

Dealing with Playthings

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Dealing with Playthings

by [TL_Hercules](#)

Summary

Having the advantage of knowing all of her friends inside and out did not help Catra cope with losing the one she considered to be the least important. The one she took advantage of.

Scorpia has a fascination with her plush animals and keeping things as close to her as possible.

Adora has the tendency to believe certain things belong to her when sometimes they don't.

Glimmer has a false sense of identity that breaks immediately under pressure.

And in knowing all of this, inevitably so, Catra is forced to reevaluate all of her relationships.

Notes

(7/10/2021)

dear reader,

the original concept for this was a small scene of adora/scorpia "playfighting" on a bed of scorpia's plushies, and that was that. but then it was really short and i went: "well, i guess a glitra scene couldn't hurt"...

and what do you know? it did!

all of this to say...

enjoy the story,

herec

P.S.

"Plushophilia" is a TERRIBLE name for this kind of concept... No one has sex with a stuffed animal.

. . .

Or, at least, no one is sexually attracted to said stuffed animal.

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

Chapter 1

Sometimes Adora found it difficult to tell the difference between her girlfriend's plushies and her "babies" because if she was being honest, they all looked exactly the same to her. The only distinction she could make between them was that the plushies—ones that were still named, carried around the apartment, and were occasionally groomed—were "adults" and therefore didn't need explanations when Scorpia did "adult things" with Adora. The "babies" though, had to be turned around, so that their glossy eyes and unsuspecting, stitched-on smiles weren't watching them "playfight".

Even now, Adora had turned over a giant, pink bunny (the name of which she couldn't remember), and Scorpia had stopped her. "No, that one is fine!"

"I don't get why we don't just turn them all over..." There were maybe twenty or so of Scorpia's toys on their bed, and Adora never did mind it until it was time for her to give them all individual judgments based on their "age" and "personality".

A pink blush settled on Scorpia's cheeks. "Because I don't want them to think sex is nasty or anything like that. Sexuality is natural and they should know that."

Adora exchanged a look with a fluffy, polyester dinosaur wearing a pair of round glasses. She imagined that he agreed with her that this was ridiculous. But there they were both playing along anyway. "When's this one..."

"Dr. Scales!"

"...Dr. Scales." Adora corrected herself quickly. "When's Dr. Scales going to have the opportunity to explore *his* sexuality?"

"When we're out of the house", Scorpia exclaimed as if it should have been obvious. "And with Truffles!"

Buzzing with realization, Adora searched for the giant ears of the fluffy pig plush. Personally, she would have "shipped" Dr. Scales with the first pink bunny she had touched. They seemed to have more chemistry together. A jock and a nerd was always a cute dynamic. But Scorpia's dark eyes sparkled as she pushed Dr. Scales and Truffles together, and Adora knew not to ruin her fun. "Okay. Are we done?"

"Almost! I'm taking Patchy to the living room", Scorpia held out her hands for a plush, "hold her carefully, please!"

Adora blanked. Which one was "Patchy"? She scanned the fuzzy heads of the stuffed animals and finally plucked out a lion with a too-little body. Sheepishly, she supported the giant head as if she was holding a real baby and handed it over to her girlfriend.

"You're so cute!" At first, Adora thought Scorpia meant the plush, but then she knew that the "cute" one was her. The lion plush rested against her shoulder as Scorpia went over to the

other side of the bed and cradled another plush. It was so mangled and deflated that Adora wasn't sure what Patchy was supposed to have been. "This one"—Scorpia glanced to the lion—"is Wally."

"Riiiiight", she trilled. "I was just... Testing *you*!"

"I think *I'm* a good mother", Scorpia said as a matter of factly, carrying Wally and Patchy out of the bedroom. "Good mothers don't forget their children's names. You better get to learning!"

A small part of Adora fluttered at the implication that she was these stuffed animal's mother too. She couldn't help the dumb smile pushing on her lips as she sat down next to Dr. Scales and Truffles (and repeated their names out loud, so she would remember). These were supposedly the "adults" though, so maybe she didn't need to pat their heads with the gentleness that she currently used. Truffles seemed to like it, though.

"Sooooooo..." Scorpia had finally returned and flopped down next to Adora, holding the pink bunny between them. She played with its velvety ears with a shy smile. "The babies have all turned around!"

"And I think Dr.Scales is ready to learn something new", Adora played along, holding him up by his tiny shirt made specifically for a dinosaur. For some reason, the idea that Dr.Scales and the other plushies were "watching them" made Adora all the more eager to lean over and plant a kiss on Scorpia's cheek. "Wanna...give them a show?"

It usually didn't take much to fluster Scorpia, but since it was the closest Adora had ever got to suggesting that her fluffy horde of toys were sentient, her entire face smoldered with color. She bit her lip before turning away. "M-Maybe we should take them out too, now that I think about it... I-I..."

"You're embarrassed?" Now Adora smirked and wiggled Dr.Scale's thick tail. "You don't want to give him a show?"

Scorpia hid behind the bunny's ears. "W-Well, *now* I'm embarrassed! You... You *like* this!"

Of course, Adora liked it. She wasn't necessarily into voyeurism, but she could tell easily enough that Scorpia wasn't so much opposed to it. Not with the way she held onto her bunny tight enough to separate the cotton from its mid-section. Adora adjusted Dr. Scale's glasses closer to his nose, assuming that he would want to have a better look at his flustered owner. "I just think it would do him and Truffles some good... And, uh, who's that?"

"Snowball..."

Adora paused. "'Snowball'?"

"Well, they were white before", Scorpia puffed, "but I had a red sock in the washing machine a few months ago, so... Yeah."

Adora smiled. She had always been fond of Scorpia's clumsiness, and the shy look that came along with Snowball's story was turning her on. She inched closer to Scorpia, pushing Dr.Scales behind her so that it was only the pink bunny between them. All of the plushies were worthy opponents when fighting for Scorpia's attention because according to her, they were all equally charming. But this time Adora won, stealing a rough kiss from over Snowball's velvet ears.

The best part about having a cuddly girlfriend was that though Scorpia *could* choose to hug her plushies, she always *did* choose Adora when she had the option. Snowball was pushed aside with the other plushies, and Adora couldn't help but feel triumphant. She ran her hand up Scorpia's cheek, drinking in her half-lidded eyes and the gentle curve of her lips.

Despite the initial squeak Scorpia let out, she was fully receptive to opening her mouth for Adora and taking her tongue. Scorpia was quiet while Adora slipped her hands down the slopes of her body as if her plushies would realize that she liked being teased this way. Adora didn't let her hand rest in any one place as they kissed. First, she teased her girlfriend's thickly muscled shoulder, the ripple of her tricep, and down to her goosebump-covered torso. Then, Adora planted her palm right on the side of her ass, relishing Scorpia's broken moan inside of her mouth.

"Lay down on your back", Adora instructed against her lips.

Obedient as ever, Scorpia gave her space to nestle between her soft thighs. She grabbed Snowball again so that she didn't have to see the smug expression hovering over her. But Snowball's twinkling gaze never discouraged Adora as much as it did Scorpia. She pushed down the bunny's ears, forcing eye contact. "Tell me the safe word."

"*Etheria!*" Scorpia pulled Snowball's ears back up, her skin flushing a blazing pink. "I didn't forget!"

Adora had already trusted that Scorpia remembered it, but she found that she liked that half-offended, half-flattered tone of voice. Instead of fighting again for Snowball's spot, she shuffled lower to Scorpia's stomach and teased her index finger under her sports bra. Without warning, she yanked the elastic and let it go with a *snap!*

"*Uhh!* H-Hey!" Her girlfriend's moan was stifled into Snowball's fur, and Adora was suddenly unfathomably jealous, feeling her center growing hotter every few heartbeats.

"Can you put them down?" She tried not to sound *too* jealous, but Snowball seemed... smug? They were staring right back at Adora with those beady eyes like hard crystals. Maybe Snowball should have been put in the living room with Patchy and Wally after all...

"N-No way!" Scorpia peered over the bunny's ears. "*You* wanted Dr.Scales to watch, so I think it's only fair that Snowy does the same!"

Snowy?

She was making this already ridiculous name even cuter? Adora held back her grimace and tried to smooth over her nerves. Snowball was a *plush toy*. They weren't competing with

Adora's sex appeal! Not at all.

"Okay", Adora grunted. "Fine."

Scorpia needed no further instructions as she spread her legs further for Adora's fingers. The inside of her thighs was softer than any of her plush animals and her sounds were sweeter than anything she had ever whispered to them before going to sleep. Adora kneaded up and down, going as far as the back of her knees before coming up to caress the swell of her shapely hips. For a moment, Adora gave Snowball a bitter glare, but then she remembered herself and the fact that she was *not* about to engage in a rivalry with a *stuffed animal*.

But her cuddly girlfriend held onto her pink bunny as if she was becoming undone because of *them*. That was very much Adora's job and she couldn't stand to hear the smothered gasps and sighs that *belonged to her*. Not the bunny.

This time with the elastic of her underwear, Adora pulled and the band struck Scorpia's skin with enough force to leave a bright pink mark. Writhing and panting, her girlfriend shot her an appreciative glance, most likely at the point where she was unable to form coherent words. Adora was happy to provide, feeling her own sensible thoughts begin to slip away.

She just needed to focus on Scorpia. Not the bunny she nuzzled as her underwear dangled from one of her ankles. And definitely not the same bunny that stifled another moan when her fingers pushed aside her lower lips and pressed down on her budding clit. Nope. Not that bunny at all.

Strangely enough, she didn't mind anymore that Snowball was stealing Scorpia's physical affections as moisture began dribbling down her knuckles. The poor thing was being crushed by powerful arms, and if it were Adora instead, she'd have to tap out and catch her breath. Not to mention how easily Adora's two fingers slid into her girlfriend's twitching entrance and filled her. Evidently, Scorpia was enjoying having Snowball pressed against her body, and maybe the thought that her other plushies were watching her getting fucked.

As Adora grappled with feelings of jealousy *and* arousal, she made sure to pay attention to how roughly she was rubbing against Scorpia's sweet spots. The angles and the motions, the volume of Scorpia's muffled cries, and the new rushes of slick on her fingertips were all important too.

With a shudder and a gasp, Scorpia's ass lifted off of the bed and she tightened around Adora's fingers as if to keep her inside. The moment Adora recognized the first signs of her girlfriend's orgasm, she used her free hand to snatch Snowball away and tossed them to the farthest corner of the bed. She kept pumping her fingers, ignoring Scorpia's annoyed yelp.

Now that she had no pink bunny, Scorpia covered her mouth with her hands, grazing her cheeks with her ruby-red nails. But Adora had control over that too. She slowed down her movements and left her girlfriend with the tips of her own trimmed fingernails. "Put your hands above your head."

Scorpia pouted, moving her hands only to rest on her soft stomach. "You're s-so mean..."

"Put"—Adora ground her teeth together—"your *fucking* hands *above your head*." The deep flush of her skin and the heated look in her eyes was enough to tell that Scorpia *loved* being talked down to like this, but Adora wasn't finished. She guided her thumb to press down on her hardened clit and spoke over her pleased groan. "Or I won't let you cum."

Never one to displease, Scorpia did as she was told and watched with bright, doe eyes as Adora left her there on the bed in favor of the dresser. She seemed to already know what was in Adora's little plastic storage box as she flushed from head to toe.

"Keep still", Adora ordered, holding her favorite silk blindfold in one hand and rope in the other. It was easy to put on both things and even easier to officially slip into her dominant, possessive character. After rousing it with so many ridiculous thoughts of jealousy and competition, Adora was finally ready to give Scorpia her best performance. "Now you're going to play with *my* toys..."

Catra had the special ability to tell when someone in a relationship was or wasn't having great sex. She unlocked this sixth sense a few years ago, as soon as she went into college, and it helped her navigate around people the way a snake might have navigated the forest floor.

It was an extreme understatement to say that she *knew* Glimmer's condition long before she had ever got the chance to talk with her. They were co-workers as interns and natural rivals from the start, but if Catra knew anything about that type of relationship, it was that things tended to get heated fairly quickly.

With ruffled hair and a smooth, confident smile, she had convinced her slowly turned acquaintance that a trip to the coffee shop would be..."nice". And it was nice. She could taste the absurdly specific drink Glimmer ordered. The sticky, pillowy feel of lip gloss and the worried look she gave Catra against the bathroom door were just bonuses.

"I'm meeting a friend later", Glimmer explained, tilting her head slightly to make room for Catra's teeth. "Do *not* leave a mark!"

"I'm meeting a friend too", Catra purred into her ear. They were both playing this game out of a need to spare their egos. Of course, both of their friends were coming to the same place and of course, Catra and Glimmer arrived before the set time. How else was Glimmer supposed to allow Catra's hands under her blouse the thousandth time that week? They *couldn't* go back to her place. That would make them *more* than acquaintances, and neither of them could have that.

Kissing her not-friends wasn't really Glimmer's style, and so she did it to Catra anyway. These were supposedly the types of kisses that she gave random people in clubs (because she was fun, and she knew how to have fun, and *Catra* of all people wasn't going to tell her otherwise). If it were up to Catra, she would have gone out of her way to test this claim, but despite having Glimmer up against a wall, none of it was up to her.

The only things Catra was able to do were the things Glimmer wanted her to do. She was like a puppet with no strings and no obligations to make sure that her master was having the time of her life. She sucked carefully onto the sensitive skin of Glimmer's neck and nibbled with just enough force to earn a breathy sigh. They continued like this, stripping Glimmer down to nothing but her stockings. At work, she didn't wear any stockings with her dresses.

The sharp, black points of Catra's nails dug into the thin material, dragging down her ass and hips until they popped open at her perfectly sculpted calves. When Catra came back up, she forced their lips together, and she was eager to swallow down Glimmer's incohesive moans of approval.

"*Fuck.*" Glimmer's usual composure didn't exist with Catra, and she didn't even bother trying to keep it up. She leaned heavily on the wall, her eyes smoldering with desperation and slight anger. "We only have a few minutes left."

Catra smirked. "Go figure. You spent all of our time ordering that goddamn coffee."

In any other setting, they would have continued taking jabs at each other. But Glimmer closed the space between them and made all of the other potential insults hazy and meaningless. Catra sucked at her acquaintance's tongue with the force of a lover before dropping down to her knees. She caught her nails under Glimmer's panties and tore them down. They didn't have that much more time, but Catra was *not* leaving her unsatisfied.

She backed Glimmer up on the wall again, seeing as how the sensation of her tongue spreading her folds usually made it difficult to stand. As she lapped up arousal, Catra helped her acquaintance's stocking down to pool around her ankles so it would be easier to take off later.

"*God...*" The sound of the back of Glimmer's head thudding against the door was Catra's cue to get bolder. She reached up on either side of big, curvy thighs and dug her nails in. This assault was hard enough to leave a mark and send Glimmer into a frenzy of blithering curses as she jerked her hips against Catra's face. "*God! Yes, yes!*"

They stayed completely still for a few heartbeats, Catra allowing the other woman to ride out the afterglow.

They caught each other's eyes.

"You don't last very long", Catra commented on the floor.

"*You* don't fucking listen!" Glimmer shot back, gesturing to the scratches on her legs. She wasn't bleeding, and it wasn't far enough down to be revealed by her dress.

"Sorry", she muttered, standing up. "I thought it only applied to hickeys!"

"Don't do it next time." The *unless I ask you to* part was silent. Glimmer stepped out of her ruined stockings, threw them in the trash, and straightened out her appearance in the mirror. She gestured Catra to flank her side and ran her hands through her ruffled locks. "Okay. Let's go."

For as long as she had known them, Scorpia and Adora were disgustingly affectionate in public as if life were one big backdrop to their relationship. Catra inwardly cringed at the dopey smiles they gave each other as they spoke amongst themselves. They were probably talking about how sweet and pretty the other was. Glimmer settled down in the seat across from them and Catra perched on the edge of her own.

Scorpia gasped. "Oh, my gosh! I love your makeup!"

"Oh, thanks!" With the lack of time and resources, Glimmer had apparently done a good job of fixing herself up. Catra could agree that she looked good too. "And I love yours!"

With that, Scorpia and Glimmer started talking about... Whatever they were talking about. It sounded like something she couldn't be bothered to care about based on that *way* too excited inflection. It was most likely small talk, considering that the two only knew each other through Adora.

"What're you ordering?" Adora flipped through her options on a small menu, though Catra had only ever seen her eat vegetables and too-raw meat. Maybe a pastry if Scorpia made it for her.

"Alcohol", Catra scoffed.

"It's eleven!"

"And it's five in the afternoon in some other part of the world." Catra ignored Adora's further protesting as she nudged Glimmer's side. "Want anything?"

"Wine?" She made that soft expression. It was supposed to be a polite one, Catra could tell, but it sent chills down her spine.

Adora shook her head. "You too?"

"Time *is* a social construct", Glimmer explained, smiling. "And who knows when I'm going to get to drink again? I have to be out of here by five!"

Catra swallowed the lump in her throat. The thing that she had been trying to ignore all morning had hurtled back to her full force. She picked herself up out of the seat and suppressed a hiss as best as she could. "Red wine for the princess, right?"

"White!" Glimmer rolled her eyes.

As she made her way to the counter, there were a set of footsteps stumbling beside her. "What'd you want, Scorpia?"

"Are you dating her yet?" The excited chirp of her voice was not the same one she used with Glimmer. This was airier and less repressed. "Do you guys hold hands? Oh! Do you have cute names on your phones?"

"Cute names. Sure", Catra answered dryly.

"Unbelievably Spoiled Fucking Brat" was the number she texted today to invite her co-worker out. No double texts or emojis. It was simply an invitation to celebrate her promotion. Glimmer never saw it.

"But she's leaving without you?" Scorpia frowned, holding her ruby-red nails up to her black lips. "Is this a *Romeo and Juliet* type of thing?" She paused as if her words were always a tad bit delayed from her thoughts. "Wait, never mind. They killed themselves in the end; that's not romantic at all!"

It wasn't supposed to be. *Romeo and Juliet* was intended as a tragedy, not a romance. But idiots like Catra didn't see it that way at first.

And yet Catra couldn't bring herself to tell her old childhood friend any of this. From the look of it, Scorpia was having all of her relationship's needs met. If it weren't for the adorable promise ring she wore on her fingers and the color on her cheeks as Adora suddenly stopped talking to Glimmer, it wouldn't have been as obvious. Scorpia had a personality that made Catra's special sixth sense hard to use. She was always trying to be content with her predicaments, which was exactly why she shifted her weight from one hip to the other instead of immediately retreating.

Scorpia didn't order anything with Catra as she stumbled back over to her girlfriend. She leaned into Adora's half-embrace, her eyes pleading and her legs crossing from under the table. Catra set down the drinks easily, resisting the urge to roll her eyes.

"Hey, are you okay?" Glimmer didn't give thanks before sipping her wine. She was evidently worried about Scorpia, who was probably seconds away from completely embarrassing herself.

"She's fine", Adora's reassurance got Glimmer to lean back in her chair and take another sip.

"Anyway", Catra seethed around the lip of her glass. "Congratulations, Sparkles."

"Yeah!" Adora added on with enough enthusiasm for both her and Scorpia, who was still flushed pink. "This is such a great opportunity for you! Japan's not going to know what hit them!"

Glimmer's laughter was like church bells. "Oh, they might. I'm going back home! All of those stupid college classes for this!"

"Yup", Catra swirled the contents of her cup, pushing away the stinging sense of nostalgia that had always come along with Glimmer. It would stay that way now. "All of that...for this."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

dear reader,

i have decided to give a chapter content heads up in the summaries. i have always considered it the polite thing to do when reading a kinky fic like this. it will be under this note, if you want to have it (it might be a little "spoily").

best regards,

herc

///

cc: semi-public sex, remote controlled vibrators, thigh riding, biting

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Chapter Notes

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

Scorpia and Catra's relationship had always been... strained.

That was to say that even though Scorpia was pretty sure they had always been best of friends, other people always thought they were something else. Neither of them cared too much about what anyone else said about this relationship. It had nothing to do with anyone else. They were fish in a bowl, meant to be watched and not touched.

She figured the same thing applied to Adora, an outsider of their small fishbowl. As much as she loved her girlfriend, Scorpia knew that Adora was never going to shrink herself enough to ever get in the fishbowl, never mind if she would actually crouch down to look inside of it.

The trip back to their apartment from the restaurant had been *agonizing*. Her lungs tightened with the idea that she might have made a sound she couldn't take back. She shuffled in place behind Catra, who was at the wheel of this very expensive car, and leaned further into Adora, who had her hand grazing high up her skirt.

Boy, had she really pissed Adora off today! On a surface level, she knew that it really didn't count as "anger" per se. Adora never *really* got angry. Maybe it was "frustration"? Or maybe it was more like rousing a beehive, waiting for the swarm of insects to arrive to get to the honey?

Regardless!

She had to deal with the buzzing sensations Adora was giving her. They'd agreed on it before meeting Catra and Glimmer. They didn't *know*. Scorpia was consumed with her shame. And then a flicker of pleasure. And then it was back to being ashamed.

There was nothing else she could do but stare outside of the window and watch the world going by in a blur. Every few seconds she got to hold Adora's hand and she squeezed it hard enough to communicate if she was losing control of the situation. It was happening more frequently now and she pressed her palm against her mouth to make sure she was quiet enough.

"You're smudging your lipstick", it was Catra who reminded Scorpia, making eye contact with her in the rearview mirror. Catra had eyes like the cosmos. The aureate rings around the darkness of her pupils were stardust, and the outer mix of green and brown the nebulae holding everything in place and giving Catra a consistently inquisitive look. A far, far away stare sometimes, like she was never truly in the present moment.

Adora's eyes were beautiful too, but they were more Earthly and Scorpia often took her time when describing them. There was so much to appreciate about the planet she was already living on. Sometimes the thought of deep space scared Scorpia as much as it inspired her anyway.

It was her current girlfriend who offered her a napkin to wipe the black prints on the palm of her hand. "T-Thanks", Scorpia attempted to sound polite, clutching Adora's free hand as if her life depended on it.

"Of course", Adora answered plainly, rubbing her thumb in little circles over the sensitive spaces between her fingers. "Feeling any better?"

Technically, yes. She was feeling great. Maybe *too* great.

Scorpia smiled. "F-Fine."

She just hoped that it wasn't so obvious to anyone else but her and Adora.

There was Glimmer here too sitting in the passenger's seat. She hadn't really talked as much to Catra, which was strange because Scorpia was *pretty* sure that they were dating or something! It was also possible that at some point she had mistaken one thing for something else... But there were *a lot* of things.

Statistically, that didn't make sense that all of the stolen glances and brushing of knuckles and puffed-out chests were *all* wrong—that was something Adora might have said, trying to sound so smart and above the situation, like she always tried to be.

Well, Scorpia could be above the situation too! She loved watching sappy, romantic movies and, even better, the long, convoluted "will they won't they" plotlines from TV shows. It always felt real to her, despite never quite knowing if it was possible in real life. It didn't

matter. "Statistically speaking" she didn't care about what was and wasn't likely to happen; she just needed some sort of satisfying conclusion.

And this—Catra drove into the half-underground parking lot of Glimmer's building and gave a smooth "Ready?" They left together *almost* touching hands!—This was *not* ramping up to a satisfying conclusion!

"You don't need help, do you?" Adora rolled down her window, calling after the pair.

"No!" Glimmer huffed, shooting a glare to the other woman taking longer strides to the elevator. "Thank you!"

As soon as the window closed again, Scorpia rotated herself to face Adora, her hands clasped in front of her pleadingly. "Are they *dating*?"

"Why are you so obsessed?" Adora was blunt about it. They were discussing the same thing earlier, though Adora only humored the idea to distract Scorpia from reaching her limits too quickly. She averted her sky-blue gaze for a few moments, thinking. "Uh... I've known Glimmer for a long time..."

This fact never did bite into Scorpia as much as she supposed it should have. "Okay? Get to the good part!"

"I'm not sure? Like, I don't think it's anything serious."

Her heart soared. "Not anything serious" didn't mean "not dating" and that was good enough for Scorpia! She placed her hands on her cheeks, imaging that she could play the wingwoman character that she knew Catra would desperately need with her pretty eyes, but needlessly harsh attitude. "Oh!" She cooed mostly to herself. "That's good!"

"This isn't one of your rom-com movies", Adora chided, though she seemed amused. "They're not going to appreciate you trying to play cupid."

"Play cupid?"

That sounded even cuter than "wingwoman"! She bit her lip, wondering if she should wear something pink to go along with—

"No, interfering with our friend's relationship!" The rough, authoritative tone of voice sent chills down her spine. Adora waggled one finger in front of Scorpia's face as if she were some sort of very misbehaved pet. The other hand was hidden in the depths of her jean's pocket. "Okay?"

At this, Scorpia couldn't bring herself to respond verbally. She crossed her legs as tightly as she could from under her skirt, hoping that her blush didn't look as deep as it felt on her skin.

Adora smirked. "I'll take that as a yes, then."

But it wasn't a "yes". It wasn't an anything. It was a whine because Scorpia could do nothing else while Adora had just one hand over the trigger to her demeanor. In one moment, she

could be as loud and bubbly as she wanted, and in the next, she was completely out of control, bending to Adora's will.

She nestled against Adora's shoulder, afraid that someone else would see that she was not under her own influence (and even more afraid that she would actually like that happening to them). It was one thing where they would play pretend that Scorpia's plushies were alive. She didn't think they were. She *hoped* they weren't because she was a heavy sleeper, and she tended to wake up crushing them in her embrace! Either way, she was beginning to rub against her own inner thighs, the idea of being watched making her punishment for disobeying earlier all the more difficult to handle.

Besides giving up her ability to speak freely, Scorpia was excited to be tortured the whole day, clutching Adora's hand for her to stop when she couldn't take it anymore and waiting for their friends to return. Though she was having plenty of fun outside, Scorpia couldn't wait to be home already. When this was over, she usually got to take a bubble bath that Adora prepared for her... It was probably as close as they were going to get to a fishbowl in their relationship.

"Shut up!" Glimmer shoved Catra out of her way as soon as the elevator opened up to her floor. Her cheeks were hot with embarrassment. Or anger. She couldn't tell the difference with Catra, as much as she tried to.

"You don't believe me?" Catra didn't so much as flinch. The shove wasn't meant to be that forceful anyway. The tall, condescending woman snickered. "You never believe me!"

Tall and condescending as she may be, Glimmer wasn't about to let her have her way. "I have no *reason* to believe you", she scowled, taking the keys to her apartment out of her purse. "You're just... jealous."

"Jealous?" Once inside, Catra's kitten heels treaded on Glimmer's carpet with the preciseness of an intruder. Like she didn't want to upset the air around her, despite reaching out to touch the various taped boxes stacked on the couch. "You really didn't pack much of anything to be moving."

"I'm having the other stuff sent later."

It was a weak defense, mostly because Glimmer didn't want or need to explain herself to Catra. Why should she? Catra didn't care that she was leaving. She even invited their happy-go-lucky friends out to congratulate the fact that they would finally be out of each other's hair. Out of each other's clothes. She wished she could say *beds* but they had never respected each other enough for that.

And now they never would.

"Adora's gonna do it for you?" Catra's perfectly shaped eyebrow slanted.

Glimmer already knew where this was going. But she played along away. "Yeah. She is. She's actually *really* good at doing things for me."

"You still say 'jump' and she still says 'how high', huh?"

Glimmer didn't think that Catra was being unreasonable. She and Adora had actually been in a bed together before, and though it was never obvious, they had loved each other. They still did, too. But this wasn't the type of love that could hold a romance together for longer than a few months at a time. It was the type that made them best friends even after the fact.

She didn't know Adora's new girlfriend that well, and honestly never intended to. But Scorpia was cute and very polite in the way she talked to Glimmer. They could be friendly and respectful to each other, which Glimmer found washed away the stigma that came with staying friends with past lovers. Besides, it was heartwarming to know that Adora had moved on with someone who wasn't trying to escape her problems all of the time. Scorpia would stay tightly latched onto her. Head over heels.

Catra moved on from prodding at the moving boxes as if she couldn't even stay committed to her own tease. "So", she opened Glimmer's empty fridge, found nothing, and closed it. "Should we get started, or are you going to just stand there and look pretty?"

At this, Glimmer's cheeks were warm again. With anger. "Yeah, let's go... We shouldn't keep Adora and Scorpia waiting."

"Yeah, just in case you wanted to catch them in the act!" Sometimes Catra could be so *immature* and *annoying*. And Glimmer knew that she knew this. If the smirk sharpening on her lips wasn't telling enough, she also went to push back her short, dusky hair. That was something Glimmer could be taunted with and Catra seemed to know it. "What are you? Some kind of pervert?"

Catra seemed to "know everything". The implication that she thought of herself this way wasn't why Glimmer was so upset about it. She'd had known that much about her rival their first time meeting anyway. Glimmer heaved a box from the top of the stack, one filled with her clothes that would be appropriate for the trip.

"*I'm* not, because *they're* not..."

"They *are*", Catra cut in, her voice smooth. She took the box away, setting it down by the door. "I've known Scorpia for a *very* long time."

For whatever reason, this fact bit into Glimmer like the teeth of a wild animal. And when that happened, she had no other choice but to fight back. To get it off and away from her. "So, you think Scorpia's just as bad as you are because you can't handle it yourself? That you just might be fucked up all by yourself?"

Glimmer hadn't really understood why she used that rough, accusing tone of voice until Catra had dropped the next box at her feet, squared her strong, slender shoulders, and lowered her

voice.

"*By myself?*" Strikingly green eyes scanned Glimmer up and down. She had no choice but to freeze, her chill bumps rising with an undercurrent of heat. The last time Glimmer was cornered, it was because she had asked to be. This moment of Catra's face so close to her own, and her breath hitching in her throat like thorns...

It was exactly what she wanted.

Simultaneously, Glimmer was pushed back into the couch while tugging Catra in. She liked the condescending, acrid hiss against her earlobe, fingernails digging into her wrists, and the sting of her words. "Adora is fucking Scorpia *silly* and there's absolutely *nothing* you can do about it."

Glimmer couldn't tell who this reminder was for. She didn't care at the moment, either. Her rational senses were fading away with the teeth grazing her neck. It was always one of Catra's softer gestures towards her. She would never leave anything behind unless she was asked to. Being bitten was the best part about all of this. Something like a vampire's bite, but Catra sucked away deeply rooted contempt rather than blood.

But this time, Glimmer pulled her in closer, until she was forced to lean over her fully. Like they trusted each other enough to be so close like this. Like she trusted her annoying, immature rival enough not to hurt her, at the moment. Catra's legs settled on either side of her thigh, letting out a satisfied hum.

"Shouldn't keep Adora and Scorpia waiting, huh?" Catra laughed. It was almost cute.

"Shut up", her command was soft.

And so, Catra did. Whatever rivalry they had only disappeared for a few minutes at times like these with Catra nestled against her breasts and her hands sliding down the hem of her shirt to get to the "good part". There was nothing to prove to each other. Catra was good at forcing her back to arch; and Glimmer was good at making Catra a pathetic creature, the likes of which she had already known her to be.

To have someone constantly on her heels, waiting for the moment she would falter in her demeanor—it took a lot of work. A lot of dedication. And passion. She had admired all of this as much as she hated it about Catra. Her focus was so honed on all of the wrong things. That was why Glimmer was promoted this year and not Catra, though her time would come. It was honestly just luck that she had been promoted first. Considering how distracted Glimmer was this year.

So distracted that she forgot to bite back her sounds of approval at Catra's teeth and fingernails and hips working simultaneously. She was always working for something, and Glimmer accepted that she wouldn't stop doing this for even a second. It was a constant state of being.

If she had wanted Catra to speak, there probably would have been a lot to say. Their noses were touching and, though neither of them had ever said it out loud, they kissed an awful lot

like people that *didn't* hate each other. It was a strange sensation every time she had the other woman's tongue sliding sweetly on her own. But, for reasons she couldn't understand, there was no twinge of unfamiliarity at the feverish pant against her lips or the steady roll of Catra's center on her bare thigh.

She did feel bad that there was no time to return the favor to Catra at the restaurant. It was "nice", and Glimmer had been overcome with jolts of excitement and dreamy euphoria. She wasn't *supposed* to be having fun, but she was. She wasn't *supposed* to keep her friends in the parking lot waiting, but she pawed at the front of Catra's dress shirt and gave one of her nipples attention with the tip of her tongue anyway.

Catra's tempo was wild now as Glimmer decided it was worth treating her nicely today and looking her in the eyes. Anyone would be able to get lost in that glare. Except Glimmer was never glared at. She'd seen it before directed at the poor fools who didn't think through upsetting Catra; fools who didn't realize that they were not going to win a fight with her. Everything that they seemed to be on the outside would have made Glimmer think she was one of these fools but...

Catra's pupils expanded almost to the edges of the blend of hazel and gold. Fury and fervor. She leaned into Glimmer's embrace, unable to keep herself up against her orgasm. They weren't *supposed* to be still looking each other in the eyes or pushing their lips together through the afterglow. She wanted to tell Catra to *let go of her hand* and that if they kept their fingers laced together like this, they might actually want to stay this way.

Usually, Catra was only ever interested in biting and licking around the exposed skin of her breasts. But this time she was just nuzzled there. Listening to her heart beating. Like a predator that wanted to know that their prey was still alive and fit to play with. Glimmer rolled her eyes.

"We still have to go", she croaked, feeling that Catra had left her senses heightened. She was too sensitive between her legs to be as angry with her rival as she should have been.

"You can't shut up for five minutes", Catra purred.

"I'm serious."

But it didn't matter. Glimmer was *always* serious. It never made a difference. Still, neither of them moved. Neither of them said anything about their fingers being intertwined. Or the kiss pressed on her top lip where it should have been curled in hatred.

"I wish you'd stay here with me longer."

Glimmer blinked. Something sharp and sizzling filled her chest, more powerful than the heat of Catra's tongue back on her bare skin, lapping at her hardened nipple. She shoved Catra back, startling herself at the *slam* her body made on the carpet. "What?"

"Ow!" Catra hissed, holding the back of her head. "What the hell?"

"Don't say things like *that*", Glimmer hissed back, wishing her voice wasn't so high pitched. She held the top of her shirt, covering herself up. Hoping she wasn't as flushed as she felt. Praying to whoever was listening that the pounding of her heart wasn't because she had finally heard what she wanted to hear and not what she needed to hear. "Don't *ever* say things like that!"

"Say things like *what*?"

With those eyes staring back at her, she couldn't think of how to defend herself. Staring and not glaring. Nothing that she *wanted* to say aloud would answer those unasked questions. "Just..." Glimmer sighed and turned her face away. "Just get out. Take the girls home."

After a stretch of silence, Catra stood up, smoothed out her dress shirt and pants that had bunched up around her knees somewhere in the process of getting off, and opened her mouth... "I'm going to straighten this"—she gestured to her ruffled hair—"out so that we...*I'm* not so obvious."

Glimmer wasn't sure why her gut felt hollowed out as Catra strode into her nearly empty washroom. "Hurry up", she called over her shoulder, holding the spot on her neck where she was certain Catra had left a mark. She wasn't going to go check it in the mirror.

"Do you think they need help?"

Scorpia *did* think that they needed help, but not in the same context as Adora meant. Of course, she also wasn't sure how she was supposed to answer this question when she was very purposefully edged to near no return. She could only give a little nod, certain that Adora would get it confused anyway.

Finally, though, Catra had returned to her car. Her hair was a bit more pushed back than it had been before, and Scorpia noticed this because she had always known her friend to have ruffled hair. She didn't want to seem like she was trying too hard, unlike Scorpia who was always dressed up like an "air-headed princess". Well as an adult, Scorpia found that she liked being an air-headed "princess". And Catra liked being the one who "never cared" and "wasn't trying too hard".

"I thought you were going to bring some boxes downstairs?" Adora ignored Scorpia's hand squeeze this time, probably to keep her quiet. "What happened?"

"Nothing. Glimmer decided to stay upstairs a bit longer. Something about a headache", Catra groused and rubbed the back of her own head. "Maybe too much wine."

No... that was a lie. Scorpia was never that great at telling Catra's lies from her truths, which meant that she had been especially torn up about *something*. It wasn't that Scorpia could *tell* more so than Catra was unable to tell a convincing lie at the moment. She lifted her head from Adora's shoulder and squeaked in surprise at the vibrations heightening between her legs. Was she not allowed to talk *at all* today? She didn't think that Adora would be so dead set on keeping her quiet... The pressure building in her core was becoming *unbearable*.

With the mix of Catra glaring at them in the rearview mirror and the hours upon hours of build-up, Scorpia finally let go of Adora's hand in favor of holding her entire body in a hug. If she wasn't going to listen, then she'd just have to feel and see.

If they were still teenagers, Catra might have shouted "fucking get a room!" And it looked like she wanted to, but she was older now. Her hair was pushed back. She was a little more refined. Unlike Adora who stared with wide pupils and a blush that implied that she knew she went too far this time. It was okay. Scorpia didn't mind this time. In fact, she stifled her whine as Adora went back into her jean's pocket at lowered the vibrations altogether.

Without another word, Catra started up the car.

Chapter End Notes

these four are basically that lesbian stereotype of everyone dating everyone at some point in their lives and they still choose to be friendly with each other

I'm not going to tag "glimmadora" or "scorptra" since they're past a relationship and implication respectively and tagging "minor" or "past" still shows up in their major tags

End Notes

the consistent theme of my she-ra works is that i get an idea from my muse (scorpia) and it sprouts into something bigger. same thing applies here, but now i am eager to explore this relationship between glimmer and catra... they're definitely spicy :)

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