Ace from space

by D_writes

Summary

Post 2x11

Expanding on this tumblr post:

"OK but consider this headcanon:

When Mon-El comes to Earth, all the (straight) girls fall for him, he has this *magic* charm or whatever. And he’s the type who would act on it.

BUT who’s to say Kara doesn’t actually have the same power? Literally all the guys she has around, and arguably all the girls *coughs* Kat *coughs* Lucy *coughs* Shioban *coughs* LENA *coughs* have a crush on her, only she’s too pure, clueless and maybe ace to see it/act on it?

Yes only the guys actually asked her out, but maybe all these bi girls were socialised into recognising a crush as *admiration* or *friendship*, and Kara is not responding to it at all so they don’t even try.

TL;dr Kara has the same super-charm as Mon-El but she’s ace and clueless."

Notes

No beta.
See the end of the work for more notes.
He did that. He sat right in front of her, teary eyed, confessing his feelings. Telling her dying would be fine cause he got to kiss her. And then he stood there. Waiting. Hoping the weight of his gaze could add to the heaviness of her guilt, and she would give in.

Kara is tired. Exhausted.

Alex is busy. Happy. And that’s what Kara’s always wanted for her. Winn and James have decided they’re a team of their own, and that’s… fine, she guesses. And Mon-El, who could have been her friend, who could understand… Despite having powers, despite being the last of his kind, despite everything they share, Mon-El is just another guy who just doesn't relate to her. At least he’s gone now.

Kara is tired, and alone.

She runs a finger on the frame of her glasses, now resting on the table, trying to find the strength to go back to being Kara Danvers. She could really use a friend right now. Then she remembers that, maybe, she has one.

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“Miss Danvers!” Lena’s voice sound a little tired, but cheerful.

“Mh… Hi… I… I thought we were on a first name basis?”

“Yes, absolutely, I'm sorry Kara” the CEO is shuffling some papers, and Kara can almost picture her holding her phone between her ear and her shoulder “It’s a habit, you called my work phone.”

“That’s the only number I have” Kara explains.

“Ah, well, that makes sense. How can I help you? Isn’t it a bit late for an interview?”

Kara glances at the clock, and realises it’s almost 11pm. “Gosh, I-I didn't realise it was so late! I’m so sorry…”

“Nothing to be sorry about. I’m leaving the office now, though, so if you need anything from L-Corp I’m afraid it will have to wait until tomorrow.”

“You're still working?” Kara says, surprised.

“Aren't you?” Lena asks.

“Actually, I’m not, I… this is going to sound a little desperate, so please don’t judge, but I had a pretty rough day and I could really use a friend right now.”

There’s a silence on the other end of the line, broken by a surprised “Oh.”

“I-I mean, it's late, I really didn’t check the time, I shouldn't have-“

“Kara, it’s fine. I'm heading to a cocktail bar not far from L-Corp. Why don't you join me?”

“Oh you have plans, I-“
“Kara” Lena makes sure the reporter can feel the resolution in her voice “please come. I’ll send you the address, ok?”

Kara nods, grateful, before she realises they’re on a phone call, so she says “Ok. Thank you, Lena.”

“See you in a bit, then.”

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“Here’s the address. I’ll leave your name with the security guy, and just fyi they have a no trainers policy. x”

Kara smiles a little. At least she won’t be alone tonight, and she doesn’t have to pull Alex out of the blissful night she’s probably having with Maggie. She changes into a dress and matching kitten heels, and takes a taxi to the place. She’s too tired even to fly.

When she reaches the address, Kara thinks she may have gotten it wrong. There’s black door on a black wall, and a security guard wearing a high-visibility vest. She uses her telescopic vision to check the entirely too small for human eyes steel plaque with the name of the bar - Ozone - laser cut onto it.

“That’s the place” she tells herself, and briskly walks towards the door.

The security guard looks her up and down, frowning a little. “Are you lost, ma’am?” he asks, politely, and Kara figures she probably doesn’t look like the kind of person who normally attends this type of place.

“A friend is waiting for me inside, I believe.” She says as confidently as she can “My name is Kara Danvers.”

He quickly glances at a very short list on his notepad, and lets her in. The door leads to a steep staircase, and Kara walks up one floor to enter a very spacious, very dark cocktail bar. The dim light is warm, the music soft and mellow, the place almost empty. She looks around, and spots Lena sitting in a booth with a Martini.

“Hey” she says as she sits on the opposite side, and Lena gives her a warm smile.

“Hi, Kara” she greets “I wasn't sure what to get for you, what do you fancy?”

“Water is fine” Kara shrugs, pretty sure she can't afford anything that’s on the menu.

“Nonsense” Lena protests “Don't take this the wrong way, but you really look like you could use a drink.” Kara smiles, and pushes her glasses up a little. She doesn’t deny.


“I do like sweet cocktails” Kara admits.

“Will you trust me to pick one for you, then?”

“Sure.” Lena's in her element, and Kara immediately feels at ease. With a subtle gesture, the CEO calls a waiter and orders something Kara can’t quite pronounce, then, once he’s left, she rests her elbows on the table and tilts her head.

“So, what’s happening?” she asks “What’s making the most cheerful reporter in National City so
moody?”

Kara lets out a short laugh, and watches Lena take a small sip of her drink. She finds it a bit hard to start. Hell, how does she explain to Lena that her friends have decided to be superheroes for all the wrong reasons?

“I must say” Lena continues “I was pretty surprised you called me. I’d expect you to be the type of person who has a flock of friends around all the time.”

Kara shakes her head, surprised. “I don’t, actually” she explains “I’ve never had many friends. I’ve always tried to go unnoticed.”

“I don’t think you’re doing a great job at that, Kara” Lena smiles “I’m sure whoever meets you, even once, irremediably gravitates towards you.”

“Maybe” Kara shrugs, at this point she’ll take a compliment if one comes her way “but then, they all… they never… why can’t people just be friends?”

“Mh, I feel like we’re onto something here” Lena teases, and Kara rolls her eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m not explaining myself very well.” she admits. Her drink comes, and she takes a sip. “Mh, this is delicious!”

“I’m glad you like it. So, want to start from the beginning, and tell me what’s bothering you?” Lena’s smile is so open and encouraging, Kara feels like she could tell her anything.

“It’s just… Winn is my best friend, right? We work so well as friends! But he developed feelings for me, and then he kissed me, and things got awkward for a bit. And James… I liked James. A lot. I thought maybe we could be together, you know, like… together” she moves her hands, and looks at Lena as to ask “you know what I mean, right?” And Lena nods, even if she’s only starting to grasp what Kara is trying to say, because she thinks the reporter just needs to babble until she can make sense of what’s happening herself.

“But then we started to get… intimate, and I don’t… I really don’t think I… uff” she puffs, frustratedly, and cover her face with both hands. Lena leans in, and pulls one hand away from her face, a little worried.

“Kara, have you been… forced to do anything?”

“What? No!” Kara shakes her head, and Lena looks relieved “It’s just… I don’t mind kissing, you know? I like it. But it’s never enough. Once you start, people want more.”

“And you don’t.” Lena says. It’s not a question. Kara nods, and looks so, so guilty. Lena is still holding her hand, and rubs a thumb over her knuckles. “Kara, you don’t owe anything to anyone” she reassures “you only need to go as far as you’re comfortable, and only if you want to. You shouldn't let anyone tell you otherwise.”

“But they looked so heartbroken” she sniffls “And tonight, Mike…”

“Mike of the Interns?” Lena checks, and Kara chuckles, wetly.

“Yes, Mike of the Interns… a couple weeks ago he kissed me. He was, like, delirious or something, and the day after he said he didn't remember. But tonight he confessed his undying love for me” Kara’s tone is sarcastic, if a little sad “And I don't know what to do. I just want one friend. One friend who doesn’t want anything more than that.”
“Well, would you look at that” Lena comments, with a smug grin “Poor Kara, too irresistible. Some people are just cursed with beauty and charm.”

Kara laughs again, and wipes a tear from her cheek. She’s about to reply when a man in a suit approaches them.

“Good evening, Miss” he greets Lena first, and she regards him, slowly.

“Hello, Robert.” She gives him a subtle nod, and he turns to Kara.

“Hi, I’m Robert” he says, and offers a hand. Kara takes it, and can't help noticing his demeanor is much friendlier and informal when he speaks to her rather than to Lena.

“Kara, nice to meet you.”

“My pleasure” he says, then turns back to Lena “Are you… busy tonight, Miss?”

“Yes, darling, I’m afraid tonight I’m quite… taken.” Lena’s tone is polite, yet authoritative.

“I understand, Miss.”

“Another day.” she concludes, and he nods, respectfully.

“Have a nice evening, Kara” he smiles, then walks away. Kara watches him turn around the bar and disappear in a booth, alone.

“Mh, Lena” the reporter says, confused “What… what kind of place is this?”

“It's just a club. Not many people know about it, and it has rooms available for members.”

“So is it like… a sex club?” Kara watches her with a hint of horror, and Lena hurries to reassure her.

“No, Kara, it’s just a cocktail bar. I come here to unwind after work. Robert and I are… regulars, sometime we take one of the rooms to play. Sometimes I just sleep here because I’m too tired to go home.”

Kara looks at her, puzzled. “To play? Like, board games?”

“Oh, Kara” Lena shakes her head “You are something else.”

Kara pouts, almost offended, and Lena really can't help noticing how soft her features are. Her jawline, her lips, her blue, shiny eyes, the eyebrows coming together in a small crinkle. Kara Danvers is soft and delicate and all Lena wants is to protect her from everything that’s evil in the world.

“Do you want to get out of here?” Lena asks, noticing Kara's finished her drink. And Kara would like to say that no, it doesn't matter that there’s smooth jazz playing in the background, and an incredibly attractive man waiting for Lena to get rid of her, and cocktails that probably cost more than her lunch, but it must take her a little too long to put it into words because Lena stands up and grabs her purse. “Come on, let’s go” she says, and Kara smiles, grateful.

Once they’re out, Lena leaves a generous tip to the security guard, then invites Kara to follow her.

“It’s quite warm tonight” Lena notes “Fancy a walk?” she offers an arm for Kara to grab, and the reporter happily accepts it.
“I have to say I feel more comfortable out here.” Kara admits, and Lena hums. “Are you sure I'm not spoiling your evening? I mean, Robert seemed very keen on… playing, or whatever, tonight.”

Lena chuckles. “Don't worry, Kara. Rob and I are not the only regulars, he'll find a play partner for the night. You need a friend, and, frankly, so do I. I'm happy you're here.”

Kara rests her head of Lena’s shoulder for a moment. Both her arms are wrapped around Lena’s bicep, and she squeezes a little harder as she whispers a 'thank you'. They walk in silence for a bit, along the main road. It's quiet, but not empty yet.

“You know, there are other people like you” Lena says, careful to keep the volume of her voice down. “You're not weird. I mean, you're a little weird, but not because you don't want to have sex.”

“Really?” Kara frowns. She always thought the reason behind her lack of sex drive was the fact the she belongs to another species entirely.

“Yes, I mean, you eat twelve times a day, you fly on buses, and use the most outdated exclamations…”

“No, I know I’m weird, thank you very much.” Kara rolls her eyes "I mean, really, there are other hu- people like me?"

“Yes, of course. You may want to look into it asexuality when you have time. I'm not going to tell you what your sexual orientation is, but you could find it useful. It seems to me that you’re struggling a bit.”

“A bit?” Kara sighs “I'm like, so confused. Because, you know, I’m a very physical person. I love cuddling and sleeping together… and kissing is fun too! It's just… the pressure, you know?”

“But that’s not the only issue, is it?” Lena notes, “These guys have feelings for you and you don’t.”

“Well, yeah…”

“All I’m saying is… that’s ok” Lena concludes “You don't have to reciprocate anyone's feelings. I mean, everybody falls for you a little, in case you haven't noticed. You're bound to break a few hearts.”

“What? That’s not… I’m not like that.”

“It’s barely a compliment, Kara” Lena continues “Your biology is quite outstanding. I can't believe you haven't picked up on this superpower yet.”

Kara releases Lena’s arm and stops walking. Lena stops as well, and there’s a long moment when neither of them speak. Lena has just dropped a bomb, and is waiting for Kara to react. And Kara wants to deny, she truly wants to, but she's just so tired and she really wants a friend she can trust completely.

“You know, mh?” is all she says.

Lena shrugs. “It wasn’t too hard to figure out. And once I did, I looked for Lex’s files on Superman. Quite a detailed work, I must say.” Kara feels almost naked, aware that there’s so much Lena knows about her, maybe more than what Kara knows about herself. “You don't have to believe me” Lena adds “But you can trust me, Kara. I’ve known for weeks now, I’m not going to expose you.”
And Kara looks a little defeated, but ultimately relieved.

“Today… has been a lot” Kara says as she steps closer to Lena “Can we not talk about this right now? Can I just… can I hug you instead?”

Lena’s eyes grow a little, disarmed by Kara’s candour. She looks fragile and small. National City superhero looks like she’s about to break. So Lena nods, of course she does, no hesitation there. And Kara almost falls into her arms, and rests her head on her shoulder. She’s crumpling her trench coat in her fists, and Lena wraps her arms around her, rubbing gentle circles on her back.

“Hey, hey…” she lets out, surprised by the desperation in Kara’s grip, “I’m here, I got you.”

Kara nods into her shoulder. “Do you want to… can you stay with me tonight?” Kara mumbles, and Lena is grateful Kara can’t see her blushing form their position.

“Sure” she replies, trying to keep her voice steady “If it helps you. Want to come over to mine? Unless you prefer to go back to your place...”

“No, yours is fine” Kara replies as she takes a step back “I don’t want to go home right now. Is that ok?”

Lena smiles, and raises a hand to call a taxi.

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Kara spends the journey plopped against Lena, who tries her best to not stiffen every time Kara squeezes her arm, or links their fingers together, or kisses her knuckles. She wasn't kidding when she said she’s very physical, and it’s driving Lena a little crazy. Because sure, she’s Kara’s friends, but she’s also a woman who was expecting a completely different kind of night. Lena promises herself she’ll call Robert tomorrow.

It takes a little over twenty minutes for them to reach Lena's penthouse. Kara looks around the tastefully decorated apartment, the modern furniture, the colourful rug she somehow doesn't expect.

“I like your place” Kara says, genuinely. Lena shrugs. She doesn’t spend nearly enough time there to enjoy it.

“Can I get you anything?” she asks.

“Water’s fine” Kara replies “I guess you know that alcohol doesn’t really affect me, so, no point in trying to drown my sorrows in it.”

“Yeah, I figured.” Lena admits, offering a bottle of water she found in the fridge.

“You still got me that expensive cocktail though” Kara points out.

“Well, it tasted good, didn't it?”

Kara smiles, and watches Lena look down, almost shy. And she wonders, for a moment if what she said it’s true. Mon-El sure has some sort of super-charm on Earth. Could she have a similar power?

“Hey, Lena,” Kara clears her throat, and the CEO looks up again. “Is this ok?”

Lena furrows her eyebrows. “What?”
“This.” Kara gestures vaguely “Me, at your place. In the middle of the night, asking you to comfort me. Are you ok with it?”

“Why wouldn’t it be ok?” Lena questions, confused.

“Because you said everybody is a little in love with me.” Kara notes.

“And?”

“Well, are you?”

Lena laughs nervously, and wishes she had an answer ready for this kind of question. She purses her lips, unsure, and Kara moves a little closer, slouching a little to look into her eyes.

“So?” the reporter insists.

“Maybe a little” Lena admits, reluctantly, and looks away.

Kara takes a sharp breath, a little disappointed. “Then maybe I should go.”

“Kara, please” Lena touches her forearm, lightly - she doesn't grab, she doesn’t hold her back. “Look, you can't blame people for their feelings, as much as we can't blame you for not having them. I do want to be your friend. Let me be there for you.”

Kara weights her words, tilting her head, thoughtful. She bites her lower lips, and looks down.

“It’s not like I don't have feelings for you” she mutters, barely audible “it’s just, you know… I can’t give you everything you need, so what’s the point?”

“You do?” Lena’s head shoots up.

“Y-yeah, I… I think so” Kara confirms, a little hesitant, the more resolute “I do. Definitely.”

Lena steps closer, and holds her hand. “I told you, you don’t have to do anything you’re not comfortable with, Kara. Just… don’t push me away, ok?”

Kara nods, trying to convince herself more than Lena.

“I would like to cuddle with you, but only if you're ok with it.” Kara’s cheeks heat up a little. Lena’s, on the other hand, catch fire.

“I-I… of course. I mean, I’m not a big cuddler, but I guess it’s more for a lack of opportunity than anything else.” she mumbles “Do you want something more comfortable to slip in?”

“Yeah, that’d be great” Kara looks down at her dress and shoes, and Lena all but runs to her room to get some sweatpants and cool down a little.

“I’ll be right back.”

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She comes back wearing a pair of dark grey sweatpants and a white t-shirt, which is something Kara never thought she’d get to see. And oh, she’s barefoot.

“You’re shorter than me” Kara comments when Lena is close enough for her to notice. The CEO offers her some flannel pants and a light blue t-shirt, and gives her an unimpressed look.
“Just about.” she says, pretending to be a little offended. And truth to be said, she can't remember the last person who saw her without heels.

She's used to be naked, or wearing some obnoxiously expensive lingerie that never fails to drive her subs crazy, sometimes even leather. She’s used to dominate, to take action. What she’s not used to is blushing so hard when Kara asks her to pull down the zip of her dress and lets it pool at her feet, quickly - but somehow not quickly enough - putting the t-shirt on. She unhooks her bra and pulls its straps from the sleeves, tugging it from the collar. That’s when Lena finally manages to rip her eyes off her, and lets her slip into the pyjama bottoms she got her.

Kara picks her dress from the floor and puts it on the backrest of the sofa with her bra. She stretches her arms above her head, and when she lowers them down she makes sure they hoop around Lena's head and rest on her shoulders.

“Let’s go to bed?” she asks, tilting her head a little. And Lena nods, slightly overwhelmed by the chaste intimacy of that moment. She turns, Kara’s arms still around her neck, so she instinctively pulls them, pressing her back against Kara, and lifting her from the ground.

Kara lets out an excited squeak as Lena piggybacks her to her room. When they reach the bed, they're both giggling uncontrollably, mainly because Lena’s physical strength is definitely not her best quality, and she struggled the whole way. She spins around a leg to throw Kara on the mattress, but the she can’t release her arms quickly enough so she follows her, tumbling gracelessly on top of her.

Kara loses it, tears running down her cheeks. And Lena knows that if she wanted, Kara could have lifted them from the floor, and quite literally fly them anywhere. Instead, she let her clumsily carry her around, and Lena can’t remember the last time she was allowed to be so playful.

As they lay on the bed, catching their breath and wiping tears from their eyes, Lena somehow manages to roll to her side and wrap an arm around Kara’s waist. Her eyes linger on the reporter's lips for a second before she remembers this is not just any date. This is Kara, and she should take every precaution to make her feel comfortable.

“Duvet?” Lena asks as the laughter slowly fades into a quiet smile.

“Duvet” Kara nods, and Lena thinks she looks relaxed enough. Safe enough.

As the slip under the covers, Kara wastes no time to nest into Lena’a body, pushing her back against her a little, and pulling her arm around herself. Lena buries her face in her hair, breathing her in.

“I really like this” Kara sighs, and Lena wonders when was the last time Kara had the chance to simply cuddle with someone. “Thank you” the reporter adds, softly.

“You don't need to thank me, Kara” Lena replies “This is nice. I like it too.”

“But is it… enough?” Kara mumbles, shyly.

“Kara, look at me” Lena pleads, and Kara turns to face her. The CEO watches her features, exploring all the emotions that are flashing on Kara’s face. Gratefulness. Fear. Hope.

“I can get sex any day, with no effort” Lena says “I actually have three subs, and odds are one of them is still waiting for me at the Ozone bar right now. I don't need sex from you. I need… you.”

Kara nods, biting her lips, and after a thoughtful moment she says: “I want you to know that I
don’t expect you to drop them, you know? Your… subs, that’s how you called them, right?”

“My submissives, yes” Lena confirms.

“I don’t mind if you look for sex somewhere else, I’m not really the jealous type.”

Lena takes a deep breath. Something at the back of her head tells her the right thing to do would be to swear to Kara that no, she doesn’t need it, that she’s everything she’ll ever need, but she knows that’s not true.

“I do need it. Sex, I mean.” Lena comments “So I will keep seeing them from time to time.”

“Of course” Kara smiles, relieved “I would feel horrible if you had to give that up for me.”

And Lena smiles too, wide and bright and full of love, because Kara is sweet and pure and there, and right now she's all she wants.

“You can say no to what I’m going to ask you, ok?” Lena looks into Kara’s eyes, making sure that she knows she is absolutely serious about it “I need you to feel safe to say no to me.”

Kara nods. “I promise.”

“Ok, cool” Lena takes a deep breath, and she could swear she hasn't felt so nervous and giddy since high school. “I’d like to… I mean, can I kiss you?”

Kara lets out a short laugh, and shakes her head a little, which has Lena a little disappointed. But then Kara explains that “No one's ever asked that before,” and a new sort of sadness fills Lena’s heart.

“Yes, you can.” the reporter adds, and Lena would like to say she's smooth and confident - she’s always been, after all - but all she can do is tentatively stretch her neck and gently place her lips on Kara’s. It’s so delicate, and deliberate, she feels Kara's breath on her skin, she feels the softness of her lips, the sweet scent of her chapstick, and a stray blond curl tingling on her eyelid. It’s small and quick but Lena feels everything.

And as she moves back, flustered, Kara follows, catching her lips again, stroking a thumb on her cheek. And Lena lets her set the pace, she pays attention to the rhythm Kara chooses for her hands to explore her body, and mirrors it, diligently. Kara doesn’t grab, she strokes. Kara doesn’t rush, she doesn’t sneak. She follows a path, an unbroken trail on her skin that she traces with her fingertips, with the back of her hand, with her palm. She brushes her hands on her neck, her stomach, her hips - but it's so chaste, it doesn't lead any further. And that’s fine, that’s perfect.

“Is this ok?” Lena asks, as she copies Kara’s movement. She doesn’t want to assume she's comfortable receiving what she’s giving. Kara nods, and rests their forehead together.

“This is very ok."
Lena quickly realises it’s not what as much as how.

Kara hugs, and kisses, and strokes and holds. Short of anything obviously sexual - her hands never roam close to her breast or between her legs - she’s touching every inch of her skin. But she does so in such a playful, sweet way, it could never be taken as an invite to go further.

Lena’s the careful one. She listens, she checks, she measures her movements.

So now she knows that most kisses are fine, but not all kisses. She learns that a little tongue is ok, as long as it’s slow and soft. When it becomes hard and fast, Kara tries to follow but it feels forced, unnatural. The rhythm becomes jagged, she resists.

“Kara, you need to tell me” Lena protests, pulling back “when I do something you don’t like.”

Kara looks down, mortified. “It’s not important.” She hates that Lena noticed.

“It’s very important” Lena corrects her “I’m trying to figure it out but it would make me feel way more comfortable if you could just tell me, you know?” she cups her cheek, trying to sound as sweet and reassuring as possible.

“But it’s not fair, I’m the weird one. It’s no big, I-“

“Stop right there” Lena places two fingers on her lips “What’s not fair is you having to put up with this shit all your life. You’re not weird. Everybody's different.”

And Kara nods, and closes her eyes, and nods again, and cries. And Lena pulls her hand back and tries to find a place where she can touch Kara to comfort her, but she’s not sure, so she just hovers it over her face, her shoulder, because Lena made Kara cry and it may just be the most awful she’s felt in a very long time.

“Kara, honey, babe, muffin, please talk to me” Lena's voice betrays an anxiety she didn’t know she had in her. But Kara lets out a short laugh, and takes Lena hand in hers to stop its erratic movement.

“Muffin?” Kara teases, and Lena breathes again, and laughs a little too.

“Muffin, pancake, cinnamon roll” she continues, and Kara starts giggling “potsticker of my life, danish of my eyes” and Kara laughs and hugs her and brings her closer and Lena wonders how did this happen? When did I let myself become so soft and my mood so dependent upon the happiness of this woman?

“What happened, my little frosted carrot cake?” Lena continues, feeling Kara cackling against her.

“Nothing bad” Kara reassures her “I just got a little emotional, that’s it.” Lena pulls back, and tries to find a better answer in Kara’s eyes. “It’s just… you make me feel safe. No one’s ever gone out of their way to make me feel so comfortable. I'm not used to it.” Kara continues “And frankly… I don’t even know what I don't like, I’ve always tried not to think about it too much. I’m figuring this out as much as you are.”
Lena understands. Rationally, she gets it. But then again, that doesn't stop her from being angry.

“Motherfuckers” she mutters, quietly. But Kara hears it. Of course she hears it, *she has super-hearing*, Lena remembers when Kara gives her a smile that’s both amused and grateful.

“You’re cute when you’re angry” Kara adds “With someone else. I’d be a little scared if you were angry with me.”

“I’m furious” Lena’s eyebrows come together, forming a little crinkle “I’m-

She stops to smile when Kara kisses her frown, and smooths it with a finger. “You’re not taking me seriously,” the CEO protests, and Kara shakes her head with a shit-eating grin that Lena just wants to kiss. So bad.

“So… what you were doing before? All good” Kara explains, and Lena listens, carefully “Except when you pulled me by my hips.”

Lena squints a little, she’s not sure she remembers. “You did this.” Kara puts a hand on Lena’s butt, and thrusts, bringing their hips closer. Lena takes a sharp breath because that’s hot.

“I’m sorry, I didn't realise.” Lena apologises.

“Let’s make a deal,” Kara proposes “I will tell you what makes me uncomfortable if you promise you won't say sorry every time.”

“Deal” Lena replies, linking their pinkies together.

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She tries. She really tries to kiss Kara without feeling her body ignite, but it’s next to impossible. Lena's breath hitches, she tries to bite a moan back but fails. Her hand grabs Kara’s biceps a little too hastily, and quickly lets it go, realising a second too late what she’s doing.

“Kara, I-” she feels a little overwhelmed, and Kara stops immediately. Lena’s eyes are dark, her lips swollen and full. “I think I need a break” she says. Kara withdraws a little, making herself small, letting Lena roll on her back. The CEO stares at the ceiling for a long moment, then shuts her eyes, trying to calm the ache between her legs. It’s useless. Kara is still there, the warmth of her body still lingering on hers. She feels every fingerprint etched on her skin, every kiss burning on her lips. She lifts the covers and jumps off the bed.

“I’ll be right back, ok?” she asks, almost for permission.

“Sure” Kara nods, watching her flip her hair to the side, flustered, and leave the room.

Kara doesn't like to be alone in bed, she finds. Not when she could be with Lena. She sits back, and buries her nose in the t-shirt that now has Lena's scent on. It only takes a few minutes for the CEO to come back and sit close to her.

“Are you ok?” Kara asks, resting a hand over Lena’s, who nods but doesn't look at her.

“I’m s-”

“Ah! You promised.” Kara cuts her off, and offers her a beaming smile. “It’s ok, you can take as many breaks as you want. We can stop right now and just sleep. You can stay two feet away if it helps you.”
Lena scoffs, a lopsided smile on her lips. “I don't think I’d like that.”

“Come here then” Kara slips back under the covers and invites Lena to rest her head on her chest. When she does, Kara places tiny kisses on top of her head, and Lena relaxes into her arms. “You’re doing everything you can to make me comfortable, and it’s only fair I do the same for you, don’t you think?” Kara asks against her hair. Lena nods in silence, feeling a little humiliated by her own lack of control.

“I should’ve stopped earlier” Lena comments “But you’re just so…” she groans, and hides her face in her palms. Kara chuckles, and rubs a hand on her shoulder. “Maybe next time you won't need to go to the restroom” Kara mentions, casually.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I guess you went there to… touch your… mh, self?” she explains, tentatively, and Lena hides under the covers. There’s a muffled ‘yes’ that Kara finds adorable. She pulls the duvet away and continues “I can't promise it’s going to work, but… maybe you can do it here, with me?” Lena looks up, a little confused. “I’m not repulsed by it. I really don’t mind. I just don’t enjoy being involved in it, and I find it a bit boring.” Kara concludes.

“You know” Lena chuckles a little “it’s good enough for me to know you’re ok if there is a next time.” It’s Kara's turn to be puzzled, so Lena continues “I thought maybe you would think this is too much. That I am too much. I’m a highly sexual person, Kara, and you're beautiful, and ripped - God you’re so ripped - and this is going to happen again.”

“That’s ok” Kara reassures her “We’ll find our way.”

---

Lena wakes up to an empty bed. She rolls on her back, and tries to remember what happened. She wasn't even drunk, but she feels like her brain is still processing last night events. Kara Danvers.

Kara Danvers is Supergirl. Kara Danvers is somehow asexual. Kara Danvers has feelings for her. Kara Danvers slept over. In her bed. She let her kiss her. She let her touch her. She let her leave the bed to masturbate in the bathroom, without blinking an eye.

Kara Danvers, who is now singing in her kitchen, cooking something. Pancakes, if Lena’s nose doesn't betray her. She checks the time. It’s early. Kara’s side of the bed is cold, she’s been up for a while.

*Kara’s side of the bed.*

Lena likes the sound of it. She decides to slip her hand in her panties once again before joining her very beautiful, very asexual guest. She gets off to the sound of Kara’s voice singing “Summer in the City” by Regina Spektor and it may be the best way she’s ever started the day.

She carefully washes her hands before joining Kara in the kitchen, and the dumb smile in the mirror tells her she’s feeling happier than she expected.

Despite her super-hearing, Kara is so engrossed juggling the two pans she using to make pancakes that she doesn't hear Lena tiptoeing behind her, so when two cold hands slip under her t-shirt and on her stomach, she screams and almost drops the spatula.

“Hey” Lena chuckles, and Kara turns to look at her with a disapproving face. It only lasts a split second, because Lena’s innocent pout can compete with her own, and Kara wonders if that’s how J’onn feels every time she tries to get away with something. Does his Martian heart melt too?
Does he scold himself internally for giving in so easily?

“Lena!” she tries for upset, but it comes off amused.

“Kara” Lena answers, and rubs their noses together “I didn't know you had such a beautiful voice.”

“Oh, I… mh, you heard me?”

“I did” Lena confirms, leaning closer. And Kara still can't wrap her head around the fact that she actually needs to bend down a little to kiss Lena, who’s inviting her but moving back at the same time, teasing her, so Kara has to chase her lips to-

“Oh shoot” Kara jumps back, noticing something is burning. “Nononono no!” she pleads, quickly flipping both the pancakes she’s cooking. One is still edible, but the other one is completely charred.

“I’m sorry” Lena mumbles against her shoulder as she hugs her from behind, and Kara sighs, throwing a pancake in the bin. “Also, I’m pretty sure I didn't have anything in my fridge.”

“I went out and did some shopping” Kara explains, then remembers Lena knows about her secret identity “That’s a lie. It was too early. I flew home to get the ingredients. I can't believe you don't even have a couple of eggs!”

“Is it something you’d like me to fix?” Lena asks, without letting go of her waist.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean…” Lena takes a deep breath “Is you cooking breakfast in my kitchen something that can become a regular occurrence?”

“O-oh” Kara somehow doesn't expect Lena to be the one pushing for something more regular. “If you’d like me to” she replies, trying to sound as smooth as she can. It doesn’t work. Her giddiness is so evident Lena wraps her arms a bit tighter, and presses her cheek against Kara’s back.

“I’d love that.”

---

“So I’ve been reading” Kara says with her mouth full “a lot.”

Lena sips on her coffee and watches Kara inhale another pancake. “You have?” Lena frowns “About what? And most of all: when?”

“This morning!” the reporter says like waking up at 5am to read it’s a normal thing to do. “So turns out, roughly 1% of the human population is asexual. It’s a thing!”

Lena smiles, finding Kara’s enthusiasm endearing. She nods, encouraging her to continue.

“And did you know asexuality is a spectrum? Some people never experience sexual attraction. Some people only in very specific circumstances, and some people only after they have formed an emotional bond.” Kara takes another mouthful, that disappears before she continues “and you know what the best thing is?”

Lena shakes her head with a beaming smile.

“Some people are proud of it! They’re proud, Lena.” Kara shuffles on her seat, excited “I know
it’s stupid, but it made me feel so… I don't know, normal. Less lonely. Less alien.”

“It’s not stupid” Lena argues, gently slapping Kara’s arm “It’s important. There’s a lot of guilt thrown around when someone doesn't want to engage in what most people deem normal” She says normal with a hint of disdain that makes Kara giggle a little. “It’s important to know there’s a community that gets you.”

“But there's a lot of… arguing going around, too” Kara adds, a little worried.

“Such as?” Lena asks, and checks her watch.

“Someone says asexuals may have sex with their partner if they are not sex repulsed, but then someone else says that line of thought is toxic, because then asexuals might be expected to have sex even if they don't feel like.” Kara’s hands flail, and she’s starting to feel a little worked up “Some people say demisexuals are not really asexuals because sometimes they do feel sexual attraction, and some people say real asexuals are only those who’ve never ever had sex. And some-”

“Kara, cupcake” she interrupts her, resting a hand on her forearm, noticing how Kara’s getting a bit frustrated “maybe you’ve been reading a little too much about it. Labels are always bound to stir some sort of discourse.” Kara nods, pursing her lips “Take what you need from the community. You can learn the words they use so you can name how you feel, you can talk to people to better understand your needs and boundaries, you can read about other people’s experiences so you can navigate this new thing more confidently, but… you're you, and you can use whatever label you think fits you. Or none.”

Kara sighs, somehow relieved. “You know, I really like when you use food related pet names for me.” She admits.

“Ok, cookie, noted” Lena says, smiling “Now, I can't fly, so I really need to get ready. I’m already half hour late and Jess is going to call the police anytime.”

Chapter End Notes

Help I can’t stop writing.

(since today I broke your hearts with Impeccable Timing I thought I'd give you some fluff on this side)
Chapter Summary

It's sister nigh at chez Danvers, and Lena takes the chance to release some stress. Unfortunately, it doesn't go to plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena learns that Thursday is sisters night. Which is good. Very good.

She’s spent the last couple of nights cuddled up against Kara and it’s been… it’s been the most wholesome experience of her entire life, if she's honest. There’s an entirely unfamiliar type of intimacy she’s coming to discover. They way Kara sometimes balls up when they’re hugging in bed, so Lena can almost wrap her in her arms. The way she presses her head on her chest, and blissfully nuzzles into her skin. The way she bounces her cheek against Lena’s forehead - the CEO thinks she’s never touched anything so soft, so comforting, so completely relaxing.

Kara runs her fingers through her hair a million times and then once more. Kara counts the marks on her skin - a small mole on her back, a scar on her arm, a bruise she can’t remember how she got. Kara kisses her shoulder blades when Lena is laying on her stomach, lifting herself up on her arms so her bones are more visible. Kara calls the tiny angel wings and Lena melts a little.

But a little break it’s not unwelcome, because Kara may be asexual, but Lena most definitely isn't.

So tonight she’s wearing her highest Louboutins and sipping a dirty Martini in her usual booth at the Ozone lounge, the key to her room already in her purse after she’s collected it from the bar. It’s early.

There’s a man sitting at the bar, an old friend of Lionel. They share a look and quickly proceed to ignore each other. He moves to the other side of the bar, where she can't see him anymore.

She waits.

Her phone lights up.

Kara Danvers, 8:42pm: “OMG Ben&Jerry came up w a new flavour I'm so excited!!!!”

Kara Danvers, 8:42pm: “Ok the movie is starting I’ll leave you alone.”

Kara Danvers, 8:42pm: “So much chocolate!!! This is so good!!!!!

Kara Danvers, 8:43pm: “!!!!!!!!!!!”

Kara Danvers, 8:43pm: “I’ll get you some.”

Kara Danvers, 8:43pm: “Um, Alex is giving me a funny look.”
Lena smiles, dumbly, at the insane number of random emoji in the next text. She pictures Kara digging a spoon into her ice scream and snuggling up to her sister, captured by whatever movie they’re watching.

*Lena Luthor, 8:44pm: “Have fun, sugarplum. I’m turning my phone off, speak tomorrow, ok?”*

*Kara Danvers, 8:47pm: “Goog night!”*

*Kara Danvers, 8:47pm: “(Sugarplum!!!) ”*

*Kara Danvers, 8:48pm: “K bye!”*

Lena turns all her notifications off and puts her phone away.

From her position, she can see the entrance. A couple walks in. They’re new. Lena plays with the idea of walking up to their table and seducing both, but she resolves she’d rather go for one of her usuals tonight. Unfortunately, Robert is nowhere to be found, but she’s aware it’s still early for him to be there.

A blonde woman comes in, and Lena is pleased to see her familiar face. Their eyes meet, and the woman takes a sharp breath in, lowering her eyes immediately. She takes place in a booth, alone, where Lena can see her.

The blonde flips her hair, and adjusts her skirt. She can feel Lena’s heavy gaze on her. The man from the couple approaches her, compliments her - Lena guesses - and offers to buy a drink. Lena waits, running her middle finger on the rim of her glass. The blonde glances subtly towards her, Lena shakes her head. The woman smiles at the guy, and moves a hand in the air, clearly refusing whatever he’s offering.

He insists. Lena decides she doesn’t like him.

The blonde glares at the man, probably points out he should watch his manners. Lena knows how sharp she can be. He leaves, hands curled up in fists.

Lena waits, watches her prey shuffle in her seat. She makes her wait. She makes her doubt she’ll walk up to her. The blonde pulls a pocket mirror from her purse to check her makeup, nervously, and gets a waiter to bring her a cocktail.

Finally, Lena picks up her drink and her purse and moves to the woman’s booth.

“Hello, babygirl” she greets.

“Mistress” the woman breaths out, eyes steadily planted on the table between them. She knows she’s not allowed to look into her owner's eyes until she’s instructed to do so.

“Get me a drink, will you?” Lena demands. The blonde’s eyes move to Lena’s half full glass, a little confused. She’s too slow to obey. Lena takes her Martini and slowly pours it over the woman’s white blouse. A transparent patch forms on her chest, and her black bra appears under the soaked fabric. “It looks like I spilled mine.”

“Yes, Mistress” the blonde swallows, and Lena can already see the flash of pleasure in her eyes. She watches her stand up and walk to the bar - they’ve know each other long enough for her to know Lena’s order. The bartender gives her a pitiful look as the liquid runs down her black skirt and drips to the floor. The couple watches, a little shocked.

When she comes back, she’s shivering a little. They’re sitting right under the air con, and
goosebumps start forming on her skin.

“Look at you, you’re pathetic” Lena comments. The blonde nods, staring into her cocktail, waiting for permission to drink. “Everybody is looking at you, they all know you’re nothing but a slut.”

Lena leans over the table, pops a button open on the woman’s blouse, runs a finger on her necklace.

“You may look at me now” she adds, and brings a had to cup the woman’s face. She brushes a thumb on her pale lips, then pushes, parting them, forcing her finger into her mouth. She runs it over her teeth, presses it on her tongue. “Suck.” she whispers. The woman obeys, instinctively closing her eyes.

“I said look at me, whore.” Lena remarks. She keeps her thumb in her mouth as she drinks, slowly, feeling the woman struggling to swallow, watching as a drop of saliva forms on the corner of her lips.

Her eyes are blue, her lips pink and full. Her cheeks heated.

And for a second, Kara’s features appear over the woman’s - Lena sees a pair of glasses, a slightly darker shade of blue in the irises, a sweet curl on her lips. She pulls her thumb out, the woman chokes a little.

She wipes her hand on a napkin and gets the key from her purse. She hands them over.

“Go upstairs. Take off your clothes. Sit on the bed and wait for me. Leave the door unlocked.” She instructs. The blonde bites her lower lip and gives her a little smile before following her orders, leaving her drink still full on the table.

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She lets her wait for ten minutes before she joins her. Lena enters the room and closes the door behind her. The woman is sitting on the edge of the bed, her clothes neatly folded on the desk.

Lena slaps her face, once, without a word. The woman smiles, her eyes roll back. Lena fists her hair and pushes her head back, straddling her. “Stupid cunt” she seethes, her lips against her eyes, breathing all too close for the woman to keep them open.

Lena does not enjoy violence nor humiliation per se. She is, first and foremost, a pleaser. She constantly checks for a sign that the woman finds pleasure in what she's doing. Kelly - that’s the name of her sub - has been pretty clear on her kinks. Face slapping, humiliation, forced oral sex. Lena plays her part, and watches the woman’s face twist in pain as she pinches her nipples, hard.

But when she frowns that way, when her lips curl a little, she looks so much like Kara.

Lena straightens her back, leaving her sub breathing heavily on the mattress. She must look a little confused, because the blonde props up on her elbows and gives her a slightly detached look. And Lena knows she can't afford to lose her authority if she wants this to work.

She brings a hand to the woman's throat and presses on the side, lightly, earning a grin. She pushes, roughly, so her sub falls heavily on the mattress, then pulls up her skirt to reveal she’s not wearing anything underneath.

They’ll both get what they’re looking for.
Lena moves up to ride the blonde’s face, holding her against her core with a fist in her hair. She calls her horrible names, she presses her heels on her sides, she watches her eyes roll back in pleasure. She cums, fast and hard and whispering Kara’s name like a mantra.

_Kara._

Lena freezes for a second, and almost looks scared. She stands, and fixes her skirt, then starts pacing the room with a hand over her mouth. Kelly rolls her eyes, impatient. She doesn't like seeing her mistress so distracted.

“I’m really sorry, Kelly” Lena mutters, and earns a slightly disgusted look.

“What’s this?” the blonde scoffs, “What’s happening to you?”

“I shouldn't have… I’m not sure I can do this with you anymore.”

“Excuse me?” Kelly’s eyes widen in outrage “Lena, you can't just… dump me like this. I mean, Mistress.”

“Stop,” Lena sighs, suddenly feeling exhausted “please.”

How can she explain that she can’t look at her, force her to make her cum, slap her and choke her without feeling guilty? How can she admit to her that Kara’s face is constantly _there_, in her mind, in her eyes, and she can’t separate it from hers? How can she tell her calling her a slut and a piece of shit is breaking her heart, this time?

“You _promised_ you’ll look after me!” Kelly whines, slamming her fists on her mattress.

Lena should’ve known the woman would throw a fit. “I’m sorry,” she repeats, dropping her shoulders, defeated, “I can’t.”

“Whatever” Kelly hisses, jumping off the bed “I’m keeping the room for tonight, I need to shower. I’ll leave the keys at the bar when I leave.”

“You can get some of my clothes from the wardrobe.” Lena mutters “Keep them.”

---

Lena walks back to the bar, her mind racing. She’s always been able to separate her life and playtime, but today Kara Danvers somehow managed to blur all the lines. She walks to the bar, sees the couple still sitting in their booth flinch as her heels click on the floor. Apparently, they’ve found a girl for their night. She orders a double Laphroaig with two ice cubes and goes back to her booth, that’s surprisingly still empty. The bar is getting full. The ice clink as she swirls the whisky in the glass.

“Good evening, Miss.”

Her head shoots up when she hears Robert’s voice.

“Rob…” she gives him a lopsided smile, and leans against the backrest.

“Mh, you're having a bad night, uh?” He quickly adjusts his posture as he notices the sadness in her eyes. Lena is not in the mood to play mistress, he can tell from miles away. It helps they’ve known each other for so many years. “Can I join you?”

“Sure” she sighs.
“What’s up? Is your new sub quite the handful?” He picks her glass to smell the liquor, and gives her an interested look. He calls a waiter and points to the drink “Can I have the same? And two pints of Guinness.”

“Kelly? She’s not new.” Lena frowns.

“No, not Kelly. I know Kelly, we fucked her together once” he reminds her “The new one, with the glasses and the ponytail.”

“She’s not my… we’re something else.” Lena explains. What are they?

The waiter brings their drinks, and Robert pushes a pint of stout in front of Lena, who chuckles, amused.

“Come on, Luthor. Like the good old times!” he encourages her “Chase that nice single malt with some more Irish goodness.” he lets his Dubliner’s accent slip out, just for her. She smiles, and accepts the drink. She takes a good sip and lets the thick foam cover her upper lip, while Robert does the same.

“Like the good old times” she repeats, before licking it off.

“Aye Aye!” he cheers, then leans closer “So, tell me, what’s up with you? You look like your cat died.”

“I just… I couldn't get into the right headspace tonight. I fucked up.” She tries to explain, but it's all too vague and she knows it. “Kelly, she looks too much like my… non-sub. I couldn’t do it. And now she’s pissed off, and I feel bad twice.”

“Twice?” he checks “I mean, I know you feel like you let Kelly down, and from what I remember she’s a bit of a spoiled brat. But what else?”

“The girl you saw here, the other day” she starts, fidgeting with her wallet “she’s not into sex. At all. And I kinda… I imagined her, instead of Kelly. And I thought if I can’t keep my mind off her while I’m playing with someone else, then maybe I’ll get confused again when I'm with her, and I… I freaked out.“

Robert looks at her that way. Like an old friend who knows what’s up. He smiles, and nods, and stares. He’s having so much fun. “When you’re with her, uh?” He asks, with a pair of air quotes “This chick who doesn’t like sex. What are you even doing 'with her’?”

“Shut up, Rob.” She scoffs benevolently.

“Lena Luthor,” he bites his lip, excited, “are you in love?”

She rolls her eyes, a smile already tugging her lips, and takes another sip. She savours the bitterness of her beer, and consciously avoids popping her tongue against her palate - Lilian worked so hard to train it out of her. Then finally looks at him and admits: “Yes. Yes I am.”

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“So what’s she like?” he asks, curious. And Lena thinks about it: how does she explain Kara Danvers?

“She’s a reporter, that’s how we met. You know, after Lex tried to kill me and all. We still make the news sometimes.” Robert remembers Lex, he’s always thought he took himself a little too seriously. His face turns into a grimace when he hears his name, but pretends it’s the taste of the
whisky.

“From what I remember, she’s very pretty.” He suggests.

“She’s too pretty for her own good, Rob” she scoffs “the competition is on. I’m not sure how I’m going to keep this one.” She doesn’t like how her words sound, so she corrects herself “I mean, I don’t know if I’m good enough for her.”

“Jesus, Lee, what is she doing to you?” he teases, and playfully slaps her arm, “You’re Lena Luthor, for God’s sake. I’ve never seen you so whipped.”

Lena shrug, looking as puzzled as he is.

“Alright, so how are you going to deal with the non-sex thing?” he continues “I know you, Lee, you’re not a nun.”

“She said she doesn’t mind if I… keep myself busy with other people. That’s why I’m here tonight, actually.”

“Yeah, how’s that working out?” he teases.

“Listen, you little shit” she laughs “Kelly’s complicated, and not just because she looks a little too much like Kara. She wanted to be my slave, and that’s too much responsibility for me. I guess that’s why she got so pissed off when I… couldn’t perform. She just sees me as a dom, not as friend. I can’t miss a beat with her, she’s hard work.”

“Yeah, I get it” he nods “She’s looking for a 24/7. She's not like us.”

“We’re proper sluts.” Lena raises her pint.

“Cheers!” he does the same with his. “And of course, you can always count on me. I think we make a good team.”

“We do.” she confirms, and then adds: ”Thank you, Rob.”

Chapter End Notes

You asked for more dom!Lena, I give you whippedDom!Lena.

Next time Kara comes out to Alex. Yes I’m making this a multichapter fic, maybe 5 or 6? Let’s see.

Leave a comment leave it leave it let it all out tell me everything
Kara comes out to Alex, but things don't go as smoothly as she hopes. Maggie is the usual good old seniorGay™. No beta nooooo never beta because who's got time to fix the typos not me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The credits are rolling on the screen and Kara’s gone through four pints of ice cream. She sneakily checks her phone once more, even though she knows Lena turned her phone off. Alex gives her a knowing look that she decides to ignore.

“What’s that?” Alex asks, trying to grab her phone, but Kara is quick to pull it towards her chest. “Is it Mon-El?”

Kara frowns, puzzled. “Why would it be Mon-El?” she scoffs, and Alex takes it as a confirmation. “You like him!” she points a finger, triumphantly “And he likes you. Are you two dating?”

“No!” Kara looks outraged, and Alex is starting to enjoy it.

“Did you kiss him? Did you… you know?” Alex shuffle closer and gives a conspiring look.

“Alex stop!” Kara now looks a bit uncomfortable, and Alex steps back immediately. “There’s nothing going on between Mon-el and I. He did… he came here a few days ago and said he likes me, but I don’t feel the same way.”

Alex looks at her, measures her, squinting a little, scrunching her face.

“Ok, I believe you” she says, and Kara sighs, thinking she’s off the hook. “But something’s going on. You look way too happy, which I wouldn't have noticed a year ago, but you've been pretty down since you and James didn't work out, and you've been especially moody in last couple of weeks. Something happened Tuesday night between 9pm and midnight and I’m going to find out what it is.”

“Wow, you have been dating a detective, uh?”

“Don’t try to change the topic” Alex warns her.

“Ok, yes, something happened. I think I finally came to terms with something important about myself, something I’ve always been too ashamed to talk about.”

Alex adjusts her position on the sofa. This is more important than she expected. “Go on” she encourages “You can tell me anything, you know that.”

Kara takes a deep breath, a nods to herself to find some courage.
“I think I’m asexual.”

Alex stares at her for a long moment. Kara worries a nail, and looks away.

“You think you're asexual, and you’re happy?” she’s half amused and half worried. Kara nods, vigorously, and turns more fully towards Alex.

“Yes, I think I’ve finally accepted this part of myself. I think that’s why my relationships never worked! I was never comfortable being intimate, and I thought I was not in love.”

“So you’re just giving up?” Alex scoffs “Kara, I was just like that before I met Maggie.“

“Alex, no.” Kara says, firmly “This is not because I haven't found the right person. This is who I am, and I’m finally ok with it.”

“Sis, I assure you, you're missing out.” Alex tries again, and Kara can tell Maggie blew her mind with her skills more than once, because her sister has that dreamy expression she’s seen so often recently. “When you're intimate with someone you love… it's different. There’s a special connection, you feel like one. Like you finally know them in a way no one else does.”

Kara frowns, skeptic. “N-no I don’t think that's how it works. You can have a special connection with someone, you can love them and still not want them to touch you there. I mean, I don't want anyone near my… you know.”

“I promise you will change your mind when you’ll finally meet.”

“I have” Kara cuts her off “I have met that person. And she makes me feel like it doesn't matter if I don't want to have sex. She makes me feel like I'm not some broken thing waiting for someone to fix me!”

“She?” Alex raises an eyebrow. She thought that maybe Kara hadn't come to terms with her homosexuality yet, and that’s why she thought she was asexual. But this seems to completely disprove her theory.

“Yes. I'm seeing a woman.” Kara mutters, a tear starting to form in the corner of her eye. “And she’s amazing and she gets me.” Kara sniffs a little, and Alex heart feels heavier.

“Kara, I’m sorry I didn't mean to…” she isn't sure how she should finish the sentence. What she knows is that she should finish the sentence. What she knows is that she should get closer and hug Kara, the same way Kara did for her when she came out. So she does. “I’m really sorry, I am. I’m just trying to understand.”

“You're not, though” Kara sobs, accepting the hug nonetheless “You’re trying to make me understand. And I do, I understand how you feel, but… that’s not how I feel.”

“Ok” Alex nods agains her hair “You're right. I'm sorry.”

Silent tears roll down Kara’s cheeks, and for the first time she feels a distance between her and Alex she's not sure she will ever be able to bridge.

“So” Alex says, her voice breaking a little as she sees Kara crying “How is she?”

Kara huffs, wiping a tear from her face with the back of her hand.

“She’s beautiful, and kind, and she calls me a lot of cute food related names” Kara says, ending with a wet laughter.
“She sure knows where your priorities are.” Alex chuckles.

“She makes me feel safe” Kara adds “and wanted, and normal.”

“You’re not going to tell me who she is, are you?” Alex mumbles, and Kara shakes her head.

“It’s ok” Alex adds “I’m happy you have her in your life.”

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Alex falls back on the mattress, breathless. Maggie lifts her head from between her legs with a satisfied smirk, and watches her girlfriend cover her eyes with her forearm. She wipes her mouth with her thumb, taking in the view. Alex Danvers from below is a landscape she's never tired to watch.

“Whoa” Alex breathes out “Just when I thought you couldn't outdo yourself.”

“Never underestimate me, Danvers.” Maggie climbs up and lays on top of Alex, skin of skin, making her shiver a little.

“God, you feel so good” Alex mutters, and Maggie chuckles, smug. She plops to the side and Alex peeks at her between her fingers. There’s something the detective can't quite grasp, a worry behind Alex’s dark eyes.

“Is everything ok, babe?” she asks with a dimpled smile. She’s pretty sure it’s nothing about them, but there is something.

“Something happened yesterday” Alex says.

“With Kara?” Maggie checks, and Alex nods. “Spit it out, Agent” she orders.

“Kara came out to me” Alex says.

“Ok… two out of two, what are the odds! That’s good, though. What's the problem?”

“She came out as asexual.” Alex explains. “I mean, come on. Just because she had bad luck in the past, it doesn’t mean that… what?” Alex stops, noticing a certain expression on her girlfriend’s face. The same she makes when Alex thinks she can do detective work better than her and Maggie scoffs, almost insulted.

“Alice, can you hear yourself?”

“No, you listen. For a long time I thought sex could never be more than a chore. Until I met you, I never really enjoyed it. But now, babe, you are so good, so amazing… I just want Kara to have the chance to experience that too.”

“So you want me to bang your sister?” Maggie teases, and a pillow hits her face before she can stop it.

“No, you asshole!” Alex chuckles “I want her to find someone who makes her feel the way you make me feel.”

Maggie clears her throat, and takes a minute to find the right words.

“Alice, sweetie” she starts “Imagine you were a straight woman trying to convince Alex Danvers she just needs to wait for the right man to come along and show her what a nice, big cock can do, how delicious it is to feel the hot man juices inside-.”
“Maggie, ew!” Alex squirms, cutting her off “That’s disgusting!”

“Yeah, it is. For you. And for me. But trust me, plenty of women enjoy that.”

“Yeah, I don’t get it.” Alex shivers.

“And you didn’t need to try every single dick in the world to know it wasn’t your thing” Maggie points out. And Alex gets it. She finally understands how she sounded to Kara, and to Maggie. She looks positively mortified.

“Oh my God, I have been horrible” she breathes out, and sits up “I have to talk to Kara!”

She pulls the cover and tries to leave the bed, but Maggie grabs her wrist.

“What?” Alex says, frustratedly.

“Couple of things” Maggie replies, sternly “Number one: we talked about you bailing on me to run to Kara, and we said we’re not doing that anymore.” If her tone is a little condescending, it’s because she had this conversation one too many times. Alex shuts her eyes, and curse herself for falling into her old patterns.

“Shit!”

“It’s ok” Maggie reassures her “I know old habits are hard to change. We’re working on it. Number two: Kara might need some space. Maybe you should text her first, what do you think?”

“Yes, that’s a good plan” Alex admits, biting a nail.

“Now come back here. I want cuddles.” Maggie demands, theatrically opening her arms. Alex nests back into her embrace, a little pout on her lips.

“You know, she told me she’s dating someone but she won’t tell me who.”

“Really? Does he know she’s ace?” Maggie ask, concerned for Alex's little sister. She’s become almost as protective as her girlfriend.

“She.” Alex corrects her “Kara’s dating a woman. And yes, apparently... she’s very supportive.”

“That’s great! I’m so happy for her!” Maggie beams, but Alex still looks a bit sad. “What’s up now, are you jealous Kara has a girlfriend?”

“No, I just wish I had reacted like you when she told me. I feel so bad!”

“You’ll make it up to her.” Maggie reassures her “You can start by learning a little more about the asexual community and how you can be a good ally, don’t you think?”

“Yes, I guess you’re right. But I also really want to know who she’s dating!” Alex protest “We don’t have secrets.”

“Says the woman who hid her real job for two years?”

“Ouch, Sawyer. You’re mean. Why am I even dating you?”

“Oh, you know why” Maggie replies, and her hands slips under the cover to reach the exact spot the drives her girlfriend crazy.
“Mh” Alex mumbles, her eyes already rolling back “Remind me.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave some love in the comments for ace! Kara :D
It’s been a long Friday for Kara. She’s been running around all day trying to get hold of someone from the council staff to get at least one quote but she’s only managed way into the afternoon, and now she’s rushing to finish her article. It doesn't help that she can't really stop thinking about the way her sister reacted to her coming out, and if she can't focus she’ll never leave the office at a decent time.

She decides to take a break, and walks to the coffee machine. Lauren and Janine are standing there, chatting. With the fashion week over, they just need to repurpose the ton of material they have prepared for the past month and tweet it five times a day with a slightly different headline. Kara wouldn't join the social media team, though: when there’s an event, their working hours are mental.

She politely asks them if she can reach for the coffee machine, and pulls a paper cup from the stack.

“Hey, Kara” Janine says. They don't know each other very well, but they always exchange a couple of word when they’re both in the kitchen “Are you covering that story about Meredith Fawkins' divorce?”

“No, I'm assigned to the new town development for the West End” Kara shrugs. Maybe chatting a little will take her mind off Alex. “What’s the story? Divorces barely make the news these days, and CatCo always tries to stir away from gossip…”

“This is not just gossip, it’s a legal precedent.” Lauren explains, with an ample gesture. Kara is grateful her cup is almost empty, or she’d spill coffee all over her yellow cardigan.

“So Meredith Fawkins is a TV host and she's been married with this real estate guy for a couple of years, right? And she’s very religious. Christian conservative, you know” Kara nods, listening to Janine summary “Well turns out he left her a little… dissatisfied in the bedroom. Of course she’s against divorce, God forbid, so she’s asking for an annulment. And it looks like she’ll get it.”

Kara frowns, finding it hard to follow.

“Wait, so… she married this guy and she didn't know… how… he will perform?”

“That’s the funny thing!” Lauren said “Apparently he is not all that bad. Pretty decent lover and all. But he just… stopped. After they got married and moved in together, at some point he decided he wasn't into it anymore.”

Janine jumps in: “And he wasn't even cheating. Just ’eh, sorry Meredith, headache again’ type of thing.”
“Oh” Kara mumbles “Is it that terrible? I mean, they must have gotten married for other reasons, I don’t think-“

“Kara, you’re too innocent for your own good” Janine chuckles, resting a had on her forearm. The reporter feels a shiver running up her spine at the contact, like a bad omen. “And you’ll never have that problem. You’re so pretty, there’s not a single man on Earth who wouldn’t have sex with you.”

“Or girl, for that matter” Lauren adds, looking her up and down. Kara wraps her arms around her stomach, her empty cup forgotten in the coffee machine.

“Oh, I really don’t think so” Kara tries to sound like she’s not horribly uncomfortable with her remark, but probably fails.

“When you’ll get to our age, you’ll understand” Lauren explains “A woman needs to feel desired. If your man doesn’t want to” she leans in and whispers “fuck you” she straightens her back again “either he’s gay or you’re ugly.”

Kara shifts her weight from one foot to another, a forced smile on her lips.

“Yes, if my husband wouldn’t ask for it at least three times week, I’d definitely think there’s something wrong with me.” Janine adds, rolling her eyes.

“And medicine has made great stride, come on! There’s really no excuse to neglect your marital duties these days.” Lauren continues, and the other woman nods energetically.

“Excuse me” Kara breaths out, feeling her throat closing “I… I need the restroom.”

- - -

She manages to hold her tears until she’s inside one of the stalls. She closes the door, fidgeting with the latch for a second too long, then presses her back against the wood panel.

The tears roll down uncontrollably. She tries to keep the noise down, but her whole body aches with every sob. The more she tries to be quiet, the more violently her chest jerks, until she can’t hold herself back anymore, and finally lets it all out.

She’s crying alone in a restroom stall. It’s weird how she’s perfectly aware of how stupid the situation is, of how she could stop if she could just keep it together. How she feel her lips coating with saliva as she breathes out of her mouth, how her nose starts running, how ugly she must look right now.

She bends her knees and slides against the door, defeated.

Her phone rings.

“Great” she whispers to herself, her voice more raspy than she expected.

It’s Lena.

“Damn, I can’t pick up like this.” she mutters again, and rejects the call. A few seconds later, the screen lights up again. Of course Lena wouldn’t give up that easily. This time, Kara presses the red button and texts Lena.

*Kara Danvers, 5:45pm “Sorry, I can't pick up right now, I'm in the middle of an interview”*
She sighs, one last sob shaking her chest. She doesn’t like lying, especially not to Lena.

*Lena Luthor, 5:46pm:* “It’s ok, breadstick, call me when you’re done? I thought we could have dinner together tonight. Xx”

Kara frowns, and decides she’ll think about it later. Now she needs to blow her nose and fix her makeup and finish the damn article.

*Lena Luthor, 5:49pm:* “Miss you”

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It’s only when Kara finally gets home that she checks her phone again. Seven text from Alex. She sighs.

*Alex, 6:24pm* “Hey you didn't answer my last message. I just wanted to know if you're ok.”

*Alex, 6:35pm* “I’m sorry, Kara. I was a dick. Can we talk?”

*Alex, 6:36pm* “Please.”

*Alex, 7:12pm* “I’m getting worried”

*Alex, 7:17pm* “Kara please don't shut me off”

*Alex, 7:46pm* “Hey, did you get home safe?”

*Alex, 7:48pm* “Maybe you’re still at work, call me when you get this.”

“Uff” Kara lets out, a little overwhelmed. She’s about to reply when her phone lights up again.

*Lena Luthor, 8:02pm* “Hey plumcake, long day? I'm off now, I can't believe you're working more than me. Don't worry about dinner, I get that you’re busy. Call me when you can. Xx”

Kara smiles a little, and realises it’s the first time she did today. Lena never pressures her, she never assumes she’s just ignoring her. She promises herself she’s going to call her after she snacks on something, although she’s not sure what’s in her fridge.

She barely has time to take her coat off when she hears a knock on her door. She pulls her glasses down and recognises Alex’s silhouette on the other side.

“I’m only letting you in because you’re carrying pizza” she scoffs as she opens the door. Alex looks at her with an apology in her eyes and a toothy grin.

“And beers” Alex corrects her.

Kara moves out of the way and lets her come in, giving her a melancholic smile. Alex plops on the sofa and pats the cushion, inviting Kara to join her. She’s surprised not even pizza seems to cheer her up.

“Hey, Kara” Alex says, and Kara looks at her from above the half slice of pizza that’s outside her mouth after the first bite “How are you? I know I was very insensitive yesterday, I feel really bad for how I reacted to your coming out.”

“I’m fine” Kara shrugs.

“You're not fine” Alex objects “You were so happy a couple of days ago, and I feel like I screw it
completely.”

Kara looks at her, and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

“It’s not you, don’t worry” Kara explains “I mean, you had good intentions even if you hurt me a little. I just had a very bad day at work and I’m still feeling a little off.”

“Are you sure? Want to talk about it?” Alex runs a thumb on her cheek, her expression already more relaxed. Kara shakes her head.

“Isn’t Friday date night or something?” Kara comments, remembering Alex mentioned it at some point.

“Yeah, it is, but turns out Maggie is indeed the best girlfriend ever, and she saw how bad I was feeling. I might join her later, she’s at the pub.”

“You should go” Kara comments “I’m fine, and I have pizza.”

“No, Kara, I-“

“Go” Kara smiles, and pushes Alex playfully “I don’t want to share the food, get out!”

Alex raises an eyebrow.

“I’m keeping the beer too.” Kara adds, and looks genuinely happier.

“Ok, alright” Alex says, gratefully “You call me if you need anything, ok?”

“Promise.”

Alex stands up, and give her a peck on her cheek “Love you”

“Love you too.”

As soon as Alex is out of the door, Kara pushes the pizza aside and lets her smile fall.

- - -

Alex runs downstairs, jumping two steps at a time. If she gets to the pub fast enough they can still catch the last screening at the cinema. She bolts out of the building, but has to stop when she sees a someone familiar pacing the pavement.

“Miss Luthor” she calls when she’s sure the woman in the red coat is, in fact, Lena. The CEO looks like she's been caught stealing cookies. “A-agent Danvers” is all she manages to say.

Alex closes her fists, suspicious. But when she sees the worry in Lena's eyes, she knows.

“It’s you, isn't it?” Alex asks, a subtle threat in her tone. “You’re the woman Kara’s dating.” It’s not a question, and the way Lena's face twist, a little surprised, is confirmation enough for Alex.

“If she hasn’t told you, it's not my place to confirm” Lena shrugs, trying to sound as confident as possible.

A small staring contest ensues, Lena’s hands in her pockets, and Alex's on her hips. And Lena feels all the weight of her name on her shoulders, in the almost spiteful look of the woman in front of her. She can feel her measuring her, deciding wether she’s going to threaten her to leave her sister alone or not. Until Alex’s arms relax, and she takes a small steps towards the CEO.
“Thank you” she mumbles, and it feels like she’s making a real effort to say the words. “Kara told me you’re being very… supportive. And I think she really needs it right now.”

“How is she?” Lena asks, lowering her shoulders, worry showing in her voice “She hasn’t been answering my texts… I didn't mean to show up at her door, I just want to know she's fine.”

“She had a rough day at work.” Alex explains, “You should go up. She said she's fine, but she can probably use some company.”

“I don't want to overstep her boundaries.” Lena explains, but Alex insists: “Please, stay with her. I… don't think she wants me around right now, I’m pretty sure you’re the only person she’d like to see.”

Lena finds herself in front of Kara’s door, wondering if this was a good idea at all. She’s about to knock when her phone rings.

“Shit” she whispers, looking inside her purse for her handset. “Where the hell-“

She’s still fumbling with her bag when the door opens, and Kara looks at her, then at her phone, then at her. She hangs up, and Lena's phone stops ringing.

“Hey” Lena greets her, unsure.

“Lena!” Kara is surprised, but doesn’t look upset. “What are you doing here?”

“I met your sister downstair and she let me in” Lena replies, aware that doesn’t really answer Kara’s question. “I was a little worried, you always reply to my text and… you do have dangerous job. I didn't mean to come up, I just wanted to check the light was on in your-“

She stops when she feels Kara’s arms around her neck. Heavy. Desperate. Exhausted.

“Agent Danvers said you had a rough day at work,” she adds, “I guess that was an understatement.”

Kara nods, and quickly releases her. “You shouldn't have come. I mean, I'm happy to see you, of course, but I’m a mess.” She sniffs a little, and Lena takes another look at her. Her eyes are red and puffy. She’s been crying.

“Can I come in?” she asks, tentatively.

“Sure” Kara hurries to say, and makes way for her “I got pizza.”

Lena kicked her heels off and sat on the far end on the sofa, inviting Kara to sit between her legs. She's picked a slice of pizza, and they're now taking turns eating it. Lena could tell something is off from the size of Kara's bites: way too small, almost human.

“Wanna talk about it?” Lena nudges her head with her nose, and takes a sip of her beer.

Kara sighs, and shuts her eyes. When she opens them again, she’s not feeling any better.

“You don't have to do this, Lena” Kara starts “I’m sorry I didn’t call you sooner, but I was feeling really bad and you deserve to see me when I’m… better than this.” Lena frowns, shuffling to
adjust her position. “I’m already a handful when I’m in a good mood, no one should have to bear with me when I’m like this, especially you.”


Kara chuckles, and hopes Lena will never stop with the nicknames. “You know what I mean… I’m not exactly fully functional” she tries to explain, with generous air quote.

“So here we are again.” Lena sighs. “Kara, there is nothing wrong with you, I don't know how else to tell you. And you don't have to make up for your asexuality by always being happy and cheerful. That’s not how it works… that’s not what I want form you.”

“Then what do you want from me?” Kara says, frustratedly “I’m trying to be a good… thing for you. I want you to have a good time when you're with me, not listen to how hearing about the annulment of someone else’s marriage made me cry for half hour!”

“What’s that have to do with- oh.” Lena knows an annulment can be asked only for a handful of reasons, and one is 'lack of consummation'. She remembers reading some pretty nasty headline about Meredith Jenkins' husband in the morning.

“I was talking to a couple of colleagues and they were saying that they would do the same. If their husband didn't want to have sex, they’d think they were undesirable, that there's something wrong with themselves. Lena, I don't want you to think there’s anything wrong with you! You are so beautiful and kind and you deserve someone who makes you feel good in every way.”

Lena clenches her teeth. “Are you done?” she asks when Kara finally stops. Her tone is sharp, a little irritated perhaps.

“You're upset” Kara states.

“Yes, Kara, I’m upset!” she bursts out “Because a couple of insecure bitches find their self-worth in how much their partners want to fuck them, and they think they can speak for everybody. They think they can make my girlfriend cry. I’m going to fucking sue them, just watch me. Give me their names. I'm sure they did something illegal at some point.”

Kara sits up and turns, so she’s kneeling between Lena's leg now, watching her, a little shocked.

“I’m not really going to sue them, don’t worry. I just like being a little dramatic.” Lena reassures her.

“You called me your girlfriend” Kara breathes out, her voice small and almost fragile.

“I-I… I’ve been meaning to ask you, sorry.” Lena stutters “Is it… would you like to be?” There a flash of doubt in Kara’s eyes, and Lena picks up on it. “I know, I know it's very early, we’ve literally been seeing each other for a couple of days.” Lena looks at the ceiling, scolding herself internally. “I know I’m extra.” She adds with an apologetic tone, “I'm just a little too used to get what I want, I guess.”

“And you want… me?” Kara checks, incredulous, pointing a finger to herself.

“Is that so hard to believe?” Lena asks.

“Yeah” Kara confirms “yeah, it’s very hard, to be honest. Especially since you know how I am. And I’ve been thinking about what you said, about the powers. I know someone else with the same… charm, and the infatuation wears off after a while. You’ve been so great, Lena, but maybe
that’s all this is. You’re still affected by my stupid powers. How do I know you’re not just—“

“Kara I’m in love with you” Lena blurts out. She almost yells, in fact. They way they look at each other tells them neither expected her to say that.

Lena figures she may as well go with it. “This is not some stupid crush. I think about you all the time. I can't sleep without you. I miss you when I’m in the middle of a meeting. I’m really trying to play it cool, but…” Kara stares at her, wide eyed. “I’m sorry, please don’t freak out,” Lena pleads “I’m not usually this intense.”

“Yes” Kara says, finally.

“Yes?” Lena frowns. “Yes what?”

“Yes, I’d like to be your girlfriend.” Kara explains “If you can be patient with me.”

Lena lets out a relieved laughter: “I think I’m being very patient here, missy.”

“You are.” Kara admits, “But I need you to be even more. I care about you, a lot. And I like you. But it’s hard for me to name my feelings, I don’t… I need more time. Is that ok?”

Lena worries her lips between her teeth for a moment. “Of course” she says, quietly.

“Are you disappointed?” Kara asks.

“No, Kara, never” Lena brings both hands to cup Kara’s face “and you need to stop caring about people’s expectations. You do what you’re comfortable with. I’m so proud you set your boundaries so clearly.”

Kara gives her a shy smile, and wonders how she got so lucky. “Can we cuddle now?” she asks.

“We can cuddle all night.”
Chapter Summary

Maybe Kara is a little jealous.
Maybe Alex needs to come out again.
Maybe Maggie is the most patient girlfriend in the world.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“You want me to be your plus one?” Kara asks, somehow surprised.

“It’s not really a plus one if I’m the host, Kara” Lena smiles, indulgent “you don't have to, I just… it'd be nice to have someone who doesn’t hate me around, that’s it.”

“Oh no, I'm coming” Kara confirms without hesitation “I was planning to be around as Supergirl anyway. Your galas tend to be a little… animated.”

“Well, Lilian’s in jail now. Hopefully the worst thing that will happen is some rich white guy's racist remark.”

Kara notices a sad intonation in her voice, and holds Lena’s hand.

“How are you feeling about that?” she asks. It’s been a few months, but they’ve never really talked about it.

“I’m happy she’s locked up” Lena replies “I’m mad I spent so many years trying to get her approval.”

“What you did was incredible. I’ll never thank you enough.” Kara presses her nose against Lena's cheek, a gesture she learnt the CEO finds comforting, even if she’ll probably never admit it.

“I know I’m pushing my luck here, but… will you come as my date?”

“Mh, I thought I was your girlfriend?” Kara argues “Of course I’ll be your date.”

“Well, coming as my date means you’ll have to spend a lot of time with me chatting to boring old men, and I’ll officially introduce you as my girlfriend. It can get a little… uncomfortable. And I don't know if you're ready to go all out.”

“Oh” Kara lets out, a little surprised. “I didn’t think about that.”

“There’s nothing I want more than to show you off, believe me” Lena explains “but I have a thick skin, and you-”

“I'm literally bulletproof.” Kara objects.

“Yes, but I am figuratively bulletproof. Can you say the same, creampuff?” She emphasises the
pet name to make a point that Kara is, in fact, the biggest softie on the planet.

“I-I… “ she wavers a little, unsure “I don’t know. Would it be terrible if I said no?”

“No at all” Lena smiles. There’s nothing she likes more than her girlfriend being comfortable saying no to her, in fact. “You can bring someone, if you’d like. You probably won't know anyone there. How about Alex and Maggie?”

“Really?” Kara beams “That would make me feel much more at ease!”

“Of course. This is work for me, Kara, but you should just enjoy the party.” Lena notes. “I’ll try to spend as much time as possible with you, I promise.”

Kara leaps forward and into her arms.

“You’re so thoughtful, Lena. Thank you.”

- - -

Kara shows up in a light blue dress, Alex is in red and Maggie in black. As much as Kara would like to once again go unnoticed, all heads turn as they enter the L-corp hall. Most of the people in the room are couples in their fifties, it's no wonder three young women stick out like a sore thumb. To Kara's surprise, Maggie seems to enjoy the attention. Alex possessively grabs her hand to make sure everybody knows she’s taken.

“This is some fancy ass party” Maggie whispers, and accepts one the canapés a waiter is offering. “Although… who serves potstickers at a gala?” she adds, biting the dumpling.

“What do you mean?” Kara asks, grabbing what’s left on the tray. “Lena served potstickers at the other gala too.”

“Nevermind, I see what’s happening here” the detective comments, watching Kara blissfully stuffing her face. Another waiter comes over with champagne glasses, and they all take one.

“Kara!” Lena walks up to them, wrapped in tight white dress that’s both tasteful and intimidating. Alex feels an elbow pressing to her side, and when she looks at Maggie she can see her girlfriend is pretty impressed.

“Lena, hi!” Kara gives her a shy hug, aware that if most people noticed them before, now that the host herself is there all eyes are on them.

“Agent Danvers” Lena nods in Alex's direction, with an almost grateful look, “And this must be Detective Sawyer? I believe we haven’t been introduced yet.” She offers a hand, and Maggie promptly slips hers from Alex’s grip to shake it. “Maggie. My pleasure, Miss Luthor.”

Lena looks her up and down, an old habit she’s decided is not worth getting rid of. Kara chuckles quietly noticing Alex’s nostrils flare a little.

“Forgive me, but I really need to look after my guests if I want them to remember how generous they can be.” Lena comments. Before she leaves, she slips a finger into Kara’s palm, and runs it down to link it with her pinkie. “Thanks for coming, Kara,” she says “it means the world to me.”

“N-no problem” Kara stutters, aware Alex and Maggie are right there, and the moment feels a little too intimate to be shared. She watches Lena leave, and feels her neck getting a little warmer.

“Your girlfriend is hot, little Danvers” Maggie comments with a conspiring tone, and earns a stern
look from Alex. “What? Come on, babe, don't you have eyes? And oh, Kara… she’s so whipped.”

“She’s pretty great” Kara admits, taking a sip of wine, trying to hide the beaming smile on her face. Her eyes follow Lena as she approaches a tall, dark haired man that looks oddly familiar. He offers Lena his arm and she promptly takes it, letting him guide her towards the crowded part of the room. He whispers something in her ear before they approach the guests, and Lena smiles. It’s not her usual ‘all business’ smile. It’s Lena's open, genuinely amused smile. Kara could discern it from miles away.

“Rob!” She whispers to herself as she recognises the man she's met a few weeks earlier.

“Who?” Alex asks, confused.

“The guy with Lena… his name is Robert. I thought I saw him before!”

“Mh, they look chummy” Maggie comments.

“Yeah, they’re like…” Kara isn’t sure how to explain it, but then she accidentally overhears what Lena is whispering back to him and blushes really hard. “t-they…”

Alex frowns, and Maggie raises an eyebrow.

“They’re fucking” the detective comments, deadpan.

“S-sort of… yeah” Kara confirms, and downs her drink, letting the bubbles tickle her throat.

“They’re what?” Alex flips her head, shocked. “Kara, that’s not… how can you let her do this to you?”

“Mh? I don't really care,” Kara shrugs, “but it's Lena's business, I shouldn't really be telling you guys.”

“It’s your business too!” Alex argues, getting a little worked up. “It’s a matter of respect. How can she say she’s in love with you when she’s having sex with someone else?”

“Babe, sweetie” Maggie holds her arm, and tries to calm her down “You’re doing it again.”

“You don't get to speak, Maggie! I saw how you were looking at her!”

“And?” the detective squints her eyes, defiantly.

“You know what? I’m now having this conversation. You two need to get a fucking grip.” Alex seethes, and leaves them, under Kara's puzzled look.

“I don’t get it” the reporter says to Maggie, who looks more upset than sorry, “W-what's her problem?”

“Projection” Maggie sighs, and Kara crinkle gets a little deeper. “I’m sorry, I need to… you know” she points towards the balcony, where Alex is standing, alone. “If a guy approaches her right now he's dead.”

Kara nods, and gives Maggie a sympathetic look.

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“Alex” Maggie calls as she joins her “What’s going on?”
“What’s going on?” Alex repeats, turning towards her, “Lena’s cheating on my little sister and you ask me what’s going on?”

“Alex, it's not cheating if they've agreed on it.” Maggie argues.

“How can you be cool with it?” Alex replies “Lena is going to break Kara’s heart. I don't believe she doesn't have feeling for this stupid Rob. It's only a matter of time before she decides Kara is not enough for her.”

Maggie shift her weight on her left foot, and tilts her head.

“Alex, you know people can have sex without having feelings for the other person, right?”

“Why would they do that?” Alex scoffs “You can't separate sex and the emotional connection, come on.”

“Um, yes you can?” Maggie retorts “I've seen at least three woman in that room I’d bang if I were single, and I don't even know them.”

Alex’s face falls, and Maggie regrets what’s she’s said immediately.

“Maggie, are you… getting tired of me?” her voice breaks a little “Are we breaking up?”

“What? Babe, no, what are you talking about?” she steps closer, and runs her hands over Alex’s arms “All I’m saying is sometimes people find people hot and bangable, it doesn't have to mean anything. Don't you ever look at someone and think: I’d tap that?”

Alex shakes her head, lips between her teeth, confused.

“Never?” Maggie checks.

“No! I love you!” She says, frustrated.

“And I love you, babygirl” Maggie reassures her “but sometimes I’m attracted to other women. It doesn't mean I love you less, it means I’m a homosexual lady with eyes. I would never act on it.”

Alex nods, but says nothing.

“Alex, I don’t want to lie to you. I’m not going to tell I don't see that other women are attractive when I do.”

“No I… I get it. You've done nothing wrong.” Alex mumbles, still collecting her thoughts.

“You are the only one I love and the only one I’m having sex with and the only one I’d attend a boring charity gala with.” Maggie reassures her, and Alex finally chuckles a little. “And about Kara… she and her girlfriend seem to have found a balance. It’s not our place to judge. They're both consenting adults, after all.”

“I’m just trying to protect her…”

“I know, but… you need to accept that we don't all work the same way. You need to trust her to make her own decisions, ok?”

Alex nods, and looks genuinely sorry.

“Uh, slow song!” Maggie comments, hearing the music changing inside. “May I have this dance,
Agent Danvers?"

Alex nods, and takes her hand, and thinks that maybe things are not nearly as bad as she paints them.

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Kara’s happy to see Alex and Maggie seems to have solved whatever issue they were having, but now she’s alone in the middle of the room, with no one to talk to. She instinctively looks for Lena, who is now chatting with an old couple. Rob is still at her side, and looks like he’s completely in his element, while Kara feels like a fish out of water.

Robert is charming, that’s for sure. The old man pats his arm, impressed, nudging his head towards Lena. Kara’s sure he’s assuming they’re a couple. Robert doesn’t do much to confirm nor deny. Lena touches his arm from time to time, while talking to the woman, and it’s quite clear she’s talking about him. As the old couple leaves, Lena’s eyes meet Kara’s. She smiles, apologetically, then pushes herself on her tiptoes to whisper in Rob’s ear.

Kara’s can’t help tuning her hearing on them.

“…her company, honey.” Kara only hears the end of the sentence. Rob nods, and says “Of course,” resting a hand on the small of Lena’s back before walking towards Kara. The reporter looks away, and tries to focus her hearing somewhere else.

“Good evening, Kara,” he greets her, “It’s nice to see you again.”

“Hi, Robert” she smiles, but it somehow feels forced. There’s a weight at the bottom of her stomach, something she can’t quite explain.

“Party’s a little slow, mh?” he says, pulling a flask from a pocket “Whiskey?”

“No, no thank you” she breaths out, awkwardly. He shrugs and takes a sip.

“So, you’re the little charmer that got Lena all soft and squishy” he comments with a wink “I must say that’s a first.”

“You two seem to be pretty intimate too” she argues, with a tight lipped grin that has Robert frowning.

“We’ve known each other for a very long time” he explains. Kara feels an unexpected anger bubbling up, and worries here eyes might glow at any point.

“I… will you excuse me, Robert?” she closes her fists, and he notices a change in her expression. “I need some air.”

As soon as she steps out, Lena excuses herself from the man she’s talking to, and quickly jogs on her heels to join Robert.

“What happened? What did you tell her?” she accuses, a little worried.

“Nothing” he grins “I think your girlfriend’s a little jealous though.”

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“Kara” Lena follows her “is everything ok?”

“Yeah, of course” she replies, moving a hand in the air “you should go back, talk to your guests.”
Yeah, of course” she replies, moving a hand in the air “you should go back, talk to your guests.”

Lena gives her her most patient look, and leans with her on the railing.

“I thought you said you’re not the jealous type.” She comments, and pushes her gently with her shoulder.

“I’m not!” she protests, while Lena gives her an unimpressed look. “I don’t care if you have sex with him, I really don’t” she confirms.

“Then what is it?”

Kara looks up, trying to figure it out.

“It’s just… everybody here thinks he is your boyfriend. He’s with you, supporting you…” As she explains, she start to make more sense of how she’s feeling. “You have the same accent. You called him honey!”

“I call everybody honey, Kara” she explains.

“But honey is food, and food names are our thing!” Kara whines. Lena really tries to stay serious, but turns out her girlfriend’s adorableness is stronger than her willpower. A smile tugs her lips a little.

“So you are a little jealous.” Lena teases “Just not about sex.”

“Maybe” Kara pouts, feeling called out.

“I assure you Robert and I are just friends, Kara” Lena explains “We were in the same orphanage in Ireland, when we were kids. A ‘foster house for gifted children’” she explains, with air quotes. “We were selected based on our IQ and genetics, ready for rich families to adopt us. Incidentally, I ended up with the Luthors and he was adopted by the Gillians, some family friends. We were both sent to boarding schools in Ireland. We used to go to Dublin every other weekend to get drunk and pick up girls. Or boys, he’s also into both.”

Kara listens, intrigued, but not less jealous.

“All I’m saying is that if it were meant to be, it would have happened already. If fact, Lilian would have loved to see him as my husband: he owns shares of all the hottest tech startups. We’re just not romantically attracted to each other.”

Kara weighs her words, carefully. “You know, I’ve realised I don’t know anything about him, or the other people you… meet.”

Lena smiles, knowing that what Kara really means is ‘fuck’. “Would it make you feel better if I told you who’s who and does what?”

“I think so.” Kara admits.

“Ok, we can do that.” Lena says “Anything else?”

“Food names: only for me.” Kara pouts again: the topic seems so of the utmost importance, and Lena is already planning to make an extensive list of edibles for reference. “And… I think next time I want to be your date. I want people to know you’re… mine.”

Lena’s face lights up. “You got it, pumpkin.”
*youtuber's voice* thanks for watching! If you liked this video give us a thumbs up and leave a comment in the comments below *end catchphrase*
Chapter Summary

Alex: the struggle is real.

A little meta.
Also no beta.

They survived the gala without any major incident, except Kara spilling her drink on Lena *again*, only this time entirely by accident. Maggie can’t say these social events have any appeal to her, but it was interesting to see Lena in her element, appreciate how effective and delicate she can be. And of course, learning how she and Kara are making their relationship work. Maggie’s curious nature managed not to get her too bored last night. But they made it home pretty late and all she wants to do is sleep what’s left of her hours off so she won’t look like a zombie in the morning.

Of course when Alex Danvers is involved, nothing goes to plan.

It’s not the first time Maggie wakes up to an empty bed. It’s not uncommon for Alex to leave in the middle of the night to deal with some alien emergency - whether it’s a Fort Rozz fugitive or Kara being too anxious to stay alone. Luckily the latter is happening less frequently since she's started dating Lena and Alex’s promised not to bail on Maggie unless it's an actual life-threatening situation. She has no doubt Alex loves her, but sometimes her mind just goes into overdrive thinking about Kara having to deal with anything by herself - which Maggie is not sure is too healthy.

Tonight, however, Alex hasn’t left the flat. Maggie can see the faint blue light of her laptop screen reflected on her face while she's slouching over the kitchen island, reading intently in the darkness. The detective props herself on her elbow, and rubs a hand over her eyes. The clock on the wall tells her it’s 3:56am. She curses her light sleep, which means even Alex’s light typing manages to wake her up.

She almost goes back to sleep, when she spots Alex chewing on the skin of her thumb, nervous. She wonders what is so urgent she needs to find out in the middle of the night. She gets up and stumbles into the kitchen.

“Hey, babe, what’s happening?” she mumbles, still half asleep. Alex’s head flips towards her - she looks like she's been awake for a while.

“Maggie! I’m so sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up.”

“It’s ok… I wake up every other hour, I normally manage to fall asleep again pretty easily. What are you doing up at this time of the night?”

Alex looks back at the laptop, almost to confirm to herself what she's been looking up all night, then back at Maggie.

“Maggie, do you know what a demisexual is?”

“Yeah, I’m familiar” she yawns, still a little disoriented. Alex nods in response, and Maggie
suddenly realises she needs to be fully awake right now. “Alex, why are you looking up demisexuality?” she asks.

“I think… well, I was checking if what you said it’s true, you know? If people can actually have sex without being in love. And turns out, a lot of people support the statement.” She explains.

“And why is this issue so pressing for you?” Maggie continues, patiently, letting Alex share only what she’s comfortable with.

“Because I couldn’t believe it. I thought everybody felt the same way about sex, and I’ve always been told that when you love your partner sex is so much more meaningful.”

“And it is” Maggie confirms “but sex can still be enjoyable without feelings.”

“See, I don’t get that. I’ve never experienced that. And it wasn’t just a weird concept to me, it was next to impossible.” Alex sighs, visibly distressed. “I checked a couple of forums, and most people agree that sex is something people can enjoy just for the sake of it, although many - especially women - don’t think they should have casual sex.” Maggie pours herself a glass of water, a just listens. Alex turns towards the laptop, and continues: “But then someone commented, and I quote: ‘I actually wish I could have casual sex. As a demisexual, I don’t feel any sexual attraction unless I’ve already formed an emotional bond with the other person. It’s frustrating because I can’t relate to many of my friends and also’ - listen to this, Maggie - ‘most of the time I’m just not interested in sex and it makes me feel like I’m broken and weird.’”

Maggie leans closer and holds her hand on the counter: “Is that how you feel?”

“I don’t want to!” Alex’s voice almost breaks, and Maggie flinches at how much her girlfriend seems to be affected by her realisation. “I’ve just accepted I’m gay, and now I find myself questioning my identity again. I’ve just started feeling normal.”

“There’s nothing abnormal about being demi” Maggie tries to reassures her.

“What if I’m not even gay? What if I’ve done all this self-discovery work for nothing? I came out to all my friends and now I feel like I’ve lied to them!”

“Alex, babe, breathe” Maggie wraps her in her arms, and feels Alex resistance.

“What if I’ve lied to you?” Alex sobs.

“Shhhh babygirl, it’s ok, it’s fine” she rocks back and forth with Alex in her arms “Let’s take it down a notch, shall we?” she places a peck on her forehead “Are you doubting your feelings for me?”

“No!” Alex replies, without hesitation.

“And do you think you're not sexually interested in me anymore?”

“I am very sexually interested in you” Alex confirms, almost outraged.

“Then we can safely say you haven’t lied to me.” Maggie infers “Now, do you think any of your friends is going to feel betrayed if you tell them ‘hey, I didn't know about this thing, but now that I do I think maybe that’s an identity that fits me better?’”

“I don’t- I don’t think so?” Alex sniffles “But if I do, if I decide that label fits me… that means I’m ace spectrum. It means there’s something I’m missing, something not working.”
“Babe” Maggie steps back, a little upset “what do you think Kara would think if she heard you?”

“Shit” Alex shuts her eyes and drops her head back.

“You need to get over all this internalised acephobia, Alex. It’s not good for you, it's not good for your sister.”

Alex nods, looking at the floor "I think the reason why I felt so defensive when Kara came out is because it hit very close to home. And if I accepted that asexuality is a thing, then I’d have to face the fact that I’m a little ace too.” Maggie rubs a hand on her back, and lets her get it all out. “When we started dating, I thought: ‘I finally get it’. What everybody is talking about. It felt good, it felt like I finally found that missing piece. I felt whole.”

“You are perfect” Maggie makes sure Alex pays attention while she says it “There is nothing wrong, or broken, or missing.”

“You know… rationally, I get that it’s just another orientation. I think I just need to catch up emotionally.”

“Of course” Maggie says “It’s a lot to process. But I'm here, and I’ll be here when you feel like you’re slipping into your old pattern again. And you don't have to come out to anyone until you're ready. Actually, you don't have to come out at all if you don't feel like. It’s up to you.”

Alex nods again. Her body suddenly realises it's four o’clock in the morning. She’s exhausted.

“Lets’ go back to bed.”

- - -

“My turn to say you look like shit” Winn says, and pats Alex on the back. She groans something unintelligible and stares inside her coffee cup. His gentle tapping on the keyboard sounds like a pounding jackhammer.

Kara, in full Supergirl attire, slides into the DEO pretending to skate, arms happily swinging back and forth. Winn spins his chair and raises a hand, that’s promptly slapped - hard enough to make him flinch - in a slightly too forceful high-five that sends him spinning back to his original position.

“We did it!” Kara gloats, bouncing excitedly on the balls of her feet “Alex, did you see that?”

They’ve been rehearsing the choreography for the past week. Winn finally got his cue right, and Kara almost used the right amount of strength. Alex mumbles something that resembles a “Sure, great job” and presses two fingers against her eyelids when Winn restarts his computer and the monitor glares with a white light.

“Alex!” Kara pouts, disappointed, but when she realises her sister is actually struggling to keep her eyes open she gets a little worried. “Hey, what’s up? Is everything ok?”

“Mh? Sure, everything’s peachy… I just couldn't sleep last night.”

Kara gets closer, a little worried, and whispers: “Did you and Maggie fight again?”

“What? No, no…” Alex reassures her “I was just… reading.”

“You were reading? All night?” Kara raises an eyebrow and Alex thinks she's getting that from Lena. “Have you finally discovered gay fanfiction?”
Alex chuckles. “I’ve been gay for a while, sis, I’ve discovered gay fanfiction a long time ago.” She rolls her eyes and it almost hurts.

“But seriously, Alex, what happened? I’ve never seen you so knackered.”

“**Knackered?**” Winn scoffs “You’re spending too much time with that European girlfriend of yours”

“I… can we- can we talk, Kara? Privately?” Alex gives Winn a looks that wants to be threatening but comes off exhausted.

“Sure, Alex, of course” Kara replies, suddenly worried “Winn, is there anything urgent we need to look into or…?”

“Nah, just a chill Saturday morning. The weekend is usually busier during the evening. I’ll call you if I need you.” he replies, casually, while loading a first person shooting game that hasn't been released to the public yet. Kara decides it’s not the right moment to question him in the matter though.

Alex drags herself to an interrogation room while Kara jogs behind her. She turns all the lights on, even the ones behind the mirror, to make sure no one else is listening. Kara plops on the spinning chair, and Alex takes a seat on the one normally reserved to the the person who’s being questioned. It seems fitting.

“So” Kara begins “What were you doing last night between 1am and 4am, and can anyone confirm?” she tries to imitate Maggie’s voice and fails miserably. Alex smiles only as long as it’s required to let Kara know that she is not upset, but she's also not in the mood to joke around.

“Hey, Alex…” Kara leans over and pats the palm of her hand on the desk between them, demanding to hold Alex hand. And Alex accepts, grateful, because she has no one else to talk to, and she doesn't really know where to start.

“You know how last night I kinda freaked out about Lena sleeping with other people?” Alex starts explaining, trying to go over all the steps that brought her here. Kara nods, a little crinkle between her eyebrows. “So turns out I have been slightly misled. I’ve always thought people would only want to have sex when they had feelings for someone, and… if they had feelings for someone, they would definitely want to have sex. It was my rule, and it worked. Sex and love, one thing. That’s what we’re told, after all, isn't it?”

Kara nods, but isn’t entirely sure why Alex would lose her sleep over it.

“So I thought Lena was in love with this other guy, and would eventually dump you. Similarly, when you came out as asexual, I though you just needed to find love first. It was just a big mess, it was me not being able to separate the two things.” Alex continues “And I’m sorry I did. I realise now I was invalidating who you are.”

“It’s fine, Alex, we’ve talked about this… I’m not mad!”

“I know, I know, please… let me finish, ok?” Alex looks like she's really struggling, and it breaks Kara’s heart to see her big sister, her strong, beautiful sister so fragile. “So you helped me understand that some people can love and still not feel sexual attraction. Lena… she proved that oner can have sex without being in love. And that felt so alien. I felt alien.”

“Well, welcome to the club” Kara jokes, allowing herself to ignore how the word alien seem to have such a negative connotation in every context.
“I’ve realised people like me are actually a very small minority, and it’s hard to accept there are things I’ll just never feel.” Alex says, her voice breaking a little. She can see the complete understanding in Kara’s eyes, reassuring her that it will be fine, that she's been there and it’s not the end of the world. Alex feels a pang in her chest remembering how she tried to dismiss Kara’s asexuality.

“People like you?” Kara checks, a little confused.

“I think I’m demisexual.” Alex all but whispers, holding Kara’s hand a little tighter. She finally find the courage to look into Kara’s eyes, and what she finds is nothing but unabashed love and happiness

“You’re ace too?” Kara’s squeaks, and jumps up from her chair, excited. “Alex, that’s awesome! I mean, I know it feels like there’s a missing cog in your machine, and you’ll somehow never fit in, and sex is literally everywhere and you're supposed to react a certain way when you see some stuff even if you don't really feel it, and-“ she notices how Alex’s expression turns a little graver with every comment, and stops. “I’m not helping, am I?”

“I mean, it's fine” Alex tries to laugh, not quite managing “You’ve already… grieved your normality, I guess.”

“I’ve ‘grieved my normality’ since the moment I landed on Earth” Kara corrects her “This was just another weird thing about me, another thing I had to hide in order to pass. I guess it made it easier for me. You… you’ve always been perfect.” Kara says it with some much pride and adoration, Alex almost doesn't notice her own heart shattering at the realisation she's officially a weirdo.

But there’s something Alex finally gets. “I’ve never really understood how it felt for you. Hiding your powers, pretending to be like everybody else. You make it look so easy. Even when I came out as gay, I had Maggie, I had a huge community. I had someone to help me through it, someone who had the exact same experience. But this… this feels so lonely.”

“It doesn’t have to be” Kara kneels to rest her hands on her sister’s legs “I’ve come to understand everybody is a little different. Lena needs sex at least once a week, but I think she masturbates at least a couple of times a day. Some people need sex everyday. Some people need a lot of different partners, some only one. I’ve read so many stories… everybody tries to fit an average we vaguely identify with sex three times a week and some tame BDSM once a month, but it only works for a bunch of people. Everybody else is just trying to fit in.”

“You seem awfully informed for an asexual” Alex comments, starting to feel a little lighter.

Kara shrugs. “What I’m saying is that ‘normal’ is a relative term. And…” she gives Alex a grin that lights up her soul “You are not alone. You have me. I know it’s not the same, but it’s close enough! We can watch our girlfriends drool after some chick and shake our heads in confused disapproval together.”

Alex sighs, and it sounds soft, and light. It sounds relieved.

“You’re right” she says, and then, finally grasping she’s lucky enough to have someone so close who can understand her, she repeats “You're right!”
“Yes, I’d like to be your girlfriend.” Kara explains “If you can be patient with me.”

Lena lets out a relieved laughter: “I think I’m being very patient here, missy.”

“You are.” Kara admits, “But I need you to be even more. I care about you, a lot. And I like you. But it’s hard for me to name my feelings, I don’t... I need more time. Is that ok?”

Lena worries her lips between her teeth for a moment. “Of course” she says, quietly.

Alex’s taken the rest of the day off. Felling a little less terrified, her body realised she was so tired she could barely stand. Kara offered to fly her home and Alex almost fell asleep in her arms.

Lena leaves her window open over the weekend for Kara to fly in anytime. It’s one of their little agreements: weekends are for them only, and Lena assumes Kara is around her flat until she's sure she's not. Weekdays require booking, although they've fallen into a routine where Thursdays are Kara’s sister nights and Lena’s sex nights. Rob isn't very keen on habits in general, but he’s making an effort. When’s he’s not around, there’s always someone else.

Kara lands softly on the wooden floor and removes her boots. She quietly slips out of her supersuit and into a t-shirt she left on a chair a couple of days before. It’s past 10am but Lena’s had a long night. Social events drain her more that she’d like to admit. Kara watches her sleep for a moment.

“Kara” Lena mumbles, still half asleep. Kara winces, surprised. “I can feel you watching me.”

“Sorry, didn't mean to wake you up” Kara replies “Although, I got coffee and donuts.”

Lena rolls on her back and stretches her arms and legs. Her feet peek out of the duvet and Kara watches her toes open, then curl.

“You said the magic word.” Lena sits back, and takes a cup from Kara’s hands.
“Coffee?” Kara giggles, and Lena hums in approval.

Kara slips under the cover, revelling in the warmth of the bedsheets, the softness of Lena’s skin as their shoulders touch. She puts the bag of donuts on her legs and wraps an arm around her girlfriend, thinking breakfast in bed needs to become a tradition.

Lena sleeps naked and Kara likes to watch her. She likes the contrast between the raven black of her hair and the pale hue of her skin. She likes the unbroken curve that wraps her shoulder to her back and waist and hips, full and solid. She likes the heaviness of her breasts - so different from hers - the pink in the areola, barely a shade darker than the surrounding skin, and slightly larger than Kara expected. She likes how everything about naked Lena is a stark contrast to her dressed persona. Where her clothes are hard lines and dark colours, her body is a watercolour landscape, lines and shades painted softly on a slightly off white canvas.

And Kara feels she’s doing the exact opposite, hiding her bones and muscles in layers of pastel cardigans and lace dresses, trying her best to look as unthreatening as possible. Sometimes she feels her bicep stretching the fabric of her sleeve, when she’s nervous, or angry. She’s constantly reminded Kara Danvers is a mask that sometimes wraps her a bit too tightly. But in moments like this - glasses on the bedside table and Lena quietly drinking coffee at her side - she doesn’t need to hide.

And that’s when Kara notices it for the first time.

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The second time, she’s plummeting to the ground. The punch Metallo landed on her chest was much stronger than she expected, and she can’t push her muscles enough to fight against gravity. She hits the ground and leaves a crater in the concrete. Her head is pounding and her lips are bruised, she feels her strength fading. She tries to drag herself away, to look for cover, but she’s solar flared. She see a black and green blur coming towards her, and her first and last thought before passing out are the same.

*Lena.*

She wakes up on her sun bed, overhearing Alex and J’onn discussing how close it was this time. How they’ve almost lost her.

“How close it was this time. How they’ve almost lost her.

“Lena” Kara whispers with her first waking breath. Her ears are still buzzing, her eyelids heavy. She tries to stand up but a hand pushes her chest back down, gently.

“Shhh, gingerbread” she hears “I’m here. You’re safe.”

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The third time is less dramatic, but not less significant.

She wakes up sprawled in the middle of the bed, alone. It’s early and by now she knows Lena is not a morning person, so she’s a little suspicious. Normally, she’d enjoy having the whole bed for herself, but she can’t help her super-hearing picking up on a muffled thud and a string of swearwords.

Every cell of her body is screaming to stay in bed, but she decides otherwise.

“Ok, let’s start over” she hears, and is more confused than ever.

When she enters the kitchen, she finds Lena standing in front of the countertop, looking at her
laptop, rubbing her knuckles on her forehead. There’s a plastic bowl on the floor, eggshells scattered on the worktop, and flour handprints all over her black t-shirt. She looks frustrated for a second, then resolute. She points at the egg carton - now half empty - then at the butter and the flour, doing a quick headcount of all the ingredients.

That’s when Kara feels it again. It’s a little tug inside her chest, a fondness she’s reserved for her happiest memories, a feeling of loss for a place she hasn’t left yet. A complete surrender to happiness.

Lena mouths the first step on the recipe, and is about to grab a couple of eggs when she hears a chuckle. She doesn't even look, she drops her head, defeated, and mumbles: “You’re supposed to be asleep.”

Kara walks closer and wipes a smear of flour from her face, while Lena rolls her eyes, slightly embarrassed about being defeated by a pancake recipe.

“I can't believe you’re making breakfast” Kara says, trying - not too hard - to stay serious.

“I’m not, as you can see. I’m just failing at it.” Lena shakes her head, but can’t help being affected by Kara’s infectious cheerfulness.

Kara kisses the tip her nose clean from the flour, her face twisting at the dusty texture for a second, and says: “let’s do it together.”

The fourth time is a little more painful. Lena’s on a business trip to Singapore and they can only talk during a handful of hours, when they’re both awake, and the CEO is usually heading to a meeting. Kara finds herself laying in bed, in the middle of the night, awake. Her stomach twist a little.

It’s been three days since Lena left. Kara checks her social media, reads the same news headline for the third time. She hides her phone under her pillow, tries to sleep. She turns to one side. Her eyes move behind her eyelids. She turns again, checks the time. Three minutes have passed.

A notification appears on her screen.

Lena Luthor, 4:35am “Finally got out of that meeting. Just wanted to say good night, lollipop. Or good morning.”

Lena Luthor, 4:35am "Got an early flight tomorrow, I don’t think I’ll be able to call."

Kara instinctively presses the phone icon on the top right. Lena picks up after the first ring.

“Kara, what are you doing up? Are you ok?”

“Yeah, I’m fine” Kara’s voice is deep and sleepy.

“Go to bed, buttercup,” Lena demands “It’s like four in the morning there!”

“Four-thirty” Kara corrects with a yawn. Lena chuckles: she loves Kara’s sleepy voice.

“Lena?”

“Yes, poptart?”
“Remember how you told me you can't sleep without me?”

Lena doesn’t need to remember: between the jet-lag and her empty bed, she’s absolutely exhausted. “Yeah…” she sighs.

“Well, turns out I can't either.”

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It happens again, and again, and again. It happens when Lena gets off the plane and Kara surprises her at the airport. It happens when Alex has a fight with Maggie and bursts into her apartment when they’re having dinner, and Lena insist for her to stay over and watch a movie with them. It happens the first time Kara lets Lena touch herself in bed with her rather than go to the restroom, when she watches her tremble a little, eyes closed, trying to remain as still as possible. It happens when she cums, cheeks heated and a grateful, fragile look in her eyes. Kara’s never seen her so vulnerable before. It happens again when they decide not to make a habit of it, but rather an exception - because even if Kara doesn't mind, she’s doesn't want her body and their closeness to become a synonym of arousal. And Lena nods and Lena kisses her and Lena almost apologises but doesn’t - because she’s promised. It happens when Kara accidentally finds the receipts of the donations Lena’s been giving to the local orphanage, which Lena dismisses as tax efficient. But then it happens again when Kara catches her personally writing sixty-three Christmas cards, each one with a terrible drawing of an animal in a corner.

It starts happening every day, until it doesn’t happen anymore.

It just is.

And one day Lena is reading a book on the sofa, twirling a lock of hair between her fingers. Kara brings her a cup of tea that she know will probably be forgotten, because when Lena's reading the whole world disappears. She puts the mug on the coffee table and lays on the sofa, resting her head on Lena’s legs. The CEO barely registers the change: she automatically moves her legs so Kara is more comfortable, and starts playing with her hair instead of her own.

It only takes a few minuets for her to finish the chapter and close the book. “Thanks, muffin” she finally says.

Kara smiles. “That’s the first food-name you gave me” she says, wiggling a little.

“Ah, I must be running out of options then. Shall we move on to small animals?”

“No, let’s do a second round.”

“Alright, potsticker of my life” Lena winks, and leans over to grab the mug from the table.

“I love you.”

If the volume of Kara’s voice is a little low, her words are clear. Lena leans back, and looks down at the reporter. It’s not earth-shattering: they’ve both known for a while. Lena smiles, quietly, and brushes a hand on Kara’s cheek. She pokes her nose a couple of times with a finger, a habit she’s developed when she’s realised her girlfriend can’t help looking at it and punctually crosses her eyes.

“I love you” Kara repeats, almost to herself this time. She moves her head up so she can catch the nose-booping finger with her lips.

“I love you” Lena says, and everything feels right, everything feels good.
Everything feels like home.

Chapter End Notes

This is it guys!!!
Ace from Space has been my favourite fic to write so far!

Please leave one last comment below <3 it means a lot to me.

End Notes

IMPORTANT NOTE: This fic is getting a lot of comments from ace people who never see themselves represented and it’s honestly so heartwarming AND heartbreaking to see. This fic is rated E because of the scenes with Lena and her subs but I just wanted everybody to know Ace from Space is a fic written especially for ace people and Kara will not have sex in this fic. Ever. At all. I will also make sure if I write more explicit scenes that they will be marked so you can skip them, and they won’t be pivotal to the storyline.

Please let me know how I can make this fic as ace-friendly as possible <3

Come be my friend at thatsgaydanvers.tumblr.com/

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