even makes her face burn to think the phrase… who enjoys… well… sex.

In other words, Maggie’s like the rest of their friends; normal.

Unlike Alex.

Great. Just another thing she can be totally weird about.

She’s hoping, when she glances up, not to make eye contact with Maggie – or anyone, for that matter – but of course, Maggie’s eyes are the ones she meets. She tries to smile, tries to laugh along with the crowd as Lena tells a story about a girl she kissed at boarding school when they both had braces – Lena’s were the sheek invisible kind, of course – but Maggie sees right through the smile.

Dammit.

Maggie always sees right through her.

She extracts herself from their giggling band of friends and sidles up to sit on the table Alex’s books are spread out on.
“You okay, Danvers? We being too loud?”

Alex shakes her head, looking for words that refuse to come. Because no, they’re not being too loud. It’s not that they’re talking; it’s what they’re talking about.

Maggie tilts her head as she stares down at her, and it makes Alex’s face burn in shame.

“You know what?” She stands abruptly, nearly knocking Maggie off the table by accident. “I’m gonna go study in my room.”

Maggie’s frown deepens. “Oh… kay… lemme help you take your books upstairs.”

“I’m fine, Sawyer.”

“Danvers, let me – “

“I said I’m fine!”

She winds up shouting, and all their friends’ eyes – and the eyes of a few passersby – land on her heated face.

“Danvers,” Maggie says, and it’s a whisper this time. Alex’s eyes burn with unshed tears.

“I’m sorry,” she grabs her books – gently though, gently – from Maggie’s hands. “I’m sorry for yelling, I just – “

“Let me,” Winn extracts himself from their friend ground and puts a comforting hand on Maggie’s shoulder as he brushes past her to chase after Alex, rapidly carrying her messy array of books out of the lobby and up the stairs to her dorm room.

“Alex, wait,” he calls, and she slows down on the stairs when she realizes he’s alone. “Do you need to talk to Kara? Do you want me to call her? I can probably rig up a holoprojection if you want more than just a phone call – “

“No, I… I’m fine, Winn,” Alex turns with a practiced smile, her feet braced on opposite stairs. “Thanks for checking. Just… just apologize to Maggie and the rest of them again, okay? I’m just stressed. Studying and everything.”

Winn nods silently and she takes it as her cue to continue her stomp up the stairs, but then he clears his throat, and his next words nearly make her topple down.

“You know, you don’t have to like talking about sex to be a normal college kid.”

Her body is frozen, rigid.

She hears Winn climbing the steps to meet her, and she wants to run away from him, from this conversation, but her feet stay rooted where they are.

“Or, you don’t even have to like, you know. Sex. Itself. Maggie wouldn’t care. She’ll for sure want to date you no matter how you feel about sex.”

Alex pffts despite herself. “She doesn’t want to date me.”

Winn rolls his eyes and laughs as he reaches to take some of her books out of her arms. “She does. But that’s only part of the point. Bigger one is, it’s okay if you’re asexual. More than okay. It’s awesome. Just like you told me that it’s awesome that I’m bi. And also that Winn hasn’t always
been my name, and all that."

“But I can’t… I…” Her eyes shift around and her face gets hot. “Do things. Alone. With myself.”

Winn smirks, but not in a lewd way. “Lots of ace people masturbate, Alex,” he shrugs as they give up on getting to her dorm room and sit next to each other on the stairs. “And lots of ace girls want to date other girls.”

“It’s annoying when you’re all mature and wise, you know that, right?” Alex nudges his shoulder with her own, but the tears in her eyes and the cracks in her voice give away her gratitude and affection.

“I do my best,” Winn smiles broadly. “And hey, I’ll do my best to cut the sex talk around you. And if you want to tell the others, I’m sure they will too, but in the meantime, I can just ask them if we can stop talking about it for reasons unspecified when – “

They both freeze when they hear someone on the stairs below them.

“Is this a private party?” Maggie asks, and suddenly Winn is standing and giving Alex back the rest of her books.

“It wasn’t, but it is now. I’ll see you two later,” he scurries back downstairs, giving Alex a wink over his shoulder and giving Maggie a small squeeze as he rushes back to their friends.

“You okay, Danvers?” Maggie asks again, and this time, Alex doesn’t get defensive.

“Yeah, I just… I’m sorry I snapped at you, Maggie, I just… you all just like…” She takes a deep breath, and something about Winn’s calmness about her being ace settles into her veins. “You all just like talking about sex so much, and it felt… uncomfortable.”

“Because you don’t like the talk or the thing or both?” Maggie tilts her head, and Alex’s stomach backflips as her heart races so fast her hands start to tremble.

“Both?”

Maggie nods up at her, slipping her hands deep into her pockets, head still tilted, eyes more intense than ever.

“Well, what do you say I take you to dinner? Off campus, somewhere nice? And we can only talk about Danvers Approved Topics. Sound okay?”

Alex doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry, but she does know exactly how to answer the question.

“Sounds perfect.”
He’s had a key to both the Danvers girls’ apartments since Alex declared that her key to Kara’s place was kicking the door in.

He rarely uses it – only when he knocks and Alex shouts that she’s getting dressed but he can let himself in, or when Kara texts to ask him to open the window for her so she can fly right home without having to use the elevator (something she’s avoided doing ritualistically since Alex… since Alex) – but tonight, he does.

Because tonight, James is away on assignment and he needs to be with his girls.

It’s nothing in particular; he hasn’t been misgendered in years, hasn’t heard from his father in months; no one died at work today, and that’s always a plus.

But some days are… some days, he just needs closeness.

So he’s already fallen asleep on the couch by the time Maggie slips into the apartment. Into her home.

She cocks her head when she sees him, and immediately sends off a text to her wife and sister-in-law, to let them know to bring home some extra pizza.

She kicks off her boots as quietly as she can, but Winn sits bolt upright anyway.

“Hey, hey, it’s only me, I’m sorry,” Maggie holds up her hands, and Winn immediately relaxes.

“You alright, man?” she follows up as she tosses down her gun, her badge, her oversized windbreaker.

Winn nods, then shakes his head before shrugging and tossing up his hands, laughing wetly.

“That’s okay,” Maggie smiles. “You want quiet or cuddles?”

“Both?” is all he says, and it’s all he needs to say.

“Well, come here, Schott.”

She hops over the back of the couch and lands right on his lap. He gives an oof and they both chuckle as she repositions herself.

“Big spoon or little spoon?”
“You’re too tiny to be anyone’s big spoon, Sawyer,” he risks, and she rolls her eyes and shoves his shoulder with her own even as she settles into his arms.

“I’ll have you know that that’s far from true,” she grins.

“Well now I’m just picturing a baby koala hanging onto – okay, okay, no hitting, just cuddling.”

They both descend into laughter, and Maggie turns her face up so she can kiss his cheek.

“You’re lucky you’re family, Schott,” Maggie grins, asking him with her eyes if he wants her to flip on the TV.

He nods, and they watch a procedural in silence. Well, mostly silence; she grumbles about forensic proceedings and he scoffs at unrealistic tech.

They’re both asleep, sprawled out together on the couch, by the time Alex and Kara come home armed with boxes and boxes of pizza.

Alex’s eyes flood with tears and Kara pulls her close.

“You married a keeper, you know that?” she whispers to her big sister, and Alex nods while she bites her lip.

“Yeah, I really did, huh?”

“Get over here, Danvers and Danvers,” Winn mumbles, half asleep.

“And bring the pizza,” Maggie echoes, and when they try to high-five with groggy hands and half-closed eyes, they wind up missing disastrously; which, of course, as their laughter rises with Alex and Kara’s, only makes everything feel that much more peaceful.
They haven’t fought since they rescued Alex together.

Since Alex… held on.

They haven’t fought, and the love between them has been immense, palpable.

Still, though, it’s been… fragile.

Like the only thing holding them together is the fact that Alex survived. That neither of them had been forced to face any fatal consequences of their fights, of the decisions they made and didn’t make.

But it happens again, a few months later. Kara – well, Supergirl – swoops into an active scene Maggie had been working.

Except this time, it’s not just a few broken limbs and property damage.

This time, it lands one of Maggie’s CIs in the ICU.

And Maggie is… well, Maggie is furious.

She doesn’t say anything. Not this time.

Because if Kara leaves again, then Alex will go after her again, and if Alex goes after her again, she won’t come home, she won’t be safe, she might…

Maggie doesn’t say anything.

No direct statements and no passive-aggressive comments.

Instead, she shoves it all inside.

She takes it out on her heavy bag.

She takes it out so hard – “damn kid, thinking that just because she’s bulletproof she can bulletproof everyone she decides she wants to save”; “stupid, stupid, stupid”; “he’s gonna be okay, he’s gonna pull through, and even if he doesn’t, it’s not Kara’s fault, it’s Cadmus, it’s Cadmus, but fuck, if she’d just followed my lead, no one would have gotten hurt like that” – that even though her hands were wrapped, her knuckles bleed.

She hisses in pain when the wraps stick to and pull up a layer of blistered, plasma-slick skin.
She prays Alex won’t notice.

Of course Alex notices.

She says nothing as she leads Maggie into the bathroom, cleans her up – more hissing – and puts neosporin on the cuts.

Maggie murmurs a sheepish thanks, to which Alex only looks her in the eye and says, “You need to talk to your sister-in-law.”

So, of course, she does.

Her fist is in the air to knock on Kara’s apartment door, when Kara pulls it open, an almost embarrassed look on her face.

“I heard you come upstairs. Sorry.”

“Nothing to apologize for, kid,” Maggie says, and they both blush.

Because Kara just used her superpowers for something she probably didn’t need to, and Maggie just called her little. And both of those things are sore spots, right now.

“So uh, can I come in? I brought a peace offering.”

She holds up the bag of potstickers she brought, and Kara’s eyes light up. To her credit, though, she doesn’t take the bag immediately.

“You didn’t have to do that. You didn’t do anything wrong.” Nonetheless, when she steps back to let Maggie inside, she takes the potstickers and opens them immediately.

They sit together on the couch, and for a moment, awkward silence rises as Kara pretends not to notice the cuts on Maggie’s knuckles and tries to not feel guilty at knowing exactly where all that anger and frustration came from.

“Why’d you do it?” Maggie breaks the silence first, her voice deliberately clean of any accusation. It reminds Kara of the calm tone Maggie had used to interrogate Rick Malverne, and it only makes her feel even more guilty.

Because Maggie had been right, then. All along.

It was Kara that had been responsible for Alex almost drowning. Kara not listening to Maggie. Just like she hadn’t, again, last night.

But Maggie hadn’t asked for an apology. She’d asked for an explanation. So Kara takes a shuddering breath, and speaks.

“You’re amazing at what you do, Maggie. And I need to get better at following your lead, when you’re out in the field and I’m on scene.” She pauses and waits to see if Maggie wants to say anything. But she doesn’t. So Kara resists the urge to shove a potsticker into her mouth, and continues.

“But – and this isn’t to say that I know more than you, or I have insight you don’t – more like a burden, I guess… you can’t see the people inside the building. When you’re working a hostage situation. You can’t hear how fast their hearts are racing, see the fear in their body language, like I can. And that’s… again, I don’t mean that that makes you less amazing at what you do. It’s just…
sometimes… my feelings just take over.”

Her hands collapse into her lap, and so does her gaze, because when she says it out loud, it does sound stupid, childish. Impulsive. Like she’s just a kid.

She looks up when Maggie breathes a long, slow, loud breath, almost like she’s counting to ten in her head. Kara waits for the justifiable criticism, the anger. One of Maggie’s confidential informants is in critical condition. J’onn just visited and said he’ll likely be fine, but still…

“It must be a lot.” When Maggie speaks, her voice is so low that Kara might have trouble hearing it without her supersenses. “Feeling all that, I mean. Hearing all of it, seeing all of it. It must be really overwhelming.”

“It is.” Kara’s voice is just as small, if not smaller, than Maggie’s.

A long silence forms, awkwardness and misunderstanding and jealousy and shared terror ebbing and flowing in the air between them like waves.

“You’re really strong, you know. To be able to function like that at all, let alone being a kickass reporter, a badass superhero, and the best sister Alex could ever have.”

The mention of Alex’s name hangs in the air between them like electricity, and Kara raises her eyes to meet Maggie’s.

She’s met with a soft smile. “I brought potstickers, but they’re not as good without pizza,” Maggie offers. “Should I order some, Kid Danvers?”

Tears string Kara’s eyes as her own smile tugs at her lips, and she finally brings a potsticker up to her mouth. “Yes please.”

The rest of the evening is full of laughter and revelations and new understandings that will only strengthen throughout their lifetimes.
Chapter 729

Chapter Summary

bad-brainn asked:

Hey cap, your fics, you tags, your blog, what I need to get me through a rough day. You sanvers docs bless my soul on the hard day's because I rip through them. And there are so many! I love that. Thank you cap for all that you do, and if you could at some point help my dysphoric ass self and write another nb! Alex college au, about anything happening with them and Maggie would help! I love you cap, do or don't I really appreciate you so f**king much.

Alex is not one to fall asleep during class. They’re really not.

But last night, Sara stayed in Sam’s room so Kara could stay in Lena’s room and Lucy stayed in Iris’s room and so Maggie could stay in Alex’s room and, well…

Sleeping hadn’t exactly been their priority.

They’re walking on air this morning, but at the same time, they’re so exhausted that even their bones feel asleep.

The only reason they’re even out of bed is because Maggie had promised she’d help Adrian study for forensics this morning, and without Maggie in it, their twin bed somehow seems too big, too empty.

Which is how they find themself dosing off in Professor M’orzz’s biopolitics course.

Professor M’orzz notices – of course she notices – but she doesn’t say anything. Unlike so many other teachers, she is utterly uninterested in embarrassing Alex or shaming her. So, she just waits.

She waits until the end of class – Alex is still dosing – and goes right up to Lena. “Can you wake them for me, please?” she asks, and Lena – who’d been trying unsuccessfully to subtly prod Alex awake for the entire class – obliges.

“Maggie?” Alex murmurs as they wake, and Lena suppresses a giggle.

“Nope, I’m dating the other Danvers sib.”

Alex’s eyes fly wide as they take in their surroundings.

“Holy fucking Rao, I fell asleep in class?”

“Yeah. I think Professor M’orzz wants to talk to you. But don’t worry, she doesn’t seem pissed. Just worried. Breathe, Danvers.”

She squeezes Alex’s hand as they nod gratefully, gather their things, and take the long walk over to Professor M’orzz’s desk.
“Is everything alright, Alex? You’re not usually one to pass out in class, and it’s alright – really, it is, it happens to everyone – but I just wanted to make sure – “

“Hey, baby, how was – oh! Oh, hey, Professor M’orzz.”

Maggie stops just short – barely – of pulling Alex in for a kiss.

Professor M’orzz watches Alex take Maggie’s hand and preen, watches Maggie blush in an unspoken exchange of very recent, very pleasant, memories.

“Ah,” she says. “I see there’s no cause for alarm.” She smiles as Alex blushes even deeper than Maggie. “Have a wonderful day, then, you two. And Ms. Sawyer, do try to let Alex sleep some time before their midterm next week, yes?”

They wait to burst out into hysterical giggles until they get out into the hall, gasping for joyful breaths and leaning into each other with the force of their laughter.

A wonderful day, indeed.
Chapter 730

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Hey cap!! I hope you are having a wonderful day!! I was just wondering if you would consider writing trns! aroace! winn cuddling with his (preferably female) qp partner after a long day? I could really use some fluff today.

Chapter Notes

Because y'all always seem to love these tbh

“Move over, Schott.”

He doesn’t even open his eyes, and he certainly doesn’t have to ask how Alex got into his apartment.

He just shimmies over on his bed, because it might not be as big as Alex and Maggie’s, but it’s big enough.

Still without opening his eyes, Winn can practically see Alex pouting at him, so he grins slightly as he tosses his arm out to his side.

Alex makes a small sound of contentment as she flops down next to him, using his bicep as a pillow.

She tosses her arm across his stomach, and they scoot closer to each other.

“Your shoes are still on,” Alex observes after several long minutes of just breathing together, their inhales and exhales synced.

“It was a long day, okay?” Winn counters without any actual defensiveness.

“Same,” Alex sighs.

“Maggie on the night shift?”

“Nah, she’s out with Kara and Lena. I was gonna go too, but I wanted some Schott time.” A slight pause. “Quote me on that, and I’ll toss your Wii out the window.”

Winn smirks at that. “I can just swap it with another one.”

Alex pops open one eye to see Winn waggling his eyebrows mischievously, and she smacks his stomach very, very lightly with her open palm. “I meant your gaming system, not – oh, god, I’m not making this better, am I?”
They both laugh – long and hard, but also soft and sleepy – into another contented silence.

Alex breaks that silence by chuckling again.

“Mmm?”

“Nothing. I was just thinking.”

“Shocking, Alex. You? Thinking?”

“Shut up,” Alex counters, but Winn can practically hear her smiling. “I was just thinking about how nervous you were when you told me you’re trans and aro and ace, and how nervous I was when I told you I’m a lesbian, and look at us now.”

Winn shifts so he can kiss Alex’s forehead. “Nerves are weird creatures, huh?”

“Oooh, what would a nerve creature look like?”

“Like a neuron?”

“Or a somatic nerve.”

“But like, eight feet tall.”

“You know what, we shouldn’t joke like this.” They’re both sitting up now, eyes wide open and smirks of delight on both their faces.

“Yeah, knowing our lives, it could totally happen.”

“The nervocalypse.”

“The Attack of the Nerves.”

“Like a panic attack?”

“Well, yeah, but like, with eight foot nerve creatures.”

They dissolve into laughter, holding each other up in every way.

“Let’s never tell anyone about this conversation, okay?”

“What conversation?”

They both smile broadly as they lay back down and re-entangle their limbs.

“Exactly.”
Chapter 731

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey so who tf knows if you're doing prompts rn but if you could do like Scholsen sitting in the DEO medbay with Kara (in a coma) and whoops they fall asleep cuddling in the chairs and then someone walks in (maybe J'onn or Clark?)

Chapter Notes

I had to include this I couldn't help my gay self.

Alex and Maggie are on a priority flight back from DC, and Lena has finally allowed Vasquez to take her out of the med bay to make sure she showers and eats something.

“Kara will be fine,” Vasquez promises. “She just has to recharge under the lamps. She’s gonna be just fine. I swear.”

So now, it’s only Winn and James, keeping vigil at Kara’s side.

James goes to get them both a cup of coffee – his feet and his eyes both dragging with exhaustion – but when he comes back, his boyfriend has fallen asleep with his forehead planted on the side of Kara’s bed, his hand holding hers.

A soft, sad smile passes over James’s lips as he sets the coffee down and crosses the med bay to Winn’s side of the bed.

“Hey you,” he whispers, pressing a kiss to his temple as he easily slides a hand under Winn’s chest and guides him into a sitting position.

“You’re gonna throw your back out sleeping like that,” he says, and Winn just nods sleepily, letting James move his body to a more comfortable position.

“My Guardian’s always gonna rescue me. And I’ll always rescue you,” Winn mumbles, mostly asleep, and it’s enough to bring tears to James’s eyes.

He kisses Winn’s mouth softly, and, even this sleepy, Winn kisses back, his lips turning up into a soft smile.

“Our girl okay?” he asks, and James ‘mhmhm’ into Winn’s temple.

“Kara’s just fine. You sleep now,” James assures him.

It’s only a half hour later that Winn wakes up, blinking rapidly in the dim lights of the med bay. He checks on Kara first, and – once he’s satisfied that she’s still resting peacefully, recharging her
cells painlessly – he turns his attention to James, leaning back in a metal chair with his arm holding Winn close to his chest.

“You don’t always have to be the one taking care of me,” Winn murmurs with a small smile, though he knows his boyfriend is fully asleep. “I got you, too.”

He slips out of James’s arms gingerly and repositions them both so that James is no longer leaning back on such a hard surface. Winn’s lap is, sure enough, much more comfortable.

In his sleep, James smiles and sighs softly, slipping his hand under Winn’s thigh, snuggling as close as he can, warm under the blanket Winn had rummaged up and tossed over them both.

It’s three a.m. when Kara’s cousin arrives, eyes wide and alert from his flight from Metropolis.

At first, he doesn’t notice the boys, sleeping on each other, chairs transformed by Winn into a makeshift bed.

All he sees, at first, is Kara.

Clark presses a kiss to her forehead and is gratified by how warm she feels – she’ll surely be awake in no time.

It’s only then that he notices James and Winn.

His heart does a strange somersault.

He remembers when Jimmy would fall asleep that way on his couch, his hand tucked under his thigh.

Clark gulps and tilts his head, studying the peacefulness on James’s face and the protective way Winn’s body is huddled around his.

“You found yourself a superhero after all,” Clark smiles softly, nodding to himself as he pulls up his own chair by Kara’s bedside.

He’s joined, soon after, by Lena, Maggie, and Alex; and it makes his heart soar that his cousin has such a beautiful family.
anonymous asked:

YOUR ASKS ARE OPEN HI ILY. I have a fluffy prompt, if you get to it great, if you don't that's fine too. I have this headcanon where Alex will kiss Maggie anywhere and everywhere for whatever reason. Maggie isn't used to this kind of affection because everyone she's been with just assumes she wouldn't be into pda but not Alex. So basically Maggie just being an emotional mess one night because she's so overwhelmed by how much love Alex has for her and Alex just holding her.

She never liked being intimate.

Then she met Maggie Sawyer.

More specifically, then she fell heels over head in love with Maggie Sawyer.

And now?

Now, she doesn’t know how to stop being intimate.

It’s not even about sex. Well, it is. But it’s so much more than that.

It’s holding hands and kissing every one of Maggie’s knuckles.

It’s about pressing kisses to her belly button and giggling when Maggie squirms in a wave of aroused ticklishness.

It’s about checking her body every night for bruises from the job, and kissing every spot that looks like it might hurt; and even the spots that look like they might not.

“You know, her dimples can probably go more than five minutes without being kissed, Alex,” J’on tells her one day, trying to be serious and utterly failing.

Alex, though, is so sincere in her response that J’onn’s faux-severity nearly cracks.

“I don’t want to risk testing that theory, sir. Best give them all the attention they deserve.”

And she does.

She kisses her bare shoulder when her oversized Gotham University sweater drapes off to one side.

She even kisses her elbow, because “it’s an often overlooked spot.”

Half the time Alex does these things, they’re out in public.

It’s not something Maggie used to enjoy.

Oh, she was fine with brief pecks hello or heavy making out – one extreme or the other – but these
little kisses that Alex gives her, everywhere, anywhere, for no reason whatsoever other than “I love you”?

These, somehow, feel so much more intimate than anything Maggie’s ever experienced – in the bedroom and out of it – and she finds, unexpectedly, that she loves it.

And yet, it overwhelms her.

The feeling starts wherever Alex’s lips are – the palm of her hand, her ankle, the crook of her elbow, her collarbone, her nose, her forehead, anywhere, everywhere – and floods through her body like an explosion waiting to happen.

It isn’t sexual. It’s… it’s just pure affection. The pure, uninhibited feeling of being cared for. Adored. Cherished.

And it fills Maggie past her breaking point.

Because fucking? She can do fucking.

But this?

This attention, this affection, this adoration, from anyone, let alone from Alex Motherfucking Danvers?

This is more than Maggie ever believed she’s deserved.

So one Game Night, when Maggie triumphantly shouts Uno, Alex leans in to kiss her tricep – casual and giggling and proud – amidst the shouts and boos and hisses of their friends. Their family.

And it jolts Maggie over the emotional edge.

Her card – a red three – slips out of her fingers and her rib cage quakes.

Winn, Kara, and Alex are alarmed, but Lena, Sam, and James share a soft glance, because they’re pretty sure they know.

“Baby, what – “

“Why do you do that?” Maggie sobs. Now that the crack has been made – in front of so many people who respect her, no less – there’s no even trying to reign it in, so she just lets it go, lets the tears fall, and for once in her life, maybe believing that someone will catch her. That she deserves to be caught.

“Do what? Whatever it is, I’m sorry, I don’t – “

“No, Alex, no, I’m sorry, it’s not… you just… you kiss me all the time.”

Alex tilts her head and blinks, sharing a quizzical glance with her sister. “Yeah?” She stroked stray strands of hair out of her teary face as their family start to quietly slip away into the kitchen to get more snacks.

“I just… I don’t… I’m sorry. I just… no one’s ever…”

Realization dawns on Alex, and she gathers Maggie fully into her arms and presses kisses onto every bit of exposed skin she can reach.
“I’m always going to show you how much I love you, Maggie Sawyer. Unless you don’t want me to, then I – “

“No. No, I don’t… don’t stop, Alex. Please? Don’t ever stop?”

A smile takes over Alex’s lips – the kind of smile she never knew she could wear until Maggie Sawyer strolled onto her crime scene and into her heart – and she promises, in front of their grinning, teary-eyed family.

“I will never stop, Maggie Sawyer. Never ever. I promise.”
Chapter 733

Chapter Summary

sandstonesunspear asked:

Hi capmum! Do you think we could get a fic with a nb!Alex feeling dysphoric while sick and being comforted by Maggie please? If the dysphoric portion of the prompt is no bueno for you rn because it makes you feel crummy, that's ok! Just, maybe a sick nb!Alex being comforted then? 'Cause I'm sick rn and really need a hug...

It’s something Maggie hates to tell them – that they can’t bind while they’re sick.

Because they’re laying on the couch and they’re already coughing up phlegm, and binding is only going to make it worse. Much worse.

And Alex has never been good at being sick, at letting themself be taken care of.

All Maggie wants to do is take care of them. But reminding them, gently and with plenty of kisses, that they can’t bind while they’re sick, feels like she’s doing exactly the opposite.

They don’t always feel the need to bind. Just the other night, actually, they were out in stilettos and a low cut dress that had made Maggie trip over herself and drool. Alex had loved it, and damn, so had Maggie.

But today is not that day. Today, all Alex needs to feel real is to bind, to feel self-sufficient. And they can’t do either.

“Hey handsome, want some more orange juice?” Maggie runs her hand over Alex’s muscled upper arm, making no effort to hide her pleasure at the touch.

Something flickers behind Alex’s eyes, and Maggie thinks it looks like the beginnings of relief.

Alex just nods, though, because when they’re feeling this way, talking is hard. Too hard.

Maggie knows.

So she touches Alex’s muscles as she spoon feeds them homemade soup, and she runs her fingers over the buzzed side of Alex’s hair as she makes sure they drink all their medicine. She lets Alex hold her as they watch TV together, instead of insisting that she hold them. She snuggles into Alex’s touch, even though their fever makes their skin almost uncomfortably warm.

“I love you,” she murmurs to Alex as they fall into an uncomfortable sleep.

“I love you back,” Alex croaks out, and Maggie smiles at the accidental husk in their voice from all the coughing.

“Sexy voice there, Danvers,” she kisses Alex’s forehead, and Alex smiles with their eyes closed.

“I’m still sexy? Not gross and…” Their question trails off, but Maggie still knows exactly how to
answer it.

“Yes. You’re always sexy, babe, and you’re never gross. And, you’re always the best enby hottie I could dream of being with.”

“Enby hottie,” Alex chuckles, and they both laugh helplessly when the chuckle turns into a cough.

“Thank you,” Alex mutters when they both remember how to breathe, as they’re falling asleep, finally.

“Always, Alex,” Maggie promises.
Chapter 734

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hi hello so im not the anon that requested fluff but if at some point in time (just like, any time between now and may 14, 2038) you could bless me with a fic about sanvers slow dancing in their kitchen at 3 am to 40’s 50’s 60’s jazz that would be LOVELY. I know it’s super specific so feel free to change things up but I just... I know you’ll do it justice

She’s not the one who pouted until they got their first record player together, but Alex certainly uses it a lot.

Like now, as she and Maggie are cooking dinner together, casually touching each other’s hips as they maneuver past each other to get this dish, that pan, that spatula, that kiss from smiling lips, that thrill from slightly swaying hips.

Ella Fitzgerald’s voice surrounds her body, slips into her blood stream, and Alex finds that – even though this was a record that Maggie brought home for them – she knows every single word, every single lilt in her voice, every single cue for the horns.

“Only you beneath the moon and under the sun,” she murmurs softly under her breath, but – as though she’s perfectly tuned to Alex’s every movement, every word – Maggie hears her over the sizzling of onions, anyway.

“Whether near to me or far, it’s no matter darling where you are,” Maggie joins in softly, shy and blushing.

She’s never sang in front of anyone except Alex. And, while this isn’t the first time, Alex knows how intimate, how special, this moment is. She doesn’t react in a big way – she doesn’t want to scare her wife away from this precious intimacy – but she does smile and blink tears away from her eyes.

Maggie smiles deeper and clears her throat, offering a hand out to Alex.

Alex flushes and beams, wiping her hands on a dish towel and turning off the burners before taking Maggie’s hand, spinning into her arms as they both giggle softly with soft exhilaration.

“…this longing for you follows wherever I go…”

They press their foreheads together gently, and Maggie’s eyelashes brush Alex’s eyelid, making her shiver even as they sway slowly together, like they’re at their eighth grade dance and like they’re the only two that exist in the multiverse.

Because, right now, they – and Ella Fitzgerald’s voice – are, indeed, the only things that exist.

And, now, it’s all either of them need.
anonymous asked:

I don't know if your taking prompts, but a very smutty Sanders scene would be highly appreciated. With strong dialogue and Dom!Maggie? Please and thank you xxx

Alex woke up wanting her.

But Maggie was on an early shift, so instead of her boxer and tank top-clad body warm and next to her, there was a little love note on the pillow, wishing Alex a good morning and reminding her to eat breakfast after her run.

It warmed Alex’s heart, and only made the wanting that throbbed throughout her whole body that much stronger.

She sighed as she rolled over onto her stomach, the better to get pressure between her legs. She slipped her fingers under her pajama pants, tugging irritably at the tie, and sighed again as she imagined that her fingers were Maggie’s fingers.

Her fingers, her tongue. Her strap-on.

She came undone, with Maggie’s name on her lips, much faster than she would ever admit to.

She texts her wife, now, the moment she catches her breath again.

*Just came thinking about you, Sawyer.*

She waits, biting her lip and still panting slightly.

Maggie doesn’t make her wait long.

*Fuck, Danvers.*

Even alone in the bed she shares with her wife, Alex feels herself blushing as she smiles, biting her lip harder as she texts back.

*That’s the idea, Maggie. For you to fuck me.*

She imagines Maggie at her desk, with her glasses on, tossing her papers onto the floor and bending Alex over and…

*Oh, so that’s what you came to? Imagining me fucking you? Gentle or hard or a bit of both, babe?*

Alex is used to her wife talking to her like this – this intimate mix of tender and dominating, affectionate and hard – and she does her own share of talking to Maggie like this, too.

But today is definitely one of those days where she wants Maggie to just… take her. In every single way.
So when she reads her words, she gasps like she’s never heard similar things before.

_No chance you can come home right now and make me yours?_

A longer pause, this time, and the longer she waits for a response, the more excited Alex gets.

Because if Maggie were too busy at work today, she’d apologize and tell Alex right away.

If she has to just rearrange a few things and then she can make it back home, it’ll take her a minute to –

_Stay in bed. Undress for me. Legs open. Get out the lube and my strap-on and your handcuffs. (if you want to of course, always)_

_Yes ma’am (and green unless I say otherwise babe <3),_ is all Alex can stand to type out.

_And Danvers?_

_Yes, Maggie?_

_Don’t touch yourself. I want to lick your wetness off you when I get home. All of it._

Alex gasps at that, and can’t help but arch her hips forward, biting at her lip and squeaking slightly in anticipation, in frustration, in the deep need for friction between her thighs.

She does as she’s told.

She strips.

She spreads her legs.

She waits.

When Maggie’s key scrapes the door, her breath hitches and she has to fight to keep her hips still.

Maggie’s eyes flash when she steps into their bedroom, her white collared shirt, work jeans, and boots still on.

“Color?” she checks in a low voice, and Alex playfully jabs an impatient finger at a green mug by their bed.

Maggie chuckles.

“So you want me to fuck you senseless but you’re feeling bratty,” she teases as she steps closer to their bed, slowly. So damn slowly.

“Maybe,” Alex whispers, breathless at the way Maggie’s eyes are taking her body in, surrounding her and making her feel so, so enveloped by love, by support, by affection, by tenderness. By protectiveness.

It makes her worry she’ll stain their sheets with her excitement.

“Turn over for me, princess,” Maggie smirks, and Alex complies.

Sort of.

She shifts onto her side, and Maggie arches an eyebrow as she tugs her harness on over her jeans.
“All the way over, Danvers. On your stomach.”

She hasn’t touched her yet, but already Alex is wrecked.

She tries not to writhe as she hastens to, this time, obey.

“Hands up,” Maggie finally touches her, straddling her from behind after she strips the harness in place.

Her hair falls all over the side of Alex’s face, and her kisses do, too.

“You good, babe?” she makes sure, and Alex gropes to kiss her lips desperately. Maggie obliges.

“Yes. Fuck yes. You?”

“God, yeah,” Maggie murmurs into Alex’s neck, biting down gently as she pushes her hips down experimentally, her strap-on pressed against the back of Alex’s thigh.

Alex whimpers at the feeling, and Maggie chuckles into her skin.

“You like that, babe? When I grind down into your pretty little ass?”

Alex nearly screams, now, biting down on the pillow to keep from alarming the neighbors.

“Maggie, please, yes, yes, yes.”

“Yeah? You want me to come inside you, Danvers?”

She can’t manage a verbal response, nodding desperately into the pillow.

“Wanna be tied down for me?”

Alex shakes her head, and Maggie nods immediately.

“I’m sorry,” Alex starts, but Maggie goes from nodding to shaking her head and kissing the backs of Alex’s shoulders and the nape of her neck instantly.

“No apologies, Alex. That’s literally why I ask. You wanna touch your clit while I stretch you out and pound you until you can’t do anything but scream my name?”

“Can I?” Alex begs for permission, trembling with the force of trying not to come, even without physical pressure.

“Ask me nicely, babygirl,” Maggie kisses her temple gently and nips at her earlobe.

Alex nearly screams.

“Can I… may I please touch myself while you fuck me?”

“While I what now?” Maggie’s voice is low and steady, especially compared to Alex’s, high and breathy and utterly wrecked.

“While you stretch me out and pound me until I can’t do anything but scream your name?”

“That’s my girl. Such a good girl, Danvers,” Maggie praises as Alex shifts so she can reach her hands underneath her body, as Maggie leans up off of her so she can position herself just outside Alex’s opening.
“Can I eat you out first, Al? Is that okay?”

“Like this?” Alex blushes, because she’s still on her stomach.

“Only if you want, babe. Only if you want.”

“I do,” her voice is a strangled, excited whisper, and Maggie slips her hands under Alex’s thighs, pulling her ass up so she can reach her clit with her tongue.

“Fuck, you taste so good, baby. Such a good girl, getting nice and wet so I can taste how amazing you are,” Maggie moans into her clit, Alex’s fingers guiding her tongue and adding pressure.

“Maggie,” Alex pants. “Maggie, please.”

“Please what, babe? Be a good girl and use your words for me. You can do it, babe. Color?”

“Green,” Alex whines in a rush. “Please, I love your tongue there, but I need… I want you inside me, Mags, please, baby, please.”

“Mmm, such a good girl, asking for what you want. My brave girl.”

Alex preens and writhes simultaneously with all the praise, and Maggie smiles as she and Alex shift so she’s back on top of her, poised to slip her strapon inside her.

“You sure, Alex?”

“Please. Hard. Hold my hips and just fuck me as hard as you can. Please, Mags? Please?”

“Yeah? Is this what you came to, touching yourself with those strong, pretty fingers of yours?”

“Yes,” Alex arches her hips up, begging with her body, and Maggie relents.

They both sigh and gasp as Maggie slowly, slowly, slips inside her, Alex’s fingers working at her clit, one of Maggie’s hands bracing herself up on the bed, the other holding Alex’s hip and pulling her up, closer, closer. More available to be fucked as hard as she’s begging to be.

“Yes, yes, yes, yesyesyesyes,” is all Alex can choke out, and it’s all the encouragement Maggie needs.

She barely has the chance to bottom out in her body – and when she does, Alex’s yesses reach a screaming climax – before Alex comes undone, scratching her throat on her wife’s name and squirting all over her own fingers.

“Fuck, Danvers,” Maggie murmurs as she helps Alex ride out her waves. “Good girl, Alex. I love when you let go for me. I love it. I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you.”

“I love you too,” Alex breathes as Maggie slips out of her, kissing her lower back, her ass, before helping her stand so she can help her shower.

“I love you,” is all Maggie says while she strips, while she kneels in front of Alex under the constant stream of water, washing her, cleansing her from head to toe.

“I love you,” is all Alex says while she stands still, letting Maggie clean her as she’s done for Maggie countless times, letting herself get swept away in the feeling of being taken care of, being safe, being adored.
Being cherished.

And Rao, does it feel amazing.
Chapter 736

Chapter Summary

Danvers Girls & Mothers’ Day

A few of you lovelies asked me to write about Kara, grief, and Mother’s Day. So... here. Pre-Sanvers, but I thought yall would appreciate it anyway.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first Mother’s Day after Kara came to Earth, her art teacher had all the students in her class make cards for their mothers.

Kara’s was dead.

The teacher had forgotten.

She didn’t cry. Not in school, anyway.

But when she got home, she tore off her glasses and burned a hole into her bedroom ceiling with her eyes.

Kara got comforted, and Alex got in trouble – *why didn’t you anticipate what she’d be expected to do in art class, Alexandra?*

She spent that Mother’s Day locked in her room, distinctly ignoring Eliza and yelling and repeatedly slamming her door when Jeremiah would attempt to come in and make peace.

In college, Alex would call home, but only when someone else would mention the day and she’d suddenly remember, a guilty anger twisting in her stomach.

Kara would often answer the phone, because she’d be home from college to spend the day with Eliza.

It would make Alex’s guilt swirl even harder, that Kara’s mother had been vaporized, yet Alex’s was right there, just miles away, and she could barely even be bothered to call.

And yet, there Kara was, with the mother who never made her call her Mom, with the woman who figured out how to cut her hair on earth, how to get her through the nightmares before Alex tried to help her stop having them altogether.

She asked Kara about it, one year when she did happen to be home in Midvale around the holiday.

Alex was drunk. Of course she was drunk.

“Does it ever bother you? That they expected us to be sisters, my parents to be your parents, even though your family, your whole planet, had just... you know.”

“Died?”
Another swig of bourbon.

“Yeah.”

Kara just adjusted her glasses and squinted at her older sister sadly.

“You know, Eliza loves you more than anything.”

Alex pointed drunkenly. “You’re avoiding the question.”

“And you’re drunk.”

“And I’m also an ungrateful daughter, apparently, who can only ever fight with her mother even though she got stuck with two teenage girls for the price – literally, the price – of one.”

Kara let the barb about her being the reason for Jeremiah being taken by the DEO slide. She tried to take the bottle from Alex’s hands.

Alex shifted beyond her reach, and Kara just sighed, resigning herself to another long night.

But then there was Astra, and Myriad, and you are Alex Danvers.

And then there was less drinking, less fighting with Eliza.

And then there was more noticing.

Because then, there was her sister, more broken than she’d ever been.

Because when the next Mother’s Day rolled around, Kara didn’t call anyone. She didn’t even call Eliza.

She just curled into her quilts and black and white musicals; she ordered three times her usual amounts of potstickers; and she refused calls, and she did nothing but file report after report for work.

Her family let themselves into her apartment – with an actual key, rather than Alex’s foot this time – but Kara didn’t seem to register their presence.

“I’m worried about her,” Winn whispered as James nodded and Alex took a deep breath, clenching and unclenching fists that she wished she could smash into Kara’s – her? – uncle, over, and over, and over again.

Because Non had forced her to relive all of it.

He’d given Kara her mother back. And then he’d stripped it all away again.

Both the woman and the ideal.

He’d taken it all.

“Kara,” Alex climbed over the back of the couch – like she’d done when they were teenagers, hoping to elicit a sense of familiarity in Kara, awaken a sense of normalcy – but Kara didn’t respond.

She didn’t move, not at all. She didn’t even blink.
Alex glanced over at Winn and James.

Winn held clenched fists to his mouth, trying not to cry; James had one hand on Winn’s side, the other gently over his own stomach.

“Hey. I got you,” Alex whispered, trying to keep the tremble out of her voice.

A faint, muffled sound from Kara’s throat.

A good sign.

James and Winn nodded sadly, encouragingly, at Alex.

“Is it okay if the three of us watch with you?” she asked, and Kara didn’t respond, this time.

But she didn’t say no.

So they all settled in. Alex arranged Kara into her arms, somehow, without Kara moving – but without protesting to being moved – James and Winn sitting on the floor, curled in the same quilt with their backs resting on the couch.

None of them spoke for hours, for movie after movie.

But they all stayed, close, cuddled, awake.

Waiting.

“You know,” James started, his voice low with gravity and hoarse with lack of use, “I think the hardest thing about my dad being gone is not being able to ask him things. What about… what about you, Alex?”

She surprised even herself by answering immediately. “Not knowing if he’d be proud of me. Thinking I’ve let him down because I was such an ass to my mom for so many years.” A swig of beer. “I mean, she was an ass to me, too, and there’s no excuse for that, but… But she was suddenly doing it all alone, and I didn’t think… anyway, sometimes I think he’d be ashamed of me. For not being able to… I don’t know. Replace him. Or something.”

Another swig, this time of Winn’s beer, because hers was empty. He didn’t object, and she gave a rough kiss to his temple as thanks.

“He’d be damn proud of you, Alex,” he put his hand on her thigh, just as James put his own on her hand.

“Not like my dad, anyway. I know he’s alive, so it’s different, but… for me, it’s the opposite. The fear that he… is proud of me. That I’m like him.”

“You’re nothing like him,” Kara spoke up suddenly, and all three of them went silent.

They waited.

She waited.

Then the floodgates opened.

“You’re nothing like your father, but sometimes, I’m afraid I’m like mine. Or like my mother. All I ever wanted to be was like them. Like my parents. To make them proud. To take care of Kal-El.
And then I couldn’t even do that, because he was Superman, and I was just... just some worthless little girl, helpless and useless and couldn’t even keep Kenny safe and couldn’t stop Eliza from hurting Alex because I needed her so badly and I...”

“Kara, you couldn’t have – “ But James’s soft hand squeezing her’s stopped Alex, to let Kara keep going.

“Everyone acts like Mother’s Day is some kind of gift. Something to celebrate. But it’s... You know, there are a lot of human traditions, holidays, that made no sense to me when I first got here. This is one that still doesn’t make sense. Why just one day? And what about those of us who wake up in cold sweats because we can’t remember what our mother’s laughter sounded like? Or the ones who can’t stop picture the way she died? Wondered if she was scared, if she and my father were holding each other. If she screamed, or cried, or...”

Kara’s voice broke, and both James and Winn shifted to kneel in front of her, to hold her hands while Alex wrapped her arms around Kara’s shoulders and brushed stray hair away from her forehead.

A long silence overtook the apartment, broken only by the credits rolling on one of Kara’s old films.

“I miss her,” Kara whispered simply, brokenly.

Her family held her closer.

She sank into their touches.

“You’re not alone,” James whispered softly, and the ghost of a smile painted Kara’s lips.

“We’re here,” Winn nodded, and she squeezed his hand, but not too tight, because he was only human, after all.

“I got you,” Alex kissed her temple, and Kara closed her eyes and sank into the embrace.

“Can I... there’s a Kryptonian prayer... would you guys... can I... can we...?”

“We’d be honored,” Alex assured her, and James and Winn’s soft smiles echoed her affirmation.

And when she offered her prayer, they didn’t need to understand the words – though Alex did, for the most part – to know that Kara added pieces for their parents, too, their friends.

Come and gone through this universe with both whispers and whimpers, joys and agonies, loves and losses.

Kara wove them all into her prayer, for their souls, for the souls of those still living.

For Alura.

Lost and flawed and past, but maybe, in her – in them, in this family – not gone.

Chapter End Notes
This one was... very hard to write. A dear, close friend of mine died recently, and writing this piece was a... process. I'm humbled to have been asked to write it. Thank you, and love to everyone.
Chapter 737

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

(TW) Hey Cap. I haven’t been in a good headspace lately and I just went through a suicide scare two nights ago and it’s really hard to see the light right now. Could you maybe write something along the lines of the superfamily+friends individual reactions to Kara’s (failed) suicide attempt. I feel like Kara’s own mental struggles (which there is no way in hell she doesn’t have) aren’t really emphasized. Thank you for being you Cap.

Chapter Notes

Apparently today is angst day???

Happy Sanvers fluff next, I promise.

Alex is the one who finds her, and all she does is kiss her forehead and hold her and tell her she’s got her, she’s got her, she’s got her, she’s got her, while she rocks her in her trembling arms.

She’s not sure if the motion is comforting her or Kara more, but she’ll take whatever she can get right now.

Alex has taken a lot of lives as a soldier.

She’s saved a lot of lives, too, as a doctor.

This has been her most terrifying save.

Because her sister’s blood is not easy to shed.

It’s Kara’s intent, her effort, more than her actual wound, that’s shaking Alex to the core.

But she gets her to stabilize – she doesn’t have all those degrees, all that field experience, for nothing – soon enough.

Her own fingers are slick with her sister’s blood when she reaches into her pocket to text their family.

Because she needs them. Their family.

They both do.

J’onn is the first to show up. The whole flying thing.
He doesn’t cry in front of Kara, or Alex. Neither of them need that, not now.

But James finds J’onn in the bathroom, later, his face soaked with agony.

James never tells a soul. And he, too, joins him in strained non-grief grief.

Just like he never tells a soul – though to be honest, he doesn’t have to, because everyone just… knows – that Winn puts his fist through the drywall while Kara is sleeping the next night, while they’re all keeping vigil, keeping her close, watching her chest rise and fall… alive.

Cat Grant bursts in, soon after.

She’s the one who bandages Winn’s hands, because Alex has fallen asleep with her head resting on Kara’s stomach, and James’s own hands are shaking too much, and Maggie is holding Lena, or Lena is holding Maggie; they’ve forgotten how to tell which is which, and both have decided it doesn’t matter.

Cat presses a kiss to Kara’s sleeping forehead, shaking her head as a tear that everyone pretends not to see drips down her face.

“Kara,” is all she whispers, but it’s more than enough.

Lena is the one who’s holding Kara’s hand when she wakes, Winn asleep with his head on her shoulder, J’onn standing with crossed arms as Maggie holds Alex close, safe, from her own guilt, her own nightmares, her own reality.

“I tried, too,” Lena whispers when Kara’s eyes register where she is, what’s happened.

That she isn’t with her mother. Her father. Her planet.

“What?”

Kara’s voice is scratched from lack of use, from agony. From a horrid mix of disappointment and relief.

But everyone wakes at the soft, raspy sound.

“I tried, too. In college. I just couldn’t…” Lena bites her lip, and Alex’s shoulders start to shake. Maggie kisses the back of Alex’s neck. James holds Alex’s hand.

Lena forces herself forward, Cat’s hand on the small of her back and Winn’s hand on her knee steadying her.

Kara’s hazy eyes, normally so clear, steadying her.

“I couldn’t stay. I didn’t want to. And Kara, I… I need you to know, that no one… no one is angry with you. For trying. Everyone… everyone understands.”

Her voice trembles as Kara blinks out tears. Alex wipes them away, and Kara grasps out at her hand, keeping her palm on her cheek. Alex smiles shakily.

“But we’re all… we’re also all glad that Alex… that Alex found you. That you’re… Kara, I don’t want to… I love you, Kara Zor-El Danvers. And I know that that’s not always enough. To help people stay. I know. But I’m glad you did. I’m glad you… are.”

A long silence. Cat fusses with Kara’s blanket and Maggie clenches a hard fist to calm herself
while her other hand holds her wife.

“Zor-El?” Kara eventually croaks. “You’ve known this… whole time?”

It's Cat who answers, not Lena.

“Oh Kiera, honestly, the day your glasses manage to hide the truth of those eyes from intelligent women who love you is the day… well, none of us want that day, do we?”

“Ms. Grant, what are you even – “

“Your sister called your family, Kiera. As I understand it, your adoptive mother and Ms. Lane – the smart one – are motorcycling in together and should be here by tonight.”

“Ale called my… my family.”

“We’re here, Kara. We’re here,” James whispers.

“I’m sorry,” Kara’s voice barely breaks through her lips, but no one needs superhearing to understand her.

“No,” Alex shakes her head and kisses Kara’s. “No apologizes. Just recoveries, alright?”

“And maybe some potstickers and space to breathe, hm?” Maggie runs a gentle hand through her sister-in-law’s hair.

Kara nods faintly, a soft smile on her lips. “This is why I told you to marry her, Alex.”

“I love you, Kara,” is all Alex responds, along with an eye roll, because it’s the only important thing. Normalcy. Being sisters. Being… the girls that should come with a warning.

It’s the only thing Kara needs to hear, needs to see, needs to feel, to know that maybe, just maybe, she’ll be able to be alright.
Chapter Summary

iam-brooklyn asked:

Can you fic Maggie being a hard ass at work and everyone knows it and then they see that she’s really soft when she’s with Alex

Chapter Notes

fluff, as promised.

Kara sees Maggie at work all the time.

Because she partners with the NCPD all the time.

Well, partners with them and clashes with them.

But mostly, she tries to partner with them.

And she knew Maggie, vaguely – recognized her, anyway – when Alex started falling in love with her.

And that knowledge made her… cautious, to say the least, about this woman her sister was crushing on.

Because Kara – well, Supergirl – had seen Maggie in the field. Seen her cold and a little too collected and a little too dedicated to the job.

It didn’t occur to Kara how similar Maggie was to Alex, at work.

It only occurred to her that she’d never seen Detective Sawyer smile. She’d only seen her bark orders, snap at rookie officers who were bagging evidence wrong.

She didn’t see her, back at the precinct, checking in on the same rookies to make sure they could stomach the gore they’d witnessed at their first crime scene.

She didn’t see it, and neither did most others.

Because, at work, if Maggie Sawyer was going to show a soft side, it was going to be in private, and it was going to be quick and efficient and caring but also… one way.

The comfort she offered wasn’t reciprocal. The advice she offered wasn’t sought. The drinks she drank, she drank alone.

So Kara was cautious.
About this hard ass detective who thought inviting someone to see a dead body was a great way to flirt.

But they kissed, and then they cried, and then they tried again, because life is short, and we should be who we are, and we should kiss the girls we wanna kiss.

So Kara tried to withhold judgment. Tried to get to know the woman that lit her sister’s eyes up like no one ever had before.

She noticed the changes in Alex first.

The giggling, the squirming, the blushing.

The changes in Maggie were more... subtle. More gradual.

But Kara – as Supergirl, and as the kid sister – noticed them, nonetheless.

The way the hard ass at work melted into Alex’s arms during Game Night.

The way she always remembered to bring Kara’s favorite donuts. Extras. Many, many extras.

The way she giggled and blushed when Alex kissed her nose, and the way she swooned when she kissed the back of Alex’s neck.

And, as Kara overheard, Maggie’s colleagues started noticing, too.

“Hey Sawyer,” one dared to ask as Kara flew over a crime scene one day. “You wanna bring your girl to drinks with us tonight? First round’s on me.”

It took Maggie a long while to answer.

No one from work had ever invited her to drinks before. They’d always assumed what she’d say; and they’d been right.

But this time, she blushed.

“You never wanted to meet any of my girlfriends before, Torres.”

“Well, none of them ever made you light up like this.”

Another blush, and Kara smiled to herself as she flew.

“Hey Kid Danvers,” Maggie popped into CatCo later that afternoon. “Alex and I are going for drinks tonight with some guys from the precinct. You want in? Great tips for National City’s rising star reporter are definitely on the menu.”

And there was something about the loose way she stood, the sparkle in her eyes, the endearment she used, that made Kara’s heart soar and her feet almost leave the ground.

Because her sister had met her match.

And her match was absolutely wild about Alex.

It was, more than anything... pretty perfect.
Chapter 739

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

we’ve had a ton of kara cuddling with alex and maggie but no alex with kara and lena. and now with sam?? i think after a bad day alex would want to spend time with kara but would be afraid to intrude on superreigncorp but kara would insist and they’d end up all somehow fitting onto a queen sized bed trying to comfort big danvers

Chapter Notes

cross-posted with Always Another Side

Maggie’s away conducting a training at her old precinct in Gotham, and Alex doesn’t want to intrude on James and Winn’s date night, no matter how many times they tell her she’s more than welcome to do just that.

But four of her agents took hits today – nothing fatal, but it had still taken Alex an hour to scrub all her friends’ blood out from under her fingernails after conducting two emergency surgeries in the field – and she needed… well, she needed her sister.

And she remembered how it was, for Kara, after she started dating Maggie. She’d been distant, felt rejected, felt replaced, even though Maggie had been more than open to both sisters taking all the alone time they needed.

She’d thought it was ridiculous at the time, that Kara felt so put out.

She understands it now, though.

Because it was hard enough to ask for what she needed; to even recognize she needed anything in the first place.

But now? Now, it feels nearly impossible, because all she needs is her sister, but her sister, she knows, is at home with Sam and Lena. With the women she loves.

And Alex doesn’t want to intrude on their happiness, dim their light with her seemingly never-ending darkness.

Kara practically swings the door off the hinges, though, after Alex texts to say she’s fine alone, she promises, nothing’s wrong, no one died, and anyway, she’s got a great new bottle of brandy somewhere in the cabinets.

“Kara, I told you to spend time with your girlfriends – “ Alex starts to object from her miserable sprawl on the bed when she raises her head enough to see that it’s not just her sister making her way into her apartment.
“Oh hush, Alex, you know we’d never leave you alone to stew in all that liquor after the kind of
day you had,” Lena casually starts rummaging through Alex and Maggie’s kitchen like she owns it,
pulling down cups and plates and napkins.

“Guys, seriously – “

“You really want to fight two Kryptonians and a Luthor all at once, Alex?” Sam arches an eyebrow
as she, too, rustles through the kitchen like it’s the most normal thing in the world, setting the pizza
she’d been carrying onto plates and pouring Alex an extra big glass of water.

“I could take you,” Alex mutters, to no avail, as Kara shakes her head and hops – two veritable
stacks of pizza in hand – onto her sister’s bed.

“Bouncy,” she approves with a small smirk.

Alex tries to cover her sweeping sense of relief with a mock-irritated groan. She utterly fails.

“Kara, I don’t need – “

“Yes, you do. And it’s okay to need things. It’s okay to need your family.”

Sam and Lena, now both in their socks, pad over and hesitate, waiting for Alex’s go-ahead before
climbing into bed, too, balancing more pizza and drinks onto the bedside tables.

“But the three of you – “

“And how many times have I cuddled with you and Maggie?”

“But – “

“No butts. Just cuddles, Alex,” Sam winks and Alex can’t help but roll her eyes and surrender to
her sister’s open arms and one of her sister-in-law’s offer of pizza.

Kara gathers Alex into her grasp and Lena asks with her eyes if she can rest her head on Alex’s
stomach as they all chew their pizza and think their thoughts, Sam sitting back on her haunches
toward the edge of the mattress as she eats.

“This is what Ruby’s bedroom always looks like when she has a sleepover,” she grins after a soft
moment, guiding Alex gently out of her dark reflections on the day she’d had, the things she’d
almost lost.

“I’m not… imposing?” Alex’s voice is small, and her body smaller, nearly covered by her sister
and Lena’s protection.

“Alex, we practically broke down your door. If anyone’s imposing on anyone, we’re imposing on
you,” Sam shakes her head. Alex lets out a dry laugh as Sam finishes her slice and settles down
with her head resting on Kara’s thigh and her own leg swung over Alex’s and onto Lena’s.

None of them are quite sure when they fall asleep, protecting Alex from loneliness and nightmares
of unworthiness, but each one of them laughs when they wake up the next morning to find Maggie
sleeping, travel bag as her pillow, on the floor next to the bed.

They haul her up to join their cuddle pile as she sleepily explains that trying to tetris her way in last
night would only have woken them all up.

“You can always tetris your way around me,” Alex murmurs sleepily as she settles even closer
between her sister and her wife.

“Gay,” Sam mutters, and Lena and Kara give her groggy high fives.

“So damn gay,” Maggie grins, squeezing Kara’s hand, grateful, as always, that she and her wife always, always have their family.
Chapter 740

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi, I'm struggling a bit with coming out to my family and friends and this month I'd really like to go to pride. I was wondering if you would consider doing a fic where sanvers goes with a girl who is also struggling with her identity? Your blog is the best! <3

She meets the girl on the job, through one of her routine stops swinging through the local LGBTQ+ youth center she’d helped get on its feet when she first got to National City.

The girl looks uncertain. Like she’s not sure if she belongs. She looks like Maggie imagines she used to look herself.

“Hey there,” Maggie drops to one knee next to the girl, keeping her distance in case the NCPD logo on her windbreaker understandably scares the girl off.

There’s a beat of silence – she is deliberately not looking at the girl, fixing her gaze instead on the group of teens playing Apples to Apples across the lounge, but she knows the girl is studying her – before she answers.

“Hi,” she offers, and her voice is small, but maybe a bit hopeful, too.

“I’m Maggie,” she tilts her head toward the girl, glancing at her so as not to intimidate her with too much eye contact, with too many demands for socialization.

“I’m Naya,” the girl responds, faster this time, and Maggie grins softly.

“Naya,” she repeats. “It’s a beautiful name.”

“I chose it myself,” the girl answers, and Maggie nods knowingly.

“First time here, Naya?”

Naya nods without answering.

“It’s a great place for a girl to make some solid friends.”

At being called a girl so seamlessly, Naya sits up straighter, unable to hide the smile that now carries over her entire being.

“I’m worried about talking to them. I don’t really know how to interact with people.”

Maggie nods again, this time turning to look into Naya’s eyes. “You’re doing a great job right now.”

The girl grins again, and Maggie smiles back.
“You know, my wife was really nervous the first time she came in here, too. She thought she was too old to be coming out, you know, and that she wouldn’t really fit it.”

Naya looks like she’s fighting between shouting relief to the rooftops that this random cop, too, is in the community, and between asking more about Alex. Her face does the first; her voice does the second.

“And did she? Fit in?”

“We’re taking most of these kids to Pride next weekend, lemme put it to you that way. Alex’s idea.” Maggie smiles and shakes her head affectionately, and the little gesture makes Naya’s heart soar.

“Um… never mind.”

“No, hey, it’s alright. What’s up?”

“Are all these kids… are all these kids out? To their parents? Like, are we allowed to go if we’re not… would we even be welcome if we can’t…”

“We’re all meeting there,” Maggie explains softly, gently, her eyes showing Naya that she’s been in a similar place to where she’s been. That she understands. That she’s not alone. “And it’s a public space, so if you’re allowed to be out of the house, you know, you’re good. And we have a strict policy against taking, posting and tagging each other in photos without consent. Can’t guarantee you won’t be on any random person’s camera, but – “

“But I won’t get tagged by anyone here.”

“No ma’am.”

Naya beams again at the form of address. “And… you wouldn’t mind? And your wife? And the other kids? They wouldn’t mind? I… I don’t really know all the lingo, yet, or… Hell – heck – sorry, is cursing okay? – hell, I don’t even feel comfortable enough playing a damn board game with the others. And I like boy things, not just girl things, and I’m not sure if I’m bi or pan or a lesbian or if being a lesbian makes me straight to people I’m not out to or – “

“Hey, hey, Naya. All that is okay. You can cry, it’s alright. You can always cry. But you don’t have to if you’re crying because you think you’ve got it all messed up. You don’t. You’re good. I promise. It’s okay to not know everything. It’s okay if you know something now and it changes later. That doesn’t make it a phase and it doesn’t make it less real. Okay? And you’ll be more than welcome. And if anyone proves me wrong about that, I’ll kick their butt. And my wife can kick their butt even harder than I can, which is saying something.”

Naya laughs hesitantly, and then she’s crying on Maggie’s shoulder, an outpouring of relief and shame and pain and home. Coming home.

And the next weekend, sure enough, Naya shows up at the corner by the march that Maggie had told her about. Her dress hugs the curves of her full stomach, and Maggie grins from ear to ear.

“I was really hoping you’d turn up! I’m so glad you did!” she offers a hug, and Naya accepts gratefully. “I’m proud of you,” Maggie tells her before they let go with another squeeze.

“And this is Alex. Alex, this beautiful young lady is Naya.”

“I’m jealous of your dress,” Alex grins as they shake hands, and Naya gulps.
“Yeah? It doesn’t look stupid on me?”

“Not even a little bit,” both Alex and Maggie assure her, as other kids from the Center, two of whom are wrapped in an ace flag, sidle over to introduce themselves and welcome Naya into the space.

“How are you holding up?” Alex asks a few minutes later, as she and Maggie stroll amongst the kids distributing water bottles and sunscreen from their backpacks.

“Okay,” Naya nods, her eyes wide, taking in all the rainbows and noise with tears glistening along with the glitter someone had offered for her cheek bones. “It’s… I wish the whole world could be like this. That it could be like this when I get back home. Or that… that we didn’t need this. Or,” she chuckles ruefully as a person walks by distributing bags marked with a rainbow and a bank logo, “that corporate America didn’t define this month.”

Alex grins with an arched eyebrow. “You remind me of Adrian,” she chuckles before sobering. “But seriously, I know what you mean. I do. And you’re right. You are. But hopefully, this is a feeling you can take with you. The good out of the horrible. And you’re not gonna be alone, after. Even if it feels like that.”

“Promise?” Naya asks, eyes suddenly focused intently on Alex’s face.

Alex reaches for Maggie’s hand, and, without having to be caught up on the conversation, Maggie nods in affirmation.

“Promise,” they both grin, and it’s more than a little infectious.
Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

As problematic as pride can be (and is), it kinda makes me sad that I'm missing every event in my area this year bc it can be really nice being around other members of the community, you know? I was wondering if (and only if you want to/have time of course) you could maybe write a fic where Alex and/or Maggie and/or Adrian can't attend pride and is kinda bummed? If it doesn't inspire or isn't something you're into though, no worries!

“It’s just a corporate excuse to profit off our oppression,” Maggie shrugs as she sips her coffee, eyes fixed down on the table.

“Like you said about Valentine’s Day?” Alex counters gently, her hand on Maggie’s knee and the softness of her voice quelling the potential harshness of the words.

“Danvers, I meant what I said about Valentine’s Day.”

Alex nods, understanding what she hadn’t a year ago. “I know you did. And I know you mean what you’re saying about Pride. How it’s corporate, and how it prioritizes privileged bodies over others, and all that. I know. And I’m not dismissing that. But it also matters. It also presents opportunities – for better or worse – to create something beautiful out of it. Kind of like Valentine’s Day does. It can be what we make it.”

“Except we can’t,” Maggie sighs, and Alex tilts her chin up with delicately strong fingers.

“Of course we can, Mags. Just because you’re going to be away at a training and can’t do Pride events this year doesn’t mean you have to have to be lonely. I mean, you can be lonely. It’s understandable. And I don’t have to go to any – “

“No! No. You should. I want you to. You and the others should go, and have a great time, I don’t want – “

“Okay. Okay. But Maggie, I just… you can be sad. You can hate Pride and love it at the same time, and you can be sad that you can’t go to things this year. You’re allowed. I promise.”

“My feelings are real and all that, huh?” Maggie’s tone is sarcastic, but a smile is starting to pull at her lips.

“Something like that, Sawyer,” Alex murmurs as she leans in to kiss her, slow and tender and just a little bit sexy.

Maggie moans softly into her mouth, and Alex’s heart skips a beat.

“I love you,” Maggie whispers.

“I love you, too. Forever,” Alex promises.
“Awwwww, look at my two favorite lesbians, being all cute and lesbiany,” a voice interrupts from their doorway.

“Hi, Ade,” Maggie grins without turning around, as Alex gives her another kiss before getting up to hug him.

“I was gonna come in wrapped in a trans pride flag – I was actually considering wearing that and nothing else, but you know, decency laws or something – but I hear you’ve gotta ship off to some stupid training?”

Maggie sighs as she gets up to hug him, too. “It’s actually not stupid this time; I’m running a few workshops on LGBTQ+ sensitivity with Gotham PD, but you can tell how much they need it – despite working with Batwoman, I mean damn – because the jerks thought it would be fitting instead of a scheduling nightmare to put it during Pride Month.”

Adrian groans and pouts. “I’m sorry, Mags. There’s no way you can get them to – “

“Nope.”

“Ughhhh. Do you… do you want us to travel to Gotham with you? Screw other people, we can have all the Pride parties we want in your hotel room – “

“No, kid, you’re sweet, but Alex already offered – “

“Oh, I see, I don’t wanna interrupt your lesbianing – “

“Hey!”

“Where’s the lie.”

“You two! Ade, Alex already offered, but I said no.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. I want you two to have fun with everyone, I guess… eh, it’s whatever.”

“No it’s not whatever!”

“Maggie. You’re literally the one who taught me – both of us, I feel like – that you’re not allowed to dismiss your own feelings. You guess what? What do you need? It’s okay to tell us, Maggie. We love you.”

“What the kid said, babe.”

Maggie rolls her eyes at her two favorite people before taking a deep breath and diving.

“I guess I need… comfort? Which feels stupid, because feeling sad and left out to begin with feels stupid, but – “

“Mode of comfort?” Adrian interrupts.

“Huh?”

“What mode of comfort do you prefer? You leave tonight, right? So, do you want pizza and beer and bad cop shows, or a picnic, or a sparring session, or some weird combination, or sexy times with Alex that I will gladly vacate for – “
“Kid!”

“The lie is where?”

“I… is it still raining out?”

Adrian nods.

“Pizza and beer – for us, not for you, young man – and bad cop shows? And um…”

“Cuddles?” Alex and Adrian supply at the same time.

“Cuddles,” Maggie confirms, in awe at these two people who love her like she’d never dreamed she could be loved, like she’d never dreamed she deserved to be loved.

But god, Pride or no Pride, do they make her feel like she deserves it.
Chapter 742

Chapter Summary

bruisedcaffeinatedbitch asked:

Hey J, hope you’re feeling better. Can you please do a fic of Alex meeting Maggie on a city bus + being a totally gay mess. That happened to me and it would be funny.

She swiped her card and sighed to herself.

Another sweaty, crowded afternoon on a sweaty, crowded bus.

It was worth it, really. She couldn’t stand cars – too cramped, too little control, too cut off from the elements – and she was fixing up her Ducati in the garage Winn only used for his old toys. It would take another week at least.

So, the bus.

At least it gave her prime music time.

She cranked up BareNaked Ladies in her headphones and tried to suppress a grin, even as the bus lurched and made everyone – except her, because the DEO taught you nothing if not steadiness on your feet – nearly overbalance.

Everyone, that is, who was standing.

Because when Alex’s gaze dropped, the rest of the world tuned out around her; because the most beautiful woman she’d ever seen was sitting in front where she was standing, head leaning on the window, a far off look in her eyes.

An oversized NCPD jacket spilled around her body, but no headphones were in her ears.

Alex couldn’t help but watch her, this gorgeous but sad-seeming woman without headphones and a windbreaker that was really too big for her.

She barely noticed the bus stopping, starting, stopping, starting, letting people flow on and off in a well-orchestrated dance across National City.

So when the woman’s gaze tilted up toward Alex, her heart caught fire and she almost tripped over herself, DEO training be damned.

“Excuse me,” the woman said, and Alex’s stomach flipped over. Her voice was low, and just this side of scratchy.

It was the sexiest thing she’d ever heard.

“Oh um, hi,” Alex spluttered, hoping against hope that her face wasn’t turning as red as she felt it must be.

The woman caught her eyes and squinted as she tilted her head, seeming confused.
“Excuse me,” she said again, but it was clear now that the woman hadn’t been talking to her; her eyes were fixed lower than Alex’s face, beside her, to an older man standing near her.

“Would you like to sit?” the woman asked, standing with a small smile as she nodded away his effusive thanks.

And suddenly, she was in Alex’s space.

Shorter than her, but with radiating body heat that almost – but not quite – was enough to cancel out Alex’s utter mortification.

“I’m sorry,” she couldn’t help herself but stammer, “I don’t know why I thought you were talking to me. Wishful thinking, maybe? Sorry, wow, okay, that was a lot. It was nice of you to offer your seat – of course that’s what you were doing. Anyway. Sorry. I’ll just… stand here now.”

If there were room to run away and hide from the utter humiliation, Alex would have positively sprinted.

But the bus was still full. She was stuck.

She cursed herself out in her mind, but when she chanced a look at the woman, she was still tilting her head at Alex, but a smile was tugging at her lips, and Alex thought there was a sparkle in her eyes.

“It’s good, you’re good,” she reassured, and no; Alex had been wrong before; this, now, was the sexiest thing she’s ever heard.

A moment’s beat of silence between them. The bus pulled to a screeching stop, and Alex had no choice but to shift closer into Maggie’s space to let someone off behind her.

“Sorry,” Alex squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head at herself, wondering how long Kara will laugh when she hears this story.

“No apologies,” the woman told her again.

Another beat of silence. Then, as though making a decision about something, the woman cleared her throat.

“I’m Maggie.”

Maggie.

Alex turned the name over and over in her mind, and wondered what it would sound like rolling off her tongue.

“Maggie,” she repeated, and dammit, that was out loud.

But the woman – Maggie, Maggie, Maggie – just looked bemused, and maybe, if Alex wasn’t imagining things, a little hopeful.

“Alex,” Alex hastened to say. “I’m Alex.”

“Well, uh. Alex.” She immediately decided she loved the way her name looked and sounded on Maggie’s lips, and she wanted to hear it again and again. “What stop are you? Maybe…” Her eyes searched Alex’s, and a trace of what looked like fear flitted through them. “No, never mind.”
“Wait, no,” Alex gulped. “Were you… no, of course, you probably weren’t. I mean, if you… if you were gonna ask if we could go get a drink or something, then yeah, I’d like to. I mean, I don’t drink, my sister has me going to – you know what, wow, overshare, never mind. I just meant… I didn’t mean to assume, sorry, wow, I – “

“No, Alex, I… I was. Wanting to ask you to get a drink. But it can be coffee, or tea, or whatever you like. I just wasn’t sure if you…”


Maggie didn’t laugh at Alex, but she did laugh, and it was the most beautiful thing Alex had ever heard. Relief and pure, unadulterated joy danced in Maggie’s eyes, and it was the most beautiful thing Alex had ever seen.


“Absolutely.”

At least she got out one word without stumbling. An accomplishment, to be sure.

She practically pulled a Kara, feeling like she was about to take off floating.

If the way her dimples were peaking out had anything to say about it, Maggie looked like she was in about the same place.

Alex promised herself never to talk badly about public transit again.
anonymous asked:

hi cap! so I am a baby gay™ and my parents are really homophobic, so I’ve been kinda sad lately especially since it’s pride and I can’t openly be me. Could you do a fic with sanvers helping a teen who’s not out yet and is in like severe angst mode? If it’s too much, that’s okay, just asking. Have a good day! U da best.

Jordan is a character from Chapter 7 of my original 12 Days of Sanvers Christmas series. This is an AU of his first appearance in which he hasn’t come out to his parents yet, but he does know Maggie.

When her phone buzzes insistently on the nightstand, Maggie assumes it’s work.

She groans and rolls over, regretful as she leaves the circle of sweet warmth around Alex’s half-naked body.

When she sees the bright smile lighting up her caller ID, though, she wakes fully, immediately.

“What happened, Jord?” she asks, her voice laced with softness and urgency.

Alex blinks heavily a few times as she watches Maggie’s eyes flood with unshed tears. She rises groggily, listening to the broken sounds of sobbing and apologizing on the other end of the phone, and kisses Maggie’s bare back.

“I’ll make coffee,” she mouths to her, and Maggie pulls her in for a silent, grateful kiss.

Twenty minutes later, they’re both wearing long sweaters and thick socks and have pancakes just going on the griddle. Maggie’s hair is swept up into a messy ponytail, and Alex’s eyes are puffy from waking unexpectedly at two a.m., but they’re both… steady. Waiting.

Sure enough, there’s a soft knock on the door just as the batter starts sizzling.

Maggie transfers the spatula to Alex’s hand with a kiss and pads over to the door. She tugs it open, and a teenage boy with a tearstained face, plain white t-shirt, and plaid pajama pants pours himself into her arms.

“I got you,” is all Maggie gets the chance to whisper, because he’s apologizing and crying the moment she shuts the door behind him.

“I’m sorry, it’s so… it’s so fucking stupid. I’m so fucking stupid, it’s a stupid holiday month, it’s stupid, I have a roof over my head and enough to eat and my parents don’t know so they can’t kick me out or do anything else horrible to me and I’m over here waking you guys up and crying like a baby and it’s stupid, stupid, I’m sorry, I should go, I’m sorry, I – “

“Whoa, hey, at least have some pancakes before you panic run into the night,” Alex soothes from the kitchen, and it draws a wet, bitter laugh from Jordan.
“No chance you’ll give me any alcohol?” he asks as he sits at the kitchen island, hopping over it to kiss Alex’s cheek before sinking into himself.

Alex and Maggie exchange a glance and a raised eyebrow.

“I really should go. This is stupid.”

“None of it is stupid, Jordan. None of it.” Alex’s voice is stern and gentle all at once, and her eyes hold Jordan’s steadily.

A few tears slip down his cheeks, without his even blinking. He sets his jaw and clenches his fists.

“Hey. No toxic masculinity allowed to hurt you in this house. You can cry, sweetie,” Maggie promises him, and he smiles slightly as he nods, wiping his face roughly with the heel of his hand.

Maggie grabs a napkin and he accepts gratefully.

“It’s just… it’s stupid.”

“It’s not.”

“Jordan.”

“Okay, fine. It’s silly.”

“Only a slight improvement.”

“Getting there.”

“It’s just… it’s on the radio, and on all the storefronts, right? Rainbows and parade mentions, and all that. My parents don’t always say anything, you know, but they’ll roll their eyes and mutter things about making a big deal out of nothing, and causing problems for themselves, like they don’t care that their son… I mean, they have to know, right? I mean… whatever. If I’m gonna be so upset about not being out during Pride month, I should just tell them, right? Tell them or stop whining about it. Either way, right, I’m stupid. For not telling them, and then complaining about it and ruining your night and – “

“Jordan. Sweetie. You’re not stupid. Not for any of it. You’re not ready to tell them because your parents could make your life a real hell, and it’s alright to prioritize those parts of your life right now. It’s understandable, and kid, it’s brave. I wasn’t out until I was outed, hell. I had no plans to tell them anything until I moved out. I get it.”

“Yeah, but that was a small ass town. This is National City – “

“Doesn’t matter. You don’t like with the big city. You live in your parent’s apartment, in their control. You’re keeping yourself safe, and that’s brave. Of course you’re upset you can’t be yourself during Pride. Pride is amazing, but it also makes it feel like everyone but you is shouting it from the rooftops, and you can’t right now. Of course that feels horrible. It’s not stupid.”

“It is,” Jordan sniffs, but there’s less conviction in his voice now.

“It’s not. And we’ll believe it hard enough for all three of us, okay? Until you can believe it yourself.”

“Corny,” Jordan shakes his head, a smile forming on his face.
“You spent too much time with Adrian before he went off to college,” Maggie jokes, kissing his cheek.

“Not enough time, more like. Adrian’s hot.”

Alex and Maggie laugh as Alex doles out pancakes for all three of them, as Jordan tells them all about who’s hot and who he ships on which shows and how much he cried over One Day at a Time.

The sun is rising by the time he talks and cries himself out, but now, there’s a soft smile on his face.

Because this might not be his house, but damn, is it his home.
Sanvers Fathers’ Day
I don’t usually have the capacity to process and fill prompts from Ao3 comments (because I have consistently over 1,200 messages in my tumbles inbox o.O), but I was going to do a Fathers’ Day thing anyway, so here it is, from the wonderful AlmostAsGoodAs_I_Do on Ao3:

“Hey cap, today is father day and like a lot of people it’s a touchy and shitty day. I was wondering if you could write a piece with Alex and Maggie being there for each other on this day or maybe the whole gang with jonn being there for each of his space kids. And them celebrating him or something. Anyway you don’t have to, just thought I’d put it out there :)”

Alex’s first fathers’ day without him, Kara made her pancakes – only nearly burning down the kitchen – and Eliza, for the most part, stayed locked in her room. She didn’t cry, but she only snapped at Kara three times, and they both agreed that she was trying her best.

(The holiday didn’t hurt Kara nearly as much as it did Alex; she didn’t grow up with it, didn’t know it was even a thing until Alex started raging about it.)

Maggie’s first fathers’ day at her aunt’s, she disappeared: she just took her bicycle and rode and rode and rode, until she hit a rock in the middle of the path and flipped over her handlebars. The pain from her scraped up skin was a relief, compared to the kind that was welling inside her.

They both associated the day with rage, and pain, and complete disconnect.

Alex had Kara, and sometimes, Eliza.

Maggie sometimes had random women she met at bars, but more often, she had no one.

Until Alex first learned that James’ father, too, had died.

That Winn’s father had killed, and had insisted that Winn was just like him.

That first fathers’ day the four of them spent together – Kara with her two best friends, both in love with her, and both a little in love with each other, and Alex with her sister but also with no one, because she was part of the group, but only sort of, only partly – it was with video games and alcohol and raucous yelling at the Mario Kart characters that was actually meant at cruel worlds and crueler bouts of self-imposed guilt.

“We should get jackets,” Winn had wryly suggested in one of their quieter moments.

“Daddy Issues,” Alex had smirked bitterly, and they all drank to that.

It was only the next year that Alex brought J’onn something: after everything they went through together, with Kara coming out as Supergirl, and J’onn coming out as distinctly not Hank Henshaw… all the death, all the killing, all the pains and all the joys… it was only then that Alex
slipped him something for father’s day.

It was just a new comms device she’d been working on in the lab. More efficiently suited to his Martian physiology, to his needs as someone who could hear chaotic thoughts as easily as spoken words.

She left it on his desk, in a small box, with a small label.

_for J’onn, for fathers’ day. love, Alex._

He didn’t say anything – and nor did she – but he brought her in for a hug and kissed her temple the next time he saw her.

In her lab, of course. Not in front of anyone.

Because Alex Danvers and J’onn J’onzz like portraying that they’re made of tougher stuff.

Except the next year comes with even more death, even more grief, a whole new set of different pains and joys. It’s Alex’s year to come out, and it’s Alex’s year to find her father again… sort of.

Losing him again hurts more than it did the first time, because at least the first time was a plane crash, not genocide attempted in her name.

But this year, she has Maggie.

And this year, Maggie has lost her father again, too.

“Is it like Valentine’s Day, for you?” Alex asks, softly stroking Maggie’s hair, the Saturday night before the day itself.

She doesn’t need to say what she’s talking about.

They both know.

“Worse,” Maggie murmurs, sighing as she rolls over so she’s face-to-face, chest-to-chest, with the woman who, impossibly, held on.

“But it’s fine, you know, it’s whatever.” She kisses Alex’s chin, her nose, her lips, and Alex kisses her back, but gentle, distant; not letting Maggie do what she’s trying to do: change the subject.

“Mags,” she whispers softly, searching Maggie’s eyes with her own, carding her fingers through Maggie’s hair so she knows she’s safe, she’s wanted, she’s loved.

“Okay, fine, it’s not whatever,” Maggie rolls her eyes, but Alex can feel the gratitude rolling off her in waves. “He comes to my lesbian party for a lesbian wedding and then storms out because there was lesbianing, it’s… yeah, it’s not whatever.”

Alex is the one to kiss her, this time, and Maggie melts deeper into her arms.

“And what about you, babe? What’s tomorrow gonna be for you?”

Alex bites the inside of her cheek as she shifts, thinks. “Hard. I mean, it’s hard every day, but with everyone talking about it, about dads and expecting that we all have one, a good one, it… you know I punched a kid in my class once, because he was bragging about how he and his dad always go on some trip or other on fathers’ day weekend?”
“Sweetie,” Maggie half-chuckles, and half-cries, taking Alex’s hand and kissing her knuckles, even through the ghost of that punch is years gone.

“You know J’onn took me aside after my father left? He told me he’d be honored to walk me down the aisle, too. Like he’s doing with you. He said he could shuttle run back, or fly, or whatever.”

Alex smiles, not bothering to hide the tears in her eyes. “He asked me if it was okay if he offered. I didn’t want to bring it up until you were ready to talk about it.”

“I want him to,” Maggie nods, her voice starting to crack. “It feels good, you know? To have… someone who loves me like that, you know? Who doesn’t want to run me out of town for loving his daughter.”

“You’re his daughter, too, Mags,” Alex whispers, and it’s then that they get the idea. They reach for their phones in unison, teary eyes now sparkling with excitement.

Alex dials James, knowing that Winn will be in bed next to him; and Maggie dials Lena, knowing that Kara will be in bed with her.

“Everything’s fine, no attacks,” they both assure their sleepy siblings. “But we need to have an emergency meeting at our place.”

Winn and James show up in matching pajama pants, Winn donning a Black Lives Matter tee and James wearing a Pacman shirt that looks suspiciously like Winn’s.

Lena’s in Kara’s National City University sweater and sweat pants, and Kara’s in Lena’s MIT sweater and Superman pajama pants.

Winn and James bring the coffee.

Kara and Lena bring the donuts.

The six of them work through the rest of the night.

And when, the next morning, J’onn slips into the DEO, it’s to find an explosion of colors. *Happy Fathers’ Day, Papa Bear!* is strung up above Winn’s work console, and Vasquez has set the video they all made on a loop at the briefing station.

Phone footage of J’onn in the field with Alex; J’onn at the bar, helping Maggie show Winn how to play pool; J’onn and James strolling through CatCo, J’onn in his Kara disguise; J’onn kissing Kara’s forehead in her full Supergirl regalia; J’onn and Alex laughing with James, J’onn beaming like he’s never been prouder.

“We made this for you,” Alex tells him now, tears in her eyes and Maggie’s hand in hers. “All of us.”

He unfurls the Space Dad sweater they designed with tears in his eyes and a trembling smile on his face, and Maggie presses a greatest 90s hits cassette into his hands, for his car.

“No father could ever be prouder of his children,” he shakes his head as he brings his Earth daughters in for the first round of hugs. “All of you.”

“So you’ll wear the sweater instead of your DEO shirt today?” Winn asks hopefully, and J’onn tries (and only slightly fails) to look at him sternly.
“No, I won’t be doing that.”

“Aww, come on!”

“Absolutely not.”

But he does wear it when they take him to the bar that night; and it’s the best, most meaningful fathers’ day any of them has ever, ever had.
anonymous asked:

maggie doesn't know how to swim, alex teaches her back at Midvale (eliza yells at her to stop teasing maggie & actually teach her) and maggie teaches her how to parallel park bc alex doesn't care enough to park properly and that's why alex prefers bikes

“Never?” Alex asks, and Maggie shakes her head with lowered eyes.

“Hey, don’t. There’s nothing to be ashamed of, Maggie. Nothing. But I… if you wanted to learn, I… I could teach you.”

Which is how they wind up in Midvale, Alex in a bikini that is making Maggie’s mouth dry even in the middle of the ocean.

“Okay, so there are different strokes you can do,” Alex starts, and Maggie stops staring at her girlfriend’s mostly naked, dripping body long enough to snort.

Alex is confused by her laughter, but only for a moment; her eyes flash as she bites her lip, bringing her hands to Maggie’s waist and her mouth to her ear.

“I know you already know that, though, so I’m sure you’re gonna do just fine.”

Maggie’s knees go weak enough to necessitate Alex lifting her over the next wave that rocks across their waists; which, of course, doesn’t make Maggie any less wrecked.

“Alex Danvers, is this how you train your recruits? Are you going to teach the poor girl how to swim, or are you going to tease her until she can’t function?”

Maggie has never seen Alex blush so hard when she processes what her mother just shouted from the shore, and when she doubles over with laughter, she’s bowled over by an unexpected wave.

It’s completely, utterly worth it.

And anyway, she gets her revenge when they’re back in National City and Alex is driving Maggie’s car.

“There’s a spot right here, babe,” she points out, eager to park so they can go inside and eat, already; it’s been a long day, and Maggie worked through lunch.

“Oh, uh… I… I’ll just find a lot.”

“But the restaurant’s right… wait. Alex Danvers.”

Alex gulps visibly, and it confirms Maggie’s suspicions.

“Sweetie, can you not parallel park?”
“I can!” Alex pffts, but Maggie just tilts her head with an arched eyebrow and a smirk that is far too amused.

“I can,” Alex repeats, but Maggie’s a detective, and she detects.

“You can, and you have. Exactly once, huh? In your driving test.”

Alex huffs as she puts on her blinkers and pulls over.


“Babe, do you want me to teach you?” Maggie asks, at once all sincerity and all teasing. The heady combination makes Agent Alex Danvers swoon.

“Okay,” she agrees, and Maggie immediately puts her hand on the back of Alex’s seat, authoritative and calm, instructional and efficient.

Alex’s very definition of sexy.

And damn, does Maggie know it.

She almost scrapes into the car she’s trying to slide in behind several times, because damn is Maggie hot when she teaches… things.

It makes Alex decide she wants to discover every single thing she doesn’t know how to do that Maggie can do.

Because if this is what learning is, she never, ever wants to stop.
Sometimes, their hottest sex comes on the heels of their toughest days.

When Alex needs to work out her rage at yet another Cadmus attack she couldn’t stop, or when she needs to surrender control, because god, does it feel amazing to not have to make decisions, to trust someone else to be in the proverbial driver’s seat.

When Maggie goes nonverbal with depression and only Alex’s body writhing with pleasure, with need, underneath hers makes her feel alive, or when she needs Alex’s help redefining vulnerability for herself, because it hurts out that letting someone in so intimately can be healing, whole, amazing.

But sometimes, it’ll happen because Alex is feeling cheeky, feeling bold and feeling flirty, and sends Maggie an itemized list of the things she wants to do to her that night.

Tonight’s To-Do List (any and all items are, as always, up for negotiation)

1. Watch you strip for me.

2. Except your belt. I get to take your belt off you. Then you can complete item one for me.

3. Tie you down to our bed. Wrists and ankles. Cuffs or silk is your choice. Either way, item four will be incredible.

4. Lick you (because we know you’ll already be soaked for me) until you’re begging for me to fuck you.

5. Don’t fuck you.

6. Untie your ankles, flip you over, and spank you since you’ll be being bratty by now.

7. Make you count for me.

8. Make sure you know you’re not allowed to say anything except your safeword and the numbers.

9. Only if you’re a good girl for me, fuck you from behind.

10. Make you come so damn hard for me.

11. Make you pancakes.

12. Possibly repeat.

Maggie has to rush to the bathroom at the precinct to read this, because she’s already wrecked by
the time she gets to item one.

She’s barely had time to read all of it before another text comes through.

*No touching yourself, either. Only I get to do that.*

She’s typing a response when her phone buzzes again.

*If you’re not feeling it, babe, just tell me and I’ll stop! I love you!*

She chuckles and shakes her head.

*You know, Danvers, you’re a nerd even when you’re sexting me.*

A brief pause, and she bites her lip while she waits.

She knows that, right now, Alex won’t make her wait long.

No, that’ll be later tonight.

*Did I give you permission to say anything besides your safeword and counting for me?*

Maggie gulps, already looking at the time to see how many more hours she has to spend waiting for tonight to come already.

*No, Agent Danvers.*

A mere moment passes.

*Good. I’ll see you tonight, Detective.*

God, she can’t wait.

Neither, apparently, can Alex.

She’s barely through the door – Maggie got home only a few minutes earlier – when she kicks off her boots, and, low voice and dilating pupils, tells Maggie to strip.

“This okay, babe?” she makes sure as she tugs her belt out from its loops, never breaking eye contact with her girlfriend.

“Yeah, yes. I love you,” Maggie murmurs, and Alex pauses, smiling as she kisses Maggie gently and sweetly, knowing exactly what she needs to hear.

“I love you too, Maggie Sawyer. Forever. Still good? We can just cuddle; there’s good shows on tonight – “

“We can watch TV, or you can fuck me until I can’t do anything but scream your name, Danvers. Your call.”

Alex’s eyes flash as Maggie smirks. Her hands return to Maggie’s belt, using it this time to pull Maggie’s hips into her own.

“Are you in charge, Detective Sawyer?”

“I dunno, Danvers, you tell me.” Her eyes sparkle and, at Alex’s slight hesitation, she whispers “green,” so Alex knows, for sure, that she’s game for the scene Alex described.
And, with that, Alex yanks the last bit of Maggie’s belt out of the loops roughly, expertly, stepping back so she can take in the sight of Maggie’s whole body.

“Strip,” is all Alex says, and it’s all she needs to say.

Maggie doesn’t break eye contact as she unbuttons her shirt, unzips her jeans. The sound in the otherwise quiet apartment drives them both nearly out of their minds, the fact that Maggie’s hands are exactly where Alex wants hers to be making them both gulp, makes Maggie have to fight to keep the pace of undressing steady.

“Good job,” Alex grins, slightly detached in the way she knows makes Maggie soaked.

“Now, bed.” She points, again somewhat detached, but Maggie knows she’s anything but. Alex takes her time, letting her eyes rake over Maggie’s now naked body.

She strips out of her own clothes – save her boyshorts and lacy bra – and they both giggle as she struggles to keep balance, to stay seductive and in control, while she wrestles to take off her socks.

“I love you,” Maggie whispers, low enough to not disrupt the scene, and Alex’s response is just as tender, just as soft.

“Comfortable?” she confirms, and Maggie nods, now biting her lip, because Alex has told her exactly what they both want to come next.

“Cuffs or silk?”

“Cuffs,” Maggie gulps, and Alex hums approvingly as she sets to work securing Maggie’s wrists and ankles, wrists connected above her head and ankles spreading her legs wide toward the bed posts with the under-the-bed attachment they invested in when they discovered just how much they both loved it.

She kisses each spot where the cuffs connect, and Maggie tries her best to keep her hips still. She fails, because somehow, the softness that edges Alex’s hardness turns Maggie on even more.

“I’m going to eat you out now,” Alex tells her, all matter-of-fact and business, and Maggie doesn’t even try to control her whimpering.

“Please,” is all she can whisper, and Alex smiles as she kisses her way up Maggie’s thighs, licking here, nipping gently there, parting her hair with steady fingers and teasing her with the tip of her tongue before giving them both exactly what they want.

“Fuck,” they moan in unison, the vibrations from Alex’s lips sending chills up Maggie’s spine as she tries to reach down to tangle her fingers in Alex’s hair before remembering that she’s tied up.

“Okay?” Alex pauses to ask, all the love in the world in her eyes, and Maggie arches her hips up pleadingly.

Her affirmative yes becomes a scream of ecstasy as Alex fucks her with her tongue, no hesitation and no teasing, just tongue and lips and thumb rubbing circles just above her clit when her mouth is otherwise occupied.

Throughout the day, she’d told herself she could last at least a little while before begging Alex to fuck her with something harder than her tongue.

As it turns out, Maggie lasts all of a minute.
 Longer than either of them expected, really.

“Alex, please,” she gasps, and her voice is so broken, so pleading, so wrecked, that Alex un cuffs her ankles and flips her over so fast both of them can barely function.

Alex collapses on top of her, both panting, both needing to rest in each other, to feel the other’s breath and sweat and body heat.

“You want your hands back?” Alex kisses the back of Maggie’s neck as she smooths away her long hair, and Maggie nods.

Alex kisses her way up her arms, unfastening the cuffs and pressing open-mouthed kisses all over her wrists before crawling back to cover Maggie’s back with her body.

“I wanted to smack your ass and make you count out for me, but I don’t know if I can handle it,” Alex admits, and the verbalization is enough to make Maggie moan and grind her hips down into their bed.

“That’s okay. Next time. I… can I touch myself, Alex? Please?”

“You think you’ve earned it?” Alex teases, and Maggie’s whine is so pretty and perfect that Alex decides that yes, god, fuck, yes, she’s more than earned it.

“Hey, Danvers, it’s uh… it’s completely okay if you don’t want to… but uh… you know what? Nevermind.”

“Hey,” Alex rolls half onto her side, keeping one leg and arm slung over Maggie’s back, but angling so she can press their foreheads together without Maggie straining her neck to the side. “It’s okay, Maggie. Ask me for whatever you want. I love when you do that. It’s… it’s hot.”

Maggie kisses her mouth, then her nose. “So you can make me strip for you and tie me up, but telling me I’m hot is what makes you blush, Alex Danvers?”

An authoritative flash crosses Alex’s face, and both of their hearts skip a beat as they stare at each other, both pondering which direction they’ll go next; giggling or seductive.

As it turns out, it’s some combination of the two, because when Alex tries to nip at Maggie’s lip, they both turn their faces at the same times, and their teeth clash.

“You alright?” Maggie laughs, but checks Alex’s lip urgently.

“You were gonna ask me something, Sawyer,” Alex husks, and suddenly they’re back in the scene.

“Right,” Maggie gulps. “I uh… you don’t have to, but… if you did wanna… um… do you wanna talk me through it? While you’re fucking me? On… on my back, if that’s okay?”

Alex’s breath hitches as she un cuffs Maggie’s wrists and flips her over, back on the mattress and her own thighs poised riding Maggie’s leg.

She never expected to be comfortable with talking dirty, but the moment she tried, all those months and months ago, she found that she not only loved it, but was… kind of a natural.

A thrilling surprise for both of them.

“So you want me to tell you about how I’m fucking you, while I’m fucking you?”
Maggie Sawyer will forever deny squeaking in this moment, but she most definitely squeaks as she nods.

Alex chuckles as she arches her body to nip at Maggie’s shoulder, as she angles herself slightly off to Maggie’s side so she can slip inside her with her fingers from a comfortable angle, her palm positioned just so, to pressure Maggie’s clit.

“Good?” Alex confirms, and Maggie begs.

Alex moans as she brings her fingers lower, slowly at first, testing Maggie’s receptivity, what she can handle, what exact angle she needs right now.

“Fuck, you feel good,” she starts, and Maggie reaches down to Alex’s hips, steadying herself with Alex’s body. “You’re so fucking wet for me, you know that?”

Maggie bites her lip to keep from completely losing herself, and Alex bends to take her nipple into her mouth without warning, something they’d discovered Maggie absolutely loves.

Sure enough, Maggie writhes and swears and scratches all down Alex’s lower back, something they’d discovered Alex absolutely loves.

“Danvers, please,” she pants, and Alex pushes another finger inside her.

“I love feeling my fingers stretch you out, Maggie,” she murmurs into her chest, only pausing her licking, sucking, soft biting, to speak the way she knows both of them love.

She looks up to meet Maggie’s eyes. “Still good?”

“Don’t stop.”

“Don’t stop fucking you?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Good. Because I was just thinking of adding a couple more fingers. You’re definitely wet enough. You think you can handle that for me, babe? Me fucking you with pretty much everything I’ve got, sucking on you and feeling how tight you are for me at the same time?”

Maggie tries to prevent herself from arching her hips up to meet Alex’s hand even more desperately.

She utterly fails.

And when Alex takes her nipple into her mouth, massaging her with her tongue in time with her fingers, fucking her; when Alex shifts so her lips are right by Maggie’s ear, leaning on her elbow to look her in the eyes and whisper, “let go for me,” Maggie stops trying.

She lets go, obedient and immediate and complete and ecstatic.

Alex coaxes her through it, shifting slightly so that they’re riding each other’s legs, adding to the pressure of Alex’s hand between Maggie’s thighs, timing her words to match the way she’s pressing up against her inner walls with her fingers.

“Fuck, you’re gorgeous, Maggie Sawyer. I wanna fuck you like this until you come all over my hand, my leg, until you can’t handle it anymore, and then I wanna lick you until – “
But she doesn’t have to say anymore, because Maggie’s nails are digging into her lower back and she’s screaming Alex’s name and she’s squirting all over Alex’s fingers, her palm, her thigh.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” Alex whispers like a prayer as her fingers and the heel of her palm coax Maggie through as many waves as she needs to come back down.

“Fuck,” is all Maggie can answer, softly and breathlessly, and Alex smiles into her collarbone, because that’s all she needs.

Because Maggie Sawyer trusting her enough, loving her enough, to let go like that is all Alex could ever dream of, and so much more than Maggie had ever dreamed of.

And really, it feels quite perfect.
Chapter 747

Chapter Summary

bythescaronmyheart asked:

okay adrian is AMAZING! prompt: them going to Pride and like it's alex's first pride and kara is overlyexcited and maggie and adrian have been to pride before so they have all these little traditions (some were maggie's, some they created 2gether, ) and they drag them around super excited and going like "YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS GUY HE'S HERE EVERY YEAR WE LOVE HIM" or drag them to eat rainbow cotton candy bcs Kara will love it and maggie almost combust because they're her family and shes so happy

“I remember your first Pride like it was yesterday,” Maggie reminisces as she rubs her hand over Adrian’s curly hair, to check that the rainbow-patterned dye they put in it is holding properly.

He rolls his eyes at Alex, but there’s a grin on his face that he can’t hide.

“She says this like I’m like five years old.”

“Well you are pretty itty bitty.”

“I’m taller than you!”

“I’m older than you.”

“I’m hotter than you!”

“Hey! That’s my girlfriend you’re talking about!”

“Yeah, I guess Mags is kinda cute. Fine.”

“And so are you, Adrian,” Kara cuts in to tease, and Adrian blushes so bright his face goes darker red than parts of his hair.

“What was your first Pride like, Ade?” Alex saves him, and Adrian rushes to talk.

“I’d been out as bi since forever, but I’d just come out as trans, like to more than one or two people, and Maggie invited me to come. With the other kids from the Center that she worked with. And she bought my my first Trans is Beautiful t-shirt and she got me those free sunglasses and all kinds of free pins for my denim cutoff, because of course I had a denim cutoff.”

“Such a tiny trans boy,” Maggie grins, going up on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek as she dabs his eyelids with glitter.

He cracks open the eye Maggie isn’t working on. “You nervous, Alex?”

“Pfft, no,” Alex hastens, even as she squeezes Kara’s hand to oblivion at the sight of herself with glitter on her face and the FBI (Female Body Inspector) tee that Lena had gotten her, sleeves cut
off and looking extremely… well, gay.

“Alex,” Kara arches an eyebrow, and Alex squirms before tossing her hands back.

“Of course I’m nervous! What if I don’t fit in, or if I don’t look gay enough, or – “

“Hey, whoa,” Maggie shifts from Adrian to Alex, taking her hands and kissing her lips softly. “First, there’s no such thing as gay enough. You’re enough, always, no matter how you’re dressed or whatever. But uh… you’re gonna fit right in, Danvers, trust me.” She winks and Alex laughs. “But even if you didn’t, or feel like you don’t? That’s okay, because you’ll be with people who love you, and you can tap out any time, alright? You won’t be alone.”

“Promise?”

“Always.”

As their kiss deepens, Kara and Adrian mime vomiting at each other even as their eyes shine brilliantly.

“Love the shirt, by the way, Kara,” Adrian grins, and Kara tugs at her Ain’t No Lie, Bi Bi Bi tank appreciatively.

“Thanks,” she bounces on the balls of her feet, nearly floating with excitement. “Guys! Can you stop kissing long enough for us to get there?” she groans playfully.

Alex and Maggie kiss each other even harder in response, even as they try not to giggle.

“Maggieeeeee, we’re gonna miss the best cotton candy,” Adrian pretends to whine, and Maggie and Alex have no choice but to get themselves out the door, then, because at the mention of cotton candy, Kara practically yanks them all out of the apartment.

“Okay,” Maggie kisses Alex’s knuckles as their fingers interlace on their way to the city center. “So if any of this isn’t okay for you two, that’s alright, we can work around it, if anything’s overstimulating or whatever. Just say so, alright? Both of you.”

Alex and Kara nod eagerly. “But, Adrian and I usually get cotton candy, then stop by the stage to see one of his friends perform, and the rule is we have to stop at each table with free pins or buttons because we may or may not have a massive collection of them. Is that okay?”

The Danvers girls nod their excitement, and Adrian and Maggie are off. Adrian asks before taking Kara’s hand, and Maggie – at Alex’s request – never lets her girlfriend’s hand go as they navigate the bustling streets together.

Alex’s eyes flood with tears at the sight of it all, and Kara’s free hand squeezes hers at the abundance of bi flags, girls kissing the girls they wanna kiss, nonbinary kids proudly donning their pronoun buttons, and ace kids beaming, wrapped in their ace flags.

“Cotton candy!” Kara yelps when she sees it, but Adrian shakes his head.

“Not from the shop, come on, there’s a guy who sells it one more block down, it’s better,” his eyes glisten.

Within minutes, Alex is licking melted sugar fluff from Maggie’s lips as Adrian and Kara laugh about how cotton candy is decidedly not a sexy food.
Alex’s jaw drops at how many people Maggie and Adrian seem to know; people remembered from last year’s booths, exes and old friends and classmates and colleagues.

Kara’s eyes sparkle when her eyes meet Lena Luthor’s across the crowd, because maybe there’s some hope there after all.

“I love this,” Alex leans into Maggie when they’re stopped in front of the impromptu stage, music blaring and bodies moving around them.

“And I love you,” Maggie whispers as she brings her lips up to meet Alex’s.

Kara laughs happily as Adrian snaps photos that the two of them will frame for their sisters later.

Because remembering this day is so damn important.
He knew something weird was going on when Maggie’s phone kept buzzing with texts that made her nod resolutely, but that she didn’t answer. That she didn’t grab her jacket, toss on her boots, slip him a twenty and tell him to order himself dinner and keep the doors locked, because she had to go out on call.

“Mags?” Adrian asked, after the fourth text buzzed in, and it set her pacing in one of Alex’s t-shirts, a pair of James’s old college shorts, and nothing else. “Everything okay? In the soon-to-be wife department?”

Because maybe they were fighting. Maybe they were having an argument and Alex wasn’t really filling out some last minute paperwork at the DEO; maybe they didn’t want to fight in front of him, because he was like their kid. And really, it was sweet, but Maggie was also his friend, and he wanted her to be able to talk to him.

“What?” Maggie’s eyes focused when he mentioned Alex, and she ran a hand through her hair and shook her head, laughing dryly. “With Alex?”

“Unless you have another woman you’re planning to marry, then yes, Alex.”

She rolled her eyes at him and shoved his shoulder lightly, and it made him feel better; that was more the Maggie he was used to.

“No, we’re great, kid. Really great. Just… just a lot of wedding planning.”

Adrian nodded and stroked his wispy stubble.

“Well, I know wedding planning can be straining on – “

“What are you, kid, my therapist? Alex and I. Are. Fine.” She tossed in a small tickle just under his slightly rolled-up binder for emphasis.

He giggled and swatted her hand away playfully. “Then what’s up? Because you’re acting all
nervous and getting all those texts and – “

“They’re from Alex.”

Adrian nodded, waiting for her to go on.

“We’re not fighting, I promise. The wedding planning… it’s actually been really fun.” A small smile came over her eyes, and Adrian knew what that small smile was code for. He snapped his fingers.

“Maggie. No sex fantasies or fantasy memories in front of me, yeah?”

“Where’s your sex positivity, kid?”

“Maggie.”

“Adrian.”

They held each other’s eyes until they couldn’t any longer without hysterically laughing.

Which is exactly what Alex walked in on: Adrian and Maggie, doubled over, leaning into each other, both practically crying with laughter.

“So you asked him?” Alex beamed as she kicked off her shoes. “I’m so sorry I was so late, babe, like I texted, J’onn just needed – “

“Ask me what?” Adrian stopped laughing long enough to ask as Alex dipped to kiss Maggie hello.

“Seriously? In front of my salad?” Adrian rolled his eyes.

“No, I didn’t ask him,” Maggie nipped at Alex’s bottom lip just to make Alex swoon and Adrian groan.

“But Maggie shook her head and grabbed Alex’s hand in one of hers, and Adrian’s with the other.

“Ade,” Maggie gulped, and Alex beamed and nodded her through it. “I lost my family when I was a kid. They didn’t… they didn’t want me. Because of who I am. You know that.”

“I know,” Adrian whispered softly, a guilty feeling stirring in his stomach because his parents were, unlike Maggie’s, absolutely brilliant.

“But then I came here, and I met you. And you… you’re my family, Adrian. The two of you, and then… the rather extensive family that comes with marrying a Danvers girl.”

They all shared a wet chuckle, and Adrian’s heart was racing, then, because he thought he knew what was coming. Tears stung his eyes, and he didn’t even try to suppress them.

“I always wanted a little brother. Growing up. And after my parents kicked me out, I used to… sometimes I used to fantasize that I actually had a brother, and that… that he would have stood up for me, that we could have lived together on our own… that he would have loved me. Actually loved me, real and deep and unconditional.”

Maggie squeezed Alex’s hand and let it go. Alex stepped back, her hands to her lips, smiling and trying not to cry audibly at the scene in front of her. Maggie took Adrian’s other hand in her now-
“Adrian Rodriguez. Would you do me the honor of being my best man?”

Maggie’s voice shook along with Adrian’s entire body, waves and waves of emotion sweeping through them both.

There was a long pause, and both of their lips trembled as brown eyes stayed locked into brown.

“You’re not gonna get down on one knee and ask?” Adrian croaked, and Maggie scoffed. They both let tears trickle down their cheeks.

“Smartass.”

“I’d be honored to be your best man, Maggie Sawyer.”

Alex only joined in the hug when it looked like Adrian and Maggie were going to break each other’s ribs with happiness.

They all pretended they weren’t sniffling and drying their eyes when Adrian laughed to himself.

“What?” Alex grinned, because she thought she knew what was going on in the boy’s mind.

“I’m gonna plan you the sickest bachelorette party,” he bragged, ideas already swirling through his deliriously happy mind.
wlwanissa asked:

first year anniversary, hot date and everything, but their night goes caboom because eh rogue aliens! They wouldn't have it any other way tho because that's what they do. (also Alex is still rambling about the hair and the shoes and the... even if she married her^^)

Her hands shake as she considers herself in the bathroom mirror for the thirtieth time that night.

“You two are made for each other, Danvers. You’re gonna have an amazing night, okay?”

“Yeah, Alex, Lucy’s right. Come out of the bathroom, already, let us see!”

“I’m not sure you wanna see, Kara.”

“Ew, Lucy!”

“It’s their year anniversary! Their yeariversary! You think your sister’s not in there in something lacy and – holy…”

Alex steps out of the bathroom, then, if for no other reason than to save Kara from Lucy’s directness, and Lucy’s jaw hits the floor.

She tosses up her hands and beats a hasty retreat. “I’m too bi for this shit. Alex, you look great. I… wow. Yep. Maggie’s gonna have a great night, Kara I’ll meet you at the bar okay byeee.”

“Love you too, Luce,” Alex singsongs, giggling into Kara’s shoulder as Lucy snaps the door shut behind her.

“You really do look beautiful, Alex,” Kara promises, but her big sister frowns.

“I’m not sure I’m going for beautiful…”

“Sexy. Fine, you look sexy! Why else do you think Lucy ran away practically with her hands over her eyes?”

“Is it too much? Is it – “

But Kara cuts off Alex’s panic attack before it can begin.

“It’s perfect. For the restaurant you two booked? Absolutely perfect. And – shhh, no, I know what you’re going to say – it’s not too extravagant. Not the restaurant and not your outfit. You two are always crawling through ventilation shafts and wiping blood from under your fingernails. You deserve an elegant night out.”

Alex frowns again, but this time, it’s accompanied by a delighted sparkle in her eyes. “Are you implying that I’m not elegant in my DEO suit?”
Kara laughs even as she tosses up her hands. “And I’m done too. Go. Meet your girlfriend for your anniversary date. Have an amazing time, okay?”

“Make sure you call me if there’s any – “

“Absolutely not. You have the night off, Alex. We can handle things.”

“I know you can. Just, in case there’s any – “

“No! Nope. No battling rogue aliens for you tonight! Just wining and dining your beautiful girlfriend, okay?”

Alex giggles.

“I have a girlfriend.”

“You’re still gonna say that when you two get married, aren’t you?”

“Pfft. No.”

Kara just stares, and Alex shrugs her arms backwards like it’s the most obvious thing in the world. “I’m gonna say I have a wife.”


She sweeps Alex into a hug before jetting out the window.

Alex watches her go, checks herself in the mirror once, twice, three (possibly four) more times, goes for the door, reconsidered, doubles back, takes a few things out of her nightstand and slips them into hidden parts of her dress, does five or six final mirror checks, and heads out into the night.

“Wow. You’re breathtaking,” is the first thing Maggie says when she sees her, and to return the compliment would the biggest understatement ever.

“So are you. With the hair and the shoes and the…” Alex vaguely gestures up and down Maggie’s body, looking and feeling every bit as dazed by her girlfriend’s beauty as she was that first night they held hands.

Sure enough, Maggie takes her hand again; but this time, it feels familiar instead of shocking. Just as earth-moving, but this time, more… home.

Alex pulls Maggie’s chair out for her, and Maggie feeds Alex food from her own fork, and for once they don’t bother with the wine or champagne because they’re high enough on each other.

They’re so lost in each other’s voices and eyes and lips, in fact, that they almost miss the fact that the street outside the restaurant has gone unnaturally quiet, the lights all flickering out across the intersection.

They almost miss it. But, as though they’re in each other’s minds, they both stiffen as one and turn toward the window, squinting slightly into the sudden dark.

Maggie moves at the same moment as Alex, and when they stand and flash their badges to reassure the staff and other restaurant-goers, they pause and tilt their heads at each other.

“You brought your badge?” they ask at the same time.
“You brought your ray gun?” they both respond (because of course Winn made Maggie one of Alex’s model).

“I love you,” they also say in unison, and, with matching grins, they set out into the street to find the cause of uncomfortably specific blackout.

Three hours later, Alex is nursing a gash on her upper arm and Maggie is definitely going to wake up with a nasty headache; but they’ve kept everyone, including each other, safe.

“You know, you make excellent arm candy,” Maggie teases as she offers Alex her arm, neither of them caring how scorched their clothes are, how disarrayed their hair.

“I do, don’t I?” Alex preens, and Winn melts into J’onn’s shoulder as they watch them head home together.

“Aren’t they your favorite couple?” he asks dreamily, and though J’onn’s lips don’t crack a smile, his eyes certainly do.
ms-hgolightly asked:

I’ll really appreciate if you write a sanvers wedding on the beach :)

“I would love it, Alex,” Maggie promised, for what felt like both the hundredth time and the first time. “All I wanna do is marry you. It can be anywhere. On the tarmac where we first met, in our bar, at the DEO, that little arcade. But if there’s somewhere that’s extra special to you, babe, then that’s where I wanna do it.”

“Are you sure, though? Because I don’t want you to feel like you have to say yes just because I suggested it or because it’s cheaper than – “

“You also suggested a display of alien weaponry at the reception, and that was a hard no. You’re allowed to ask for things and assert what you want, babe, just like I’m allowed to say no. There won’t be a backlash either way. Not from me, not ever. I promise. Okay? So you wanna get married on the beach where you grew up? That’s what we’re gonna do.”

There were logistics to work out, the least of which were shoes: Maggie had a thing against them, anyway, and part of the reason Alex wanted the whole thing to be on the beach was how deeply she felt the surf in her veins.

And anyway, Alex hated wearing heels.

So barefoot, it was.

Another logistical bit was Eliza. She had rallied after that breakdown and breakthrough she and Alex had had a few Thanksgivings before. She still wasn’t all the way there – there was still the offhanded guilt trip and such – but Alex’s being so afraid to come out to her had cracked something else open in Eliza.

Something like an understanding of how deeply she’d failed Alex in the last decade or more.

So Eliza was, with the wedding, absolutely wonderful. Always compensating for Maggie’s lack of parental involvement, always making sure she and Alex didn’t have anything special planned that Maggie couldn’t mirror with her own mother.

There was still yelling and there was still the occasional Alexandra, but it was out in the open, now. It had words, now, so it was so much better.

Yet another logistical bit: keeping it as private as they could.

They wanted the ceremony to be as intimate as possible, but doing it outdoors brought in so many variables that indoors simply lacked.

But even indoors, Alex and Maggie had to remind themselves, had its risks, its invasions; neither of them were quite secure after being stalked by Rick Malverne for so long, so intimately.
“We’re going to have a contingency plan for absolutely everything,” Winn promised before disappearing into his workshop in the DEO for 48 hours, only allowing Kara and James in to bring him food and water.

When he finally emerged, the plan he presented them with did, indeed, account for everything.

And the final logistical hurdle would be a hurdle anywhere they chose to get married: the whole matter of their jobs.

But Vasquez swore on her life to make sure all the agents under her and Alex and J’onn’s command were ready enough, independent enough, to take care of anything and everything without them there. Just for the afternoon.

“This wedding is going to be the most perfect, gayest thing that’s ever happened,” she promised. And really, it was.

Kara made sure Alex’s dress was everything she’d never dreamed of and everything she wanted, and she made sure her sister stayed clear of panic attacks the entire morning of.

Adrian made sure Maggie’s tux, femmey in all the places she wanted it to be, would glide over the sand in just the right ways, and he made sure she actually ate something – boring as it might have been – the morning of.

J’onn made sure they both knew they had a father who loved them.

Eliza, for her part, did the same.

They wouldn’t let James be their photographer, because they wanted him to be able to share the experience with them on camera; but it turned out that Brian took stellar photos.

They chose a spot where waves just finishing lapping up on shore; Winn promised that nothing would damage either of their custom-made outfits.

Adrian walked Maggie down the aisle, and he held her hand when she turned to watch her wife step onto their tiny part of the beach from the pathway near the house she grew up in.

No one had ever seen J’onn look prouder.

And no one, save Kara and Maggie, had ever seen Alex’s eyes full of tears like this.

Maggie trembled when J’onn hugged her, long and hard and genuine.

“I love you,” was all she could say as she took Alex’s hands, after, and everyone heard her voice break.

Kara’s voice, too, trembled when she started the ceremony. Because this was her dream come true – her sister, safe and loved and so, so, so damn happy – and it couldn’t be more perfect.

She floated slightly, instinctively, as a small wave broke at her feet, and everyone laughed.

“Before we start the ceremony, I’d like everyone to note, if you haven’t already, that Winn won the bet: Alex cried first,” Kara announced, beaming. She flushed and adjusted her glasses as Lena laughed hardest at her girlfriend’s casual excellence at ceremonial leadership.

“No! I got sand in my eyes! Whose idea was it to get married on the beach, anyway?”
“Yours, babe.”

Alex tugged Maggie in closer, eyes sparkling. “Mine.”

Maggie nodded. “All yours,” she promised.

And as waves broke and formed anew, Maggie turned from her soon-to-be wife to smile at her soon-to-be sister-in-law.

“Let’s do this, Little Danvers.”

Kara nodded and beamed in her girlfriend’s direction as she began her sisters’ beachside wedding ceremony.
Chapter 751

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you maybe show more of the Maggie/Lena dynamic?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A lot of nights, both of the Danvers girls were stuck at the DEO.

Some of those nights, both of their girlfriends would be there, too, helping to save the world yet again with their permanent guest badges and smarts and grit.

But a lot of those nights, it would just be Maggie, too restless to be alone with her thoughts, and Lena, too frightened to be alone with hers.

It started awkwardly, the two of them hanging out.

Hey, Maggie had texted, one of those nights where the boys and the Danvers girls were all doing DEO work and Maggie, distinctly, wasn’t. I’m sorry again I arrested you. You know I had to make things clean to make them easier for you long term.

She’d expected no response, or a response the next day, communicated through a slightly irritated Kara, perhaps.

But Lena got back to her right away.

You’ve already apologized several times, Detective. And as I’ve told you, I completely understand.

You think we could possibly drop the formalities? Our girlfriends are sisters, it’s midnight, and we’re both probably most of the way through a bottle of scotch anyway. It’s Maggie.

Her stomach lurched the moment the message was sent. What the hell did she think she was doing, anyway? Who was she to talk to Lena effing Luthor that way? Lena would hate her for sure, and then she’d tell Kara, and Kara would tell Alex, and Alex would leave, and…

The only thing that prevented her from going straight to the bottle instead of pouring more into a glass was the buzzing of her phone and Lena’s name on her caller ID.

I prefer red wine, actually. But, yes, that seems like a fair request. Maggie.

Maggie chuckled and tapped at the sides of her phone aimlessly, wondering if their conversation was over or just beginning.

Turns out, it was just beginning a lot of things.

Because the next time the rest of her chosen family was stuck at the DEO, she found herself parking her Triumph in front of CatCo and popping into Lena’s office.
“Hi,” she said, wondering if she looked as stupid as she felt. This was a terrible idea, this was –

“Hi!” Lena’s face actually brightened at the sight of her, and Maggie blinked: it wasn’t a reaction she was used to. She was still getting accustomed to Alex treating her so well, to James and Winn embracing her with open arms. Now from Lena, too? “If you’re looking for Kara, I’m afraid she’s – “

“No, actually. I uh… both our Danvers girls are probably gonna be out for a while, and I dunno about you, but I hate when Alex is in the field and I’m not there as backup, and I thought…”

She offered up the bottle of red wine she’d brought, hoping it wasn’t too cheap of a bottle, too desperate of an offer, too pathetic of a –

“That’s perfect. I… thank you, Maggie. I was just about finished here anyway. Shall we?”

Maggie was surprised at how easy Lena was to talk to; what a generous listener she was, and how quick she was to laugh.

Lena seemed just as awkward as Maggie felt, but it didn’t make the situation more awkward; it made it… fit.

That both of them had always struggled to maintain friendships.

That they’d both had families whose legacies wouldn’t let them breathe.

That they were both dating superheroes, and were kind of lowkey superheroes themselves.

“And then, of course, she’ll just float sometimes, while she’s sleeping,” Lena was laughing affectionately in her penthouse as Maggie poured her another glass of water to go with the wine.

“I know, Alex says she used to hit the ceiling sometimes when they were kids.”

Lena leaned into Maggie’s shoulder with laughter before sighing. “A Luthor and a Super. Who would’ve thought?”

Her smile faded after she and Maggie toasted, though, as she took a thoughtful and long sip.

“What’s up?” Maggie asked, because she’d seen that look in the mirror more than enough times.

Lena shook her head like she was surprised someone cared enough to register her expression and ask about it.

“Nothing, sorry.” She forced a smile, but Maggie frowned.

“Lena.”

Lena shrugged, and Maggie smiled because the gesture was so un-befitting a Luthor, but so perfectly matched to Lena.

“Most days, I don’t think I deserve her. Kara. Her heart is too golden, too… if I’d been through half of what she’d experienced, I would tear the world apart, not spend my life desperately trying to put it back together.”

“Hey,” Maggie shook her head, shifting on the couch. “Don’t do that to yourself. Comparing never helps. Yeah, Kara’s incredible. But you know what, Lena? You’ve been through your share, too, and you just… do you even have count of how many times you’ve literally saved the world at this
“Well, you too,” Lena clinked her glass onto Maggie’s, and a bit of wine spilled onto both of their fingers. They giggled at the sensation.

“Okay, so I’ll insist that you deserve Kara, and you can insist I deserve Alex, and we’ve got each other covered until we believe it ourselves. Deal?”

“Deal, Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD Science Division.”

“God, you’re worse than Alex.”

When their girlfriends got home – Kara had flown Alex to her apartment, only to find a note from Maggie that she’d gone to Lena’s, so she’d flown them both there – a few hours later, Maggie and Lena were both asleep on the couch, surrounded by leftover takeout, wine glasses, water glasses, reading glasses, and the soft hum of The Great British Baking Show on the TV.

With one simple glance and smile exchange, Kara and Alex changed into Lena’s old college sweats before each snuggling into their girlfriend for a solid and absolutely perfect sleep.
anonymous asked:

Okay but can you imagine Sara Lance introducing Ava Sharpe to Sanvers at their wedding/second engagement party? And like. Ava super insecure cause Alex is hot, maggie super proud of her fiancée who landed a hot one night stand. Maggie would drive Ava absolutely nuts and then would become her BFF lesbihonest. Just saying, if someone could write it this someone would be you.

“Damn, Danvers,” is the first thing Maggie mutters when she sees Sara Lance. “She’s gorgeous. I’m surprised you still wanted me after you two spent the night together.”

Maggie’s going for a laugh, but Alex looks down at her with a somber, earnest expression as she instinctively pulls her close into her. “Mags, don’t say things like that. Sara’s beautiful, and brave, and wonderful. And…” A faint grin crosses her lips. “Good in bed, sure. But you, Maggie Sawyer,” Alex leans down to kiss Maggie's lips, “are all that I want.”

They both shiver with the exhilaration that’s floating in the air for their engagement party – or their en-gay-gment party, as Winn has taken to calling it.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet?” a familiar voice, deepened by years of trauma and experiences she’d rather forget but would never exchange.

“Ava,” Alex breaks off the kiss with her fiancée but squeezes her hand reassuringly as she turns to hug Sara tightly.

“Ava Sharpe,” she forces herself to put her hand out to Alex, and she’s not sure if it makes it better or worse that Alex lights up awkwardly but genuinely as she takes it.
“Alex Danvers. I’ve heard a lot of great things about you from Sara.”

“I’ve heard about you from Sara too,” Ava says before thinking it through, cursing herself internally, but Alex just blushes and nearly snorts, and Ava thinks that maybe she’s more of a nerd than she cares to project to the general, non-superhero-ing public.

“Seems like these two have a lot to say about each other,” Maggie jokes as she and Sara slip back into the group, putting her hand out for Ava. “Maggie Sawyer, NCPD.”


“Long party.” Maggie invites, and Ava wants to find it annoying. Maggie’s confidence, the introducing herself with her name, rank, and serial number at her own engagement party. Instinct, Ava knows, because she has it herself. But still. How can she be just standing there, so cool and confident, even though their girlfriends had slept together?

“So it seems Alex and Sara already know each other. We’ve got catching up to do,” Maggie says into Ava’s silence, and Ava blushes while Alex and Sara snort.

“Not like that. Who are you two, Winn Schott?”

“Don’t you dare.”

“Hey, watch it.”

“Who’s Winn Schott and why do we hate him?”

“Oh, we don’t hate him, we actually love him – “

“He just has perpetual little brother status and teasing him is great.”

“Ah.”

“Seriously, Ava, lemme get you a drink.”

Sara and Alex exchange pleased but nervous eyebrows as Maggie walks away with Ava; pleased, because this-is-so-gay-and-so-bi-culture-but-also-let’s-hope-it-doesn’t-get-awkward, and nervous because what-happens-if-it-gets-awkward?

As it turns out, by the end of the night, Ava and Maggie have a lot of notes to compare.

“Oh my god, Sara does the same thing.”

“And that nose crinkling thing they do when they’re trying to pretend they’re not adorable?”

“A deep love of Saturday morning cartoons? Are you kidding? I can’t get her away from them!”

Sara and Alex watch from a safe distance, bemused smiles on their faces.

“This seems dangerous,” Sara muses, though she doesn’t move to stop the bonding.

“It does,” Alex agrees, but she just tilts her beer bottle toward Sara’s in a silent toast to finding each other across universes as their girlfriends let themselves laugh and laugh.
anonymous asked:

Omg I just have this unbelievably hot image in my head of Maggie on top of Alex in bed, their eyes open and locked together, Maggie's hand over Alex's mouth because the walls are thin and Alex is /wrecked/ and fighting not to scream, and Maggie is fucking her deep and hard but gentle and Alex is waiting for Maggie to give her permission to cum. Maybe this is a prompt? Or maybe just me sharing my daydream. Up to you. :)

They’d gone over safe words and they’d made out on the couch and agreed that the wine and scotch would be on hold, tonight.

Because tonight, they’d wanted completely clear minds.

But clear is the exact opposite of where Alex’s mind is at.

Because Maggie has one hand on Alex’s mouth and one hand on her wrist, her thigh between Alex’s, and the last thing Maggie whispered into her ear was that she should keep her eyes open for her.

“I love you,” Maggie reminds her in a husking whisper, kissing down her jawline and checking, again, to make sure Alex likes her hands exactly where they are.

And fuck, fuck, fuck, she does.

“Maggie,” she whines, muffled against her wife’s hand, trying hard not to grind up into Maggie’s bare thigh, and completely, utterly failing.

“Something you want, Danvers?” Maggie smirks, nipping at her neck and grinding her leg down just like she knows Alex loves.

She whimpers harder, writhing almost uncontrollably, nearly sobbing with want into Maggie’s hand, her leg, but waiting.

“I know, baby,” Maggie humors her, kissing her forehead and checking in with her gaze to make sure Alex wants her to keep teasing. “But these walls are so thin, and I just don’t know if I can let you come. You get so loud, babygirl.”

Alex whimpers again, and tries to say something. Maggie lifts her hand up.

“I’ll be really quiet if you fuck me. Please?”

“I already am,” Maggie nods down their bodies, and Alex whines and thrashes in blissful helplessness in agreement.

“Yeah. Yes. Yeah. But… but with your fingers? Please?”
“Yeah? Yes? You’ll be quiet?”

“Keep one hand on my mouth, put one hand inside me, and find out,” Alex pants, and Maggie’s eyebrow shoots up.

“Cheeky,” she scolds lightly, but her lips twitch along with the rest of her body, because Alex isn’t the only one desperate for this.

She bends to kiss Alex’s lips, to shift her weight and rearrange their bodies so she’s supporting herself more on her knees; the better to have her hands exactly where Alex wants them.

Maggie replaces her lips with her hand, and Alex moans in anticipation as she lets her other hand slide down her body, tracing her collarbones, her breasts, her nipples. Her stomach, her hips, her curls.

“You still want me inside you?” Maggie confirms, and Alex’s whine in the affirmative is almost infuriated.

Maggie dips her head to kiss Alex’s belly button.

“You’re beautiful,” she tells her as she slips inside her, watching Alex’s face carefully, blissfully.

Even with Maggie’s hand over her mouth, Alex’s scream of release definitely leaks into the surrounding apartments.

Neither woman can bring herself to care, though, as Maggie waits for Alex’s body to adjust to one finger, then two, then three, curving her fingers inside Alex the way she knows makes her whimper exactly like that, makes her beg exactly that desperately.

“I love you,” Maggie murmurs again, taking her hand off of Alex’s mouth to replace it with her lips, leaning her body forward, flush against Alex’s, so that her palm falls to pressuring her clit, her own thigh adding to the sensation.

Her tongue slips past Alex’s lips just as Alex comes undone, her screams rocking down Maggie’s throat and throughout both of their entire bodies.

“I love you too,” Alex whispers, many breathless minutes later, her voice hoarse and spent and completely, completely happy.
Chapter 754

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi Cap. This is a prompt for whenever but I want I see some Alex and Clark bonding before Kara arrived to Earth. That relationship is just never explored even though Clark must have been around Alex while she was growing up since Jeremiah worked closely with him. I see him as being like a big brother to her.

She was close to him, before Kara came.

Before Kara came, he took her for flights over the ocean and above the mountains, and her parents allowed it because he was like family and he was dependable and would never drop her or bring her to any danger.

He was in control of his powers, so they were never something Alex feared.

Only something that made her giggle (when he jump-started their old oven with his eyes) or shriek with excitement (when he took her flying above the ocean and let her toes skim the surf) or giddy with pre-teen mischief (that one time he bench pressed Eliza’s car single-handedly, just to entertain her).

“Clark, put it down!” Eliza had hollered out the kitchen window, but there was absolutely no concern or conviction behind it: just barely-concealed joy, that her daughter was laughing that hard, that earnestly.

As Alex got older – “an official teenager,” she’d called it, alternately grim and proud about it – her time with Clark became, of her own choosing, more serious.

“Do you miss it? Your planet?” she’d ask, because even though she’d asked as a child, Eliza and Jeremiah had shushed her with warning looks and cookies; but now, sitting in the back of Clark’s pickup truck, looking up at the stars with her cousin-alien-superhero-friend-brother, she was old enough to hear the honesty behind the way he sighed.

“I don’t remember it, Al,” he’d told her honestly, and even though her heart ached for him, she got that old familiar thrill in her chest that rose up every time he called her that nickname that nobody else did.

He’d taken off his glasses and rubbed at his eyes, and she wondered how anyone was stupid enough to not get that those were the same eyes, in stiff collared shirts or in a silly red cape.

“I was thinking, though. For your birthday, I could take you to the Fortress of Solitude. You’ll be an official teenager,” he’d smiled down at her, without the condescension of most adults she knew. “I don’t think your parents can make the ‘you’re too young’ argument anymore.”

“Well, yeah, plus I’ll be with Superman, so like,” she shrugged, barely suppressing a giggle-guffaw that made had them both laugh helplessly.
It was nights like that, that Alex missed most – aside from her nights with her parents, of course, because those were all torn asunder – when Kara arrived.

Because when Kara arrived, Alex suddenly wasn’t closer to being a grownup by choice, because she was proud of her thirteenth birthday, or of finally being a high schooler, or of not being a freshman anymore.

No.

When Kara arrived, she was closer to being a grownup because suddenly, caring for a younger child who had lost everything while Alex had everything, was her new responsibility.

So when Clark started treating her more like a grownup, after Kara arrived, she wasn’t proud like she used to be.

She was bitter.

Bitter, because it was only in contrast to Kara.

The younger one, the needier one. Well, needier, and simultaneously needing nothing, because this Earth, really, was (literally) beneath her.

Just like it was beneath Clark.

Alex had never felt that way, though – beneath him – until Kara arrived.

They never talked about it – how close they’d been before Kara got to Earth.

How when he’d come to visit Eliza and Jeremiah, he’d always make sure to bring a new college sweatshirt for Alex – her collection was more than a little extensive – and souvenirs from all across the globe.

How he used to let her call him, even when it was way past her bedtime, so they could talk about middle school drama and her latest science fair project breakthrough.

How she was the first one he told when he got that promoted at that job at that weirdly named newspaper that he loved so much, because she was family, and family should always find out first.

They never talked about it, until Kara saw that look in Alex’s eyes when Kara had considered, even briefly, moving away from National City to be with him.

The coldness in Alex’s voice when she talked about Clark abandoning her.

Because yes, he had abandoned Kara with Eliza and Jeremiah, if one wanted to look at it that way. He had.

But he’d also abandoned Alex.

“You have to call him,” Kara told her sister, later that week, snuggled into each other, mid-spoon deep into their ice cream pints on Sisters’ Night.

And though they hadn’t mentioned Clark since they’d had it out and made it up, Alex knew who her sister was talking about immediately.

“Why?”
Kara took a massive spoonful of ice cream into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully. Alex rolled her eyes deliberately at the way Kryptonians never got brain freeze.

Another joke she’d used to have with Clark, during their ice cream eating contests. Her stomach churned.

“Because you weren’t just angry at me. You were angry at him, too. For swooping in here and leaving again. Like he left me with Eliza and Jeremiah and you. And, like he left you.”

Alex stiffened at that, but Kara stood her ground, even seated and tucked into her sister’s side.

“I know you two used to be closer. Before I came. And I don’t know. I think it would be nice. Healing, maybe. For you to talk to him.”

Alex tried to shrug it off. “I just saw him. Sometimes we go half a year without talking.”

“Exactly the problem,” her sister had booped her nose, and the shrieking and tickle fighting that ensued couldn’t wipe the thought from Alex’s mind.

She called her cousin the next day.

“Alex, hey. Is everything okay?”


She couldn’t help but smirk. Kara had the same type of voice when she was at CatCo.

“Yeah, no, everything’s great. You have a minute?”

She wasn’t the one with superhearing, but she imagined she could hear him shifting away from his desk; ever the polite farm boy, the family man with no family.

Except James and Lois.

Except, sometimes, Kara; and except, sometimes, her.

“Yeah, of course. What’s up? Kara okay?”

“Yeah, we’re all fine, I just… do you remember when I was a kid? And you’d take me out flying? Or bring me food from different cities, different countries? Kara does it, now, but you… you stopped. You ran away, really, when Kara came to Earth. From her, but also from me. I know it was painful, and it wasn’t something you expected or maybe even wanted. And I know how much you love her, now. I just… sometimes I remember when we used to have adventures together. Alex Danvers and Clark Kent, super secret investigators, remember? I was science and you were journalism. And I don’t know, you were just here, but it was like you weren’t really… here… and… sometimes I miss my cousin, Clark. And it… oh, whatever, I’m rambling. This is stupid, I’m sorry. Kara told me to call you, but I’m… I’m sorry, you’re busy, you have better things to – “

“Alex.”

“No, really, it’s – “

“Alex.”
“Clark – “

“Alex! Look out your window.”

She turned with a furrowed brow, and it only took a moment for a broad smile to take over her face.

Clark Kent was hovering outside her apartment.

Phone in hand.

Grinning.

Waiting.

“Wanna go for a flyby over the ocean?” he asked into the phone, and she saw his lips move very slightly out of sync with hearing it relayed through her phone.

She rolled her eyes – being a nerd must be genetic – and laughed as she hung up on him (he looked offended, which only made her laugh harder) and tossed open her window.

“If you drop me, I’ll kill you.”

“If I drop you, your sister will kill me first. After rescuing you.”

Alex considered this, nodded, and grinned. “Too true.”

“But Alex: I won’t drop you. Not again. Okay?”

She felt the rush in her blood that she always felt when she was about to step off the edge of solidity and let gravity take her into her sister’s arms, her cousin’s.

She hadn’t felt it with Clark in proximity in years.

Wind tossed her hair around as she nodded and stepped out her window into the safety of her cousin’s arms.

“Okay.”
Chapter 755

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

prompt: Alex and Maggie foster a surly misunderstood teenager. Alex being all soft and gentle and Maggie being the cool mom who teaches them the right way to throw a punch or something like that. Also I fucking love your writing!!!

Maggie was usually the one bringing home strays; but this kid came home with Alex.

Her text was short but full of meaning, and Maggie’s response was immediate.

Found an orphaned Phorian kid living rough in a warehouse. They need a safe place for the night; DEO will take them, but I thought we could?

Absolutely, Danvers. Find out what they like to eat.

It was weeks before they felt comfortable actually telling them what Earth food they loved most – steamed collared greens and fresh nasturtiums, apparently – but Maggie and Alex took at least some comfort in knowing that the kid didn’t try, even once, to run away from their apartment.

“Wanna go see a movie tonight, kid?” Maggie asked one night, after a full meal of peppery flowers and her wife setting off the fire alarm a few too many times (half of which were on purpose, for Sammy’s amusement – and indeed, they cracked a smirk that they immediately tried to hide each time).

Sammy nodded without either enthusiasm or disdain, and Maggie took it as a good sign. Movies, she and Alex had found, were a favorite of Sammy’s; they couldn’t read the thoughts of the recorded images of people on screen, so it was a mystery for them to try to predict characters’ actions and motivations.

Maggie and Alex exchanged a glance and a smile.

“You can just kiss each other, you know. I know it makes you happy when I agree to do things. And I know when you’re happy, you like to kiss each other. It won’t make me angry because my parents are dead and you’re trying to replace them. Wait. No. You’re not trying to replace them. You’re just trying to give me a caring home. Sorry. Am I doing it again?”

Alex sighed as she knelt down next to them, tilting her head like her wife so often did. She let her hand hover above their hair for a moment, knowing they could hear her question of consent; they nodded, and she stroked her hair, his cheek, gently.

“You’re right, sweetheart. We’re not trying to replace your parents. And it’s okay, when you say things like that. It’s okay that you have your way of communicating, and that it makes you talk a little differently than some people here. It’s beautiful. You’re beautiful. And handsome. And I know we haven’t known you very long yet, but Maggie and I love you. Alright?”

A long silence. Sammy stared into Alex’s eyes for a long moment before nodding, biting the inside
of their cheek, and reaching out to hold Maggie’s hand in one of theirs, Alex’s in the other.

“Can we get popcorn at the movie?”

Alex kissed their nose with a soft smile that shined through her every pore. “Of course we can.”

It was while they were getting their popcorn an hour or so later that Maggie slammed a man twice her size into the ground.

Alex came out of the bathroom to find Sammy’s eyes shining with anger and burning with unshed tears, and her wife getting some balding white man kicked out of the theater.

“What happened, Sammy?” Alex asked them as she took them into her arms, where they leaned willingly into her.

“Asshole decided to tell our kid what he thinks of Pholians and of lesbian moms. A real winner all around,” Maggie huffed defensively as she strode back into range.

“I tried to hit him so Maggie wouldn’t have to,” Sammy said in a small voice, retreating into a corner with Maggie and Alex so the world would be less overstimulating around him.

“And you were very brave, honey, but look, you can’t keep your thumb in your fist like that. If you actually hit anyone, you’d break it. Here, look, you put your fist like this. That’s right, there you go. And you keep your wrist straight. And you imagine that there’s a string connecting your elbow and your hip, so they go forward together, like this. Yeah. Unlock that foot, because the power comes from your hips, and if your foot’s still, your hip can’t – yeah, like that. You got it, Sammy.”

“Mags, maybe boxing lessons after the movie?”

“The movie, right!”

“Are you okay, Sammy? It’s alright if you’re not.”

“And you never have to feel like you need to step up to bat for me, kid. If someone’s giving you a problem, it’s my job to protect you. Alex’s too. Okay?”

“I think I’m okay. I’ve heard people think worse things before. Just… I got angry because he was thinking terrible things about you two. It… I’m sorry I caused trouble.”

“That wasn’t your fault.”

“You didn’t cause anything, Sammy, I promise.”

“I’d like it, though.”

“Like what?” Maggie tilted her head, letting her thumb caress Sammy’s.

“If you were my moms. And you can definitely kiss now. Because you’re super happy, I can tell.”
She didn’t say anything about it; not this year.

Not since her father came back into her life and left again after attempting genocide in her name; not since she’d been tortured by a man she’d grown up with; not since faith in anything other than her chosen family didn’t mean much of anything to her anymore.

She didn’t say anything about the High Holidays, but Maggie knew anyway.

She knew because Alex glazed over when Winn asked if they all wanted to come by his apartment to celebrate the new year.

“Yeah, definitely,” Alex had said, but Maggie was a detective, and so she detected.

*Little Danvers*, she was typing not a moment later, to the blonde in tights and a short skirt standing not ten feet from her, *what’s the thing for Rosh Hashanah? Apples, honey, and a new fruit?*

Kara – Supergirl – turned and raised her eyebrows at Maggie. “Why?” she mouthed, and Maggie frowned, holding up her phone and gesturing for her soon-to-be sister-in-law to use the damn thing.

Supergirl pouted (Maggie chortled at that) and took out her phone with an exaggerated sigh.

“You know you two are being very non-discreet about texting each other right now, ma’am?” Vasquez leaned back in her chair to confirm.

“Not my fault Supergirl flies places on buses,” Maggie countered with a grin.

“It was one time!” Kara protested out loud, flailing her arms above her head in exasperation.

“You alright, sis?” Alex checked bemusedly from her console, and Kara murmured something about Lena being highly distracting.

Maggie’s phone buzzed.

*Do you want to have something for Alex? She told Eliza she didn’t want to do the holidays this year; and I know she’s still hurting about Jeremiah, of course. Should I fly somewhere and get her a fruit she’s never had, anyway?*

Maggie and Kara both looked up from their phones to stare across the DEO command center at Alex, brow furrowed as she stared over Winn’s shoulder at some satellite data or other.

Her shoulders were tensed and she was biting the inside of her cheek; neither of them had seen her take a break in far, far too long, despite their attempts to insist otherwise.

Kara and Maggie’s eyes met, and Kara just nodded once. She whispered something to J’onn, who
crossed his arms over his chest to keep the emotion in, approvingly.

Supergirl took off.

She came back to Maggie’s apartment later that night with an armload of ripe green harroush.

“To honor people who survive,” she told Maggie, who hugged her in between laying out apples and honey for Alex.

Lena, Winn, and James got there an hour before Alex did – Winn was more than happy to change venues when Maggie had suggested the change to him – and J’onn arrived with Eliza, having taken a trip in his flying car, made it in through the window just as Alex’s key hit the lock.

Maggie had texted to tell her that their family was over the apartment, so she wasn’t taken completely by surprise, so she could brace herself for company.

“Shana tovah, babe,” Maggie offered in a soft voice, coached patiently by Winn, as Alex stepped inside.

“A sweet new year for the sweetest sister,” Kara beamed as Alex let Maggie hold her, her eyes sweeping her apartment, full of family and love and everything she had wanted but nothing she had known how to ask for.

“So this year kinda sucked,” Winn offered as he and Maggie poured Moscato for everyone. The Superfamily laughed as Lena clinked glasses with her girlfriend and James, with his boyfriend.

“Not all of it was bad,” Lena kissed Kara’s cheek, and Kara adjusted her glasses with a reddened but pleased face.

“But a lot of it was hard,” Eliza put an arm around her eldest, and Alex tensed instinctively before relaxing into the new, still unfamiliar rhythm she’d been developing with her mother. “And my girls were so brave through it. All of my girls.” She gestured to include Maggie and Lena, who had to lean into each other for support, because having a mother after all this time was…

Well, Eliza was right. The year hadn’t been that bad after all.

“And your boys,” James held up his glass, and Eliza clinked it with hers and laughed.

“And my boys,” she agreed.

“The best things that this year brought us was each other,” J’onn agreed, pulling Alex and Kara close into his chest even as they held out their hands for their girlfriends. “And this next year will be even sweeter for it. Shana tovah, Alex. I could never ask for a braver, kinder daughter.”

“Shana tovah,” Alex whispered in a small, choked voice, burying her head in J’onn’s chest as she reached out for Maggie and Kara’s hands.

“Thank you,” she mouthed to them both, because she knew.

Of course, she knew.
Chapter 757

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Can we please get a nb!Alex au with trans!Winn and Adrian please?? Love and appreciate you. Do or don't I appreciate you.

Kara and Lena had crashed out hours before, curled in each other’s arms on Winn’s couch, limbs all askew and Kara floating slightly, Lena balanced effortlessly on her stomach and chest.

“What if we just poked the two of them, just a little bit?” Adrian wanted to know, a mischievous look in his eyes. “I mean, they look so darn cute like that, but I mean, also, really pokeable.”

He turned to Alex, sprawled on the floor in Maggie’s arms, Scrabble board in front of them. “Does Kara full-out fly in her sleep, or just float?”

“You don’t wanna know,” they groaned affectionately. “When we were teenagers, she would do the equivalent of sleep walking. Except, Kryptonian-on-Earth style.”

“I’m sure it was very cute,” Lena murmured softly, mostly asleep and completely groggy.

Winn rolled around on the floor, failing to stifle a belly laugh.

James glanced at the clock. “Okay boys and enbies, take off your binders before we play the next round, okay?”

“You mean before Mags and I keep kicking your asses at Scrabble,” Alex grumbled as they obediently dragged themselves up, tugging Winn and Adrian off the ground with them.

“The boys are actually winning,” Lena murmured, again mostly sleeping and just this side of incoherent.

“Rude, Luthor,” Maggie scolded with a laugh.

Kara, in her light sleep, pulled Lena closer.

“No calling my wife rude,” she insisted, floating a little bit higher, like the slightly increased altitude would make Lena immune to familial accusations of rudeness.

James and Maggie nearly knocked over the Scrabble board with their failed attempts to hold in their laughter.

“Can I borrow a big shirt, Winn?” Adrian called from the bathroom, a whisper-shout for the ages.

“I forgot to bring an extra.”

“You and Alex are going to rob me of all my clothes, I swear.”

“But you love us,” Alex singsonged from the bedroom, where they were changing behind Winn.
“Yeah, yeah,” he smiled, tugging on his own sweater – well, his boyfriend’s old Metropolis sweater – before tossing Alex a cutoff and heading to the bathroom to pass Adrian an oversized bi pride tee.

He sipped his beer while he waited for Adrian and Alex to finish changing, leaning in his bedroom doorway and watching his family enjoy their Game Night.

“Partner stretches?” Alex asked as they emerged from his room.

“I volunteer!” Maggie nearly spilled her own beer bottle in her haste to get up, because Alex was now only in boy shorts and Winn’s cutoff.

“I guess I’m stuck with you then, kid,” Winn smiled as Adrian came out of the bathroom.

He gently helped Adrian stretch out his chest, easing away the tension from a day of safety in his binder, and Adrian counted Winn’s breaths as he returned the favor.

It was James’ turn, now, to watch his family love each other; Kara and Lena still floating, Maggie and Alex tickling each other through Alex’s stretches, his boyfriend and Adrian giggling through theirs.

The world needed more nights like this.

Especially ones where Winn put on his old Metropolis sweater.
Anonymous asked:

My grandpa died a week ago and I was wondering if it would be possible to get a nice of Maggie or Alex running from dealing with a major loss in their life until they can't anymore? If not it's cool sorry... Have a good night!

She doesn’t get a call, because it would have been too much to ask of her father, apparently.

All she gets is a text.

That her aunt – the one who begrudgingly took her in when she was a child – had died.

And that she wasn’t welcome at the funeral.

She only thinks for a moment about going anyway.

It wouldn’t be worth it. It would be more spiteful than respectful, and anyway, it… she can’t afford to break, not right now.

She doesn’t even text Alex to tell her. Alex would want to know; she knows that. And she’ll tell her.

But right now, she’s at work. And if she’s not present at work while she’s there, people die.

Someone’s already dead, someone whose bed she used to curl into, someone whose style of loving was distant and cold but at least it was distant and cold with a roof over her head and hot food on her plate.

But she can’t think about that.

She can’t deal with it.

And if she doesn’t, she’ll be just fine.

She’s always fine.

It’s whatever.

She’s not welcome at the funeral.

It’s whatever.

She apparently doesn’t have the right to mourn.

It’s…

She pops her head into her Captain’s office to ask if there are any murder investigations with a side
of science she can hop onto.

Turns out, there is.

Turns out, the scene is gory and exactly what she needs to throw herself in to.

Alex shows up, because the side of science came with a heaping helping of extraterrestrial.

She flinches away from her girlfriend’s touch, because her touch is soft, and it will soften her.

And Maggie cannot be soft right now.

So she comforts Alex’s confused, rejected face with a soft wink, and though Alex still seems to want to ask what’s wrong, they have a system: that work is work and home is home.

It’s not a perfect system, and often, it makes absolutely no sense.

But it’s steady enough to keep Maggie standing, right now.

She tells Alex that night, after they take a long, quiet shower together, slowly washing the crime scene off of their bodies.

Alex is extra gentle as she washes Maggie’s hair, spends extra time massaging conditioner into her scalp.

Maggie collapses back into her, sobbing breathlessly.

It takes them an hour to get all the suds out.

It takes Maggie another hour to tell Alex why she’s crying. Why she’s broken.

Alex holds her and rocks her and covers Maggie’s fists with her own palms to keep her from lashing out at her own body.

The next morning, aside from Maggie’s eyes being bloodshot and puffy from crying, she acts as though nothing’s happened.

It’s a dance Alex is familiar with, and she lets Maggie lead.

She lets Maggie lead for weeks.

In the field and on dates; working at the DEO and screaming through orgasms in their bed, Maggie never mentions the loss again, and her eyes shoot warnings every time Alex wants to bring it up.

Alex did this dance with her father, all those years ago, mourning only through how much she could scream at her mother.

She knows all the steps, and she waits for the collapse.

It comes only months later, when they catch a case involving a Pholian child, rejected by her parents because her telepathy never developed as it was expected to.

Maggie kept a poker face; she fed and comforted the girl; she promised her she was normal and wonderful; they found her a safe, affirming home, together. Collected.

But when they got home, Maggie broke.
It made that first night of tears look tame, but Alex’s arms were strong and her heart, even stronger.

Maggie screamed through tears and kicked helplessly down at the mattress, slamming futilely down at the pillows, and only breathed evenly when Alex covered her entire body with her own.

When she was shivering with cold and her throat was sore and swollen with agony, Alex took her into the shower.

More tears joined the water spray, but they were calmer, now, slower and steadier.

She wrapped her in their softest robe, and she knelt before her to put warm slippers on her numb, still body.

She told her that she loved her and that she was going to make her a strong tea, and Maggie waited numbly for the drink and for the return of Alex’s warm body next to hers.

After she had sipped, she spoke.

She spoke until the sun came up, stories of distances and of bridges built; of collapses and disasters and odd stretches of peace and calm and, sometimes, something that felt like a truce.

She told Alex about a woman who was as kind and warm to other children as she was distant and removed from Maggie; about a woman who, however, always took care of her when she was sick and taught her to drive with steady hands and an even steadier faith.

She talked until she was emptied out, until she nodded wearily when her girlfriend asked if she could call in sick for both of them.

Because the floodgates were open, and they would ride the waves together.
Chapter 759

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Hi Cap. I've had kind of a rough bout of depression today and have been really dysphoric but haven't able to bind. I also have a presentation on Wednesday that I'm stressed as hell about. Is it okay if I ask for an nb! Kara fic? Or an nb! Kara or Adrian life update?

“Kara!” Alex’s voice is level at a whisper, but to her little sibling, all the way in Central City, it’s more than loud enough.

So Kara soars.

“What’s wrong, Alex?” they ask, only slightly out of breath despite nearly breaking the sound barrier on the way to their sister.

“Oh, um… nothing’s… I’m sorry, I just…” Alex squirms and she worries at her hands, and Kara’s muscles relax; this is awkward gay Alex panic, not angry DEO agent Alex panic.

Sure enough, Alex sighs with a confession: “I don’t know what to wear on this date with Maggie tonight.”

Kara would scoff, but the amount of times they’ve sent their sister an SOS about what to wear… this is the least they can do.

“Are you going for sexy or cute or comfy or some mix or something else completely?” they ask.

Alex’s whole body relaxes as Kara thumbs through her closet.

“Sexy but not like… too sexy?”

Kara smiles at the sudden appearance of bright red on Alex’s cheeks. They keep their grin as they hold up outfit after outfit for Alex appraisingly.

“So where were you?” Alex asks as she shimmies into one of the dresses Kara pulled out for her.

“With Team Flash. Cisco and Winn are working on a binder safe for my suit, kind of like Barry’s but for a Kryptonian, and Caitlin wanted to do some tests to make sure the fibers wouldn’t hurt me.”

“That’s awesome, Kara!” Alex grins from ear to ear, but Kara hears right through their sister’s false surprise.

“You’ve been working on it with them too, haven’t you?” they accuse happily, and Alex nods even as she stares critically at herself in the mirror.

“You know you’re picking up Maggie’s head tilt,” Kara observes as they both decide against the
dress and Alex goes for the pants and shirt Kara’s holding out for her.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” Alex murmurs, clearly pleased as her blush rises again.

“And what about you? With Lena? You picking up any of her habits? Oh wait. You’re too nervous to ask her out.”

Kara scowls good-naturedly before growing serious, worrying at the inside of their cheek with their teeth.

“There’s just so much… me being Superel and her mom being Cadmus? It puts her in too much danger. And I just – ”

“Kara, she’s your best friend. Besides me. And you really think that’s any safer for her than it would be to date you? I mean hell, Kara, what do you call what you guys do now anyway? Weekly brunches and mutual lip staring? I mean really, Maggie says – ”

“Oof, Maggie’s gonna love that outfit. That’s the one. As long as you feel good in it?”

Alex looks down at herself and grins: her sibling’s right. Maggie really will like this outfit, and hell, so does she.

“Okay, awesome. Thank you. But don’t think I didn’t notice that subject change you made there. Call Lena. Right now. Maggie and I are going dancing. Come with us, both of you. Double date.”

“Whenever you and Maggie try to go out, aliens invade,” Kara points out dryly.

Alex shrugs but doesn’t deny it as she slips her alien stun gun into her thigh strap.

“All the more reason for you to come along.”

“And bring a date?”

Alex smirks. “Works for me. Come on, sib. You like her! She likes you! Just ask! She’ll swoon so much she’ll barely be able to get out the door, but – ”

“Fine!”

Kara adjusts their glasses and pulls their hair back, biting their lip and taking a deep breath.

“Hi Lena!” Alex pumps her fist excitedly in the background, and Kara shushes her with a wave of their hand.

“Um, so, Alex and Maggie are going dancing tonight, and Alex thought – I mean I thought – I mean Alex doesn’t disagree, we wouldn’t be crashing, I’m assuming it’s okay with Maggie?” Alex nods eagerly and gestures Kara along. “I just thought… twenty minutes? You can be ready that quickly? Yeah. Yes. I’ll… I’ll pick you up. Yes. Okay. Soon. Bye.”

Kara spins on their heel so hard they corkscrew through the floor; the third time this week, but neither they nor Alex mind. “She wound up asking me! Oh Rao – Alex, what do I wear?!”
anonymous asked:

Hi Cap! I just want to thank you for all that your writing has done for me and for everyone here. Now I know how busy you are, but I never catch your asks and wanted to submit a prompt (you don’t have to do it of course!). Sanvers where Maggie comes home with like broken ribs or something and doesn’t tell Alex and Alex gets really mad when she finds out and just starts completely coddling Maggie against her will be “this is what you get for not telling me!” Thank you so much! Happy Pride!

It’s just a small fracture. It’s basically just bruised, really.

Sure, it hurts when she breaths, and when she’s sitting, she doesn’t want to think about standing, and when she’s standing, she doesn’t want to think about sitting – forget laying down – but Alex has got enough on her plate, really.

She’s been pulling extra late nights, lately, what with the Cadmus resurgence. And, perhaps more pertinently, her girlfriend has two things that are a mile wide: her guilt complex and her praise kink.

And while the latter is positive, Maggie is worried about the former.

Because she sustained this injury – a minor one, really, truly – in the field. While Alex was out on another mission.

And even though Maggie wouldn’t dream in a billion centuries of blaming Alex for the pain she’s in, Alex will blame herself.

And it’ll be better soon, anyway.

So she resolves not to tell her.

She has enough on her plate, and on the scale of lies, this is a pretty shiny white one, right? Because no one’s hurt – well, it’s just her, and this barely qualifies as hurt anyway – and Alex doesn’t need more to worry about.

It strikes her that there’s a contradiction there: if there wasn’t anything to worry over, she would just tell Alex, because if it was really no big deal…

Whatever. The pain killers they gave her are making her pretty hazy, anyway.

So when Alex comes home that night, Maggie tries to act like nothing’s amiss.

She does what she always does when she’s home earlier than her girlfriend: she gets up from where she’s reading (she hides her flinch, she thinks, pretty well), and goes to help Alex shrug off her jacket, to kiss her hello as she kicks off her boots, to stroke her hair and ask her how her day was.

But the moment her lips touch Alex’s, her girlfriend stiffens.
“What is it?” Alex wants to know, and suddenly Maggie’s clever plan to not make her worry is out the window. Because she’s forgotten something crucial about herself: she was raised to be a good liar. She had to be, to protect herself, keep herself safe. But lying to Alex isn’t in her skillset, not now, not with how far they’ve come.

“It’s nothing, Danvers,” she tries, but her heart isn’t in it: because no matter what she’d planned, how cool she’d planned to play it, there was this woman looking down into her eyes, wanting to know what was wrong and how she could help. The feeling was so rare, so beautiful, that she couldn’t help but let herself give into it. Give into Alex’s almost overwhelming care.

“A Cadmus jackass got in a few good kicks to my ribs before James got there – ”

Alex is on her knees before Maggie can finish speaking. “May I?” she asks, and her eyes – usually full of something very different when she’s in this position – are brimming with worry and endless love.

“Why didn’t you call me?” she murmurs after Maggie nods, and Alex begins gently, tenderly, lifting her shirt. Maggie hisses as the fabric brushes the worst of it, and Alex bites her lip. “Babe,” she whispers, almost more to herself than to Maggie.

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Maggie explains, though it sounds so hollow now.

As though sensing Maggie’s regret at her decision, Alex relents. Nurture first, long intense talk later. “Okay,” she stands resolutely after another long moment of studying Maggie’s bruised skin.

“Okay…?”

“I’m going to carry you to the bed – no arguments – and I’m going to make you hot chocolate, and you’re going to drink it with the bendy straw I put in it until I’m done drawing you a bath with bubbles and epsom salts. I’m going to undress you, and I’m going to carry you into the bath. You’re going to let me wash you, and then dry you, and then we’re going to snuggle and watch whatever you want to until you pass out. And we’re going all of that again tomorrow. Alright?”

There’s a long pause as Maggie fights her demons, combats all her wounded angels shouting that she doesn’t deserve Alex’s care, her steadiness, her sureness that she wants to devote so much energy to Maggie, even after she’d tried to keep something from her. As if sensing her battle, Alex kisses her nose while she waits for an answer.

“Okay.”

It’s soft and it’s nearly broken, but it’s affirmation. It’s soft and it’s layered with decades of not understanding how precious she is. And it’s all Alex needs to continue.

“You know you don’t have to do all this for me, Danvers,” Maggie murmurs quiet and low as Alex washes her hair, an hour later, even as she groans in soft release.

Alex just chuckles. “Consider it payback for not telling me right away,” she teases, but it’s gentle, like her hands, and it makes Maggie feel more loved than chastized.

“Thank you,” she whispers, and Rao, does she mean it.

“Always,” Alex kisses the suds on the back of her neck, and Rao, does she mean it, too.
Chapter 761

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey, so can you maybe write a nonbinary Kara fic, because like she's an alien, and Krypton was supposed to have a very different social structure, and like Alex knowing for a while but neither of them knew what to call it on earth, one day Alex makes some type of comment about how Kara gets dysphoria sometimes and Maggie ends up helping them figure it out. It's fine if you don't have the time, or anything as there are probably a lot more important asks to write for.

There wasn’t the vocabulary for it, growing up.

At least, there wasn’t vocabulary for it that Kara and Alex had access to. And without something to call it – without knowing how to explain it – both the Danvers kids were at a loss.

“Do you want me to not call you my sister?” Alex had asked after the sun set on the first day Kara got catcalled while walking down the street.

“What?” Kara had nearly crashed into the ceiling in surprise at Alex’s question. Or, not surprise. Maybe… fear. At what might come with it.

Fear, and a whole lot of exhilaration.

“I mean, not that you’re not family, Kara, you know I’d never mean it that way. I just… you seemed uncomfortable with those jerks catcalling you, obviously, but not… not for certain reasons. You seemed upset because of the way the were boys and were treating you like a girl. And I know you think I don’t pay attention sometimes when you tell me about Krypton, but I do, and I know our social stuff is different here, so – ”

"I didn’t have a sister on Krypton. I wasn’t anyone’s sister. So you’re my first real association with it. So I like it. Being your sister."

Kara didn’t respond to the rest of what Alex was saying, what Alex was implying. They both knew why, but Alex didn’t push it. She just let it hang between them, and let Kara know that it was okay when the conversation came up again. Which, she figured, it inevitably would.

Sure enough, it would come up over the years before countless first dates where boys expected certain things from Kara, from Kara’s body. Alex would have suggested exploring dating women, but that gave her a swirling pit deep in her own stomach, for some reason, so she avoided it.

Until, of course, there was Maggie.

And by the time there was Maggie, the Danvers kids had added some vocabulary to their repertoire.

Dysphoria being one of them; the one they used, only between themselves, and with Winn, because Winn understood perfectly, when Kara liked the shape of their own body, but couldn’t stand the
way people reacted to it, which made them feel differently about it, which made mirrors and
clothes and even their superhero name an impossible thing to navigate and then everything would
spiral and then…

Alex used the word in front of Maggie, once.

Kara and Maggie had long since overcome their jealousy, their awkwardness, their possessiveness
of Alex; something about Alex almost being tortured to death and having to work together to save
her would do that.

So Alex casually referring to Kara’s dysphoria in front of a relatively new person didn’t even
register as a blip for Kara. Until they noticed the soft, knowing way that Maggie was tilting her
head at them. They knew that look. It was one their sister had adopted on many occasions, since
the two of them started dating.

And while it made Kara huff in faux exasperation, it also spun a web of hope in the deep depths of
their belly; because maybe Maggie knew, maybe Maggie could give them some choices that
they’d been too scared to research.

"What, Maggie?" they asked, their voice dropping Supergirl-deep, and Maggie chuckled.

“You’re cute, Little Danvers, you know that?"

"Maggie, what? I know your thinking face. That was your thinking face."

Kara gestured at her with chopsticks that they’d skewered through four potsitkcers: a potstickabob,
they and Alex had started calling the heavenly treat years ago.

"Out with it!" they demanded, and Maggie rolled her eyes, savoring the new, tender lack of tension
between them.

“Just… you ever think maybe you might be nonbinary?"

Something about the word – they’d heard it before, researching everything they could when Alex
first came out, but they’d been focused on Alex, then, not on themself.

Hearing it now, focused on them… something odd happened to their stomach. Something odd, and
something beautiful.

"Not until right now," their answer was soft. “Except… except maybe I’ve thought it all along,
with no word for it. Just a feeling like…”

They thought for a moment that Maggie might supply a word, but she didn’t. She just waited,
patiently, like Kara imagined she had when Alex had stumbled her way out of the closet. Alex held
Kara’s hand, stroking her thumb over the back of their hand.

"Just feeling like," they started again, taking courage from their sister and one day, they hoped,
sister-in-law. “Not quite right. Or… like Supergirl isn’t wrong, exactly, maybe, but it’s not…
complete. Like it’s missing about a million qualifiers, and like every day when people… they’re
not seeing what I see when I look at me. Or… what I feel, when I look at me."

They hadn’t expected to cry. They hadn’t expected to collapse into their sister’s waiting arms, to
have Maggie kiss their hair and tell them, just like Alex, that she’s proud of them.

They did, expect, though, a fresh order of potstickers and pizza to accompany what was sure to be a
long, long night.

And that’s exactly, heavenly, what they got.
Chapter 762

Chapter Summary

liliywrites asked:

Please please please holiday nb!Alex college au, spent with Maggie. Idc how just as long as it is holidays and Maggie and nb!Alex. I appreciate you, and I understand if you have more to write and want to ignore this. <3

“She has nowhere to go, Mom,” Alex argued on the phone, using Sara’s room instead of their own so Maggie wouldn’t overhear the heat of the conversation. No need to subject their girlfriend to that.

“And I’ve told you, Alexan – Alex – I’ve told you, Maggie is more than welcome to come to our home for the holidays. She can celebrate Chanukah with us, and I’d be more than happy to put up a Christmas tree for her – ”

“We were… thinking of spending the holiday on campus, Mom.”

A long, tense silence. “So you don’t want to come home this year.”

The very thought made Alex uncomfortable; holidays had been tough between them and Eliza since Jeremiah died on that damned plane, but they had been home every time, nonetheless.

“I… Let me talk to Maggie. See what she wants to do.”

“She deserves a home for the holiday, Alex. Not a poorly decorated dorm room with cheap whiskey and beer.”

“Hey – ”

“I know my dau – my child. I know. And it’s okay, Alex. But, with supervision, you can both have more expensive whiskey and beer, here. In a home, with me, and with your sister. And your girlfriend. Just think about it, Alex. I know holidays haven’t always been easy for us since your father – ”

“I gotta go, Mom,” Alex stumbled at that. “Love you.”

They hung up without giving Eliza a chance to respond.

“She using your pronouns right?” Sara asked, sitting with her knees splayed open on the edge of her twin bed.

Alex shrugged by tossing their hands behind them, in what Sara and Lucy had long ago termed their “gay shrug.”

“She’s trying, I guess. And she wants Maggie to come home with me for the holiday.”

Sara lit up. “Sounds like it’ll be a holigay.”
“Oh my god.”
“I aim to please.”

Alex rolled their eyes affectionately before hugging Sara and heading off to find their girlfriend. Because Eliza got a lot wrong, but she was getting this exactly right: Maggie deserved to be around family who love her.

And Alex definitely, definitely loves her.

So, they packed a bag and climbed onto Maggie’s Triumph and started the long drive to Midvale.

“Oh, all my college kids are home,” Eliza crushed a blushing Alex and a beaming Kara (who’d flown in on the path above Alex and Maggie’s stretch of road) in a hug.

Maggie clasped her hands in front of her belt buckle and smiled softly and maybe more than a little sadly, eyes down, letting the family have their little reunion.

But then she felt warm hands on hers, and she looked up into Eliza’s knowing gaze.

“I was including you in that, sweetie. Come here.”

Overwhelmed and trembling, Maggie let herself lean into her enbyfriend’s mom’s embrace. She shuddered a small sob into Eliza’s chest, but no one laughed or scoffed or rolled their eyes. Kara and Alex just came over to put supportive hands on her back.

Alex’s hands shifted after a moment, though; they were reaching for something Maggie couldn’t see. They gently pulled something warm and fuzzy down over their girlfriend’s ears.

She pulled back from Eliza, head tilted and eyes wet and lips quirked into a curious grin.

“Alex, what –”

She tugged the material off her head to reveal a red and white Santa hat. She stammered as Alex beamed, rocking back and forth slightly on the balls of their feet like a puppy awaiting approval.

“But you guys don’t even celebrate Christmas,” Maggie objected weakly, a new spring of tears welling in her eyes.

“Oh, I still plan on teaching you all the Hebrew blessings. If you still wanna learn.”

“Of course I do, but –”

“But someone in our family is celebrating Christmas this year,” Kara supplied for her sibling. “So we all are.”

With that, she jammed a Santa hat onto her own head, and proceeded to chase Alex around the yard, trying to put one of theirs, too.

“They really are a pair, aren’t they?” Eliza put her arm around Maggie, and Maggie melted into a mother’s touch that wasn’t full of shame.

“Yeah, Dr. Danvers,” she said as she watched Alex tackle Kara and cackle in victory until Kara started tickling them right there in the snow. “Yeah, they really are.”
Chapter 763

Chapter Summary

syllabicacronyms asked:

okay, but imagine like, young hs au alex and maggie at build a bear? probably they went to take kara, but also making their own (at kara's insistence) and getting rather competitive about it

I integrated Supercorp because I’m trash. So, cross-posted with Always Another Side.

“She won’t be able to handle it,” Maggie warned, shifting her backpack from one shoulder to the other so she could hold her girlfriend’s hand.

“She can handle practically breaking the sound barrier, Mags. She’s tougher than she looks.” Alex melted at the contact, skipping a little down the hallway, because she still couldn’t believe that she had a girlfriend.

“Danvers, I love your kid sister, I do. But she still loses her shit over looking at birds. You really think she’s gonna be able to handle where you wanna take her?”

Alex stopped walking, nearly colliding into Lucy Lane, who was getting some massive politics textbook out of her locker. She still held Maggie’s hand, but she pouted – a move the little sister in question had gotten from her – and Maggie melted.

But Alex wanted to drive the point home even further, because, of course, Alex Danvers didn’t only win arguments on the quality of her pout (that was only… part of it).

“If she wants to have a shot at asking Lena Luthor to homecoming, it’s a risk we’ve gotta take.”

Maggie sighed, a smile forming behind her eyes as the bell rang for class. They both started speed walking to AP Bio.

“Alright. You know her better than I do. Let’s do it.”

They told Kara at lunch, and – predictably – she was confused before she was elated.

“But I thought bears were actual living organisms. So how can you build them?”

“Stuffed animals, Kar,” Alex explained, and Maggie nodded fervently beside her.

“Stuffed?!” Kara yelped, and Alex sent out a back the hell off shrug to the swarms of students who turned with mouths full to glance at the weird new kid.

“No, no, not… like… like Gertrude,” Alex murmured under her breath.

Kara’s eyes lit up at the mention of the old, worn wooly mammoth that Alex slept with every night.

“Aw, babe,” Maggie kissed her cheek, and Alex flushed with embarrassed joy.
“Yeah, well. Anyway. This afternoon? Maggie and I will take you?”

Kara’s eyes lit up. “Yeah! Thank you!”

But her eyes watered and her lip trembled when, after the 3 o’clock bell and their thirty minute Sexuality and Gender Alliance meeting, Kara walked into the Build A Bear workshop with her big sisters and saw bins full of deflated stuffed animal skins, limp and big-eyed and completely empty of the fuzzy insides that make them alive.

“No, no,” Alex saw Kara’s wobbling lips and understood instantly, immediately seeking to put a different spin in the mind of a sister that had survived when her whole planet had been gutted.

“Kara, hey, they’re fine. This… this whole place is an incubator. Like, a nursery, and they’re all like embryos waiting to get fully formed.”

Kara’s eyes lit back up at that explanation, and her hesitation was replaced by eagerness.

She grabbed both Alex and Maggie by the hands – gently, gently, so gently – and tugged them toward the little creatures, waiting for be grown.

“Which one do you think Lena would like best? I think she’d like a bear, but they’re not unique enough for her. Like, she’d expect a bear. From Build a Bear. But does that mean I should get her a bear? Is there a social expectation here I haven’t learned about yet?”

Maggie stood on her tiptoes to sling her arm over Kara’s shoulders. “Only expectation is to put your heart into whatever you get her. Literally, look, you can put hearts in the little guys.”

Kara squealed with delight and Alex kissed her girlfriend’s cheek. Maggie blushed, and Alex preened.

“A dog,” Kara finally decided, tenderly selecting the one with one of its eyes off-center. “Because other people might not want to take him home, but he’s the most unique one, and Lena is the most unique human, so they’ll make a great match.”

She couldn’t decide what to record in the pup’s hand for her hopefully soon-to-be-maybe-girlfriend, so she settled on “hi Lena!” with Alex and Maggie silently giggling in the background.

She couldn’t decide on clothes, either, but while Alex stood with her sister debating the value of overalls versus a dinosaur hoodie versus a ballerina skirt versus, somehow, all of the above, Maggie snuck off to the side to make sure both the Danvers girls went home with build-a-pups of their own.

She’d been saving money for a big gift like this for months. She even had enough for a superhero costume for Kara’s and a basketball jersey for Alex’s.

“Look what we decided on, Maggie!” Kara turned to look for her joyously, Alex holding the dino hoodie and ballerina skirt up against Lena’s new puppy excitedly.

“Lena’s gonna love him,” Maggie beamed, cautiously holding her just-styled stuffies behind her.

Alex noticed; of course Alex noticed.

“Did you get something for yourself?” she lit up, because she was always trying to encourage her girlfriend to be as kind to herself as she was to others.

“Sort of,” Maggie grinned bashfully, grandly holding out the pups to their respective bipeds.
Alex’s lips were warm against Maggie’s mouth, and Kara’s squeals of delight filled the entire store.

So, too, did Lena’s, in homeroom the next morning. Normally reserved, cautious, careful, her unbridled delight when Kara held out the dino ballerina dog for her lit up the entire school.

Alex and Maggie, peeking into the classroom from the hallway, celebrated with kisses and small cheers, because a Super and a Luthor, bonding over a build-a-pup?

Perfection.
Chapter 764

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Not a fic request (although it could be). But I bet Maggie cuts Alex’s hair. I don’t think it’s a coincidence that it only got progressively gayer after they started dating.

"Who can afford haircuts in college?" she shrugs when Alex expresses surprise about Maggie’s skill with a pair of scissors.

“Or after, for that matter,” she murmurs, and Alex kisses her temple.

“Did you cut all the gay girls’ hair, Mags?” she flirts, but she stiffens when Maggie laughs and nods.

“That’s actually exactly what I did. Wait – oh, babe, are you jealous?”

Alex pffts. “What? No! You were in college! So you cut other girls’ hair. So what? We’re together. I’m not jealous. Pfft. No.”

Maggie tilts her head, barely containing a smile that means she knows her girlfriend better than that.

Alex relents quickly. “Fine. Maybe it’s not rational, but yeah. Maybe I’m a little jealous.”

Maggie’s head tilt only increases, in time with the mischievous glint in her eyes. She checks for consent with her hands, and Alex nods almost imperceptibly, giving Maggie permission to climb onto her lap and straddle her.

As she does, she weaves her fingers through Alex’s hair, with the thoughtful intensity of a hairdresser and the seductive intensity of a girlfriend.

“Do you want me to do your hair, baby?” she asks, promise after promise layered in her voice.

Alex nods wordlessly, because somehow her words are all caught in her throat. Maggie, on top of her. Maggie, running her hands through her hair. Neither unusual anymore, something Alex is still getting used to. Being happy.

And now, Maggie offering to shape how Alex is seen out in the world? That intimacy, that trust?

Alex can barely breathe.

For months, she laughs and blushes when Winn comments that Maggie’s even making Alex’s hair gayer; “it keeps getting less and less straight, Alex,” he smirks, and though she playfully swats him on the shoulder, his comment pleases her more than he can understand.

And when Eliza sees her new styles and raises a knowing eyebrow, the blushing only continues, and she thanks Maggie that night with a long, long demonstration of a newfound skill set of her
It’s the latest thing that Maggie does to her hair, though, that gets the biggest reaction from people. They talk about it for weeks before Maggie feels like she has enough enthusiastic consent from Alex to go for it; and god, is it erotic and intimate and sensual and everything in between when she does.

Shaving one side of Alex’s head, and angling her hair just so on the other side? Alex cries while Maggie cuts it, because it’s…

“It’s perfect, Mags,” she whispers, and Maggie just beams at her former girlfriend, now fiancee.

“You’re perfect, Danvers. Perfectly gay.”

They don’t stop laughing for hours, and Rao, does it feel amazing.
Maggie doesn’t have the same responses Alex does to violence.

Sure, she’s very comfortable with flirting via “wanna see a dead body?”, but that’s because Alex Danvers is different.

All her past girlfriends thought her being a cop was sexy as all hell – for all the wrong reasons – until, of course, her actual job crashed into their relationship like the big green guy in the comic books.

Alex, though? Alex knew the adrenaline rush of an investigation, of pursuing something that might vaguely resemble justice in a world that looks nothing like it.

Alex got her job.

But Alex also… Alex liked it a little too much. Beating on prisoners. Even if they were Cadmus.

Maggie had crossed lines, sure.

For Alex. To save her life.

But she hadn’t beaten Alex’s location out of Rick Malverne, even when she’d sorely wanted to.

If the roles were reversed, and Maggie were the one drowning in a tank? She knew Alex would have beaten it out of him.

They’re different, there.

Maggie became a cop because she wanted to change the way things were done.

Alex became a soldier because she owed her life to the job.

So Maggie loves her flash grenades, and Alex loves her new alien weapon.

But Maggie doesn’t relish the pain of inmates like Alex does.

It’s something they’re working on, together.

As a team.

But still.

Still.
The sight of Alex in that new combat uniform?

Nearly brings Maggie to her knees.

She knows Alex didn’t tell her about it on purpose.

She knows Alex made sure she saw it for the first time in the field, during an op, on purpose.

She knows, because when Alex steps out of the back of the DEO van and into action, she’s got a slight smirk on her face.

Because she knows.

She knows.

She’s learned a lot, since they got together.

Including what a heady thrill Alex’s command and confidence gives Maggie. The way Maggie’s mouth goes dry when Alex takes control, both of a situation in the field and in their bedroom.

The way Alex takes care of her, like she’s never been taken care of.

And Alex takes care of her now, because with Maggie going weak in the knees and her jaw dropping to the ground, Alex has to stun three Cadmus lackeys nearby, and Winn has to take a running slide next to Maggie to pull her down with him, avoiding a spray of Cadmus fire.

She makes a dim mental note to ask Winn where he learned that from later.

Right now, Winn just chuckles, his limbs tangled in his sister-in-law’s.

“Roll your jaw back up off the floor there, Sawyer,” he teases as Cadmus soldiers fall, unconscious, around them.

“I… It… Alex… Did you design her new – “

“Yep. I take full credit for everything that happens in your bedroom tonight,” Winn laughs as he runs some calculations on his tablet, calls them to Alex over comms, and squints as she takes uses them to take out the threat.

“Please don’t,” Alex pants slightly as she jogs over to them, neatly holstering her alien stun gun and reaching both hands down to pick Maggie and Winn up off the ground. “I’ll take all the credit for that.”

Maggie gulps and Alex smirks, and Winn blushes and sighs happily.

“My favorite couple.”
Anonymous asked:

Hey cap!! Sanvers smut fluff? With a theme of them getting back from a long hike on a rare day off and just taking like needing an emotional breather/just want to take care of each other?

Alex’s hair – normally, now, always swept so neatly to the side of her head, an effect that drove Maggie out of her mind with want – was a sweaty disarray, sticking to her damp forehead.

Maggie reveled in the way Alex’s lips were slightly parted with panting.

Alex had persisted on going up the difficult path.

Of course she had.

And now, at the top of one of the higher, tougher hiking paths just outside National City, the small gleam of peace, of accomplishment that didn’t have to do with locking someone away, glittered in Alex’s eyes.

Maggie saw the clouds reflected in them, and it made her bite her lip and readjust her now messy ponytail.

“You look sexy all post-hike and panting,” she kissed the side of Alex’s neck, stepping back so she could be holding her from behind.

She relished the way Alex’s strong, sweaty body immediately melted into her arms.

Alex used to object, used to apologize, when Maggie went to touch her when she was sweaty. “I’m gross,” she used to say, and she used to believe it.

Maggie had long since shown Alex how very not gross she was when she was sweaty.

Now, Alex trusted that Maggie thought she was sexy. Alex trusted that she was sexy.

“Do I?” Alex tilted her head back so Maggie’s lips could access more of her neck.

“Mmhmm,” Maggie hummed, and Alex shivered at the vibration of her fiancee’s lips against her skin.

“Take me home then,” Alex whispered.

They took the easy path back down.

“Let me draw us a bath,” Maggie breathed into Alex’s lips, because their rush to get back into bed had left them both still more breathless, their limbs even more shaky with an exertion that, blessedly, for once, didn’t involve fighting off enemy soldiers.
Alex nodded, weary from their hike; but that good kind of weariness, the kind that sinks into bones and beats through bloodstreams while, somehow, recharging a person at the same time.

Maggie collapsed to her knees to draw off Alex’s boots. Alex chuckled as ran her fingers through Maggie’s hair.

“Something you want, Danvers?” Maggie asked, looking up at Alex with a suggestive smirk.

“Maybe after our bath,” Alex winked, bending to tilt Maggie’s chin up so their lips could meet.

“Sounds perfect,” Maggie breathed, and they kissed as they stripped each other’s boots off, each other’s clothes. Their dirt-stained gear dotted a path from their front door to their bathroom.

Alex put on an old jazz record and lit incense – without setting off the fire alarm, she was proud to report – while Maggie ran their bath.

Alex showered – having a separate bath and shower was a priority for her in their apartment search – and Maggie had to stop her bath temperature checks a few times, slack-jawed at the image of her girlfriend, mix of water and sweat and dirt and soap running down her naked body.

“Something you want, Sawyer?” Alex opened her eyes through a stream of water, scrunching her face up adorably and making Maggie’s heart flip.

“You,” is all Maggie could manage, but it was more than enough for Alex.

“My turn, then bath,” Maggie cleared her throat after a long minute of deep staring into each other’s eyes, in the way that Winn would definitely comment on.

But their little brother was nowhere near their day off together.

“Come,” Alex commanded gently, and it was both an invitation into the shower and something so much more.

It was Alex, this time, who dropped to her knees, slowly and carefully, because she’d definitely (not) slipped in the shower trying to be smooth with Maggie before.

Maggie never used to let Alex – let anyone – take the soap from her and lather her body up, washing her like it was an honor rather than a chore.

But now, it was second nature to both of them.

This intimacy.

It was both of their favorite kind of intimacy.

A very close second came after the bath.

After Alex washed and rinsed Maggie’s body in the shower, reverent and slow and giggly; after they stepped into their bath together, trying as hard as they could not to slosh the water and bubbles over the sides and utterly failing; after Alex held her arms all the way around Maggie’s body, Maggie leaning down to kiss Alex’s knee, sticking languidly out of the water; after they took turns drying each other off with the fluffiest towels either of them had ever had.

Because when they were with each other, they finally started to believe that they deserved things that were soft on their bodies.
“I love you,” Alex breathed, and Maggie breathed back the same.

“Come to bed with me.”

Alex picked Maggie up off her feet – she chuckled at the way Maggie growled in mock displeasure into their kiss – and carried her, legs wrapped around her waist, to their bed.

“Yeah?” Alex made sure.

“Please,” Maggie confirmed.

So Alex tilted her face to shift her lips from Maggie’s mouth, down her jawline, her throat, her collarbone.

“Damn, Danvers,” Maggie murmured as Alex nipped gently at that spot just to the side of the hollow of Maggie’s throat.

“Want more?” Alex asked, even though she already knew the answer.

As answer, Maggie guided Alex’s hand to her own chest, and whined when Alex’s fingers teased at her nipple.

“Your mouth,” Maggie breathed, and Alex was only too happy to comply.

Her lips found Maggie’s nipple, and so did her tongue, the sounds she made deep in her throat.

“Wait, I was gonna go down on you,” Maggie was panting with need, squirming under Alex’s body.

“No one said we can’t do both,” Alex chuckled as she kissed her way down Maggie’s stomach.

“Too true,” Maggie sighed as she ran her fingers through Alex’s hair, gasping and trying – and failing – not to rock her hips up when Alex’s tongue found her clit.

“Fuck,” was all she could manage, and it was all Alex needed.

“Good?” Alex made sure, and Maggie just arched her hips up, incoherent with words, very coherent with body.

“Aw, baby, do you want more?” Alex teased gently, her lips shifting to Maggie’s inner thigh.

“Do you want me to beg?” Maggie laughed breathlessly, her voice so much lower than normal.

“That’d be nice,” Alex smirked, but for once, had absolutely no follow through; because all she wanted – all either of them wanted – was her tongue slipping into Maggie’s body. So that’s exactly what she did.

The stream of swears that poured from Maggie’s lips, the way she slammed her palms into the sheets beside her, writhing with need under Alex’s mouth, all made Alex shift so she could grind down onto Maggie’s leg. She was desperate for pressure of her own, even as she shifted her tongue to Maggie’s clit and –after a brief, questioning pause to which Maggie gave a hard yes – slipped two fingers inside her.

“Fuck, Alex.”

“Exactly.”
“Wow babe.”

“Problem?”

“Never,” Maggie chuckled right before she screamed, coming into Alex’s mouth and around her fingers, unexpected and hard and perfect.

“Even better than having the black lung,” Alex sighed as Maggie came down from her high.

“The black lung,” Maggie laughed, like she had all those months ago, even more in love now, if, somehow, that was even possible.
Maggie always made sure they went slowly.

Almost painfully slowly.

So slowly, sometimes Maggie would have to pull back from kissing Alex and rest their foreheads together, eyes closed, panting, focusing, focusing, on anything other than the way their bodies were burning to be even closer together.

So slowly, Alex would get herself off once, twice, a handful of times after Maggie left or after she dropped Maggie off after their dates; particularly the ones that ended in heavy makeout sessions.

Like tonight.

Because tonight, Alex felt like a riled up teenager; Maggie was wearing her hoodie (she’d insisted that she wasn’t cold, that Nebraska kids don’t get cold in National City, but Alex saw right through it), and Alex, somehow, had crawled on top of her on her couch while they kissed.

One hand was resting as a pillow behind Maggie’s head – because she might not have a lot of experience in these matters, but she definitely had class – and the other was anchoring on the edge of the couch, holding most of her weight off Maggie’s body.

To be courteous.

For balance.

To make sure their clothes didn’t magically come off, somehow, because that definitely felt like it would happen if they let it.

But they were starting slow, because slow was something Maggie had never done, and none of this was anything Alex had ever done, and they’d agreed that slow was…

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Because Maggie was kissing her neck – “that feel good?” she asked breathlessly, and Alex had nodded so eagerly so almost knocked Maggie’s nose with her chin – and one of Maggie’s hands was tangled in her hair and the other was underneath her shirt, caressing the skin at the small of her back, and they both, automatically, like an unspoken agreement they were both burning for, shifted so that one of Maggie’s legs could be between Alex’s, and…
Maggie’s teeth nipped gently at Alex’s neck, and the way Alex moaned had Maggie grind her hips up into Alex’s body.

And clothes or no clothes, feel Maggie Sawyer writhing underneath her like that, because she found it that hot to kiss her neck, to make her make sounds she’s certainly never made before, the pressure of Maggie’s thigh between her legs…

Alex came. Hard.

She’d always made herself come – no one else had ever done that for her – so she always, really, knew what to expect.

This was a surprise. Not because her fingers knew exactly what to do to her own body; not something automatic she needed to sleep; this was from passion and heat and the rhythm of Maggie’s body under her own.

This was amazing.

This made her so, so damn happy.

So, naturally, it ruined everything.

This was the whole reason they were going slowly, this… it ruined everything. She’d ruined everything. Of course.

She didn’t think she’d ever blushed harder in her life as she came down from her ecstasy. Maggie was kissing her neck – soft, now, instead of hot – and murmuring to her about how beautiful she was.

She wasn’t beautiful. She was inexperienced and overeager and an embarrassment.

She was humiliated.

She pressed her lips to Maggie’s collarbone – her hoodie was still all askew – to let her know she’d done nothing wrong, and she shakily started untangling their bodies.

“I’m sorry,” she murmured, because no one had ever heard her made sounds like that; no one had ever seen her let go like that; no one had ever felt her body spasm, no control, like that. “I’m sorry, Maggie. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, whoa, Danvers, what… what happened?”

Alex had been wrong, before; she could blush harder than she’d already been blushing.

“I… um… I…”

“Came. Orgasmed. Whatever word you feel best about. We can talk about that. We should. But… yeah, I know that. I meant, you look like you’re freaking out. Did I hurt you? Did I do anything you don’t want? Because – “

“No, no, it just… you’re not… grossed out, or – “

“Uh, Alex,” Maggie was struggling to sit up, now, bringing herself up on one elbow and pulling her hair out of her face with her free hand. “That was the exact opposite of gross. That was… sweetie, wait, are you embarrassed because you came while we were making out?”
Alex couldn’t look at her girlfriend – god, she didn’t even deserve to have a girlfriend – but she nodded.

And suddenly, it was Maggie, seeking permission to be in her lap.

Alex granted it, passive but surprised and maybe, just a little, hopeful.

“Hey, Danvers. Listen to me. Nothing you do, nothing your body does, is gross to me. Okay? You getting off on us making out? Is so damn hot. I could’ve come too, damn Danvers. But listen, even if it wasn’t so hot, it wasn’t wrong. You’re not wrong. You didn’t do anything wrong. You were enjoying yourself, I was enjoying myself. To say the least. And that’s what I want for you, Alex. For us. To enjoy ourselves, together. To make each other feel good. Did that feel good, Alex?”

She glanced up, quick and teary eyed, and nodded quickly before looking down again.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing. Okay? You coming in my arms is literally the hottest thing I’ve ever felt.”

“But you’ve had lots of sex that you said you’ve enjoyed,” Alex objected, finding Maggie’s eyes again.

“Yeah, I have, and I said what I said and I meant it.”

“But… we were just kissing. I’m like some overeager teenager who just… you were right, I’m too inexperienced, I… I’m sorry.”

“Alex, that… that was never about sex. And there’s nothing wrong with being overeager, or a teenager. Or both. I’ve told you about Adrian, right?”

Alex chuckled and nodded, and Maggie took the opportunity to see if she wanted a soft kiss on the lips.

She did, and she got one.

“You’ve gotta meet that kid. But my point, Danvers, is just… we talked about this. Kissing, sex, everything in between – hell, even holding hands – it’s different for everyone, between everyone. Different definitions, different styles, different feelings. You know that. All of it’s great. Everything with you, Alex Danvers, is great. I love kissing you. And I love that it made you come.”

She made herself stop talking, then, because the words that wanted to spill out of her lips were too scary, too soon.

But Alex could see her eyes.

They could see each other’s eyes.

So maybe she didn’t need to say anything at all, for Alex to know.

And maybe it was that knowledge that made Alex’s eyes regain their sparkle, her voice regain its confidence, its playful flirtatiousness.

“So. You said you could’ve come just from making out with me too, huh?”

Maggie gulped, and Alex let her eyes rake down Maggie’s body as she licked her lips.
Maggie gulped again.

“Let’s test that hypothesis,” Alex husked, and Maggie, it turned out, was a very willing collaborator.
anonymous asked:

hey, sorry to bother! TW WARNING ive been having a rly hard time w/ anxiety and self harming lately. i havent been talking to anyone and breaking down a lot. if u could write one of sanvers feeling like this? if u cant thats always ok too, obvi. again sososo sorry to bother you. ur amazing and ur writing helps me always! <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

You are never a bother. I’ve been struggling a lot with this lately, too, so this ask was both close to home and beautiful. I’m sending you all my love and support: you deserve all the best things in the multiverse, dear sweet Anon. I’m so proud of you for being you: you’ve got this. I believe in you. <3 <3 <3

It was the holidays, really, that did it.

Or, that’s what she said it was.

Really, she couldn’t figure out what the hell it was.

Because it wasn’t like there was anything actually wrong.

She had a girlfriend: like, a steady girlfriend, who loved her unconditionally, who didn’t judge her for her past mistakes, who didn’t pity her for her childhood. Who understood her job and respected her values and god, was incredibly, incredibly beautiful.

And, through said girlfriend, she had a family. For the first time in forever.

Nothing was wrong in Maggie Sawyer’s life.

Except… everything was wrong.

Everything.

She tried to think about work.

All that came to mind were cold cases she hadn’t been able to solve, and bodies in trunks and little mistakes here, big mistakes there.

Failures, all around.

She tried to think about her motorcycle.

It was on the cheaper end of things, but expensive to maintain, and did she really deserve to spend that kind of money on herself anyway, especially when she had access to cars through her job, so why was she being so selfish in treating herself to something like that?
She tried to think about Alex.

Who was just inevitably going to leave anyway.

No.

How could she think something like that about Alex? What a terrible girlfriend she was, thinking the worst of her amazing, dedicated, passionately-in-love-with-her girlfriend?

But the passion wouldn’t last.

She was Alex’s first, and Alex couldn’t be to blame when Maggie inevitably got boring, became stale, or just generally all around not enough.

She tried to think of the gym, of her early morning lifting dates with James or her late afternoon dates with a heavy bag at the gym across from the precinct.

She didn’t have the energy to even wrap her hands.

Worthless.

She tried to hide it, at first. When it first started.

Well, not started.

Began again.

Because she’d always been like this: had cycles. Cycles where she was alright (or thought she was alright, or could at least pass as alright), and then cycles where she was… decidedly not okay.

This was one of those decidedly-not-okay cycles.

She was self-harming again.

The worst part was the raging debates in her head – yelling, really, screaming, but just in her chest, just enough to make her heart feel like it was going to implode – about whether to tell Alex.

About whether she was just doing this for Alex’s attention anyway, and how selfish she was because Alex was always ready to give her attention, so why did she have to bring Alex pain to get it instead of just asking for it like a regular, healthy person?

She texted her girlfriend’s number with her cell in one hand and a razor in the other.

She heard her future sister-in-law break the sound barrier getting to her.

“Alex is on her way, Maggie. I couldn’t carry her that quickly, it wouldn’t be safe for her body. Can you open the door, please? Or, just knock on it so I know you’re okay in there?”

A long pause. She couldn’t speak. Couldn’t move her mouth. Didn’t want to open it.

There was no point, really.

Talking just made things worse.

Why had she even called Alex?

“Maggie?” Kara repeated, her voice somewhat Kara Danvers and somewhat Supergirl.
“You can literally hear my heartbeat, Kara. You know I’m alright in here.”

She heard Kara’s audible sigh of relief, and it sent a pool of unwanted relief through her own body.

She was ashamed how easy she was.

“Well, there’s more to being alright than just having your heart beating, Maggie,” Kara sighed, clearly leaning against the wall and sliding down, so they were back to back with only the bathroom door between them.

“I’ll just sit here until Alex gets here, okay?”

To her credit, Kara let the pause linger for a long time.

“Maggie?”

“Yeah. Okay, Supergirl.”

Sarcasm helped. Or, at least it used to. But she had no desire to hurt the woman on the other side of the door. So her words came out soft, and without any bite at all.

Despite herself, she knew Kara would understand.

They waited like that – she still had her cell phone and razor in her hands – until the front door opened with a muted bang.

She heard the sisters shuffling, heard Alex’s soft voice.

She didn’t know if she was grateful or irritated to not have superhearing at this moment.

She’d ruined both of their days.

She should have just ridden this out alone.

She should have just –

“Hey babe,” Alex’s voice came from where Kara’s had been a moment ago – on the floor just outside of the bathroom – and a chill went down Maggie’s spine, as though her body was reacting to Alex’s proximity.

“I’m sorry,” she muttered, because it was the only thing that mattered.

“You have nothing to apologize for,” Alex promised, and her voice so lacked any resentment, irritation, or impatience that Maggie… broke.

She threw the razor to the other side of the bathroom – and her phone along with it, but that was a problem for her future self – and reached up to unlock the door.

She didn’t have the strength to completely pull it open, but she curled herself against the cold tiles of the bathroom floor and shifted enough for Alex to be able to slip into the small room.

“I’m sorry,” she groaned, curling in on herself as Alex knelt over her, checking her body for the wounds she didn’t give herself; at least not on the outside.

“Shhhhh. I got you,” Alex murmured, and Maggie thought she heard the familiar patterns of Kara making pancakes in the kitchen.
She stayed on the bathroom floor for what felt like seconds and what felt like years.

It was like she was drunk at a college party.

It was like she was actually, this time, loved.

Alex didn’t get off the floor once while Maggie was curled up into herself.

She didn’t demand any explanations or tell Maggie how scared she was for her.

She just held her, and told her she loved her, and told her she was proud of her, and told her she was going to feel better than she was right now, and until she did, Alex would be there. She would always be there.

And, as the smell of pancakes and maple syrup filled their apartment, Maggie started to believe her.
Chapter 769

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey cap. Congratulations on the wedding and on the wife. Much love and appreciation on that front. Can you please write a nb!Alex college au with trans!winn and Adrian and obviously maggie? Pleasssssee?

Chapter Notes

cross-posted with my Nice Ride college AU.

Alex falls asleep first.

Maggie had brought them to orgasm, almost accidentally, Alex grinding their hips up onto her thigh, and Alex would have spent the entire rest of the night apologizing if their slipping over the edge didn’t get Maggie there, too.

They got up to get them both water, to borrow a spare phone charger for Maggie from Lucy’s room, and to bring her back a big t-shirt to sleep in.

Because it was obvious to both of them that Maggie was going to spend the night in their dorm.

In their bed.

Alex falls asleep first, because their brain couldn’t process, not really, the excitement of having a pretty girl in their bed, a pretty girl who liked them for who they were, who wanted to spend the night and get to know each other more, who kissed their forehead and who used their pronouns and who laughed, but not meanly, when they stammered their way through intense gay panic.

Maggie stays up and watches them, just for a few minutes.

Because she can’t quite believe it, either. That Alex seemed to like her for… her. That they were respectful and even reverent, and that they kissed her with more on their mind than just getting themself off and then lying about it to the entire school.

She has a feeling that this new thing is going to last, and it scared her senseless.

So she stays up and she watches Alex’s chest rise and fall, the way their hair, mussed and sexy, falls onto their forehead as they shift automatically closer to her.

Maggie falls asleep with her arm around Alex’s torso, wondering what she did to deserve them, to deserve this.

Alex wakes up first.
They forget, for a moment, that it all wasn’t a dream, and they startle when they actually feel someone’s arm around them.

They smile into their pillow when they remember.

They groan with soft remembrance of what it felt like to watch Maggie come on their body, because of them, because of their own pleasure.

“Morning, Danvers.” Maggie’s voice is groggy, and Alex blushes, wondering if they woke her with the sheer force of their memory of last night.

“Hey,” they grunt, trying to say more, or something more smooth, at least, and failing utterly.

Maggie doesn’t seem to mind in the slightest.

“You have morning classes today?” she asks, and Alex is relieved that they can honestly say they don’t. They shake their head and kiss Maggie’s nose.

She giggles, and it’s the cutest sound Alex has ever heard.

“Good. Me neither. So listen, this might be a little forward, but I figure you let me sleep in your bed, so I figure… I usually have breakfast with a couple friends of mine, when none of us have morning classes. Do you, um… you wanna come? Just at the main dining hall, nothing special or formal, and I mean, you don’t have to, because – “

“Wow, did I infect you with my rambling?” Alex teases gently, and Maggie’s pupils dilate.

“Well you definitely infected me with something, Danvers,” she practically growls, and she has to lean over to send off a quick text that she’s going to be at least an hour late.

Because, well, Alex Danvers is apparently a very good kisser.

They also apparently have extremely comfortable t-shirts. Maggie chooses a Bare Naked Ladies concert tee – “the pun is irresistible,” she jokes, and Alex laughs hard – and Alex gulps when she pulls her leather jacket on over it.

“You look good in my clothes. I mean, you look good in your own clothes too. And out of clothes. Not that I’ve seen you entirely out of your clothes. Not that I wouldn’t want to. Just – “

“Okay, well, at least we know I’ve been infected with your rambling, but that doesn’t mean I took it from you,” Maggie kisses them softly, and it’s Alex’s turn to giggle.

“So who are you taking me to meet?” they ask, because they’re still in a complete pretty-girl-likes-me-pretty-girl-likes-me-pretty-girl-likes-me daze, but even that’s not enough to remind them, dimly, that they don’t think they’re very good at the whole people thing.

“A couple of my friends. My best friends here, actually. Or anywhere. They’re cool guys. We were all little girls together,” she winks significantly, and Alex’s heart skips with excitement.

“Adrian! Winn!” Maggie calls when the two step into the main cafeteria holding hands.

A short white boy with wide eyes and a laptop open in front of him stands and waves dramatically, alongside a slightly gangly brown boy with a huge smile and a silver stud earring, who looks like he’s about to leap over tables to drown Maggie in a hug.

“You have a person friend!” the potentially-table-jumping boy squeals excitedly, his voice
cracking like a fourteen year-old going through puberty for the first time. Alex beams as Maggie}

“...kisses the freshman’s cheek.

“Yes, she does,” Alex introduces themself, shaking both boys’ hands in turn. The former

introduces himself as Winn, the latter, as Adrian and master of all things nerd. Alex laughs before

turning their attention back to Maggie. “I mean, if you want one. I mean, if you want to be. If – “

“Guys, you made them ramble! And now they’re gonna make me ramble. It… I… are we that?

You want me to be your girlfriend?”

Alex gulps and nods quietly.

“Good,” Maggie says softly, slipping her hand back into Alex’s.

“Awwwww,” Adrian squeals.

“They’re my new favorite couple,” Winn leans into Adrian emphatically.

“Do you guys want crappy cafeteria pancakes to celebrate? It’s national crappy pancake day, don’t

you know?” Adrian bounces up and down eagerly.

“Dude, you’re gonna overheat in your binder with all that energy,” Winn reminds him with a broad

smile.

“You’re gonna overheat in your binder with all your energy,” Adrian teases, but squeezes Winn’s

shoulder gratefully.

“Nerds. But crappy pancakes sound perfect. Alex? Crappy pancakes for you?”

“With you? Absolutely.”

“Awwwww.”

“Like I said, my new favorite couple.”
anonymous asked:

prompt? I feel like the first time sanvers try orgasm denial and maggie tells her to wait, not to come yet, alex tries but she gets too caught up and she comes and then is devastated because she thinks she's done something wrong? and maggie calms her down because maggie is wonderful

They’ve talked it through and Alex has done copious amounts of research – because of course she has – and now she’s laying naked underneath Maggie and whining in a way she’s never, ever done before.

“Maggie, I –” is all she can bring herself to articulate, and all Maggie does is raise a detached eyebrow.

“Nnn, Danvers, you’ve gotta wait, okay? Don’t come yet, babe.” Her tone is low and cool, and it drives Alex more out of her mind than she’d ever admit in public.

But for now, it drives her so out of her mind that it seems to join Maggie’s fingers inside her body, her palm on her clit, and pushes her over the edge.

She shudders around Maggie’s fingers and scrapes her nails down Maggie’s back. She screams her name and she whimpers as her entire body freezes with the tension, riding out her ecstasy until the bliss turns into hot tears.

“I’m sorry,” is the first thing she says when words return to her, and then she says it over and over and over, a mantra that calls her back to earth and keeps her there, hard.

“Whoa, hey, Alex, what are you sorry for?”

Maggie wipes the damp strands of hair off Alex’s face and kisses her eyes, her forehead, her nose. Alex answers only by repeating her desperate apology, her eyes squeezed shut and her body still tense, but with fear, this time, instead of ecstatic release.

“Sweetie, hey, you did nothing wrong. Okay? I promise, you’re amazing. You did nothing wrong, you have nothing to apologize for. Okay Alex? I’ve got you, I’m here.”

“But you told me not to come, and I did, I messed it all up, and now our night is ruined and –”

“Alex, no. No, no, babe, I’m sorry. I’m sorry, sweetie, that’s not… Alex, you didn’t mess anything up, and you didn’t ruin anything. Hey. Hey, babe, can you open your eyes for me? Please, Alex? Can you do that for me, baby?”

Slowly, trembling, Alex opens her eyes. She won’t meet Maggie’s attentive gaze, but her breathing slows somewhat, and Maggie kisses her nose again.

“Alex,” she repeats, making her voice as soft, as loving, as she can. “We talked about this, sweetie.
Remember? The literal point of me telling you not to come yet is to make things hotter for you. It’s literally to make you feel good, to make things even sexier for you. And apparently, that worked. And that’s amazing, Alex. You didn’t do it wrong, Alex: you did amazing. Okay? You did amazing, sweetie. I promise, okay? Feeling you come like that was so damn hot, I promise. Like… so. Damn. Hot. And more to the point, it was obviously hot for you, and that was literally the point. Right?”

“But I wanted to be good for you.” Alex’s voice is still small, but it’s calmer now, and Maggie thinks it might be safe to kiss her mouth. She waits for permission, and Alex closes the gap between their mouths.

“You were amazing for me, Alex. Feeling you come that hard? Seriously, Danvers, can you imagine anything that would be hotter for me?”

Alex finally looks up at Maggie’s eyes, and her eyes are glittering, now, but not with fear. Now, they’re glittering with something dangerous.

“Oh, I can think of some things,” she murmurs, and Maggie gulps.

It’s going to be a long and fantastic night.
anonymous asked:

Since we are talking about bikers. The first time Maggie sees Alex, Alex is on her motorcycle and holy shit why is this girl so gorgeous

Maggie thinks Alex is the most gorgeous woman she’s ever seen before she even takes off her helmet.

It's something about the way she rides: fast and confident, but steady and controlled.

Because steady and controlled often means hesitant and uncertain, just learning or skilled but extremely cautious as a personality trait.

And fast and confident often means arrogant, cocky, self-involved and not caring who gets hurt, a sloppy need for speed and a selfish chasing of adrenaline at the expense of safety.

The combination is rare.

But this woman has the combination.

Her speed is immense, but her driving is controlled. Her handling is confident, steady, trusting herself to navigate the breakneck pace she’s set for herself.

It turns Maggie on beyond belief, because god, can she intuit so much about the woman in the black jacket, black jeans, and black helmet from just the wave she drives.

And when she comes to a stop, cool and collected as she swings off the side like she wasn’t just speeding to a crime scene like a bat out of hell, and she takes off her helmet and shakes out her hair, Maggie swears it all happens in slow motion, like one of those old movies or one of those sexist Superbowl commercials.

She swears, too, that she can hear theme music in the background, because there is no way any woman can be that beautiful and doesn’t travel with her own personal soundtrack.

Her hair is shorter than Maggie expected it to be, but her eyes are everything Maggie knew they would be and more.

Sharp and keen, aware and calm, stable while still being on fire.

“Danvers,” the woman comes up to her, hand extended, helmet still under one arm, apparently having assessed in the .2 seconds she’d had to look around the scene that Maggie was the one in charge. “FBI.”

Maggie had thought she’d left this kind of disaster lesbian stammering behind in college but nope. Nope. Apparently not.
She forgets which hand to shake with and almost extends her left. She switches to her right with an awkward chuckle that she hasn’t made in years. “Detective Maggie Sawyer,” she chokes, and when did her throat go so dry? “NCPD Science Division.”

She’s surprised she remembers her own name, let alone rank and serial number.

The woman – Danvers, apparently, and Maggie wonders what kind of miraculous first name accompanies the last – smirks with her eyes, like she knows exactly what’s going through Maggie’s mind.

It’s flirty, though, not mocking, and Maggie thinks that maybe she hasn’t ruined any chance she has at not appearing to be a total disaster in front of this impossibly gorgeous woman.

“What have we got?” the woman asks, and Maggie nods. She can do this.

She can both successfully go through the scene with this woman and, maybe, invite her to drinks at the end of it all.

She can do this.

The sparkle in this Danvers woman’s eyes makes her believe it.
anonymous asked:

Cap, ty soo much, your work helped me to come out & not be ashamed of myself <3. Autobiographicalish request: Maggie for the first time is happy because she’s dating Alex. Then she realizes that she needs to grow, to get over her terror of spending money that she got from being neglected, so that she can eat more healthily & buy the masculine clothes she wants to wear instead of wearing clothes that she found in the trash. Alex supports Maggie in finding the help she needs & also sexes her good.

It’s a lot about what she can afford, but it’s even more about what she thinks she deserves.

Because her detective salary is much better than her beat cop salary, which is much more than what she could ever have hoped to make waitressing and tutoring and all the other odd jobs she did through high school and college.

And all of that was so, so much more than she could ever expect when she was living with an aunt, under the legal employment age and bound to come right home after school, every single day.

Money has a history for Maggie, and it was no small thing that she didn’t run the moment she saw Alex’s apartment.

A gorgeous one bedroom with a king-sized bed and beautiful furnishings; such a contrast to her no AC, chipped-tile-in-the-tiny-bathroom with barely a functioning kitchen studio apartment.

It was no small accomplishment that she didn’t run when Alex insisted on taking her to fancy restaurants, and paying for expensive cab rides home.

It was no small accomplishment that she didn’t run when she realized how often Alex could afford to both order an absurd amount of takeout and have a fridge full of groceries.

But being with Alex gave her a sense of stability that she’d never had, and it wasn’t because of how much the DEO paid her girlfriend.

It was because of the emotional stability Alex gave her, the steady and constant belief that she was worth it, that she was worth laughing with and making love to and spending time with just because.

It was because of the emotional stability of holding hands, and making out casually on the couch with no pressure to do anything more, and hours and hours of conversation about everything and nothing at all, and cuddles in the morning, and homemade brunch on lazy Sunday mornings.

It was all that – it was everything that was Alex Danvers and the way she loved her, because, lord, Maggie finally thought she believed that someone truly loved her – that made Maggie do more than just go through the motions with her job-mandated therapist.

It was all that, that made her actually work in therapy, because now, she actually wanted to.
It was slow. Her progress.

She started with a budget. Well, she’d already had a budget; she always, always, lived on a budget. But now, she started writing in categories like “game nights” and “move nights” and “fun nights with Alex” and even wilder, riskier things, like “movie dates with myself” and, eventually, simply, “me.”

It calmed her, to see that she could, in fact, afford to spend these bits of money on herself.

It calmed her, and it opened her up to, once in a while, spending money on herself – a new shirt that she really wanted but didn’t technically need, a denim jacket that was from a cool vintage shop across town instead of something she merely found, a whole suit that she wanted to wear on a date with Alex and, more importantly, that she wanted to look in the mirror and see on herself – and the changes on the inside started showing on the outside.

“I’m so proud of you, Mags,” Alex would tell her, without explanation or clarification, every time she noticed Maggie wearing a new article of clothing, or having more expensive produce like mangos or orange peppers in the fridge.

“You deserve it,” Alex would murmur as she kissed her way down taking off one of Maggie’s fancy new collared shirts, taking extra care to use her tongue in exactly the places she knew Maggie wanted.

“You’re amazing,” Alex would whisper in her ear as they held each other close, clothes scattered on the floor and their histories fluttering in the air between them.

“I love you,” they would whisper to each other, and eventually, Maggie found that she actually believed she deserved such a sacred statement.
Chapter 773

Chapter Summary

prompt from KarmelZilla: Hiya! I absolutely love these fics. I have a request if you have time though. I’ve been going through a tough time; my brother has been sent to a facility for 4 weeks because he’s been threatening to commit suicide. He doesn’t believe anyone loves him. I had to go through my grandma trying to commit suicide for a while, and now my brother. If you could do something like Kara feeling really down, having thoughts and having Alex and Maggie console her. Love her and tell her she will always be loved?

She goes to work and she does what she’s supposed to and she even has Game Night and Sisters’ Night and all that.

Because she doesn’t want to worry anyone, and she knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that she doesn’t deserve their care, their comfort.

She might scream if she has to see pity written across their faces, because she’s never quite been able to escape being the orphan whose entire planet exploded, has she?

In her own head, if no one else’s.

The ray of sunshine who’s supposed to be relentlessly happy, a puppy with open eyes and an eagerly wagging tail.

She can’t tell them she just wants to be put to sleep.

She just wants to rest.

If that rest is forever, so be it.

So fucking be it.

But she doesn’t want to tell them, because they don’t deserve to suffer, and she doesn’t deserve their concern.

They’d tell her she did, and they’d be wrong.

They’d tell her they loved her, and they’d be right; but they’d be wrong about that being enough.

Not that they weren’t enough.

Just that, even filling herself with their love - and she knew they had so much for her, even if she couldn’t quite tell why - she was too empty on the inside for it to matter, in the end.

Because they love her, sure; but they don’t really know her. They can’t.

They see her sunny and happy and they love her sunny and happy.

They couldn’t possibly love her, not really, if they really…. knew.
Knew how much hatred was inside her - mostly for herself, sure, but hatred was hatred was hatred, wasn’t it? - knew what a hopeless, loveless void made up her insides.

So she says nothing, except in those moments when she’d been awake for too long, had too much alien liquor to drink, when she couldn’t possibly even think about pretending anymore, because if she did, she’d just die then and there.

She says nothing, but the remnants of those especially hopeless moments remain.

Maggie notices the cuts on her arms that definitely didn’t come from fighting crime.

Alex notices the glaze in her eyes when they’re all supposed to be watching her favorite movie, but Kara is just watching the void, the abyss, the different ways her suffering can finally, mercifully, stop.

“Kara,” Alex starts, making sure to be holding her.

Because she remembers - she knows Kara doesn’t think she remembers - her rages when they were teenagers. The way she would punch and destroy and scream when she thought she was alone in the woods by the school, alone on the beach by the house, and she thought no one could see her or hear her.

But she remembers the way Kara’s fists relish burying themselves into something, and she says it doesn’t hurt because it doesn’t injure her, but Alex knows that a lack of injury doesn’t mean a lack of pain.

She remembers, so she makes sure to have her arms around her little sister, because the other thing she knows about Kara is that as much as she wants to hurt herself, she’ll never lash those fists out if it means hurting Alex, too.

“I’m fine,” Kara stiffens automatically, and Alex exchanges a quiet glance with her wife.

“I didn’t even ask anything,” Alex says, and it’s soft and lacking judgment, and when Kara turns roughly to look her in the face, she doesn’t find the pity she was expecting.

It makes her angry, and it makes her hopeful.

Because she’s become resigned to being hopeless. And Alex approaching her with respect and not pity, understanding but not judgment… that just messes with her plans.

It threatens to ruin everything, because if there’s hope to be found in the world, that means she might have reason to fight through it.

That she’ll have to deal with feeling like this longer and longer, suffer more and more, instead of being fully hopeless enough to end it now.

“I am, though. I’m fine,” she still insists, because this is hard to let go of. Her emptiness feels like something substantial, like the only thing she has to hold on to, anymore.

“It’s okay if you’re not fine, Little Danvers,” Maggie tells her, like she’s talking about the weather, like she’s reminding her to wear a raincoat. Like Kara is normal. Like she’s normal and special all at the same time. Like she’s worth paying attention to, worth, maybe, loving; but like, maybe, she’s not just a carrier for hopeless melancholy and pain.

“I can’t be Supergirl if I’m not fine,” Kara admits, talking like she’s beyond her own body. Like
whatever small piece of her soul that biologically wants to survive is fighting the rest of her that doesn’t. That wants to tell Alex and Maggie. That wants them to help.

“You don’t need to be Supergirl,” Alex kisses her temple, smoothing her hair out of her face like she used to when they were teenagers and she thought Kara had fallen asleep. “You’re enough as Kara.”

“Kara Danvers doesn’t save the world.”

“Supergirl isn’t super without Kara Danvers,” Maggie counteroffers, “so you’ve gotta take care of both. You deserve to take care of both.”

Kara nearly scoffs at the word. Deserve. What does Maggie know about what she deserves?

“Hey,” Alex intercedes, and Kara curses herself for being so damn obvious. “We don’t love you because you save the world. You save the world, and we love you. Separate.”

“How do I deserve to live on it if I can’t save it?”

“I’ve never saved the world,” Maggie raises her hand like she’s in math class. Even though that’s technically not true. But it has, indeed, been in less direct ways than Kara and even Alex have. So her wife and sister-in-law let the comment slide, because they know what’s coming next. “Do I not deserve to live here? And I know, Kara, I know it’s not the same, because I’m not you and this is about you, and it’s different when it’s someone else, the logic feels different. But I promise, the logic isn’t actually any different. And we don’t love you any less when you need to be a depressed ball of depression on the couch.”

“A depressed ball of depression,” Kara repeats, and she’s surprised that her lips are twitching upward of their own accord.

“Yep.” Maggie looks vaguely pleased with herself, and Alex kisses her cheek, and Kara remembers what love looks like, and wonders how she got to be surrounded by so much of it.

“I don’t want you to stay here because I need you, Kara. I don’t want you to want to live because I don’t want to live without you.” Alex, to her credit, isn’t crying. Kara vaguely knows that she will, later, but she’s not now, and Kara has never appreciated anything quite as much. “I want you to stay here because you want to stay here. But I can want it enough for both of us, in the meantime. I don’t mind holding that for you. I can. Maggie and I both can. Your whole family can.”

Family.

Something she lost and something she found.

Something that was stripped from her, literally vaporized from her, and something that they fought to give back to her.

“I’m just a big burden,” she objects, but she lets herself lay back in Alex’s arms.

“We’re all meant to hold each other,” Maggie reminds her, soft and sincere and with a pain in her voice that reminds Kara that Maggie, too, has probably spent many years not wanting to be here, either. “You’re not a burden in the bad sense, Kara; we’re all meant to hold each other’s burdens, when they get too heavy. And we work out; we can handle it.”

Alex flexes her biceps for emphasis of her wife’s point, and a laugh sneaks out of Kara’s throat.
She’d forgotten how.

But maybe she was allowed to let people remind her.

And maybe it was okay if she couldn’t remember, for a while.

Maybe they could remember for her.

“How I need a break,” she whispers, because she knows that they know that by break, she means hospital care and an inpatient facility and everything that goes with it.

“Then we’ll get you a break. As long as you need,” Alex kisses her temple again, and she lets herself feel small and cared for, for once.

Because maybe they do mean it when they tell her they love her.

And maybe she can let that fill her up after all.
**Chapter 774**

Chapter Summary

painfulconcepts asked:

Hey I'm the one who sent you a prompt in the wrong place cause I'm dumb- anyways you said I should put it here so I'm doing so: Alex feeling insecure about her legs because they are big and muscular and not feminine or pretty. Also maybe Maggie comforting her and it could totally get smutty.

She knew she looked great in dresses and short skirts; men had made sure she knew that since she grew out of her awkward high school moment and grown into dresses and alcohol and parties and forgetting.

And she definitely wanted to forget most of the things they’d said, and done, to tell her, to show her, what they thought of her legs.

If anything, it made her work harder at changing all that.

Because relying on her natural metabolism and form wasn’t going to cut it, with her new job at the DEO. And neither was all the drinking and partying.

So she started working out. Hard.

Hard because Hank Henshaw pushed her harder than she’d ever been pushed - which was saying a lot, because she grew up with Eliza - and hard because she had so, so much to prove, and even more to forget.

She got Vasquez to spar with her, and when they weren’t sparring, they were in the DEO’s training center.

She learned to squat and she learned to deadlift and she learned to kick and jump and sprint and just… everything.

She learned to use her legs for a different kind of power than seduction, and that power changes their shape.

Her legs grow and her jeans stop fitting and men don’t stop being disgusting but she stops thinking she has to be flattered by it.

She does, though, also stop thinking her legs are pretty. Because they’ve lost their overtly feminine edge and she’s often too busy to remember to shave and they’re always covered in bruises, now, and cuts and scrapes and scars.

She usually doesn’t think about it anymore.

But when she does, it’s with discomfort. It’s with insecurity and a pit in her stomach that mourns for when she used to be prettier. When she used to be the gorgeous girl instead of the strong girl, the sexy one instead of the scary one.
But then there’s Maggie Sawyer.

There’s Maggie Sawyer and a job that requires her to wear a dress to go undercover.

And there’s Maggie’s eyes sweeping up and down her body - though not nearly as obviously as the path Alex’s eyes trace up Maggie’s body - and then there’s Maggie’s hand, reaching out to hold hers like Alex is gorgeous, like Alex is sexy, like Alex is someone Maggie wants, naturally, to be seen with, to be with with, even though they’re just undercover and they’re definitely not dating and Alex isn’t gay, anyway, nope, definitely not.

But the thing is, she is. And god, Maggie’s lips are soft and warm and perfect.

But when Maggie’s hands trail down to her ass, her thighs, Alex stiffens.

Maggie stops immediately, withdraws immediately, apologizes immediately for not asking if her hands could travel there while they’re making out on the couch.

No one’s ever apologized to Alex for putting their hands on her before, and no one’s asked her if they could kiss her in a certain way before, and no one’s even stopped to notice when she was uncomfortable with something before.

Alex could definitely fall in love with this woman, if she hasn’t already.

And not just by comparison to jerks.

By comparison to… everything.

Maggie Sawyer is… everything.

But Alex’s legs? They’re… not. Not anymore. And she’s afraid Maggie will see that, will feel that, will realize that, and not be attracted to her anymore. Not think she’s sexy anymore.

And god, Alex revels in the fact that Maggie Sawyer finds her sexy. She’s terrified that she’ll stop. And she’s never been so invested in a relationship before, in intimacy before.

So she’s terrified.

Damn legs.

“Talk to me. If you want,” Maggie is inviting, soft and welcoming and concerned, making sure Alex knows she still wants her, but wants her on her own terms, wants her to want everything they’re doing, and won’t do anything Alex doesn’t desperately desire.

“I just…” Alex shifts on the couch so her legs are more covered, so they splay out less on the couch, so they look less thick than they are. “I like where you were touching me. I like everywhere you touch me.” She blushes and Maggie kisses her nose and yep, she’s definitely falling in love. “I mean, I like being touched by you. But I… I don’t want you to feel like you have to. Touch me everywhere. If you don’t want. Because my legs aren’t… it… never mind. We can go back to kissing. Can we go back to kissing? I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything, touch me wherever you want, I - ”

“Whoa, hey, Danvers. I’m not gonna touch you anywhere you’re uncomfortable with. Does it scare you? Or trigger you? It’s okay if it does, sweetie, and you don’t have to tell me everything right now, but I need to know the basics so I don’t hurt or scare you or make you uncomfortable. Because that’s definitely the opposite of what I’m trying to do.”
“No, it’s not… nothing bad happened with my legs, it… no, it’s just… they’re not…”

She shifts again, and she tries not to cry as she watches realization dawn on Maggie. About her insecurity, about how stupid and childish she’s being, and how unsexy her lack of confidence must be.

But then Maggie is kissing her face - her cheeks, her eyes, her temples, her forehead, her chin - and murmuring to her as she does. “Alex. Your body is incredible. Your legs are incredible. And I don’t want to touch you anywhere you’re uncomfortable with, okay? That’s not what I’m trying to do. I’m not trying to get convince you to let me touch you anywhere, or see anything you don’t want me to, okay? But I just… I want you to know that your legs are sexy, Danvers. They’re strong and powerful and give me something incredible to grab on to, and that thickness is hot as hell. You’re hot as hell. Okay? And just… just know that I think that, that I feel that. We can go back to kissing, and my hands can be nowhere near your legs. Or we can go back to watching this damn movie, or whatever you want. Okay? I can just hold you. Whatever you - ”

None of that is what Alex wants. Well, she will. Later. But now?

Now she wants to feel Maggie everywhere. She draws Maggie’s hands back to her thighs and she’s nervous and she’s scared but she also trusts this woman, and she believes her, and god, does she want her.

Maggie moans softly as she squeezes Alex’s thighs slightly, and Alex is shocked when the heat from that movement shuttles through her entire body.

Maggie looks well and truly turned on, and god, she really did mean what she said, and god, she really can get used to this feeling.

Her face is still burning with tentative embarrassment, but her body is also burning with definite arousal, and it’s all because of the effect her legs are having on Maggie Sawyer.

Maybe there’s something sexy about being big and muscular after all.
Chapter 775

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I want to live in a world where double date nights have turned into sisters nights with Sanvers and Supercorp being a bunch of happily married idiots. :)

Chapter Notes

We all want to live In That World.

They still have their date nights. Of course they do.

Kara takes Lena flying and Alex takes Maggie to the ballets neither of them will never admit to loving.

Lena takes Kara dancing and Maggie takes Alex on long drives in the mountains.

And they still have their double date nights.

Of course they do.

But over the years, Double Date Nights have become another version of Sisters’ Nights.

None of them are sure exactly when it started happening.

It might have been after Maggie and Kara finally broke through their initial layers of awkward resentment and unspoken jealousy, insecurity, protectiveness looking like over polite tension.

It might have been after Lena started working with Alex in the lab, because nothing said future sister-in-law bonding time like microscopes and gene analyses that the fate of the world rested upon.

It might have been after Maggie asked Lena to be in her wedding party, and Lena sobbed because, aside from Sam, who would ever want her in their life like that?

Regardless of when, exactly, or why, exactly, Double Date Nights slowly morphed into Sisters’ Nights.

But not just for the original Danvers girls. No, they still had their one-on-one nights, just for Alex and Kara, Kara and Alex. Because that would never, ever stop.

No, these were a different kind of Sisters’ Night: a new breed, tentative and awkward at first, but welcomed by all.
Maggie and Kara would giggle in the kitchen – who would have imagined those two ever, ever giggling together? – while Lena and Alex traded college stories about the old white men who thought they knew more than they did in lab and in the classroom and internships and everywhere, really.

Lena and Maggie would pour each other more wine as they swapped embarrassing stories about their Danvers girls, and Alex and Kara would laugh loudly as they tried to one-up their wives’ stories.

Alex and Maggie would toss pillows at Kara and Lena when they would tug each other into the kitchen to make out, and Lena would roll around on the floor, immobilized with laughter, when Kara tried to fly Alex and Maggie into their bedroom when they, inevitably, started kissing deeply as playful revenge on the other couple.

On the quieter nights, too – the ones capping longer, heavier days – Lena would sprawl across Alex and Kara’s laps, and Maggie would make them all dinner (because none of the rest could be trusted in the kitchen). Kara would strike the pilot light with her eyes and Alex would rub Maggie’s shoulders when they’d all finish eating, and Lena would feed Kara from her own fork when Kara was too depressed to lift her own hands.

Maggie would fall asleep on Kara’s shoulder and Alex would whisper to both her sisters about what old musical they should put on the TV.

When James and Winn would let themselves into the apartment the next morning – they’d long since had keys made – to bring the girls brunch, they’d always find them curled up on each other, limbs sprawled and Kara floating with Lena using her as a mattress, her hand still in Maggie’s from the night before, Alex with her hand under Maggie’s sweater, touching the skin on the small of her back.

They would make sure they were all covered in blankets – Maggie with her feet free, Lena tucked in like a burrito – as they cooked.

Inevitably, Maggie would be the first one up, and she’d pad into the bathroom to shower after kissing the boys good morning.

The sound of Alex setting off the fire alarm would always draw her out of the shower, and Sisters’ Night officially became Family Morning as Lena and Kara and James and Winn teased Alex and Alex play-wrestled them all.

Maggie took photos that gradually started to fill the walls of all of their apartments before she joined in, and really, it was all quite perfect.
Chapter 776

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

i get vv dysphoric when im on my period and maybe we could get a dysphoric nb!
alex w/ their period and maggie helping them through

Maggie woke to the sound of something crashing in the bathroom.

She knew the sound well, at this point.

“Dammit,” she murmured, rummaging on the floor next to the bed for one of Alex’s shirts, oversized on her small frame. She slipped into the shirt and padded toward their en suite bathroom.

“Need anything, babe?” she asked, knowing the answer, but also knowing that Alex liked knowing she was there.

Liked knowing she still found them sexy, that she didn’t think any less of them. Didn’t think they were gross or disgusting. And maybe most importantly, didn’t think they were making something out of nothing and just needlessly complaining about something so many people had to just shut up and deal with.

“A hysterectomy?”

Maggie chuckled and slid down to sit on the ground outside the bathroom floor.

“Should I gather together ample amounts of chocolate, a heating pad, and make Winn take off from work so he play a Kingdom Hearts walkthrough for my handsome darling?”

Alex narrowed their eyes even though Maggie couldn’t see them.

“No.”

“No? You don’t want any of those things, sexy?”

Alex shivered at the way Maggie always made sure to call them all the right things when they were feeling all the wrong ways.

“No.”

“Hm. Okay. I guess I’ll eat all the chocolate, lay all over the heating pad, and watch Winn do a killer walkthrough on my own then. Yeah? Sound good, Danvers?”

“Yeah.”

Alex was starting to smile, and Maggie could hear it through the door.

“On it. You take your time in there - holler if you want me to bring you boxers to go over those hot-ass boy shorts of yours - and when you come out, you can find me eating all the chocolate in
the land. I might even let you have a piece. Sound good?”

“Pancakes, too?” Alex asked, because maybe they could get through this after all.

“Pancakes, too,” Maggie promised.
Chapter 777

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

can we get some solid hurt/comfort sanvers like depressin and all that jazz,, sending
love babes!!!

She doesn’t understand why she’s so weak.

J’onn lost his entire family, his entire planet, to genocide.

Kara lost her entire family, her entire planet, to an arrogant mistake her parents insisted on making.

Winn’s father was in prison for murdering people, James’s father was dead, Lena’s and Maggie’s parents were…

Well, maybe she had a little in common with these guys, with the parent issues.

But still.

Her mother was alive and loved her, accepted her, even when she got things wrong. Even her father was alive, trying to love her (albeit doing it badly) after all these years.

She doesn’t understand, if all these people could be so strong, every day and every night and every moment in between, why she was so comparatively weak and whiny.

Because she had a long, hard day ahead of her, so what? She didn’t want to get out of bed?

Lots of people had long, hard days ahead of them. And worse. Unimaginable things.

Kara and J’onn woke up every day knowing their entire history was gone.

And Alex couldn’t even deal with the basics of life.

Weak.

Maggie apparently disagreed. Which, for some parts of her, made it better. For other parts of her, it made it so much worse.

To have a doting, wonderful girlfriend, and still not be able to function like a regular person?

How ungrateful and oversensitive could she possibly be?

But there was Maggie, bringing her coffee and sitting at the side of their massive bed, stroking her hair and kissing her temple.

“Take your time getting up, Danvers. There’s no rush.”

Except there was a rush, and Maggie knew it. The more momentum Alex gave to this bullshit, the
harder it would be to get up, eventually.

And she knew she would, eventually. So why couldn’t she just speed up the damn process and get on with it?

“Yeah there is,” she grunted back at Maggie, who tilted her head, squinted her eyes, and considered the rebuttal.

“Arguably, there’s always a rush. But then doesn’t that mean there’s never a rush?”

“Nerd.”

“You love me.”

Alex sighed. “I do. And I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’ll get up, I just-”

“Hey, Danvers, shhh. I meant it, sweetie. No rush. Your body’s got things it needs to process. Let it. It’s alright. I’m here. You don’t have to ride it out alone.”

Which was precisely when the tears started.

She fought them hard, but they fought harder, and her eyes burned.

“Kara gets up every day. J’onn. Everyone, damn. You know Johnson in engineering lost his mother last week? His own mother, and he’s back, and he’s doing what needs to be done, but I’m just stuck here, absolutely nothing wrong in my life, whining about nothing, and it - I can’t - ”

Alex’s rant became a struggle to breathe, and Maggie scuttled down next to her, holding her through it and whispering wordlessly into her ear.

“You know,” she said slowly, softly, when Alex started breathing again, “I was actually talking to Johnson the other day. When I came in after that last attack. And he was telling me that every night, he goes home and is just catatonic. And his boyfriend has to make sure he eats, sometimes even spoon-feeding him, to make sure.”

Alex looked up at that, tears fresh in her eyes. “God, that’s-”

“That’s not what you see when you look at him at work. And it’s not what other people see when they look at you at work. But even if it were, Alex. Even the days when Kara wears her losses on her sleeve, and J’onn goes to war like he’s fighting for people long dead? They fight with their brain stuff every day. They’re allowed, and you’re allowed. And you know better than anyone how Kara goes through the same kinds of mornings you do. It’s easy to forget, when that’s not the side of ourselves we talk about all the time. You’re not by yourself with this, babe. Hell, you’ve seen me like this, more times than I can count.”

“But you’re not making it up, you’re not.”

“Hey.” Maggie’s voice was stern, this time, and Alex found her eyes, fearful she’d said something vitally wrong. But Maggie just took her face between her cupped hands, and kissed her solid and tender on the mouth. “You are not making anything up, Alex Danvers. You’re suffering. You’re not electing to suffer because it’s fun. Because it’s not. You’re suffering because your body’s on overload, your heart’s on overload. And we can manage it together, I promise, but don’t you dare try to tell yourself you’re making it up, that it’s your fault. You can’t talk about the woman I love like that, okay?”
“Wait, who was I talking about?”

Smiles crept onto the faces of both women as Maggie rolled her eyes and leaned in for another soft kiss. “You, Danvers. I love you.”

“As it should be,” Alex teased, and when she realized the implications of what she’d said - that she did, indeed, deserve Maggie’s love - her chest wracked with another sob.

But it was the good kind, now. The kind that reminded her that she would be able to get up and do this again. Because she might be exhausted, but she wasn’t alone.
anonymous asked:

sanvers helping queer teens anon here, what abt a hispanic gay for girls enby (ik this is rly weirdly specific) nw/ rly conservative parents and just nneding to cry and let it out w/ sanvers and them comforting them

Half the time that Adrian texts Maggie, it’s memes and cute dogs and selfies of him with said cute dogs.

The other quarter, it’s life updates and checking in on how she’s doing.

The last quarter, it’s asking if he can bring wayward teens he finds over to his lesbian mamas’ apartment for dinner, for coffee, for an emergency crisis.

This afternoon, his text is about a sophomore in his school.

_They’re really sweet and they just transferred to my school and they’ve got this massive crush on this junior girl and I totally ship it and more to the point their parents are jerkssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss so can they come over tonight and be parented by the biggest homos I know I’ll bake that batch of brownies that you know Alex will make all those sex noises for??_

_You sent this to me, Adrian. This isn’t Maggie’s phone, Adrian. You did that last crack about the brownies and sent it to me on purpose, didn’t you Adrian._

_…. hi Alex. We on for tonight?_

_Bring them and your brownies. We may or may not take the brownies and the kid and let you stay out in the hallway._

_Perfect, see you then!_

Alex laughs to herself, wondering when, exactly, she became a mom.

She calls Maggie to let her know that they’ll have company tonight.

She watches, that night, the kid’s face – Cass, their name is – as they watch the enthusiasm and deep, unrestrained love that Maggie and Adrian bear hug with.

“They’ll be done in with that in about five hours,” Alex offers her hand out to Cass. They giggle nervously, and Alex leans in conspiratorially, “You wanna steal these brownies and run? Adrian said he’d bring the things over, and he told us he was bringing you, obviously, so I said ‘well maybe Cass and I could just grab the brownies and go, can they run fast?’ and he was like, ‘yeah, they do, they’re on our track team’, so I’m just saying, if you wanna tackle him for the brownies, I can totally take my wife.”
Alex hopes her rambling is making Cass feel less uncomfortable, less awkward and terrified; if the look on their face is any indication whenever Alex uses their pronouns, Alex is creating the effect she wanted to.

Maggie and Adrian finally stop hugging, and Adrian latches himself onto Alex next.

It’s not until halfway through the pizza and fries and garlic bread - ‘the dinner of champions’, Adrian proclaims - that Cass really starts saying anything beyond ‘pre-calculus is awesome’ and ‘my English teacher is the worst.’

Because they pay close attention when Maggie casually mentions growing up in a small town where everyone knew everyone’s business, and when Adrian mentions the last family barbeque where his mom got into a massive fight with his dad’s brother over his refusal to respect Adrian’s pronouns in the supposed name of Jesus.

“It. Was. Awesome,” Adrian concludes with satisfied hands behind his head.

“Was your dad mad at your mom, though? For yelling at his brother?” Cass asks, and Adrian shakes his head vehemently.

“No no no, that was the best part. When Dad got there, and we told him what happened, he was just pissed off that Mami got to tell off my uncle and not him. Like I said: awesome.”

“You’re really lucky. With your parents. Both sets, it looks like.”

“I know,” Adrian sobers, reaching for Alex’s wine before she lightly smacks his hand out of the way.

Cass giggles at their intimate antics, and they assess safety levels quickly. Whether anyone will be mad that they ruin the dinner party just because they need to vent; whether Adrian won’t be their friend anymore at school, or whether Alex and Maggie will regret welcoming them into their home.

They think it seems safe. The way Adrian leans across the table to squeeze Maggie’s knee. The way Alex kisses Maggie’s cheek, and Maggie kisses hers right back.

The way Adrian pretends to be grossed out, but winks at Cass happily even as he does so.

“I wish I had parents who love me like yours do,” they pipe up, and no one misses a beat.

No one tells them that ‘of course your parents love you, they’re just set in their ways’ or ‘they’ll accept you even if they don’t accept other people because you’re their kid’ or ‘why is it so important to tell them? you’ll be out of their house in a couple years anyway.’

No one says anything like that. They just turn, and nod, and wait for them to continue.

“Like, it’s frustrating. Because there’s Jesus Catholics, who are all hippy and like, love everyone for the sake of loving everyone because that’s what Jesus was all about. And there are Old Testament Catholics, who are like, ‘smite this and smite that’ and that’s my parents, and they voted for the supervillain in the White House and they don’t understand that he hates us and everything he stands for hates us, and he especially hates me, because I’m brown and I’m trans and I love women in a way he’ll never understand.’

“You mean you respect them and all that? What? Whomst?” Adrian puts his hand on his heart in faux shock, and Cass smiles like maybe everyone at this table actually, truly gets it.
Which is exactly what makes them sob.

Alex is on her feet first, pulling out her chair and shifting so she’s kneeling tall by Cass’s seat. “Okay?” she asks with outstretched arms, and Cass lets themself sink into Alex, grasping at her henley as they sob like they haven’t let themself sob in far too long.

Maggie holds Adrian’s hand and they both put their heads down, waiting, witnessing, holding space for Cass’s tears and Alex’s whispers of comfort and belief.

“I’m sorry,” Cass gasps through their tears.

“No.”

“Absolutely nothing to be sorry for.”

“You’re fine, you’re fine, you know how many times I’ve done this at this very table?”

“All three of us, really.”

“This is apparently where we all have our breakdowns. You’re in good company.”

Their soft antics get Cass to laugh. To start believing that maybe their blood family isn’t the only family they’ll ever have.

That maybe, they can make their own.

And maybe, that starts tonight.
Chapter 779

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

If you are accepting prompts, how about Alex and Kara meet Captain Marvel and they bond over being Danvers? The three of them can team up and save the world. Danvers are badass. :)

Cross-posted in my Carol x Maria fic series Where's Your Head At?

“Wait,” Monica held up her hands dramatically.

“So you’re Kara Danvers. You’re Alex Danvers. And you’re Carol Danvers.”

“No relation,” Carol gestures between herself and the sisters from National City. “But still pretty cool, huh, Lieutenant Trouble?”

“Cool?!” Monica leaps up from her chair, and Maria puts her head in her hands.

“Watch this,” she leans into Maggie with a grin on her face. “My daughter, everyone.”

Sure enough, Monica doesn’t disappoint. “This is only the coolest thing on the planet! You shoot lasers out of your eyes, you shoot photons out of your hands, you save the world just as often as these two with no super powers of your own? This is like a TV series! This is a best selling comic book! You guys need jackets! Danvers Girls jackets! Danvers women, whatever! It can be a band name, a superhero squad name! So versatile!”

“Kara’d be lead vocalist, Alex would drum, and Carol, what instrument do you think? Guitar? You look like a guitar kinda lesbian,” Maggie takes Monica’s mantle.

“Definitely,” Maria agrees, biting her lip as she makes heated eye contact with a highly bemused Carol.

“Mom, when you and Carol get married, are we taking her last name?”

Carol spits her beer all across the table, and Alex thumps her back while laughing heartily.

“And Maggie, are you gonna take Alex’s last name when you two get married?”

It’s Alex, this time, that needs thumping on her back. Kara takes care of that while Carol takes care of Maggie.

Maria, however, is nearly rolling on the ground with laughter, living her best life with her daughter’s perfect antics.

“Then we could all be Danvers!” She spreads her arms out wide, like she’s just made the most life-altering proclamation of the century.

The laughter that follows carries them all through dinner and dessert.
“I thought we weren’t gonna tell your mom about the ring yet, Lieutenant Trouble,” Carol whispers to Monica later, all wide eyes and secret smile.

“She knows I get overexcited, she won’t give it too much thought,” Monica shrugs happily.

They turn to watch Alex, Maria, and Maggie laughing about some undoubtedly embarrassing Carol story or another.

Kara slips up behind her and Monica quietly. “You have a point you know, Monica,” she takes a knee next to her. “The three of us - maybe including Maggie, you, and your mom soon, it seems like - should definitely get jackets. In the meantime, though, I was thinking. If it’s okay?”

Kara looks up at Carol for approval, and Carol - knowing she’s Monica’s other mother in all but legality - nods her permission.

With a flourish, Kara reaches into her duffel bag in the entryway and pulls out her Supergirl outfit. She detaches her cape and wraps it around Monica’s shoulders. “Maybe not as cool as a Kree uniform, but still kinda awesome.”

“And it looks perfect on you, kiddo,” Carol scoops her up and flies her just as easily as she did when Monica was tiny.

“I’m a Danvers superhero, too!” Monica puts her hands straight out in little fists, her trust in Carol pure and absolute.

Maria bites her lip again as she watches Carol and her daughter.

“We’re gonna be lucky, aren’t we? Marrying into this last name?” Maggie murmurs to her, and Maria nods as Alex joins Carol and Monica in the simulated flight.

“We sure are, Sawyer. We sure are.”
Chapter 780

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

hey, i rly like your nb! alex college series, so i was wondering if you could maybe do smth like that but with nb! maggie? like them having a binder and shorter hair and like maybe a hurt/comfort, they dont wanna take their binder off theyre accidently hurting themselves and alex has to help them or smth like that? (only if you want tho any nb!maggies great) i love you cap!! your amazing and wonderful! love you!

They’re sporting their Fall Out Boy snapback, because, well… because of course they are.
And they’re yelling.
Loudly.

“Too high, too high, bring me down, Little Danvers!” they’re shouting, and Kara’s laughing, and they can’t help it: they’re laughing, too.

Because Kara’s pout is huge whenever she wants to fly Maggie around when they come home to the Danvers’ house for the holidays, and Maggie has absolutely no resistance to those eyes. They say yes, Kara can fly them, yes, she can even skim their toes over the water, but no, no, nope, too high now.

So Kara brings them down, laughing but obedient, and her exhilaration infects Maggie like a hot chocolate on a snowy Nebraska morning.

“Did you have fun until you freaked out and called uncle?” Kara teases, but she’s gentle and she’s setting Maggie down softly, so Maggie laughs, too.

They take off their snapback and run their hand through their newly cut hair - they like it long, but this new shortness is something they never would have been allowed to do, and being able to explore while living part at college and part with their girlfriend’s family has been… magnificent.

“Yeah, still shaking, you know? But yeah. It was awesome.”

They look up to see Alex running out of the house, coming toward them with a broad smile and two massive wraps of tinfoil suspiciously shaped like sandwiches.

“Mom sent me out with these when she saw you two were flying again,” she announces proudly, presenting the massivest sandwich ever to massive in all the galaxies to Kara and a merely humanly massive sandwich to Maggie.

“Aw, thanks, sweetie,” Maggie grins and kisses their girlfriend as Kara moans with delight and digs in. Alex has to remind her not to swallow the entire thing in one gulp.

Maggie, leaning against Alex as they all stare out at the ocean, is eating their sandwich at a mostly-human pace; which is why Alex is alarmed and confused when they start to choke.
They wave both Alex and Kara away when they try to help, turning away from both of them and trying to take long, steadying breaths.

It only seems to make it worse.

Comprehension dawns on Alex first.

“Babe, did you sleep in your binder last night?” she asks when Maggie’s breathing begins to stabilize and their chewing begins again.

At her question, though, their chewing slows and freezes. Kara finds some seagulls to occupy herself with and, taking her sandwich, pads away sensitively.

“No? Why’d I do that? Not stupid,” Maggie mutters around a mouth full of sandwich. Alex tilts her head - a habit she’s picked up from Maggie - and waits for them to splutter themself out.

Sure enough, it only takes a moment for Maggie to redden, take a gigantic swallow, and glare slightly. “Yeah, I did,” they admit, like a five year old caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

“Makes sense,” Alex shrugs. Now that Maggie’s demonstrated willingness to talk about it, Alex has no intention of treating it like some big crime. She knows they know the risks. She knows they knew they shouldn’t, healthwise. No need to remind them and make them feel terrible. They’re prone, Alex knows, to feeling terrible about themself. Alex refuses to make that worse.

“Any way I can interest you in a binder-free massage when we’re done eating? Back only, if you want.”

Maggie watches Alex stare out at the ocean, and they follow her gaze. They both wind up watching Kara chasing seagulls, imitating their calls.

“They didn’t have birds on Krypton,” Alex leans over after a while, whispering conspiratorially, like this isn’t something Maggie’s known for ages.

“You’re not mad?” they need to know, because this is still new.

Someone to love them. Someone to care when they’re in pain because they’re in pain; someone who’s not going to blame them for it or yell at them for it or tell them that that’s just what they get when they’re trying to be something they’re not.

They know that Alex would never, ever say or even think that they’re trying to be anything other than who they are.

“Of course not,” Alex turns to face Maggie fully. “Never.” She shrugs after a moment. “A little worried. I like you best when you’re breathing, I mean, but not mad, no,” she teases gently, so gently.

So gently that when it brings tears to Maggie’s eyes, it’s because they feel protected and seen and so, so loved.

“Just felt like I needed it on, you know? Just, one of those days.”

Alex nods. “I know. I can dig up one of Dad’s old sweatshirts if that’ll help at all. Big.”

Maggie squints, and it has nothing to do with the sun.

“That’d be awesome,” they whisper.
Alex helps.

When they finish their sandwiches and troop back to the house, leaving Kara living her best life amongst the seagulls.

Alex helps, when they get up to Alex’s room and she slips into the storage closet that’s basically a memorial of Jeremiah’s old things to bring back a sweater.

She helps, getting down on her knees and kissing up Maggie’s legs, tongue flirtatious, distracting, reverent, as she helps Maggie take off their pants. Easier to shimmy out of their binder, finally, that way.

She helps when she gets up off her knees and slips their binder off their shoulders, one arm and many, many kisses at a time. She kisses their mouth and their neck and every bit of newly exposed skin. She gasps when Maggie’s grip tightens slightly in her hair, and she slides their binder down their body like she’s taking her warrior out of their armor.

“You’re so handsome,” she murmurs as she helps Maggie replace their binder with Jeremiah’s sweater, quick as can be. Because Maggie likes to be called a lot of things, but this is the one they need to be reminded of right now.

“You too, Danvers,” Maggie can’t help but smile, even as their hands shake.

Alex blushes and pretends to curtsy and promptly trips over herself.

It’s that unselfconscious laughter, more than anything - even more than the stretches Alex does with them, the almost reverent way she touches them, watches them - that brings Maggie back to their body and back to unrivaled joy.

Safe and contented and enough.

More than enough.
Chapter 781

Chapter Summary

chylerssparrow asked:

Hey cap. So my story is alot like Maggie's (I promise I'm not making this storyup) my Crush's mother found some texts between me and my crush and she threaten to out me to my mom if I didn't stay away from my crush. That was the day before Valentine's day this year. I was hoping if you have time if you could write a fic about Maggie seeing Eliza wilky again and Alex comforts her when she yells at Mags for coming back to Nebraska, if you still write Sanvers but if you could that would be great

She went over it and over it and over it in her head for years and years.

Had she made it up in her head?

She would lay in bed at night - the crappy futon bed that her aunt let her sleep on that was always too cold and too hard and too lonely - and stare at the ceiling and wonder.

Hadn’t she seen Eliza’s eyes drift down to her lips, so many damn times?

When they stole Eliza’s older brother’s cigarettes together, hadn’t Eliza always been the one to suggest they shotgun the smoke, bringing their lips tantalizingly close, all but kissing without having to call it that?

Hadn’t Eliza been the one to run her hand under Maggie’s sweater, claiming her hands were cold, under their shared blankets all those nights, during all those horror movies that she knew Eliza hated, but always said she wanted to watch, because those were the kinds of movies that could best rationalize that kind of snuggling, that kind of protective closeness?

Hadn’t Eliza always insisted they share the bed, instead of letting Maggie sleep on the couch when she stayed over?

Maggie thought and she replayed and she thought and she replayed.

She came out of it swearing she’d been crazy.

Swearing she’d been making it all up.

That of course, the girl who went on to be homecoming queen and prom queen and cheerlead captain and Straight Girl Extraordinaire hadn’t actually wanted her. Hadn’t actually given her signs, hadn’t actually been trying to tell her since junior high that she wanted Maggie to lay her down underneath the bleachers and show her things all the boys used to brag about doing to their girlfriends.

Maggie was just crazy. Just projecting. Just manipulating the innocent love of her best friend, perverting it into something twisted and wrong and sick.

That’s what everyone said, anyway.
Everyone.

Everyone.

So much so that Maggie had started to believe that herself.

So when it gets to Maggie through the grapevine - all those years and years and years later - that their old chemistry teacher had died, it doesn’t occur to her to worry about seeing Eliza Wilkie at the funeral.

Because of course she’s going to the funeral.

Growing up in a town like that, it’d be the height of disrespect not to. Especially since he’d been the only teacher who ever really liked her.

He’d never said much to her. But he let her survive lunch periods in the chemistry classroom, alone with her dry sandwiches while he graded his papers. He let her listen to his old radio, to whatever station she wanted. He sometimes brought her an orange, from his wife.

They never really talked, not really. He didn’t ask her about her parents or her aunt or the vicious talk whipping around the school. It hadn’t been his way.

But his classroom had been safe for her.

Of course she was going to his funeral.

And of course she was bringing her fiancee.

“I’d love to see where you grew up, babe. And of course I want to be there for you at the funeral. But are you sure? That it’s not more trouble than it’s worth?”

“No,” she insisted. “He would’ve wanted me there. And if he would’ve wanted me there, he would’ve wanted the woman I love there. He wouldn’t have cared. And if he wouldn’t, everyone else can deal.”

Her old teacher’s wife was the only one to welcome Maggie, to hug Alex, to congratulate them on the upcoming wedding.

Everyone else - her parents included, her aunt included, her cousins and her old classmates and her old teachers and the guy who owned the grocery store who told her she couldn’t work there, bagging customers produce, after her parents kicked her out and the rumors started - everyone else gave her a distant handshake or nothing at all.

Mostly, nothing at all.

Just whispers and horrid stares and tsk’s and muttered curses.

She held Alex’s hand and she set her jaw and she paid her respects, and she focused on getting the very next flight out, showing Alex the sights be damned.

But Eliza Wilkie had other plans.

“Maggie Sawyer,” she called out from behind, and Maggie jumped, recognizing the lilt after all those years. She’d had her eye out for Eliza, the whole time, but hadn’t seen her. Hearing her, now, turned her stomach around.
Alex knew, immediately. Alex squeezed her hand, immediately.

“Wilkes,” Maggie turned around, forcing a half smile onto her face, because Eliza hadn’t had to call after her like that, and maybe enough time had passed, and maybe she’d grown, and maybe -

“What the hell are you doing back here? And with your - with - how? How could you -”

She shot Alex a look and grabbed Maggie’s arm, tugging her away. Alex’s spine stiffened, but Maggie shook her head. It was fine, it was fine, she could take care of herself, it was fine, but god, please don’t go far.

“You realize that they were all just rumors, when we were kids? But now, you’re parading this… woman around, and you’re just confirming every vicious thing this town every thought?”

“Hello to you too, ‘Liza. Good to see you too, ‘Liza. I’ve been fine, how about -”

“Cut the crap, Maggie. You realize that you confirming all those rumors are just going to make them think the same about me, don’t you? How could you do this to me, how could you-”

“Okay, wait, no no no. My marriage to the most gorgeous, kindest, smartest woman I’ve ever known? Surprisingly, has nothing to do with you. And I’m pretty sure our old chem teacher dying also had nothing to do with you, but I’m a detective now, so if there’s anything you wanna fess up to, I’m all ears.”

“Christ, is everything still a joke to you?”

“You never were.” It was the most honest thing Maggie had ever said in that town. The most raw, the most vulnerable, since she was fourteen years old. “You were never a joke to me. And I’m sorry. I’m sorry you’ve stayed stuck in a place where you can’t be happy for someone else’s happiness. Someone you used to love. We grew up together, god, Eliza. And you can’t be happy that I’m happy. And that’s fine. I don’t need your happiness. But I hope you find your own, I really do.”

Steam was practically coming out of Eliza’s ears, but Maggie couldn’t fix it. She never could have, and now, she realized after so many years, finally? It wasn’t her job to.

“But look, unless something really fundamental has changed about etiquette here, funerals aren’t the best places to pick public fights. Or maybe they’ve always been exactly the best places for that. But that’s all I came here for. Okay? I mourned, you mourned. We paid respects. I’m going now. I’m not going to stand here and let you make me fourteen again. Alright? Goodbye, Eliza.”

She turned away before her first best friend and her first broken heart had the chance to say anything. She turned away while she still had the strength to move.

She caught hold of Alex’s hand and she took the keys to the car they’d rented and she took the long, long, long way ‘round back to their motel.

She didn’t cry until they got there, until they locked the door behind them.

She didn’t weep until she was in Alex’s arms.

But as soon as she was, she let herself sob.

“I heard what you said to her, you know,” Alex murmured after a long while of kissing Maggie’s face, her knuckles, her hair, her tears. “I’m so proud of you, babe. I’m so proud of you, and I love
you so damn much.”

She didn’t say anything else because she didn’t have to. Because nothing else mattered.

Nothing else mattered, and nothing else ever would.
Chapter 782

Chapter Summary

toopainfulthislove asked:

A concept: college AU. Alex is working on her 2nd Ph.D at 23 because of course she is, Maggie is in the police academy. So Alex has a particularly rough (even for her) night and goes out drinking. On her way back she runs into Maggie who, concerned, gives Alex her number just in case. Later that night, Alex calls Maggie and, thinking she called Kara, starts rambling about a cute cop. Next day, she runs into Maggie and... well I think you’ve got the idea

She’s not supposed to give out her number.

She knows she’s not, she knows it, but hell, she’s not going to the academy to do everything by the book. She’s doing it to rewrite the book.

And anyway, there’s something about this woman.

This woman who’s telling some guy off for catcalling her; telling him off even through slurs and stumbles, even as he drives away in his daddy’s car.

She stumbles right into Maggie’s arms.

“Whoa there,” Maggie says, both catching her and backing up at the same time, because this woman’s clothes are barely there and she’s not trying to be inappropriate. “You alright?”

The woman just tosses back long hair that, under different circumstances, Maggie would love to run her hands through, and scoffs.

“Course I’m alright. Why wouldn’t I be alright? What are you, the alright police?”

“Well, sort of, yeah. Just in training, though.”

The woman backs up and stumbles. Maggie steadies her again.

“Fuck. Like, actual police training?” She leans in, trying to be conspiratorial. Maggie can’t decide if it’s whiskey or tequila on her breath. Probably both.

“Fuck,” the woman says again. “Can you arrest someone for public intoxication while you’re still training? Not,” she emphasizes her point by poking Maggie in the chest. “Not that I’m publicly intoxicated. Just publicly tipsy. And I’ve earned a little tipsy, right? A PhD and almost a second one at twenty-three? That’s good enough for normal people, right? Are you a normal person, Officer…”

“Sawyer. Maggie Sawyer. And no Officer needed. Maggie’s just fine.”

“You’re damn right, she is,” the woman murmurs, more to herself than to Maggie, her eyes sweeping Maggie’s body on just this side of lewdness.
Maggie gulps.

“And your name? Where you heading? Maybe I can help you get there, Dr…?”

“Ha! Doctor. Dr. Danvers, I guess. Doctor, doctor, doctor. Alex. Alex Danvers. Dr. Alex Danvers.”

Maggie watches the surge of bitterness across this woman - Dr. Alex Danvers’ - face and wonders if it’s the same look she wears when she’s drunkenly ranting to M’gann over at that dive bar about this homophobe or that racist.

“Well, Dr. Alex Danvers. Where you heading tonight? I can put you in a car, if you want.”

“Don’t need a car. Just up the block. Right…” Alex squints and tilts her head in concentration and, after much deliberation, points triumphantly. “There!”

“Excellent. Can I walk you home, Dr. Danvers?”

“Ugh. That’s my mother. Call me Alex. Please?”

“Alex.” It feels better than Maggie would care to admit around her tongue.

The drunk woman nearly preens, letting herself collapse sideways into Maggie as they start walking.

Maggie gulps.

Alex notices.

Maggie notices Alex noticing, and immediately hates herself. She tries, desperately, to change the subject from the silent but screaming conversation they just had.

“Tough day, Alex? No judgment, just… I know when I hit a bottle like it stole my lunch money, it’s because the world sucks pretty bad.”

Alex squints up, then down, seeming only at that moment to realize that Maggie’s shorter than her.

“The world does suck pretty bad, doesn’t it, Maggie? Hey, you ever… you ever try so hard to do something, to please someone, like, sooo hard, and nothing you do ever works? Like, never good enough, ever, no matter what? Wait, no, wait, I upset you. No, Maggie, nooo, I’m sorry!”

“Hey, no, nothing to apologize for, Danvers. Sorry. Alex. The last name thing’s an academy hangover. Alex.”

Alex stops in her tracks, and Maggie slips her arm around her waist to keep her from toppling over with the suddenness of her own movement.

“No. Danvers. No Doctor, just Danvers. I like it. When you say it. Things sound prettier when you say them. But I made you upset.” She pouts like she just realized why she’d stopped walking, and god, her eyes are…

Maggie clears her throat and tries to steer them toward Alex’s building again.

“No, I’m fine. Just… I know what you mean. About never feeling good enough. But can I say? Maybe this is presumptuous, but I think you’re good enough. More than that. You seem great.”

“I seem drunk.”
“You seem perfect.”

They’ve reached the building Alex identified as hers, now, and Maggie’s said too much, now.

Alex’s eyes are glassy, now, just staring at Maggie like she’s never quite seen anything like her before.

Maggie clears her throat again. “Well, this is you. Right?”

“Oh. Yeah.”

“G’night, Alex.” Maggie gives a half bow - she has no idea where that came from - and makes sure Alex has a firm grip on the door handle to the building before letting go of her body.

Alex promptly stumbles.

Maggie bites her lip.

She wants to rewrite the book, anyway.

“Hey, Alex?” she calls over her shoulder, jogging the few steps back to Alex’s building’s door. “Here.” She takes out her business card - because if she’s going to rewrite the book, dammit, she won’t do it by scribbling her number on the forearms of vulnerable drunk girls - and hands it to her carefully. “If you need anything. Just... if you need anything.”

She walks away before she forgets how.

She phone rings not five minute later.

“Hello?” She doesn’t know the number, but she has a guess, and god, she hopes Alex didn’t hurt herself. She should have walked her to her actual apartment door.

“Kara! Hey, your voicemail message got shorter! I’m sorry, I know it’s laaaate. And I know you’re off doing all the college things, but I miss youuu! And Kara, hey! Hey, hey! Remember how you told me that you’ll love me even if Eliza’s mad that I’m…” There’s a dramatic pause and a whispered word. “… gay? Well, so I met this woman tonight, a cop. Well, in training, but whatever, a cop. And she was cute, Kar, and she walked me home and she didn’t arrest me and she gave me her number, but I think that was more because I was a threat to public decency and also she probably wanted to make sure I didn’t die on my way upstairs or something, but still I have her number. It’s in my hand right now! Maggie Sawyer. I’m gonna call her tomorrow, I think, but I wanted to tell you all about her first. She’s smart and she’s tough and she’s beautiful, Kara. So beautiful, you know? Like… gorgeous, like… like there are so many things I want to do to her right now, aaaand this is the point where you shove your fingers in your ears and start to sing really loudly because you don’t wanna hear about your sister’s sex life so I’m gonna go but I’ll torture you with more later love you byeeee!”

The phone clicks and Maggie nearly drops her own.

Smart, tough, beautiful. Cute.

So many things Dr. Alex Danvers wants to do to her.

Well, fuck.

Maggie spends the entire rest of the night convincing herself that she’ll never see this woman
again. That it was a bad night that Alex probably won’t remember anyway, and that Maggie had just been in the right place at the right time and Alex was clearly out of her mind drunk and no one even halfway sober would think those things about her, anyway, especially not the most gorgeous woman she’d ever laid eyes on…

It’s a story, now, that’s all.

A story about a gorgeous woman who had a bad night, got drunk, needed help getting home, and drunk dialed her kid sister to tell her about a cop she wouldn’t even remember meeting.

It’s just a story.

Except apparently, Maggie and Just A Story go to the same place for coffee the next morning.

It’s earlier than Maggie usually goes, and later, apparently, than Alex usually goes.

Her stomach flips when she sees her.

Her hair looks mussed but perfect, and though she still has traces of last night’s eyeliner along her lids, she’s wearing glasses and balancing her latte with a stack of books and Maggie had resolved from the moment she saw her that she wouldn’t approach her because it would be the height of unprofessionalism, the height of taking advantage, the height of everything gross and manipulative Maggie never wants to be.

But then Dr. Alex Danvers trips, and it’s only slight, but with all those books plus all that coffee, disaster is imminent.

Maggie is across the coffee shop in a second flat, and she grabs Alex’s latte before it can make quick work of her meticulous notes and enormous textbooks. She keeps her head down and hands the coffee back to her with a quick, efficient nod, meaning to just get back in line, get her own coffee, get out of a situation that -

“Wait, no way. Maggie?”

She decides she loves the way this woman says her name as much as she loves the way this woman looks in glasses.

“Hey. Sorry. Didn’t mean to intrude on your morning. Just… no one needs coffee all over their files. I’ve done it before, it’s not pleasant. Um. Happy to see you got home okay. Have a good day.”

She’s speaking on autopilot, and she hates everything about her stupid life.

“No, wait. I mean. Hey. Sorry about last night. Um. Listen. It’s possible I called you. And… I um. I thought I was calling my little sister. Um. If you heard any of that -”

“You were drunk, it’s no big deal. And I should’ve interrupted you anyway, I’m sorry, but I didn’t see a way in and honestly I was a little shocked-”

“No, I’m… I’m crap with asking women out, so you know what, it was probably the best thing that could’ve… um.”

She adjusts her glasses and Maggie has to concentrate not to swoon.

“Would you like to? Have me ask you out? I mean, you’d have no reason to think I’m anything but
“I don’t think you’re a mess.”

“Um. How about we do it right this time, then? Can I… can I give you my number? Wait. No. Stupid. You already have my number, I guess.”

If this woman blushes any harder, or adjusts her glasses on more time, Maggie might pass out on the spot from too much gay panic.

“I do. And um. If I called. Would you like that, Alex? Would it… do you want me to call?”

“I think you already know the answer to that.” Her voice is low, now, more confident.

Maggie swears that this woman will be the death of her.

The barista calls Maggie’s name from the front, and both women jump slightly.

“Um. That’s me. I should be. Um. See ya.”

Maggie tries to remember how to breathe with the eyes of a beautiful woman on her. She tries to breathe and burns her tongue on her coffee and takes out her phone, just outside of the glass windows of the shop.

She retrieves Alex’s number from last night, and calls immediately.

Their eyes lock from either side of the glass as Alex sees her phone buzzing and picks up.

“Sawyer,” she answers, her eyes laden with flirtatious promise as she stares out the window at Maggie.

“Danvers,” Maggie smirks, enjoying the effect of her voice on the woman inside the coffee shop, surrounded by books and everything that makes her beautiful.

“You got plans tonight?” she asks, and she revels in watching Alex blush and arch an eyebrow at her.

“With you, I think,” she grins, and runs a hand through her hair.

Maggie has a feeling Alex knows exactly what she’s doing to her.

“Eight o’clock?”

“You know where I live.”

“Perfect.”
anonymous asked:

Can you please do a nb!Alex fic with tooth rotting fluff w/ Maggie Adrian and trans! Winn. They are my fav. Ooh and if it could be part of the college nb!Alex au that would be the best way to make my day. I've had a pretty crappy day. Anyways do or don't. Love you and your work!!!!!

“I don’t wannaaa,” Adrian sprawled himself out on Maggie’s twin dorm bed, limbs all akimbo, barely fitting on top of her Spiderman comforter.

“I have cookies?” Maggie held out a box as a please-for-the-love-of-Rao-can-we-get-our-homework-done offering. Adrian promptly spilled out of the bed in an attempt to approach the chocolate chips with the proper amount of both reverence and urgency.

“I wanna,” he murmured, defeated, through a mouthful of not-too-soft, not-too-crunchy goodness.

“Thank god,” Maggie rolled her eyes affectionately. “I can’t handle three of you on my hands, all not wanna-ing to do our orgo labs.”

“Wouldn’t it be not wanting?” Winn looked up from his notes, grabbing a cookie from the box and looking up - backwards, sort of - at Maggie with a deeply mischievous grin on his face.

He was laying on his back on her dorm room floor, his Pac-man socked feet resting up on her wall. Alex swatted at his legs as they walked into the room.

“You just disagree with my girlfriend, Schott?” they asked, and he grabbed for another cookie as he gulped.

“No?”

Alex grinned before reaching down and touseling Winn’s hair. He practically preened under the attention, still reveling in how short it was, how rubbing his head now meant massaging his scalp through his soft spikes, not making knots in his hair.

“That’s what I thought,” Alex grinned before pulling Maggie in for a long, open-mouthed kiss.

Maggie sank into it enthusiastically, Winn squeezed his eyes shut and hummed very loudly, and Adrian took the opportunity to cram three more cookies into his mouth.

“Save some for the fishes,” Winn whisper-shouted, and Adrian tossed him the box.

“Didn’t know you were a fishes, Winn, but whatever works for you.”

The boys laugh as Alex and Maggie nearly topple each other down onto Maggie’s bed.

“We are literally still here, in your room,” Winn reminded them, and Maggie stood as tall as she
could, adjusting her shirt and the lip gloss stains Alex had left on her mouth.

“My room, my rules,” she smirked, and Alex nodded, pleased.

“Her room, her rules,” they agreed.

“So we’re gonna actually study, or we’re gonna watch you two make out, or -”

“Honestly, probs a bit of both,” Alex shrugged, their arm around Maggie’s shoulder as they dragged their textbook into their lap.

“It’s gonna be a long night,” Adrian murmured to Winn, but everyone knew that no one minded. Because this room, these people? Were home.
Chapter 784

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

I’m looking forward to that Supergirl and Captain Marvel crossover fic you’re writing tonight! I’d love to see all the Danvers teaming up. I hope you write more stories of the three of them (Carol, Alex, and Kara).

Chapter Notes

A crossover with my Captain Marvel series called Where's Your Head At?

“Ever been in space, Alex?” Carol asks as they all buckle in, quick and efficient and battle-nervous.

Kara flinches, because she remembers it as well as Alex does.

Her father. Her father’s attempt at genocide. Alex nearly hurtling across the galaxy because of it.

Kara saving her. Saving all of them.

And that wasn’t even the first time.

Because Kara Danvers isn’t the only badass in the family, and when Alex piloted her little sister’s pod into space, she’d been convinced it was a one-way trip.

She’d done it anyway.

Carol catches the movement between the sisters, the flashes of PTSD on Alex’s face, and she nods, more to herself than anyone else.

“And first thing you have to do?” Carol advises, gentle and welcoming. So unlike the way she was taught. Alex turns to her with big eyes and need written all over her face. “You have to believe you’re coming home to them. Me, to Maria and Monica. You two, to Maggie and Lena. You’ve gotta believe it.”

“Just like that?” Alex asks.

“Isn’t that how you do it on a planet-based battlefield?” Carol returns, because she already knows.

Kara squirms somewhat.

She never wanted to be a soldier.

Well, she supposes none of them did, not really.
But it seemed the only way they’d let you save the world.

Which Carol could be doing without this ship, without a hull of metal around her body.

They all knew it. But she’d leave the ship when she had to; she’d support the operation as it was, until then.

And this was the DEO’s op.

Different than SHIELD, but not different at all, not really.

Carol didn’t know if that was a good thing or a bad thing; but she knew she could have worse flight partners than the Danvers sisters.

“Taking her out of the atmosphere,” she guided the ship up, and Kara leaned over her sister, staring out at the atmosphere.

“See anything yet?” Carol asked, because Kara didn’t need Kree technology to see through the fabric of reality, right past the visual spectrum and into the truth of things.

“Just like we thought,” she reported, adjusting her cape and wondering vaguely if it was overkill, campy, childish, next to Carol’s efficient suit.

But she remembered all the lives her cape alone had saved, and she allowed herself a small smile.

“They’re flying in attack formation, so they’re probably getting ready to -”

“Well, if it’s attack formation, you’d think we’re getting ready to attack.”

All three Danvers women turned to see Lena Luthor on board their ship, a kryptonite gun aimed right at Kara.

Kara froze. Carol worked out some tension in her jaw. Alex stood, stun gun already drawn, mind already made up.

“How?” is all she asked.

“Do you honestly think my daughter is the only one in the family with a hint of science genius?”

“Leave Lena out of this,” Kara practically growled, and Carol knew that voice; it was the same one she used whenever anyone tried to bring Maria into a fight.

“You know you never came over for a family dinner, Supergirl. She never thought to introduce her girlfriend to her own mother.”

“You know she’s down there, on the planet you’re about the level,” Alex put a hand on Kara’s arm, weapon still drawn. Carol trusted her team, and kept maneuvering through the vertiable minefield of automated ships Lilian had drawn up.

“Yes, with your wife, I believe. Or is it still fiancee, Agent Danvers? I can never keep track. And you, you’re Kree, aren’t you?”

“Human,” Carol growled, not giving Lilian the decency to turn and look at her.

“Well regardless, I believe your very human daughter’s down on the surface as well, isn’t she?”
Carol’s hands glowed, and Kara’s eyes did the same.

Alex shot first.

“So no need to bring out the fireworks, then,” Carol deadpanned, glancing over her shoulder to where Alex was dragging Lilian off to the side of the ship to be unconscious without actually being in anyone’s way.

“Save it for bringing those ships down,” Alex grumbled.

“With pleasure,” Carol smirked as she and Kara got ready for a light show.

Their light show.
Chapter 785

Chapter Summary

guest on Ao3: “Hey i was wondering if you are taking like story sugestions if you would mind doing one i thought of? One where Alex is angry and does one of her angry making love things with Maggie. But Maggie didn’t really want to and just wanted to talk. So after Alex is done she like leaves or falls asleep and Maggie ends up crying. Alex finds out by like waking up and seeing Maggie a wake staring at the wall crying. Or by walking back into the apartment and finds Maggie in the same place she left her. They end up talking it out and everything is good in the end. If you think it’s stupid thats ok i just thought you might write it great and i love your stories.”

She loves when Alex takes when she wants.

She does. She really, really does.

Even when Alex is pissed off and terrified and all she wants is to wash away the violent screams of the day with Maggie’s very-distinctly-not-violent sex screams; when all she wants is to use Maggie’s body to feel a rush that has nothing to do with protecting anyone, nothing to do with almost losing anyone, nothing to do with saving the world. Just the rush of blood that won’t be shed, whimpers that aren’t born of fear or pain, scratches down her back that might break the skin, but will feel sweet and warm after, not something that will keep her in the med bay for days on end.

Maggie loves Alex, and she doesn’t love when she’s like that, not exactly - because it means, invariably, that she’s in unspeakable amounts of pain, that her eyes have seen things and her hands have done things that she can’t bear to recall - but she loves giving her body, her heart, over to Alex’s process.

Because she always asks, and she always looks like she’s concentrating so damn hard, expending the very last bits of her willpower, on making sure Maggie’s alright with everything that’s happening, that Maggie wants everything Alex is doing to her.

And gods, yes, usually, she does.

But tonight she’s tired and she had a day of her own and Alex wants to fuck her, but Maggie wants to kiss her; to kiss her and hold her and tell her everything’s going to be okay, and if everything’s not going to be okay, they can be not okay together.

But when Alex asks, Maggie nods; because Alex’s eyes are burning and Maggie might not be in the mood, might rather kiss her gently and pull her close, but she trusts her, and she doesn’t mind, not really, because damn if Alex isn’t good at what she does; so she nods every time Alex pauses to ask, gruff and low and rough, and when Alex dimly detects that Maggie isn’t as into it as she usually is, Maggie soothes her confused concern away by pulling her back down into a kiss and giving her body over to what she loves, just not right now, to who she loves, always.

It’s something she’s done before, but never with Alex.

So when Alex falls asleep - Alex always sleeps, hard, when she’s made love to Maggie like this -
Maggie shifts to the side and pulls herself up on the bed and pulls Alex’s sweatshirt over her head and she cries.

She cries because she doesn’t feel violated and she doesn’t feel wronged - she might, under different circumstances, but she doesn’t, just now - but she feels hopeless and fucked up and like the inevitable is not good.

Because whenever she’s done this with someone else - went along with something she didn’t necessarily want at the moment - it spelled disaster for the relationship.

Because usually, once or twice became a pattern. And when it became a pattern, she would start noticing other patterns.

Other ways that the other person got what she wanted more than Maggie did. Other ways that the other person’s needs were more important than Maggie’s, other ways that her own desires got sidelined, throughout the entire relationship.

And when she pointed them out?

She was hard-headed, insensitive, obsessed with work. Borderline sociopathic. All the fun stuff that went right after Maggie’s diagnoses, insecurities.

Because asserting what she needed always brought out that kind of thing.

She should have known better. She always should have known better.

Was this the start, then, of all that? Of not feeling like it but going along with what Alex needed this one time in bed a sign that it was going to become a pattern, just… how they had sex? Was it a sign that she wasn’t asserting herself enough in their relationship in general? That she was going to bottle everything and bottle everything and internalize it until everything bubbled over and then Alex would be taken by surprise, wouldn’t want her anymore, when one time, just one, Maggie drew a line in the relationship sand and wouldn’t cross it?

It’s what always happens.

It’s always the same.

She doesn’t want it to be the same with Alex.

So she cries on the edge of the bed, and she’s an expert at it, really.

Crying without waking the woman on the other side of your bed.

Maggie’s an expert, but Alex is a Danvers, and Alex, of course, wakes up.

“Maggie?” she murmurs, and there’s only gentleness in her voice, now.

She must have fucked through everything she needed to.

Maggie gulps and tries to be subtle about wiping her eyes.

“Sleep, Danvers,” she tries to sound collected, and even she knows she’s failing.

Alex’s sleepy arms are around her in moments.

“What’s wrong, Mags?”
Maggie flinches away, just right now, just in this moment, from the nickname.

“Maggie?” Alex repeats, like she knows.

This is how everything ends.

This is always how everything ends.

“I’m fine, Danvers, go back to sleep.”

She says it to the wall, and she doesn’t know if she’s grateful or not when Alex curls herself into a little seated ball next to her.

“It’s okay if you don’t wanna talk. But can I be here? With you?”

Maggie doesn’t dare to hope. That Alex is different. That she’s different with Alex. That this isn’t a sign of something bigger, an indicator, a red flag. That this is just something she needs to talk to Alex about, and it will be better, different, won’t happen, next time.

She doesn’t dare to hope.

Well, almost.

She trusts this woman. This woman loves her.

Right?

That’s something she’s worthy of.

Right?

“I didn’t want you to fuck me like that tonight, Alex,” she tells the wall before she can change her mind. Her voice is low and her hands are already up, protecting against Alex’s inevitably panic spiral.

“Hey, whoa, no. No, you’re fine. I don’t feel, I don’t know, violated or anything. You checked in and you didn’t hurt me and I’m completely fine.”

“You’re crying -”

And from the sound of her voice - Maggie wouldn’t know visually, because she hasn’t quite been able to look at her girlfriend yet - Alex is crying, now, already.

“I am. But I need you not to, right now. I’m fine and you didn’t hurt me and you didn’t do anything crazy wrong, and I need it to be about me right now. Just right now. And we can talk more about everything later. Is that okay?”

“Oh course it’s okay.” Alex’s voice is still shaking, but it’s involuntary and it’s repressed, and a wave of gratitude and hope sweeps through Maggie’s bones.

“I’m fine. But you know, I get worried about you. When you come home all worked up like that, and you don’t tell me what’s going on. I like it, normally, god, you know I do. But I get worried, you know, and you won’t talk and sometimes we both get swept away and that’s great, I’m here for it, but tonight you were swept away and I was right here, worrying about you and wondering what you weren’t telling me and I just wanted to kiss you and hold you and let you talk, and hey, I’m a big fan of you talking with your body, Danvers, but I couldn’t get out of my own head tonight.
worrying about what happened to make you in this mood, and I should’ve said something but I
didn’t so now I’m worried it’s a bigger thing, and… yeah. That’s… that’s all I got.”

She clamps her mouth closed before she can apologize for speaking, before she can apologize for
having feelings.

She trusts Alex more than that. And, she’s surprised to realize, she trusts herself more than that
too, now.

Maggie turns to look Alex in the face for the first time, and there are tears streaked down Alex’s
cheeks, but she hasn’t made a sound. She hasn’t drawn attention to it. She hasn’t made Maggie feel
guilty for saying something that made her cry.

She knew she loved her, but god, this is next level.

Maybe she has a low bar. Or maybe she both has a low bar and Alex Danvers is a dedicated, fast
learner.

Alex has her processing face on; another thing that steadies Maggie’s heart rate. She’s nodding
slowly to herself, and she reaches for Maggie’s hands.

“May I?”

Maggie smiles and not only gives Alex her hands, but scoots closer to her.

Her touch is gentle and tender and reverent. It sweeps through Maggie like nothing she’d ever
known, before this woman.

“I’m sorry. I knew something was off, I think, but you kept saying it was okay so I kept choosing
to trust your words instead of what the rest of your vibe was saying. And I shouldn’t have, just
then. I’m sorry for putting my wants so far ahead of yours that I made a choice not to see where
you were at.”

Normally this would be when Maggie jumps in, comforts her, tells her she’s sorry for causing any
pain, that she didn’t do anything wrong.

But she loves Alex, trusts her, more than she’s ever loved or trusted anyone.

And she loves and trusts herself, too, it seems, more than she’s ever loved or trusted herself before.

Because she stays quiet, her fingers wrapped in Alex’s, and lets Alex continue processing.

“I need to figure out how to talk, don’t I? When I’m feeling like that. I know I usually talk after.
But still. I guess I take the debrief in de briefing a little too far, don’t I?”

Maggie groans and Alex gives a watery laugh. “Please don’t take pun lessons from your sister or
Winn anymore,” Maggie smirks with wet eyes.

“I usually love it, I swear I do. You being all growly and raspy and taking everything you want
from me? Absolutely.” She kisses down Alex’s jawline, making both of them shiver, still holding
hands in Alex’s lap. “Just,” Maggie pulls back slightly so they can look each other in the eyes. “I
think we need to make sure you’re in a place where you feel like you want to have sex that way,
instead of feeling like you need to in order to like, survive a moment.”

Alex nods as she kisses Maggie’s forehead. They both sigh into the action, and giggle
simultaneously at the way they sighed simultaneously.

Which, of course, only makes them giggle more.

Alex sobers first. “I’m sorry, Maggie. Or, well. I understand what you’re saying, and I’m going to put in the work, okay? I promise. And thank you. That had to be hella scary to tell me. Thank you.”

“I love you, Danvers,” Maggie says like it’s the most obvious answer, because it is.

Alex nods again, slow and steady and almost to herself. “And I’m going to make sure I deserve that love.”

“You already do, Danvers. Just do me one favor?”

Alex’s spine stiffens as she readies herself for whatever the favor might be.

Maggie laughs at the nerd that is her girlfriend.

“Let me hold you?” Maggie asks, and it isn’t by any means what Alex looks like she was expecting, but it’s exactly what they both want.

“Yes please,” Alex murmurs, and when they kiss, it’s sweet and warm and everything they both need.
Chapter 786

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey so it’s kinda unclear whether or not my dad supports me. He barely ever uses my correct name and pronouns, but he keeps telling me he loves me and acts like everything’s normal and it really hurts and it’s really confusing and it makes me so angry. I was wondering if you could write a fic with Maggie and Alex helping a kiddo like me (Afab if that’s possible, but leaving it up to you) because your fics have always helped me get through anything. You’re an amazing person, thank you so much.

Alex kicked her feet back and forth lazily as she sat on a bicycle rack outside Adrian’s high school. An extra motorcycle helmet dangled from her hands; Adrian’s parents had finally said yes, he was old enough for Alex to take on a bike ride. She planned to take him through National City and way, way up along the coast before swinging back around for dinner at Maggie’s, just the three of them.

So Alex waited for him to get out of school; but Adrian was almost never on time, so she contented herself with waiting and passively surveying the territory.

It wasn’t something she could turn off, her DEO training.

So she noticed it right away.

The kid slowly stepping down the bottom of the entrance steps, phone to their ear and crestfallen face, trying to be brave as if the person on the other line would give them credit for their wobbly attempts at a smile.


The kid almost threw their phone to the ground after they hung up, and Alex recognized that look well. Her defenses flared and, without even knowing any more information, she wanted to scream at the kid’s father.

But Maggie - and her therapist - were working with her on control.

She settled for hopping off the bike rack and tilting her head at the kid.

“How’s it going?” she asked, careful to keep judgment out of her voice.

The kid shrugged, barely making eye contact, tugging their denim jacket tighter around their body as they re-pocketed their phone.

“My wife has that habit, when she has a rough talk with someone. Cuddling herself into her jacket.”

“Your wife,” the kid repeats, and Alex nods like it’s the most casual thing in the world.
The kid shrugs again, looking like they might walk away.

It’s then - of course it’s then - that Adrian leaps off the six stairs leading up to his school.

“Let’s ride!” he yelps to Alex, practically barreling over the kid in his eagerness.

“Whoa, hey, sorry. Didn’t see you. Wait, have you two met? Kai, this is Alex. Alex, this is Kai. They’re only a sophomore but they’re already on the senior robotics team.”

“They are?” Alex repeats without missing a beat. “Well damn, Kai, you had me over here thinking you were just a regular smart kid, but Adrian’s telling me you’re some type of genius kid?”

Kai grins and blushed and shoves Adrian lightly with their shoulder. They’re a lot less wilted, now, Alex notices, and suddenly she thinks she understands their failed phone call a lot better.

As though catching on to Alex’s thought process, Kai tosses up their hands. They gesture toward their phone to catch Adrian up.

“My dad’s really cool, you know? Sweet and he loves me so much, he’s always telling me that. And he was just telling me how he’s gonna pick up my favorite Chinese food for dinner tonight, just because I did well on a Spanish test, you know? So he loves me, he really does.”

“But he won’t stop misgendering you and he won’t call you Kai and he makes you feel crazy and ungrateful that you’re upset about that,” Adrian lists expertly, and Kai fake glares.

“Yeah,” they murmur, and Adrian makes a silent decision with Alex.

“Well hey, Kai,” Alex grins gently, “Adrian and I are gonna head out on my motorcycle now - because I’m cool and have a motorcycle -”

“And I’m cool and get to ride it with her!”

“But he was gonna come to my and my wife’s place for dinner Friday night. Do you wanna come with?”

They nod, and Friday couldn’t come fast enough.

Alex is trying to make dinner when they get there with Adrian. Maggie is throwing open all the windows and Alex is ripping the fire alarm off the wall, and it is the most peacefully chaotic domestic bliss Kai’s ever seen.

“Wild, right?” Adrian grins as he guides them inside.

“I’m a good cook!” Alex insists.

“You think there’s not a reason Maggie only ever tasks you with making her black coffee and dry toast?” Adrian asks, eyes wide and innocent.

“Because she couldn’t handle anything else, poor thing,” Maggie grins, holding out her hand to Kai, whose phone rings just then.

They step back apologetically and answer.

Alex and Maggie exchange a glance as Kai’s voice goes higher than they’ve used it with Alex or Adrian. As they keep tightening their fist with no signs of stopping.
Maggie asks with her eyes if she can touch their hand, and when she gets permission, she eases their fist open, putting her own fingers over Kai’s nails. Because she knows they’ll hurt themself before they’ll hurt anyone else.

When they hang up, it’s with words of love and a face full of frustrated tears. They yell wordlessly, then step all the way back and apologize for yelling. They start rocking and nearly sobbing.

Adrian puts his arm around their shoulders, and Maggie kneels in front of them (Alex is still trying to get the fire alarm to turn off).

“He loves me, I’m just being ungrateful.”

“Hey, that’s not true. He can love you but not love you well. He can try to love you but not love who you really are. He can love you but not like that you’re you, rather than who he imagined you’d be. And all of that is on him. None of it’s on you. Parents are supposed to love their kids. You don’t have to feel grateful because he’s giving you a baseline. You’re allowed to want more.”

Alex finally fixes (destroys?) the damn fire alarm and shifts over to put her hand on Maggie’s shoulder. Because she wishes every day that someone would have told her wife these things when her wife was a teenager.

“You can be grateful and you can love him and you don’t have to accept that he’s refusing to see you for who you are and you don’t have to accept that he’s not respecting you and you can be pissed as all hell that he acts like nothing’s happening when really, what’s happening is that he’s hurting the hell out of his kid. I promise. Okay?”

Kai hangs onto the words like Alex knows Maggie would have, once, and she makes a note to give Maggie the same speech next time she winds up on the phone with her own father.

“Okay,” they whisper eventually, a small smile starting to tug at their lips because the apartment is still full of smoke. “So um. Are we ordering pizza, or…?”

“Definitely pizza.”

“Yeah, my wife can do many things, but she can’t cook.”

“She should be banned from cooking.”

“I hate all of you.”

“You really don’t.”

“You love me.”

“Yeah yeah yeah.”
Chapter 787

Chapter Summary

Passover with the Danvers (a Supergirl x Captain Marvel Crossover)
Because Passover is always terribly hard for me (and my family), and I needed this kind of thing this weekend.

Chapter Notes

Cross-posted in my Where's Your Head At series (Captain Marvel), specifically the Danvers Women crossover chapters.

The first Passover that Kara spent with the Danvers family, Alex raged and screamed and threw a generally spectacular teenage fit.

Because why should Kara get to ask the questions meant to be asked by the youngest child in the family? Passover meant nothing to Kara.

Except, Kara pointed out in a small, small voice, she knew a little something about all the firstborns being slaughtered. Except, on her planet, it was everyone. Everyone who’d been born there, who was alive there. Slaughtered by a nonsensical cosmic plan that meant nothing, that changed everything.

Alex had insisted that Passover wasn’t about the slaughter of the firstborns, it was about the survival of the children who were passed over.

“Maybe it should be about both,” Kara had murmured, eyes defiant but voice, small.

And that was the first time Alex was really forced to think about justice.

Real justice, and who got to dole it out and who got to call it fair.

She thought about it more, over the years.

Losing her father.

Kara held her hand and said they could ask the questions together, the year he was first gone.

The first Passover without him. When Eliza sat at the head of the table instead of Jeremiah, and Eliza’s narration of their evening was stilted and halting where Jeremiah’s had been full of off-Haggadah commentary meant to make the girls think, meant to make the girls laugh.

Over the years, Eliza’s leadership got stronger. Alex wondered without wanting to what else her mother had been holding back all that time.

She wondered, every year, what the point of coming home for Pesach was.
She wasn’t sure what she believed anymore, anyway. She wasn’t sure if she’d ever believed, not really.

But she knew she cried every time she secured one of her father’s kippahs on her head, and she knew she cried every time she started to ask why this night was different than any other.

She knew she never wanted to sit through another Seder in her life; and she knew, in her bones, that she had to.

Even through becoming a scientist. Becoming a doctor. Becoming something like a spy, something like a soldier, something that was neither and something that was both.

She’d lost her father to supposed death.

Then she’d lost him to attempted genocide in the name of protecting his daughters.

Ironic, she decided, that he had been the one who told her, when she was young, that it was about the children who’d survived, who’d been Passed Over, rather than those who’d been killed.

Kara had been right all along.

And maybe that was the point.

She didn’t know when, exactly, their seders became healing rather than something that opened up all her festering wounds each year.

Maybe it was when Maggie started holding her hand under the table, or when Lena asked if she could help Alex write a family Haggadah, one that would reflect all of them. J’onn and Kara’s lost planets, lost peoples. Everything and everyone at their table, and beyond.

But she did know that by the time she and Maggie were inviting another Danvers woman to their Seder - Carol, this one, and her wife-but-not-wife-but-definitely-wife Maria and their daughter (their daughter) Monica - it was painful, and solemn, but somehow also joyful, and healing, and necessary.

Carol wore her crispest white buttondown to match Maria’s blouse, while Maria’s headscarf was a wash of color that match their daughter’s. And Monica had apparently - with her mom and Nick Fury’s help - made a jumper out of one of Carol’s oldest uniforms.

They all look perfect, even if Carol looks more than a little nervous, about all these people from all these Earths, and maybe one of them (Barry, she thinks his name is) can even outrun her (but not in space, she smirks), standing in Alex and Maggie’s doorway with a bottle of wine and an extra box of matza.

“All I know is, for some weird reason, the kid really likes matza and I didn’t want her to eat all of yours, so…”

“Trust me, you would’ve been doing us a favor,” Eliza laughs, and a long-haired person named Cisco immediately kneels to tell Monica how cool her outfit is, so Carol finally laughs too, because - as Maria had reminded her countless times on the way over - this may be a lot of people, but it’s family. Just family.

Just found family.

So when Alex closes her eyes and speaks of refugees and sole survivors and love that doesn’t need
blood to define its boundaries, Carol watches Barry kiss Iris’s hand and Winn caress James’s knuckles. So she takes her daughter’s hand on one side and her wife’s hand on the other and lets a small, electric-like spark jolt into both of them.

She’s long since developed a language, with them, of saying ‘I love you’ with her fire-blasting hands.

And Kara had been ready with an entire array of hilarious facial expressions to keep Monica occupied - because even with Lena and Alex’s rewriting, fine-tuning, family-friendly-ing, their Haggadah still doesn’t make for the shortest Seder ever - but Monica is involved.

They all - her mothers and her found family alike - watch her learn to pass to her left and this-is-what-horseradish-tastes-like-I-don’t-wanna-say-I-told-you-so-but-didn’t-I-warn-you-about-taking-a-massive-piece and swish grape juice around in her mouth until her teeth turn somewhat purple.

And they all watch her - except for Kara, Eliza, J’onn, and Maggie, who are watching Alex - when Alex turns to her at just the right time, tears shining in her eyes.

“Sweetheart,” she says. “Lieutenant Trouble, that’s it, right?”

Monica preens. “That’s me! Although I should be getting my promotion to Captain Trouble soon.”

“Don’t you dare,” Maria warns, more her wife than their daughter, and Carol chuckles as she kisses them both in turn.

“Your moms told you about this next part, right?”

“Where I get to ask the questions,” Monica nods gravely, like she understands. Because, realistically, she does. “Should I go ahead?”

She asks not like she’s asking if it’s time, but like she’s asking Alex if she’s sure. Sure that she wants to pass on this responsibility, pass over the pain and bitterness and agony and grief she used to associate with it, and fuse it with something else. Something new. Something hopeful.

So Alex squeezes Maggie’s hand and winks across the table at her sister, and she nods.

“Go ahead, Monica.”

Her voice is small, but it is so, so sure.

“How is this night different from all other nights?” Monica asks, her voice clear and wonderous.

Everyone at the table has different answers, and everyone at the table has the same answer.

Because this night, just now, is perfect.
anonymous asked:

I got kicked out of my class twice on two different ocasiones today and I’m really hyped with anger but I can’t let it out because then my mom would be worried and whatever. I don’t know if you’re writing anything tonight but promt (if you want): Maggie getting kicked out of class for sticking up for Kara and when she gets home she tried not blow up from anger

She tried to make it a rule not to hate other kids.

She didn’t know what they had going on at home, or even just in their own heads.

She tried - though it didn’t always work - not to hate the other kids at school.

But teachers were a different story.

She didn’t have any problem hating them.

Because yeah, sure, they also had home lives and things going on in their heads, but how could you have all that power over all those lives and only use it to be cruel to flipping children or let some children be cruel to other children?

And Kara may be in all advanced classes, and she may have seen her entire planet destroyed, but Maggie would be damned if she let their stupid teacher not protect Kara the same as he should any child.

(Maybe it was because Maggie vaguely recognized that she was a child. And no adults protected her. At least, none did until Alex’s mom did. Except, that was bittersweet and often enraging because sometimes Eliza protected Maggie better than she protected her eldest.)

Regardless.

Kara wasn’t even doing anything ‘weird.’ Not that it would have been okay to be cruel to her if she wasn’t conforming her body and her expressions to meet the norm.

Fuck the norm.

Maggie should get a patch that said that and sew it onto her backpack.

Fuck the norm.

But still. It made it even more infuriating that Kara was just existing, and that damn Max Lord kid was just laying into her.

And because he was a white boy with a rich daddy, the teachers all just… let him.

Alex wasn’t in this class with them, and Lena, Sara, Oliver, all the rest of the crew… they also
weren’t in this class with them.

This was the class where The Lesbian and The Weird New Girl were in it alone.

And Maxwell Lord, that damn coward, definitely knew that.

He chose his opportunities, his targets, well enough.

Maggie watched Kara’s hands clench, and she knew she was hurting herself to keep herself restrained. She knew the kid could destroy this entire building if she wanted to, but Kara was a better person than Maggie.

Kara would rather absorb all that energy, all that pain, and keep it in so she didn’t scare or hurt anyone else.

No matter how much this jackass was hurting her.

But Maggie couldn’t. Not anymore.

She stood and she ignored the passive asshole who wasn’t telling Lord to shut up but was telling her to sit down.

She stood and she tugged Lord out of his desk and she punched him clean across the face.

She strode calmly to the desk - or, as calm as she could appear from the outside, because somewhere inside her, she was on top of the kid, still pummeling his face with her fists, not stopping, never stopping, despite her rule to not hate other kids, because really, he didn’t shape himself, did he? - and made level eye contact with the man who called himself a teacher.

“I’ll take my detention slip now, please.”

Some kids - girls, mostly, girls of color and queer girls and girls who, like Kara, couldn’t always figure out the right words to say at the right times - cheered briefly, until they quieted at their teacher’s look.

Victory clashed with rage in Maggie’s fists.

She’d thought punching him would let it out.

Her rage.

It didn’t.

It only made it worse.

It made everything worse.

Because the bruises on her knuckles reminded her how close she could get to being just like him, and the silence that now followed her in the hallway reminded her that she’d allowed people in, she’d allowed people to see her emotions, her insides, her soul.

Sure, it had been for Kara’s sake, and sure, she’d do it again.

But she knew Kara.

And she knew that Kara was a better person than her, that Kara would never want anyone punched
for her sake, even if he was being a complete tool.

It only made her rage grow.

At everyone. The world. Herself. Mostly, herself.

She was grateful that she got home before Eliza, and she was grateful Alex had track practice that afternoon.

Though she probably shouldn’t have been surprised when Alex’s key scraped the lock, track practice be damned, while Maggie was screaming into, punching, and kicking every soft surface she could find.

She didn’t want to be beating the crap out of soft things. She wanted to be beating the crap out of herself.

But she was already too much of a burden on all the Danvers women. They’d gone through enough already, this year. Losing Jeremiah. Taking Maggie in when they definitely didn’t have to. Eliza having to negotiate Alex living with her girlfriend.

She’d already caused enough harm.

Getting herself sent to the ER would just be even more of a disappointment, more of a burden, more of an inconvenience.

She didn’t realize Alex was home until a firm palm wrapped around both of her fists; until Alex’s warm front wrapped flush around Maggie’s back, holding her steady, holding her back.

Because even punching pillows was a way of trying to hurt herself. To punish herself.

“Hey, I got you. I got you.”

Maggie stilled immediately, all the fight gone from her body.

If she kept the fight in her body, she’d accidentally hurt Alex.

She would never hurt Alex.

Defeated.

Even her rage was ineffective.

Alex turned her around gently and brought her right hand up for inspection, for gentle knuckle kisses that Alex took very seriously, very reverently.

“You heard?” Maggie asked, her voice hoarser than she’d thought it would be. She must have been doing a lot more screaming than she’d thought.

Alex just nodded, not finished with her gentle kisses brushing along Maggie’s knuckles.

“Is she so angry at me?” Maggie asked, of Kara.

But it wasn’t Alex who answered.

It was Kara, looking small but sure in the doorway.
“Of course I’m not mad at you. Worried, but not mad.”

Tears flooded Maggie’s face again at the sight of her, and she opened one arm to her. Kara flew - literally - into it.

“I’m sorry, Sunshine, I didn’t mean to lose it on him like that. I know you hate attention being drawn, I know, and I made it about me, but I just couldn’t -”

“I would have done the same if he was doing that to you or Alex.”

“Or Lena,” Alex teased, and Kara blushed.

“Kara,” Maggie shook her head. “Alex. I’m sorry.”

“Hey. It’s not your fault that jackass wasn’t doing anything about it.”

Maggie grunted noncommittally, but Alex took her girlfriend’s face into her hands earnestly.

“You have to be more careful, but that doesn’t mean you have to feel less, okay? We’re here. We’re both here.”

“I’m not crazy? For being this angry?”

“What? God no. If I so much as smell Lord’s presence in the next ten years, I’ll deck him into the sun.”

Kara laughed and Maggie kissed Alex and felt, maybe, like it would be okay.

Like she loved deeply, not like she was broken.

Like she loved deeply, not like she was full of hate.

Like she loved deeply, and maybe, was loved deeply in return.
Chapter 789

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hi do do you think you could maybe write something about Sanvers where they’re having sex for the first time or something and Alex starts crying because she’s never enjoyed sex before and Maggie gets worried because She Cares but Alex says just keep going because These are Tears of Joy? Maybe? Or maybe you already have something like this? Please?

I feel like I’ve already done something like this but there are a billion chapters to comb through for it and also listen there’s always value in Doing It Again (why am I like this.)

It’s never been terrible, but it’s never been great.

Well. Okay. No. No, she’s allowed to say it. She’s learned that much from Maggie already. She’s allowed to say it: it’s been pretty terrible.

Sex. With men. With people, specifically, who were more interested in getting off on her body than they were in paying attention to her. Who, maybe worse, thought they were paying attention to her but really, hadn’t the slightest clue what was going on for her.

She’s never enjoyed it and she thought she was broken, that it was her fault she never enjoyed sex that never seemed to be about her even when men tried to make it about her, until Kara suggested that maybe they guys just weren’t what or who she wanted, or that maybe she was asexual, and that felt right, that felt okay, that felt good and it felt healing and maybe she is ace, in general, that’s cool, and then also there’s Maggie, and the way thinking about her, kissing her, touching her, makes Alex feel.

Because kissing someone has never felt like this. Like her entire body is being touched when really, Maggie’s hands are just on her face, in her hair.

Like the slightest movement of Maggie’s lips against her skin can turn her on more than she’s ever been turned on, even when she’s been doing things that - according to porn, anyway - she was supposed to enjoy immensely. Or at least be quite loud about.

But Maggie’s lips on her throat, her fingers brushing the bare skin just under her raised shirt, those things are making her moan and writhe and want in ways she’s never thought she would want anyone or anything.

And they take it slow.

That part is Maggie’s insistence.

“I want to take my time with you, Danvers,” she murmurs against Alex’s skin. “You deserve slow.
Just let me worship you, yeah?"

And really, how is she supposed to say no to that?

So they’ve taken it slow, and it’s been… well, electric doesn’t quite cover it. Nothing does. No words, no metaphors.

Just… Maggie.

That’s all.

But they’ve finally had what’s felt like thousands of beautiful conversations, dozens of makeout sessions with heavily breathed confessions of what they want from each other, what they want done to them, what they want to do to each other.

They’ve finally talked it through so much that they’re both satisfied there’s nothing left to do but take each other’s clothes off.

It starts when Maggie’s taking her clothes off, clearly working hard to restrain herself from just ripping everything off Alex’s body, slow and painstaking and reverent, kissing every newly revealed bit of Alex’s skin, focusing on every scar and every birthmark and every stretch mark, tracing patterns with her tongue and painting stars with her lips.

The tears start, then.

Because this is sex in a way Alex never thought sex could be, and maybe it wouldn’t be, all the time, or with anyone else, but right now, in the moment, it’s all she wants.

Her tears burn her eyes as she tilts her head back helplessly into her pillow, her fingers charting every bit of Maggie’s skin that she can reach, even as Maggie journeys down her body to remove every stitch of clothing she’s got.

Maggie kisses her knees, paying special attention to all the nuances of scar tissue there, kissing her way up Alex’s thighs, and when she looks up to make sure Alex is good, that Alex is with her, with this, she pauses.

Because those are definitely tears in Alex’s eyes, nearly ready to spill down her cheeks.

“Whoa, Danvers, I’m sorry, hey. We can stop, it’s all good. You’re okay, it’s okay, I -”

She’s already crawled back up Alex’s body, face transformed from blissed out ecstasy to pure concern, but Alex just shakes her head and laughs wetly.

“No, it’s not… I’m not… these are good tears, I’m not… I’m sorry, god, how stupid am I, crying because I…”

“You’re not stupid, Alex.”

They meet eyes, and Alex blinks tears out. Maggie kisses them off her face without hesitation, without disgust or irritation, and it only makes Alex cry more.

“I don’t want you to stop,” she tries to explain. “Please? Please don’t stop? Unless you want to?”

“I always will if you want us to, but um. I don’t want to stop, nope, I certainly don’t,” Maggie chuckles, and Alex bites her lip.
“Then don’t. Please? I promise this… these are good tears. I promise. Just… please?”

Maggie answers by kissing her, deep and thorough and full-bodied, shrugging out of her button down and jeans as she does, leaning on one arm as they both giggle through the awkward process of Maggie stripping while horizontal.

“Where was I?” Maggie arches an eyebrow, and Alex bites her lip again.

“Hopefully about to go down on me?”

She’s never heard her own voice crack like that, and she’s certainly never heard a sound as erotic as the part-squeak, part-growl that Maggie makes as answer.

“Yeah. Yes. Mmhmm, right you are, Danvers.”

She kisses her way back down Alex’s body, spending extra time on her chest, carefully replacing her hands and mouth with Alex’s fingers as she continues down Alex’s stomach. She pauses to watch Alex touching herself, a blushing and gently crying mess, and Alex nods in affirmation, in please, please, please keep going.

So she does, and she lets herself get lost in the way Alex moves, the way she sounds, the way she moans when Maggie does this with her tongue and the way she whines when Maggie does that with her tongue.

The way she grinds down for more pressure when Maggie teases her, and the way she groans appreciatively when Maggie shifts so she can give Alex the pressure she’s asking for with her chin without hurting her own lips against her own teeth.

She catalogs the way Alex curses and grabs at Maggie’s hair, the way her movements and her whining grow more and more chaotic the more wrecked she gets, the more relieved tears streak down her face and the more she whispers for Maggie to please, please never stop.

It’s the sweetest music Maggie’s ever heard, and she raises one hand to play with Alex’s nipple before it gets too much for Alex, before she shifts to holding Alex’s hand, lacing their fingers together as she surrenders control to Alex, letting Alex ride her face to get all the pressure she needs, exactly where she needs it, and when Maggie closes her mouth down around Alex’s clit and it tips her over the edge, she thinks, hard, about how much she loves this miracle of a woman and hopes that, telepathically or through some sort of lesbian magic, Alex can hear her.

Because god, this woman.

This woman.

And she doesn’t know it - not yet, though she will - that Alex is thinking exactly the same.
Chapter 790

Chapter Summary

prompt from WiseGirl0091 over on Ao3: “Alex and Kara get into a huge fight and then Kara gets hurt. If not I completely understand! Thanks Cap!”

part of this is taken from frustration I obviously still have about the writing of Alex’s character arc with alien rights (I think it makes sense for her character, but I also wish we could have seen more explicit grappling with it, especially when James called the DEO out for being alien Guantanamo and then no one really brought it up again), and the other part is based on Ms. Marvel: Civil War II by G. Willow Wilson, because that book still has me shaken.

this one is crossposted with Always Another Side, because Supercorp

Alex had taken a stupid risk.
Again.
And Kara had taken an even stupider risk.
Again.
But that wasn’t why they were fighting.
They were years past fighting over whose bodies were more vulnerable, because - they’d learned the ridiculously hard way - it really just depended who their enemy was at any given moment.
No.
They were fighting, and it was bad, and neither of them knew if they were going to recover from it.

“It doesn’t matter what she could do with her alien powers, Alex, it matters what she’s done! Because they could say the same thing about me, couldn’t they? That I’m destructive because I could be, and you know what? If people like you say things like that enough, wouldn’t it be understandable if people like me started to believe it about ourselves?”

Kara was seething, and Alex wasn’t backing down.

“People like me and people like you? We work together here, Kara. And what happened to family, anyway?’’

“I don’t know, I could ask you the same thing!” Her hands flew up and her face was red and she was pacing and Alex was clutching that glass of whiskey so hard her knuckles were white, and it only made Kara more infuriated.

“What’s that supposed to -”

“You grew up with me, Alex. You grew up watching me control myself, every moment of every
day, and even at night, so I wouldn’t float off in my sleep. You watched that, every day, and
Superman was like your cousin for crying out loud, even before I showed up. And you still joined a
secret organization to fight aliens -”

“To protect you, Kara -”

“Okay, sure, to fight all aliens who weren’t your adoptive sister or father -”

“You work for the DEO too -”

“And even then, even after J’onn told you who he really was, even then, you know what it took for
you to really take up the alien rights flag? Maggie. It took a crush, when your sister’s been standing
here, alien refugee as can be, for over a decade -”

“Maggie didn’t do anything wr-”

“No, but it took you about forty-five seconds to agree with her about refugee rights when you’ve
been keeping a secret alien prison for years before you met her, because, what? They don’t happen
to have been raised with you? They’re asking you to use that massive brain of yours to think of a
solution other than locking them in an underground pit and throwing away the very tech-y key, and
because you’re not falling in love with them like you were falling in love with Maggie, their
begging doesn’t count?”

“So, what, you think I shouldn’t have listened to Maggie about alien rights?”

Kara finally turned back to face her sister fully, and all the fury leaked out of her voice. Only the
shattered remains of an objection were left.

“Of course you should have listened to her. But you shouldn’t have had to learn it from her. I was
right here, the whole time.”

Realization dawned on Alex and she stepped back like Kara had slapped her. Even though really, it
seemed like she’d been the one hitting Kara in the gut, all these years.

Another thing she’d destroyed without even trying.

It came naturally to her, apparently.

Her sister was the one with superstrength, but she was the one who always broke everything.

“Kara, I -”

But Kara was gone, flown out the window and into the skies of National City.

Only for a moment.

Because - even as Alex watched, staring out her window at her sister who was right, yet again,
because when was Alex ever, ever right? - she heard the urgent buzzing of her phone.

Alerting her to an imminent attack.

She didn’t even have time to pick up her phone before she watched that imminent attack strike her
sister straight out of the sky.

She beat the DEO’s medical van back to the base, and she was gloved up and ready to take care of
whatever havoc that beam had caused in her sister’s body.
Her hands shook as she tugged open the back of the van, and she was only vaguely surprised to see Maggie at Kara’s side, holding her limp, burnt hand and calling out commands for moving her carefully.

She hugged Alex, hard and brief, as she hopped out of the van. “She’s alive. And you’re going to keep her that way. What do you need, sweetie?”

“How did you -”

“It’s Supergirl,” Maggie shrugged, like the superhero wasn’t going to be her sister-in-law one day. “I made sure I was first on scene.”

“Thank you,” Alex blinked away tears, kissing Maggie quick and tender and rough before running after Kara’s gurney, listening to Vasquez’s update on her condition, already sifting through treatment options in her head.

Lena got there only moments after Alex got her sister onto the medbay table. Alex couldn’t take in how pale Lena’s face was as her eyes looked down at her girlfriend’s singed body. She couldn’t take in anything.

Kara wouldn’t have been out there, just then, if they hadn’t been fighting.

If Alex couldn’t save her, it would be her fault her sister was dead.

And she’d have to figure out a way to explain that to Lena, who was looking down at her the same way she’d found herself looking down at Maggie’s limp body whenever she got banged up in the field.

So she processed nothing. She’d have to do that later.

Instead, she nodded toward the box of gloves, wordlessly inviting Lena to join her. Another genius in the room couldn’t hurt the treatment process.

They worked together, Kara’s sister and Kara’s girlfriend, side-by-side for hours.

Lena didn’t ask, but Alex knew she could read the guilt in her eyes.

And Maggie didn’t ask, when she came in to force both of them, her girlfriend and her other future sister-in-law, to eat something, to drink some water.

And J’onn didn’t ask, when he came in to watch over his children.

And James didn’t ask, when he came in to keep vigil with J’onn.

But they all knew. That the fervor in Alex’s eyes while she and Lena worked to save her sister was born of something even deeper than concern; it was guilt, this time, more than usual.

So when Kara came around, finally, Maggie kissed the back of Alex’s neck and murmured that she loved her.

Lena brushed the hair away from Kara’s forehead, and kissed her chapped lips, and murmured that she loved her.

J’onn and James hugged, and J’onn covered Alex’s shoulder with his hand.

And then they all left Alex alone to deal with her demons and try to exorcise them with her sister.
“I’m sorry,” was all she could say, and her voice was hoarse from only using it, for hours, to exchange quick, urgent ideas with Lena about Kara’s treatment.

Kara shook her head, groggily grasping for Alex’s hand.

“You saved me. Again,” she eventually whispered.

“You girlfriend was a big help.”

Kara smiled, sleepy but still too big for her face.

“You’re a big bisexual nerd, you know that?”

Kara nodded, but the smile was fading as her eyes unsteadily focused on Alex’s face.

“It wasn’t your fault, Alex.”

“Kara, you wouldn’t have flown out there -”

“Yes, I would have. I got the message in my comms before you got the message on your phone. I was in my gear, I heard about an impending attack first. It wasn’t you. I wasn’t flying away from you.”

She closed her eyes like saying that much was too much.

“But if we weren’t fighting, you would have told me. You would have waited, and we would have faced the attack together. You almost died, Kara, it -”

“I’m here.”

“And I was wrong.”

Kara blinked, sharpness slowly coming back to her face.

“I’m sorry, what? It sounds like you said something, but I think my brain might still be foggy. Because it sounded like you said -”

“I was wrong, Kara. Revel in it.”

Sure enough, Kara smiled and sank even deeper into her pillows like she’d just won some kind of award. But when she opened her eyes again, Alex was crying.

“Hey. No, hey. You just saved my life, Alex. I’m here. We have all the time in the world to fight, okay? And for you to tell me more about how you were wrong. But for now? Just be with me, okay? Just be with me.”

She squeezed Alex’s hand and Alex bent to kiss her knuckles, nodding.

“I love you, Kara.”

“I love you too, Alex. Fighting doesn’t change that.”

“I know.”

“Good. Because since you love me so much, you know what I need right now?”

“Maggie and Lena are already on their way with a years’ supply of potstickers.”
“Perfect.”
Her sister’s mother has been dead since her sister was twelve, and Alex figures she should be grateful.

Grateful for the woman who always kept her safe, and fed, and warm, and hugged, who went the extra mile, worked the extra hours, always, to make sure Alex had not only everything she needed, but pretty much everything she wanted.

She should be grateful, for Eliza. Especially in light of having a little sister whose mother was… She should be grateful.

And she was, truly.

But she was also bitter.

Bitter and protective – of herself, for once in her life – because Eliza was amazing. And she also told Alex for her entire adolescent life that she wasn’t good enough, that she wasn’t kind enough, that she wasn’t working hard enough, that she wasn’t protective enough, that she wasn’t, generally, enough.

She knew she hadn’t done it on purpose. She knew Eliza expected extraordinary things from her because she loved her.

But that didn’t mean she always loved Alex well. It didn’t mean her particular brand of love hadn’t caused Alex years of damage along the way.

And Eliza had gotten better – another reason Alex felt like she should be grateful – since their big blow out about Kara’s becoming Supergirl a few Thanksgivings ago. Since Alex put words to what she’d felt for years and Eliza had come face-to-face with the fact that she’d done terrible things and called them love.

She’d gotten better about it, about being a better mother to Alex, and she knew that wasn’t always the case.

Alex was engaged to Maggie Sawyer, for crying out loud, so she knew to be grateful that her mom at least, genuinely, tried to hear her, to love her better than she had before.

But she was still staring at a text that Eliza had sent, something about Alex not realizing sooner that Kara could be harmed by that new kind of radiation they were studying, and it was all flooding back through Alex’s blood.

Like she was a teenager again and Eliza was reminding her to always put Kara first, because Kara’s problems were worlds bigger, literally, so Alex’s problems, her emotions, her pains, were insignificant. Less than. Just like the rest of her.
“Your mom?” Maggie plopped down on the bed to ask, because Alex might be trying to hide it, but she’d be damned if she couldn’t read that woman’s face a mile away.

“Sorry, yeah, but it’s fine. It’s fine, she’s just being… Mom. It’s fine.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes and tilted her head. “You don’t have to pretend your mom doesn’t hurt you just because mine doesn’t talk to me. Mother’s Day can suck for you too, Danvers. Or it can kind of suck, and be sweet at other moments, or be that weird combination of both at the same time. Or whatever.”

Alex shook her head resolutely. “No. Your mom –”

“It’s not a competition, Danvers.”

“Maggie –”

“Alex. You are allowed. To be upset.”

“I know. But can we… before I take up all this space with my weird my-mom-loves-me-so-much-but-also-tends-toward-emotional-abuse, do you wanna talk? About this weekend?”

Maggie shrugged. “Nothing to say, really. I’m used to it by now, I guess.” She stared into the distance for a moment, elbows on her knees, and Alex draped an arm around her shoulder. She shifted so their bodies were flush together. Both of them sighed into the closeness, and Maggie kept talking.

“The last Mother’s Day before that Valentine’s Day – man, corporate holidays kinda hate my guts, don’t they? – the last Mother’s Day I had, living with my mom? When she was still talking to me? I got up and made her this massive breakfast, like… like every recipe she’d ever taught me, I found a way to make it work. My dad woke up and found me covered in flour and pattering around the kitchen in my bare feet, and he smiled at me like… like I was gonna make him so proud, one day. And when my mom woke up, it made her cry. She told me she could never have asked for a better daughter. And I told her I couldn’t have asked for a better mom.”

Maggie’s voice cracked and Alex kissed her temple, smoothing her hair out of her face and playing with it like she tended to always do. Maggie smiled faintly at the gesture and shook her head.

“I knew, then, already. That I was a lesbian. And I knew I was keeping it from her. But just then, just for that moment, that day, I thought it wouldn’t matter to them. That they’d figure out a way to still love me. Especially my mom. Because even if I was sleeping with girls, I’d still be home on Mother’s Day, getting up early to make her breakfast. I thought, just that day, that she’d know that, and love me anyway.”

Tears dripped out of Alex’s eyes before they left Maggie’s, and they leaned their foreheads onto each other, sideways, Maggie’s hands now holding Alex’s free one in her lap.

“Sorry. It… your mom texted you. Do you wanna work out what to say to her? Because you’re allowed to stand up for yourself, Alex.”

“No apologies. I just wish I’d known you then. I would’ve stood up for you.”

Maggie let her gaze sink into Alex’s. She bit her lip and grimaced, touching Alex’s face, her hair.

“And now you get to stand up for you. So. Let’s figure out how to text your mom back. Yeah?”
“Maggie?”

“Danvers.”

“I love you. Unconditionally.”

“Forever?”

“Yeah.”

“Good.”
Chapter 792

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

remember that college basketball au? a continuation of that one pretty pls

reviving an oldie but goodie like -- Chapter 570

Lucy shrieks when Maggie walks into their shared dorm the next morning, having spent the night in the star basketball captain’s single.

The moment Maggie walks through the door, she’s assaulted with pillows of all kinds. Like Lucy has been waiting there, for this exact moment.

“Tell. Me. Everything,” she insists with no prelude. Maggie rolls her eyes as she collects the pillows by her feet, and the two that had been flung out into the thankfully empty hall.

“I think she likes me,” she shrugs, and Lucy tosses her last reserve pillow Maggie’s way.

“Well no shit, Sherlock, she took you home.”

Maggie blushes – neither of them had known Maggie could blush – and babbles her way through an explanation that Alex was just being chivalrous, that the basketball star seems to like her, sure, but that it probably won’t go anywhere.

Her insistently buzzing phone gives her away.

Lucy snatches it from Maggie’s hands, waiting to look at it until Maggie blushes and smiles her consent.

“She misses you already,” Lucy reports, her hand smacking against her heart dramatically. “And, wait, there’s more. She’s typing, hold on. Oh shit. She can’t wait to see you again. Because last night was amazing. Damn, Sawyer, you’re holding out on me! And, ooh, do you have lunch plans? You most certainly do not! Alex motherheckin Danvers wants to date you, Mags. Okay okay, we need a plan, we need you the perfect outfit, we need –”

“Lucy, whoa, hold on. First, lemme see those texts. Also. Is it like… okay? To date my friend’s big sister? Like, what if it doesn’t work between us, or what if Kara feels weird about it, or –”

Just at that moment, Kara bursts through their door with bright eyes and an even brighter smile. “My sister’s found love with a woman I so thoroughly approve of!” she announces.

Lucy cheers as Maggie blushes. “Okay, fine, objections overruled. Um. Kara. Feel free to tell me if this is weird, but uh. Can you help me choose an outfit for a lunch date with your sister?”

And Kara definitely chooses right.
Because when Maggie shows up at the school’s courts to pick Alex up for lunch, Alex most definitely bounces the ball she was dribbling off her own toe and trips over her own feet when trying to pick it up.

“You’re early,” she jogs over, waving off her friends on the team as they holler and yell suggestive but playful greetings at Maggie.

“Sorry, is that okay? I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have violated your practice space, I –”

“Whoa, hey, no, practice just wrapped up, you’re not interrupting anything. And the only thing you violated is my ability to function as a regular human being, because Maggie Sawyer, you um. You look incredible. I mean you always look incredible. I mean I know I only just met you yesterday but to be fair, we’ve spent most of last night looking pretty intensively at each other and um, so far, in my experience, you’ve always looked incredible, but –”

“Danvers.”

“Um. Sawyer?”

“I’m usually the one rambling around beautiful women.”

“Well.” Alex gulps and blushes at the compliment, shifting her basketball from one hip around her back to the other. “We can take turns, I figure. Um. Rambling.”

Maggie bites her lip and looks Alex up and down – one hand securing the basketball to her hip, the other with her thumb looped in the elastic of her basketball pants like it was a belt loop, her arms glistening with sweat and her chest still heaving somewhat from both her practice and her ramble.

“Good. I’ll uh. I’ll wait while you shower? It’ll give me something pleasant to think about.”

She blushes at her own words, and Alex – suave, aloof, effortlessly talented, lab genius and basketball captain extraordinaire Alex Danvers – once again trips over herself.

Her teammates laugh and cheer again, whooping up a storm from across the court, at the sight of their captain literally falling over a pretty girl.
Chapter 793

Chapter Summary

domestic Sanvers fluff, ft. nb!Alex and Gertrude

Chapter Notes

This is for my dear, dear friend - Cap and Sam, Lena and Maggie, Winn and James - who’s getting top surgery tomorrow. Thank you for being in my wedding party, for always being there when I need you. For assuring me, even when I don’t believe it, that We Are Groot (to be clear, I always believe that You Are Groot. I just have trouble believing that I am, so much of the time). For the zoo and the terrain race and the Captain Marvel squeeing and the Hawkeye and Iron Man shenanigans and the Sanvers support and the Pokemon comforter and your home gym and our affirmations and our letter writing and your brilliance. The pictures of you and me on my wall make me happier than I know how to tell you, and I will always cherish the memory of putting Coming Home on my wedding playlist just for you, just so we could dance in all of our nerd Sanvers glory. Mazal tov and congratulations, Groot. You deserve your wonderful surgery and you deserve every amazing thing in the world. I got your six, I’m on your left, and I love you, so damn much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t wanna,” they muttered, still burritoed in the covers they’d stolen from Maggie in the middle of the night. “Still sleeping.”

Maggie grinned and unleashed the hound.

Gertrude leaped onto their king-sized bed – that Alex still somehow managed to take up all of – and somehow, impossibly, burrowed into their burrito and licked at their face merclessly.

“Okay, okay, I wanna,” Alex fumbled to untangle their groggy arms from the sheets, throwing them around Gertrude as gently as they could, their hands still clumsy with sleep.

“Good, because I thought I was gonna have to fly you out of there,” another figure crashed down on the bed next to them.

“What is this,” Alex asked, turning from Gertrude to Maggie and then to their sister, now laying next to them, on her stomach with her chin innocently in her hands and her feet swaying behind her. “The let-everyone-into-our-bedroom-and-watch-Alex-sleep show?”

“I’m not in your bedroom!” Winn called from the kitchen. “I value my life, thank you very much!”

“So do I, but Guardian could totally take you, Alex,” James added.

“And I wouldn’t need to,” Lena laughed along to the sound of sizzling pancakes. “My wife would
just give you those big eyes and any argument would be over.”

Kara demonstrated said big eyes. Alex threw a pillow at her. And set Gertrude loose. Kara shrieked and Alex chuckled in sleepy victory.

“Okay Kara, Gertrude,” Maggie clapped gently like she was talking to two puppies, not just one. “They’re awake now. Out.”

“But your bed is so comfy,” Kara moaned, flopping over so Gertrude was standing on her chest, eagerly wagging her tail and licking every surface of Kara’s face.

“Yes,” Maggie agreed, “and I very much took all your sibling’s clothes off before we fell asleep last night, so – “

“I’m going, I’m going, I’m going!”

Kara flew out of the room, Gertrude in her arms, at a speed that would make Barry Allen sweat.

Alex laughed and pulled Maggie down on top of them, shifting the covers so she could feel their body underneath hers. They shook their head as they tucked Maggie’s hair back behind her ear.

“Why are you doing all this, Mags?” they murmured.

“All what?” Maggie kissed their nose, their cheek, their chin, their neck. Alex shifted and bit their lip, suddenly breathless. “This is basically a regular Sunday morning. Just… on a Thursday. J’onn’s on his way with three dozen donuts, by the way.”

“So there will be exactly half a donut for each of us when Kara gets through,” Alex nodded.

“Yeah, but Lena’s making pancakes.”

“Oh god, is the kitchen on fire?”

“I can hear you!” Lena shouted.

“When did you become the one with super hearing?” Alex shouted back. Maggie flinched dramatically and Alex kissed her ears in teasing sympathy.

“Seriously, babe. You’re perfect. Why are you perfect?” Alex lowered their voice and asked while they fumbled for their glasses.

“I’m not,” Maggie took pity on them and helped put their glasses on. “You just deserve to be celebrated, and I just love you.”

“And I love you. But celebrated?” Alex snorted. “I didn’t – “

“Save an entire warehouse full of baby Astonians without breaking a sweat? You sure did! And that’s cause for celebration, Danvers!” Winn called again.

“And if I recall correctly, it’s been exactly a year since you came out. Um, again,” James added.

Alex’s eyes flew wide as they stared up at their wife. “You all remembered?”

“The night you brought us all to the bar and wept while you told us what pronouns we should use? Yes, sweetie, we all remember.”
“No, I meant. The date, and everything. Like an anniversary. Like it’s something to celebrate.” Alex sat up, their eyes suddenly wet. Maggie crawled off of them, kissed their lips, and tossed them a t-shirt that had been discarded the night before.

“Because it is something to celebrate,” Maggie kissed them again, as soon as Alex got the shirt down past their neck.

“Are they decent?” Lena asked.

“Please don’t lie,” Kara pleaded.

Maggie tossed Alex a pair of basketball shorts – neither of them were sure, at this point, whose shorts they originally were – and when Alex tugged them on and nodded, tears still in their eyes and wonder still on their face, Kara reopened the bedroom door.

Lena was holding a cake big enough for Kara and everyone else, yellow and white and purple and black frosting. Winn was wrapped in a blue and pink and white flag, James’s arm around him. And Kara had painted a collage of the past year, from directorship and haircuts to wedding prep and space flights. She held it shyly in one hand, a tail-wagging Gertrude tucked under her other arm.

“I love it,” they spoke to Kara first, when they remembered how to speak at all. “I… guys. Thank you. It…”

“It’s family,” J’onn said simply, stepping into the room behind Lena.

Just as the smoke detector went off.

“Damn that thing!” Alex jumped out of bed as their family both groaned and laughed.

Because it might be a day for celebration, but Alex’s war against smoke detectors would never end.

And neither would any of… this.

Chapter End Notes

I picture Gertrude as like, full out German Shepard-sized in this. Which means she’s chilling on top of Kara and Kara's like 'cool cool.' And Kara's holding Gertrude like a sack of potatoes and Gertrude's like 'cool cool.' Because a Kryptonian and an Earth dog, you know? <3
Chapter 794

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Hey Cap - can we maybe have an AU where everyone has powers but they don't manifest until you meet your first love and so Alex has spent her young adulthood powerless because she can't admit she likes women?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For James, it happened when he met Clark. He developed this brilliant ability to manifest what he saw in his mind into a three-dimensional projection so that other people could walk through his perspective, really experience the world like he did.

The ultimate photographer.

For Winn, it happened when he met Kara. His fingers became transmitters for what his mind saw, giving him the ability to craft spaceships and quantum computers and anything his imagination could dream up, because his power let him create and invent and move.

He thought it made him like his father, at first, but Kara told him it made him the opposite: because he only wanted to create, and never to destroy. To help, and never to hurt.

For Kara, it happened when she met James. She wasn’t attracted to him, not sexually, but all the worry that she’d had in high school about whether being ace meant she’d never manifest her powers – despite the other aro-ace kids reassuring her that powers didn’t discriminate against queer platonic love – all that worry faded when she started being able to touch someone, skin to skin, and explain to them without even needing words what she needed them to understand most.

Ever the journalist.

But Alex?

According to Max Lord, Alex should have manifested her powers when she met him.

The idea made her vomit more than a little in her mouth.

And even the men that she dated that were fine, that were nice enough, she never…

She would never manifest her powers.

She would forever be the woman without powers working as second-in-command at a covert organization dedicated to protecting the Earth by using people’s powers for good.

“You’ll find them one day, Alex,” James tried to reassure her.

“It’ll happen for you, Al,” Winn clapped his hand on her shoulder before retreating playfully from
range because he’d experimented with her name again.

“I’m always here for you, Alex, powers or no,” Kara promised.

And she knew her sister was telling the truth.

She knew her friends loved her. And she loved them, powerfully.

But she hadn’t found her person. The one that would make her powers emerge.

And she was starting to lose hope.

No. She’d lost hope a long time ago.

Sometimes – late at night, alone in her bed, or late at night, with Lucy and a bottle of whiskey at the bar – sometimes, Alex thought she knew the reason.

But she explained the reason away, or she drank the reason away, because no, no, no.

She already had enough trouble figuring out how to move in the world.

She knew Kara was both ace and bi – everyone knew Kara was both ace and bi – and she remembered just as vividly as anyone the night when she cradled Kara all night when her little sister came out to her, telling her how important she was and how perfect she was and how brilliant she was.

But internalized shame was intense, and Alex was very, very good at shaming herself.

And then she met Maggie Sawyer.

Smart, and tough, and beautiful.

So beautiful.

She didn’t even have to wait until their lips met.

She just met her – it was her crime scene, dammit, but this cocky, smart-assed woman with a perfect smirk and a confident walk had said “see you around, Danvers” – and after a long night of rolling over and over what her name had sounded like on that woman’s lips…

Alex woke up with her powers.

Just like that.

She’d always wondered if it would feel different. Having powers. Her friends, all the blogs she read – almost everyone said it didn’t really feel all that different.

But still. She’d always wondered.

But when she woke up, it was true: she didn’t feel all that different.

She didn’t realize anything had changed (except, maybe, that she kept wondering about running into a certain detective again for no apparent reason).

Until she reported for duty to find that Agent Vasquez had fallen off a ladder trying to hide Agent Davis’ boots in the rafters.
Vasquez was laughing it up, but her wrist was broken pretty badly.

And all Alex had to do was touch her – a routine exam, she even had her gloves on – and Vasquez’s wrist started… healing.

Because of course Alex’s power was healing.

Of course it was.

Which is when she knew. It was Maggie.

It was Maggie, and it was women, and it was undeniable.

She had a phone call to make and a question to ask.

And she’d never been so excited.

Chapter End Notes

Points if you find the AoS reference: I couldn’t help myself, I’m trash.
Chapter 795

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Domestic fluff maybe? Or adopting Gertrude? Sleepy sanvers? Any for fluff? :)

A shuffling sound in the living room woke Alex with a start. She reached for the alien laser she’d insisted on keeping by her bedside since Rick Malverne.

Maggie - still herself only half-awake - put a drowsy hand on Alex’s, soothing both her panic and her soldier-trained instincts. “Relax, Danvers,” she murmured, her voice still thick with sleep. “It’s just family.”

“But Kara always comes right in through the window.”

Their bedroom door - which Maggie had long ago insisted they actually needed - creaked open slowly, and a bashfully smiling face poked through the gap.

“Well, sometimes family comes through interdimensional portals.”

“Iris?” Alex asked, her brain trying to catch up with her body, though a smile was already tugging at her lips.

A thud and a distinct ow confirmed that it was, indeed, Iris. Because Barry rarely crossed through Vibe’s portal with anything resembling grace.

Alex checked to make sure she had actually fallen asleep wearing clothes - one of Maggie’s old sweatshirts and plaid boxers counted as clothes, she figured - before tumbling, just as gracelessly as Barry, out of bed and into Iris’s arms.

“What the hell are you doing here? Not that I’m complaining.”

Another thud in the living room answered her question. Or, at least, tried to. “What are we doing crossing through a magic portal -”

“It’s not magic, John, it’s just Cisco’s metahuman -”

“Yeah, sure Oliver, just like this one keeps coming back to life -”

“And aren’t you happy I do?”

Alex looked over Iris’s shoulder to see Sara Lance batting her eyelashes playfully at an unnerved-looking John Diggle, Oliver shaking his head next to them.

But Alex recognized Oliver’s effort not to smile, and saw right through it. He was the one she launched herself at first, just because she knew how much it bothered him.

He hugged her back, stiff but warm - because it didn’t actually bother him, and they both knew it - and Barry was next. He nearly scooped Alex off her feet - just like her sister could, with utterly
accidental ease, just like Wally did, except Wally full-out spun Alex around. She laughed and tucked her feet in so she didn’t knock over everyone in range.

And as Cisco was coming through the portal, Alex grabbed both him and John around the shoulders and squeezed, hard, before transferring her group hug energy to Caitlin, Sara, and Felicity.

“Maggie, what the hell?” she asked, keenly aware that her hair was probably Harry Potter-esque from sleep.

Kara zoomed through the window with Lena in her arms, as if on cue. “Maggie and I knew you’ve been feeling lonely lately,” Kara explained, setting Lena down in Oliver’s arms - again, to make him squirm and to make everyone else slap his back and laugh.

“Good to see you, Mr. Queen,” Lena kissed his cheek. He shook his head and smiled as he set her down gently, gently, with a soft nod hello.

“So you figured you’d sneak the entire extended family into our apartment for, what?”

“So Sunday brunch!” Cisco and Wally jumped up and down at the same time, Wally whipping out two massive boxes of donuts from somewhere behind his back.

Maggie stood in the doorway of their bedroom, watching Alex laugh and hug and very nearly cry. Because these people – these people, and the ones filing through the door now, J’onn and Nia and Brainy and James and Winn and Sam – these people were the ones who were allowed to know she could cry.

Family was allowed to know that she could cry.

“You’re a good egg, Sawyer,” John stepped back to stand with her, watching the joy around them with her, arms crossed comfortably over his chest.

“I try,” Maggie said as she caught Alex’s glistening eyes from across the room.

“You succeed,” Kara called from all the way in the kitchen, in the midst of her competition with Barry and Wally to see who could get the most donuts in her mouth at once.

“Damn superhearing!” Maggie and John called back in unison.

Laughter filled the room, because even though Maggie had called everyone here for Alex, it was more than that, and they all knew it. It was for everyone. And it was, just for a moment, perfect.
Chapter 796

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

Could you maybe write a sanvers smut fic with someone as a bratty bottom? It's totally okay if you ignore this but either way I love your writing and have a great day!!!

You know when I volunteered for the Science Division, I expected… science. Not endless paperwork.

She sent the text off to Alex with a sigh. She was up to her neck in backlogged files - she was normally pretty on top of her administrative responsibilities, but the last few weeks had been a whirlwind in the field, and who wanted to relive all that for the sake of a flipping file anyway?

Alex’s reply was almost instantaneous. Aw babe, I’m sorry. Is there anything I can do?

Maggie rolled her eyes affectionately. At least most of the files were digital, now, so she didn’t have to come home with a bunch of papercuts.

Get Barry or Kara to do all this with their superspeed?

Maggie watched the three dots that meant Alex was typing appear, then disappear, then appear, then disappear again. She furrowed her brow but shrugged, thinking maybe Alex was distracted by her own work.

But when her phone buzzed again, and she opened the file Alex had sent her, it was… it was so much better than the files on her computer.

Her hair was mussed up just so and her DEO uniform was unzipped just enough and not enough at all, and her eyes were fire.

Do you want to spend the day thinking of my sister and Barry, or do you want to spend the day thinking about… something else?

Maggie cleared her throat and tried to breathe and glanced around the precinct with wide eyes and a racing heart.

Danvers, she wrote.

Yes? was the instant reply.

Did you… have something else in mind? For what I should think about?

She had too much work to do. This wasn’t something she could do. Should do.

Because not only did she have work to do - she was physically at work.

But she asked anyway, because something needed to break this tedium. And everyone else was otherwise occupied, anyway.
Do you want to think about the things I’m going to let you do to me when you come home to me?

Maggie grabbed for the water bottle on her desk - because for some inexplicable reason, her throat was completely dry now - and nearly spilled it everywhere.

Well that depends, she gathered herself enough to type, still looking furtively over her shoulder. What um. What kinds of things are you going to let me do to you when I come home to you?

She watched the dots appear, and stay, steady, for minutes and minutes, her body taught with tense anticipation, until Alex’s reply buzzed through.

A lot of things. I’m going to let you, beg you to, lift me up against the wall, my legs wrapped around your hips. I’m going to beg you to be rough with me, to unzip my jeans and slip your hand inside me. I’m going to moan as you lick at my throat and whine until you tug my shirt and bra down so you can take my nipples into your mouth. I’m going to bury my fingers in your hair to keep your head steady, just like I’m going to do when you carry me to our bed, strip my clothes off efficient and rough, and let me wrap my legs around your shoulders and go down on me until I can’t do anything but scream your name.

Maggie’s entire mind whited out, her breath suddenly rough and ragged.

“Alright there, Sawyer?” a rookie officer asked as he walked by.

“Just great,” she managed to say in a voice that she hoped sounded normal.

Her phone buzzed again.

You alright there, Sawyer?

Maggie scoffed.

Just thinking about what you wrote.

The reply was almost instant. Which made Maggie think about how skilled Alex’s fingers were, which really didn’t help matters at all.

Why, what did I write that would make you think so hard?

Another few moments of Maggie’s frozen fingers hovering over her phone. Another few buzzes from her phone. She switched it to silent, because suddenly it seemed like even the vibrations were the loudest, most obvious sound in the precinct.

Was it something about how I need you to strip me naked and fuck me senseless?

How I need your tongue inside me, your fingers inside me? At the same time?

How I need to come over and over and over again, in your mouth, around your fingers, while you lick me and stretch me out?

All Maggie could do was breathe. All she could do was breathe and try not to make… inappropriate sounds.

And then her phone started ringing. It was Alex. Her eyes flew wide open and she answered with gravel in her voice.

“Danvers?”
“Hey babe. Is there any way you can pick up some mint tea on the way home? We’re out, and I know Lena’s gonna want some at brunch tomorrow.”

Maggie’s head spun and she shifted in her seat, trying and failing to relieve some pressure. Alex’s voice - no matter what she was saying right now - was the perfect form of torture. And she knew that Alex knew that.

“Yeah. Mint tea. Mmhmm. You got it, Danvers.” She hoped her voice didn’t squeak noticeably.

“Thank you so much, babe. You’re so good to me. I’ll see you tonight.”

She swore Alex’s voice dropped a couple octaves, but before she could make sure, Alex had hung up.

Her phone got one more notification. A wink emoji.

Maggie grinned to herself.

Suddenly her paperwork was that much easier, because now she knew she had an incredible night to look forward to.
Chapter Summary

An “it’s my birthday!!” prompt from my dear friend @supertworld - you are an amazing soul, and the world is so much more amazing because you’re in it. Thank you for you, Dec! <3 <3 <3

“Could I have enby Alex, Adrian, and trans Peter Parker, trans Steve Rogers, and trans Barry Allen (and I mean if you wanted you could throw in Winn cause we all know he’s trans _CONVERT_...) …. I’m partial to angsty fluff… Like Alex having dealt with a world that doesn’t get them and the rest being there for them….”

Adrian leaned over Miles, mouth all agape at the doodles Miles thought were “just okay.”

“No, man, they're amazing.”

“Yeah, okay, just like sticking to everything is amazing,” Miles rolled his eyes without taking his eyes off his sketchpad, but he grinned anyway.

Peter looked down from where he was clinging to the ceiling, hair flopping down chaotically. “Your stuff really is amazing, Miles. And come on, you know you love the sticking.” Peter released his fingers so he was straight-up upside down, almost thwacking Adrian in the head with his own.

“You’re like a damn bat now,” Adrian muttered, and Miles snickered.

Peter squinted, arms crossed across his chest like he wasn’t, in fact, hanging upside down. “I feel like Barry said there’s already a Batman. But I don’t think he’s got our particular brand of charm.”

A gush of wind threatening Miles’ entire sketchbook, but he and Peter had Barry-proofed it since the first disastrous incident. “Did I hear someone talk about Batman? Yeah, Gotham is hardcore.” Barry shook his head, collapsing his head onto Alex’s lap, who rolled their eyes but patted Barry’s shoulder anyway. “Your wife’s doing a great job down there, by the way. Here, she gave me this to give you,” Barry told Alex as Adrian, Miles, and Peter cooed and giggled because Alex has a wife.

Alex blushed when they opened the short letter Barry slipped them. “What’s it say, Alex?” Adrian tried waggling his eyebrows. Alex threw a pillow at him.

“There are children about,” they winked at Barry.

“I’m not a children!” Adrian pouted.

“We’re not kids!” Peter protested, still upside down with his hair absolutely everywhere.

“Who’s a child? What’s a child?” Miles asked.

Alex snorted at the boys’ antics. Barry took advantage of their distraction to steal the note from Alex, but he only blushed and spluttered intensely when they let him succeed. “Um, well, yes, these are... I need to step up my note-writing to Iris...”
Someone else stepped into the door Barry had left open, and Alex surrendered any hope of alone time. They’d been more than happy to open their home to all the trans superheroes they knew (Winn and Nia were with Maggie in Gotham for the weekend, and Fitz and Daisy were off in space somewhere with their girlfriend), because at least it protected them from numbness. At least these boys understood.

So they grinned when they looked up to see Steve towering over all the tiny boys, plus Alex. They could see how he could seem threatening, all muscley white man, but even the bulge of his biceps - the man didn’t seem to know what sleeves were except when in uniform - couldn’t take away from the sheer kindness of his eyes.

“Just checking,” he gave everyone a little wave, but his eyes found Miles. “Did you take off your binder today, kid? Stretch yet?”

Miles groaned and glared, utterly non-menacing, at everyone around him. “Just because I’m the youngest doesn’t mean you all have to take care of me - ”

“Sure we do,” Peter finally dropped down from the ceiling. “You’re a fetus.”

“A zygote, even,” Adrian added. Barry, Alex, and Steve met each other’s eyes and tried not to laugh.

“But did you, Miles?” Alex cut in.

“No,” he muttered, padding out of the room to take a binder break in Alex’s gigantic bathroom. “Thanks for looking out, guys. Pero no soy un niñito,” he added under his breath as he went.

Steve smiled after Miles before turning to Alex, leaning against the doorframe as he squinted at them critically. “You okay, Danvers? You seem off today. Do you need us to clear out?”

Barry sat up, ready to leave if Alex needed it, and Adrian and Peter looked over carefully. But Alex tugged Barry back down to relax, and just shook their head, leaning back against the wall and closing their eyes.

“Just. All the different timelines, all the different planets, right? All the different Earths.”

Steve sighed and crouched down to listen, nodding like he knew where this was going, and felt it, too.

Adrian crouched closer to Alex, and when Miles came back into the room, he climbed the walls quietly to be nearer to Peter, nearer to Alex.

“And none of them get it, you know? And you’d think, right, you’d think that at least some of them would be better. That it wouldn’t be such a rare damn relief to sit in a room and have everyone just get it, right? It shouldn’t be this hard. It shouldn’t be every day, not being enough of anything, or being too much of one thing or the other. It’s a double life with superheroing, it’s a double life with gender, and you and Miles, Adrian, and Daisy, I know you three have got an even tighter vice around you than even we do.”

Barry nodded, quiet, his fingers finding his wedding ring.

“But it’s not about the rest of the world, sometimes,” Miles put his hand on their shoulder. Alex grinned softly - from the mouth of the tiniest one - and let out a small chuckle when it took Miles a moment to unstick. “Sometimes, it’s about the refuge we give each other.”
“That’s a good one, Miles, you should catchphrase it or something,” Peter smiled, even as his hand found Alex’s.

“Or at least street art it somewhere,” Adrian agreed as he laid his head next to Barry’s on Alex’s lap.

“Or put it on a post-it for Alex for when they forget,” Steve smiled gently, his eyes never having left Alex’s face.

“You’ve lived for like, seven thousand generations, Cap,” Peter said earnestly. As an aside, he whispered to Miles and Adrian, “He’s great at helping with history homework.” But then he turned grave again. “What do you think? Is it worth it?”

“Worth being ourselves and finding solace in each other?” Steve asked. “Absolutely. Every single time, in every lifetime.”

“But sometimes it’s so…” Alex tossed up their hands, and they didn’t have to put the crush of depression into words. They all… knew.

“Yeah, it is,” Barry agreed. “It is so…” He played with his wedding ring again. “But the highs of it are better, too. We get the worst lows, sure, but we get the most amazing joy. I don’t think people can access it, when they don’t go through what we do.”

“Mood,” Miles muttered. Steve squinted, processing, but seemed to get the general idea.

“So you think I can do this?”

“This being… being you?” Adrian confirmed. Alex nodded, not bothering to hide the tears in their eyes. Some days were just like that, and if they couldn’t be real about that with their sister, that part of their family, and with these guys… they’d have no outlet, ever. And they needed one. Badly. So they let the tears drop.

“Yeah. Yeah, you can definitely do it. You taught me to be me,” Adrian shrugged, looking down with a small smile.

Alex leaned down to kiss his forehead. “Yeah, and I suffer for it every day,” they teased, and Adrian pretended to be offended. But only for a moment.

“I love you, Alex. We all do. And sometimes, that’s the bit that matters most, even when the world… all the worlds… just suck.”

“Permanent mood,” Peter muttered, and Steve looked, again, confounded.

Alex laughed. “We’ll get you into memes, Steve.”

“I think I’ll pass,” he laughed.

But suddenly Alex knew how to feel better. How to survive another day. They took out their phone, and pulled up the long set of images they sent around with the spider kids.

They pouted at Steve, and because it was the Danvers sibling pout, and because Steve’s heart was made of both marshmallows and steel, he relented right away, scooting closer until they were all leaning into Alex’s phone, teaching Captain America about memes.

It didn’t fix everything. But it made them more connected to the ground underneath their feet -
ironic, since the spider boys were both now hanging from the ceiling for a better view - and Alex smiled. Because it didn’t need to fix everything to give them hope.
Chapter 798

Chapter Summary

tired-and-hungry asked:

Can we please have another college nb!Alex au. Maybe including trans!Winn and Adrian. I've been a little down and could really use one of my favorite au's. Thanks, whether you do it or not.

They weren’t sure what was wrong.

Classes were going well (they were acing everything, of course), their girlfriend was incredible (as always), their sister and Lena were disgustingly adorable after finally realizing what everyone else knew about their relationship (by disgusting, they meant beautiful), and for once they were getting on decently well with their mother and...

And everything was horrible.

Maybe it was precisely because everything was great.

Maybe it was precisely because their brain was broken, somehow they were broken.

“'You’re not broken, Alex, I promise,'” Winn told them without taking his eyes off the PS4. He took out a stormtrooper that had been about to lower Alex’s health to nothing.

Oh damn. They’d said that out loud.

“Behind you!” Adrian warned, backseat driving without a controller.

“Behind which of us?” Winn asked even as he swerved just in time to avoid a jump trooper’s fire.

“If you’re gonna backseat Star Wars: Battlefront, you’ve gotta be more specific, dude.”

Adrian preened, leaning into Winn and batting his eyelashes. “You called me dude, dude.”

“Yeah, yes, you’re both very dudely, but one of us has gotta get to the damn turret and take care of those TIE fighters,” Alex groaned.

Adrian slid off of his dorm room couch, inserting himself on the floor between Alex and Winn. He rested his head on Alex’s shoulder.

“Winn’s right, you know. You’re not broken. I mean, your health is pretty low, you should go for that heart in the corridor – but you, IRL, are not broken, Alex Danvers.”

“No?” Alex said, slamming pause just as they were respawning with their last life, glaring daggers at the jump trooper that had finally gotten them. “Then what the hell? Everything’s fine. Kara’s good, Maggie’s good, you guys are good, James is good, everyone’s healthy, everyone’s fine, my mother finally started using my damn pronouns, so what could possibly -”

“Your feelings aren’t a laundry list of who’s doing well and what’s going right, Alex,” Adrian said.
Alex turned on him instead of the jump trooper and glared.

“Aren’t you supposed to be the itty bitty freshman? Aren’t we supposed to be giving you sage life advice?”

Adrian held up his hands and smirked. “Listen, I’m the one with the PS4, so you can’t piss me off.”

“True,” Alex murmured, apologizing by putting their head on his shoulder.

“He’s right, though, Alex,” Winn shrugged, adjusting the controller in Alex’s hand and pressing play on their game again. “Depression isn’t broken, it’s just… depressed.”

Alex and Winn’s Star Wars avatars lined up back to back - I got your six, Maggie always told Alex, and Winn had done some learning from her - and finally took down the damn jump trooper.

They both whooped, and Adrian whooped louder.

For some reason, it made the three of them descend into such a strong fit of giggles that they had to pause the game again.

“Guys?” Alex said when they finally caught their breath. “Thanks.”

“That’s what we’re here for,” Adrian said, kissing their cheek.

“Aww, can I kiss your cheek too?” Winn asked.

“Try it and see what happens, Schott,” Alex said, and they all laughed again.

And God, it felt good to laugh.
Kara flew into Alex’s living room window and immediately flopped backwards onto the couch, neatly inserting herself between Alex and Maggie.

Maggie snorted into her scotch and Alex groaned.

“Seriously, Kara?” Alex asked, her beer now spilled down her front.

“Ooh, just take it off, Danvers,” Maggie winked, and it was Kara’s turn to groan.

Alex disentangled herself from her little sister and took her beer-stained shirt off, hopping onto her bed to find the sweatshirt she and Maggie had quickly disposed of and left on the floor the night before.

“Listen, you left your window open,” Kara explained, rolling over so she was hanging off of Maggie’s lap, head upside down as she watched Alex tug her Stanford sweatshirt over her head. “If you close your window, it’s like leaving a sock on your door. I won’t come in. Or at least, I’ll text first. But if you leave your window open, then it’s like you’re basically inviting me.”

Alex glared, but there was no heat behind it. Maggie adjusted Kara so she could find her phone, stashed somewhere in the couch cushions. “I’ll order potstickers, shall I, Little Danvers?”

“See?” Kara moaned in delight. “You’re girlfriend understands me.”

Alex threw a pillow from her bed at Kara’s face with alarming accuracy.

Kara laughed and Maggie held up her glass of scotch.

“Watch it, you two,” she shook her head.

“So what’s up, sis?” Alex trooped back to the couch, catching the pillow Kara launched back at her.

Kara heaved a sigh.

Alex knew – and so did Maggie, for that matter – that Kara letting herself be whiny and small and cute was a relief for her, a release valve. A way for her to step away from Supergirl and into Kara Danvers.

She was competent and she was intelligent beyond belief and she knew so much more about quantum mechanics than she would ever admit, because after her planet died (for the first time), she’d trained herself to never reveal how much she knew about the universe, because then
someone would discover her and then and then and then…

So letting herself be ridiculous, be whiny, be the consummate annoying little sister on her big sister’s date night was…

A relief.

It also meant she was too stressed, too worried, to bear being strong.

So when Alex sat back down, she tugged Kara’s feet into her lap, letting Maggie play absently with Kara’s hair after she put down her scotch and went about ordering the entire left side of the menu from Kara’s favorite Chinese restaurant.

“Well?” she prompted again. “What’s going on?”

“I don’t know,” Kara said, her voice suddenly more like Supergirl’s. Maggie and Alex exchanged a quick glance.

“An extra three orders of potstickers it is,” Maggie said, and Kara smiled faintly. It was a good sign.

“I just have all these feelings,” Kara murmured, more like she was explaining to herself than to her big sisters.

“About?” Alex asked, tilting her head. Because she thought she knew – she and Maggie and James and Winn and even J’onn had good money on it – but they’d all been waiting for Kara to come to the realization herself, in her own time.

“About Lena,” Kara finally breathed.


“I don’t want to,” Kara whispered.

“That’s okay, too. Fleabag?” Alex asked, gesturing to the TV.

Kara nodded. Alex tossed one of the many throw blankets Maggie insisted on keeping on the couch Kara, and Maggie tucked in her shoulders while Alex burritoed her feet.

Kara practically purred. Alex and Maggie let her lay there, let her eat all their potstickers when the food arrived. Let her think and let her feel and let her process.

She was almost ready, but not quite yet.

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She had brunch with Lena the next morning. It was their regular Sunday brunch - because of course they had regular Sunday brunch - and Kara was shaking.

“It’s okay to be scared, Little Danvers,” Maggie promised her.

“It’s okay to feel whatever you’re feeling,” Alex nodded, careful to be as non-specific as she could.

Kara nodded and kissed them both on the cheek before she flew out the window and down to Earth.
To Lena.

Who was, of course, already seated at their brunch spot, at their specific brunch booth, two steaming mugs of coffee already ordered. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table - a luxury for her, a novelty, Kara knew, because Lena Luthor had been raised to never even think about resting her elbows on the table - people watching intently, with a look of rare peace on her face.

It was beautiful. Lena was beautiful.

Kara tripped as she approached their booth.

Of damn course she did.

Lena stood immediately and opened her arms, which Kara knew was another novelty for her. Before Kara, it had only been Sam that Lena had been this affectionate with, this joyful.

And she and Sam had been…

Well, Kara tried to make like Elsa and conceal, not feel.

As she slipped into Lena’s arms, she could feel herself trembling, and was terrified she was failing.

She was always failing.

“Something’s wrong this morning,” Lena said, squinting slightly as she pulled back from their hug - Kara’s entire body keened from the loss - and examined Kara’s face closely as she held her by the shoulders.

Lena’s hand slid down Kara’s arm, then, and held her hand and she guided them to slide into their booth.

She didn’t let go of Kara’s hand, their fingers casually connected across the table.

Like Maggie sat with Alex.

Like James sat with Winn.

Like lovers sat.

Like Kara wanted to…

Oh Rao, not now. She had enough to deal with. She couldn’t risk losing Lena. She couldn’t risk…

Well, she wasn’t really sure what she was risking.

Everyone in her life was bi, was gay.

She’d just never thought about…

Well, there had been that fluttering in her stomach about Lucy Lane… and Cat Grant… but she’d just admired them, she’d just been infuriated by them…

She’d just loved them.

Oh, damn it all to hell.
“Nothing’s wrong,” she shook her head, but Lena’s eyes were perfect and her hand was warm and her lips looked…

Why was Kara looking at her lips?

She knew exactly why.

She hoped Lena hadn’t noticed at the same exact moment that she hoped Lena did notice.

She adjusted her glasses with her free hand, and tried not to notice - or imagine, because she had to be imagining it, right? - the fondness in Lena’s eyes at her nervous gesture.

“Nothing’s wrong, but something’s up,” Lena said, her voice gentle. Kara liked to think it was a very particular kind of gentle Lena only had for her.

That was the kind of thing lovers had.

Friends had it too, she supposed. No, she knew they did. But this… this felt different.

This was different.

But if it was different, if she said it was different, then it would change, then it would be ruined.

Then she would lose it all.

Again.

Like she always did.

With everything.

Everything except Alex, and even that had changed. Sure, she’d gained a new big sister after a rocky start, and it was wonderful, but it was also different, and…

She didn’t know if she could handle more different.

But she wanted more. Or, not more, maybe that wasn’t the right word. She wanted something different. With Lena.

And it was terrifying.

“Wouyouwaginwme?” Kara blurted, her face hotter than it had been since the last time she’d blown out her powers with overloading her heat vision.

“Come again, dear?” Lena asked, smiling but not quite laughing at her, because Lena laughed with her, but never at her.

Kara gulped, because there wasn’t really much going back now.

She thought of Alex, and she thought of Maggie, and James and Winn and J’onn’s proud smile when Alex had come out to the crew.

“Would you want to. Go to dinner with me.”

Lena’s eyes widened, then closed, then opened, then closed. Her mouth went on a similar journey, and Rao did Kara want to kiss her.
“We haven’t even had brunch yet, darling, but you know your stomach better than anyone, so I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if we just ate our way through to dinner time.”

Darling. She’d called her darling.

Lena did that, sometimes.

Her face always went red right afterward, like it had now.

Kara dared to hope. She gulped again, and she put her other hand on Lena’s.

Tentative, but brave.

Scared, terrified, but sure.

“I didn’t mean because I’m hungry.” Her stomach, of course, chose that very moment to growl. The traitor. “I mean, I’m always hungry.” Lena squeezed her hands, a smile tugging at her lips. But Kara had rarely seen her eyes so intense. And Lena was, to say the least, a very intense person.

“I mean, I’m always hungry, but I didn’t mean… I meant. Do you… it’s okay if you don’t, I love being your friend, I really do, of course I do. But when I said do you want to have dinner, I meant, if you wanted to. Um.”

Lena’s eyes were steady and shining and maybe just a little bit hopeful and Kara could carry a plane and barely break a sweat, how could she possibly find it this hard to come out at the same time as she was asking out the most beautiful woman she’d ever known?

Well, maybe when she put it like that, carrying a plane was easier.

“Kara Danvers,” Lena decided to swoop in and save Supergirl’s day. “Are you asking me on a date? Because if you are, the answer is a resounding yes. If you’re not, well, I’m sure there are plenty of caves I can go hide in for the next thousand -”

“Yes. Yes, I was, and yes, I - really? You’d want - to - you - with me?”

“Yes,” Lena said, and her voice dropped in a way that did things to Kara’s entire body. “Yes, I want to. Yes, with you. I was terrified you didn’t feel the same way. That you weren’t even into women.”

Kara pffted. “I was terrified you didn’t feel the same way! And I think now would be the time Maggie would say something like, ‘oh please, have you seen the way Kid Danvers dresses?’”

Lena laughed, and it was music and it was perfect. She brought Kara’s hands up to her mouth, and she was extremely grateful that spontaneous combustion wasn’t actually a thing, because if it were, the feeling on Lena’s lips on her knuckles would have…

“I would be honored to go on a date with you, Kara. Many dates. A lot of dates. So many dates.”

Lena Luthor was… rambling.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

She really did like Kara back.

Her smile was suddenly megawatt, and it was her turn to kiss Lena’s hands.
“Pancakes?” she asked.

“I already ordered three stacks,” Lena smiled, and Kara nearly took flight then and there.

But, for once, not to fly away from anything. To just be… ecstatic. To celebrate. For the sheer joy of flying, of… of living.

She’d definitely have to see how Lena felt about flying later. Though maybe that was a third date kind of thing.

And apparently, Lena wanted to go on many dates with her.

When their food arrived, pancakes had never tasted sweeter.

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