

when the world is caving (baby you're my safe haven)

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by [softiesharpie](#)

Summary

Ava was a strong woman who could hold her own in a hand to hand fight with Sara, which was definitely saying something, but lying there — her lips slightly parted with her face pressed against Sara's chest — she looked smaller than Sara had ever seen her.

Or

Ava's had a long day at work and all she needs is to be in Sara's arms.

Notes

This is set sometime after 3x13 but before 3x15. Ava is still getting used to being the Director and doesn't know how to manage her time well at first.

This fic was meant to be shorter but I got carried away and wrote it longer than expected. It's mainly fluff, my headcanon is that Ava is a workaholic and overworks herself sometimes.

Please do not repost my stories anywhere.

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

It was hours past when she said she'd leave work.

Ava knew that she was somewhat of a workaholic, she liked the structure of her job and that it kept her levelheaded. She liked having a set plan of what needed to be done everyday, and she didn't mind working late to get everything done.

But, lately she'd been working longer hours than usual. She could tell that Sara and the rest of the Legends were worried about her, though there wasn't much she could do about it. It was still her second month of being Director, after Director Bennett's untimely demise, and she still wasn't used to the amount of paperwork she had to look over and fill out.

When she had been just an agent, she mostly did field missions with occasional paperwork on the side. She liked that, being the one in the middle of the action leading her team into battle. She also liked that she was able to work alongside Sara, though she'd never admit that out loud. They had been dating for a couple months but it felt like it had been longer. Ava had never felt that way about someone, had never had that instant connection with anyone that she'd had with Sara.

Admittedly, she and Sara didn't get along well at the beginning. They despised each other and seemed to never be on the same page about anything involving work matters. But, after awhile things started to shift. Ava started getting less annoyed when the Legends joined the Bureau on their missions, and she actually started liking their company. She felt at home with the Legends, which was a feeling she hadn't felt before, and she knew that they were warming up to her. Even Gideon, who Ava thought would never like her.

Ava soon realized that the way she felt about Sara was more than just platonic, and noticed that Sara might have felt the same. She was more than a little surprised when Sara had asked her on a date and was even more surprised when Sara asked her to stay the night after their first intimate night together. She'd read Sara's files and knew that she wasn't one for having more than just one night stands. So, when Sara asked her in her giddy, half-asleep state to spend the night, Ava couldn't bring herself to say 'no'.

The morning after was more than a little awkward when Zari walked in on them, and they didn't get to bask in the calmness of that morning when they found out that Ray was kidnapped by Damien Darhk. Quickly, Ava and Sara had both slipped into their professional personas and worked to save Ray.

That had been two months ago. Now, things were running smoothly. The Legends were working with the Bureau to figure out a way to defeat Damien while fixing other little anachronisms along the way.

Ava sighed as she looked up at the clock, seeing that it was almost midnight. She knew it wasn't healthy for her to be working long hours like this. She'd been in the office since eight o'clock that morning, despite Sara asking (well, pouting and holding Ava tightly so she couldn't leave) her to stay, and Ava felt like she would collapse if she didn't leave now and get some rest.

She quickly put away her paperwork and grabbed her phone, texting Sara

Aves <3: Hey, babe. Sorry I'm late but I'm about to leave work now. Are you up?

Sara <33: yeah, i'm up. we're in the galley

Ava smiled when she quickly got a response, confused at first as to why the Legends were still up before she remembered that they were in a different timezone than she was. The time at the Bureau was different than the time in the temporal zone. She tapped her time courier and a portal opened to the Waverider. She quickly stepped through and yawned.

"Good evening, Director Sharpe." Gideon's voice greeted her, making her smile lightly. She liked that the A.I. was starting to like her now, that she trusted her with Sara and the team.

Ava walked into the galley and saw the Legends, minus Nate and Ray, sitting at the table talking. Zari seemed to have a half empty box of donuts in front of her and Ava made a mental note to talk to her about her donut addiction. Mick was drinking a beer and half-listening to Sara and Amaya talk about their latest mission.

"Hey." Ava said, a tired smile on her face as she made her way over to Sara. She stood next to Sara and put her hand on her shoulder, feeling the captain lean her head against her stomach.

"Pantsuit." Mick acknowledged her with a small nod, eyeing Zari's donuts like he wanted to take one.

"Ava, you look... tired." Amaya said with a frown, she knew that it was midnight in Washington D.C at the moment and she was worried about Ava. The Director looked five seconds away from fainting from exhaustion.

"I am. Turns out being Director is harder than I thought. I read through so much paperwork today... I think I can feel a migraine coming on." Ava said and sighed, lightly massaging her temples in a futile attempt to avoid getting a migraine

Sara frowned and pursed her lips, not happy that Ava was clearly overworking herself to an unhealthy amount. "I think it's time for bed then, babe." She said, standing up and turning to face Ava, seeing the poorly hidden exhaustion in her eyes.

Ava nodded, too tired to fight Sara on this. "M'kay." She whispered, leaning against Sara when she felt the captain wrap her arm around her middle, supporting most of her weight. As Sara started to lead her away from the galley, Ava thought of something. She turned her head, looking at Zari and saying, "don't eat too many donuts, you'll make yourself sick."

Zari felt defensive for a split second but let that go immediately when she saw that Ava was just being protective of her and being genuinely concerned about her health. She hesitated for a second before nodding, "okay." She said.

Ava smiled, "good. Goodnight, Legends." She said, leaning more against Sara as she was guided back to Sara's quarters. Once they got there, Ava haphazardly kicked off her heels before letting herself fall down onto Sara's bed, groaning as that movement only worsened her growing headache.

"Aves... you said you wouldn't work this late again. I'm worried about you." Sara said as she unbuttoned Ava's pants, pulling them off and putting them into the laundry hamper. "When's the last time you ate or drank something? Or took a nap? Or slept?" Sara rambled worriedly, taking off Ava's blazer and shirt before dressing the taller blonde in her pajamas.

She put the rest of Ava's clothes in the hamper, dressing herself into something more comfortable while walking over to the bed.

"I know... 'm sorry... I didn't know how much time had gone by until I looked at the clock... I ate a granola bar and an apple for lunch and I slept last night." Ava mumbled into the pillow she was currently faced-down on, struggling to stay awake.

Sara turned off the lights and sighed, her mind racing with what she should do now. First off, she needed to stop Ava's upcoming migraine. The last thing Ava needed was to be in pain all night.

"I'm going to get a cold pack for your migraine. We're going to talk about this in the morning." Sara decided on, going out to get some frozen peas from the freezer. She wrapped it up in a thin hand towel, updating the team on what was going on with Ava, and then headed back to her quarters.

When she got there, she saw that Ava had somehow flipped herself over and was now laying on her back, her hair still in the tight bun it had been in all day.

'Well that definitely isn't helping her migraine.' Sara thought, walking over to the bed and sitting down on it next to Ava. She took out her hair tie, running her fingers gently through Ava's hair as she put the cold pack on her forehead. She watched Ava's face scrunch up slightly at the unexpected coldness.

"'m sorry... are you mad?" Ava whispered, eyes closed and clearly half asleep.

Sara sighed, "no... I'm not mad. I just wish you took better care of yourself. I get that things are tough at work right now but... this isn't healthy, Aves. You can't live like this." She said, twirling one of Ava's curls around her finger before moved her hand up and lightly caressed Ava's cheek. She smiled when Ava instinctively leaned against her touch, a light smile on her lips.

"I know... today just got away from me. I'm..." she trailed off, too tired to finish this conversation. Sara understood and didn't push it, instead she just laid down next to Ava and kissed her cheek, wrapping her arms around her to hold her close. She helped settle them into a position where Ava's head was on Sara's chest, arms wrapped around her, while the cold pack stayed on her forehead.

Sara couldn't help but look at Ava through the dimmed lighting of her quarters. It was obvious that Ava was beautiful, anyone could see that, but seeing her like this — asleep and with such a soft expression on her face — made Sara fall even more in love with her. These were feelings Sara hadn't felt in ages, feelings that simultaneously scared the shit out of her and excited her. Even like this, feeling unwell and asleep, Ava was the most beautiful woman Sara had ever met.

Sara watched the slow rise and fall of Ava's chest, the way her nose would scrunch occasionally before she nuzzled her face against Sara's chest and tightened her arms around her, and knew that she was in too deep to back out now. Not that she wanted to, but she knew that she loved Ava too much to ever jeopardize or end their relationship.

Ava was a strong woman who could hold her own in a hand to hand fight with Sara, which was definitely saying something, but lying there — her lips slightly parted with her face pressed against Sara's chest — she looked smaller than Sara had ever seen her. Ava always seemed to be in control, always in control of what she did or how she presented herself. Sara knew that this was as much new territory for Ava as it was for her.

While Sara hadn't really done long term relationships before Ava, Ava had been burned so many times in relationship that she'd closed herself off from people. They didn't talk about their previous relationships much, they didn't see a reason to, but from what she'd been told, Sara knew that Ava had quite a few insecurities about being in a relationship. Relationships were hard anyways when one had a secret job and a double life as a time traveler, but Sara knew that the majority of Ava's past relationships didn't work out because of Ava's habit of closing herself off emotionally to avoid getting hurt.

Sara noticed that at the beginning, noticed that when things were starting to get rough between them or when Ava thought that Sara was going to leave her, she put a wall up and forced her emotions into an imaginary box to not have to deal with them. That was something they had to work on at first; Ava getting comfortable with sharing her feelings instead of emotionally distancing herself.

Sara, on the other hand, did a similar thing. At first, when she thought that Ava was going to break up with her or that their relationship wasn't going to work out, she tried to self-sabotage them. She once, a bit drunkenly, listed off all of the reasons why Ava shouldn't be with her and why she deserved better than an ex assassin/current vigilante. Ava had been quick to reassure Sara that she didn't care about all of the bad things she'd done in the past, that she wasn't afraid of her and that she wanted this relationship to work, she wanted to be with Sara.

Sara didn't think she'd ever let herself be this vulnerable with someone again but Ava surprised her. Ava always seemed to catch Sara off guard and weaken her defenses.

Sara loved Ava more than she thought was possible to love someone. Watching Ava sleep, seeing her be so willingly and so unabashedly vulnerable in her arms while trusting Sara to take care of her, made Sara realize that she was in for the long run. She wanted this, for real, with Ava. She wanted these soft moments, she wanted Ava spending more time on the Waverider, she wanted to walk in on Ava and the Legends laughing and drinking together, being a family together. She wanted to see Ava at her lowest moments, and she wanted Ava to see her at her own.

She knew that this wouldn't be easy, with Ava's insecurities and Sara propensity to self-sabotage when she thought she wasn't good enough or that someone would leave her. But, Sara decided, it would be worth it. All the hardships and the arguing, and all the moments when they doubted themselves or where they were in their relationship. It was all worth it for Sara to end up with Ava in her arms at the end of the day.

Sara never thought of home being a place, not with the instability that seemed to be a constant in her life. Sure, the Waverider felt like a home, it was Sara's home. But, with Ava, Sara felt a level of contentment she'd never allowed herself to feel before. She realized that while, yes, the Waverider was her home, Ava was her haven. Her haven to go to when she was distraught or needed to talk about her nightmares, or when she just needed someone who would understand her completely, someone who wouldn't push her to talk more than she wanted to, someone who would always be there and wouldn't give up on her.

Sara took away the cold pack after several minutes, not wanting to leave it on for too long, and put it aside, looking back down at Ava. She giggled quietly at the sight of the faint redness on Ava's forehead from the cold pack and the small pout on Ava's lips. She leaned down, gently kissing the cold skin before she whispered, "I love you, Ava", finally admitting it out loud for the first time.

She didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved when Ava's response was just a quiet snore and a brief scrunch of her nose. She knew that it was too early to say those three words to Ava when she was conscious, but she knew that despite Ava not having said it, she felt the same. And that was enough for Sara.

End Notes

So, what did you think? For me, it's honestly easier to write angst than fluff but I got this prompt from someone on Twitter and just had to write it. Comment your thoughts? :)

Also, if you want to see me scream about Avalance, here's my [Twitter](#) :)

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