Evolutionary Advantage

by agirlnamedtruth

Summary

When Kara sees Alex naked for the first time, she sees how different they are.

Notes

Written for the Annual Femslash Kink Meme, for the prompt "Supergirl: Alex/Kara, non-human sexual organs". Also fills my "Compare and Contrast" square for Gen Prompt Bingo.

See the end of the work for more notes

Kara’s mind rushed a hundred miles an hour, faster than her hands or all those chemicals that humans kept calling hormones like only teenage girls had them. She’d only needed to brush her teeth but things had sort of stumbled one thing into another. First Alex was there, naked, skin wet where she’d just stepped out of the shower. Then she was suddenly right there, because Kara couldn’t help move closer, looking at things she’d never seen before, eyes hungrily drinking in foreign, alien-to-her flesh. And then Alex was there—there, her hand tangled in Kara’s unbrushed hair and pulling at her pajamas, trying to level the playing field. But they weren’t the same. Everything about them was different.
“Alex, wait…” Kara breathed but it was lost in Alex’s groan as Kara’s thumb brushed her hard nipple, partly from the cold shock of air after hot water but mostly from the way Kara was pressed close to her chest.

“I know,” Alex agreed but it didn’t stop her from trying to unbutton Kara’s shirt. “We shouldn’t, we’re sisters.”

Kara shook her head, that hadn’t even occurred to her endorphin addled brain. She loved Alex so much, in every way she could understand human love. It didn’t feel wrong, even if it should. “I’m an alien.”

Alex nodded for a moment and then shook her head again, giving up on her shirt and pulling at the drawstring on her shorts. “Don’t say that, you’re still my sister, always.”

“I know,” Kara said, knowing that was another talk they really should have had before kissing but this one was far more expedient. “But I’m an alien.”

Alex shook her head defiantly and yanked her shorts down. “I love you.”

Kara bit her lip, waiting for Alex to look down and take it back, to be revolted by what she had down there but Alex didn’t look down. She stated straight into her eyes and kissed her, her fingers brushing over her pussy lips. All three sets.

Alex frowned into the kiss for a moment, counting as she stroked over them again. One, two, three, her clit pulsating in the middle, three, two, one. Alex broke the kiss and finally looked down.

“Oh, wow,” Alex gasped, breathless and awed by what she saw. And even though she kept her work from Kara, she’d still seen a lot.

Kara fumbled and yanked her shorts back up, blushing furiously, wishing she had her glasses to push up and hide her shining eyes behind. “I’m sorry, I tried to tell you.”

Alex shook her head yet again and Kara longed to grab it and keep her still but there was an understanding look in her eyes that soothed the raging fire in her heart. “It’s ok.”

“It’s not, it’s not normal.” Kara looked down angrily, ashamed of her alien parts. Most of them she could let grow dormant, like her speed and her heat vision but there was no changing her psychical body.

“It’s just different,” Alex smiled, thumb brushing Kara’s lip. “You’re different, Kara but that’s not a bad thing.”

Kara pouted before taking Alex’s thumb into her mouth. “That’s not all. I’m different… inside.”

“I want to feel,” Alex said decisively, closing the space between them again, their shared bathroom suddenly impossible small, her sister everywhere around her.

Kara opened her mouth but her words turned to a moan as Alex brushed her hugely swollen clit through her shorts, an undeniably Kryptonian sign of arousal, even more sensitive than a human, normally protected by her three sets of pussy lips, autonomously spread open to welcome copulation no matter what her hesitations may be.

“If you’ll let me?” Alex asked, looking deep into her eyes, promising she’d look after her, always. Kara took a deep, steadying breath and nodded, pushing the waistband of her shorts slowly down again, revealing herself to Alex, her alien labia fluttering nervously.
“You’re beautiful,” Alex said breathlessly, reaching out to touch her again, stroking her lips until they opened for her, revealing her clit and her entrance, remembering what Kara said about being different inside too. Alex couldn’t help but be curious, and not just a professional curiosity either. She teased her finger around Kara’s entrance, her cunt subtly hotter than human skin, soaking wet where Alex had been playing with her engorged clit.

Kara’s breath turned shaky, her grip on Alex’s waist tightening as her sister’s fingers sunk easily inside her, her tight cunt squeezing around them, drawing them deeper. Alex nuzzled into Kara’s neck as she moved her fingers, taking in each ridge and bump, so much more textured than a human.

Alex pushed another finger inside her, marveling at how Kara’s cunt stretched around her but stayed just as tight, wrapped snugly around her fingers, clinging to her as she moved them back and forth, fingertips playing over the highest ridge.

“Fuck, Alex,” Kara moaned, her thighs shaking as Alex fucked her, her fingers hitting all the right spots, her thumb rubbing back and forth over her sensitive clit, her pleasure rising sharply.

Kara fell forward, her forehead against Alex’s wet skin as the sensations became too much for her, her orgasm crashing through her with Kryptonian strength, her eyes closing against the heat she felt behind them, each breath fast and desperate, blowing Alex’s wet hair off her shoulders. With one last guttural groan, Kara finally sagged against her older sister, letting herself be held.

“I love you no matter what,” Alex said softly, stroking Kara’s messy bed-hair, tucking a wayward strand behind her ear. “Even if you had green tentacles down there.”

Kara smiled, hugging her sister tight, so glad she’d landed in the Danvers’ yard. “Funny you should say that...”

Alex raised her eyebrow before realizing Kara was joking, playfully swatting her arm in retaliation. “You do not, shut up.”

“I’ll show you,” Kara grinned, kicking her shorts away as Alex ran from the bathroom, Kara chasing her, her waving arms imaginary tentacles, tickling her when she inevitably caught her.

“See,” Alex said, pinned under Kara’s body as she leaned up for a kiss. “You’re not that different. You still cheat at chase.”

“Evolutionary advantage,” Kara argued but she couldn’t deny the warmth of acceptance as Alex kissed her.

“Exactly.”

End Notes

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