

What Do I Mean to You?

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by [Clara_bow](#)

Summary

"Adora tried to imagine loving another being. While she's sure that it's possible, she would forever feel like an adulterer for Catra would always be at the center of her thoughts. When she'd been intimate with others, she always pretended that it was Catra touching her. She'd have to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning Catra's name and embarrassing herself. Only Catra knew who she truly was and where she'd come from. Only Catra had witnessed her darkest hours and nursed her through them. Who could she be without this enigma in her life? Would she ever be more than a mere shell of herself?"

Catra and Adora are a toxic pair of friends with benefits. Their unresolved emotional trauma and baggage threatens to destroy them both. Can they fix what's broken and find love?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

If she had more self control, she wouldn't be here. If she was smarter, she wouldn't be here. If she had something better to do, she truly wouldn't be here. Instead, she found herself parked outside her apartment awaiting for a text to say she could come inside.

"Door's unlocked," the text said.

Adora unlocked her car door and jumped out. Her heart rate was elevated, but she didn't want to go back. She knew there was something more important than her nerves waiting for her.

She made her way up the concrete steps and opened the door. The lights were low and the apartment was quiet, but there she was sitting on the couch waiting for her.

“Catra,” Adora half-whispered.

Catra turned towards her, “Took you long enough.”

“Traffic was a mess, but I came here as fast as I could.”

“Desperate, are we?” Adora paled. She was — absolutely was —, but admitting that to Catra was more than her dignity could bear. But she didn’t even have to admit it, Catra already knew. And even if she would never admit it to Adora, she was desperate, too.

“Desperate or did I just have a free night?” Adora countered.

“You seem to always have a free night when I call. Do you cancel your plans or do you not have anything else to do?” Catra rose from the couch and slowly made her way over to Adora. She couldn’t take her eyes off Catra’s svelte figure, she watched her hips shift gracefully as she came closer. She wished her hands were on those hips now.

“You seem to call often,” Adora replied.

“Only because I know you’ll always say yes. Can’t get that kind of consistency off dating apps these days.” It stung and Adora knew that was exactly what Catra intended. However — as shameful as it was —, nothing could keep her away from her. Even when Catra straight up admitted how disposable she was to her. “What I don’t understand is why you do this to yourself? You know this isn’t healthy.”

Adora scoffed and rolled her eyes, “You know exactly why, Catra. Besides, if you actually cared about me making healthy choices you wouldn’t enable me like this.” Catra had taken to pressing kisses to Adora’s neck. Angry as she was with the way Catra treated her, it didn’t take much for her to abandon her anger in pursuit of far better things.

“Yeah, but I think it’s ridiculous still. If you’re going to make bad choices, I should at least get something from it. Shouldn’t I?” Catra continued to kiss Adora’s neck. It took everything in her not to sigh.

“Being in love with you is hardly a bad choice, Catra.” The woman recoiled at the statement.

“I thought I told you not to use the “I-word,” Adora.”

“You can hardly blame me for saying out loud when you dangle it in front of my face mocking me with it,” Adora could feel the vitriol in her veins. She closed the distance Catra created. “You know it’s true, Catra. So why pretend? Why mock me with my feelings as if they’re something to be ashamed of? As if you aren’t the reason they exist in the first place?”

“Adora, you don’t mean that. You’re not actually in love with—.”

“Of course, I am! Are you blind or stupid? Pick one,” Adora’s face was inches away from Catra’s. She knew she was crossing many boundaries by being so aggressive with her. She could see the tears gathering in the other woman’s eyes, she could even see her own manic reflection in them. While she felt the guilt deep down inside somewhere, she could only acknowledge rage and the pain that fueled it.

“Adora, please.” Catra was pleading, her back pressed against a wall.

“You said it best, Catra. You call, I’m here. You say ‘jump,’ I ask ‘how high?’ I’m in love with you against every aspect of my better judgement because I’m still hoping you’ll love me back one day.” Adora took a breath, letting the tension leave her body and unfurling her fists. This couldn’t continue. “Maybe you’re right,” she said softly. “I can’t do this anymore, I shouldn’t be.” Adora grabbed her keys off the couch and headed to the door, “Goodbye, Catra.”

Catra couldn’t watch her walk through the door. She kept her eyes squeezed shut as it happened. The slam of the door and Adora’s car engine cutting on was her only confirmation that what just happened was actually real. She’d done. She pushed too hard and Adora had actually left her. Again.

She let out a breath she had held for too long, pressing her head against the wall as she slid down it. Somewhere, there was pain — an abundance of it — but she could only feel the numbness.

Adora and Catra had been each other’s first everything. First best friend, first kiss, first love. The foster care system couldn’t be survived without some form of support. They had only had each other, from group home to group home.

The only thing that had managed to separate them was getting into separate colleges. Adora had decided on somewhere miles away from Catra’s school. She had her reasons, of course. Catra knew this. However, it didn’t stop the feeling of abandonment she felt especially when Adora was able to spend fewer and fewer weekends with her. Time between texts got longer and longer. The girl she once spent every possible moment with barely knew her day-to-day. She watched Adora’s life take root from behind a phone screen. She saw posts about new friends and new accomplishments.

She coped, or tried to at least. No professional would consider alcohol, casual drug usage, and meaningless sex as a coping mechanism but Catra could — for the time being. She eventually made friends, but nothing could ever feel the void Adora’s distance had created. Eventually, she knew how to get Adora back — at least for brief moments in time. Never to the full extent she desired, but enough to feel a fraction of what they used to have.

Catra had no issue finding casual partners in abundance, but she knew Adora was less likely. Between school and a perpetual inability to pick up on the desire others often had for her, Adora couldn’t be with anyone else. So Catra took the opportunity and ran with it.

It started off fairly innocently. Catra had missed her, like actually missed her. So she sent Adora a text one evening asking her to come over.

C: “Spare me some time and come visit?”

A: “For you, always. I just finished my homework.”

The text made Catra feel warm all over and inside out. Her fondness for the girl never left her. If anything, the saying was true. Distance had made her heart grow fonder.

C: “Perfect. Send me your ETA. Door’s unlocked.”

A: “Cool, be there in 15.”

Catra rushed to make herself look somewhat presentable and switched to clothing that was a little more revealing than her simple t-shirt. Instead, she went for one of Adora’s that she had cut years ago. Maybe it’d be a good luck charm tonight. Maybe she’d get to touch Adora again, even if it was only a kiss.

Adora arrived shortly after as she’d promised. The two met with a lengthy embrace. Catra tried to

be subtle about breathing in the scent she had spent thousands of nights falling asleep next to.

“I missed you,” Adora whispered into her hair, squeezing her body closer.

That was exactly what Catra needed to hear. It sent flutters through her to know Adora had missed her, too. “You wouldn’t have to miss me if you came over more often,” she said softly.

“I know,” Adora sighed. “I want to, I do. It’s just life gets so he—.”

“Hectic, I know. You don’t have to worry. It’s just I miss you, too. All the time,” Catra pulled back and looked at her. Nothing had changed. Sure, her eyes were darker and her skin had seen less sun than before but she still her. She was still her Adora.

“Do you want to sit down and catch up?” Adora said, tucking a dark curl behind Catra ear. Catra smiled, “Yeah, I’ll make some tea.”

The two had conversed and laughed for hours. Telling each other stories about their lives and their friends on the floor of Catra’s living room. It felt like a day hadn’t passed. Inside jokes were still relevant and talking to one another was still just as natural as breathing.

They had gotten into telling stories about high school and all the pranks they’d pull on the mistress of the foster home. The woman was a demon straight from hell and the two had managed to cope with the abuse by trying their best to even the score. Of course, they’d never come close but it didn’t hurt to try.

After falling to stitches about putting laxatives in Ms. Weavers, the two fell into a comfortable silence. Catra looked over at Adora as the latter picked at her nails. The blush she dawned from laughing reminded her other situations where’d she seen that rose hue grace her cheeks.

“Hey, Adora?”

Adora looked up at her, “Yeah?”

“Do you remember prom night?”

The rose on Adora’s face turned crimson. She lightly blew air from her nose and smiled,” Of course I remember prom night, Catra. How could I forget?”

Years of sexual tension had led to them participating in the age old tradition of losing their virginities on prom night. To each other, of course. The night had been one Catra’s most cherished memories. Adora felt the same. The two had done everything together, it only made sense that they would cross the terrain of sexual intimacy hand-in-hand.

“Have you done that with anyone else since college?” Catra asked. Adora had managed to surprise her with her answer.

“I’ve had sex with other people here and there, but I’d hardly compare to anything the two of us had ever did. Most of them were actually attempts to replace that,” Adora looked down at her hands. “Would it be wrong to say I did it because I missed you?”

Catra would have sworn Adora wouldn’t have done it with anyone else. If she wasn’t burning with jealousy, she’d be proud that her friend (or lover? Ex-lover, maybe.) had worked up the courage to even try. Jealous as she was, hearing that it was because Adora missed her awoke something else inside of her. “No, I don’t think it’d be wrong to say.”

Adora slowly looked up at her and Catra could see the nervousness in her eyes. "Have you done it with anyone else?"

Catra sighed. She wouldn't lie to her, "Yes. More than a couple of times, actually. A lot more."

"Oh." Adora quickly glanced away, "I wouldn't have expected someone as beautiful as you not have a couple affairs. You were always better at that stuff than me."

Catra's heart ached at that. "But Adora," she took Adora's hands into her own, forcing her to make eye contact. "I did it for the same reasons. I missed you," she squeezed Adora's hands, "So fucking much. No one even came close to making me feel the way you did."

Adora eyes held a tenderness and yearning that Catra was all too familiar with. She knew her own eyes were mirrored Adora's as she felt the yearning desire in every inch of her. It had goaded her for months. But here in Adora's presence, it began to consume her.

Adora stared intently at her lips. Catra wanted nothing more than to feel Adora against her again.

"Catra?"

"Yeah?" Catra's own eyes refused to remove themselves from Adora's lips.

"Kiss me. Please?"

The two were inseparable for the rest of the night. There was no telling where one body ended and where the other began. Just an endless exchange of energy, desire, and passion. The night was the first time that Catra had felt like a total being in months. She knew she couldn't let it go again.

After Adora had left the next day, Catra couldn't go a couple moments without thinking about her and the night they shared. While Catra was still jealous that others had gotten the pleasure of being with Adora during their separation, she was extremely grateful for the practice they gave Adora. Prom night was special and satisfying, but they were still teenagers who had never done anything that intimate before. They had both stumbled around trying to figure out the other had liked. While they messed around a couple more times during that summer before college, they was no comparison to last night.

Catra leaned against her kitchen counter, coffee mug abandoned as she was whisked off into the memories. She brought her hand to a tender spot on her neck, instantly reminded of all the bites and kisses Adora had left there and elsewhere. She couldn't forget even if she wanted to. Every sore spot on her body was a road map of all the ways Adora had reintroduced Catra to the rapturous delight only she could provide.

She thought of the way Adora looked when she left her bathroom that morning. Wet hair clinging to her and a small towel just barely reaching middle of her thighs. Catra could have spent an eternity between those thighs, feeling the way Adora muscles pulled taught against Catra's face. The only reason she stopped was because Adora begged her to relent, the pleasure making her overly sensitive.

Catra swiped her fingers over her bottom lip as she remembered what it was like to kiss Adora's hips still as they thrashed from the work her fingers made between her legs. She had kissed her way from Adora's hips to her clitoris. The moan she received in response will forever be etched into her mind.

When Adora left after her shower, Catra could feel the emptiness seep into her. It had always been there in Adora's absence, but being reunited with Adora's presence after so long had made it more apparent than ever. Since childhood, Adora had always been Catra's everything. Adora had left with a part of Catra's soul, a part she could not exist without. She was determined to have her in her life again, desperate even. So whenever the ache got become unbearable — and it often did —, Catra asked Adora to drop everything to soothe it for one night. Thankfully, she did. She always did.

Adora was able to drive a couple of blocks before her tears made it impossible to drive any farther. "Fuck," She whispered as she pulled into some gas station parking lot.

"Fuck!" She hit the steering wheel this time. Her hands throbbed at the impact, but the physical pain was the least of her concern. Only Catra could make her scream curses in both anger and pleasure, often with not much time between either.

Leaning her head back into the seat, Adora wrapped her arms around herself gave into the pain. Sobs shook her body. She wished that she could collapse into herself and become the blackhole she felt inside. The image of Catra's scared face was in her mind. Was she too aggressive? Had she traumatized her? She could pretend — she usually did —, but Adora wasn't that much healthier than Catra. The lack of boundary setting and ability to assert herself is what landed her here anyway, crying in an abandoned parking lot of the only person who could affect her so deeply.

Adora wasn't stupid. She'd known that Catra was the marionette in this little game of theirs. She'd been the one to sit there and let her strings be pulled. It was easier to do that than actually confront Catra on her manipulation. She'd tried to broach the subject and to ask Catra to love her in full, but it ended in fights and stalemates. It meant days or even weeks away from Catra's bed. After a while, it was easier to allow the sex to sedate her rather than address the pain Catra had caused her. Adora made smaller attempts at winning a few battles. She'd linger for as long as possible in the mornings, hoping that Catra would beg her to stay. Of course, Catra rarely swallowed her pride. At best, she'd hold Adora in bed all day without ever uttering a request. Those days are what caused Adora to keep hope that maybe one day they could be something more than this.

They were all but committed in actuality. Adora hadn't seen anyone else since this whole thing started. She was almost certain that Catra had done the same, but she didn't want to hurt herself by asking or wondering. Her friends knew the gist of their situation. However, they showed too much concern for Adora's comfort. Now, she never spoke them about it. They were able to deduce who influenced most of her mood swings, but Adora was beyond help. Far too wrapped up in her addiction to Catra to actually acknowledge her deteriorating mental state.

You couldn't blame her for her addiction. Things hadn't always been like this. Despite Catra's recent treatment of her, she was still the most phenomenal person Adora's ever known. She couldn't help but to fall so deeply in love with her. On the rare nights they wouldn't have sex but spent time together, Adora would rake her hands through Catra's curls. Catra would always be telling some story or talking about her day. She could talk about anything and Adora would be enthralled. Maybe it was the timber of her voice, the way she'd throw her hands around, or the way she'd roll her eyes. Whatever it was would leave Adora in stitches from laughter or on the edge of her seat, hanging onto every word that fell from Catra's lips.

Adora would always be the first to rise despite preferring to sleep in. She would do it just to watch the way Catra's eyelids flutter in her sleep. She spent many mornings memorizing the way Catra's limb clung to her. It's something she'd never do in a non-sexual context when awake. In those mornings, there was nothing but her only love surrounding her in every way possible. She never

wanted it to end, but it always did. Adora was only ever left with memories to hold her over until next time.

Adora brought a finger to her face. The tears had stopped for a while, but with that particular memory, they began again.

“I’ll never be rid of her,” she whispered to herself. “We could never speak again and I would always be hers.” She buried her face in her palms and sobbed.

There was a knock at the window. Adora jumped up, startled.

“Catra?”

Catra knew she couldn’t stay here and drown in the memories. She’d considered drowning herself in a bottle of alcohol, but she knew that would be worse.

“I need to get out of here,” Catra sighed. Then, she grabbed her coat and keys before walking out the door.

The night made her uneasy, but somehow staying in the house with all her tempting vices was scarier. Her head was swimming with her. Adora, Adora, Adora. Everything about them was unsustainable, and almost all of it was Catra’s fault which meant only she could fix it.

“If it’s even possible,” she said out loud.

There was so much fucked up stuff between the two of them. Years of abuse didn’t justify how she got here, but it did lend an explanation. However, was it even possible to heal from that? Is it possible to heal this? More importantly, can Adora ever forgive her?

Questions aside, one thing was for certain. She had hurt Adora, the woman she loved more than anything. Her first for everything. Her only. If she had fucked up her only chance at love, that’s on her. But that didn’t mean that she couldn’t try and make it right. Adora could never touch her again, but it still imperative that Catra told her just how sorry she was. Adora would probably be the only person Catra’s ever apologized to. She isn’t even sure if she knows how, only that she had to.

Her aimlessness had led her to abandoned gas station parking lot. There in the corner she saw it: Adora’s car.

Catra looked to the sky and sighed. “Is this your way of showing me a sign, universe?” Of course, the sky didn’t respond with a resounding “YES!” But she knew.

Dragging her feet the whole, she made it to Adora’s car. Catra could make out Adora’s form through the window. Several deep breaths later, she raised her hand to knock. Adora jumped with a start. Catra could hear the muffled sound of her name through the window and waved awkwardly in response.

She watched on as Adora reached for the the key to turn the engine on. Then, she rolled down the window.

“What are you doing here?” Adora’s voice was hoarse and her eyes were rimmed with red. She’d

been crying. The thought made Catra wince and her gut wrenched. She was responsible for making this beautiful being cry.

“I was taking a walk after...” She searched for the right words, but they didn’t come. “Well, you know. I guess I managed to make my way here by accident. I saw your car and I figured I should come over and talk to you.”

Adora sighed, her confused expression dropping. “You don’t have to check on me Catra. I know I’m nothing to you, you’re just doing this to make yourself feel better.”

Catra felt tears welling up in her own eyes. She rushed to blink them away. “Adora, that’s not true and it’s never been true. But I know I’m at fault for making you feel that way,” she leaned into the window, fingers on the edge of the glass. “Can I please come in? I have something I need to say.”

Adora looked as if she was about to protest her request. “Please, Adora? I promise I’ll make this quick. I just need to tell you this.” Adora sighed again, shoulder dropping as she reached over to open the door. “Thank you,” Catra said as she hopped inside.

Adora drove a fairly large truck. There they sat in the cab with nothing except the dim light of a distant street lamp. It was almost romantic. But there was no room for romance between the two of them. Catra wondered if there would ever be. She looked to the sky as she closed the window, hoping maybe one star would hear her prayer and grant the two girls another chance.

“You said this would be quick, didn’t you?” Adora’s voice was soft, but the statement still stung.

Catra turned back to look at her and meekly responded with “Yeah, I did say that.” She gathered herself once more, inhaling deeply before she shallowly exhaled. “Adora, I want to say that I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry.” The hot tears began to well up in her eyes. “There’s nothing that I could say to excuse it and I don’t want to make excuses. I just want you to know that this whole mess,” she flailed her hands while gesturing to the two of them, “is my own fault. I knew what I was doing when we started this.” Tears flowed freely then. Catra dared to look up at Adora whose expression showed the conflict she was undoubtedly feeling inside.

“Then, why’d you do? Why won’t you love me the way I want to love you? The way I want to be loved?” Adora got choked up on the last syllable. Catra watched a tear descend from her tear ducts, down her cheeks and neck just before settling at her collarbone. She wished she could trace the tear’s path and ensure another one never fell again.

“Adora, I don’t even feel like I should be allowed to tell you why. The reasons most definitely conflict with the way I’ve acted. If I ever get to tell you, I don’t want you to have any doubts about my intentions.” Catra had asked herself the question many times. She had loved Adora since she could even conceive of the word. She spent her teenage years imagining what it would be like to live in a world free of the foster home. She imagined what it would be like for Adora’s arms to be her permanent home. If Catra had a destined purpose on this planet, loving Adora would have to be it. Of course, she screwed the only thing she was meant to do up and probably beyond repair.

“I want to know, Catra.” She grabbed Catra’s face bringing it close to hers, “I need to know why you can’t love me.”

Catra lifted her hand to place it over Adora’s, sinking into the touch. For all she knew, it could be the last one and she wanted to savor it. “I do love you, Adora. I love you so much that it consumes me. I didn’t know how to deal with,” she looked up at her, never removing her hand from Adora’s. “You left me and it felt like my world had collapsed. I couldn’t blame you and I didn’t want to, but I was so afraid of being hurt again. I wanted to keep you at arm’s length. Close enough to have, but

not to keep.”

Adora stared back at her, eyes wide and with slightly ajar yet silent.

“But I was stupid. I was a complete fucking idiot. You are breathtaking, remarkable, and totally unbelievable. You’re not someone who can be appreciated in pieces and you don’t deserve to be. You deserve the universe and I knew I couldn’t give that to you. But still — selfishly — I wanted you all to myself.” Catra squeezed Adora’s hand harder, “But I do love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. So much that it aches. I’m so sorry for hurting you and making you believe that I love you because I do. I do, I just don’t love you in the way that you deserve to be loved.”

It was so much to take in at once. Catra had said the words that Adora had so desperately wanted to hear, and yet it was under the worst circumstances. They had so much they needed to fix and it might never happen, but she had to consider it.

Adora tried to imagine loving another being. While she’s sure that it’s possible, she would forever feel like an adulterer for Catra would always be at the center of her thoughts. When she’d been intimate with others, she always pretended that it was Catra touching her. She’d have to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning Catra’s name and embarrassing herself. Only Catra knew who she truly was and where she’d come from. Only Catra had witnessed her darkest hours and nursed her through them. Who could she be without this enigma in her life? Would she ever be more than a mere shell of herself?

Certainly, there was a million and one things that needed to be figured out but there was only one thing she knew for sure.

Adora pulled Catra forward and pressed her lips against her. Catra’s lips were unresponsive for a moment, but then she returned the kiss tenfold. Their minds may have been a mess, but their bodies knew. They followed the only story they’d ever written. Catra crawled into Adora’s lap and kissed her fiercely. The kiss tasted like salt as their tears mingled together, but it also tasted like hope.

“Do you really forgive me?” Catra said, not pulling back too far.

“I know that I’d never want to live without you and I believe we can fix this if we put in the work,” Adora said while pressing her forehead to Catra’s.

“I must be dreaming, I have to be.”

Adora giggled, “You’re not because I’m thinking the same thing.”

Catra began placing kisses down her neck for the second time that night. These kisses held a tenderness that the other’s hadn’t. An honest and true expression of love. Adora’s body hummed at the thought of it.

Adora placed her hands on Catra’s hips and pulled her even, trying to fill in any gaps left between them. Catra gasped against her neck, biting down softly. Adora sighed into the bite and hoped that it would be the first of many.

Catra felt Adora’s hand snake beneath her shirt and hold her waist firmly, pushing Catra down into her lap. She rolled her hips into Adora’s lap in an attempt to ease the ache between her legs. The two went on like this for some time, kissing and grinding against one another. The only sounds that could be heard were the sighs, moans, and whispers that tumbled from their lips.

“Adora,” Catra pulled away and Adora quickly made up the space by moving to Catra’s neck, kissing down towards her chest. “Adora, I need you to take me home right now.” Adora left her neck and met Catra’s gaze. Her eyes were dilated and her hair was a mess. Her lips were rosy and swollen from kissing, her clothing was wrinkled in some place and pulled up in others. Desire had made a disaster of them both, Adora was sure of that. She couldn’t wait to see what else it would do.

“Alright, let’s go,” Adora said smirking. Catra nodded and crawled back into the passenger’s seat. She placed her hand on Adora’s lap and didn’t move it until they arrived at Catra’s place.

Catra fumbled as she unlocked the door. Adora was distracting her with all the kissing she was doing to her neck. She couldn’t get the damn door open fast enough.

Though it was a short drive, the lust and waiting had driven them mad. Catra’s hand had slid higher and higher up Adora’s thigh and Adora’s patience was slipping. She couldn’t wait to show Catra just how much she loved her.

“Finally,” Catra said swinging the door open and dragging Adora inside behind her. Adora barely had time to laugh before her back was pressed up against the door. Adora gasped, half shock and half desire. Catra made quick work of getting Adora out of her shirt.

“I’ll never not love how forward you are,” Adora half-moaned as she tipped her head backwards. Catra had already begun leaving kisses and hickies all over her chest. She relished in the feeling, excited about the marks that would be left. Whatever happens tomorrow, surely they’ll be reminders of exactly what happened tonight.

“It’s only for you, Adora. I wouldn’t care to put much effort into anyone else, only you,” Catra said with a wink. Adora felt the heat surge throughout her abdomen at those words, pooling at the very base of it. Catra skillfully removed her bra and immediately pressed her mouth to Adora’s left breast, sucking the nipple into her mouth.

“Catra,” Adora sighed. The way Catra moved her tongue over her nipple with such precision and intention made Adora think about what else she could do. Memories of Catra eating her out intensified her state of arousal. “Take me to your room, please.”

Catra locked eyes with her once more, slowly ascending up Adora’s body to reach eye level. “Your wish is my command,” she pressed a brief kiss to Adora’s lips before grabbing her hand.

The tenderness with which Catra laid Adora on her bed sent butterflies fluttering through Adora’s body. While she was still above her, Catra paused to look at Adora staring up at her. The two were cocooned in a mass of dark brown curls. Adora’s breath caught and she couldn’t take her eyes away from Catra.

There was a lot to be said of all that has transpired between them. There was so much to work through and the doubt that it still may not be enough was ever-present. In that moment, however, they both understood the possibility of true happiness with one another was worth everything.

Catra leaned down close to Adora’s ear and tucked a blonde tendril behind. “I want you to know that I’ve never loved anyone more,” Adora’s breath hitched at the whisper, eyes fluttering closed. “And Adora, I promise you that I never will,” Catra pressed a soft kiss against Adora’s cheek.

Suddenly, Adora was overwhelmed by desire. Shooting up from the bed, she came to her knees. Catra mirrored her position.

“Take these off, I want to see you,” Adora said reaching for Catra’s shirt. Amused and just as blinded with lust and love, she let Adora take the shirt off her. Adora’s face burned bright red because Catra wasn’t wearing a bra. She never wears a bra and the site of her bare chest left Adora speechless every time. Catra winked and moved to pull her pants off, Adora mirrored her despite being a bit flustered. Adora was just about to take off her underwear when Catra stopped her.

“Keep those on for a little while, yeah?” It sounded like a request, but Adora took it as a command.

“Oh, okay,” she responded sheepishly leaving the underwear in place.

Catra moved to push Adora back down again. Adora closed her eyes just as she felt her back meet the mattress. She felt Catra’s hands moving softly all over her body. Every place she touched was left scorching. Catra always disliked a deep, almost primal desire within Adora, tonight was no different. She had to keep herself from crying out as Catra trailed her fingers up her thighs, never getting close enough to where Adora wanted her. Then, she leaned down and started kissing and sucking the space between Adora’s breasts while massaging her actual breasts. The new marks stood brightly against the previous ones that were already starting to darken. Adora tried not to moan as Catra had barely done anything yet, but a sounds of approval still slipped from her lips. Catra made her way down to the waistband of her underwear leaving dozens of hickeys behind.

Catra looked up at Adora and rested the side of her head on Adora’s hip. “Can I touch you, Adora?” She drew one nail down from her opposite hip to her thigh.

“Yes,” Adora’s voice was so breathy, it was almost a whisper. Her hips twitched at the motion.

Catra pressed her fingers against Adora’s underwear, applying pressure as she moved her fingers from the bottom to the top. Never moving her gaze from Adora’s face. She delighted in the way Adora’s self-control was slipping. She was even more delighted by the fact that she was the reason. Catra had to put a lot of interest into keeping her own self-control as she watched the beautiful woman’s resolve slip. The idea of making her completely fall apart under her ministrations was the only thing that steeled her focus.

“Like this?” Catra asked, batting her lashes at Adora.

“More, Catra. Please,” Adora dug her nails into the sheets.

Catra giggled and descended lower. She brought her tongue up to where Adora’s clitoris would be. She licked and sucked Adora’s clitoris as her underwear became wetter than it already was. Adora threw her head back into the pillows, gasping as she reached down to push Catra’s head down further. Catra’s tongue massaged the area beneath her clit. Adora continued to writhe and moan, legs wrapping tighter around Catra’s neck. Catra smiled and pulled back as much as Adora’s legs would allow.

“Is this okay? Is this what you wanted, Adora?” Catra knew the answer to that and Adora knew that Catra knew.

“Catra,” her voice was desperate. “Please just touch me, like actually touch me. You want I want, so stop teasing and give to me.” Adora sit up a bit and spread her legs wider before pulling her own underwear to the side, exposing her vulva and labia which glistened with her arousal.

Catra was not expecting Adora to be so bold and the action awoke something in her. She quickly

went to suck Adora's clitoris into her mouth. Adora cried out when Catra lightly scraped her teeth against it.

"Fuck, Catra!" Adora's whole body was a bow being strung tighter and tighter. Catra's tongue worked in ways that should be illegal. She would have done anything she asked her to in that moment. While the thought scared her, it was also incredibly thrilling. Then, it occurred to her that Catra is willing to do what she asked which served to excite her even more.

Adora grabbed a handful of Catra's hair and positioned her head to look up at her, "Catra, I want you fingers. I want you to fuck me." Catra looked taken aback and a bit mesmerized. Adora rarely said exactly what she wanted, so it was shocking to hear her be so direct. Catra nodded.

Adora moaned loudly as Catra's fingers slid inside her. The pleasure was overwhelming as Catra curled her fingers. Each thrust had her trembling. Catra also resumed her tongue's worship of her clitoris. It wasn't long before Adora started to see stars, feeling light-headed from panting. She almost felt embarrassed at the sounds she was making. Almost.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" She bucked her hips at Catra's fingers, hoping to pull her in deeper. Catra obliged, moving faster and going deeper than before.

Adora clapped her hand over her mouth to stop herself from waking the neighbors. She could feel it coming onto her, the pleasure seeping into to every part of her body and overwhelming her mind. Catra's name kept forcing its way out of her mouth, getting louder and louder with each second. Catra was awestruck. Her name sounded symphonic as it left Adora's mouth. She felt Adora's insides squeeze her fingers in place, Catra's mouth never strayed from her clit. She put her free hand on Adora's waist and squeezed her reassuringly, trying to encourage Adora to just let it wash over her.

Adora's breaths grew more and more strangled. Catra curled her fingers one more time, biting lightly on her clit. Adora lost it, falling apart around Catra's fingers. Her whole body felt lighter than it had in years. Perhaps the only thing keeping her anchored was Catra continue to fuck her through her orgasm. She could hear Catra's faint whispers of sweet praises as she kissed around her hips.

Catra crawled up next to Adora as the latter tried to catch her breath. "I'll never grow tired of that," Catra said with one hand draped over Adora's waist. "I could watch you do that again," she placed a kiss on Adora's jaw, "and again," she placed another on her Adora's cheek, "and again." Catra placed one more kiss languidly on Adora's forehead which was still damp with sweat. Just as Adora's heartbeat was recovering, it picked up once more.

"It's insane that you're blushing from some kisses when I just fucked you," Catra laughed. Adora's face grew an even brighter shade of red, but even she couldn't help but to laugh. "You make a mess of my fingers and my bed, but a few face kisses really do you in, huh?" The two sat there in peals of laughter, tangled in one another's arms.

"You can go freshen up in my bathroom while I clean up out here," Catra said after some time. Adora turned to look at her with a raised brow. "If you want to, of course, I'd be happy to just lay here." At that, Adora bursted into a fit of giggles.

"What?" Catra shifted insecurely, "What's so damn funny?"

Adora wrapped her arms around around Catra's waist and shifted on top of her. "Well," Adora said while leaning in, barely an inch away from Catra's face, "we're done here, yet."

“Oh,” Catra said. Her eyes were wider than earlier. She looked back at Adora as Adora stared down at her lips, her intentions were clear as crystal. Catra wasn’t really expecting reciprocation. She wanted to apologize to Adora and her apology was sealed with physical empathy. The situation would be...different, taking on a whole new meaning than before. They’d go back and forth all the time during sex, that wasn’t terribly out of the ordinary. But Catra touches were supposed to be a promise. A promise to Adora that she cherishes her and wants to worship her in all the ways possible, emotionally and physically. Does Adora want to make the same promise? Catra cheeks began to burn.

Adora’s expression turned into one of concern. “Is there something wrong? Do you not want to do this anymore?” She looked a little panicked, worried that she might scare Catra away. But Catra wanted this, she wanted this desperately. However, she hesitated because she was a bit nervous.

Catra placed a palm on Adora’s chest and sighed. “What will this mean for us, Adora? What will happen tomorrow morning?”

Adora placed her hand over Catra’s and rested her chin on Catra’s forehead. “Catra, I — I want however much of yourself you’re willing to give to me.” She pulled back to look into Catra’s eyes, the latter felt overwhelmed by the directness. “That also means I’m willing to take however little you wish to give, too. I’ve waited this long for you, I’ll wait forever.”

Catra pressed her forehead against Adora’s. Her heart swelled and she was sat with a feeling of content and resolve. “You won’t have to.” Catra proceeded to press her lips against Adora’s hoping to show her all the promises she intended to keep. Adora pushed Catra backwards onto the bed while continuing the kisses down her chest, across her stomach, and to the edge of her hips.

Adora peered up and her asked, “Can I?”

Catra nodded.

End Notes

This is my first Catradora fanfic! I watched the entire show in three days and have been reading a lot of fanfics ever since. That's what led to me trying my hand at my own. I didn't do the most thorough job of proofreading, so I apologize for any mistakes. Let me know what you think! Thank you for reading <3

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