Quarantine Oneshots

A series of WLW oneshots.

(Ship names are included in each chapter title, so feel free to pick and choose as you please!)

Chapter 99: Dinah and Helena find out that people are writing stories about them online.

THIS SERIES IS COMPLETE
Greatest Change: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta returns to Martha after several weeks away.

Chapter Notes

"Greatest Change (Legend of Korra OST)" by Jeremy Zuckerman

CHAPTER GUIDE (I would really suggest reading these in chapter order, but in case you're looking for something in particular, here's a guide)

Smut: 6 (Hippolyta/Karathen), 19 (Huntress/Wonder Woman), 40 (Martha/Hippolyta), 49 (Huntress/Black Canary), 81 (Martha/Hippolyta)

Helena/Dinah epic (chronological): 77, 75, 60, 88, 89, 70, 71, 52, 44, 41, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 93, 48, 49, 27, 85, 82, 24, 45, 91, 99, 84, 28, 20, 22, 43, 80, 69, 56, 94, 95, 83

The Sun and the Moon continuation (Martha/Hippolyta): 1, 8, 10, 13, 16, 23, 26, 35, 40, 54, 55, 59, 62, 66, 72, 74, 76, 81, 86, 92, 96, 98

Other ships:
Harley/Ivy: 2, 67
Antiope/Menalippe: 3
Hippolyta/Karathen: 5, 6, 98
SuperCorp: 9, 12, 21, 50
WonderPoison: 4, 12, 53

Lesbian Stardew Valley: 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 36, 37, 39, 63, 73, 97

Backstories: Circe (7), Helena (25), Hippolyta/Heracles (34), Donna Troy (38), Huntress (44), Hera (46-47), Renee Montoya (64), Helena (79), Myrrha (90)

Historic Amazon: 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 58, 65, 68, 78, 87, 90

Hippolyta being a player: 4-5 (Karathen), 7 (Circe), 59 (Atlan/Sala), 86-87 (Suitors)

Helena/Diana: 14, 57, 51, 60, 79

Justice For All continuations: 53, 58

Baby Donna: 8, 10, 16, 23, 33, 76

Antiope is mentioned: 3, 11, 35, 47 (barely), 53, 55, 65, 68, 78, 87, 97

Senator Martha Kent: 26, 61, 62, 42, 66, 83
“Don’t get up.”

It’s been weeks. Weeks of straining for whispers and rumors from the West, news from the scuffle. She could have crushed them all with her fist, scattered their remains across the Lethe, but no, the sinners must be treated with dignity, tamed and restored to order like the children they are.

The pillow that is smothered against Martha’s face is soft, the mattress beneath her bones is soft—and the cool fingertips that brush against her quilt-covered backside are soft. The fire is crackling in the background, the sound a warm, familiar comfort in itself.

She should get up, if only to whack her wife’s arm for taking so long, making her oversee Hestia’s Festival alone—not that she has anything against Hestia, who is one of the more reasonable of her sisters, but she was never one for wild dances around the fire, much less eight full days of barefoot bonfire dancing, with braying herds of donkeys crowding the town square, and bakers and millers strolling about, roaring with laughter, hanging flowers and loaves of bread onto everything that moved…

Hippolyta slides naked into bed behind her, and she presses a light kiss to Martha’s bared backside.

“Mmmpph.”

“Don’t—”

But Martha has already heaved herself over with much pomp and circumstance, drawn to her wife like metal to a magnet, and Hippolyta tsks as her little human burrows against her. The Queen’s pecs may not be as soft as a feather pillow, but Martha rubs her face against them until the goddess gets the point and wraps her arms around her, pulling her close.

I’ve missed you, she wants to say, pressing a light kiss against hard muscle. You took your time out there, she wants to say, breathing in the familiar scent of her lover: warm sunlight against skin, cool spring water from deep mountain pools, that fresh, forestry soap she uses when she bathes. She smells nothing like how a warrior in tight leather armor should smell, nothing like the sweaty farmers who worked out in the fields all day would smell, nothing like how Clark, despite being a remarkably good son, would smell after football practice, or after some showerless globetrotting, or after zipping around the galaxies, collecting cosmic dust…

“Lyta…”

But the only thing that manages to escape her tired lips is a soft sigh of her wife’s name. Hippolyta kisses the top of her head in response, and Martha wants to say more, but she only tangles her fingers in golden hair, closes her eyes, and slips back into the comforting embrace of sleep, peaceful and unworried for the first time in weeks.

Chapter End Notes
Fun Fact I: In the spirit of unity (or something), I'm writing a oneshot for each day that I'm self-quarantining. I don't have the coronavirus that I know of, but I'm staying in as much as I can in order to not spread the virus, etc. etc. etc. (Honestly, I take a break from writing for TWO MONTHS and all hell breaks loose???).

Fun Fact II: Feel free to suggest some WLW ships! I don't branch out from DC very much, but hey, I have nothing but time now, right? :P

Fun Fact III: I usually listen to one song on repeat on any given day that I write, so I'm including the song names in the chapter titles/notes because I've always wanted to do a series of oneshots that does that!

Fun Fact IV: It's oneshots and it's a quick turnaround so don't expect anything too groundshaking... I'm just trying to make life a little more livable :)

A Goddamn Order I: Stay safe and healthy or else!
Ready To Let Go: Harley Quinn/Poison Ivy

Chapter Summary

Harley muses on what might've happened if she and Ivy met in a more professional setting.

Chapter Notes

"Ready To Let Go" by Cage the Elephant

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They could’ve met at college.

Maybe not as students, but as colleagues. Seasoned professionals at a conference, maybe, surrounded by their respective posse of students and coworkers. Ivy would be presenting, and Harley would be listening from the audience with marked interest. And then maybe after the presentation and the polite applause was over, she would make her way to the front of the room, and stand in line with the other academics in their lanyards and smart casual outfits and comfortable shoes, and she’d extend her hand and say something inadequate like,

Nice job... I really enjoyed that.

“Fuck! Grab the wheel!”

And then they’d shake hands, and Ivy—or would it be Pam? Pamela?—would look at her like a scientist, and she’d look back at her like a psychiatrist, and they’d exchange pleasantries and names and then maybe, on the last night of the conference, there would be a reception, a fancy reception, and Ivy would be in a dress, some slinky thing that showed off her impressive backside, and Harley would be in a suit, something sparkly and unorthodox that made her feel bold, confident, secure—

And there would be alcohol, heavy flirting, heavier innuendo, and they’d stumble up to someone’s hotel room, and there would be horrible puns like, You know 60% of the human body is water, and I am feeling T.H.I.R.S.T.Y.—

“Babe, watch the road!”

A flashing sign that says Speed Limit 35 nearly rips the car in two, but Harley just laughs and jams the accelerator. Green vines are funneling out from Ivy’s arms, wrapping around the shadows chasing them, and there are wild yells, curses, car horns...

They might’ve fallen asleep in each other’s arms, and then showered together in the morning before going down to brunch. They might’ve never seen each other again, or they might’ve kept in touch, uprooted, moved in together, become an academic power couple, had a big house and a dog and a baby or two...
A bullet whistles past Harley’s head, and she’s slammed on the breaks before Ivy has to the chance to tell her to, and her trusty hammer’s whirling in her hands, and Ivy has her back, and it’s all flashing lights, snapping bones, wailing sirens and wailing men, pure, unquenched chaos—

They could’ve done it, the domestic life.

But what would’ve been the fun in that?

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I've never written these two before so please be gentle haha. But I had a few ideas I didn't quite get to work into this one so maybe I'll come back to this couple later!

Fun Fact II: Thanks again so much to everyone who read/commented on the last chapter! I'm really having a blast writing little series. Keep those suggestions coming!!

Fun Fact III: Next up, Antiope/Menalippe!
**Intro: Antiope/Menalippe**

Chapter Summary

A short scene from the beginnings of Antiope and Menalippe's romance.

Chapter Notes

"Intro" by The xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s easier in wartime.

In wartime, it’s easy to be reckless. It’s easy to be bold, to cast all worries to the wind in the face of death. But in the quiet calm of peace, when words are more carefully chosen, and moments are more carefully lived… everything seems damningly consequential.

“These are wonderful. Thank you, General.”

Menalippe’s smile is serene as she lowers her graceful head to breathe in the clumsy bouquet of wild flowers, and when she looks up, her gaze is warm, inviting, as if she is about to step back from the doorway of her simple forest home and ask her in. But Antiope only turns sharply without another word and marches away, face flaming, cursing herself with each step.

For others, it seems so simple. When the royal family of Colchis arrived in the throne room just last week, Hippolyta needed only raise an appraising eyebrow at the beautiful princess, flanked as she was by her elderly parents, and Antiope knew that the woman would be in the Queen’s bed before the night was out.

And she was.

The training field is glowing as rosy-fingered dawn stretches her arm across the sky, and when Antiope’s hand closes around the leather-wrapped hilt of her sword, she feels her cheeks beginning to cool at last.

It’s not jealousy, exactly. Antiope has many skills of her own, skills that she has honed for centuries, and she is a legend herself amongst her people, across the nations. And it is not that she is unloved: there is profound closeness between her and her sisters, intimacy, warmth, camaraderie.

But there is more. There is more to this, to all of this, to their second chance at life. More than the comfortable banter she shares with her fellow Amazons. More than the mutually infuriating bond she shares with her sister. More than the rituals they perform, the ceremonies, the festivals.

Sometimes, when Hippolyta is not occupied with ravishing one or several favored guests, Antiope will slip into her sister’s chambers and crawl into bed with her, occasionally getting a knife to the throat, fooling no one—but once the pretense of exasperation has faded away, Hippolyta will draw
her into her arms, kissing her forehead, soft and protective.

*You have much love in your heart, sister. Perhaps you could appeal to Hera…*

But Antiope dismisses such elite notions. She does not need the Goddess of Marriage to find her a mate, like she is a wealthy son or a beautiful princess. Neither does she desire the ravenous life her sister leads, nights filled with violent passions, writhing bodies.

Love, in all its quiet, simple beauty. That is all. To exist together by choice, to be near one another rather than apart.

The morning is over. The sun is shining overhead, and the Amazons are eying one another, waiting for Antiope to release them to the noon meal. A dismissive wave of her hand is all they need, and then they are crowding each other as they make their way to the marketplace, to their homes lining the pathways, to the fields. Her own home is near the training field, and she knows that there is bread, wine, and a block of hard cheese scattered somewhere about her shelves—

“Antiope?”

No one can surprise the General of the Amazons. But Antiope shields her eyes as she gazes across the field, even though she recognizes that voice. Menalippe is standing with her back to the sea, the salty breeze plucking at the soft folds of her tunic, a basket beneath her arm. The flowers Antiope had given her in the cool dusk of morning are woven through her hair.

She has never looked more beautiful.

Antiope approaches, her feet all at once feeling heavy, ungraceful in the presence of a goddess. As she draws near, she sees the basket is filled with food: fresh bread from the bakers, ripe fruit, soft goat cheese, a heavy flagon of rich wine.

“Will you share in the midday meal with me?”

It is an ordinary question. They will never tell this story around the campfire, never whisper it from generation to generation. But Antiope gazes down at the image of perfection before her, and she understands. It is a choice, a mutual understanding, quiet desires, simple pleasures...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Thanks so much for reading! I've barely written these two, and so this was fun! I'm fairly comfortable in their world (I hope), but I feel like fleshing out their characters is pretty much up to the writer since we don't really get that much from the movie (I headcanon that Antiope's just a big softie underneath all that muscle).

Fun Fact II: This is set before Heracles and waaaay before Martha, aka this is Hippolyta in her prime—not that she's ever not in her prime, but this is her in her prime wooing days (the princess she's raising her eyebrows at in the beginning there is pre-evil Circe).

Fun Fact III: Apparently I'm hungry. Someone please send me some goat cheese or maybe some wine
Fun Fact IV: Three chapters in and I'm already behind with reviews! :P Sorry about that, this chapter ended up being longer than I anticipated, and now it's late, so I promise I'll get to them tomorrow!
Baby Diana asks her mother for a wife.

“Mother, I desire a wife.”

It is several moments before Hippolyta raises her head and appraises the child, a smile tugging at her lips. The wording is precise. When the Amazons bring petitions to their Queen, there is a ritual they must follow... My Queen, I need an extra yoke of oxen to plow the fields. That word, need, it indicates necessity, immediate, life or death. My Queen, we request permission to dig a channel along the main road in order to increase the turn of the water mill. A request is typically for a convenience. Something helpful, a practicality.

But desire… these are things of the heart. Of the body. One desiring to take another before the eyes of the gods. Or another desiring leave from her duties to devote herself for time to her patron: Artemis, Athena, Aphrodite.

Tell me your desires, Hippolyta would command, and even the strongest of Amazons would quake as they dropped to their knees before her, and more often than not, she would give them all they asked.

“Oh, my little sun and stars…”

Diana’s lower lip has already pushed out into a pout, as if she can hear the amusement in her mother’s voice. Hippolyta sweeps her up and into her lap, pressing a light kiss to the top of her head, combing her fingers through her mussed hair.

“Very well, daughter,” the Queen says, forcing herself to speak in a grave voice. “Who is it you desire to make your wife?”

Diana kicks her little feet, and her hands have reached out to grip at the comforting folds of her mother’s robe.

“She must—she must be nice.”

“Yes, we must certainly find you a wife who is nice,” Hippolyta says solemnly, wrapping her arms around her precious baby’s shoulders.

“And she must be strong, strong like Io!” Diana’s face lights up, her finger pointing up to the ceiling as if this is a marvelous idea. Hippolyta privately agrees that Io’s muscles are a marvelous
idea indeed, but her daughter is not yet finished.

“And she must be fun. Like Cydippe. She plays games. Fun games.”

“Indeed, my child?” Hippolyta pretends to consider this, then she goes on. “And must she not also be innovative, like Epione? Or cunning like General Antiope? Or intelligent, like Mnemosyne?”

Diana wrinkles her nose, dismissing these suggested qualities with a stubborn shake of her head, but any smart retorts she may have given are immediately interrupted by a squeal of laughter and a cry of *Maaaaaaaaa* as her mother smothers her in her arms, rising to carry her giggling little miracle baby to her bed, where miracle babies belong.

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Two thousand years later, Diana returns from Man’s World, and there is a woman in her arms. Hippolyta watches her with narrowed eyes, and by the night’s end, it is all she can do to contain her own bitter laughter—because this woman is not nice. She is not nice, she is not strong if her bony frame is any indication, and she is certainly not fun.

But she is innovative, Dr. Isabel Maru. She is as equally innovative in the art of death as Epione is in the art of life… and she is cunning. Already, Hippolyta can see the flicker in this creature’s eyes, a spitting image of the woman who trained Diana in secret for centuries. And as for intelligence… before the week is out, the Amazons are singing tales of this strange woman’s knowledge, her theories, her wisdom.

*Of all the times you might have chosen to heed me, Diana…*

But her precious gift from the goddesses is happy, and it is because of this unpleasant woman, this one whose head Diana is presently trying to perch a broad hat onto, this one whose face is currently twisted into an ugly scowl that does not quite hide the soft adoration in her eyes.

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**Chapter End Notes**

Fun Fact I: omg Baby Diana was so fun to write!! She's a lot like Donna, although I think Diana's a bit more stubborn, and Donna's a bit more dreamy.

Fun Fact II: Isabel is such a goddamn pain in the ass I love her so much

Fun Fact III: I'm out of requested ideas! I still have Kara/Lena, Korra/Asami, and Hippolyta/Atlanna bouncing around in my head, but please give me more ideas! (Seriously, we may be here for a while...)

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!!
Chapter Summary

Hippolyta meets the Karathen for the first time.

I regret nothing

Chapter Notes

"Seven Devils" by Florence + the Machine

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first time they meet, King Atlan is boasting of his conquests to his royal guests. He is a pompous fool, this creature chosen by the gods to wield power over the oceans, but perhaps it is a necessity, to be full of hot air in order to rule the seas.

*An ancient monster of the deep, so powerful, even the gods could not hold her...*

They keep her in chains with links as thick as a ship, and when Atlan clicks his tongue, she rages forward, the fortified glass separating their worlds shuddering upon impact. But does not give. The king clasps his hands in delight, then spreads them out toward his guests, beaming, waiting for their admiration.

Hippolyta turns instead to gaze into the water. A narrowed eye stares back at her from the murky depths.

She drugs King Atlan’s wine that night, leaves him sprawled in his royal bed, and then she steals down to the cages, stealthy as the Amazon she is.

*The goddesses spoke of you, Amazon.*

The voice is barely a whisper, a ripple across the water. Hippolyta has slipped beneath the surface before the armed guards chance a glance in her direction.

*They called you the salvation of mankind.*

Hippolyta is concentrating on the panel set into the walls of their enormous prison, almost ignoring the amused voice floating out to her through the dark. Atlantean technology is nothing short of ridiculous, unnecessary.

*You are not a man,* she murmurs in response, her voice dampened by the press of water. *Carefully*
now.

The chains slip away, falling softly to the bottom of the sea. It will be a manner of hours, perhaps minutes before Atlan awakens, seizes his trident, and drags her back into captivity. But now—tonight, she is free.

A soft tentacle reaches through the gloom to brush Hippolyta’s cheek, and she does not flinch.

*Take the weapon. Claim your rightful place over them.*

But Hippolyta is already swimming toward the surface.

“She has been asking for you.”

Atlanna’s eyes are sharp, but Hippolyta only laughs and bends down to kiss her.

“You took up with a *man*, Atlanna. Who are you to judge me?”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Thanks for reading, and sorry for any typos! I'm posting this quickly, and I'll come back to edit it tomorrow!!

Fun Fact II: Thanks to Dr_Hoffmans_Mechanic for reminding me that I have this ridiculous ship. There’s another chapter of these two to come!!

Fun Fact III: I don't think Atlan was a dick in the canon, but he did destroy his entire kingdom because he wanted more power so...
All Time Low: Hippolyta/Karathen

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta and the Karathen have an "encounter".

Also this is porn

have fun never being able to look at octopuses again

Chapter Notes

"All Time Low" by Jon Bellion

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Every five hundred years, the Karathen sheds her skin, her old shell falling join the mangled skeletons lining her tomb. The Old King had feared her as much as he loved her, and when he exiled himself for his sins, he took her with him, binding her to his remains.

You are late.

She is curled up in the corner of her cave, and already her back is split down the middle, lifting away, revealing the soft, sensitive flesh underneath. Hippolyta swims forward and tugs carefully, ignoring the hiss of discomfort that rumbles through the water.

I cannot stay for long.

A dog-like whine echos across the chamber, then the Karathen pulls away from herself, sitting up as if from a coffin, pink and shiny and raw, jarringly humanoid, much the same size as her companion.

I have waited five hundred years for this. You will stay for as long as I desire.

But her eyes are teasing as she rises on unsteady legs. Hippolyta reaches out a hand to keep her from collapsing, but the Karathen seizes at her wrist and draws her forward…

Do not hold back, Amazon.

The first time she stops to let Hippolyta breathe, her amphibian-like skin has already lost its shiny hue, and it has hardened into a thin layer of armor.
But her lips are still soft as she slips down, trailing them across the warrior’s cheek, shoulder, torso.

The goddesses gave you too few arms.

But Hippolyta only gives her a knowing smile and reaches down to brush her fingertips over those sharp, grinning teeth.

You did not seem to be complaining a moment ago.

The Karathen sneers, but her tongue flicks out, a sly little snake that is growing longer by the moment, slick and eager as it stretches forward to taste the beads of sweat rising up from the Amazon’s skin. She tastes like warm sand, soft cotton, ripe grain—the things of her homeland, her people, her species. It’s strange, maddening to think of these things, to know that she, for of all her power, is bound to her place in the sea, bound to guard her master’s bones, and yet this puny being can travel the worlds on a whim, taking whomever she pleases…

Beautiful creature… Hippolyta’s hands are warm as they clasp the hard shell of her head, pushing her lower, deeper. Why do you linger, beautiful one? Eat your fill.

The Karathen understands her urgency: soon it will be too late, her renewal will be complete, and they will be left to wait another five hundred years. But still she lingers, savoring this moment, webbed hands—not yet transformed into thick claws—pressing against smooth skin, touching, teasing, caressing, and not until the chamber is echoing with soft pleas does she bow her scaled head to this Queen of the surface world...

By the time the Amazon lets out a final shuddering breath, the Karathen is full-formed and dangerous. She can barely see the now-tiny figure, wrapped as she is in the mass of tentacles: a thousand kisses, a thousand mouths on every inch of skin, all at once.

If only the goddesses gave you a form worthy of your spirit, Hippolyta. We could have ruled this world together.

The Queen groans weakly as the Karathen withdraws, easing slowly away from her pleasure, resisting the urge to contract, to taste her one last time.

When she is freed from her prison by some mongrel half-blood, she assists him willingly enough, and after he has claimed his rightful throne, he allows her to roam. He is not like Atlan, who boasted of his control over the seas. No, this one sets them free, breaking their bonds, freeing their harnesses, releasing their minds.

She is there, watching from the bay when the Amazon’s daughter carries her mother’s body home. She is there, listening, as her people wail in grief at their fallen Queen. She is there, watching from beneath the surface as the smoke rises to hang heavily over the island.
And she is there, waiting, when they scatter her ashes over the water: her deliverer, her chain-breaker, her salvation, returned to her at last.

Chapter End Notes

oops it got sad

Fun Fact I: Thanks for reading!! why did you read this This whole storyline probably should've been a stand-alone, but too late!

Fun Fact II: Some people asked what Hippolyta was like in true god-form after Martha died... and I'm sure at least part of the time, it was like this. :D

Fun Fact III: I headcanon that Hippolyta went to find the Karathen after Atlantis sank (and like, other people, too) and after she found her and they figured out the molting trick, they met up regularly. Atlanna suddenly being there one year was just a nice bonus. (Hippolyta sure does break a lot of hearts, doesn't she???) :D :D

Fun Fact IV: I got a lot of Hippolyta suggestions, so it's a safe bet that tomorrow's chapter will involve her!
The second thing she did was ask about her parents.

The first thing she had done was offer her a small bowl of spiced wine, and she would remember for centuries afterward how frightened the girl had looked as she took the first sip, as if she was afraid the drink would speed through her veins, paralyzing her instantly, leaving her helpless, defenseless.

*My parents?* she had asked, looking puzzled. But Hippolyta had only fixed her with an unwavering stare, soft, but steady, and in time, those green eyes rose to meet hers.

*There was an exchange.*

Helios was father to dozens of children, his taste for the nymphs and nereids and oceanids was nearly as famous as that of Zeus, but even a god has pride, and to send one of his offspring to traverse amongst the humans, even humans as powerful and wealthy as the rulers of Colchis—

*I was not him, it was my mother. She was jealous of me.*

After this shocking confession, she had attempted to seduce her, but she had been nervous, clumsy, and at last, Hippolyta had stopped her, taking her hands, pressing soft kisses against softer skin.

*You are a child.*

But Circe had looked so affronted, Hippolyta almost corrected herself, opening her mouth to reassure her that she was not childish, simply *young*.

*I am two hundred years old, Your Majesty,* she had said angrily, tossing her magnificent mane. *Why—perhaps you could learn a thing or two from ME.*
Hippolyta had smiled at the cobra’s head reeling back to strike at last, but she had reached out and brushed her knuckles down her cheek, that strong, noble jawline marking her as a daughter of the gods. Her cheeks and eyes had not yet sunken into the shadows.

*A woman is not a prize to be won,* Hippolyta had chided, skin against skin, her palm resting now against her throat, a calloused thumb brushing over those red lips. *She is not a reward for those who please the gods.*

She had taken the young goddess’ hand then, leading her to the bed, laying her gently over the cotton sheets.

*She is not a sin who must be purged, purified,* Hippolyta had whispered, lying down beside her, reaching out to touch only her inky tendrils of hair, hair as black as the night. Circe hadn’t looked at her, only stared up at the ceiling, and she had been trembling.

*Let me serve you. Let—let me…*

She was already halfway out of her tunic, undoing her own laces, her eyes hungry and full of wonder. Hippolyta had given her a sideways smile, then propped herself up on one elbow and reached out to take her hand, stopping her.

“Ask me.”

Circe stares. Hippolyta would remember that, too, the way those eyes had blinked at her, uncomprehending. Surely, no one would reject her—*could* reject her, a goddess, a child of a Titan, this girl who ensnared at her betters, whose only place in the world was that of an outcast, a disgraced sinner…

“I desire you,” she tries, her voice halting, embarrassed. “Do you… do you not desire me?”

Centuries later, she would throw dishes and furniture across the room at her, screaming that it had been a trick, it had all been a ruse, that the gods may as well curse the day her ship first landed in her harbor, curse the day they first laid eyes upon each other... but when her hot, burning anger has cooled, she would crawl forward, wrap her arms around her ankles, bend over her feet, sobbing—

*I love you… curse the gods, Hippolyta, I love you. Do you not love me?*

“Yes.”

She has a garden on Hera’s island.

An Amazon appeared shortly after she arrived, asking if she wished to return to the world of men, to the land of the living, but she had laughed in the warrior’s face, and flounced away without a word.

They say she has a garden too, the chosen one. They say she has a chariot that flits about the Underworld, they say she has the favor of the gods, they say she has charmed the people with her gentle spirit, kind heart, bemused smile.

Circe saw her once from afar. She had been weeping.
Hera has no great love for her, for either of them, for anyone. She is nursing her own broken heart, her own disappointments, just as Circe is nursing the wounds that the mad alien’s eyes had blazed across her skin; for all of her enchantments, they heal slowly and leave horrible scars. It is a miracle she was able to blast him onto his back before his fire-eyes had torn across her face. White-hot electricity had ripped across her chest instead. Killed by her own vanity.

They say he returned. They say he was healed and returned to the land of the living.

An apology would have been nice.

“I’m sorry.”

Circe raises an eyebrow.

“Why are you sorry?”

“I don’t know, I just…” Martha Kent peers up at her, then quickly looks away once more. She is actually blushing, and for a split second, Circe remembers that she is alive. That fool Hippolyta could not even wait for her to die—why, wasn’t that the whole trouble in the first place?

“She told me about you.”

Circe’s face must’ve shown some sign of displeasure, because the Queen moves forward, and her hand is warm as she rests it upon the goddess’ scarred forearm.

“No, I mean—” She stops herself, then goes on. “She loved you. Despite everything, she did. And God knows, you two make more sense than...”

Her feet scuff at the newly-overturned dirt. She seems frustrated, this puny human who has captured Queen Hippolyta’s heart, who wears her ring on her finger.

“Why do you speak of such things?” Circe asks, but she is less angry, and more amused. “The gods have spoken, and you have won. Are you so insecure that you must have peace from those who might envy you? I care nothing of the past. Why do you think she sent me here instead of Elysium?”

“I don’t—I am not insecure.”

Circe gives her a look for all that’s worth, and Martha Kent frowns, then she crosses her arms, looking annoyed and adorable.

“I just hope…”

Circe waits patiently for her to finish, but she only looks down and scuffs at the dirt again, and the goddess is left to roll her eyes as she gathers up her basket and gardening tools. But she takes a glance back before she saunters off toward her home, and her voice is soft as she says,

“And that is why she chose you instead of me, Your Majesty.”
Fun Fact I: Oh my GOD this was fun to write!! I'm not a big fan of Circe just being evil for the sake of evil, and I'm equally not a fan of her NOT being evil (a la "Circe" by Madeline Miller), so I hope this was a decent enough interpretation of her.

Fun Fact II: Circe will always be played by Eva Green in my book, and no, I'm not taking any second opinions.

Fun Fact III: Martha is definitely insecure. Insecure is her middle name.

Also?? Fuck Clark for not sending handwritten apologies to every damn person he killed?? Where are his manners?

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! This series turned very quickly into "Hippolyta/every damn woman who ever crossed her path" didn't it? :P (I'm not complaining!)
Donna loves snow, and Hippolyta is late coming home from work (Queen duties?).

"It Came Upon A Midnight Clear" by Sixpence None the Richer

It begins to snow soon after lunch, and by the time they’ve arrived back at the palace, it’s a steady shower. Martha is cold, but Donna apparently has no problem with launching herself sideways out of the chariot and plunging her bare hands into the stuff. She’s wearing a little snowsuit that keeps the snow from seeping through her clothes, but her cheeks are a bright red, and she’s shrieking with laughter as she waddles up and down the palace balconies.

Martha tries multiple times to put mittens onto her little hands, but she pulls them right off, every time. Apparently she wants her magic Amazon hands ready, just in case.

A guard comes with word that the Queen will be missing dinner, and Martha is almost relieved that they won’t have to tromp down to the courtyard in this weather. The torches will be lit, and the Amazons would be unfazed, but nights like this are made for hot soup, a roaring fire, a rocking chair, and a big, cozy blanket.

It’s nights like this that feel nostalgic, like she needs to savor every moment, because soon it will be spring again, and they’ll be so busy getting everything ready: checking all the machinery, clearing and plowing the fields, planting the year’s crops, making lunches for the workers…

Donna wiggles against her chest, making cute little baby noises, and Martha startles from her dozing. The little girl is staring up at her, then she bounces, and Martha sighs.

“No. Go back to sleep. It’s sleeping time, Donna Troy.”

But Donna Troy doesn’t want to sleep, and Martha grumbles, then pulls the blanket more tightly around her shoulders. She sits in silence for another moment, then drags herself to her feet.

*Where the hell is Hippolyta?* she wants to ask the guard standing outside their door, but she’s been the Queen’s wife long enough to know the answer. Donna gives a delighted cry of *AHHHHHH* when she realizes they’re going to the big bed, and when Martha dumps her onto the bedspread, she immediately crawls beneath a heavy bear pelt. It shifts and bulges like it’s about to come back to life, and Martha shakes her head as she lowers herself onto the mattress, massaging her cold limbs with a soft groan.

She’s getting too old for this.
Her little gopher has apparently fallen back asleep, mid-digging, and she doesn’t protest as Martha carefully extracts her from the pile of furs, laying her gently onto the bed beside her, nose to nose, close enough that she can feel every tiny puff of breath from her open mouth. She’s the cutest little baby, and no matter how much of a handful she is, Martha loves her so much, sometimes she can’t breathe from how full her heart is…

A warm blanket envelopes her from behind, and she almost jumps out of her skin. Why did she have to marry a damn goddesses, with her busy schedule and silent feet? But she turns and greets her wife with a whispered, *God, Lyta, you scared me,* and when God Lyta kisses her, she forgets everything: her tired limbs, her frantic day of chasing a baby, her sadness at the passage of time…

“Is there room for one more?”

Martha pulls the new blanket up to her chin and gives her wife a dubious look.

“Hippolyta, there’s room for TEN of you in this bed.”

The Queen grins down at her, then she slips off her thick night robe, miles of blinding skin suddenly bared before Martha’s eyes.

And all of a sudden, she feels awake now.

“Is that what you want?”

Martha blushed and shoots a glance at Donna’s snoring figure, then she reaches out and seizes Hippolyta’s wrist.

“Get in.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It's supposed to snow later tonight and I'm cold and I don't write as well when I'm cold :P But thanks for reading!!

Fun Fact II: I had a longer scene planned, but I'm too cold and tired to write it right now haha. Good thing there will be plenty of opportunities to write it in the near future!

Fun Fact III: Thanks again to everyone who's been following this collection, I do feel like it's going to be quiet a lot longer than the 2 weeks I'd initially anticipated, but I'm in it for the long haul, even if there end up being a few drabbles here and there. Writing these has definitely helped make this quarantine less mind-numbing, and I'm glad some of you have been enjoying them too!

Fun Fact IV: Speaking of weeks, congrats to us, we survived what was a very hectic and anxiety-inducing week, and I hope you and your people are all staying safe and healthy!!
I'm With You: SuperCorp

Chapter Summary

Lena officially ends her friendship with Kara.

Chapter Notes

"I'm With You" by Avril Lavigne

TW: The sun came out for like 2 minutes today, so this is Angsty as hell

EDIT: Quick Supergirl recap in case you stopped following the show: Basically, Kara didn’t tell Lena she was Supergirl, and this went on for a few years, and finally Lex told Lena JUST after she shot him (he died). Kara and Lena aren’t really on speaking terms now, and the last we saw Lena, Kara had just appeared in her apartment and was huffy that Lena hasn’t forgiven her yet and that’s the tea. Oh, and also they live in a parallel universe now because of Crisis.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You took your time.”

The river is folding in on itself, glimmering in the city lights, and if the bridge was a bit higher, the water a bit deeper…

“...Lena?”

Kara emerges from the shadows, glasses on, work bag over her shoulder. She sounds surprised, like she’s never seen her before.

And what an innocent world that would be.

“What are you doing out here? It’s almost midnight, and—and freezing.”

“I was waiting for you.” Her voice is careful, betraying none of the emotion a sentence like that might have. Once, she might’ve imagined saying it, maybe on the couch in her office, or at the counter of Kara’s apartment, her adorable rent-controlled apartment, and they’d be laughing and maybe crying a little, instead of standing here in the dark, staring at each other like they don’t know how to exist in the same world anymore.

“How…” Kara begins, then realization seeps into her shadowed face, and she takes a tiny step forward. “How long have you…?”

_How many nights have you been coming out here, waiting? How many hours have you been standing out here tonight?_

Lena doesn’t answer.
“Well.” Kara’s arms lift from her side a little, like she’s about to take off. “Here I am.”

“God, Kara…” But her voice isn’t upset, isn’t mocking, it’s just cold and empty, like the space between them now. They stand in silence for a moment, Lena looking at the water, and Kara looking at Lena, and for a second, it’s like they’re in a different world. A parallel world, where a night like this would be warm, the space between them would be warm, even the wind rippling over the water and across this bridge would be warm: warm with understanding, warm with friendship, warm with love—that great, elusive thing that she always thought she understood just before it was whisked out from under her feet once more, again, and again, and again, and again…

It’s like the scene from a movie. The one where they both wander into that place, that special place that only they know about, and they’re both at the end of their ropes, and suddenly they’re in each other’s arms, and everything is forgiven, everything is forgotten, but it’s not that easy, Kara, you can’t just say you’re sorry and expect forgiveness—

“…what did I ever do you deserve you?”

They’d be in bed now, post-lovemaking, touching each other’s face, smiling like they’d never stop. You don’t know how long I’ve waited for this, she’d say, and her heart would be light, not like this solid, unbeating stone that it is now.

Forgive me or not, that’s your choice, but I’m done blaming myself for your bad decisions.

“It’s like you never heard a word I said. Not then, not now.”

You really have a God-complex… this may come as a shock to you, but I don’t think about you when I’m doing it.

“Lena—”

“My sense of right and wrong is not rooted in what you think about me. Just because you disagree with something I’m doing doesn’t mean I’m doing it to spite you. It just means that you can’t think of anyone but yourself.”

“Lena.”

“No, you listen to me, for once in your life.” Her voice echos across the water, but this is the National City… stranger noises has crossed these grounds than a lover’s spat. “Listen to me.”

I love you. I love you, I love you, I loved you, and then everything turned on its head, and now I can’t even look at you…

“You know, sometimes I think you spend so much time listening to people praise you for being Supergirl, praise you for being a force for good, that you’ve forgotten that you are not a saint, Kara, you are just as capable of doing evil as anyone else, you are just as capable of making mistakes, and you have, and not just little mistakes, big mistakes, consistent mistakes, over, and over, and over again at every turn of this so-called friendship that you seem so eager to salvage, so much so that I’m left here to wonder if we were ever really friends at all.”

“I know you don’t want to hear it, I just—I know that I hurt you, and I—”

“Are you really so arrogant that you need everyone to love you? To like you? Because they won’t. There will be people who don’t like you. And you need to understand that that doesn’t automatically make them evil.”
The night is silent once more. Even the wind has died down, leaving behind the soft rustle of water, and the sound of Kara breathing heavily, like she’s trying to hold back her crocodile tears.

She opens her mouth, and for a split second, Lena thinks she’s going to apologize, and she’ll have to punch her in the face.

“You’re right.” Kara looks miserable, and for a moment, Lena feels a pang of savage joy, then it’s gone, replaced the this overwhelming numbness that she’s been wandering through ever since pulling the trigger on Lex. “You’re completely right. I’ve been a horrible—I know. I just… I don’t know what else to do now. I don’t know what else I can do.”

“You can walk away.”

Kara looks up at her, and she’s crying now, crying in earnest.

“I can’t.”

“Why not?” Lena asks, and her voice is soft, so soft it could almost be tender if it wasn’t so cold. “I have.”

“I can’t… because I love you.”

It’s at this moment that they should kiss. They should kiss, make up, take each others’ hands, and walk away, together, because she’d waited years for those words, and once, she would’ve given anything to hear them—but it’s all wrong now, and now, all she can do is stare back into that face, a stranger’s face now, a girl she doesn’t know, never knew, and it’s with only the slightest sigh of regret in her voice that she replies,

“So did I.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It rained ALL DAY TODAY and it put me in a Mood™ (not a coronavirus mood, I hope!), so I’m sorry about that, hopefully tomorrow’s chapter will be less... depressing :P

Fun Fact II: *insert standard grumblings about how the writers have consistently been ruining Lena's character on the show here*

Fun Fact III: I think tomorrow’s chapter will be Hippolyta spending some time with Martha in Smallville/Earth. (We’ll see if the damn sun decides to do it's job or not :D) #VitaminD
**Home: Hippolyta/Martha Kent**

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta muses over the differences between how she raised Diana and how Martha is raising Donna.

Chapter Notes

"Home" by Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s different.

When Diana was a baby, she was doted on by every Amazon on Themyscira, but her aunts understood that she was to grow up to be their princess, and that she was not to be spoiled. She never had to earn her mother’s affection, but Hippolyta was strict, and she guided her well, raising her to know her own mind, to think critically before she acted—for the most part—and to respect herself and others.

But Martha Kent has no designs about her daughter becoming a great leader of the people. All she sees is a baby, her miracle baby, and for all of the tough love she’s given her adult son over the years, she is surprisingly soft with their daughter.

When Diana was a baby, Hippolyta would carry her out to the palace balcony, rocking her to sleep beneath the stars, naming each one so that her daughter would always know her way across the world, know her way back home. But Martha Kent swaddles her tightly in her favorite blanket and holds her snug in her rocking chair in front of the fire, and she tells her stories, silly stories of her childhood, of her people in Kansas.

When Diana was a baby, Hippolyta would carry her down to the hot springs, and she would draw a golden basin of water from the bubbling pools. And when the water had cooled to a baby-appropriate temperature, she would set her daughter into the shallow depths and pour the cleansing water over her dark head, like a prophet anointing the next king. But Martha Kent rolls up her sleeves and gives their daughter baths with toys and bubbles, and as she lathers up their baby with soap, she sings her songs. Not noble songs, not poetic songs, but silly songs about tiny spiders and rowboats and old farmers with many animals. By the time the bath is over, half of the water is on the floor, and the other half is drenching Martha’s patient figure…

It’s not that Martha is a soft parent. As Donna grows into more and more of a troublemaker, she sets boundaries and keeps them, refusing to give in when the baby is grumpy, but she is not afraid to play with her. She’s not afraid to get down onto the floor and hand her brightly colored toys, telling her the colors and shapes and names.

When Diana was young, their time together almost always consisted of a walk somewhere, looking together at the temples, at the gardens, at the art displays. Diana was too tiny to
understand, but Hippolyta would tell her everything: the gods and goddesses whose statues watched over them, the names of the plants and flowers, the history of their people. There were nurses and tutors to care for the more basic of lessons.

“It’s a ball. It’s a ball, Donna, can you say ball? Ball. Buh-buh-buh-ballllll.”

Donna does not say ball, but she picks it up with pudgy fingers, then awkwardly throws it back onto the floor, and Martha laughs like she’s never seen anything so wonderful.

When Hippolyta first broke the surface of the water, Hera waded out to grasp her hand, pulling her to shore. She named her Queen, and that night, she and the other goddesses began to teach her all they knew.

She was alive before, she knows. She had a childhood, a life, a family. But she does not remember it. She does not remember anything before the Pantheon drew her from the well of souls and gave her everything.

But Martha remembers. She remembers being slapped by her mother for dropping a plate when she was five. She remembers her father saving her from drowning in the creek when she was seven. She remembers running through the fields with her dog when she was eight. She remembers singing in Sunday School lessons when she was nine. She remembers trick-or-treating, she remembers picnics, she remembers parade days, she remembers Christmas mornings, she remembers sun-drenched summers and snow-drenched winters, she remembers being a child.

It’s late afternoon. Hippolyta searches the palace, and finally finds them napping together in the hammock in the rooftop garden. Donna is snoring on Martha’s chest, and her mother’s reading glasses are askew. A book is lying face-down beside them on the soft grass. The hammock is swaying gently in the breeze, and the sunlight is flickering as it filters through the trees, a perfect day.

Hippolyta approaches soundlessly, but when she reaches out to lift the baby up, meaning to set her aside in her cradle, Martha frowns in her sleep and mutters something that sounds suspiciously like, No.

You’ll spoil her, Martha Kent, Hippolyta thinks, but she only bends and brushes her wife’s forehead with a kiss, and she is there beside them, waiting when they finally wake, rested and ready to tackle the rest of the day—and her.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: The sun came out! Cabin fever isn't so bad when you can sit in the sun. :)

Fun Fact II: Writing an entire chapter with hardly any dialogue is a risky move, but hopefully the content was interesting enough!

Fun Fact III: Full disclosure, I think Hippolyta is an amazing mother, but I can't see her like... reading baby books. When Donna is old enough, Hippolyta will read her oil painting bedtime stories, but she'll never do baby voices at her. And I think she probably finds it fascinating when Martha does.
Fun Fact IV: Hippolyta has a leg up on Martha in almost every area EXCEPT being a child. And that's fun to play with.

Fun Fact V: This was not the Hippolyta in Smallville chapter. I need to think of the scenario a bit more!

Fun Fact VI: Keep those requests coming, my state is on lockdown until mid-April at least, and that's 99% going to be extended!
History Lesson: Antiope & Diana

Chapter Summary

Montage of Antiope training Diana.

Chapter Notes

"History Lesson (Wonder Woman OST)" by Rupert Gregson-Williams

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“The Queen will find out.”

But Antiope only gives a short laugh as she presses her helmet onto her head and gathers up her spear.

“The Queen already knows.”

Mena looks up from the low table, the one beside the fire. There is a small square of canvas stretched out before her, a wet paintbrush in hand. The jar of glowing water throws strange light-patterns across her tanned skin. All these things, all these details in a second. But she will need to remember, because Antiope may be leaving for her death; if Hippolyta is waiting in their meeting spot instead of Diana, she may not live to return.

“She gave you permission?” Mena’s voice is incredulous, and Antiope jerks her head toward the frozen hand, not wanting her wife to spoil her art for her nonsense.

“No, because I did not ask her,” Antiope says, leaning in to give her wife a kiss, holding the spear as far away as possible. “But my sister is not unintelligent. She is wise enough to suspect.”

They meet for two hours, until little Diana is worn out. The brave thing insists that she’s not tired, that she can train for a little longer, but Antiope easily disarms her, sending the sword flying, and then she draws her niece into her arms, holding her a little more tightly than usual.

Go on, Princess. Do not let them see you.

Her heart is heavy as Diana’s footsteps fade away, loud enough to wake any trained amazon within half a mile. Surely Hippolyta herself is watching from her balcony, or perhaps couched low in the alleyway, waiting to spring on her traitorous sister as she ghosts through the dark streets.

But Antiope does not see her that night, and when she approaches her at breakfast the next morning, the Queen only gives her the ceremonial greeting, and her eyes linger on her for just the
barest of a second before she turns to greet Menalippe.

A thousand moments, tiny and subtle.

“I cannot oversee the hunt, I will be occupied.”

Hippolyta looks up from the papers strewn across her desk, and for a moment, it seems that she is about to speak, then she thinks better of it and nods.

“Very well. I will ask Philippus instead.”

She knows. She must know.

Diana is doing a little dance, and Antiope’s heart skips a beat. There is a small bust of Athena set up in the courtyard, one of the many artistic offerings from the people in preparation for the Goddess of Wisdom’s festival. Apparently Diana finished dressing early, and has been left to amuse herself while she waits for the rest of the royal family…

Athena herself would have been proud, motionless opponent though she may be. Diana’s movements are swift, graceful, a sharp kick there, and sudden flip there, pivoting in midair, and landing on her feet, already surging into the next move. She has been listening, and she has been following, and she will give away everything if she does not stop—

“Diana!”

Queen Hippolyta has never looked more regal in her battle armor, and Diana has never looked so startled, so frightened in her embroidered tunic, an outfit that is beautiful to wear, but useless in war.

“Art is to be appreciated, not played with,” Hippolyta scolds, but her hand is gentle as she rests it on her daughter’s shoulder. Diana hangs her head, but her mother lifts her chin with one finger and peers down at her.

“You dance beautifully, daughter. Your teachers must be pleased.”

Hippolyta gives Antiope a hard look as she moves forward to join them, but the glimmer in her eyes is not that of anger, but of sadness.

They become more bold.

Their nighttime training transitions to daytime training, in the mountains, on secluded beaches, in
the forests. Diana is insatiable: when she is not begging to practice this or that move again, she is asking for stories, tales of the Amazon’s days of battle, scenes of heroics and duels and victory.

Tell me what you know, and I will tell you what you do not, Antiope says as they sit together on beach, watching the waves, or march together through the forest paths, or climb the sheer cliff faces. Hippolyta has told her daughter of their history, but only in part, and in this matter, at least, Antiope will not interfere.

The Amazons were imprisoned for a hundred years, until at last, your mother led the revolt that freed us all.

Diana cannot imagine the horrors of war. She cannot imagine the shame of imprisonment. She cannot imagine the evils of mankind.

Antiope will teach her to defend herself, to fight, and to win. But she will not tell her why.

They need to begin training with opponents.

One day, Diana will face Ares, and they will duel, one-on-one. But before she even lifts her sword to strike the first blow, she will first need to approach him. And Antiope is sure that she will need to dispatched dozens, if not hundreds of his cronies before she does.

They need more. Attackers coming from all sides, a combination of weapons, moves, skill sets. They need to be out in the open, they need the rest of the Amazon army, the best of them.

She is ready, she whispers to Mena the night before. The prophetess trails her fingertips down Antiope’s scarred arm. Her face is worried, but she does not answer.

She would sooner face Heracles himself.

It’s a strategic move, dueling in the Queen’s garden on the very day she typically tours within its walls. But Antiope is not interested in crawling into her sister’s receiving rooms, admitting her sins, begging for forgiveness, and asking for more. No, she will face her Queen with her head upright, sword in hand, and allow Diana’s training to speak for itself. The girl is ready to move on. She needs the Amazons, and the Amazons need her.

Hippolyta is furious.

Diana is on the ground.

Antiope wishes that this moment had been timed better, but there is nothing to be done about that now.

The Queen is not angry that Antiope has been training her, not in her heart. They are sisters who have been joined at the hip since their rebirth: they know each others thoughts as if they were their own. No, she is angry because Antiope is forcing her to address it, to see it, to make a decision.
She is a child, the only child on this island. Please let her be so.

Even the fiercest of glares could not disguise the plea in her eyes, to allow her daughter just a moment more of innocence, to just let her hold her, one last time, before telling her the truth.

“I love her as you do... but this is the only way to truly protect her.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I don't remember if anyone asked for this, but here's a Antiope & Diana chapter!

Fun Fact II: This was actually fun, I don't get to write direct fanfic very often, aka, fics that expand on actual movie moments and scenes instead of deviating away from them. It's almost like half the work is already done!

Fun Fact III: There is such a long time between when Diana started her training to when they were "discovered"! Like, if we're going with the idea that Diana's 2000 when she leaves Themyscira, this whole stealth thing went on for hundreds of years. There is NO way Hippolyta was in the dark for that long.

Fun Fact IV: The next chapter will be happier Supercorp, aka non-canon compliant Supercorp, and Diana might show up.
The Less I Know The Better: SuperCorp

Chapter Summary

Kara and Lena get drunk in Al's Dive Bar.

This takes place at the beginning of Season 2, aka the happiest part of the best season.

Chapter Notes

"The Less I Know The Better" by Tame Impala

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara Danvers needs a drink.

Alex comes over with plans to order pizza and potstickers, but she takes one look at her sister’s stormy face and says,

Yeah, okay, so we’re not doing that.

It’s still early in the night, but there are already two women at the bar, one standing, one seated. They’re deep in discussion with M’gann, apparently telling a story that is making the Green Martian howl with laughter. Kara smiles for what feels like the first time all day, rolling her shoulders with relief as she hangs up her coat—and then the smiles slides away from her face as the door blows shut, and the figures at the bar turn to look at them.

“Oh my God, we have to—you have to hide me.”

Alex looks from her back to the women, brow furrowed—

“Dr. Danvers!”

The taller woman is striding forward, reaching out to seize Alex’s hands. The elder Danvers looks flustered as the stranger kisses both her cheeks and sweeps an arm across the room.

“I wondered if we’d see you tonight. Margarita is here, somewhere.”

“I’m just here, with my sister,” Alex says in a rush, grabbing her Kara's arm and pulling her forward from where she’d been trying to hide behind the coats. “Kara, this is Diana—Dr. Prince.”

“Welcome, Kara.”

Kara stares down at her feet and starts to raise her hand, but Diana has already swooped down and kissed both her cheeks. Her lips burn, but it’s a pleasant burn, a nice burn, a head-swooning burn, and for a second, Kara almost forgets about the other figure at the bar, but…
“And have you two met Lutessa? She’s moved recently to National City.”

“It’s Lena, please.” And Lena Luthor suddenly appears at Diana’s elbow, glass of wine in hand, and a sly smile on her face. “And yes, we’ve met. One of them saved my life. And the other one keeps showing up in my office asking questions. I bet you’ll never guess which is which.”

Diana throws back her head and laughs, a deep, easy laugh, and Kara tries to smile back, but the woman has slipped her arm around Lena’s shoulders, and she’s beautiful, and she’s dressed in an elegant, expensive-looking pantsuit, and Lena’s wearing casual clothes—has she ever seen Lena in casual clothes before?—and they keep stealing glances at each other, and Lena actually looks happy. It’s like she’s a completely different person than the stiff, nervous woman she’d always been in her office, or the cold, arrogant woman she is at official events, and… it’s a good look on her.

“Order anything, my treat,” Diana is saying, signaling for the waitress. “Actually, if you have a minute, Alex, I’d like to discuss the gala with you…”

“I’d love to—oh, but I promised Kara we’d get her a drink, and some food,” Alex begins, turning to glance at her sister. “We’d better—”

“Don’t even worry about me!” Kara says too loudly. Lena is giving her a funny look, and she blushes. “I mean, you guys catch up, I’ll just, I’ll go get us a table.”

“Are you hungry?” Lena asks quietly as the two older women move off. She’s caught M’gann’s arm, and Kara stares blankly, not trusting herself to form words…

“Don’t worry about it, I know your order,” The Green Martian says with a knowing smile, and she claps Kara’s back. “Can I tempt you with something stronger, though? We just got a new shipment of rum, deadly to humans, but a refreshing cocktail for aliens.”

“We’ll take two,” Lena says firmly. She walks off, and Lena rests a subtle hand on Kara’s elbow, leading her to one of the shadow-filled booths.

“Anyway, it’s nice to take a break every once in a while,” she says, as if they’d just concluded a long discussion. “It’s not very often Diana’s actually here, so this was nice.”

Kara shoots a glance over toward Alex and Diana’s conferring heads as she slides into her seat. At a glance, they almost look the same age, but there’s something distinctly older about this new woman, something more… mature.

“Diana, is she your…?” she begins. Wow, Danvers, way to be subtle. But Lena just raises an eyebrow at her, then brings her glass up to her lips and takes a prim sip.

“She’s more like a… more like a mom.”

“Oh.” Kara fiddles with her sleeve underneath the table. “I’ve—I’ve heard of those.”

I just didn’t think you’d be one to have one.

“…you’ve heard of moms?” Lena repeats, looking vastly amused. Kara blushes and waves an absent hand.

“No, I mean, moms—sugar, sugar mo—”

“Oh, Kara, it’s not like that,” Lena says with a laugh, reaching out to touch Kara’s hand. She nods
in thanks as M’gann sets their drinks down. “I mean, she’s like a real mom. We go way back, back to when I was finishing my doctoral dissertation at MIT. She and her wife own this place.”

Kara glances down at their hands, then looks up again, and Lena’s staring at her, like she’s waiting for something.

“So what’s your—”

“I can’t believe—”

The table falls silent. Kara lets out a nervous giggle and waves a hand toward her.

“Sorry, go ahead.”

“No, you go ahead,” Lena says smoothly. Her hand is still touching Kara’s, and her fingers are warm. “What’s the story, Kara Danvers?”

“I—I’m…” Kara stutters, then she takes a deep breath. “I’m just curious what you—”

“Lutessa!”

Lena rolls her eyes and mutters, Hold on one second, then she twists around and gives an exasperated look toward the woman approaching their booth.

“This had better be important,” she snaps, but she’s grinning, and the woman leans in to kiss her cheeks, greeting her in the same way as Diana. She has a sharp, severe face that would almost be pretty if she didn’t look so terrifying.

“Don’t let me interrupt,” she says, nodding toward Kara. “It’s good to take a break every once in a while.”

Lena smiles and tugs lightly on the woman’s sleeve, pointing across the table at Kara’s bemused face.

“Look who it is.”

“Um, hi,” Kara says, waving a hand and almost knocking over their drinks. “I’m—I’m Kar—”

“Supergirl. Yes, we know,” the woman interrupts, one hand resting on Lena’s shoulder. Lena winces, but the stranger doesn’t look the least bit sorry. “I’ll tell the cook to put on some more potstickers.”

And then she’s gone, calling, J’onn, how’s the family? across the bar. J’onn J’onzz lets out a bark of humorless laughter and says, You’re buying the first round, Dr. Maru. But the booth is suddenly quiet, and Kara is left to dart glances over Lena’s embarrassed face.

“I’m sorry about that,” Lena says in a low voice, reaching for her glass of wine, then seeming to think better of it. “She means well, really, I hope you…”

“No, it’s my fault, I’ve been meaning to tell you, I just never… got around to it, it never came up, or felt like the right time—” Kara says in a rush, but Lena just shakes her head.

“But worry about it. I’m sure it would’ve happened sooner than later. Here—”

She pushes a tiny glass of rum over to Kara and raises her own.
“Cheers.”

“Cheers,” Kara repeats, and she throws back the drink in one gulp, noticing too late that Lena only takes a sip of hers. The CEO’s eyes bulge, and she reaches out to pull the empty glass from her hand.

“Did… did you just drink that in one—”

“I thought that’s what we were doing!” Kara exclaims, fighting back a rush of horror—and lightheadedness—but Lena just laughs, leaning forward, peering into her face.

“Oh my god… how do you feel?”

“Me? I don’t feel any—just… floaty?” Kara says, raising her arms, feeling the buzz beginning to speed through her limbs. “Is this floaty? I feel floaty.”

Lena takes her hand for real this time, their fingers entwined, as if to keep her from floating off the ground, and she’s so damn beautiful, Kara just wants to look at her for the rest of her life, but she can’t stop laughing, but it’s okay, because Lena is laughing too...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Thanks for reading! I wrote most of this... half-asleep? (I have got to stop writing longer chapters back to back!). It's definitely a different mood/setting than the others, but I hope you enjoyed it!

Fun Fact II: This song is actually the one playing in the scene where Kara gets drunk :D

Fun Fact III: Alex Danvers has a Ph. D and a M.D. and that is all kinds of oof

Fun Fact IV: Al's Dive Bar is actually owned by... Al. But we'll quietly push that aside for the sake of this fic. :P

Fun Fact V: Lutessa was Lena's first name in some versions of her character. I like to think she used it in college, and then decided that "Lena" works better in the workplace.

Fun Fact VI: Stay safe people! It's getting crazy out there!
Mystery of Love: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Martha and Hippolyta share a bed together for the first time.

Chapter Notes

"Mystery of Love (Call Me By Your Name OST)" by Sufjan Stevens

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s a nice bed.

Many of the beds in the palace are traditional low couches, practical and comfortable, nothing to write home about.

But the Queen’s bed is different.

The frame is wood overlaid with gold, and the headboard is carved with the four seasons, the night sky, the five rivers of the Underworld. The faces of the goddesses are carved into the foot of the bed, their serious eyes looking out over the bedroom floor. And then there are the curtains, filmy and sheer, veiling the inside of the bed from sight, hanging down from the four columns that rise from each corner of the frame.

It’s like sitting in a church.

The night after Martha had first asked, she’d wandered into her guest bedroom and found her things gone. Her nightgowns and tunics gone from the wardrobe, her toiletries from John Constantine gone from the bathroom. And that’s when she knew that she had been accepted.

It’s big.

Martha pads across the room in her slippers and nightgown, staring at those unseeing faces the entire time. Thank God Hippolyta hadn’t asked the carpenters to carve them onto the posts; she’d never be able to sleep with a bunch of goddess busts frowning down at her. She pushes aside the curtains, and they rustle against her fingers, soft as water. And then she lies down, kicking off her slippers, and—after checking to make sure no one is watching—she begins to roll. And after ten rolls, she stops counting.

*This is ridiculous, who needs this much room in a bed?*

But then the possible answers start to trickle into her mind, and Martha stops rolling. Someone who sleeps with giantesses, perhaps, or someone who sleeps with many partners all at once, or someone who sleeps with—

*No, no, no, we’re not doing that.*
Martha sits up, patting down her hair, then she picks up the corner of the covers, pulls them back, then eases herself underneath, pulling the covers up to her chin. And all at once, she suppresses the urge to giggle, because she’s here, she’s here in the Queen’s bed, and the fire is crackling in the corner, and the shadows are dancing over the ceiling, and the moonlight is streaming in through the open windows, and soon, Hippolyta will come in, and she’ll stir up the fire, and then she’ll approach, just a blurry, gleaming figure through the curtains, and she’ll crawl into bed with her, and they’ll be in bed together, and maybe even…

“Little one…”

Soft lips are brushing against her forehead, and Martha opens her eyes as the mattress beneath her dips to the side, such a familiar feeling, such an achingly familiar feeling...

“Hippolyta,” she murmurs, and she scoots over until she’s pressed flush against her, their bodies separated only by the thin material of their nightgowns—and Hippolyta’s lips find hers, wanting and waiting, and their kiss is tender, and Martha’s hands are grasping at soft cotton, and Hippolyta’s hands are pressing against her back, caressing her cheek, and it’s so nice, and she’s moaning into each kiss, shameless and needy, and Hippolyta’s lips are smiling against hers, and she’s so good at this, it’s not fair, it’s not fair how well she’s able to read Martha’s lips, read exactly what she wants, where she wants, how she wants…

She would’ve never believed it, but she’s the first one to pull away, and she gives a slow blink up at the goddess’ face, the most beautiful face she’s ever seen, and her eyes are so soft, and her smile is so happy, and Martha whispers,

*Look at you.*

And she reaches out with trembling fingers to touch those weathered cheeks, those chapped lips, that sharp jawline, and she’s never felt more peaceful and jittery all at once, and that arm around her shoulders pulls her in, pulling her close, and she lets her hand drop down to wind around a strand of golden silk, and she closes her eyes...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Here is something short and sweet! I'd been thinking about this moment for a while, the first time they ever slept together, like actual sleeping, since we know it took a while for the other kind of sleeping together to happen :D

Fun Fact II: Also, how extra is Hippolyta?? She can't just have normal bed, she has to have the entire creation carved into the headboard!

Fun Fact III: I don't know what I'm doing tomorrow, but I'm planning on watching Birds of Prey on digital soon, so we might take a small detour! But big thanks to everyone who's been requesting things, I look at them and sometimes they speak to me, so keep them coming!!

Fun Fact IV: Thanks again for reading! We're almost done with another week!!
Chapter Summary

Helena meets Diana for the first time in Sicily, and they become FWB.

Chapter Notes

"Joke's On You (Birds of Prey OST)" by Charlotte Lawrence

You fight well."

Helena Bertinelli lowers the towel from her face. It was hot and humid on the range today, and she’d been furiously rubbing the sweat out of her hair, the sticky trails running over her face, down her neck.

The woman standing on the porch looks unruffled and unsweaty. She’s wearing some sort of short-sleeve button up with one of those pussy bows, capris, and comfortable, elegant sandals. Her bared arms and calves are toned, just on the edge of muscular, and Helena raises an eyebrow.

She’s attractive.

“Who the fuck are you?” she asks in a voice that she realizes too late sounds rude. But the woman just smiles and extends a long-fingered hand.

“I’m—”

“Dr. Prince!”

The woman’s mouth shuts, and her lips twist into a satisfied smile as she turns to watch the figure hurrying out of the house. It’s the assassin father, and he’s beaming.

“—her.”

“Welcome, welcome!”

Helena frowns and goes back to going to town on her hair, keeping one eye on the reunion that’s apparently taking place. There’s cheek kissing and half bows and laughter and arms slung around each other…

“Helena, cara, come here, meet Diana.”
She spends a few hours in the parlor, appraising whatever antique it was she’d come to see, then she’s invited *(you really must)* to stay for dinner, and then invited *(no, no, no, we insist)* to stay the night. It’s such a long drive back to the city, after all, and the guest bedroom is all made up.

She’s charming as hell, flirting with all three generations of assassins, listening with rapt attention to their stories, complimenting them on their decor and gardens and manners—but the winks she sends towards Helena’s seat at the table feel different. Maybe because they’re directed at her.

---

*Hey. I was just wondering if you need anything.*

Once the cook has waved goodbye with many blessings and kisses showered over Diana’s bent—the woman is *tall*—head, they’re the only two females left in the house. Three of the men have retired early, and two are “out”.

*Hey, just checking if you’re good.*

After dinner, they’d gone awkwardly to their respective rooms. The men—for as chatty as they were over dinner—were completely useless without food in front of them, and Helena had been impressed that they’d managed to talk so much at all. Usually their meals consist of grunts, loud chewing, and the cook shouting at them to eat faster, the food’s getting cold.

*Hey, just saying good night. Have a good one.*

The light underneath Diana’s door is on, and Helena can hear the muffled sound of her moving around inside, the creak of the closet door closing, the soft pad of her footsteps over the old floorboards. She’s so *quiet*, it’s a wonder she can hear her at all, but she’s trained for this, trained for… how to *creep on overnight guests in her home*.

*Christ, Helena, just get the fuck out of here, you’re losing it.*

The door swings open.

“I believe it’s traditional to knock if you’d like to enter.”

Diana Prince’s forearm is leaning against the doorframe, the heel of her palm resting against the side of her head, the perfect image of animal magnetism. Helena opens her mouth and no sound comes out. Diana’s smile widens, and she scowls back, shaking her head slightly, then tries again.

“Why did you tell me I fight well?”

The question is painfully abrupt. They’re both standing here in their nightclothes: Diana in a long, thin-looking night robe, and Helena in her pajamas that look more like a business suit than something to wear in bed.

“Would you like to come in?”

The question is polite, professional, but Diana raises an eyebrow, and Helena—stranger as she is to women, and human contact, and all things sexual (the assassin family would *never*)—knows that
there’s only one thing that will happen when she steps across that threshold.

“...would I like to come in what?”

Diana smiles again, then she stretches out her arm, the one that’s not slung up over her head, and she takes her hand, and her fingers are bony, and her grip is strong, and she leads her inside, and it’s all Helena can do to keep up.

---

*Is it always like that?* she asks after. Their nightclothes are lying together in a pile on the floor, and their bodies are lying together in a tangle on the bed. Diana, that slick, sly goddess twists around and kisses her shoulder, and Helena shivers.

*No,* she replies, her voice smug. *I am… how can I say this? I am rather good at loving. More good than many, if not most.*

And Helena had stared up at the ceiling, and when her hand moved up to tangle clumsily in the long tresses of her strange, one-night-stand curator lover’s hair, Diana had leaned into her hand, pressing her lips against her palm, and she’d shivered so violently, the mattress had shuddered on its springs.

*You don’t say.*

---

She’s there, ready to welcome her properly to the States.

By this time, Helena knows who she is. She’s been in the spotlight a bit more these days, anyway. She doesn’t offer to help her with her hitlist, preferring to take on the more dramatic of world-destroyers. But she is there, always, whenever Helena wants to train, to let off some steam, to feel that comforting weight of a solid body in her cold hotel room bed.

The first time they meet on the field, the whole gang is there. They’d just taken care of some murderous bastard with an umbrella and a top hat, and the smoldering ash is still raining down from the sky when the Justice League arrives.

“No!” Harley sounds delighted, and she actually *runs* up to the Batman and flings out her arms, as if to embrace him. “You’re too late, sweetie, we’ve got this all figured out.”

*What happened to the Penguin?* he deadpans as if she’s not there at all. Helena squints, deciding she doesn’t like him. Renee is already rolling her eyes, swearing fluently about vigilantes.

“Yo, get off our turf, we’ve got this sorted,” Dinah says under her breath, and she shakes a fist, but turns abruptly in the opposite direction as the group moves forward.

Helena waves her hands apologetically, and Wonder Woman strolls through the smoke toward her, the lasso of truth glowing at her side. She looks so *good,* it’s not fair, like she was made for this, fighting and looking flawless—
“Are you all right?”

Her question is directed at the group, but she’s looking at Helena.

“We’re fine. Go away,” Helena says, but she’s trying not to smile. She’s trying not to do something else with her lips, too.

“Thank you for what you did. You saved Gotham.” It’s Superman now, and his hand is outstretched, but no one takes it.

“Yeah, no thanks to you. We’re good here, so y’all can fuck off, how about that? Go back to flying your bare asses over the city.”

“Cass…” Renee says in a low voice, but Superman just gives a small smile, hands raised now in false surrender, then he turns away, returning to his place at Batman’s side.

“I’m so happy for you,” Wonder Woman says, then she’s turning away too, and Helena wants to tell her she doesn’t have to go, she didn’t mean it, she can stay, but the rest of the league is already starting to take off, zooming up into the sky. “You’re lucky to have each other.”

She sends Helena a little wink, and it’s like Sicily all over again, the sweaty assassin, and the beautiful woman, and that thrilling, heart-stopping, body-numbing rush of Jeeeesus Christ, and then she’s off, too, a tiny flicker of light in the night sky before she winks out completely.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: GUESS WHAT I WATCHED TODAY (I liked it a lot! And also skipped some of the more unsettling parts! And also fell in love with an awkward goth assassin!).

Fun Fact II: This was fun, I almost never write Diana NOT in a relationship with Isabel, but it’s also nice to see her as a bit of a player with the ladies. Plus Helena training as an assassin gives her a perfect chance to share her expertise in various areas to a very worthy subject.

Fun Fact III: Yikes, I have a lot of reviews to reply to... I'll get to them tomorrow, I promise! :(

Fun Fact IV: This is day 14! We made it to the end of week 2! And we're still here, so I guess I'll be posting tomorrow! (Really, though, I hope you are all hanging in there).

Fun Fact V: Thanks again for reading!!
Barracuda: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah get gelato.

Chapter Notes

"Barracuda (Birds of Prey OST)" by Heart

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She’s still staring up at the sky, a small smile on her face, and she doesn’t look away, even as Renee stows away her gun and says something about getting out of here, I could murder a taco.

And Helena loves tacos.

“Hey.” Dinah nudges the taller woman in the ribs, shoving a handful of flesh-embedded arrows into her arms. “Was that your girl?”

Her voice was supposed to sound casual, but instead it just sounds jealous, and not subtly jealous either, judging the frown Renee is shooting at her over the top of her water bottle.

“What? No. That’s—that was Wonder Woman.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard of her,” Dinah says, biting her lip, knowing she should stop there, stop right now. “You and her a thing?”

“Oh.” Helena seems to think on this as she reaches into her belt for a handkerchief and the solution that she sprays onto her arrows. This is the field cleaning; the deep clean will come later at a sink with hot water. “No, not really. We just meet up and have sex whenever she’s in town.”

This time it’s Renee spitting water in every which direction.

For some reason, the rest of the birds seem more interested in a blow-by-blow recap of their battle with the Penguin than in Helena’s newly-revealed trysts with Wonder Woman. Harley and Cass wolf down their tacos and slip away without paying, giving a big speech about not wanting to miss some TV show they’ve been following (It’s the crossover, Cass had said, launching into a detailed description of each show’s plotlines up to this point).

“Well, that was fun,” Renee says, waving an impatient hand as Dinah and Helena both reach for their wallets. They follow her up to the entrance, and she throws a couple of wrinkled bills onto the register, then grabs a handful of mints. “You can bring me an ice cream to eat tomorrow after..."
practice, how about that?"

And then she’s gone, revving up her car, and zooming off into the dark streets like the cop she was.

“Here.” Dinah hands Helena a mint, popping one into her own mouth just to be safe—she’s endured her fair share of conversations with bar-goers reeking of alcohol, onions, or worse.

“Thanks.” Those gloved fingers pluck the mint from her palm and pull away the wrapper. “Mmm, toothpaste.”

“...what?”

“Spearmint. It always tastes like toothpaste to me.” Her voice sounds funny, muffled by the hard candy, and Dinah blinks, her mind speeding down a very dangerous road—

“Hey, where’d you leave your ride?” she asks instead, sucking hard on her own mint and shivering as she feels her mind make an abrupt U-turn to barrel down an equally terrible route…

Jesus fucking Christ, this is not good, this is NOT—

“Oh—it’s at the academy. It’s all right, I’ll walk.”

Dinah snorts, smiling for real this time.

“What?”

“Nothing, I just love that you call it an academy, like it’s a fucking prep school. It’s more like a fight club than anything.”

“I mean, we’re training people—”

But Dinah’s not listening anymore, she’s peering into the bright window of an ice cream shop. The teenage cashier is sweeping the floor even though the hours on the sign say it won’t close for another 20 minutes.

“Hey, let’s see if they have something we can get for the Question.”

Helena follows her in without complaint, half expecting the cashier to panic at the sight of two hard-asses marching into his store, but he just pulls out one of his earphones, looking tired. Dinah peers through the cold glass at the half-empty buckets and scowls.

“Do you sell this shit by the barrel?”

The cashier ducks behind the counter and hands them an order slip. Helena is gazing around at the store with interest.

“We used to get gelato after school at places like this. We’d go in the summer, too. There’s a shop on every corner in Italy. I don’t think we ever managed to try them all.”

Dinah shoots her a glance, then turns on the kid, but he’s already heard, and is shaking his head.

“Nope. But there’s a place up on 30th, near Gotham State. They’re open til 9.”

“Thanks, man,” Dinah says, flashing a smile for the first time. “You’re a horrible salesman, by the way.”
The cashier laughs, then Dinah grabs Helena’s arm and pulls her out of the store, the door’s tiny bell dinging as they flash past.

It’s a dingy little place filled with college students. Dinah elbows her way in, frowning at the people who frown back at her—but the look on Helena’s face is worth it.

“Holy sh… this… is bizarre.”

*I bet Wonder Woman never took you to a place like this.*

But Dinah wisely keeps this comment to herself and pushes her way up to the display. The ice cream—gelato—isn’t in barrels here, no sir, it’s in big fucking piles, big, glorious, swirly piles with actual toppings of the flavor sprinkled over each nook and cranny: sliced strawberries, sliced lemons, shaved pistachio, mixed berries, ladyfingers… and there are cones, churros, cups, cups made of chocolate, cups made of waffles—

“Hell, no wonder everyone in America is obese,” she says under her breath without realizing it. Thankfully no one seems to hear.

“This is amazing, I had no idea they had places like this here,” Helena is saying in awe, and Dinah slaps a bill onto the counter.

“Two of whatever she’s having.”

Helena orders in fluent Italian, and soon she and the cashier—the owner—are roaring with laughter, swapping long stories from the Motherland.

It’s a good thing gelato isn’t perishable or prone to melting or anything like that.

“Fuck, this is incredible,” Helena says as they finally make their way out of the bustling shop. She licks the tiny spoon, and sighs contently. “It tastes just like home.”

Something cold sinks into Dinah’s stomach, and it’s not gelato. They’ve pushed their way outside, with the owner’s promise to deliver a barrel or ten of any flavor they want to any address in Gotham. The bustle of the college crowd has faded away as they move further down the dark streets. The night is cool, quiet except for the occasional police siren, engine revving, echoes of laughter and conversations.

“God, I remember…” But Helena's voice trails off, and the nostalgic little smile on her lips doesn’t fade, but it deepens somehow, tainted now with melancholy. Dinah darts a glance up at her, her spoon in her mouth, then she says,

“I hope this was okay. I mean, I hope it wasn’t… triggering.”

Helena startles, and the sadness is gone from her face in an instant.

“Are you kidding me? This was great, really great... Dinah.”

And then she’s slung a strong arm around her shoulders, pulling her close, and suddenly the city doesn’t look so dark anymore, and the night sky looks a little less smoggy, and the streets look a little less filthy, or maybe it’s just the sugar affecting Dinah’s brain. Yeah, that’s it. It’s that, and
definitely not the woman walking beside her, the woman who’s leaning in to press a sweet, sticky kiss to the top of her head...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: One this damn lockdown is over, I'm going to the city and ordering a big cup of gelato.

Fun Fact II: Thanks for reading! I had no idea where this was going, but I'm very happy that it ended up at gelato! I've only been to Italy once, but when I was there, we had gelato every single day, and it was amazing.

Fun Fact III: I love Huntress so much, and I've only known her for a day, but I'd 100% die for her, or whatever the meme is.

Fun Fact IV: I'm not 100% sure what tomorrow's chapter is, but I am absolutely tickled by the idea of Martha bringing home a board game or something and trying to teach Hippolyta how to play.

Fun Fact V: We've successfully completed week 2! One day at a time, folks. We can do this.
Work Together: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Martha and Hippolyta attempt to play Monopoly.

Chapter Notes

"Work Together (Birds of Prey OST)" by Daniel Pemberton

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Donna loves the farmhouse.

She loves its creaky floors and dusty corners. She loves its wood furniture and its polyester upholstery. She loves bumping into walls, like a fish in a fish tank, and squealing with laughter.

In New Themyscira, there are so few walls to bump.

_Bills, bills, bills..._ Martha sighs and tears open another envelope. For someone who spends so little time on Earth, it certainly seems _expensive_.

She should pay these things online. But after winning her seat in the Senate (that’s how she phrases it in conversations, ‘winning her seat’, like it was a damn war, because it _was_), she’d cancelled everything. There’s a tiny apartment in Metropolis by the train station that she uses to breeze in and out of every morning and night, and this big, silent house in Kansas for whenever she needs to take care of business in the state. But no one lives here anymore, not really.

_God, I should just unplug the refrigerator if it’s going to be costing this much to run_...

She’s three checks in when she realizes how quiet it is. _Too quiet._

“Donna, sweetie… what are you doing?”

A muffled little sigh of _ahh!_ is her only response, and Martha glances over her shoulder. No baby.

“Donna?”

This time there’s no response at all, and Martha pulls herself up to her feet._I want a baby_, she’d said to Queen Hippolyta, just a normal, happy baby who wouldn’t put her through hell like her little superpowered rocket ship baby, Clark Kent, and what did the Goddess of Death give her instead? God-Damn-Superpowered-Flying-Curious-George—

“Donna!”

“Ah!” Donna’s pudgy little fists are full of colorful Monopoly money, and there are tiny hotels and houses and deeds scattered across the living room floor, and _oh, God in Heaven_, she’d gotten into the Scrabble, and the fireplace rug is covered with jibberish, and there are other overturned boxes
lying over the family room floor, and how on earth did she managed to make such a mess in the two seconds she’d been looking away?

“Okay. Okay. It’s okay,” Martha sighs, plucking her daughter up from the floor and setting her onto the couch. “It’s going to be okay. No, stay there, Donna Troy. Your Ma needs to put everything back.”

Donna sticks her hand into her mouth, and kicks at the sofa, and Martha pauses, looking down at the colorful box in her hands.

“Hmm…”

---

“Lyta, no one reads the rules to Monopoly. Let’s just play, okay? I’ll teach you as we go along.”

But the Queen of the Amazons only raises a silencing hand, those ocean eyes roving the tiny printed font, those soft lips mouthing the English words.

“...player may, to raise cash, sell hotels and houses back to the Bank for half the purchase price of the houses or hotels. Also, properties with no houses or hotels may be mortgaged for half of the property price—”

“Hippolyta!”

Too late, Martha sees the glimmer of teasing in her wife’s eyes as she carefully refolds the rules and sets them aside.

“Yes, darling?”

“Here is your money.” Martha sets a pile of the money Donna had been throwing around earlier today in front of her wife. “And here, I decided you can be the horse.”

Hippolyta inspects her token with a critical eye, then her expression clears as Martha tosses the dice onto the board.

“Ah, so it is like knucklebones.”

“It is nothing like knucklebones,” Martha says rudely, and Hippolyta sighs and leans in to kiss Martha’s cheek.

“What?”

“This game makes you impatient, Martha Kent.”

“You make me impatient,” she replies, plucking the piece out of Hippolyta’s hand and setting it on Go. A strong arm slides around her waist like a sneaky little snake, and she turns to give her wife a look.

“It is very cute.”

Martha tries to frown, but there’s a goddess pressing her nose against hers, and she opts to sigh instead.

“Lyta… can we play the game?”

“We are.”
“This game,” Martha retorts, waving her free hand. Hippolyta rests her chin on Martha’s shoulder for a moment, as if deep in thought, then she kisses her again and withdraws.

“Very well.”

“Good, now look, I rolled five. So I get to move five...”

The problems start when Martha runs out of money, and Hippolyta tries to lend her a few hundred dollars.

“Stop that, you’re not allowed to give your money away. I’ll just mortgage some of my properties.”

“But then you cannot earn revenue.”

“Well, story of my life,” Martha says a little sourly, flipping her railroads over and grabbing some money from the bank. Hippolyta frowns, but doesn’t reply.

There are snacks. Martha had shoved as many board games as she could fit into a canvas bag, and then she’d texted her son and asked him to bring her some board game snacks, and not the fancy “charcuterie board/spring rolls with dipping sauce/organic roasted cauliflower bites” game night snacks that the Senators bragged about their wives or babysitters serving; no, she wants that awful junk food she used to eat at sleepovers in the 70s: homemade cookies and brownies, microwave popcorn, jelly beans, candy cigarettes (the chocolate ones, not the horrible ones made of gum), frozen otter pops, jumbo bags of peanut butter cups...

Clark had appeared with five bulging bags and a look on his face that said he clearly thought she’d gone crazy.

“None of this is good for you,” Martha had announced when she unloaded an armful of the stuff onto the dining room table. “In fact, most of it is probably poison.”

But God, it’s true delight to sit across from actual Queen Hippolyta of the Amazons, a half-melted bright blue (“Louie-Bloo Raspberry”) otter pop hanging from the corner of her mouth as she concentrates on the Monopoly board between them.

The game ends because Martha cannot afford to upgrade her houses to hotels, and the rules do not allow players to “gift” other players with buildings. And the rules to not allow players to rob the bank in order to “gift” other players with money, either.

“This fabrication of a world is deliberately unjust,” Hippolyta says, and there’s a chocolate cigarette between her lips now, and Martha can’t help but think that she looks ridiculously dashing. “One should not be required to spend more than they are able to afford on housing, especially when the only way you are able to earn coin is by amassing property through a method of chance —”

“Fine. We’ll play a different game tomorrow,” Martha says, snatching the deeds from her wife’s hands and trying not to smile. “Something that relies more on strategy. A game of wits, how about that?”

“—a more fair way would be to assign equal properties to each player, then give them the choice to either expand their assets, or—”
“Lyta.” Martha pushes the box away and climbs into her wife’s lap. “The game is over, my darling.”

And at last Hippolyta looks down at her. The injustice of the fictional world that is all too similar to the real world is still casting shadows over her face, but Martha kisses her nose and climbs to her feet, taking her hand and tugging.

“Come on, I think you’re properly wound up now.”

Hippolyta stares at her, then the corner of her mouth lifts up into a smirk, and when she rises, her eyes are sparkling down at her.

“Was that the true purpose of this venture, Martha Kent?”

But Martha only pulls her down the hallway to their rooms, and the only reply she gives is a muffled laugh as Hippolyta follows.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: God, this was a TRIP. I can't remember the last time I played Monopoly, but I remember this game being the source of multiple fights between me and my siblings, sooooo

Fun Fact II: I'm still stuck on the Birds of Prey soundtrack. Also it was even better the second and third time watching it, so keep an eye out for more BoP-inspired chapters!

Fun Fact III: Donna's actually a little older by the time Martha actually wins her Senate seat, but she's so cute when she's so tiny.

Fun Fact IV: I... actually have a hard time writing fluff? Like, I know it's what we all need right now, but I've never written a lot of it, so please bear with me while I work it out. :P

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! You survived Monday!
You're So Vain: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Diana attend a funeral in Italy, and Dinah finally confronts her feelings for Helena.

Chapter Notes

"You're So Vain" by Carly Simon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She’s standing in the corner of the warehouse, talking with Renee. The open barrel of ice cream is sitting on the low table against the wall, and they’re both holding paper bowls and plastic spoons. Her mouth is already open to say, Hey, Crossbow Killer, ready to find some food? but all at once she hears the last few snatches of ice cream-muffled conversation, and she abruptly shuts her mouth.

“—only be gone for a few days. The funeral is tomorrow, and I don’t think we’ll stay for long.”

“Well, I don’t see why not,” Renee snorts. “Italy, this time of year? Make it a vacation, kid. We can hold down the fort.”

She waves a sticky spoon in Dinah’s direction, and Helena looks up and sees her standing there, staring at them.

She brings takeout, but Dinah ends up eating most of it while watching Helena stuff clothes into ziplock bags and arrange them inside a duffle bag.

“So he was the guy who raised you, huh? After...” she says, feeling remarkably insensitive. But Helena just nods and does that thing where she runs her hand through her hair as she glances around the hotel room floor.

“Yeah.”

The room goes quiet once more. The TV’s set to the weather channel, and smooth jazz is playing quietly over the speakers.

“...do you want to talk about it?”

Helena looks up, and there’s a puzzled expression on her face.
“I mean. There’s not much to say. He lived a long life, died old. You can’t really ask for more than that.”

A jarring image of her mother lying dead in the streets flashes across her mind, and Dinah pokes unenthusiastically at her food.

“That’s true.”

Helena grabs her box of food and stuffs a forkful into her mouth without even looking at it. They sit in silence for another long moment, then Dinah nods at the crossbow that’s lying innocently against the duffle bag.

“How are you getting that on the plane?”

“What?” Helena’s mouth is still full, but she swallows and glances over her shoulder, following her gaze. “Oh. Diana’s flying us. In her plane.”

Dinah stabs her fork a little too hard into her noodles, her stomach lurching unpleasantly.

Shit.

Helena asks her to come up to the roof to meet her properly, but Dinah shakes her head, smiling a fake smile and waving a useless hand.

I couldn’t, I mean, it’s all right, I just wanted to make sure you were good. I’ve got to head back, anyway…

Helena hadn’t protested, she’d just said thanks for bringing over dinner, and the next thing Dinah knew, she was staring at the back of Huntress’ dark head, her duffle bag and crossbow slung over her shoulder like a soldier going off to war, except she wasn’t going off to war, she was going to a fucking funeral for the man who took her in after her entire family was massacred, and then she was probably going to spend a few weeks in romantic Italy with fucking Wonder Woman, who apparently had enough time out of her busy schedule to fly her friends halfway across the world for family events…

It’s stupid, but she watches Helena get onto the elevator, watches as it goes up to the rooftop, then she makes a run for the fire escape, barreling up ten flights of stairs, cursing herself and her stupidity the entire way—but she makes it, she’s there, watching through the narrow, grimy stairwell window as Helena strolls to the edge of the roof, and Wonder Woman steps down from her invisible plane and kisses both her cheeks, grabbing the luggage away from her as she pulls away, and Helena is laughing, and she’s so damn beautiful, God, she’s so fucking beautiful when she smiles, Dinah can’t even hate that she’s smiling at someone else.

“Where’s your friend?”
Helena leans back, running a gloved hand through her hair. The invisible jet can travel faster than the speed of light, but Diana’s set it at normal commercial jet speed, and the twinkling blanket of Gotham is slowly sliding past beneath their feet.

“She had to leave.”

Diana glances sideways at her, then reaches out to tuck a strand of dark hair behind her ears. Her fingers are warm.

“She could’ve come along if she wanted.” Her voice has dropped to that low, husky murmur, the one that makes grown men weep, and Helena grins, then crosses her arms, shifting to put her feet up on the invisible dashboard.

“I don’t think she wanted.”

Diana stares at her, then smiles a wry little smile and turns back to the controls. Helena’s already closed her eyes, apparently intending to sleep for the entire flight. Diana watches her for a few moments, then she reaches back and fishes a blanket out from the backseat, tucking it around Helena’s shoulder’s. She doesn’t mention the shadowed face she’d seen watching them from the stairs.

For an assassin, the man certainly has a lot of friends and family around to see him off. It’s strange, being back in the old church, the old pews where she’d prayed for her dead family’s souls, where she’d memorized the faces of those who’d taken them away, where she had sworn bloody vengeance against each one. They step out into the bright morning sunlight, following the long casket to the burial ground, and Diana is beside her, dressed in an elegant black pantsuit, dark lipstick, and darker sunglasses.

It should be illegal to look so attractive at a funeral.

“We need to talk.”

They’ve just had sex, and it’s that breathless calm of after. Helena groans in irritation, but Diana sits up and shakes back the tendrils of hair spilling down over her smooth shoulders, and it’s clear she means business.

“Fine.” Helena rubs the trickle of sweat from her forehead, remembering that one time, Sicily, ten years ago… she wouldn’t mind not talking for a few more hours, but Diana looks more serious than she’s looked all day—and they’d spent most of it at a funeral. “What about?”

“That girl is in love with you.”

“Canary?” Helena makes a face, even as her heart skips a beat, and that familiar numbness begins to rush through her veins, fight or flight, stay or run. “I doubt it. She’s just like that, she’s nice.”
“That wasn’t a question.” Diana crawls back up to face her, and she cups her flushed cheeks with cool palms. Helena squirms, but Wonder Woman doesn’t let her escape, and finally, she turns to look into those shadowed eyes, the eyes that had stared so tenderly into her own all night. “The question is, **what are you going to do about it?**”

“...you probably think this song is about you, don’t you, don’t you?”

The night is almost over, and the club is almost quiet, but Dinah can’t stop singing. If she stops singing, she’ll have to go over to the bar, and then she’ll have to get a drink, and then she’ll be sitting and drinking and thinking about a woman who’s probably getting proposed to right now in the middle of an Italian vineyard, or maybe on an Italian beach—or in front of the fucking Trevi fountain, and she’ll come back with a ring on her finger and that smile on her face, and she was too late, she was too damn late, and a stupider person would’ve flown over to Italy and barged into the scene and yelled, **STOP, I LOVE HER**, but life isn’t a stupid movie, and it’s just a crush, just a fucking crush, nothing more than that, she’s dealt with worse, gotten over worse—

“**Well, you're where you should be all the time, and when you're not, you're with some underworld spy, or the wife of a close friend...**”

The streetlight flashes off the glass door as the last patrons bundle their way out, and the club lights are starting to flick off: the light over the bar, the lights over the sofas in the lounge, and the bouncer is texting for an Uber, his face half-lit by the glow of his phone, and the bartender is standing on a chair as she erases tonight’s specials from the chalkboard, and now it’s too late to even get a drink, she’ll have to rummage around in her apartment for something to calm her damn nerves tonight, and won't that be a fun party—

She’s here.

Dinah startles, almost dropping the microphone mid-note. But when she blinks, she’s still there, a familiar shadow against the wall, that pale face staring out from the dark, and Dinah gasps for air, her voice trailing off as Helena moves forward, a little smile on her face as she approaches the stage.

She’s wearing a blazer and slacks instead of her usual outfit: she must’ve come straight from the funeral, and she looks so calm, how can she look so calm when Dinah’s standing here shaking under these hot lights, hardly able to get the last few words out…

“Hey.”

The song is over. The music has stopped. The bouncer is yelling that he’s heading out, and the bartender is calling a sing-song, **Good night.** Dinah doesn’t hear any of it.

“...what happened to romantic Italy?”

It’s supposed to be a joke, but it’s belied by her weak voice and her weak smile and her trembling knees. But Helena just smiles back, then she takes three long steps forward, seizes her by the shoulders, and kisses her.
Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Does Helena Bertinelli know I would die for her?

Fun Fact II: Thanks for reading! I have more thoughts on this topic, but we'll see if they happen tomorrow, or later this week. I still have a lot of Marlyta prompts that I want to tackle, and I'm guessing I have two more chapters of this particular Helena/Dinah storyline.

Fun Fact III: Also I love this song so much, I can't even.

Fun Fact IV: Hey look everybody, it's April! We made it to April!
Chapter Summary

Diana convinces Helena that she and Dinah belong together (after they have sex)

Chapter Notes

"Reset" by Muthmath
Also, this chapter is a toss-up between Huntress/Wonder Woman and Huntress/Black Canary. I suppose it's both.
Oh, and in case you didn't notice the rating change, there is SMUT

"You're tightly-wound, Little Artemis."

Helena growls at the heavy amusement in Diana’s voice, but she wrestles her down onto the bed, ripping the bedspread away and tossing it aside, and the goddess gives a soft gasp of arousal that nearly drives her mad. The clothes are next, and Helena shoves the hair out of her eyes with an impatient hand as her line of sight is suddenly filled with bare skin. She still remembers the first time she saw Diana—Dr. Prince—like this, naked and shameless, that thin night robe falling into a puddle on the dusty hardwood, and Helena melting right down onto the floor with it.

Their lips find each other, and her fingers sink into the luscious tangle that is Wonder Woman’s hair. She’s wearing some sort of expensive perfume; it’s strongest in that little crook where her neck meets her shoulder, and Diana’s soft groan as she bites is like fire speeding through her veins, it’s all she can do to keep up…

"Stop, Little Artemis."

Helena hears, and she pounds a fist into the mattress, because she doesn’t want to stop, she’s so close, they’re both so close, just a few more seconds, she can go faster, she can get them both there —

"Helena."

The fingers in her hair are pulling tightly, and she surges forward, holding herself up on muscular arms, glaring down at the figure lying beneath her.

"What?"

Diana reaches out and rests a hand against her cheek. Her eyes are serious, assessing.

“You must stop, darling. At any time, you must stop when your partner asks. Not a second longer. Do you understand?”
“You can take it,” Helena snarls, her heart still pounding against her ribs like a drum. “You can take anything.”

But Diana just gives her a look, and a long finger—Christ, her fingers—reaches out and taps her nose.

“Continue.”

Later, when Helena has crumpled onto the bed in a mortal heap, Diana rises up and begins her work. Her lips, her hands, her body—it’s like she has one purpose and one purpose alone: to pluck the tendrils of nerves strung beneath Helena’s skin, and to play them one by one until her mind is buzzing with the symphony of her own undoing… until the vibrations crash into one another, and friction turns to static, and static turns to electricity, and her entire body is alight with lightning, and her brain short circuits until she can’t fucking take it any more…

“Tell me what you desire.”

Diana is being very irritating today.

_I love this chick, she’s got rage issues._

Helena’s eyes fly open, and she's already shouted, “I don’t have rage issues!” before she’s even fully grasped what was asked of her in the first place…

Diana raises her head from between her thighs and gives her a bewildered smile.

“You know what I want,” Helena snaps before Diana can say something smug, but the goddess shakes her head, her cheek brushing against her inner thigh.

“No. Tell me.”

Helena kicks out, and her hands are grasping at that dark mane, pulling her forward, but Diana’s mouth isn’t doing the thing, she’s just lying there with her face pressed up against her like this is a perfectly normal way to lie in bed, and Helena wants to weep in frustration, weep in irritation at stubborn goddesses who won’t—do—their—job.

“Tongue… press your tongue forward, yes—yes, like that, harder, Gods—harder than that, pointy —yes… and fingers, inside, deeper…”

It would almost be embarrassing, narrating the first edition of "Step-By-Step Instructions For Giving Helena Bertinelli An Orgasm" if it wasn’t so damn good.

When it’s over, she’s come more times than she cares to count, and the hotel room ceiling is pulsing in and out, and she’s sweaty again.

Diana picks herself up, wipes herself with a spare towel, and smiles a small smile down at Helena’s motionless figure.

“We need to talk.”
"The question is, what are you going to do about it?"

Helena is cranky. The afterglow is starting to wear off, she just wants to sleep, but Diana apparently has a meeting agenda.

"I’ll find Canary’s apartment when I’m back in Gotham, and I’ll ask if she wants to talk about feelings. How’s that?"

Her voice is muffled because she’d buried her face in a pillow, a lame attempt at blocking out goddesses with to-do lists. Diana’s finger’s trail down her bare spine, one vertebra at a time, then the bed shifts as she rises and makes her way to the bathroom. Helena doesn’t move, but she hears the bathwater turning on, feels the hot press of steam beginning to shimmy its way into the main room.

She’s dozing when Diana comes back and tugs on her arm.

“Come, Little Artemis. You can relax in the bath.”

Helena kicks out, and her heel connects with a rock-hard thigh, a move that’s probably more painful for her foot than anything, but she can smell the bath oils that Diana had used, some expensive French brand that probably costs more than a month’s worth of groceries…

And the next thing she knows, Diana has lifted her up into her arms and is carrying her like a fireman across the hotel room floor, and she’s laughing in spite of herself.

“Okay, okay, I can walk.”

But Diana only sets her gently down into the hot water, and when Helena looks up at her, those dark eyes are tender.

“Do you like her?”

Helena closes her eyes again.

Diana tsks, but she begins to work her hands through Helena’s wildly tangled hair, working some sort of shampoo into her scalp.

“Do you enjoy spending time with her?” she tries again, and Helena wiggles her toes.

“Yes.”

Soapy water trickles down the side of her face, and she lets her limbs relax a little, her arms and legs floating up to the surface of the water.

“Does she make you happy?”

Dinah’s face flashes through her mind, Dinah standing up to Victor Zsasz even as he screams at her, brandishing a gun in her face; Dinah grabbing that arrow and shoving it even deeper into that bastard’s scrawny little neck; Dinah staring at her, hands up, saying, Who the fuck are you? with that look of dignified disgust that she wears so well—and the way that she fights, pure, brute force, kicking those guys like those tight pants mean nothing, beautiful and vicious, her muscles bulging against that armband she wears, the one that drives her crazy—
Hey, Crossbow Killer… you fuck as well as you fight?

Helena opens her eyes.

“...oh.”

Diana glances down at her, then taps her shoulder, and Helena sighs, then drags herself up into sitting position.

“It’ll never work,” Helena’s voice sounds too loud in her ears, especially when Diana replies so softly, she can barely hear her over the bubbles,

“What will never work?”

“Me. Us. It’s… it’s easy for her. Talking to people, saying the right thing. Being a real person.”

Diana is rubbing a washcloth over her skin, and it’s a thoughtful gesture on her part, because she knows that loofahs make her ticklish, and it’s easy. This is easy, the two of them, just sitting, talking about things, scratching that itch whenever they’re together, and then going on with their lives. It’s enjoyable, it’s meaningful, and it works for them, for a museum curator/Justice League founder and an angry assassin/fight club owner.

But…

Helena reaches out and hugs her knees, resting her chin on her arms as Diana scrubs her back.

“When you met your wife, did it work? Did you know?”

Diana had told her about her, the mortal woman she’d loved and lost some fifty years ago. She doesn’t talk about her often, and Helena asks about her even less, because Diana always gets a look in her eyes, a look that says she’s still grieving, and she’ll be grieving for as long as she is able to feel.

“Little Artemis…” Diana’s hands are on her neck now, scrubbing her clean. “Isabel and I spent six years trying to kill each other before we reached a place where it finally worked. Don’t follow our example. It may take time for you, but it doesn’t mean you shouldn’t try.”

Helena watches as Diana moves down, scrubbing body wash in small circles over her legs.

“Okay.” Her voice still sounds loud, but she presses on. “So let’s say hypothetically that I agree with… this. What does this mean? Do we date? And—and go to dinners and movies? Like people do in TV shows?”

Her heart is racing just thinking about it, and not in a good way, in a stressful way, in a, Fuck, I didn’t train for this, I’m not ready for this, I can’t do this, kind of way, but then Diana’s hand is on her shoulder, and her eyes are staring back into hers.

“Don’t think of it like that,” she says, and she’s smiling, but it’s a kind smile, it’s an understanding smile. “Just think of it as spending time with someone you enjoy spending time with.”

Helena dips her hand into the soapy water and splashes a little. Diana’s still looking at her, and her eyes are knowing, and Helena sighs.

“What if she doesn’t like me?”

“She does.” Diana says, and she rises to her feet. “But if she changes her mind for some ridiculous
reason, then I’ll ask her out. I’m sure if she could put up with Oliver Queen for all those years, she can handle us."

Helena frowns as she straightens up. Diana is handing her a soft towel, but she just stares up at her, one question racing through her mind.

“Who is Oliver Queen?”

“So… that’s new.”

Helena peers down at her, hands still clasping those bare shoulders. Dinah’s smiling a strange smile, and Helena can’t tell if she’s happy or embarrassed or angry or…

“Good new, or bad new?” Helena says, as if everything is hinging on the next few words out of Canary’s mouth, because everything is: If Dinah Lance doesn’t want this, then she’s marching right back out of this bar and getting on the invisible plane and giving Diana a good pounding for getting her into this mess, and then she’s changing her name and never showing her face in the States ever again—

“It was good, just…” And Dinah reaches up and wraps her arms around Helena’s neck. “Do it again. Slow, this time. Let me kiss you back.”

“Right.” Helena pauses, and for a second she can’t, and it’s because she’s smiling, she’s smiling so wide, she can’t get her mouth to do the thing, and Canary’s smiling back, and their noses are touching, and she’s almost laughing, but it’s not an awkward laugh, it’s not an uncomfortable laugh, it’s a happy laugh, and she’s swaying a little, her hips are swaying beneath her hands, and Helena closes her eyes and leans in, slowly this time—

And it’s good.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: GOD this was fun. Honestly, I feel like Helena’s a bit immature at times, and definitely prone to tantrums, and Diana is the perfect person to temper her a bit before sending her off to her first real girlfriend.

Fun Fact II: Also, I feel like there are a lot of parallels between Batman and Huntress (is the reason she prefers the crossbow over a gun because her family was killed with guns?), and therefore, I demand multiple Huntress movie trilogies. It wasn't enough that we saw her family gunned down at three different times in the movie. I need to see it AGAIN (amongst other things).

Fun Fact III: Artemis is the goddess of the hunt and the lesbians

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!
Enjoy the Silence: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah go to Supercorp's engagement party.

Chapter Notes

"Enjoy the Silence" by Depeche Mode

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re wearing a dress?”

“What? I can wear a dress. I look good in a dress.”

“Hey, I’m not complaining, I just—I had you pinned for more of a suit and tie kind of girl.”

They’ve been invited to a party. It will be their first public event as a couple. Helena is disguising herself with the name “Rosa” and a dress that’s just as red. Dinah is going as Dinah Lance.

If someone wants a piece of me, they can come and get it.

But Helena Bertinelli is supposed to be dead, and the Bertinelli diamond is supposed to be lost, so Huntress puts on a red dress, Dinah Lance’s eyes bug out, and they’re off.

It’s an engagement party for Lena Luthor, owner of L-Corp, and Kara Danvers, a reporter from National City. Everyone who’s anyone is here, and everyone who’s not has snuck in anyway.

“Keep an eye out,” Dinah says as they’re walking in. There’s jazz music being played by a live band in the back of the room, and waiters are walking around with plates of tiny hors d’oeuvres and tall glasses of champagne. “You always see some strange characters at these things—”

“Girls! Hey, girls!”

Helena glances over the top of Dinah’s head and smirks.

“Speaking of which…”

“God, how’d they let her in?”

But it’s really Harley Quinn, in the flesh, and she’s grinning and waving and wearing the most ridiculous, most shiny dress Helena’s ever seen, and there’s a red-headed woman on her arm who looks bored with the whole thing.
“Yowza, Crossbow Killer, you clean up nice—”

“Hey, car-thief,” Dinah interrupts, her arm sliding around Helena’s waist, making her stifle a laugh. And she’s the one who supposedly has anger issues...

“Ohhhh, right, about that—”

“Stow it,” Dinah interrupts, but she’s smiling as she punches Harley in the shoulder. “Who’s this?”

Harley’s head jerks around to look at her bored-looking partner, as if surprised to see someone there, then she flings her arms around the strange woman’s neck like she’s Bruce the Hyena, and says,

“This, lovelies, is Pamela Isley. She’s finally back after a very long business trip to South America.”

“Hey, you know what? Good for you,” Dinah says, and Helena knows she’s not talking about South America.

They spend as much time with those two as they can stand, then Dinah says she wants to go listen to the band, and they make their way across the room. Helena’s not entirely in her element here, but she’s not entirely uncomfortable, either. She remembers things like this from her childhood, big parties, fancy balls, crowded rooms, but it’s been so long, and the rules are different when you’re a child, and there aren’t a dozen aunts and uncles bustling around, patting your cheeks, pointing fingers at your face, telling you how pretty you look…

“You do look nice.”

Helena glances down, and Dinah is staring at her over the rim of her wine glass. She looks uncomfortable, like she’s looking for trouble, or maybe trouble will come looking for her.

“Relax, darling, they’re just people.”

Dinah blinks, then tilts her head, staring at her.

“...what did I say?”

“I mean—I mean, you look nice, too. You look nice, Dinah.” Helena is blushing now, but she just reaches down and takes her girlfriend’s hand, running her thumb lightly over one of Dinah’s many rings, and they stand at the edge of the room, watching the stage. The musicians look like they’re having fun, but the bustle of the crowd is so loud, Helena almost feels sorry for them. She leans down to whisper in Dinah’s ear, and she stands on her tiptoes to hear.

“If I was up there, I would start playing that Star Wars song really loudly to scare everyone.”

Dinah grins and twists her head around to look at her. She’d taken her nose ring out for this event, and Helena finds herself missing it.

“You know, I can see you up there in your big-ass trench coat, belting out “The Imperial March” on a trombone or someth—”

“Ms. Lance!”
There’s a man strolling towards them, champagne glass in hand. He has a mustache that makes him look like a douchebag, and Helena feels like serving him a nice, meaty right hook even before Dinah drops her hand and says in a flustered voice,

“Ollie. I didn’t know you were in town.”

“Just got in this morning.” He waves his glass, and a little champagne sloshes out. “Wouldn’t miss the biggest party of the year.”

He gazes down at her for a second, then says in a lower, slightly less annoying voice,

“Anyway. How’ve you been?”

“Better than you.” He looks like he’s about to say something, but Dinah nods in Helena’s direction, sliding her arm back around her waist. “This is my girlfriend. She thinks bows and arrows are for twelve-year-olds.”

And Helena doesn’t understand why, but Oliver Queen looks positively crushed.

The people who come up to them are divided into two groups: People who insist on talking in hushed voices about Dinah’s mother, and people who knew Dinah from her days as Oliver Queen’s girl. It’s not until Diana Prince arrives, already surrounded by a crowd of admirers, that Helena finally meets someone that she knows. Apparently her special brand of Italian assassin isn’t especially popular with the Gotham elite.

Diana brings Lena Luthor over with her, the star of the evening, and she looks it, bedecked as she is in jewels and velvet, both which show off her impressive neckline. There are introductions and pleasantries and compliments on the music and food and decor and complaints about why is Bruce Wayne here, who invited him?! and then Lena is whisked away by an assistant to say hello to the governor, and the three of them are left to find something to talk about.

It’s Dinah’s first time seeing Wonder Woman up close since she and Helena started this little experiment... and she’s so damn attractive. There were rumors in the vigilante community about her, how the gods formed her, or that she was part-god herself, and Dinah believes it.

Which makes it even more strange, how casual Helena is with her. She’s used to her girlfriend being a bit of a social disaster, better at speaking with her fists than her words, but with Diana, Helena is almost rude, in a way that is reserved for siblings, or very close friends.

“We’ll get there. It’ll just take time, but we’ll get there.

Dinah leans in to kiss Helena’s cheek, then excuses herself. They’re talking about Italy, anyway—the old assassin had included Helena in his will, and there’s talk about another trip they’ll have to make to sort through what he left her. Dinah pushes her way through the room, making a beeline for the exit.

John Constantine is practically standing against the door to the back alley as she pushes it open, and she scowls at him, but doesn’t comment. And for a long moment, they stand together, smoking in silence.
“The world seems bloody small, doesn’t it? When we’re all tossed together like this.”

Dinah lets out a smokey laugh and takes a long drag before tossing the worthless butt into the ashtray.

“You should’ve seen what it’s like on the Watchtower.”

When she returns, there’s a baby in Helena’s arms.

“I leave this woman alone for two seconds—” Dinah mutters, but it’s such a charming picture, she has to remember for a moment that Helena had been around babies, at least for the first twelve years of her life, and for as much as a hard-ass as she is now, it doesn’t mean she’ll always be Huntress, at least not full-time.

“...tried to find a sitter, but everyone is here.”

Wonder Woman is handing an alcoholic drink to the senator from Kansas—what is the senator from Kansas doing here?—and Dinah makes a silly face at the baby peeking out over her girlfriend’s shoulder.

“Who is this? And can we take you home?”

“This is Donna. And I am the chosen one,” Helena says solemnly, staring down at the baby who’s grasping at her hair with tiny fists. “See? She likes me.”

“Well, keep her away from Bruce Wayne, you know how he likes younger women,” Dinah says, glancing across the room toward where Bruce is standing and drinking, looking wealthy and bored. “God, there sure are a lot of weird people at this party.”

“We got invited, Dinah,” Helena says, turning slightly so that Donna can wave at her. “What did you expect?”

By the time they return to Helena’s hotel room, it’s almost dawn. Diana had flown them back to Gotham on her plane, and she must’ve stayed over, because the next thing Dinah knows, it’s late afternoon, and Wonder Woman is serving her and Helena breakfast in bed. They both tell her to stay, and Dinah actually means it, but Diana just kisses both their cheeks, murmurs, Let’s do it again sometime, and then she’s gone.

Helena stretches, yawning loudly and almost flipping over her tray of breakfast, or late lunch, and Dinah leans over and kisses her.

“I’m not really one for parties. But I think last night went well.”

“I don’t remember it,” Helena grumbles, reaching for the nightstand drawer and pulling out a bottle of pills. Dinah points to her tray, where two pills are already sitting on a napkin, and Helena shakes her head.
“That damn, cheeky know-it-all…”

“You don’t remember leaving early and going to karaoke? You have a pretty decent voice, I was surprised.”

Helena stares at her, her half-drunk glass of water still clutched in her hand.

“Me? Singing?!”

“You get pretty cute when you’re drunk.”

Helena groans again, but she reaches out and takes Dinah’s hand, and gives it a little kiss. And for a moment, they sit quietly, leaning against each other, holding hands, just being together, first thing in the morning—or late afternoon, as it were.

“Hey.” Helena clears her throat, then says in a deliberately casual voice. “You should come to Italy with me.”

Dinah stares at her. “What? Are you still drunk?”

“I’m not. I have to go anyway, and I want to show you around. See some things.” Helena reaches over and starts doing that thing, that thing where she paws at her, almost as if she’s petting a dog, and it’s so childish and so adorable, Dinah just laughs and throws up her hands.

“Fine. Let’s go to romantic Italy.” She spears a bit of hash brown on her fork, then glances at her girlfriend’s hung-over face and says casually, “Is Diana coming, too?”

Helena looks at her for a second, as if she can’t read her expression, then she says carefully,

“I mean, she doesn’t have to. If you’d rather she not be there.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Dinah says, staring down into her plate of breakfast. “I was just thinking… it might be interesting having her along.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This chapter took a lot longer to write than it should’ve and I’m too tired to write fun facts haha I hope you liked it! :P :D

This is probably the last chapter in this particular storyline, but I’ll definitely be writing more of these two (three)! Maybe something a little more stand-alone, though, all this universe stuff takes too much time to untangle!

I don’t like parties and writing fun parties is difficult
Everywhere I Go: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah get tiramisu at a cafe in Italy.

Chapter Notes

"Everywhere I Go" by Got a Girl

For all of her rage, she’s a good driver.

They ride together through the winding paths of Italy, through the concrete streets of Rome, the hilly countryside of Assisi, the narrow cobblestone alleyways of Siena, the quaint, breathtaking seaside villages in Liguria. Helena doesn’t like riding more than two hours a day, but Dinah likes the drives. She likes laying her helmeted head against Helena’s back, her arms secure around her waist, the raw power of the bike roaring between her legs, the most beautiful country she’s ever seen floating by her eyes, and at the end of the day’s journey, food, booze, sugar. These Italians like their carbs, they like their wine, and they like their desserts.

Helena orders everything, teaching Dinah words and phrases along the way. They play a bedroom game at night that ensures that she learns her numbers rather quickly, but the rest is observation. It’s not that the Italians don’t speak English; they switch graciously enough when they realize Dinah is only catching a handful of words, but she wants to learn.

The touristy parts of Italy equally annoy and amuse Helena. She may have finished off her kill-list, but she’ll always be an assassin, and, when surrounded by people, she’ll always be there with her nose to the ground, looking for surprises, looking for secrets.

“When you first showed up, I thought you were like, antisocial.”

Helena pushes the plate of tiramisu back across the table toward her. They’re sitting outside a cafe in a quaint little town, and there’s a group of loud tourists sitting at the next tables over, eating gelato and showing each other the photos they’d taken on their phones and expensive cameras.

“I’m not antisocial,” Helena retorts, her mouth full. Dinah gives her a look, and she grins, reaching up to press a finger against her lips as she swallows. “I said I’m not antisocial—”

“Yeah, I got that,” Dinah says, poking at her side of the tiramisu. It’s soft and rich and spongy and tastes like heaven.

“It just takes a while to get used to a group. I’m not used to people… seeing me. And interacting.”

“I mean, hey. Everyone has to start somewhere,” Dinah says, leaning back and closing her eyes as a forkful of tiramisu melts in her mouth. She can hear Helena chuckling at her, she can hear the
owner of the shop having a loud conversation with his mother, she can hear the squeaks and rustle of the tourists as they rise, ready to shove off toward the rest of their vacation—their paths had intersected for only a moment, for a sweet sliver of time, and now they’ll be on their way, and in a few minutes, she and Helena will head back to the bike, and they’ll be roaring off into the sunset, and they’ll never see those people again—she can hear the umbrella over their table flapping in the light afternoon breeze, she can feel the warmth of the sun on her bare knees, her bare shoulders, she can feel her girlfriend’s cold fingers reaching out to brush the smudge of powdered cocoa from the corner of her lips…

Fuck, Helena, I’m so happy….

Those fingers linger a little longer than necessary, then they pull away once more, and Dinah can hear the fork scraping softly against the plate as Helena helps herself to another bite. She mutters something through a full mouth that sounds like, Damn, this is really good, and Dinah smiles in spite of herself.

It’s so peaceful here.

Gotham can be peaceful, too, when it wants to be. When there aren’t stupid people tearing it to pieces. But Dinah’s never able to relax there, not completely. No one takes a vacation in Gotham. Some people might visit Gotham, but if they’re smart, they’re right back out again before the sun goes down.

Everything is beautiful here, Dinah had said on their second day of vacation. The ancient architecture, the cold, stately churches, the colorful flower boxes in the windows, the way there are just statues sitting around, staring down at you from town squares and rooftops. Even the beggars and pickpockets are beautiful, in a roguish, romantic kind of way.

Don’t romanticize poverty, it’s a real problem over here, Helena had scolded her, but Dinah had just thrown a pillow at her. One day, they’ll figure out just how to utilize the Bertinelli billions, and then they’ll end world hunger and bring about world peace, but in the meantime...

“I can’t have been that bad.” Helena’s voice is still muffled, but it’s as if she’s facing away from her, looking out over the street, watching the cars and people, arms crossed, elbows on the table, biceps bulging, relaxed for once in her life. “I tricked you into going out with me.”

Dinah opens her eyes. The world is blue, and she has to blink a couple of times to readjust to light, color, objects. The tiramisu is settling comfortably in her stomach, and she doesn’t want to move, but she also wants to get back on the road, to watch as the world begins to glow with the tragic light of dusk, to feel every little move Helena makes as she guides the bike toward whatever little inn or fancy hotel they’ll be christening tonight.

“I think I’m going to remember this.”

The words are out of her mouth before she realizes it, soft and dreamy, like a sultry love song, like a smooth shot of whisky. Helena is looking at her now, and the wind is ruffling through her hair, brushing a few loose strands over her cheeks. Dinah just smiles, shakes her head, and she says again,

“I’m going to remember this for a long time.”

Chapter End Notes
Fun Fact I: I miss going outside

Fun Fact II: It actually is a challenge for me to get out of Marlyta mode and parse out the differences for a new ship, but this was fun, really getting into concrete, real-time details. (Sometimes I feel like Marlyta lives in a bit of a perfect, idealized world).

Fun Fact III: The song for this chapter is actually sung by the actress who plays Huntress, and now I need her and Canary to do a duet in the next movie!!

Fun fact IV: Thanks for reading! We've almost made it to the end of another week!
Chapter Summary

Kara and Lena plan their engagement party.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena Luthor said she would buy the flowers herself.

Kara started pulling up websites filled with stock photos of flowers, but Lena just waves an impatient hand and says, *It's fine. I've been wanting to go, anyway.*

Flowers remind her of a calmer time, an *easier* time, despite the sheer hell it was, waking every morning to General Antiope dragging her out of bed and onto the training field. She could always find refuge in Martha Kent’s flower shop, like it was some sort of ceasefire zone. And it probably was, if not only because of the giggling baby Lena would chase up and down the bucket-lined aisles…

“I can handle flowers,” Lena repeats, realizing that Kara is staring at her. “You still went out with me after I sent those plumerias to your office, right? It’ll be fine.”

Kara scratches her forehead with the tip of her pencil, then types furiously on her laptop for half a second.

“Fine. So we’ve got the menu, the drinks, the decor—”

“Now all we need is the attendees,” Lena finishes, leaning back in her seat and wishing it could recline. Kara nods, bites her lip, then rises suddenly.

“Hey, why don’t I order the pizza?”

“Yeah. Good idea,” Lena says, and if Kara catches the snark in her voice, she doesn’t comment.

It’s just their engagement party. They don’t want a big wedding, just the two of them and maybe two or three friends and family members in a secluded location somewhere. But Lena is a public figure, and they need a way to keep the news from getting out of hand.

*I literally own a media company. Why is it so hard to break a story?*

And it’s not just that. It’s a good way to keep the old alliances alive, to reopen the lines of communication with her old classmates from boarding school and MIT, to reconnect with her partners and business associates on the East Coast. And for Supergirl, it’s a good way to infuse a bit of normality into some very unconventional friendships.
I want to invite the whole crew, Clark, Lois, Diana, Bruce, Barry, Iris…

Kara’s voice had trailed off, and then they had stared at each other, realizing that all of Earth’s greatest superheroes and all of the old Luthor family connections would be in the same room together, mingling, drinking alcohol…

And they haven’t talked about it since.

Kara is sitting on the rug, the second box of pizza open on the floor beside her. Lena is lying on the couch in her PJs, one arm over her eyes. Neither of them are talking when Alex lets herself in, holding up an insulated food bag like she works for food delivery…

“Hey. I got you guys some ice cream and… oh.” Her voice trails off as neither of the girls look up at her, and her hand creeps down to the weapon at her side. “What’s going on?”

“It’s impossible,” Kara mumbles, waving a half-eaten slice of pizza. “It’s just—we can’t possibly have all these people in the same room together. They’ll murder each other.”

“Let me see this,” Alex says, crossing the room and seizing the tablet from her sister’s hand. “What—all you have written down here is J’onn.”

“Well, we both like J’onn,” Lena says stubbornly, her eyes still closed. “He and Kara can fly around the empty ballroom while I lie on the floor eating hors d’oeuvres and drinking champagne. It’s perfect.”

“You know, why don’t we just get married in Vegas?” Kara says, tossing aside the empty pizza crust and helping herself to another slice. “People do it all the time. It’s quick and easy and no one else is there. I heard they even give you a free dinner—”

“You can’t be serious,” Alex begins, but Lena interrupts as if she hadn’t even spoken.

“If we were in the old days, we’d just have our marriage banns read in church. And if no one protested, we were married. That’s all.”

“If you were in the old days, you’d have to live alone in a cabin in the mountains. Look, here, give that to me—” Alex hunkers down on the floor next to her sister, grabbing the laptop away from her. Kara promptly flops over, glasses askew, pizza still clutched in one hand. “Why don’t you make a list of who you both want to be there, and then we’ll cross-examine it, or—you know what I mean. We’ll see who we have to not invite.”

“Genius.” Lena rolls over, lying on her stomach now, and she reaches out to poke her future sister-in-law in the shoulder. “You’re a genius, Alexandra.”

Alex gives her a funny look, then glances around the room, looking for empty alcohol bottles. And somehow, she doesn’t quite believe it when she doesn’t see any.
“Cat Grant?”

“Sure, I doubt she’ll make it, but we can invite her.”

“Cat Grant, miss the biggest party of the decade? I doubt it.”

“Don’t get sidetracked, you two. Olivia Marsden?”

“Wha—why would the President be at our engagement party?”

“We’ll invite her and she’ll decline. Next.”

“Lee—but what if she does?”

“She wouldn’t want to—”

“But what if she does? Cat might bring her as a guest, or—or she might think she’s doing us a favor —”

“A nightmare, you mean?”

“Look, the entire Justice League is invited—”

“Not Bruce Wayne, I don’t want to look at his smug little face at my engagement party—”

“Fine, most of the Justice League is invited, plus the entire gang from Earth-1. There’s no reason why the President wouldn’t be safe even if she did decide to show up. We’ll already have security there anyway for Governor Stabenow.”

“The governor is coming?”

“Kara—”

“I’ve never even met the governor, what—why would she want to be at our engagement party? She doesn’t know I’m Supergirl.”

“She’ll be there because of Lena. You know, your rich and famous billionaire CEO fiancée?”

“...oh.”

“Yeah, babe, I’m famous. Now you get be famous, too. It’s great, just—where are you going, Alex?”

“I’m getting a goddamn drink.”

“Congrats to you and Kara.”

“Yeah, congrats, and congrats on nothing exploding so far. I guess you two really do inspire people.”

“Not so loud,” Lena warns with a laugh that she hopes covers the fact that she has no idea who these women are. They’re both beautiful and athletic and attentive in a way that screams Gotham,
but they don’t look like members of Batman’s crew, and…

And he’s here, in the flesh, with stubble on his face and an empty champagne glass in his hand and that stupid playboy smile... and he’s probably here to steal L-Corp secrets from the mainframe like a common thief—

“Hey, are you all right?” The shorter of the two women is looking at her, a concerned expression on her face, her arm half outstretched as if she’s afraid Lena is going to faint.

“It’s nothing, nothing, I just explicitly said Bruce Wayne wasn’t invited, that I didn’t want to see his smug little face—”

“Want us to take care of him for you?” the taller woman asks, and her smile says that she’s not kidding.

“What? No, it’s… it’s fine,” Lena says with a sigh. Leave it to Batman to gate crash, although she has a mild suspicion that Kara had slipped an invite for him in before sending out the stack.

“Ms. Luthor, Governor Stabenow is here.”

Lena glances over her shoulder, and the governor is standing in the middle of the room with a suited senator at her side, and a small army of security around her. Most governors don’t waste taxpayer money on personal bodyguards, but government officials from Metropolis and Gotham had learned the hard way to be prepared.

“Excuse me, ladies,” Lena says to the two women, who look more amused than impressed. “Thank you so much for coming, please enjoy the rest of the night—”

“She had no idea who we were,” Helena says once Lena’s out of earshot. Dinah gives her a little sideways nudge.

“Why would she know who we are?”

“Because we’re amazing.”

And Dinah throws back her head and laughs, just like Helena knew she would.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I had a lot of fun with this one! I have no idea how to plan a party, much less a party full of important people, but it SOUNDS like it would be stressful.

Fun Fact II: I'm guessing Dinah got the invite, and Helena's there as her guest. Helena is supposed to be dead, so.

Fun Fact III: I would give my left arm to see a Supergirl season focused on the hell that would be pulling off a wedding between Supergirl and Lena Luthor. (I would not give my left arm, but I would LOVE to see that. Hopefully, Korra and Asami will get married in the comics and we can see something similar!)
Fun Fact IV: Thanks so much for reading!! I promise I'll get to those review replies in the morning!
Before the Dawn: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah vacation at an Italian beach.

Chapter Notes

"Before the Dawn" by Evanescence

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last time she was here, it had been raining.

She’d left her motorcycle at the hotel, tossed her tiny travel pack into her room, then she had pulled her hood up over her head and gone down to the beach. It had been coming down hard, and any tourists who might’ve been out for the day had safely retreated, either back to the train to return to the city, or to the restaurants or hotels stacked along the shore.

People come to Vernazza because it is beautiful, breathtakingly so. The towering cliffs, the terraced vineyards, the glorious blue of the bay… it is a beautiful place to visit. A difficult place to live, isolated as it is from the world, stuck in this perpetual state of presenting for strangers: without the revenue of wealthy tourists with deep pockets, the people here would never survive, beautiful scenery or no.

The beach is littered with bodies, but Dinah doesn’t seem to mind. She’s stretched out on a waterproof blanket, sunglasses on, clothes off, perfectly content to soak in the sun in her bathing suit all morning.

Helena is sitting under an umbrella and a wide-brimmed hat.

*I’m sorry, I didn’t know vampires even go to the beach. Aren’t you not allowed to cross water?*

And Helena had thrown a pillow at her girlfriend, even as she glanced out the hotel room window and winced at the sight of so many people already down there. It’s even worse being here in person. The overweight couple sunning themselves next to them are so close, she can smell their sunscreen and hear their conversations about how their food was overcooked last night. The family on Dinah’s side is mostly quiet: it’s a mother who’s reading a book and only raising her voice occasionally to yell at her children who are playing in the water.

The last time she was here, she’d stood close to this very spot, boots sinking deep into the sand, and she’d watched the waves as they crashed into the cliffs. She’d stood alone, facing nature at its rawest and most beautiful, and she had felt that thrilling mix of powerful and powerless. Now, she just feels silly and exposed, like she has nothing better to do than any of these other silly and exposed people.

She sits still for as long as she can bear it, then she drags herself to her feet, mumbling something
about getting lunch. Dinah raises her head and says to get her something spicy, and Helena glances down at sun-warmed skin and stutters something that sounds suspiciously like,

*Spicy. Right, heh, spice.*

The men in Italy are sillier, too, especially when she’s not wearing her combat boots and trench coat and crossbow. They stare, even the ones sitting right next to their wives, as she picks her way through the crowd to the pier, and she knows how she’d kill each one. Arrow through the throat, arrow through the gut, bullet through the head, knife through the chest, boot to the face…

“Next, please… miss!”

Helena startles from her murder daydreams and scowls. The man behind the counter doesn’t look impressed when she orders in perfect, angry Italian, but the tourists do, and at least that’s something.

When she arrives back at the strange, tanned goddess that is Dinah Lance, she’s laden with offerings: pesto focaccia and deep fried calamari and sugar-dusted cannolis.

“They didn’t really have any spicy food,” Helena says, and Dinah opens her mouth to say that it’s okay, but Helena is handing her a can of soda. And for a long moment, she stares, then she raises her head, gives her girlfriend a puzzled look, and says,

“Ginger ale, wow, that’s…”

“Ginger is spicy,” Helena says, finished with unpacking the food under the shade of her big umbrella, and reaching for the sunscreen. All that walking around in the streets had turned her shoulders slightly pink. Dinah looks like she doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Oh, my… God, I love you.”

Helena stares as Dinah crawls over to her side of the blanket, where the shade and food is happening. She’s already reaching for a twisty curl of calamari, but Helena reaches out to take her hand, and it’s slightly wet from how long she’d been holding that sweaty soda can, and she almost leans in to kiss her fingertips—all these people, all these men, all these watching eyes—but instead she leans in and presses a light kiss to her lips.

Dinah’s cheek is warm and flushed as it brushes against her own.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Okay but Vernazza and Cinque Terre in general is beautiful as FUCK look it up.

Fun Fact II: I personally don't like going to the beach unless it's raining, I just get really restless around all those people :P Also Helena "actual vampire" Bertinelli does seem like she would sunburn easily!

Fun Fact III: Late 90s/early 00s Evanescence is the *best* Evanescence IMHO
Fun Fact IV: Extra spicy ginger ale is actually really spicy.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! I have no idea when we're getting out of this, but until we do, I'm perfectly happy to look up pretty places and their yelp reviews :D
Everywhere I Go: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Donna learns how to sing the alphabet and drives her moms crazy.

Chapter Notes

"Everywhere I Go" by Got a Girl

I like this song okay don't judge

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Donna has learned to sing the alphabet.

The first time she sang it all the way through, Martha had almost cried. It had been a 2-year work in progress to get all twenty-six letters in order with the right tune... she’d baked a cake in celebration, and had Donna blow out some candles that, unfortunately, didn't look like letters.

The twentieth time she sang it all the way through, Martha wondered if maybe this was a mistake. She started trying to teach her other songs, the “Wheels on the Bus” song for when she eventually goes to school, or the “Count Your Blessings” song they would sing in church, or the “Hokey-Pokey” to help her learn right from left.

But no, all she wants to do is caper around the palace singing the alphabet at the top of her voice, and Martha has no idea who she got that voice from—she and Hippolyta are both generally soft-spoken unless a battle is happening—and she can run now, which means she’s harder to catch, and it’s like having a boom box running around at full blast with one song on repeat, over and over and over...

By the time Donna has sung her ABCs a hundred times through, Martha is screaming into a pillow, wishing that the damn song had never been written, and the stupid language had never been invented, and that babies had some sort of volume control, not that she doesn’t love the sound of her miracle baby’s voice, but God what wouldn’t she give for two seconds of peace and quiet—

“Troia…”

The Queen has arrived, and Donna’s between Q and R, and the song stops, mercifully, for half a second as she runs to her goddess mother with a squeal a laughter, and then—oh, my Lord, this is what torture feels like—it’s started up again, and now Hippolyta has joined in, and Martha wants to throw pillows at them both...

“—Y an’ Z! A-B-C-D—”

“No, Troia, it’s time for quiet now.”

“E-F-G—”

“Troia.” And Hippolyta presses a light kiss to her daughter’s little lips and rocks her gently back
and forth. “An Amazon does not flaunt her knowledge. There are times to speak, and times to be silent, daughter. And this it is a time for quiet.”

Donna bounces angrily as Hippolyta lays a cool finger against her pouting lips, but she is no match for the woman who rules the hotheaded Amazon Army—and the entire Underworld. Donna is returned to her little play area with her toys, and Hippolyta sweeps away to her own little play area, where Martha Kent is lying on their bed, head buried underneath a pillow.

“Little one…”

Martha’s foot twitches, but she doesn’t answer, and Hippolyta climbs onto the bed beside her, bending to brush a kiss over her shoulder.

“You will miss these days, darling;” she whispers. Even now, she can hear Donna beginning to sing again, but in a quieter voice, far too quiet for Martha to hear. Myrrha has apparently joined her, cooing and waving stuffed animals. “Soon she will be singing different songs in different cities, in different worlds, too far away for us to hear.”

“Don’t say that.” And Martha Kent surfaces, her face flushed from the pillow, and her eyes tired. “That’s not fair… manipulating me like that.”

But Hippolyta just reaches out and brushes a damp strand of hair from her face, and Martha lets out a sigh. The sun is glimmering against the filmy curtains surrounding the bed, and the windows are open, letting in a soft breeze that smells like flowers and fresh earth. It’s still too early to think of dinner, much less sleep.

“I forgot how hard it is…” But her voice trails off, and she reaches up to press her palm up against her wife’s cheek, her wife who’s here in the middle of the afternoon, who’s done her part, more than her part to help with the raising of their daughter. “You’re right.”

“Of course I am right,” Hippolyta replies, bending to kiss her lips this time, then she settles down beside her and pulls her into her arms. “Come now, I will teach you a new song…”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: One of my students' little sibling was singing the alphabet VERY LOUDLY during their Facetime lesson today, and it was adorable though their poor mom though

Fun Fact II: I'm guessing Hippolyta gave Martha a massage at the end of the chapter here and let her call the shots if she wanted something more. It is the middle of the afternoon, after all :D

Fun Fact II: We've reached the part of Quarantine where whatever happens happens! I'm having trouble getting intentional prompts written, and I'm okay (as anyone can be) and I will keep posting a chapter every night because I enjoy writing and it helps pass the time, but actual requests are pretty hard to focus on right now. But please keep requesting by all means! Just know that it might take some time for them to happen :P
Fun Fact III: We're officially slogging through Week 3, and I just wanted to say I hope everyone is still doing okay. Things are getting pretty ugly, and I hope you're all staying safe and sane.
Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah get ice cream after a successful mission, and meet the Batman.

Chapter Notes

"Higher Devotion" by Jimmy Eat World

This might be a little confusing if you haven't seen the movie. Basically, Dinah's mother died when she was younger, leaving her to fend for herself. And Helena's entire family was massacred when she was 12, and she was smuggled to Sicily. They both spent parts of their childhoods in Gotham, but in very different social classes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She likes her new suit. It had taken a few alterations and several late nights of refitting a pile of bulletproof vests to get it right, but by the time it was done, it fit like a glove, and looked good too. At any rate, Dinah had stared more than usual when Helena paraded it past her in the middle of the warehouse.

If we’re going to do this for real, we need to be ready for more than just machetes and baseball bats.

The new Huntress suit has a good debut. They’re trying to crack a nut, one of the new shadowy threats that Renee had predicted would rise at Roman Sionis’ fall. Cleaning this city from the inside out, she’d said, like the cop she was.

“Do you ever wonder why they don’t have problems over there like we do?”

Tonight’s scuffle had taken them up multiple flights of stairs, and down just as many fire escapes, and there may have been a few explosions here and there—but it spit them out at the harbor, and not the pretty harbor either: the one with the park where people regularly got thrown up against the guardrails and stabbed. In this light, Helena honestly can’t tell if the ugly patches in the chipped metal are rust or blood.

The water is glittering, and it’s because across the harbor sits Metropolis, its skyscrapers rising up from the sea like some sort of futuristic utopia. On this side, a few old ships with peeling paint are bobbing lifelessly, and the trash-strewn water is giving off its signature rotten egg stink. It’s in close competition with the warm smells wafting up from the overflowing dumpsters lined up against the concrete walls. There are no skyscrapers over here, just empty, rusted warehouses,
crumbling, overcrowded apartment buildings, and a strip mall of shops where all the cashiers carry guns behind the registers. Compared to the gleaming vision of Metropolis, Gotham looks like an abandoned wrecking yard.

“Money,” Dinah says, unimpressed. She pulls a handkerchief from her pocket and mops her face. Helena hands her the flask of water from her belt and she mutters thank you. Maybe they need to add a “stairs” routine to their training.

“So money would solve this?” Helena says, and her voice sounds doubtful, naive, but she turns to cast an eye over the looming shadows of her city, the one her family had once held in their palms, pulling every string in the name of crime.

“Money in the right places. There are too many crime lords, too many people desperate enough to follow them, too many dumb assholes like Roman with nothing to lose. Instead of spending so much money locking people up, the city should invest in keeping people off the streets in the first place.”

Helena glances at her. She never talks about that, about those years after her mother died, and she was left to fend for herself before Roman gave her a job. After Helena’s own mother—and entire family—had been killed, she’d been whisked off oversees, given a home, a place to stay, food to eat.

“You must think I’m… not very understanding,” she says in a low voice, looking intently at the murky water. Dinah shoots her a glare that may have seemed irritated to anyone else, but Helena knows that she’s just confused, a feeling she doesn’t experience very often.

“What are you talking about?”

There have been moments. Moments where Dinah butts in and says she can pay for her own meals, or her own gym equipment, or her own rent, and Helena’s not assertive enough to argue with her, but she also doesn’t understand it, because that diamond was their collective accomplishment. They all fought their asses off to keep it and Cass out of Roman’s hands, and they should all share in the benefits; God knows Helena will never spend it all, and she has no interest in using the money to buy any politicians or judges. Plus Harley had conveniently disappeared with the actual rock, taking more than enough of her fair share of the earnings.

“Gotham is different than I remember,” Helena says, trying again, not knowing why she’s tiptoeing around this so badly. “I guess I only saw one side of it when I was a girl, a more… privileged side. And now I don’t know how to help, and I want to, and I like what we’re doing with the Birds, I think it’s a start. But it just feels like scratching at the surface sometimes, you know?”

“Yeah. I hear you.” And Helena breathes a small sigh of relief as Dinah reaches out and slips her arms around her waist. She smells like cigarette smoke, and Helena doesn’t even mind. “But you need to be careful. You may have killed Galante and his firing squad, but there are a lot of people who would love to get their hands on you. You’ll end up with a bigger bounty on your head than Sionis ever put out. And I’m not interested in losing you so soon after finding you.”

“Ouch,” Helena says, wincing. But a silly grin is spreading across her face despite the conversation about her own capture and torture. “...and I thought this suit was bulletproof.”

“What? Did you get hurt?” Dinah demands, pulling away in alarm. But Helena just wraps an arm around Dinah’s shoulders and pulls her close once more.

“No. You just… shot an arrow. Through my heart. An arrow of cuteness—”
“Jesus Christ, are you fucking kidding me,” Dinah grumbles, but she’s smiling too, and she doesn’t pull away as Helena leans down to kiss her. “I’m hungry, let’s get something to eat.”

They have ice cream in the gas station up the street, but the only spoons they have are some flimsy plastic ones that are wrapped in even more plastic. Helena is inspecting them dubiously when Dinah waves her over to the side of the counter, peering down at where the novelties are arranged in a separate cooler.

You got gelato after school—we got THIS shit.

She points out her childhood favorites through the sliding glass: the Klondikes, the ice cream bars with the nuts, the ice cream sandwiches, the drumsticks, the popsicles…

But Dinah pulls her away again before Helena can even begin to wonder what she might get. Instead, they walk out with a pint of “the good stuff” and Dinah takes to poking gingerly at it with the spoon, scraping tiny shavings off at a time.

“Gotham’s not all bad,” she says, handing the ice cream off to Helena so she can get a few flakes. “Yeah, it’s got a reputation, but I think half of the crazy shit that goes on over here is done by like, six people. The rest are just following the crowd.”

“So if they had a leader…” Helena begins, stabbing at the ice cream and letting up immediately when the spoon bends dangerously.

“Yes, and no.” Dinah says, pulling the spoon and icy pint away from her. “They need hope. And not the Superman kind of hope. They need to know that they’ll be able to pay their bills and that their kids will come home safe. They need to know that the police and the courts will be fair and trustworthy. They need to know that there is justice in the world.”

The spoon breaks, and Dinah swears. Helena laughs in spite of herself, a good, hearty laugh, and Dinah smiles a wry smile in return.

“Fuck, I guess…” She tosses aside the broken handle and plucks at the reminder of the spoon. “Shit. I guess we’ll just have to kind of ladle—”

WHOOSH!

“The hell—” Helena grabs Dinah’s arm and shoves her behind her, crossbow up, pointed directly at the shadow who just swooped down in front of them—

“Goddamnit,” Dinah says, her third swear in as many seconds, and she shakes her fist, the one with the broken spoon in it. “What gives, Batman?”

And it is the Bat. He’s shrouded in darkness, and masked. Helena had pulled hers off and stuffed it into her pocket, and now she wishes she’d kept it on.

“Canary,” Batman says formally. “I hear there’s a new vigilante in Gotham. One leaving crossbow arrows in dead bodies.”

He says it like he’s never killed a man before, and this somehow gives him a higher moral ground.
Helena squints, not lowering the crossbow. His voice sounds familiar, amplified and digitally manipulated as it is, and there’s a memory digging into the back of her mind…

“You don’t have to worry about her,” Dinah is saying. “She’s with us. She’s with me.”

“Four people are dead, and a whole crowd down at one of Joker’s old hideouts.”

“That? That’s old news, man,” Dinah says, stepping forward, moving subtly between them. “Where’ve you been?”

Batman conveniently ignores this.

“Are you all right?” he says instead. “They said that Harley Quinn—”

“We’re fine. Everyone’s fine,” Dinah interrupts, waving a sticky hand. “We all made it out alive, no thanks to you or anyone else in the League.”

Batman doesn’t exactly grimace, but his exposed mouth tightens a little. He turns to Helena instead and seems to be sizing her up from behind his mask.

“Those killings were planned.”

Helena blinks, then turns to look at Dinah.

“*Does this guy always just walk around, stating the obvious—*”

“Did you get everyone you came here for?”

He knows.

He knows, just like Renee Montoya knew, and Helena is just as annoyed. But something clicks, *she* knows now too, she knows why that voice sounds familiar, knows why *this* feels familiar, a kindred soul who also saw his family gunned down, and apparently devoted his life to… terrorizing the very streets that had terrorized him?

“Your father used to come to the house,” she says instead, and he goes very still. Wayne Enterprises had boasted the most technologically advance security systems in the world—for all the good it did the Bertinelli family in the end. “You sound just like him.”

He even looks a little like him, once you know to look for it. Something about that square jawline, the cleft chin, that enormous frown…

“So you’re here to stay?”

So it’s a turf issue. A rich-traumatized-kid-turned-vigilante issue.

“Stay out of our way, and we’ll stay out of yours,” she says instead of answering. *Keep your secrets and I’ll keep mine.* Batman seems to consider this, then he gives the slightest jerk of his head.

“If you keep making it a habit of gunning down people…”

“Oh, shut up,” Helena snaps, waving an aggressive hand in his direction, that familiar rage boiling up at last. “Just shut the fuck up and give us a spoon. You *must* have a clean spoon in one of those pockets of yours.”
And at last he seems to realize what he’d been interrupting. His eyes flicker between the melting ice cream in Canary’s hands to the broken spoon, then he grimaces. And wonder of wonders, he reaches into one of his pouches and pulls out a spoon, an actual dinner spoon made of metal, and he hands it over.

“The fuck, Batman,” Dinah mutters, and for the first time, he almost seems to smile.

“Kids.”

And then he’s gone.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: In which I attempted to write decent!Batman, and he still ended up being an ass. But hopefully slightly less of an ass.

Fun Fact II: I was reading "Batman/Huntress: Cry For Blood" by our lord and savior Greg Rucka, and this is what came out of that. I only wish they had replaced Vic!Question with Renee!Question :D

Fun Fact III: Have you ever tried eating a pint of ice cream with a plastic spoon it's near impossible

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading. We're sort of in whatever the hell happens territory, so strap in and hang on, in here and in real life!

Fun Fact V: I had to work early today :P I'll get to those review replies first thing tomorrow!
Sometimes they send her to the church.

She’s a Bertinelli. Her father taught her to be tough, her mother taught her to be ruthless. But when you wake every morning to the reminder that your entire family is gone, every single one, in a matter of seconds, and then the *silence* that followed…

The men don’t understand, not really. They kill for a living, and they killed that part of themselves years ago. They cluck their tongues and mutter things in Italian, and tell her to keep her head up, it’ll be all right, and they put food and books and toys in front of her, and when the episodes get bad, when the demons return, they take her to the church.

They mean well. Sal will always wait for her on the chapel steps, smoking, spinning knives, or doing tai chi, but waiting, always waiting for when she pushes open the heavy wooden door, head bowed, as if she were still in the middle of beseeching the Virgin Mary.

Sometimes she goes weeks without a single bad day. She eats her food and puts on her clothes and focuses on the clumsy lessons that the assassins give her. The first time she had laughed, they had cried, three big, burly men shouting in delight and clapping their hands, as if their noise could distract from their watery eyes.

Other times, she wakes screaming, crying like a child for her mother, even though she knows where her mother is: still lying in a pool of her own blood in their foyer. Just like her father. Just like her brother. Just like every other person with her last name.
There must’ve been a mistake.

She doesn’t arrive at vengeance right away. First there’s denial, because she knows her family was a good family. They were good people, friendly people, well-meaning people, and no one would ever want to hurt them, not on purpose. The man in the chair, the gunmen, they must’ve been at the wrong house. They must’ve forgotten their guns were loaded with bullets instead of blanks. They must’ve been shooting to wound, not kill, and were just as surprised as she was when the entire Bertinelli family took a collective final breath.

The assassins encourage her to pray. There are small arguments amongst themselves about whether prayers should be directed to the patron saint of orphans, or the patron saint of grief, or the patron saint of lost parents—none of the assassins are especially devout Catholics—but eventually one brings home a small statue of the Virgin Mary and sets it onto the shelf above Helena’s headboard.

Now you have another mother to watch over you, always.

Ava Maria is a poor replacement for Maria Bertinelli, but sometimes Helena sits up in the middle of the night, clicks on the reading light on her nightstand, and she’ll stare at the little figure’s peaceful face. A more petulant child would have asked why me? Helena draws her knees up to her chest, wrapping her living arms around her living legs and wonders what now?

She’s still a child when she discovers the answer.

Helena is not particularly fond of the New Testament, despite the Blessed Mother’s footsteps laid over its first four books. She prefers the Old Testament, its pages rife with blood, war, famine, plague. The God of Old is weary, and angry, and demands order.

In Genesis, there is a story of a woman: Dinah, the daughter of Jacob and Leah, who is attacked—violated, the tiny letters spell out, as if the only way to truly describe this thing is with this close cousin of violence. Her father agrees to the noble solution, the peaceful solution, the unthinkable solution, and arranges his daughter’s marriage to her attacker, who is a prince amongst his people.

But her brothers draw their swords, and they slaughter every male in this man’s city, recover their sister from her rapist’s home, and plunder every house and every field, seizing their flocks, their grain, their gold and their silver and their oil and their wives and their children.

For vengeance. For honor.

And Jacob, son of Issac, son of Abraham, berated his sons, complaining of the retaliations that would be made against his people because of their attack. But they stood before their father with their swords running with blood, and they replied,

Should we allow him to treat our sister like a harlot?

She begins to train.
By now, she understands what these men do, these assassins who give her food and clothing and shelter and love. She asks, and they do not say no. Instead, they take her down to the crypt beneath the chapel, where they offer their prayers up to the saints, and then they begin.

They teach her to tame her anger, that blinding rage that has risen up to nearly uncontrollable heights over the years. They teach her the importance of time, of using a second, half a second to her advantage. They teach her to improvise. She learns every combination, every style, every defense, block, hit. But she also learns to expect the unexpected, to trust her instincts, and to use her intelligence, not just her technique.

It’s painful at first. She’s still a gangly teenager, and these are world-weary men who have been out in the field for decades. But every drop of sweat, every drop of blood, every grunt, every tear, every gasp, every ache is worth it. She sees them in her sleep, their faces gone blurry over time. But now, instead of seeing them facing her and her family with guns blazing, she sees them on their backs, and now they’re the ones gasping for their last breath, they’re the ones bleeding out like a water fountain, they’re the ones quaking in fear, eyes glazing over, mouths hanging open, entrails spilling out like a butchered hog…

Blood cries for blood, and the blood of her family has cried out for long enough.

When it’s over, there’s some sort of shitshow happening at the funhouse. There’s a kid waving a gun, a drunk cop who can barely stand, that clown lady who’d nearly gotten herself brained in by the goon with the crowbar, and the singer/bodyguard/driver from Roman Sionis’ club—his girlfriend?

They call her Canary, but later, she finds out her real name, and she understands, because if anyone so much lays a finger onto her, she, too, would draw swords and run them through every man, until their blood was caked so thick over the metal, she could no longer lift them with her human hands—and then she would plunder every city, every field, every home, until Dinah, her Dinah was avenged and her honor restored.

When she informs her girlfriend of this, she laughs and says,

*You’re so fucking brutal, Crossbow Killer, I love it.*

It’s not exactly the response she was looking for, but Dinah’s slightly drunk, and so is she—*drunk on love, drunk on happiness, drunk on peace for the first time in so long*—and she’ll take it.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Today was rough for reasons unrelated to the coronavirus, so I hope you like ANGST

Fun Fact II: Huntress is rather violent in the comics, and also Catholic, which is interesting.
Fun Fact III: I have no more fun facts right now so I'll just say thanks for reading!

Also I'm going to start putting chapter descriptions on each chapter so it's easier to navigate and find what you're looking for and by you I mean me :P
“Time to Kill” by Gold & Youth

Recap: This is set in Martha’s first year as Senator, when she got an apartment in Metropolis so she could pretend to take the train from there to Washington D.C. whenever Senate is in session.

She doesn’t necessarily need the apartment, but she thinks it would be strange if she doesn’t at least have an alibi. It’s near the first train stop, just on the edges of Metropolis, an area of town that even Superman would’ve blanched at, but it’s such a short walk from the station, and the building itself is locked and secure.

It’s noisy, though, full of raised voices, cooking smells, stomping children, stomping adults. Kara and Diana come up one weekend to help her move in some furniture she didn’t ask for. They exchange glances, and Martha knows that this specific block will now be 500% more secure due to flying superheroes keeping an eye out…

But she doesn’t belong in a plush penthouse. She may live in a literal palace in the Underworld, but in her world, she has no interest in a lavish lifestyle. She remembers being at Bruce Wayne’s house, and she’d stayed in his guest rooms, and all she could think was, *too much to clean.*

Sometimes she turns off the lights and goes over to the window, leaning against the frame, looking out.

The apartment is on the fourth floor, so she can see down into the dark street, where the train station is just around the corner. But she can see other things, too. She can see the TVs on in the building across the way. The house plants in that window. A reading chair in another. Some windows simply have the shades down, but lights on inside, as if concealing some cozy nighttime routine.

And the apartment is high up enough that she can see over the roof of the next building over. And there, in the distance, stretching out to the horizon, is the glittering blanket of lights of Metropolis. When she was in Kansas, she would look up at the stars, but here, the stars are man-made, and just as beautiful.

Most of it is romantic nonsense.

The building is too close to the train station, too close to a public meeting place. There are drug deals going on, constantly. People urinating in the streets, constantly. People shouting at each other and speeding away in roaring cars, constantly. In Kansas, if someone had business to take care of, they did it in a parking lot, in an empty field, in the privacy of their own homes.
But here, people are closed in, cooped up. If you need a moment or some fresh air, there’s nowhere to go but the streets, literally.

It’s different. It almost feels hypocritical.

She’d never been hungry, growing up. There had been bills, but there hadn’t been arguments about those bills, there hadn’t been quiet discussions about what her family could afford or not. Sometimes one of her friends from school would get something expensive: a new bike, or a new record player, and she’d ask for one too, and her parents would give her a list of chores she could do around the house to earn the money, or her mother would tell her to find work babysitting or helping out one of the shut-ins from the church. When she was in high school, she got a job waitressing at the diner, and irony that was never lost on her when she returned to that same job some 30 years later.

Even when everything started going south, and the bills weren’t getting paid, and the house was getting foreclosed, she was never poor. People from the church brought over food, old gift cards they’d just “found lying around and would never use anyway”. Neighbors would stop by with fresh-baked bread, vegetables from their gardens, coupons they’d clipped from the papers. The fellows she knew from the gas station, old friends of Clark, would rush out and pump her gas for her and refuse to let her pay. They would’ve paid off her house if she let them, but Jonathan would’ve never let that happen, those stiff-necked Kents.

And then there was that, that it was never really hers to begin with, it was always the Kent farm, and with Jonathan gone, and Clark dead, there was no one to save it for, anyway. Better to let some bright young family come in, spruce up the place, make it a home instead of the ghost town she was making it.

She gave it up before it was too late, packed all her belongings into a storage unit, and got herself a little place in town by the diner. And the next day, she went into work, pulled on an apron, and started taking orders like she was fifteen all over again.

One night, she’s at a party, and Diana leads her over to a couple. The taller one’s name is Rosa, and the short one’s name is Dinah, and Martha doesn’t have the heart to ask if these are normal friends or superfriends. But they ask her questions about her work, and Donna falls asleep in Rosa’s arms, her mouth open and drooling on her broad shoulder, and they tell her about Gotham.

Gotham is a shitshow, they say bluntly. A new crimelord pops up every day, and a new vigilante pops up every night to chase them down. People are desperate.

Martha doesn’t know a thing about the mobster scene or organized crime, but she does know a thing or two about being desperate. She gives the two her business card, tells them to call her office, and they'll set up a meeting. The wicked part of her wants to clean the city up right beneath Batman’s nose, until he doesn't have anything to brood about anymore. But the better part of her wants to help, and to help in the right way.
Besides, these two look like they'd sooner take the matter into their own hands, and there are enough vigilantes roaming the streets of Gotham.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This is a weird hybrid of deep-cut The Sun and the Moon/Dinah and Helena’s continued storyline. The political side of Martha’s story never really got fleshed out as much as I might’ve liked because it was a romantic story through and through, so it's kind of fun to explore bits of that now.

Fun Fact II: Poor Martha, you'd think she'd know a vigilante duo when she sees one. Apparently Dinah and Helena clean up nice.

Fun Fact III: Apparently I miss the city, I keep writing about skylines and solving urban problems.

Fun Fact IV: FYI I feel like this series is going to evolve as we go through the quarantine. My state is still on lockdown til the end of the month, and already this series has shifted away from purely romantic oneshots (If I start posting chapters about a woman trapped in my apartment walls à la "The Yellow Wallpaper" it means the quarantine has gone on for too damn long!). So please take care of your health, including your mental health, and hopefully we'll all get out of this in one piece.
Awake: Huntress/Black Canary/Wonder Woman

Chapter Summary

Huntress and Black Canary spend some quality time in Italy with Wonder Woman

Chapter Notes

"Awake" by Tycho

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wonder Woman is a delight to watch.

She moves easily on the grass field that is Helena’s childhood training ground, twisting and leaping like a dancer, like the goddess she is. Dinah can see now where Helena got her fighting style, that vicious, but graceful way of moving against her opponents, like fighting is as natural as breathing.

The Amazon has a reputation with the ladies, so went the gossip around the Watchtower. The rumor was that Batman and Superman had both tried asking her out—whatever that looks like, Dinah can’t imagine either of them asking for anything—and she’d turned down them both. Maybe she stepped down from Mount Olympus and realized that men just weren’t all they were made out to be.

Sometimes it’s hard for Dinah to remember now what drew her to Oliver. He had been rich, sure, but he had also been generous, and a decent fighter. His employees loved him, and he paid decent wages before it was cool—or mandated by law. He had this way of looking at her and winking, saying, We make a good team.

And they had made a good team, for a while. But in the end, they were just too different. She was constantly trying to play catch up, like a goddamn peasant in a royal banquet, and it irritated her. She was just as good as any man, just as good as any woman, but there was a learning curve, all these ridiculous rules to being rich that she didn’t have the time or patience to learn. For Ollie, it was different, he could Waltz out in a Hawaiian shirt and shorts and eat pizza with his hands, but women were expected to dress in a specific way and wear makeup in a specific way and do their hair in a specific way and wear jewelry in a specific way...

Lena Luthor had shown up at the rich people holiday parties one year as a full-on Goth, and Dinah had just smiled from a distance and thought,

Good for her.

That was the same year she found out that an email chain was making the rounds, spreading jealous (at best) and racist (at worse) gossip and commentary about her and Oliver’s relationship, and her own apparent status as a gold digger. Ollie had been traveling more, doing missions, settling into his persona as the Green Arrow, and she kept it from him until she couldn’t, and
instead of defending her, he’d said some bullshit about this being what happens to anyone who’s a public figure, it’s nothing personal—

And she’d left him that night.

“You’re up next.”

Helena has flung herself onto the ground next to where she’s sitting, waiting her turn. Dinah has the sudden urge to scoot over and sit on her, riding her like a horse—but God, that’s a bad idea, a very bad idea, bad, bad—

“I… I think I’m done for the day.”

They’re playing badminton. Of all the macho, girl power things to do on a training field, they’re playing badminton like a bunch of retired grandmas. But Diana and Helena are both aggressive as hell, and it is strangely satisfying, the twock of the racket against the birdie, the way it soars effortlessly through the air, especially after Diana has just smashed it with those powerful arms of hers.

She is such a woman, it’s no wonder that call her… a wonder.

_Wow, Dinah, two beautiful women at once, and now you can’t even think straight._

She snorts aloud to herself, two horrible puns in a row, what a record, and then Wonder Woman herself appears, apparently having leapt up from the field, and landing softly on the soft grass beside them.

“Shall I pick up the evening meal?”

Dinah stares, half wondering if Diana is about to pick them up, tucking one of them under each arm, but Helena just raises her head and says something in Italian. It takes a moment for Dinah to realize she’s just ordered her dinner. Diana tsks, reaching down to massage the back of Helena’s neck with two fingers, then she turns to her.

“And you, Canary? What would you like to eat?”

Everything is a little bit woozy after that.

Dinah’s seen Wonder Woman at work. She’s seen her in battle, seen her at the round table in the Hall of Justice, seen her conferring with other members of the Justice League in the Watchtower hallways and meeting rooms. She’s a warrior, an ambassador, a business woman. She’s serious about her work, respectful to her colleagues, and a kind, but generally no-nonsense person.

Which is how she knows that now, she’s flirting. She’s different around Helena, softer, more motherly, more sultry. Dinah still remembers the first time she saw them together in a smoldering Gotham street, and she thought, _Oh, shit, they’re together._

And they _are_ together. They bounce off each other and tease each other and pretend to shout at each other. _Little Artemis_… Diana will sigh, and Helena will stick out her tongue. If it was anyone other than Wonder Woman, then maybe Dinah would mind… but she doesn’t.
On the same day Diana flew them here, she’d brought them dinner and tried to leave. Helena and Dinah had both insisted she stay. And so she did: she stayed for the meal, and then for dessert.

It gets a little messy, with three stubborn women, sometimes all of them arguing over who gets to do what, but they drink Italian wine and eat elegant little Italian sweets and burn Italian candles that might’ve been intended for holier occasions (although, what can be more holy than touching a goddess?) and they find their rhythm.

Diana never stays for long.

One morning, after the third or fourth time in a row that she’s disappeared with the sunrise, Dinah asks why. She’s standing in the middle of the kitchen in a bathrobe, sipping a fragrant cup of coffee from the pot Diana had apparently left out for them, nibbling half-heartedly at a pastry from the box that had been on the table.

_She’s immortal, Canary. Us—we’re like blinking to her._

Helena doesn’t look upset. But maybe death lost its power of upsetting her years ago, and she’s not one to be horrified at the idea of time… that one day—Lord willing they live to see it—they’ll both be old and grey, and Diana will still be Diana, moving like water across the training fields while they sit side by side in their wheelchairs, bodies broken, eyes unseeing.

*I loved someone once,* Diana says one night. Helena is snoring against the wall, and the candles are burning low. Wonder Woman’s eyes are melancholy as she brushes her fingertips over Dinah’s cheek._And after she died, I… it was so horrible, I promised to never love again, not with my entire self. Do you understand?

And in a way, Dinah doesn’t, because she can’t imagine a world where she could ever love Helena except with her entire self. From the first moment she saw her in that funhouse with her hood pulled low over her face, and that damn crossbow in her hands, she’d belonged to no one else. It wasn’t a choice, but _God,* if she could, she wouldn’t choose any other way…

_Dinah…* Her eyes are shining, and Diana is smiling back at her. She leans in and kisses her deeply, and it’s strange, to even be thinking of someone else when literal Wonder Woman is kissing you, but... _I am happy for you, Canary. I am happy for you both._

And Dinah kisses her back, and Helena presses up against her from behind, a long arm flung over them both as if to lay claim to her lovers, and this time, Diana’s still there when they all wake up late the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I've spent so long writing Diana with one woman, it's almost bizarre trying to fit her in with two! I think they do have things they'd need to work out, but for now, it's just fun exploring the beginnings of their relationship together.
Fun Fact II: There's nothing wrong with badminton.

Fun Fact III: I almost never write from Dinah's POV, it's a little harder for me to get into her head. I feel like I'm taking some liberties here, so bear with me!

Fun Fact IV: We might start getting some more "experimental" chapters as time goes on... maybe messing with some genres, or time periods, or AUs. Stardew Valley AU :D :D

Fun Fact V: We're almost at the end of week four. Hang in there, guys.
Helena likes to eat in bed. When she lived in Sicily, all meals were eaten at the dinner table as a big family. The cook would scold her even if she tried to sneak a slice of toast or a handful of cookies into her room. Helena never understood what the big deal was, especially since she was the one who cleaned her room; the assassins were very strict about cleanliness, believing it went hand-in-hand with self-discipline.

When she left Italy, her life was a series of hotels, rooms where maid service came in every day to clean, and no one cared if she ate her meals in bed or not. Besides, the TVs almost always faced the beds, and away from the tiny desks with their pen and notepads and bulky welcome binders.

The first time Dinah Lance finds crumbs in her bed, she thinks it’s cute. It’s like having a little hamster or something, she pretends to complain, but Helena is so innocent and spoiled, she just brushes them out and makes a note to change the sheets the next day.

But then it keeps happening. Dinah actually has a job, a singing job where she technically only works two or three hours a day, but then there’s rehearsals with the band, there’s her personal practice time when she learns her songs, there’s her training time at the gym to stay in shape, there’s grocery shopping, Justice League stuff, keeping tabs on Gotham's crime scene…

Most of the time, she’s out of the house before Helena’s awake, then they might train together at the gym in the afternoon, and then she’ll come out for the show that night, and they’ll go home together. And there will be crumbs in her bed.

“Why the hell are you even eating in bed, anyway? There’s a table, a couch…”

“It’s more comfortable,” Helena snaps in return, swiping her hand back and forth over the sheets, as if that will somehow help.

“Babe…” Dinah sighs, reaching out and taking that waving hand in her own, tamping down her own temper before they both start shouting. “Look—you can eat in bed, but you have to use a tray and shake out the sheets afterward, okay? I feel like the fucking princess and the pea every time I lie down over here.”

Helena frowns, but she nudges her aside and proceeds to rip all the bedding away from the bed,
throwing everything into a haphazard pile on the dresser.

“Well, hell, Canary, if I’d known I was sleeping with a princess…” she grumbles in one of her clumsy, needs-to-work-on-it-but-still-adorable attempts at flirting. Dinah stares as she shakes each layer out and lays it lovingly back over the bed, tucking everything in properly like she’s in the damn military. “You know, I’ve always wondered about that.”

“Hmm?” Dinah says, absently beginning to take out her jewelry, distracted by Helena’s arm muscles as she works.

“Like, even though the mattresses are soft, there’s no way a pea could hold up under all that weight. Maybe if they set everything down carefully, but once she got onto the bed, there’s no way it would’ve stayed intact, especially if it’s at the bottom of the pile, close to the frame.”

Dinah stares, wondering if actual professional assassin Helena "Crossbow Killer" Bertinelli is standing in her bedroom asking about the princess and the pea.

“Are you seriously talking—”

“I’m completely serious!” Helena snaps, almost looking offended. “It’s simple physics! How the hell is a little pea supposed to hold up underneath—wait, it’s not a metaphor, is it? Is it a metaphor for something dirty—”

“Oh, my God, it is not a metaphor for something dirty, don’t even—” Dinah throws up her hands, but she’s smiling because this is the most ridiculous conversation she’s had in her entire life. “Are you trying to ruin my childhood? It’s just a fucking fairy tale, it’s not supposed to make sense.”

Helena scowls and tucks in the bedspread a little more aggressively than necessary. Dinah watches her for a moment, biting back a laugh. Just when she thought this woman couldn’t any more adorable... she turns away before Helena can start yelling again, tosses the last of her rings into her jewelry box, and reaches up to fumble with the chain on her necklace. And suddenly Helena’s there, standing right behind her, and she unhooks the necklace and choker in one move.

“Thanks.”

She doesn’t reply, but Dinah turns around and slides her arms around that long neck, and she kisses her hard. She can tell that Helena’s still mad about the stupid story, and for some reason, she finds that charming as hell...

“Hey,” she says, pulling away an inch and looking up into those pretty eyes. For once, they’re not surrounded by dark makeup, but they look just as stormy. “Wanna hear something?”

Helena frowns at her for a second, then she shrugs and says,

“Sure.”

And she begins to pull away, but Dinah holds onto her, keeping her right here, pressed up against her, and she fights back a smile, then leans in and whispers into her ear,

“It’s a dried pea.”

Helena pulls away and raises an eyebrow at her.

“The story doesn’t say that.”
“Oh, for the love of—” Dinah huffs, then she turns sharply and pulls back the blankets on her side of the bed. “It was the *old* days, Helena, they weren’t about to waste fresh vegetables on a stupid…”

And too late, she sees that Helena is laughing at her. Dinah stares, then she throws up her hands, trying her best to feign indignation even though she’s smiling broadly herself.

“Are you for real—you are fucking *evil*.”

Helena just grins and clicks off the light on her nightstand, and when she crawls over to her side of the bed, Dinah decides that maybe this time, just for tonight, she’ll let her eat in bed.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Okay, maybe that kind of eat :D

Fun Fact II: This chapter is a little rushed because I've decided to do a four-chapter Stardew Valley AU next week (one chapter for each season). If you don't know, SDV is a farming video game, and it's addictive and cute and wonderful. So if you like, let me know what characters you'd like to see! At one point, I actually had an AU where Martha/Hippolyta and Antiope/Menalippe were farming neighbors, and I think that would be cute, but I'm open to anything.

Fun Fact III: Is everyone else eating in bed these days? Or is it just me? :P

Fun Fact IV: End of week four!! We're still here!! We can do this!!
Addicted to Love: Lesbian Stardew Valley I

Chapter Summary

Dinah and Helena move to Stardew Valley and meet some of their new neighbors.

Chapter Notes

"Addicted to Love" by Robert Palmer

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Helena runs headfirst into a hail of bullets that puts her in the hospital for six months, Dinah decides that’s it. She’s wasted half a year of her life sitting in an uncomfortable chair in a musty hospital, watching her wife sleep—she’s even taken up knitting to pass the time—and she’ll be damned if Helena gets out of here only to put on the mask and cape again, and land right back in this very bed… or maybe a very different bed, six feet under.

Besides, they’re both older now, no longer the strapping 30-somethings who took down an army of thugs on a spinning carousel. Dinah has aches and pains in places she didn’t even know existed, and before the attack, they’d both been practicing yoga first thing every morning just to be able to get through the day.

Helena looks surprised when Dinah opens the door to the apartment, leading her in for the first time since her little stint at the hospital. Things are in boxes, furniture cleared out, and their keys are on the counter.

“What’s happening?” Helena asks, reaching up and rubbing her eyes. One of those bullets had embedded itself in the back of her skull, and she’d lost half of her eyesight. Dinah glances back at her and grimaces, because they’d talked about this, but apparently she doesn’t remember…

“Babe… we’re moving.”

Her mother used to talk about the farm. Her own mother—Dinah’s grandmother—had saved every penny and finally bought the thing when Laurel was fifteen. They’d fallen out in her teen years, and she’d run away to Gotham when she was barely eighteen, joined the Justice Society, and never looked back. Dinah never even knew she had a grandmother until she found letters and the estate deed in her mother’s things. The property was in her name, Dinah Lance.

Her first thought had been that she hadn’t been paying property taxes for all these years, the feds were going to be out for her blood.

Her second thought had been that she didn’t have the time or energy to deal with that right now.
One day, she’d buy a bus ticket, go out and see what she could fix up, and then sell it. One day, eventually…

And then that day never came.

Helena nudges her, and she’s smiling as she points out the bus window. Her smile is sweeter these days, less hard, less vicious. Old Helena would’ve been furious by now at how many hours, how many days of training she’s lost, but New Helena is perfectly happy to sit in this seat, gazing out the window as the countryside rolls by.

“Look.”

And Dinah looks. They’ve just passed a sign that says *Stardew Valley: 0.5 miles.*

There’s a woman waiting for them at the bus stop. She’s tall and muscular and looks genuinely happy to see them.

She introduces herself as Diana, the local carpenter.

*The Mayor, my mother, asked me to meet you and show you the way to the farm.*

Her gaze flickers over Helena’s pale face, but besides being slightly out of breath, she looks better than she has in months. Dinah slings on her backpack (the rest of their things had already been shipped in), and they follow as Diana leads them down the dirt road. Apparently their home is close enough to the bus station to walk, which… is odd.

Diana doesn’t waste too much time with small talk, apparently sensing that they need a little space after the long bus ride. Besides, Dinah is too busy looking at everything: the rustic wooden fences, the rolling fields, the wildflowers mixed in with the overgrown grass, the nearby hills…

“Can you smell that? We can actually *breathe* out here,” Dinah says, taking a deep breath of pollution-free air. Gotham has its charms, but its smell is not one of them.

“It is nice,” Helena muses, reaching out to let the tips of the grass brush over her fingers as they pass. “It reminds me a little bit of Sicily.”

Diana turns back and points further up the road, where there’s a building.

“Here’s the fencepost that marks the beginning of your property,” she says, gesturing to said post, then sweeping a graceful arm out toward the horizon. “And here’s your farm!”

It’s a mess.

Dinah doesn’t know what she’d been expecting. The land has spent the last ten years uninhabited and neglected, and it shows. There’s a decomposing building off to the left that might’ve been a barn, and to the right is a sturdier—thankfully—building that is apparently their new house. Diana sees the look on her face, and she smiles and lays a hand on her arm.

“It’s a little crusty, but it’s solid. And if you ever need some repairs, you can always—”

“Diana.” The stern-sounding voice has come from the entryway to the house, and Dinah sees that
the boxes they had mailed are lined up just inside. The woman who’d spoken is making her way down the steps toward them, and she reaches out to take Helena’s hand.

“Welcome, both of you,” she says warmly. She doesn’t look very much like Diana, but they both have the same build, the same muscular frame, calloused hands, proud tilt to their chin. “Come in, before Diana starts trying to sell you anything.”

There’s an old dining set against the back wall (it’s safe to use, I checked it myself, Diana says happily), a basic kitchen with an old fridge, one of the ones that lock from the inside, and a bed with a brand new mattress, the plastic still on. Everything seems to have been scrubbed clean; Dinah could swear she can see her reflection in the hardwood floor.

All of a sudden, there’s a lump in her throat, and she doesn’t know if it’s because she’s left Gotham, the city, the only place she’s ever called home, or because she’s finally here, in the place her grandmother lived, and her mother lived, and neither of them are here anymore, or because these people, these strangers took such pains to make her and Helena feel welcome, and she’s not used to neighbors like that, she doesn’t know how to react...

“We took the liberty of picking up a few things for you,” Mayor Hippolyta says, her voice brisk, as if she knows Dinah can’t quite speak. “It’s a long way to Zuzu City. Oh—”

She waves a hand toward the table, where a plate of cookies, a small bouquet of flowers, and a tall bottle of wine are sitting, looking homey and welcoming.

“Martha, my wife, sent that along,” she says, and Dinah sees that Helena, who has started opening the cupboards, has pulled open the fridge. There’s a large bowl of salad sitting on the top shelf, and something wrapped in foil that might be a lasagne. “She also invited you to join our family for dinner this weekend if you’re available.”

“My wife and I brought the wine. We ferment and bottle it ourselves,” Diana butts in, and Hippolyta shoots her a look.

“Sure, dinner this weekend, we’d—we would love that,” Dinah replies, feeling a tiny bit overwhelmed. Helena comes back over and hugs her from behind, and the two strangers exchange smiles.

“We’ll let you get settled. Here’s our numbers—” Diana hands her a piece of paper. “Call or text if you need anything, really. Isabel and I live just up the hill, and Mother has a car.”

And then they’re gone, and Helena has wandered back outside, settling herself down in the creaky porch swing.

“Dinahhhhh,” she calls, and when Dinah comes to the doorway, she reaches out and tugs on her wrist. “Look at this place… it’s like a vacation.”

Dinah settles down onto the swing next to her, glancing over the farm with a critical eye. She didn’t know what she was expecting with her limited knowledge of farms and country life. But she also wasn’t expecting to live long enough to grow old—not that 50s is old, but not everyone has the stamina of Batman, capering around Gotham in his late 60s like he has something to prove…
“Hell, I can’t remember the last time I put my feet up,” she mumbles, stretching out her legs to rest them against the porch railing. Helena gives her a shove, frowning.

“Don’t, if you do that, we can’t swing,” she complains, giving her legs a little kick. Dinah laughs out loud, and leans over to kiss her. There’s a family of birds singing in the distance, and she can’t remember the last time she heard a bird, a real, live bird, and a little breeze is rustling through the trees, and Helena is alive, and they’re starting over, they’ll never have to fight for their lives ever again, at least not until the Grim Reaper comes for real this time—

“Our new neighbors are hot.”

And Dinah chuckles, realizing that her wife is literally thinking about some other women while they’re necking at their new home. She nips at her lip in retaliation, kisses her one last time, then she pushes herself up off the swing.

“Let’s try some of that wine.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: So this version of Stardew Valley is basically… Themyscira? (aka all wlw and no men) :D I have some ideas on who different characters should be, and having some trouble figuring out others, so any suggestions are welcome! (I take great joy in replacing Mayor Lewis with Hippolyta; that tax-money embezzling, gold-statue making, non-committing-to-Marnie asshat can screw over some other town!)

Fun Fact II: So I went in and started a new game (purely for research purposes). The game is SO SLOW at the beginning, but it’s kind of fun to just run around, not having a lot to actually do on the farm.

Fun Fact III: Helena will be back on her feet (and mining and fishing) in a bit! I think this is an interesting reason for them relocating, though. Just wanting to slow down and appreciate life a little more. god I wish that were me

Fun Fact IV: I was going to do one chapter per season, but we might be in this AU for the entire week. Or longer. Who knows. It feels like a 10-chapter to me, but it might be more or less. So we’ll see how it goes!

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! This is so fun, and hopefully you’ll be able to enjoy these chapters too, even if you’re not familiar with the game!
Dreams Tonite: Lesbian Stardew Valley II

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah settle into their first day at Stardew Valley, and Dinah meets some new people.

Chapter Notes

"Dreams Tonite" by Alvvays

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their first night in the cabin is the first night since the attack that they…

It had been a beautiful night, and the food from the mayor’s wife had been wonderful. She’d included an envelope with a sweet little hand written note welcoming them to the town, and two other useful things: a map of the town that looks like it was colored on by a child (there’s a signature on the bottom that says “dONNa”) and a calendar with what seems to be the whole town’s birthdays and some community events written in.

On Sunday, Family dinner? is written in looping cursive, and Dinah likes her already.

“This has got to be the most helpful mayor’s wife in the world… did we ever even meet the Mayor of Gotham’s wife?”

Helena is more distracted by the map, delighted that the river is so close.

“It’ll be just like being in Gotham again,” she says dreamily, gazing at the map even as she stabs at her salad. Dinah keeps one eye on her fork; it had taken weeks of physical therapy just to get her fine motor skills up enough to feed herself, and it will take weeks, if not months more for her to even begin to fight again.

After dinner, there’s more sitting on the porch, watching the stars come out, and wine drinking. Then they go in and Dinah draws a bath (her grandmother apparently had her priorities, making do with rustic furniture, but needing a full-size bathtub). There’s kissing and giggling and soap bubbles, and later, after a lot of snuggling, Helena reaches up and runs her fingertips over Dinah’s jawline and whispers,

Why don’t you sing me a song, Canary?

And Dinah makes a face, but opens her mouth to start a lullaby, something soft and tender and lonely, but Helena leans forward and captures her lips with her own, interrupting her.

No… not that kind of song.

Dinah begins to ask if she’s sure she’s ready, because 20 shotgun wounds are kind of a big deal, and it’s okay, really, it’s okay if she needs more time—but Helena’s already kissing down her
chest, her soft lips plucking at the tight little tendrils beneath her skin, and maybe it had taken weeks of physical therapy to get her hands back up to snuff, but her mouth clearly hadn’t lost a single iota of its former glory…

Breakfast consists of leftover lasagna and cookies, and Dinah decides to take a trip to the general store in town. Helena wants to unpack everything and put things away, and then go look at the lake at the bottom of the farm, and Dinah doesn’t want to leave her, but she looks healthy, more energetic then she has in weeks.

“If you feel tired, just take a break, okay, babe? There’s no rush getting any of this stuff set up,” Dinah says, leaning in to kiss her on her way out. Helena is holding the mixing bowls, and Dinah smiles, resolving to buy some baking supplies while she’s at the store.

She walks past the mailbox, then does a double-take, because there’s actually a letter sitting inside, and that may or may not have been there yesterday… Dinah reaches in and pulls it out. It’s a postcard, and for a second Dinah wonders if one of the Birds actually sent a postcard to her, but no, it’s not from Gotham, it’s from the Fern Islands, across the Gem Sea.

_Hello there,_

_Just got back from a fishing trip. Stop by the beach sometime, I have something for ya._

_-K_

“Well, _that’s_ not ominous at all,” Dinah mutters, flipping the card over, but seeing nothing else written on it. She thinks for a minute, then hears the clanking of dishes coming up from inside the house, and makes up her mind. Food first, then they can have a decent lunch, and then maybe this afternoon they can take a trip down to the beach.

She checks the old shed behind the house before leaving, because she’d been thinking about walking, but carrying a pantry’s worth of food on foot sounds… not fun. And sure enough, there’s an old Schwinn bike leaning against the dusty walls, and as Dinah rolls it out into the light, she notices a note attached to the seat.

_Fixed the flats and changed the chain. Hope that’s all right. Come say hi when you get a chance._ -Io (Blacksmith shop)

Dinah stares, then shakes her head and climbs on. If this was her grandmother’s old bike—and by the vintage look of the frame, it was—this Io must’ve done a lot more work on it than just changing the tires and chain.

She’d even added a new basket.

It takes all of 5 minutes for her to roll into town, and she secures the bike to the rack outside the pharmacy. She’d been enjoying herself, getting back into the rhythm of being on a bike (biking in
Gotham was not fun, and often downright dangerous) and she was almost disappointed when the town popped up so soon.

The chimes hanging against the door clang as she opens it, and Dinah has to stop herself from saying, *Aw, this is so cute.* Because it *is* a cute little store, with fresh produce lined up against one wall, and frozen goods lined against the other. The rest of the shop is filled with short aisles holding dried goods and toiletries and cleaning supplies and every other essential product needed for the good life in Stardew Valley. There’s a register in the back of the store, and someone is sitting with their feet on the counter and the newspaper covering their face—

“Let me know if you need help finding anything,” the newspaper-eclipsed face says.

“I will, thanks,” Dinah says, unfolding her trusty insulated bag and reaching out for some bananas. The newspaper lowers, and a surprised face peers out over it.

“Wait—are you the new farmer?”

“Well, technically, that’s my legal name,” she replies a little more sassily than intended. “But my friends call me Dinah.”

The woman’s—she’s a woman—name is Alex Danvers. She has an undercut and a pixie-like face that can pull it off. She helps Dinah find what she needs, packs everything tightly into her bag, and even carries it outside for her. It’s almost unnerving, apparently Dinah’s not used to her local grocers being so *friendly.*

“Hey, do you know where I can find the blacksmith? I just want to say hi.” Dinah has the map from Martha in her jacket pocket, but she doesn’t feel like pulling it out and staring at it like a tourist. Alex points her across the bridge, promising it won’t take more than two minutes, and then Dinah’s off, the bike slightly more wobbly now that it has an extra load, but Alex is right: she’s setting the bike against the stone walls of the blacksmith’s shop in less than five minutes.

She eyes the groceries for a moment, double-checks that they’re secured in the basket, then pushes open the heavy door. And then her mouth falls open, and she almost says *Jesus* out loud, because *Io* is working at the forge, hammering something, and she’s a *beast.* Dinah’s seen her share of muscular women in her day, being a metahuman vigilante and all, but this woman is *jacked* like you wouldn’t believe—

“You must be the new farmer.”

Io is looking at her now, metal tongs still in one hand, and she wipes her brow with her other arm. Dinah suddenly feels warm, and—it’s just the fire. It’s the furnace, it’s hot in here, it’s literally a blacksmith’s shop.

“Yeah,” she says, wishing Helena were here so they could step on each other’s toes the way they do when there’s an attractive woman happening. “I’m Dinah.”

Io tosses her work aside and pulls off her gloves to offer a hand. She’s just as tall as she is wide, and Dinah’s used to looking up—her own wife is about eight feet tall—but this woman is… is something else.
“So. You settling in all right? How’s that bike treating you?”

Dinah nods, then glances over her shoulder at where the bike is resting innocently underneath the window.

“Yeah, thanks for that,” she says, trying not to stare at the blacksmith’s bulging muscles. “Hey… you know, actually, I was wondering…”

“We’re going to look ridiculous, riding around town on this,” Helena says when Dinah arrives back at the farmhouse. But her eyes are shining as she admires what Io had called a companion seat: an additional seat on the bike for an adult.

One day when you can drop it off for a day, I’d like to reinforce the frame and tinker with a few things, but this is perfectly safe for now, Io had said as she installed the thing.

“Hey, you used to let me ride around on your bike all the time. Until we can get you back in the saddle, you get to ride with me,” Dinah says from inside, starting to unpack the groceries. Helena had set everything up, and even laid the tablecloth over their rustic dining table.

“Good thing your legs are strong,” Helena says as she comes back in. She smells like sunlight and pine trees. They both do, and it’s wonderful and bizarre.

“The blacksmith is hot. And the storekeeper is hot,” Dinah says, slicing two sandwich rolls in half, one with mayo, one without. “In fact, everyone in this town so far is hot. It’s ridiculous.”

“Hmm, sounds like we’ll fit right in,” Helena says, leaning over and kissing Dinah’s cheek. She turns to catch her lips, a light kiss, a simple little pre-lunch kiss, then she says,

"Do you want to go to the beach with me this afternoon? Someone says they want to give us something."

"That sounds... ominous," Helena says, reaching out to lay the deli meat and cheese slices over the bread. Dinah lays some lettuce over the top half, then smashes them closed.

"Well, how about we both go down, and if they're mean, we'll bike away really fast."

"...over the sand?" Helena asks, an eyebrow raised, and Dinah laughs.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This is going SO SLOWLY we haven't even made it to the beach or the dinner or the dog! Honestly, there may be a 50/50 chance I'm still going to be writing this particular plotline when the quarantine actually lifts! :D

Fun Fact II: This is super fun and I can't wait for you to meet the fisherwoman! (It's
not Kara, although she IS lurking around somewhere) Also, I need a suggestion for Gus/the Saloon owner. I can't for the life of me think of anyone except Ferdinand, but he's not a lesbian haha

Fun Fact III: Have you seen that one panel of Io on my tumblr, because if not, go back and look at it.

Fun Fact IV: I need to stop writing about food at night during a pandemic, I want a deli sandwich now :( :( 

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! I'll get to those review replies first thing tomorrow! Next chapter, beach and dinner, hopefully.
Andante: Lesbian Stardew Valley III

Chapter Summary

Huntress and Black Canary go to the beach and collect their fishing rod and two friends #LesbianStardewValley

Chapter Notes

"Andante from Italian Concerto" by J.S. Bach

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s already late afternoon by the time they finish lunch, tidy things up, take a short nap, and finally decide to head to the beach. It’s nice, living a little slower, not having so many deadlines, making decisions on a whim.

Hey, Crossbow Hunter, want to go see the ocean? Dinah asks, and then they decide whether or not to go to the beach. There are a thousand things they might or might not do today, and none of it is life or death, no one is going to suffer based on whether they act or not.

Dinah thought she would miss it, but honestly, it feels less like regret, and more like relief.

The bike ride to the beach takes all of 12 minutes. Io had adjusted the gears so it’s easier to pedal with two people, and Helena’s arms are tight around her waist, her head resting against her back, just like the old days.

It’s strange, to think that the old days really are just that: old, and more likely than not, gone.

Shut up, you moved here to relax and get away from the things that would destroy your future. Don’t let the past start bringing you down now.

Dinah shakes her head, making Helena shift behind her, and she mumbles an apology, focusing on steering the damn thing. There are a few people walking around the town square: Hippolyta is out talking with someone underneath a tree like she’s Plato—or was is Socrates? She waves when they sail past, and there are other people Dinah hasn’t met yet, but she can’t stop, she’s late for a very important date with a stranger at the beach—

“...wow.”

There’s a short boardwalk leading out for a ways over the sand, but then it drops out, and then it’s just water… blue and sparkling and full of memories. There were all those trips to the Atlantic City boardwalks to take out some kingpin at a casino, or the trips to National City or San Francisco, tracking down some fighter or goon, or the first time they’d road-tripped up and down Italy, always beginning and ending on that island where the Huntress was born…

Dinah doesn't speak as she slides off the bike and holds it steady as Helena hops off of her seat.
The beach almost seems secluded, hidden by the thicket. There’s a little house, barely more than a hut, buried amongst the trees. Up on the docks, is a building that has a “Bait & Tackle Shop” sign hanging over it. And standing at the edge of the dock, swearing loudly at a sailboat bobbing innocently in the water, is a woman.

Dinah and Helena exchange a glance, then they move forward, protective stances on, almost as a force of habit. But when she spots them, the stranger lets out a big laugh that echoes over the restless water, and gives them a friendly wave.

“So let me guess, you’re the new farmers,” she says as they make their way across the weathered planks. The salty ocean smell is stronger here, hanging around the floating seaweed and barnacles wrapped around the half-submerged posts, but it’s a familiar smell, and far more welcoming than the smell of Gotham harbor.

“We should really just change our names to that,” Dinah says, but she puts on a smile and puts out her hand. The woman’s grip is strong, and her features are even stronger. She’s short and sturdy, but she moves like a dancer, and up close, she looks much younger than she had from afar, maybe mid-twenties.

“This is Dinah,” Helena says pointedly, nudging Dinah with her foot, although she’s fairly sure it’s a, shut up and don’t be rude nudge instead of a, damn, this woman is ripped! nudge. Dinah nudges her back, just to be safe. “And I’m Helena.”

“It’s nice to finally meet you,” the sailor replies with a broad smile. “I’m Korra.”

She’d just returned from a trip to visit her parents in the Fern Islands. And while she was there, she’d sold a big load of fish and finally earned enough to buy a new fishing rod.

“Anyway, you got my note, so here, I want you to have the old rod,” Korra explains, lifting up a fishing pole from her sailboat and thrusting it into Helena’s hands. “There’s a nice lake out there on your farm, and you can catch all kinds of stuff this time of year: carp, bullheads. Although, some fish are better for eating than others. Which you’ll find out.”

She appraises them with a skeptical eye, and Dinah knows what they must look like, two city kids standing on a dock, mouths open at the idea of forging for their own food…

“Huh. I haven’t gone fishing since I was a kid,” Helena says, turning the fishing pole over in her hands, snapping it back and forth a few times. She sees Dinah staring at her, and shrugs. “What? I got pretty good at it, it was the waiting part that killed me.”

Korra smiles and jerks her head toward the shop.

“Come on in, I’ll fix you up with some stuff. If you use the right bait, you won’t have to wait very long…”
Korra packs them a little tackle box free of charge, refusing their money when they try to pay her. Helena is fascinated by all the colorful little lures, so much so that Dinah hears the footsteps on the dock before she does, and she can’t help it, turning to face the door as they approach, and fists balled as the door finally swings open.

“So I see that sailboat is still in one piece—oh!” The figure in the doorway looks surprised to see them, but she immediately extends her hand, introducing herself as Asami, curator of the Pelican Town museum and library—and judging the way they start bantering with each other, Korra’s girlfriend.

“—saw the two-person bike up on the beach, and I thought Kara finally upgraded that janky old machine of hers—”

“What would Kara be doing with a two-person bike?”

The two have invited Dinah and Helena to join them for dinner at the saloon. Helena had made such a big fuss about paying for their fishing loot, Korra had agreed to let them buy her a drink.

“I don’t know, maybe she finally sucked it up and asked the pharmacist out.”

“Hah! I’ll put money on it—a hundred bucks—that Lena asks her out first.”

“Deal.”

They shake on it, then Asami flashes them an apologetic smile and waves for them to follow her out of the shop.

“I’m sorry—all these new names. I can remember my first few weeks after moving here, it felt like so many people! Who’ve you met so far?”

Helena answers, still holding onto her new fishing rod and little tackle box like she was born for this, and Dinah makes a note to find her a flannel shirt sometime… a flannel shirt and a baseball cap, that would about do it.

*I like this side of you, Crossbow Killer,* she thinks to herself, watching as Helena throws her head back and laughs at something Korra had said. But it's true, because since the first moment they met, they’d been fighting for their lives, literally killing a man together before they’d even gotten a proper look at each other. And everything with the Birds, all the vigilante stuff… even with their rare vacations, they’d never really had a chance to be normal. They’d spent so much of their adult lives being as tough as possible in order to survive the streets of Gotham, and these simpler things: fishing, baking, taking long walks on the beach… they seem so foreign, and yet so familiar.

The sun is already beginning to set, and Dinah glances over her shoulder at the sky. The world is basking in golden light, and it looks different than when they’d watched the sunset yesterday from their porch; different, but just as wonderful.

"Daydreaming?" Helena is suddenly beside her, hand reaching down to meet hers. Dinah looks up at her, and she looks so happy, it almost makes her heart ache.

"Only a little."

Chapter End Notes
Fun Fact I: So I've never written Korra (or Asami for that matter), and it's a weird clash of worlds, but a fun one! We now have too many scientists in this town, though!

Fun Fact II: I realized when I said 10 chapters, I meant 10 The Sun and the Moon length chapters... we STILL haven't gotten to dinner or the dog.

Fun Fact III: It is a little weird to be writing a multichapter again, so we'll see where we're at this weekend, and whether this goes on for a while longer, or just becomes another setting where oneshots may take place.

Fun Fact IV: I know Huntress is like, an ultimate badass and it's weird seeing her like this, but I promise she'll get back on her feet. She may not kick much ass in this town (maybe some monster ass in the mines, but that's about it), but she's still the Huntress. She just needs a bit of R&R right now.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! The next chapter will have a bit of the saloon and hopefully the dinner.
Sweater Weather: Lesbian Stawdrew Valley IV

Chapter Summary

Korrasami and Dinah/Helena hang out at the Stardrop Saloon.

Chapter Notes

"Sweater Weather" by The Neighbourhood

There’s a woman behind the counter of the Stardrop Saloon, and she smiles as they file in, Korra and Asami calling cheerful hellos. But when she spots Dinah and Helena, she maneuvers her wheelchair out from behind the counter to shake their hands and welcome them to the town.

“I’m Barbara,” she says, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose as if to take a better look at them. “Everyone’s been talking about you!”

“Oh, great,” Dinah says, but Barbara just shoots her a knowing smile.

“Don’t worry, they’re just curious. We don’t get a lot of new people in town, this is exciting. In fact...”

She wheels backwards, craning her neck to look into the kitchen, and she calls,

“Karen! Come out and meet the new people!”

There’s a muffled shout of the what?! and Korra and Asami muffle snickers behind their hands. But another woman emerges from the kitchen, a white apron tied around her waist, and a baseball cap shoved over her pale hair. She looks puzzled for a fraction of a second, then her face lights up as she spots the customers.

“Oh, hey, new people!”

It’s a cozy little place. Korra grabs them a table close to the fireplace, where a real fire is actually going, and they order nachos and beer for everyone. Helena and Dinah split a small pizza with their favorite toppings on their respective sides, and Karen even sends an amuse-bouche to their table, free of charge.

“Hmm, I am amused,” Asami says, sampling what is apparently seasoned mussels on tiny slices of toasted baguette.
“I am bouched,” Korra says, eating her entire serving in one mouthful. “Wow! That’s… different.”

Dinah doesn’t care for it, either. She’s never been one for seafood, especially not the chewy kind, but Helena, her ocean-happy island girl, likes it and eats the rest of her share.

Their new friends are interesting and extroverted. Korra talks for a while about her fishing trip and the Fern Islands, and Asami talks about some artifact she’s been researching in the museum. They ask Dinah and Helena about Gotham and their past lives, and how things are going on the farm. They laugh easily, these young people, and it’s strange. Dinah doesn’t think she’s heard this much laughter since—since the Joker captured the Birds that one time, but that was different, very different than this…

Maybe they should’ve left Gotham long before this.

Kara has just stopped by to offer them dessert: ice cream, red velvet cake, or bread pudding, when the door shoves open and a woman makes her way in, heading up to the counter for takeout.

“Hell, we’ll take one of everything—hey, Antiope!” Korra shouts, standing in her seat and waving wildly as if the newcomer is a mile away instead of a few yards. Asami winces, shooting the rest of them an apologetic smile, but she raises her hand in greeting as the woman makes her way over.

“Aha, my sister told me you two finally arrived!” she says, shaking their hands. Korra puts her hand out to shake too, and Antiope slaps it away. “Do you like dogs?”

Dinah blinks at the sudden topic change, but Helena says without missing a beat,

“I love dogs.”

Antiope gives her a hearty clap on the back, and she looks almost surprised for a split-second when Helena doesn’t even flinch.

“Huh. I like this one,” she says, shooting Dinah a wink. “We have a boxful of puppies. Stop by sometime and pick one out. Every farm needs a good dog.”

“Hey, when are you going to offer me a dog?” Korra asks, leaning forward, fists on the table, and Antiope waves a dismissive hand in her face.

“Get yourself a boat that’s not in danger of capsizing at any given moment, and we’ll talk,” she says, and Korra cackles loudly.

“Where’s Mena tonight?” Asami asks, laying one hand on her girlfriend’s arm and subtly pushing her tankard of beer out of her reach with the other.

“Oh, she’s at home, one of the horses has diarrhea and we figured it would be best if—”

“Menalippe’s at home. Got it,” Kara says, appearing out of nowhere with a tray full of desserts. “People are about to eat over here, Antiope.”

“Join us for a few minutes,” Asami offers, but Antiope shakes her head, holding up the bag of takeout in her hand.
“Can’t. I just came over to say hi to the newbies. I’ll see you two at dinner on Sunday, and I’ll see
the rest of you—”

“Unless we see you first,” Korra finishes, and Antiope shakes her head, smiling.

“Asami, don’t let her eat anymore sugar.”

After dessert, Korra challenges Dinah to a game of pool, and they move to the game room. Helena
starts to make her way over to the couch, ready to sit this one out and cheer on her wife, but Asami
intercepts her along the way.

“Hey, do you like driving?”

Helena can’t remember the last time she’s played an arcade game. It might’ve been before the
murders, even. There were certainly no trips to the arcade in Sicily, and once she moved to
Gotham, doing silly things like games were out of the questions, especially in a city where mad
criminals tended to attach explosives to anything with a button.

It’s a racing game, with fake steering wheels, pedals, and the works, and Helena is amazed when
Asami actually beats her in their first game.

“What were you, a racer in your past life?” she asks, leaning back in her seat as their scores blare
across the screens. Asami looks a little embarrassed, but she points to Helena’s score, looking
impressed.

“Hey, that’s way better than my first score was! Do you wanna try again? I think you were just
starting to get the hang of it.”

Helena cracks her knuckles and leans forward.

“You’re on.”

The night is still echoing with the sounds of their new friends calling goodbye. Korra and Asami
stayed to help put up the bar for the night, and Dinah and Helena had stayed as well. Barbara had
given them a bag of extra chocolate-chip cookies for their troubles, and then they’re dispersed:
Barbara to her rooms behind the saloon, Karen and Kara to their house on the other side of the
town square, Korra and Asami to the little apartment attached to the museum, and Dinah and
Helena, biking slowly beneath the stars to their farmhouse.

Helena is leaning heavily against her, tired and buzzed and happy, and Dinah is feeling more
relaxed than she has in years.

“Our new friends are neat,” Helena mumbles. The bike slides down the path with nary a creak,
only the rhythmic sound of the chain propelling the wheels forward. It’s close to midnight, and the
town is peaceful and asleep except for a few scattered lights on in windows, barely a soft glow
behind closed curtains.

_Do… do you think we should’ve left Gotham earlier?_ Dinah asks later when they’re lying in bed
together, Helena curled up against her, one arm flung across her chest. She doesn’t answer except for a soft snore, and Dinah stares down at her for a long moment, her pale face lit softly by the light of the rising moon. Maybe the moment Renee had said, *It’s only a matter of time before some other asshole takes his place*, she should’ve known it would be a never-ending cycle. Maybe the moment she got the call about her mother being gunned down, and driving as fast as she could to the crime scene, only to find her mother still lying there in the middle of the street, marked off, dead for hours… that should’ve been the time she said *fuck this* and gotten herself out. Maybe—

“*Dinah*…” Helena’s voice is sleepy and muffled against Dinah’s pajamas.

“*Yeah, babe?*” she asks softly, combing her fingers through that inky hair. The first thing they’d done after she was released from the hospital was get it dyed again, jet black, just like her soul.

“*Your heart is too loud.*”

She blinks, then gives a quiet laugh and bends to kiss the top of that mussed head, pulling her wife close. The crickets are singing outside, and a light breeze is rustling through the trees. There are no sirens, no traffic, no trucks, no Batmobiles…

Dinah closes her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Thanks for reading! These chapters always get sad sooner or later don't they?

Fun Fact II: I'm having a bit of trouble finding everyone's individual voices, especially with so many new characters, so bear with me! Also in case there's confusion: Barbara is Barbara Gordon (Batgirl/Oracle), Karen is Karen Starr (Powergirl), Kara is Kara Danvers (Supergirl), and Antiope is her own damn self :D

Fun Fact III: We're going to assume that the Birds never met anyone who's not specifically mentioned in the movie, so then we can have the Oracle here without it being weird.

Fun Fact IV: We're still waiting for that dinner scene.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!!
Dinah and Helena have dinner with the Amazons.

"Lion Theme (Lion OST)" by Dustin O'Halloran & Hauschka

"I've got it!"

"No, I've got it!"

"No, I'VE got it!"

"NO, I—"

"MAAAAAAAAA—"

“What in the…?” Dinah turns to stare at Helena, but she just stands there, looking tall and bemused as she waits for the door to open.

“Girls—oh, my God—”

The door finally swings open, and a frazzled looking woman smiles out at them.

“Hi, welcome—”

“Hi!”

“Hi!”

There are two smaller faces pushing their way out of the doorway, staring up at them with big eyes and bigger smiles.

“Hi!”

“Hi!”

“Hi!”

“Hi!”

“Let them come in—I’m so sorry, I’m Martha.” She puts out her hand and gives theirs a quick shake. “They’ve been so excited to meet you—”
“Hi!”

“Hi!”

“—ever since their mother said you’d arrived. Girls, I am trying to talk—"

There’s a bark of laughter from behind them, and Dinah turns to see Antiope bounding up onto the porch, her wife at her side.

“Good to see you two again,” she says, reaching up to clap their shoulders. “I see you’ve met the Wonder Twins. Children—are you giving these new people a hard time? You’ll chase them right back out of town!”

The girls shriek with delight as Antiope swoops down and gathers them up into her arms, and then it is suddenly quiet as she carries them into the kitchen, presumably to torment her sister.

“...let’s try that again,” Martha says with a sigh, and Menalippe gives a soft laugh as Martha reaches out and takes Dinah’s hand in both of hers. “I’m so happy you’ve come back to restore that old place. How’s everything on the farm, is it treating you all right?”

“It’s… different,” Dinah says a little too honestly, then she backtracks. “We’re enjoying it, though. It’s a nice change of pace from the city.”

Martha tsks in agreement, then she turns and rests her hands lightly against Helena’s elbows, looking her up and down.

“I hope you find what you need here,” she says, her gaze flickering over her visible scars, now barely more than indents in her skin. “Stay for as long as you need.”

Dinah raises an eyebrow, wondering if they’d somehow gotten intel on their situation, maybe someone from the League—but no, why would the Justice League be sending their information, their hospital records to a small-town mayor’s family?

“What they need right now is dinner, Martha,” Menalippe says gently, as if she can sense the conspiracy theories whirling around Dinah’s head.

“Of course, of course,” Martha says, waving an absent hand. “Hippolyta’s in the kitchen, here, let me take your coats…”

There’s the sound of horseshoes against cobblestone just as Hippolyta is pulling the last pan of food from the oven. The rest of the crowd has been shooed into the living room, where they’re standing around with drinks and small plates filled from the offerings of cut fruit and veggies, hummus and chips. The twins are busy trying to put black olives onto all their fingers, and the adults are talking about their respective properties and the types of edible plants in the area; apparently they’re practically neighbors.

Dinah raises her head just in time to see a horse streak past the windows, then it stops at the front door, and Diana Prince leaps down like the knight she is, turning to offer a gallant hand to the smaller figure still seated on the horse’s back.
“Late,” Antiope announces as they let themselves into the house, but it’s nearly drowned out by the sound of two little girls tearing across the room to greet their sister. Diana spares her aunt a frown, then it’s erased immediately as she kneels down to give the twins big, squishy hugs. Isabel Maru rolls her eyes and makes her way across the room, pulling a riding glove from one hand, then extending it toward Dinah and Helena.

“Welcome to our little corner of paradise,” she says, and her voice is dark, but her smile is warm and full of mischief. “Please give us a chance before you run away screaming.”

“If we were going to run away screaming, it would’ve been when this one started talking about her horse having diarrhea while we were in the middle of dessert,” Dinah says, reaching out to point a finger at Antiope’s innocent face.

“I was answering a simple question—” Antiope begins, but she’s saved from an explanation by Hippolyta calling them into the dining room.

Dinah Lance was born and raised in Gotham, a slimy monster of a city. No one came to Gotham for the food: they came for the bars, the night life, the madness. In Gotham, fresh vegetables were add-ons, things that were optional sides for your burgers, pizzas, subs—and you were lucky if they were fresh at all, and not battered and fried, or previously frozen. Trying to get Helena Bertinelli, who’d lived her entire life fed by hired cooks and room service, to settle into the city… it had been rough, at times.

But they live out in the country now, and fresh vegetables grow right outside people’s homes, and here, on this dining room table, they’re everywhere. There’s a colorful salad made with fresh kale, cherry tomatoes, avocado, cucumber, mushrooms, purple onions, and feta cheese; creamy parsnip soup with ginger; a large dish practically heaped with slices of roasted vegetables: tomatoes, squash, zucchini, potatoes, onions. There are whole blocks of goat cheese and feta cheese sitting on cutting boards, and anyone can help themselves to as much as they want, fried zucchini fritters in dipping sauce, and little flavorful bits of charred meat on skewers that turn out to not be meat at all, but grilled seitan.

Dinah finds herself sitting next to Isabel and Diana, and they talk at length about their respective businesses: Diana talks about the possible upgrades and buildings she could build on the farm, and Isabel talks about her scientific work, and the tools she develops for spelunkers who explore the nearby caves. They ask her about Gotham, and Dinah’s surprised at how many nice things she has to say about that little corner of hell.

When dinner is over, the twins go into the backyard to blow bubbles and chase each other, and Dinah excuses herself to light up a cigarette on the front porch. It’s after sunset, but the horizon is still a deep blue, and the stars are just beginning to show their shiny little faces.

Dinah takes a deep breath, then slowly lets it out. She can almost hear the ocean from here. She can definitely hear the muffled laughter of the little girls, the cheerful encouragement from the adults. It’s just another spring night, soft and peaceful… it’s bizarre. To not be afraid of the night. To not have to look suspiciously over her shoulder at the shadows, to keep her ears open for lurkers: whether they might be petty criminals, or superpowered criminals.

The door opens, and for a second, the porch is flooded with light as Hippolyta steps out. She’s
holding a steaming mug of coffee in her hands, and she steps up beside her, tall and elegant.

“May I join you?”

Dinah nods, moving over slightly. She’d barely gotten a word in with the mayor between the cooking and children, and she doesn’t know the woman, but she feels like she knows her, somehow. Or that Hippolyta knows her.

They stand in silence for a long moment, watching as the sky grows darker and darker by the second, then the taller woman lays a gentle hand on her arm.

“You made the right decision.”

Dinah looks up. The hand doesn’t move. She opens her mouth to speak, but it takes a moment for sound to actually come out.

“Yeah.”

It’s a word, a sound, but it seems inadequate somehow, and she bites back the strange frustration rising up within her and goes on,

“I just—I wish we’d done this sooner. Before…”

Before her wife, her lover, her precious Helena was gunned down, as if those twenty bullets had a personal vendetta against her for escaping them all those years ago…

“You made the right decision to stay,” Hippolyta interrupts, her voice as soft as the night. “You had work to finish in the world. You both did. There is no shame in wanting to use your time and talents for good.”

Dinah grimaces and turns away, blowing out a wispy cloud of smoke. If she and Helena had been football players, professional athletes, they would’ve retired ten years ago, gone to spend their millions living the good life. But they’d spent so long wrestling the beast that was Gotham, it was almost unfathomable to even think about leaving—until it became clear that they couldn’t stay.

“This might not be permanent,” Hippolyta says, and her hand moves up to rest lightly against her cheek. “You may decide to return. But live, while you are here, Dinah Lance. Man’s World can worry over itself.”

Dinah makes a face, feeling herself resisting the advice based on the sole principle that someone had just told her what to do, but she gives a short nod and Hippolyta steps away.

“Can I ask you a question?” she says as the mayor’s hand is outstretched toward the door handle. She glances back at her, and she looks pleasantly surprised.

“Of course.”

“You called it Man’s World. I’ve noticed… I mean, are no men allowed in this town?”

And Hippolyta gives a smile that sends a shiver of delight down Dinah’s spine, a shiver of recognition that this woman does know her, and understand her, and at some point in her mysterious life, she had also been a warrior, a fighter, a champion for justice…

“Men hold this world in the palms of their hands, Dinah. Is it so absurd that we should hold tight to a mere sliver of it for ourselves?”
Fun Fact I: Hey, look at that I'm finally back in my element!! It was fun to finally be back writing these people after some time away.

Fun Fact II: I think Dinah WOULD have very strong feelings about Helena almost dying in the streets when her mother did in fact die in the streets, plus she seems to have a genuine protective streak, and Helena has no sense of self-protectiveness whatsoever (she totaled her own damn motorcycle ON PURPOSE), so that's an honest recipe for disaster.

Fun Fact II: I do miss writing oneshots, so we'll see what happens tomorrow. I definitely want to continue this storyline, and I have a lot of characters I haven't introduced/revealed yet. But multichapters are a completely different process than oneshots, so again, we'll see! (I just posted a cranky post about Renee Montoya on my tumblr, so we might get a background oneshot of her soon. Or maybe just some poetry of her putting on the Question mask for the first time :D).

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!
Oats in the Water: Hippolyta & Hera

Chapter Summary

Some backstory on Hippolyta during the Amazon's slavery.

Chapter Notes

"Oats in the Water" by Ben Howard

TW: General warning for angst and slavery and stuff. If you want a happy chapter that will cheer you up, come back tomorrow!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They give her a room with a window.

The Amazons had no use for cells like these in their gleaming city, so the men must’ve built this prison themselves for the sole purpose of keeping them enslaved. The Greeks always exiled those they conquered, removing them as quickly as possible from their countries of origin, away from the places that were familiar to them, places that might hold secrets, possible advantages. But Heracles keeps them imprisoned within the walls of Themyscira, and even now, Hippolyta can see the Temple of Hera from between the bars of her window, a constant reminder that the goddess she once worshipped has abandoned her.

Hippolyta raises her head, listening as the dull clank of the guard’s footsteps grow louder and louder in the hall. They seem to hesitate outside of her door, but at last they pass, and she feels the coil of tension within her relax—if only a little. They will be back, there is no stopping the inevitable. She is their prize, the Amazon Queen, the one foolish enough to best their leader, foolish enough to fall in love with him afterward—

And his ship is in the harbor.

Themyscira means little to him, only a small jewel in his crown of conquests. He took what he came for, and went on to glory, caring nothing for the ruin he left behind. Heracles of the Twelve Labors, they call him, Heracles the Victorious, Heracles the Strong…

I had a dream. The city was piled with our dead. You were walking naked through the streets, your sword running with blood.

He would always be Heracles the Dreamer to her.

Even now, with him lying face-down on the lion skin rug, deep in his draughts, and her chained to
the bedposts. She turns to look at him as she had not allowed herself before, and he raises his head
to look back at her.

“Will you kill me yourself, Hippolyta? Will you allow me that dignity?”

And she holds her gaze steady as she raises her chin and stares back into his eyes.

“You have no dignity, Alcides.”

Antiope thinks she is waiting for him to set them free.

When the men are drunk and sated, the two sisters find each others’ eyes, and they converse
without speech, planning, strategizing, just like the days of old. If she’d had it her way, Antiope
would’ve attempted a coup on the very night they were betrayed. They would’ve bathed in the
blood of their would-be slavers before the sun rose again.

But Hippolyta will not risk defeat a second time. They will overcome the invaders, and they will
prevail. But there will be no spontaneous attempts at escape, no rumors of uprising from cell to
cell. The Amazons will rise together, and they will fight as one, as they always have. The women
are impatient, and they are angry, and at times, they are rebellious, but they obey, because they
trust in her wisdom. And they are right to do so.

When the time is right, they will be free. But one wrong move, one moment before, and Hera will
massacre them all.

He speaks often of his death. She watches him with his men, the way they worship him, the way
they cry for his attention. They boast of his deeds as if they had all been at his right hand for each
one, they sing his praises like he is already a god.

*Release us, and we will let you and your men depart unharmed.*

His visits have become more frequent. When his men see the shadows beneath his eyes, the strain
of unhappiness over his face, they set the course toward Themyscira. And when they arrive, they
drag her from her prison cell and chain her to his bed, and he comes in and bars the door behind
him. And when he is finished, he lies down beside her and breathes.

*It is better to die than to surrender. Surely you understand this,* he whispers against her skin, and
she thinks of crushing his neck between her hands, because they may both be warriors, soldiers,
leaders, but they are nothing alike.

*Then you will die.*
She is not a vengeful Queen. She will allow the Amazons to kill their captors, but only kill, and quickly. They will not be allowed to torment them, to have sport with them, to capture them in turn. There are those amongst her people who would allow their rage to blind them, who would flay these men within an inch of their lives, burn them upon a spit, break their bones, one by one.

But she cannot allow the poison of hatred to take hold of her warriors. They need their freedom, and they will never be free as long as their captors still draw breath. And so they will take their lives, and then they will depart from this place, exile themselves from the world of man, lest they set themselves upon their shores and cleanse them from man’s influence once and for all.

_I had a dream._

She has had enough of his dreams.

_You ordered your warriors to bind me in your chains. And then they dragged me naked through the entire city, from the docks to the steps of the Temple of the Goddesses. And every step of the way, your soldiers hewed me with their swords._

The time is near. And she can no longer afford to listen to his fears, as intuitive as they are.

_Do you wish for them to hurt me, Hippolyta? Do you wish for vengeance?_

She has been given dreams of her own.

_The Olympians are jealous gods._

_I drew you from the well of souls myself, Hippolyta._

They say that when Zeus began his pursuit of Hera, the prophets told of her unhappy days to come: days filled with longing for lost love, days filled with bitterness.

_I taught you all I knew. I gave you wisdom, beauty, strength._

He took her by force, and shamed her into agreeing to wed him. He whispered promises to her as she lay unhappy in his arms, promises of the kingdom they would build, the children they would have, the worlds they would rule.

_I gave you permission to seduce any woman or man you desired, power to conquer and bring peace._

It was less than a century after they returned from Samos that she came upon him bedding another woman. She cursed them both and left her husband with his immortal arms wrapped around a heifer. If he so desired a cow for himself, he could sate his lust at her teats.

_All I asked in return was for your love: for you to guard your heart for me alone. And yet, you allowed this bastard child of my husband to steal you away from me? I have given you everything,
The Amazons are enslaved for a hundred years.

Perhaps Hera believed they would turn against her, and she would be forced to watch as they were slaughtered, one by one—but they stay true to her until the very end, until the moment when she breaks down their doors, and breaks open their chains. She leads the revolt against their slavers, and when they drag Heracles forward and throw him down at her feet, she kills him herself.

Later, when they have burned the dead and begun their preparations for leaving the city, Hera comes to her, ghosting through the trees, the streets, the palace halls, visible to her alone.

For a hundred years, Hippolyta had prayed for such a moment, for a sign, for a whisper of forgiveness. Now, she raises her head and looks the goddess in the eye. And Hera shows no sign of remorse.

*The Goddesses gave the Amazons life, Hera. But we will no longer play these games of the Gods. Release us from our call to bring peace to mankind. And release me from the desires of your heart.*

Hera reaches out to touch her, but Hippolyta steps away, and her hand closes over empty air. They stare at one another, and for a moment, Hippolyta fears that goddess is about to curse her once more. But she only pulls her hand away, returning it slowly to her side.

*I will always love you, Hippolyta.*

But the Amazon Queen has already gathered up her sword and turned away. The warriors are already beginning their march down to the docks, readying the ships, seeking refuge in the uncharted sea.

*I do not want your love.*

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Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: In most versions of the Hippolyta/Heracles story I’ve read, things between them are actually going quite well until Hera comes in and spreads some chaos. I’ve always thought that it was because Hera was jealous of Hippolyta falling in love with Heracles (especially with Heracles being Zeus’ son with a mortal woman), but I don’t think I’ve ever actually mentioned that.

Fun Fact II: Hera has a royally fucked up idea of love over here. But she's always been a pretty unpleasant character in the myths, and all of the Greek Gods seem pretty morally warped, so...

Fun Fact III: I know Heracles comes off as... a pawn? in a game of gods over here, and I just want to say that for the record, Heracles can go to Hades and roll a massive
stone up a hill for all eternity.

Fun Fact IV: I would say that Hippolyta got the short end of the stick over here, but she heals slowly and eventually meets the love of her life, so everything in its time, I guess.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Intermezzo: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta and Martha Kent have a discussion beside a lake.

Chapter Notes

"Intermezzo in E Major" by Johannes Brahms

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Martha Kent is upset.

She is not upset, exactly, but Hippolyta can see that something is upsetting her. She catches those eyes watching her often, that heart racing a thousand miles a minute, but when Hippolyta turns to look at her, she blushes and quickly turns away.

In their bed, she is restless and wanting, but she takes all Hippolyta gives her and asks for nothing more. When Hippolyta brushes soft kisses over her cheeks afterward, she asks, What is wrong, little one? and the woman only squirms away and says, Nothing.

Her stares say otherwise, so unabashedly hungry and unhappy, some of the Amazons have sent puzzled looks in Hippolyta’s direction, wondering what has happened.

One night, Martha Kent tells her to stop, and Hippolyta stops immediately, eyes flickering over that flushed face, her pounding heart, her throbbing core, but she only thrusts up her once more and tells her to not stop.

When it’s over, that strain of unhappiness has crept into her eyes again, and Hippolyta brushes her fingertips alongside the edge of her jawline.

Are you all right, my darling?

And she gives a short nod, then rolls over, pulling the blankets around her shoulders.

Good night.

Hippolyta listens as she shifts for several minutes, trying to get comfortable, before she finally descends into sleep. She bends and presses a gentle kiss to that bared backside, then pulls away to her own side of the bed. And then she lies awake, listening to the sound of her breathing, wondering what could possibly have gone wrong.
“Your lover came to me this morning.” It is nearly midday, and Hippolyta has arrived late to the training field. She had been consulting the Great Library, seeking answers on humans, but she had found nothing of use. “She was asking strange questions.”

Antiope’s gaze is amused, but Hippolyta is not in the mood for amusement, and she only raises her sword and says one short word.

“What?”

“She was asking about room decorations,” Antiope says, thrusting her sword forward, nearly catching her distracted sister off guard. “She asked if Amazons are ever creative in their bedrooms. And I told her that the Amazons were the ones who created bedrooms, so that we would no longer have to hear the exploits of our Queen from twenty tents away—”

“Antiope!”

But the General only lets out a loud, hearty laugh and parries away her flashing blade.

“What are you doing to that poor woman, Hippolyta? Every time I see her, she is pining after you. She has honored Athena’s Festival, there is no more need for false modesty.”

Hippolyta throws up her hands, letting her sword drop, and she flicks her sister’s blade aside with her bare palm.

“At ease, General.”

And then she is gone.

Martha Kent is in the gardens, and she is collecting a bouquet of flowers. She does not hear as Hippolyta lands lightly behind her, only buries her unsuspecting face against another fragrant blossom and breathes deeply.

And then she gasps as Hippolyta’s arms slip around her waist.

“Lyta.” There is a soft tremble in her voice, but it is not a tremble of fear, but of—

“Tell me what you desire,” Hippolyta whispers against her shoulder, lips just barely grazing against her skin.

“I—I...” She had dropped her flowers and scissors in surprise, something Hippolyta notes with a slight frown. They will need to work on self-defense one day. One day soon, perhaps... “I want you.”

“You have me,” Hippolyta replies, freeing one hand to brush her silvery hair back over her shoulders, giving her access to that long neck.

“No.” It’s less a contradiction and more a whine, and she’s beginning to shiver in earnest now, pressing herself up against her, clasping her arm with her human hands. “I want—I want you to...”

But she refuses to say any more, and Hippolyta carefully combs her fingers through her hair, her touch less seductive now, and more comforting.
“Tell me,” she urges, but Martha breaks suddenly away from her grasp.

“No.”

Hippolyta stares at her.

“No?”

And Martha bends down to gather up her flowers and scissors once more, cheeks flaming.

“No,” she repeats, almost as if to herself. “I can’t… I won’t.”

“Martha…” Hippolyta begins, and she can hear the bewilderment in her own voice.

“It’s… not good.”

“Sometimes ‘not good’ is rather enjoyable,” Hippolyta says mildly, but her little human only hangs her head.

“You’ll hate me.” Her voice is so small, another human would’ve had to ask her to speak up, but Hippolyta hears the fear laced between each syllable. They stand in silence for a moment, neither of them moving, then Hippolyta reaches out and takes her hand, and Martha flinches.

She’s never shied away from her touch like that before. Hippolyta looks down at her for a moment, afraid for the first time, then she says quietly,

“Come.”

They are sitting on what would be called a park bench in Man’s World. Here, it might as well be a sofa that’s overlooking the lake, complete with weatherproof cushions and pillows. Hippolyta pulls her lover into her lap, and Martha snuggles up against her, burrying her face against her chest. And for a long moment, they sit together, listening to the gentle lap of the waves against the shore.

“Tell me a story, Martha Kent,” Hippolyta says, pulling her a little closer so she can kiss the top of her head. Martha snuggles even deeper into her embrace, and for a moment, Hippolyta thinks she isn’t going to answer, then at last, she says in a muffled voice,

“…do you know the story of Hades and Persephone?”

The question is soft, but weighed down with meaning, and Hippolyta understands at last.

She does not answer for a time. A duck is quacking as it takes off from the water, interrupting the waiting silence between them, then Hippolyta says carefully,

“Remind me. It has been many centuries since I’ve heard it told.”

Martha squirms, but she finally relents, although she still refuses to show her face.

“Hades dragged Persephone away to the Underworld.”

Hippolyta does not respond. Perhaps she should respond, but she wants to hear it from her, she
wants her to get there in her own time, and then when she finally does, she will give her everything —

“Was it horrible?”

Hippolyta startles at the sudden question. Martha has surfaced, and those eyes are staring up at her, watching her.

“Was what horrible, little one?”

“With… Heracles, when—when he…” She cannot even finish the sentence, and Hippolyta bends to kiss her trembling lips, a light kiss, a kiss of reassurance.

“What you desire has nothing to do with that, Martha Kent.”

“But it’s the same.”

“It is not the same,” she says firmly. “You and I have an understanding. And a mutual desire. And a safe word.”

The space between them is quiet once more. Martha’s eyes are fixed on the strand of golden hair she is currently curling around her fingers. The duck has returned, quacking and happily flapping its wings as it lands feet-first in the still water.

“...won’t it be difficult for you?”

And this time, Hippolyta looks away.

“It may be, at times,” she admits. Martha winces and begins to turn her face back in, to hide it against her once more, but Hippolyta reaches down and rests a cool palm against her cheek, stopping her.

“But it is not real, little one. You and I both understand that. One word, one hint of discomfort, and it will stop. That is the difference.”

Martha doesn’t answer, and Hippolyta tries again.

“The Amazons have our own traditions where we explore desires such as these.”

And at last Martha looks up at her, and her brow is furrowed.

“Isn’t that… triggering?”

“It is part of the healing process, Martha Kent. No Amazon is asked to explore anything that makes her uncomfortable. And you have not asked me for anything that I do not also desire.”

The human in her arms begins to squirm again, and Hippolyta bites back a smile.

“Why don’t we continue this conversation at the palace?” she asks, her voice low. “We can try a few things, and see what you enjoy before tonight.”

“Lyta! In the middle of the afternoon?” Martha protests, but her lips have lifted into a reluctant smile, Hippolyta rises and hefts her up into her arms without another word.
Fun Fact I: This is a very weird companion piece to the last chapter in a way. It was also strangely harder to write? I think sometimes actually dealing with trauma is harder than trauma itself (I'm sure you all came here today to read about trauma :P) but I think it's healthy for them to discuss it, and I also think it's realistic of Martha to be worried about triggers, as she is here.

Fun Fact II: I've had this scene kind of bouncing around in my head since The Sun and the Moon Ch. 49, so it was nice to finally get it out.

Fun Fact III: Brahms' piano music is pure sex and no one can convince me otherwise

Fun Fact IV: I, too, want Hippolyta to drag me into the Underworld and ravish me, and no one can convince me otherwise of that either

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! I think tomorrow we'll be back at Lesbian Stardew Valley. I just needed a little mental break/something a little more meaty to chew on :)

P.S. Whenever a discussion is happening beside a lake in the Underworld, you just KNOW it's going to be tense.

P.P.S. I NEED TO REPLY TO REVIEWS AND I WILL DO THAT TOMORROW MORNING
Helena Bertinelli is wincing as she emerges from their bedroom, making a beeline to the dinner table. She helps herself to a stack of pancakes and a generous amount of syrup without a word of thanks, not even when Dinah comes over to slide some hashbrowns and fried eggs onto her plate.

“Are you all right?” Dinah asks, feeling entirely too domestic over here in her apron and platter of food and spatula. But Helena doesn’t tease her or even look up at her, and Dinah drops into the seat across from her, shoving the things in her hands onto the table and reaching out to touch her forehead.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” Helena says, her voice impatient as she stirs sugar into her coffee. “I’m just… sore.”

Dinah stares at her for a moment, but when Helena doesn’t elaborate, she asks,

“Is it from the bike riding?”

Helena stops with a forkful of hash browns halfway to her mouth, realization apparently dawning on her, and then a sly smile crosses her face.

“Oh. Yeah… yeah, that would make more sense.”

Dinah decides to give the bike a little break, at least until they can get Helena some proper riding clothes—bicycle riding, that is. They’d left Helena’s motorcycle at the warehouse in Gotham, tightly locked up so then Cass or Harley didn’t go take it for a joyride. Maybe one day, they’ll take the bus up and ride the bike back, just the two of them on these open roads, riding underneath the stars…

“Is today puppy day?” Helena asks, interrupting Dinah’s romantic motorcycle daydream. Her hands still submerged in soapy water, with only the messy frying pan and mixing bowl left of the breakfast dishes. She shakes her head, turning to look over shoulder, and Helena’s standing in the middle of the kitchen, a knapsack on her back on like a boy scout.
“Don’t forget your hat,” she says, and Helena turns around instead of answering. Her hat is hanging against her back, and Dinah grins.

“You know, no one from the city would even recognize us now,” she says, setting the clean frying pan aside and running the water to let the mixing bowl soak. “Are you sure we’re ready for a dog? We’ve never had a dog.”

“We had a dog when I was a kid. And there was a dog on the farm,” Helena says, hooking her thumbs in the straps of the knapsack and rocking back and forth on her heels, clearly itching to go.

“Will you be patient?” Dinah says, sitting down and lacing up her hiking shoes, the ones they got specifically for their new lives as farmers. She’d spent the last two weeks wearing them everywhere in an effort to break them in. The first week was painful. “And since when did you have a dog in Sicily? You never mentioned that before.”

“He was old,” Helena says absently, craning her neck to look out the window. “He ran away pretty soon after I got there.”

*He ‘ran away*. Dinah grimaces, double-tying her shoelaces, then she stands up, suddenly feeling tall.

“All right, then. Let’s go look at some puppies.”

They get lost.

Antiope had been describing how their properties practically border each other, and Helena had a compass attached to her knapsack, so off they went, hiking through the fields, over some cliffs, keeping their path due South as much as possible. But Dinah had taken for granted the grid of Gotham, the way the streets just make *sense*, with the avenues going north to south, and the streets going east to west. Out here, the trees all look the same, the fields all look the same, the rocks all look the same…

“So this is all part of the farm? All this land out here?” Helena asks after they’ve been walking in circles for half an hour. She looks happy as a clam in her Lara Croft wilderness explorer outfit, but Dinah is growing more frustrated by the minute.

“I don’t know because I don’t know where we *are,*” she says a little more sharply than she intended. She’s just realized that, after walking through all the grass, there are little burrs and foxtails sticking to her clothes. But Helena doesn’t seem bothered at all. These damn Italians and their love of the outdoors—or maybe it’s just *this* damn Italian and her love of the outdoors.

“Lake!” Helena calls, apparently having gone ahead while Dinah was picking the burrs from her clothes. She’s practically running now, her knapsack bouncing against her back, and Dinah sighs.

Taking down Gotham’s criminals every night was easier than *this.*
There’s a woman at the lake. She’s wearing a broad sunhat and sitting cross-legged on the dock that leads out toward the middle of the water. There’s a large sketchpad in her lap, and a bag what looks like assorted art tools sitting beside her.

“We should ask her where the ranch is,” Helena whispers when Dinah finally catches up. She pauses to take a drink of water from the bottle hanging off of Helena’s bag, then she wipes her mouth and nods, leading the way.

The lake is nice, fresh-smelling, and clear, even if the ground is a little mushy around its edge. The land looks less like a meadow here, and more like a forest. In fact, it looks so much like a secret hideaway, that Dinah considers just standing here at the edge of the lake so the stranger won’t think they’re about to ambush her, but Helena walks right on ahead without her, apparently unaffected by the sacred quiet of the water.

“Excuse us—hi,” she says, and the woman finally looks up. She must’ve heard their boots on the dock, but apparently had simply decided to ignore them for as long as possible. “Helena, and this is Dinah. We’re looking for the ranch, do you know where it is?”

The woman doesn’t get up, and Dinah doesn’t blame her. She wouldn’t want to risk that sketchpad slipping into the water, either. At first glance, it looks like she’d been drawing the lake, but now, Dinah sees that she’d been drawing the little clumps of algae growing around the logs of the dock.

Weird, she thinks, but the woman just looks up at them, then sweeps a braid as red as the sun over one shoulder, and points back across the lake.

“It’s about a mile in that direction. Follow the river until you see the horses, you can’t miss it.”

“Great, thanks,” Helena says cheerfully, and Dinah nods her thanks. The woman just looks at them, then she says,

“I’m Pamela, by the way. Pamela Isley. But you can call me Ivy.”

They find the ranch twenty minutes later, just as Ivy said they would, and soon, they’re kneeling down inside a large pen getting walked on by ten little puppies.

“You came at a good time, they’re just about ready to start socializing,” Antiope is saying, lifting one of the little nuggets away from where it’s trying to climb out and into settling it into Helena’s arms. “Be careful now. We keep that mop on hand for a reason.”

The other puppies are trying to climb over to join their sibling in Helena’s arms, barking in their high little voices, tails wagging like mad, and Antiope shakes her head.

“Shout if you need anything. And stay for lunch, or Mena will be offended.”

And then she’s gone, and Dinah finds herself with a lapful of puppies and a wife who is absolutely ecstatic.

“Dinah…” Helena sighs, holding one of the puppies up and nuzzling its face, laughing as it tries to lick her. “We have to get one. Don’t you want one? Or two?”
“It’ll be a lot of work, Lee,” she says, trying to sound cautious, but there’s a puppy stepping on her with its little paws, and she suddenly feels like she wouldn’t mind a lot of work. What else are they going to do, buy a tractor and start putting in crops?

“They’re so soft,” Helena whispers. They’re clamoring and climbing over each other for back scratches now, sniffing at their clothes, trying to bite at their fingers with their new teeth. Two of them have already lost interest and are going back to their corner of the pen to take a nap. Dinah smirks and turns to give a rueful glance over at her wife’s happy face. The last time she’d seen her look that happy was when she was kicking some criminal butt.

“We can ask if they’ll let us come back. Then we can decide a little later, okay?” she says, even though she already knows that the answer is yes, they’ll take them all...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I don't have a dog :( Plus I'm more of a cat person, but... it just sounds more fun to play with a pen full of puppies than a pen full of kittens!

Fun Fact II: I feel like Dinah's never had a dog, and I don't think Oliver Queen did either, so this will be a new experience for her! I also feel like Helena had dogs around when she was growing up (mobsters like dogs, right?), but this is probably the first time in a while that she's actually thought about getting one.

Fun Fact III: I don't know what tomorrow's chapter will be, so we'll see!

Fun Fact IV: I've never seen a full episode of Game of Thrones (read the books though and forgot most of them lol). The theme song is apparently great for writing walks in through the wilderness, though!

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Visions of Gideon: Lesbian Stardew Valley VII

Chapter Summary

Dinah and Helena start their new vegetable garden (in the rain).

Chapter Notes

"Visions of Gideon (Call Me By Your Name OST)" by Sufjan Stevens

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On the third day, it’s raining, and Dinah misses the swollen streets of Gotham so much, she can barely breathe. The rain here is relentless, coming down so hard, it’s like someone’s doing construction on the roof. Dinah goes out to check the mailbox, and the dirt road is basically one big, muddy puddle, and the world is drab, dreary, and grey.

Helena, after much swearing, has successfully lit a fire in the fireplace, and it crackles and throws warmth and light in a way that is supposed to be homey and comforting. In another life, she would’ve pushed the furniture to the side and started doing her training right there in the middle of the cabin; or maybe she would’ve stripped down to a t-shirt and shorts and gone barefoot out into the rain, because criminals don’t stop crimes just because of a little rain.

Maybe right now, Harley and Cass are robbing a bank, or sneaking through one of the abandoned warehouses down at the docks, or having brunch at a fancy restaurant in a skyscraper, one of those ones with panoramic views. Maybe Renee is at a coffeeshop somewhere, sitting beneath a tall window, drinking something stronger than coffee, reading news on a tablet like the old woman she is. Maybe—

“Maybe we should put something out there.”

Dinah blinks. Helena is standing at the window, arms crossed, a cup of coffee in one hand, and her bathrobe still on. Her hair is still tousled from last night, looking strangely hip.

“...something like what?” Dinah says, rousing herself from where she’d been brooding and staring into the fire. She’s not usually this bad, not usually this down on herself, but now that she doesn’t have to watch over Helena ever day, her life has been less... busy.

“I don’t know. Maybe a little garden. We used to have a garden,” Helena says wistfully. Apparently Dinah’s not the only one who feels nostalgic from the rain. “One of the assassins was actually pretty good at it. He planted and harvested based on the phases of the moon.”

Dinah doesn’t know what to do with this information, and she can’t see the moon through the trees and clouds, but Helena—her shining light—turns, and her face is roughly as bright as the moon.

“I saw some old tools out in the shed. Why don’t we start clearing a little space out in front? It’ll be easier to pull up the weeds when the ground is wet.”
Helena’s already making her way across the room, tossing her coffee mug down onto the table with a clatter, pulling her night robe off. Dinah opens her mouth to say something about it being muddy out there, but Helena’s naked underneath that robe, and it’s nothing she didn’t see last night, but *Holy Mother of God*—

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*At least it’s not THAT cold,* Dinah thinks to herself, shoving her hands into her pockets. It’s a spring rain, a refreshing rain. They both bundled up in raincoats and boots, and Dinah stands under the roof of the porch until Helena emerges from the shed with a rake and a shovel and two pairs of work gloves and a grin on her face. She instructs Dinah to rake the growth away from a small area of dirt some five feet away from the house. Then she follows with the shovel, digging up the roots, overturning the earth, pointing out every time she finds a worm. By the time they’re done, Dinah’s actually starting to enjoy herself, doing some physical work, seeing some progress.

“What do you think, planter boxes or decorative stones?”

Dinah shakes the rain off of her hood and looks over to where Helena’s standing at the edge of their dirt plot, looking pleased.

“What are we planting, flowers or vegetables?”

“I was thinking vegetables,” Helena says, tromping over to her, boots squelching against the mud. “Then we can make our own food… fresh salads, veggie stir fry, roasted potatoes, sweet peppers…”

Her arms are around Dinah’s waist now, and they’re separated only by their thick raincoats and a few gallons of water.

“We should see if the General Store has some starters. It is a little late to be planting seeds.”

“Thank God we got these waterproof pants,” Dinah grumbles, thinking about how awful the bike ride is going to be, but she leans in and gives her wife a kiss that tastes like rain and dirt. “Can we at least eat lunch first? I need my energy if I’m going to be biking you and a big bag of fertilizer around town.”

“Oh, fertilizer, that’s a good idea,” Helena says, setting her shovel against the porch and taking the rake from Dinah’s hands. “You know, I knew I married you for a reason.”

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They don’t bother to change out of their waterproof things, they just shake them out as best they can, make some quick sandwiches, then they’re off, Helena’s arms around Dinah’s shoulders as they swerve their way down the wet road.

“We are taking showers instead of baths tonight, Crossbow Hunter!” she yells as they hit a puddle and mud splatters everywhere. Helena just laughs and leans forward, resting her cheek against what must be the very wet side of Dinah’s motorcycle helmet (they’re still waiting for their bike helmets to come in the mail).
The town square is wet and quaint and people-less. And it’s even more people-less than usual, because the sign on the General Store says *Closed on Wednesdays*—much to their dismay.

“What kind of *goddamn* store is closed on Wednesdays?” Dinah grumbles, hopping off the bike and thrusting it a little too hard against the brick wall of the store.

“One that’s owned by real people,” Helena says calmly, taking off her helmet and shaking out her wet hair. “It’s fine. We’ll just come back tomorrow.”

Dinah sighs and brushes the water off Helena’s shoulder, then leans her head against it, wrapping her arms around her elbow. If there were other people around, she probably wouldn’t be standing so close to her, much less hugging her arm, but the town square is deserted, and the mayor is a woman married to another woman and they have cute little children, and it’s…

It’s nice here, too.

It may not be Gotham, with its city lights and endless excitement, but here, with the rain dripping off of the awning in sheets, and the occasional roll of thunder echoing across the sky, and Helena standing next to her in her waterproof jacket, cool and content… this is also good.

And it’s even better when the door to the pharmacy swings open and a pretty woman pokes her head out, smiles at them, then says, *I saw you two standing out here… we have coffee if you’d like to get out of the rain and warm up a bit… there’s also cookies, but don’t tell Epione.*

Chapter End Notes

PSA I: I don't know why but AO3 is suddenly making my life difficult by indenting some of my paragraphs when they're just supposed to be down a line, it's not that big a deal but it's very annoying late at night and not fun :P

PSA II: This week is being rough for some reason. I think it's because we've passed the one month mark and there's no true end in sight. But, hang in there as best you can. Take breaks, take care of yourself, wash your hands, etc. etc. etc.

Fun Fact I: It actually always rains on the 3rd of Spring in Stardew, which is nice because then you don't have to water your crops!

Fun Fact II: Lena probably got those cookies from a certain smitten bartender. :D

Fun Fact III: If I haven't replied to your comment yet, it's not because I didn't read it, it's because my inbox is overflowing. Which is a good thing! It just means it will take me a hot minute to reply to everyone, but I promise I'll get to them all soon!! :) Thanks for reading!!
Concerts are annoying.

Being on stage, the thrill when Nubia starts the synth, and Diana starts plucking a few low, shuddery notes out on her electric guitar, and there’s nothing but the dark sea of faces, bright spotlights—blue, if the venue has decent lighting—and Donna’s just here, in the moment, standing in front of this microphone, eyes closed, her bass cradled in her hands… and then she gives the nod, and Lena clicks her drumsticks, bringing in the band, and then they’re off, they’re together, they’re going—

That part is fine. That part is why they do this, the *rush*.

It’s the other people who annoy her. The other bands, the pasty boys in graphic tees and ripped jeans who don’t know how to talk to girls. The managers with beards and baseball caps who think they’re big shots because they’re in charge of something. The harried venue owners and assistants who prop open doors and lead the way to closets, basements, attics, green rooms, places to store their cases and gear.

It’s a boys club, unless they’re playing at a girl’s club, in which case, there’s a lot of other girls: punk girls, goth girls, hip girls, loud girls. Those gigs can be tough too, not in the least because Lena Luthor is their drummer, and she just happens to be a legend amongst women.

Sometimes female humans objectify their crushes just as badly as male humans.

John Constantine—her mentor of sorts, and the reason why she’s never picked up smoking—refuses to play in front of an audience. He’ll lead jam sessions every once in a while, which mostly consist of him lying on an empty stage, whaling on his electric guitar like a goddamn banshee who’s just lost a child. He’s not very popular within the music circles, but he’s the one who taught Donna to play, just… play.

She has a good voice, as do all Amazons. Some days it’s better than others. Some days, she lets go of her bass, letting it hang off her shoulder like the weight of the entire world, and she reaches up
to grasp the microphone, pulling it closer, soft and needy as a lover, and she’ll sing, and the band is behind her, beneath her, her foundation, her world, and they feel her, they follow her, and build when she does, and fall back as her voice trails off, and it’s pure magic, pure art—

And then other times, she just can’t find it. She just can’t get there, can’t make those sounds link together to make music.

Those are the days she gives herself a little break, takes a little something for her head—what, people do it all the time, popping pills, taking shots, going out for a smoke—is it her fault that her Goddess mother had to make her so damn invulnerable to human narcotics?

Sometimes Nubia goes home with one of the other band’s members. Being immune to human drugs doesn’t necessarily mean being immune to humans, and she’s beautiful and striking enough to take her pick.

Donna doesn’t ask, and she doesn’t want to know. She legitimately doesn’t want to know, not even in a sisterly, “So how was it?” kind of way. When they were preteens, both of their moms had sat them down and had the talk with them, and it had been much more thorough than either of them would’ve preferred. In fact, Donna would’ve preferred that no one talk about sex, ever, for the entirety of history. Pleasure is fair play, in art, in advertising, in certain circumstances; self-pleasure is fine in books and materials that are made for the purpose of informing interested readers on how to self-pleasure.

But she’d be perfectly happy if she never had to hear about people needing sex, or having sex, or thinking about sex, for the rest of her life.

When ten-year-old Donna Troy had informed her moms of this fact, they hadn’t laughed (Nubia had laughed, but she’d stopped when Donna kicked her). Queen Hippolyta had simply reached out and brushed her cheek with cold fingers.

It’s just information, Troia. You may choose what to do with it—whether you decide to use it or not.

She’d opted out of that part of Aphrodite’s Festival the first year it was made available to her, when she was eighteen. Nubia had gone through with it, and came out the same cool, collected, indifferent person she was before she went in with her chosen mentor.

They just teach you how to do it, what parts do what. How to do it to someone else. It’s educational, more than anything.

When she tracks down her human mother later that same day, she asks if the sex part of Aphrodite’s Festival is in fact educational, because she might be okay with that (her own sexless experience with the festival had involved a very long bath and a nice massage, and she’d come out content and boneless and woozy). Martha Kent turns bright red, and Donna realizes that she’d been in the middle of helping a customer in the flower shop. It had been hard to see his wrinkled little face from behind the enormous potted plant he’d been purchasing.

It’s intimate, Donna, Martha says after bustling the old man out of the shop and getting herself a drink (of water, she insists, as if Donna’s not old enough to tell the difference between vodka and water). That’s the point of it, to know someone else’s body like your own, and to know that they
know yours in the same way. But people are different. Some people get along just fine on their own. Some people take a while. Some people don’t need it, period. It’s whatever. It’s all right.

When she’s old enough, people start noticing her. She’d always looked young for her age; apparently the sand on that particular beach was young sand. There are a lot of winks. A lot of flirty conversations. A lot of hey girls. A lot of slipped phone numbers. She’s the lead singer in a band, and a superhero on the side. Apparently that’s hot, or something.

Terry plays bass in a Depeche Mode cover band, a quiet, unassuming guy who stands in the shadows and plays that funky music like the white boy he is. They’ve spent the last few years sharing bills every few months, but one night, he comes out onto the middle of the stage, and it’s dark, and there’s a fog machine, and the tiny spotlights are swarming, barely cutting through the thick, and he plays a bass cover of “Enjoy the Silence” and he’s so damn good, and when she finds him in the crowded break room afterward, he looks her in the eye, and he has a crooked little smile, and a baby face that a few days worth of stubble can’t hide, and he invites her to the sports bar up the street to grab some food with the other bands, and she’s never been one to turn down food, and on the way out, he makes a point of tracking down the sound guy to say thanks, while the rest of his band has already left or is out smoking or trying to pick up groupies...

In a life where everything has been difficult, Terry is easy. When she tells him she’s asexual, he says he doesn’t mind. When she tells him she has a secret double crime-fighting life that she can’t tell him too much about, he says he’s okay with however much she’s able to tell him. When she says her mother’s fallen and broken her hip and she’s so sorry she can’t go on their trip to the Bahamas after all, he says it’s okay, they’ll go another time.

And when he says he loves her, she says she loves him too.

Her mother is a stubborn one. The doctors said it was likely she would die of Alzheimer's instead of old age, and she seems determined to prove them wrong. She’s there for Donna’s wedding, crying happy tears from her wheelchair. She’s there, more alert than she’d been in months when Donna sets baby Robert into her arms. She’s there, whenever Donna goes to see her, complaining about some old friend of the church or the family who apparently did something annoying fifty years ago.

But she’s slipping away, and Donna can see it as the time trickles by.

Nubia stays away, visiting her ailing mother only on holidays or when Donna’s on tour—either for her books, or for superhero butt-kicking. Even Clark visits more than she does. They fight about it, but in the end, Donna accepts that Nubia needs to do what she needs to do. Besides, her twin has been spending more time in New Themyscira, and the Queen will never ask for it, but she needs support, too.

Robert likes visiting his grandma when she’s sleeping. He thinks it’s naptime, and curls up next to her to take a nap, too. When she’s awake, she thinks he’s one of the neighborhood boys, and that
he’s the cutest little thing, and she has a son who’s just about his age, and they should play together sometime, would he like that?

But eventually, it’s not a good idea to bring him anymore.

The Goddess of Death appears early one morning. The doctors had called at 4 A.M., telling them to come if they wanted to see her off, and so they were there, all four of them, when the sun slipped from the horizon, and Queen Hippolyta reached out to take her beloved’s hand, carrying her across that divide for the last time.

The ventilator is still buzzing happily in the corner after she’s gone.

They get up and leave, one by one, first Diana, then Nubia, then Donna, and finally Clark. He’d known her for the longest, back when she was a Kansas farmer’s wife through and through… and despite everything, he’d been proud of her.

They have a gig that night, and they agree to not cancel. They can’t go to the Underworld yet anyway, because, you know, Nubia says. Donna does know, but did she really need the image in her head of her mothers doing ‘you know’? Nubia just smiles a hard smile at her, claps her shoulder in a gesture that feels very Antiope, and says that she’ll see her later tonight.

Donna wanders around for a bit, getting coffee, surfing the web, eating lunch… it’s strange to realize that in a handful of hours, they’ll be reunited. Her and her sisters and her moms… after all these years, after all the angst and arguments and tears, they’ll just sit down at the long table in the courtyard in New Themyscira and eat some food like normal. It’ll be normal. It’ll be fine.

But for some reason, she can’t seem to convince her subconscious of that, because she finds herself breaking down right in the middle of the stage, right in the middle of “What a Feeling”, a silly song, a disco song from a sillier movie that got terrible reviews, and she's left standing here, utterly confused and humiliated that she's ruined the performance and the whole concert probably, and everything is horribly quiet except for the sound of her quiet sobs, but suddenly Nubia is there, and she wraps her arms around her, bass and all, and that’s when Donna realizes that she—her strong, emotionless, cool and collected sister—is crying too.

She loses Robert on one horrible day, and she loses Terry soon after.

He lasted as long as he could, her sweet, innocent husband, but every time they looked at each other, it reminded them of their son, and everything just became a facade for their grief, and she’d taken to spending more and more time with the League, fighting back against the thing that took her son from her, and one day, she comes home to an empty house.
Why are we still fighting? she asks. They’re crouched in the dirt, the daughters of Hippolyta: Diana, Donna, Nubia, Lena. So many of the others have already fallen, and Donna thinks it’s a fair question. She knows, at least, that after Diana ran into that explosion, screaming Isabel’s name, all the fight had gone out of her, and now she’s just going through the motions, hitting this, punching that, blocking those.

Lena is injured, her face more pale than ever, but she’s taking some horrendous pharmaceuticals and insisting that she doesn’t feel a thing.

When this is over, I’m going to kick Bruce Wayne in the face. What the hell was he thinking, creating a shit-ton of murderous, superpowered robots.

"We’re not fighting," Diana says, and there’s dirt smudged on her face, literal dirt, right there, on Wonder Woman’s face. But she rises, and the robots are filling the sky, all 1,373,462 of them, and they’re so thick, it’s like the sky is made of them—like the sky has never existed, and there’s lightning flicking up and down Diana’s bracers, and Donna sighs, because she doesn’t want to get up, but apparently they’re having a big heroic moment, and Nubia is holding onto Lena’s elbow, helping her to her feet, and Diana looks back at them… and she’s been doing this for longer than any of them. Fighting to save the world. Fighting to keep the innocents alive. And now…

“We’re not fighting,” Diana repeats. There are tears in her eyes. “We’re ending this.”

Everything after that is a bit of a blur. The world ends, and then there’s a big warm reunion in the Underworld, and a lot of food, and Donna takes a bath and falls asleep right in the middle of the hot pools, and then they’re going back and starting this whole multiverse thing over, and couldn’t they have taken a goddamn nap first, just five minutes of nothing at all, that’s all she wants—

They clear some land on the New Earth, set up a shelter that gives some protection from all the animals a few idiots had created, and John Constantine appears in the House of Mystery, looking smug at their camp, and there’s a campfire, and he brings his guitar and plays a little, and someone makes a whistle out of a blade of grass and they go at it for hours until someone else grabs it and throws it into the fire, and Donna lies down and crosses her arms behind her head, staring up at the new night sky and the new stars and the new planets and the new full moon, and it’s so peaceful out here, it feels like years since she’s been able to just live in the moment and count the seconds as they go by, and Robert yawns and snuggles up next to her, apparently having gotten ahold of Superman’s cape, because he’s using it as a blanket, and she knows she should get him to a real bed somewhere soon, but he’s already snoring, and she doesn’t want to move him, and it won’t hurt to stay out here for a little bit and look at the stars, really, just another minute or two…
Fun Fact I: If you managed to make it to the end of this, I hope you enjoyed it!! This started with me thinking I would just write a little oneshot about Donna's rock star days, and then it ended up turning into this little monster...

Fun Fact II: I played in a band for like one summer. I wish I could find some people and start doing that again, it was lit. Horrible pay and horrible people, but the ENERGY on stage was amazing.

Fun Fact III: I literally sat on my butt and wrote this for about three hours straight so I'm all out of words. So thanks for reading :)}
I've Been Thinking: Lesbian Stardew Valley VIII

Chapter Summary

Dinah and Helena climb a mountain.

Chapter Notes

"I've Been Thinking" by Handsome Boy Modeling School & Cat Power

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Helena likes climbing things.

It must’ve been all those years she spent training in the Sicilian hills, spending her teenage years wandering amongst active volcanoes. Gotham has no hills or geographical interest whatsoever; people have to get into cars and drive a few hours if they want to see the mountains, to go skiing or sledding, and that was never part of Dinah’s childhood. It wasn’t that they were too poor to afford outdoor recreation, but Laurel Lance apparently had her fair share of the outdoors when her mother moved to a farm, and the less time they spent outside, the better.

*We fought a whole goddamn war so then our children wouldn’t have to stand in the dirt picking shit, do you understand that?*

Dinah and her mother had a complicated relationship. It got even more complicated after she died.

“Come on, I want to see Diana’s workshop, and then maybe they can tell us where to find those caves, they sounds neat.”

Helena of Before wouldn’t have even asked, she just would’ve packed her bag, and said Dinah could come along if she wanted. Dinah is wearing rubber boots (the ground is still wet from yesterday’s storm) and she’s holding a rusty watering can. She looks past the roof of the cabin to the hills looming on the horizon. Helena rocks back and forth on her heels, waiting, and Dinah shakes her head.

“Fine. We’re not biking though. We’ll never make it up those hills.”

It doesn’t take as long as Dinah thought to reach the building that functions as Diana and Isabel’s house and workplaces. There’s a little sign over the door that says “Carpenter’s Shop”, and a little garage, one of the first Dinah’s seen in this town.

There’s a large clearing in front of the house, and Helena stops, glancing around with a strange look on her face.
“What’s wrong?” Dinah asks, taking the moment to grab the thermos that’s hanging off of the back of Helena’s backpack and take a drink.

“Training.”

“Who’s training?”

Helena points to the edge of the clearing, where a few crude pull-up bars are standing next to a pine tree—which has a battered target pinned to it. It had been raining for the last two days, but the sandy ground is covered with footprints, circular patterns, deep indents, signs of scuffle.

“Huh,” Dinah says, screwing the cap back on and poking a cautious toe into the dirt. Maybe there’s more to these two than she thought.

The inside of the carpenter’s shop is open, airy, and smells like wood. There’s a little table in front by the door with a register and catalogue on it, but the room is mostly a large work area, complete with a long workbench, a back wall covered with tools, and neat stacks of wood: blocks, beams, sheets, hardwood, plywood… Dinah glances to the side, where two comfortable-looking chairs are set close to the door, and there’s a large fire extinguisher set into the wall.

“Hello, strangers!” Diana calls, pulling off gloves and goggles as she strolls across the room toward them. She has sawdust in her hair and a smile on her face, but Dinah can’t help but notice her arms—not as strong as Io’s, but learn and sturdy nonetheless, perfectly capable of hammering, hefting, ass-kicking.

“I hope we’re not interrupting,” she says, nodding to the strangely-shaped project that Diana had been working on.

“Not at all,” she replies happily. “It’s nice to have visitors, we don’t get many up here. In fact, here, take a look.”

She’s crafting lampposts to put along the path to their house, since *it gets so dark up here at night.* They’re elegantly designed, almost looking more like birdhouses than lights. They’re so quaint and homey, Dinah feels strangely nostalgic, just looking at them.

“Iron is more traditional, but wood just looks better out here, it feels less intrusive,” Diana says, running a critical finger over the edge of the wood. “Come back in a week or so, hopefully they’ll be up then…”

Helena asks about the caves, but that’s a dead end—literally. Apparently, there had been a rockfall some time ago, and the workers haven’t finished getting it cleared. Not to be deterred, Diana points them in the direction of a lookout near the house, and she invites them back for lunch (*Hopefully Isabel will surface long enough to eat something and say hello*, she says with a wink). Dinah knows enough about scientists to know exactly what she means, and they bustled out of the shop with promises to come back.
“After we meet everyone, we’re going to be hosting meals at the farm for *weeks,*” Dinah says. She’s not complaining, but neither of them are especially good cooks, and everyone here seems to make homecooked meals as a rule…

“Shit, it’s like the Dolomites out here,” Helena breathes, grabbing Dinah’s hand and pulling her up onto the ledge that is apparently the overlook. It’s not *exactly* like the Dolomites, but it is pretty: the valley stretches out to the sea, and the town is just a cluster of buildings about a mile away, looking old and picturesque, like a picture from a postcard, or a puzzle.

“It looks so quiet from up here,” Dinah says, almost in wonder. She knows she shouldn’t always be compare everything to Gotham, but it’s almost bizarre, this complete calm in the middle of the day, right when people should be pouring into the streets for their lunch break, or to make deliveries to people who can’t get out of their offices, or to steal something off of the crowds.

“Are you happy here?”

Dinah turns and stares at her. It’s not that she’s been insensitive since the attack, but she was never very sensitive to other people’s emotions in the first place, and once that fucking bullet lodged itself in her occipital lobe, sending shards into all sorts of horrible places, Helena had mainly been focused on herself. Dinah had, too.

“You’re here,” she says, and she winces at how aggressive her voice sounds. “I’ll never be unhappy again.”

Helena makes a face, then reaches out and wraps her arms around her, resting her cheek against the top of her head.

“You can’t use that answer forever,” she says, giving her sweaty forehead a kiss. Bullets be damned, she could get used to this softer, romantic-er Helena. They stand in silence for a moment, watching as she river weaves its way down the mountain, all the way to the beach.

“I’m not unhappy,” she says at last. The wind rustles through the trees, through the new spring leaves. “It’s just new. And it’ll take some getting used to. But I want to, if you do.”

Helena’s learning her whole self against her now, and Dinah’s sure she’s doing it solely to be annoying, to see if she’ll pick her up, and she *will* dammit, if she doesn’t cut it out—

“You’ve changed too, you know.”

The wind sweeps her words away, the soft rumble that they are against her back, and she opens her mouth to respond, and then she doesn’t. They stand for a little while longer, then Dinah reaches up to hold the arms that are wrapped around her neck.

“I think it’s for the better.”

Chapter End Notes

**Fun Fact I:** It's too late for fun facts! :P

Thanks for reading, and see you tomorrow! :D
(Also I apologize for any typos, I'm going to proofread this in the morning!!)
There’s a temple in the sky.

It’s been three hours of flying, three hours of staring at the two jet-black Underworld horse backs rolling, pumping, galloping toward the horizon, three hours of Dusty sitting on her feet, three hours of Underworld sun beaming down on her. It’s not quite like the living world’s sun, it doesn’t burn, but it’s no less annoying after three whole hours.

Flying in a flying chariot is actually fun. It’s a rush, seeing the land stretching out below, sometimes close enough to touch, sometimes so far away, it looks like a flat earth, a patchwork of mountains and fields and seas, all blending in together, all filled with people, places, stories.

All that is nice for about thirty minutes. And then after that, Martha starts getting impatient. But, she has to admit, she admires Hippolyta’s dedication.

The temple is white marble, almost at one with the clouds. Martha had rubbed her eyes, not quite believing it for a moment, but no, its edges sharpened as they flew closer, and features began to emerge, the tell-tale pillars, the enormous staircase leading to the entrance, the images carved into the stone.

The horses set the chariot down at the bottom of the steps, and no matter how much she yells at them and snaps the reins, they don’t budge an inch. Dusty has already hopped out, tail wagging, and he’s bounded his way up a few steps already before turning back to look at her, waiting. Martha sighs and stands up, stretching her sore limbs. Sitting, standing, walking—

This had better be worth it, Lyta.
She has to stop twice on her way up the steps. Dusty whines at her each time, but she’s an old woman and ten thousand stairs aren’t exactly in her exercise regimen. By the time she gets to the top and has sprawled, panting, across the cool, blinding marble, she barely has enough energy to raise her head when low footsteps approach.

Who seeks entrance to the Holy Temple?

There are words here she is supposed to say, but she’s so tired, all she can get out is,

“It… it’s me.”

There is no response, or she possibly didn’t actually say those words out loud, but she crawls forward, and her forehead brushes against sandaled feet.

“Food…” she whispers, and her lips meet soft skin, polished leather. “Feed me… your servant.”

There. That ought to do it. It’s not the speech she’d been taught, but at least there’s a note of humility in there—and then suddenly, gravity is obsolete, because she’s been lifted up into the air, up, and even further up, because Hippolyta is big, she’s like a real goddess, and Martha never realized before how much she tones herself down when they’re together, she’s literally glowing, and Martha is like a baby in the crook of her arm, and she’s smiling an amused smile down at her as she begins to tremble, stairs and air travel be damned, she’s in the presence of a Goddess, and it’s terrifying—

“You must be cleansed before you may join the banquet table, little human.”

_I would like to be ON the banquet table_, Martha thinks woozily, but Hippolyta—the Goddess of Death—is carrying her puny figure further into the temple, and she has reached down to stroke a finger over her cheek, a cheek that she knows is slick with dust and sweat, and Martha shivers again.

“Bathe yourself;” Hippolyta whispers, and the walls tremble. And all at once, Hippolyta is stripping the simple tunic from Martha’s body, and she’s laying her down into steaming water, and it’s so _comfortable_, she lets out a soft moan, and the temperature is perfect, and the water smells like hyacinths, and Hippolyta’s lips are on hers, and then she’s gone…

Martha takes a little nap, then she begins to bathe herself in earnest. This Jacuzzi she’s in is set in the middle of a large room, the basement of the temple, perhaps, judging the number of candles set across the floor. The room is scattered with crystal plants: sparkling little trees with gem fruits as big as her fist. They’re not the little glass decorations that would’ve been at home in some grandma’s china cabinet, no, these are cut and gleaming like chandeliers, each spindly branch, each jagged sliver of bark on the tree trunks reflects the soft candlelight, sparkling like a showroom.

Martha can’t decide if it’s beautiful or gaudy. Knowing Hippolyta, it’s possibly both.
Her stomach is beginning to growl, and she waits for as long as she can, not wanting to move, but at last, she drags herself to her feet, drying off with the soft towel that had been laid out for her, then dressing herself in silk, which is unusual, the Amazons tend to prefer cotton. But this is a gown, like something someone would wear to a fancy dinner party, something someone else would wear to a fancy dinner party, because this thing has no back, little front, no sleeves, and slits well up the thigh… apparently Hippolyta had been paying attention to the nightclothes Martha had purchased for her.

She just never thought she’d be getting any in return; she doesn’t know whether to feel pleased or embarrassed that her wife wants to dress her up like this, wants to see her like this.

There are sunlit stairs set against the back wall, and Martha makes her way up, holding up handfuls of soft silk. The stairs are polished, cool and completely free of dirt beneath her bare feet. When she emerges into the main rooms, there is a fountain, a laden banquet table, a woman sitting at a loom.

Hippolyta, she wants to call, but all at once, she feels shy, standing here in her sexy clothes, cleansed and perfumed like a bride approaching her husband on their wedding night…

“Martha Kent.”

And all at once she’s risen, and she’s approaching her, and she’s big—taller than usual, and she’s wearing a dress, too, one that looks more like a nightgown than something that would be allowed out in public, and she’s so blindingly beautiful, Martha wonders how she ever dared to look her in the face…

“You look beautiful.” The Goddess has knelt down before her, reaching out to brush her fingertips over her bare arms, eyes gleaming admiringly. Martha shivers, and those red lips curl in amusement. “Come.”

She is swept up to the banquet table, and she’s no stranger to food: Thanksgiving potlucks, Christmas dinners, and in New Themyscira, there’s always some feast, some festival going on, but this...

The table is practically sagging beneath the weight of platters and platters of food, so much food, even the spaces between the dishes are overflowing with fresh fruit, vegetables, nuts, pastries. And the colors, there are so many colors, and smells, Martha doesn’t even know where to look first.

Hippolyta seats Martha sideways in her lap, pulling her tight against her. Apparently, she is not allowed to fill her own place, and for some reason, Martha realizes she’s okay with that.

“Open,” the Goddess says, her voice a low, pleasant rumble, and Martha obeys, allowing a slender finger to slip into her mouth. She must’ve dipped it into one of the many offerings before them, because the taste is wonderful, spicy and greasy and rich. Martha closes her eyes, and when the finger slips away once more, she groans, “God, Lyta, whatever that was, you’ll have to give me the recipe—” But all at once, she opens her eyes and Hippolyta is giving her a look, and Martha has to muffle a giggle behind her hand. She lasted all of two minutes with this roleplay before breaking character...

“Sorry, sorry—” she whispers, waving. “Keep going. This is nice.”

Hippolyta kisses her forehead, apparently choosing to ignore her interruption, then she reaches out to gather a bit of what might be whipped potato, holding it out to her so she can literally eat from
the palm of her hand… and when she’s licked her clean, Hippolyta nuzzles her, kissing the salty taste away from her lips.

“Are you thirsty?”

Martha eyes the table, but there’s no wine, no tea, not even any water. Hippolyta reaches out and gently turns her back to face her, as if to keep her gaze from wandering, and Martha gives an obedient nod. She’s thirsty in every definition of the word, and this whole licking thing isn’t helping—

“Yes… I know.” Hippolyta’s voice has dropped to a purr, and she looks immensely pleased with herself. Martha wants to frown up at her, but she’s slipping the straps of her own gown off her shoulder, and it’s impossible, literally impossible to frown up at a topless goddess, especially one that looks like this …

“Drink your fill, little one.”

And she doesn’t need to be told twice.

You’re not eating, Martha says halfway through the meal. But Hippolyta simply smiles and says, I will eat later.

The gleam in her eyes made no mistake as to what she would be eating later. Martha nearly chokes, but Hippolyta just pulls her closer and whispers against the side of her head, Eat, little human. You will need your energy.

When the meal is over, Hippolyta carries her to the altar at the back of the room, and she lays her down over its surface. Martha had been expecting cold marble, but instead, her bare skin meets satin. Hippolyta had lost her gown some time ago; Martha had gotten a little enthusiastic at dinner with grabbing some things, and now the Goddess is naked. Martha’s still wearing her own dress, but she suspects that won’t last very long, either.

“Are you ready to serve your Queen?”

Martha was already shivering, and that little question didn’t help.

“Just eat me,” she orders rather unromantically, like she’s a little cake in Wonderland—maybe if Hippolyta eats her, she’ll become a giantess again, and wouldn’t that be a fun challenge...

“Patience,” Hippolyta rumbles, pushing herself away from the altar, stepping back altogether, and Martha turns to watch as she begins to light the candles. Like she can’t do all of them at once, like she can’t wave her hand and set this whole place on fire, like she can’t hurry it up—

“Lyta...”
“Patience,” is her only answer, and Martha whines, kicking a heel against this cushioned altar. Aren’t altars supposed to be some sacred religious things? Like the Ark of the Covenant, if anyone touched the thing, they died, and now, Queen Hippolyta has brought her into her temple to have sex on her own altar, and if their past flings are any indication, things are about to get very messy...

“Let me see you.”

The Goddess is back, and she is hungry, and her fingers are cold as they slip beneath the straps of Martha’s dress and pull. A soft whine escapes her lips, as if Hippolyta had pulled that from her, too. When she is naked, Hippolyta begins to touch her. She just doesn’t touch her sensitive parts, she doesn’t just dive immediately between her legs or for her breasts, she touches her toes. And the balls of her feet. And her ankles. And her calves. And her knees. Then she crawls forward, and kisses her fingertips, her wrists, her palms. She spends an interminable amount of time at her neck, kissing her behind her ear, licking her collarbones, nuzzling her until she’s a complete wreck, shaking and thrusting shamelessly up toward her, whispering for to please get on with it, please... but Goddesses do not take orders from humans, especially not within the pillars of their own temples, and especially not upon the sacred altars where offerings are made for the very purpose of appeasing them, and so Martha must wait until Hippolyta is satisfied with her torment, and even then, it has just begun, because she binds her wrists to the corners this cursed table, and does the same with her legs, so then she cannot move, she cannot bring her legs together to relieve the pressure, she cannot bend her knees to open herself up to her lover in some desperate attempt at seducing her, she can only lie here, helpless and needy, until this monster decides to end her suffering.

No teasing today, please... she begs, but that wasn’t part of the arrangement, and this goddamn, godforsaken, god-in-heaven-this-is-hell-Hippolyta-please creature has no interest in making this easy for her.

It’s worth it, in the end.

For all of her fuss, all of her cursing and kicking and screaming, Hippolyta is remarkably well-versed in the mental and physical limits of little humans—much to Martha’s dismay—and she waits and waits until she can’t take it any more, and then she pushes and pushes until she can’t take it any more, and when it’s over, she’s left breathless and shameless and sated, and Hippolyta is no longer a monster, she’s a Goddess, a nice one at that, and nice Goddesses deserve nice things, so Martha puts out her hand for her wine glass, and after she’s taken a long drink, she sits up, and Hippolyta allows her to push her down onto her back, allows her to bind her wrists, and she spreads those magnificent legs of hers, and Martha bends her head, not even pretending to wait, to tease, and it’s a paltry offering, but it’s hers, her own, and Hippolyta thrusts against her, urging her to go faster, deeper—

And Martha obeys.
Fun Fact I: GUYS, if this was the biblical flood, it would be over by now. That just boggles my mind.

Fun Fact II: Anyway, speaking of floods… you know, I’m not even going to pretend to be embarrassed over here about thirsting over hot goddesses. I am officially beyond being smut-shamed (seriously, it’s been 40 days. We ALL deserve to be railed by a giant goddess!).

Fun Fact III: There’s a line somewhere in the main fic that says Hippolyta makes them take vacations once a month after Donna is born. This is one of those vacations. :D

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! Feel free to let me know your thoughts if you dare :)
White Wedding: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

A few scenes leading up to when Huntress/Black Canary finally start going out.

Chapter Notes

"White Wedding" by Billy Idol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes it’s nice to be dangerous.

It’s one of the side effects of living in a place like Gotham, where you’re either the predator or the prey, hunter or the hunted. Sometimes Dinah will wander through the outdoor markets, see the kids playing in the streets, see old people sitting on park benches, and she’ll think it’s not that bad here, really.

Then she and the Birds will be chasing some maniac through the alleyways, and there will be mangled bodies from completely unrelated crimes just lying around, thrown into the gutter, left for some unfortunate vigilantes or government workers to find in the morning.

It’s a toss-up, really.

Renee gets it. She’s spent half of her career looking at dead people, and the other half trying to wrangle justice for them from the criminal injustice system. She didn’t become a raging alcoholic just because she liked the taste.

Too many idiots in charge. Too many people willing to take a bribe, look the other way.

Dinah looks across the room at her, where she's brooding in the corner, typing furiously on her laptop like the obsessed detective she is.

Didn’t we first meet when you tried to bribe me for information on Sionis?

Renee pretends she doesn’t hear this.

“‘There’s hundreds of super-criminals out there. Hundreds of meta-humans. And Gotham PD has squat.’”

Renee is angry. Her hacking skills are impressive, but none of that means jackshit when the databases she’s accessed are practically empty.
“Everyone knows about Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman—they’re practically celebrities. I want dirt on the other people.”

“Batman went in and cleared out the meta-human files. You won’t find them on any government servers.”

Dinah is helping herself to a drink from the fridge. She’d suggested getting a mini-fridge, and Helena had gone and ordered a whole fridge. And a good thing, too, because they’d slowly started staying over more and more at the warehouse, especially once they cleaned out the drafty offices in the back and Helena had some plush, expensive furniture delivered.

_We get it, you’re rich._

Helena had gotten that confused look on her face, and Dinah found herself paralyzed between the desire to kiss her and the need to kill herself for making her look like that, then Renee had elbowed her way between them.

_Place looks fine. Stop being a goddamn pain, Canary._

“What—how the hell does Batman have access to the government servers?” Renee sputters, already reaching for a bottle, and Dinah shrugs.

“Guess his money’s the right color.”

“What’s _that_ supposed to mean?”

But Dinah glances over to where Helena is cleaning her arrows at the sink and looking uncomfortable.

_There’s nothing wrong with being rich. There’s nothing wrong with being white. Just because Oliver was a privileged playboy socialite doesn’t mean they’re all like that._

“Nothing.”

For all the frowning she’d done when it first arrived, her bed is pretty nice.

She doesn’t get to spend very much time in it, between singing and patrolling, and when she does, Helena’s usually not even in her room next door, she’s either out in the middle of the warehouse, shooting or punching or kicking or hefting things, or out riding trains, which apparently she enjoys.

_What the hell were you doing, only the crazies ride those trains at night,_ Dinah had said when Helena came back later than usual, her shirt bloodied from getting in a fistfight on the platform.

_They’re not crazy,_ she’d responded, with more earnestness than Dinah gave her credit for. _They’re just living._

Helena makes her angry. Harley makes her angry, too, but in a different way. Harley makes her angry because she’s reckless, and one day, she’s going to get them all killed, and Dinah will never forgive her when that happens.

Helena makes her angry because she’s reckless, and one day, she’s going to get herself killed, and
Dinah will never forgive herself when that happens.

Their bedrooms have windows that look out over the warehouse, being the former offices they are. Sometimes, Dinah lies awake, staring at the ceiling, and thinks about how many bored managers have sat in this room, hunched over a computer, looking at porn, masturbating behind their desk, just waiting for the day to end.

She buys some curtains and puts them up over the window, and in the morning, she gets up and pulls them open like a princess in a castle, and she looks out over the concrete jungle that is their indoor crime fighting training ground.

Sometimes Helena will be out there, sprinting to and fro with that crossbow of hers, or she’ll be punching the punching bag and grunting, like punching takes a lot of effort—other times, she’ll be doing something horrible: pushups, or pull-ups, or weight-lifting, and her muscles will be gleaming with sweat, and she’ll be panting a little from the effort, tossing her head back with each rep, and Dinah will slam her curtains shut once more, angry at the universe, and crawl back into bed for a few more minutes.

Helena doesn’t put curtains up over her windows. Sometimes, when Dinah gets home late from a gig, she can see Helena curled up in her bed, her lumpy figure bathed in the soft light from her nightlight. Dinah doesn’t understand the nightlight anymore than she understands the figurine of the Virgin Mary that Helena has on her nightstand, but if her entire family was murdered in front of her eyes when she was twelve, she might have some quirks, too.

She doesn’t linger in front of those curtain-less windows. That would be creepy, perverted, even. But she always sneaks a glance. Just to make sure she’s there. Just to make sure she’s safe in bed, and not lying out in a gutter somewhere.

“Just ask her out, for Christ’s sake. I’m tired of all this fucking pining.”

Renee may be the oldest and wisest of them all, but she gives horrible relationship advice.

“Yeah, no... dating teammates is dangerous. It’s not a good business practice.”

Helena’s out, and Dinah and Renee are boxing. Renee is good at it, which apparently makes her think that gives her the right to start lecturing about other things.

“What other teammates have you dated?” Renee asks, giving her a sharp jab to her jaw. Dinah growls and retreats a pace. If she could use her legs, this fight would’ve been over ten minutes ago, but according to the ex-cop, that’s not allowed in boxing.

“Was it Sionis? Was that why you wouldn’t sell him out? I wondered what the hell—”

“I WASN’T FUCKING DATING SIONIS!”
Her voice echos louder than she intended as Renee gets in another hit, then the backdoor clicks shut, and Dinah realizes Helena is standing at the edge of the ring, staring at them, that guarded look on her face.

“Oh, for…” Dinah mutters, but Helena is holding up the bulky plastic bag in her hand.

“I got food, for when you’re…” she says, and then she walks away.

“Sick,” Renee snaps, tossing her gloves into the corner and making a beeline for the food Helena had left on the back table. “I’m telling you, I’m fucking sick of this.”

Dinah glares and walks in the opposite direction, heading for the punching bag. If she can’t punch Renee, then she can at least pretend to be punching Renee. She’s calling something to Helena about the food, asking some question about the rice, and Helena’s voice is a low murmur amidst the sweat trickling down Dinah’s forehead, and the ringing in her ears, and the buzzing in her head, and the pow-pow-pow rhythm of her boxing gloves against the bag, she’s going to kill herself, that’s what she’ll do, get killed by a punching bag.

“Hey.”

The sides of Helena’s head are flickering in and out of focus, the frame that it is on the other side of the bag, and Dinah stops. The assassin is wearing her own gloves, and she’s changed into workout clothes: tank top and leggings. Dinah thinks about quitting for a split second, shaking her head and tossing aside her gloves and getting some food, but…

“Warm me up?”

Dinah scowls at the wording, but she steps forward and brings up her gloves, and they start throwing light punches. Helena’s eyes are fixed on her face, not watching her hands, even as she evades them, easily.

“This is a bad idea,” Dinah says, throwing a quicker punch than she intended, and just barely catching the edge of Helena’s shoulder. Helena doesn’t ask what she means. In fact, she doesn’t look concerned at all.

“Then why are you here?”

Dinah squints at her, and of all strange things, she’s smiling back: Helena Bertinelli is actually smiling back at her, and she might as well have punched her in the face, because now she’s left here, completely dumbfounded, all because a woman looked at her and smiled...

And then Helena actually does punch her in the face, and Dinah yells, and Helena laughs at her, and if her smile did things to her, then God, that was nothing compared to her laugh, and Dinah tosses her gloves off, determined to take a shower, a cold shower, and Helena is smirking at her, and Dinah smirks back, and she can feel her eyes on her as she walks across the room, and she grasps at the hem of her workout tee, pulling it up over her head—she’s wearing a sports bra underneath, and she needs to undress for her shower anyway, right?—and she can hear Helena swearing under her breath, and Dinah just gives a hard grin and saunters into her office-bedroom with the curtains, grabbing her towel and a change of clothes, and heads for the showers.

She’s going to have sex with that woman. It’s a horrible idea, it’s a horrible business practice, but she’s going to do it. And then they’re going to have dinner afterward. And then they’re going to go somewhere nice for the weekend, do something that doesn’t involve dead people. And they’re going to drive each other crazy, and say things they don’t mean, and worry each other sick when
they almost get murdered in the streets, and it’s going to be terrible and wonderful, everything all at once…

Sometimes it’s nice to be dangerous.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I still want to write a background chapter on Renee, she's great. She also seems like she'd pick up on their energy pretty early on and it would drive her absolutely berzerk when they just dance around each other.

Fun Fact II: I just love the idea of these three eventually moving into the warehouse together. Or maybe I just want to live in a warehouse/gym with the Birds of Prey. :P

Fun Fact III: I am ridiculously behind on review replies, but tomorrow is the long weekend, so I promise I'll clean up my inbox very soon!! Thank you so much for reading and commenting, and I hope you liked this chapter!!
Martha and Diana (and Donna) visit the Birds of Prey.

They invite her to the warehouse, because Diana is coming with her, and no one will manage to get within twelve feet of her with Wonder Woman at her side. Renee gives them a puzzled look when they knock on the back door: Martha Kent, coming straight from Washington in her business suit, Diana Prince in a leather jacket and comfortable pants, and Donna Troy bundled in her little clothes for two-year-olds.

“You’re the one who’s working on alien amnesty.” She says it as a statement rather than a Question, and Martha gives her a double-take.

“I’m Martha Kent,” she says, putting out her hand. “And you are?”

“A pain in the ass, mostly,” Renee replies, returning her handshake, and then walking off without another word.

“Renee Montoya,” Diana says under her breath, helping Martha out of her coat. “Former detective with Gotham PD. Now she’s a hacker and conspiracy theorist and founding member of the Birds of —”

“I wanna see, I wanna see!” Donna is trying to drag her sister off toward the indoor gym; apparently the giant punching bag has caught her eye. Martha looks at her watch, glancing nervously around the shadowy room.

“They said they’d meet us here at seven.”

“Relax,” Diana says, laying a gentle hand on her elbow. “They’re probably just stuck in traffic.”

Martha remembers traffic. It’s been a while since she’s had to deal with it, though. Perks of being married to a literal goddess who gave her an actual chariot on their first date.

“...you can let her see.”

Martha jumps. She has a bad habit of zoning Donna’s voice out when she’s making a fuss; it was a useful trick she learned after the alphabet fiasco. She turns and sees two figures pushing their way through the doorway, arms full of reusable grocery bags. Diana sets Donna onto her shoulders, patting her back to get her to stop kicking and flailing against her, and she reaches out to help the two women with their groceries, warmly greeting them both with kisses.
“Sorry for making you wait—can we get you something to drink, Mrs. Kent? We have a little of everything thanks to the Ques… Diana.”

But Wonder Woman just gives them an innocent glance and starts unpacking their bags, lining their groceries up on the counter, pretending she doesn’t see the piles of takeout she’d brought for them all from halfway around the world.

“Helena! She brought food from the Motherland—damn, Diana, what’d you do, order one of everything…”

Rosa—apparently her name is Helena now?—comes back from hanging up her and Dinah’s coats, and she reaches out to shake Martha’s hand.

“Thanks for coming, sorry for the wait.”

“It’s no problem—”

“Pull up a seat.”

It’s an order, and Helena says it like she’s used to being obeyed, and Martha doesn’t complain. Renee has crawled back out into the main rooms now that the other Birds have arrived, and she doesn’t question how a whole lot of Italian food got here, but she fills a plate and her teammates don’t let her go back to her computer until she’s finished eating.

Mrs. Kent here wants to know what’s wrong with Gotham. Go.

Martha has lived in exactly two places long-term in her life: Smallville and the Underworld. She knows just about everything there is to know about big cities in theory, knows their typical infrastructure problems, crime rate problems, public transportation problems… but the big cities in the Underworld are overseen by the Goddess of Death. And while she may encourage them to self-govern as much as possible, one whiff of corruption, embezzling, hoarding, and she’s there to clean up.

Renee paints a colorful picture of a city that’s rotten to the core in every possible way, at every level, in every social class. The wealthy are all mafia goons, the poor are all in gangs. The law enforcement is completely bought out by bribers, and politicians are only interested in lining their own pockets. By the time she’s done, she’s put away three drinks, two plates of food, and Donna’s learned three new swear words.

“How much of that was true?” Diana demands when she’s gone. She seems angry, and Martha knows it’s because she’s mostly left Gotham alone, believing it relatively safe in the hands of the Batfamily and the Birds of Prey, but…

“Fuck!” Donna waves a little puff of gnocchi at her sister’s face, and Diana spares a tight smile down at her.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Kent, she shouldn’t have been talking like that in front of a kid—”

“It’s all right, Dinah. Answer the Princess, please,” Martha says, pushing her spaghetti around in a circle on her plate. Helena reaches behind them for the bottle of wine and tops off all their glasses.

“What was the—oh, how much of it was true?” Dinah wipes her mouth, then reaches for her full glass. “All of it.”
Diana takes Donna for a little tour around the training area. She has super-hearing, so she can still contribute to their discussion from across the warehouse. But Martha stays seated at the dinner table with Dinah and Helena and Renee, her tablet in her hands, typing furiously. They're a formidable trio: with Dinah and her connections to the people (both the ordinary people, and the superhero people), and Renee and her connections with the law enforcement and her contacts throughout the underbelly of the city, and Helena and her connections with the mafia, with the big crime networks throughout the world.

They don’t have a politician, though.

It’s close to 10 P.M. by the time their conversation begins to wrap up. The three women need to go on patrol: they’ve already ignored several beeps from a machine that makes beeps, and Renee is growing more agitated with each one that goes by.

Martha thanks them for their time, and Dinah thanks her for listening.

*Let us know if there’s anything else we can help you with. We’re doing our best out here, but without someone up top introducing real change, there’s not much we can do in the long run.*

Martha wonders if anyone’s ever told Batman that. But she doesn’t mention this as Diana helps her into the invisible jet. Donna is fast asleep, flopped over Diana’s shoulder; it’s been a long day for all of them.

“Are you coming to visit your mother? She’s been missing you.”

Diana lifts the jet off of the roof, setting its course. She should be heading toward the Watchtower, or maybe the Embassy, or maybe even just her own apartment to *rest.* But she looks down at the baby clinging to her, and she gives a little sigh, but it’s a happy sigh, a sigh of surrender, and she adjusts the controls once more, this time, setting the course towards home.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This was just a little wish fulfillment for me! I enjoy mashing my universes together and seeing how they bounce off of each other! This chapter picks up from the events of Chapter 26 (I had to look that up), and I promise when all this is over, I'm going to list out what chapters are connected (Lesbian Stardew Valley, Dinah/Helena/Diana, JFA-verse, etc).

Fun Fact II: Donna already knows how to swear fluently in Ancient Greek. Martha's not especially worried about her getting some English swears in there too. Maybe she should be...
Fun Fact III: The Birds of Prey members really do have a neat variety of skill sets and backgrounds. It was nice to see them all bringing some forms of those things to be movie (be nice to see them taking it even further in another movie!).

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!! We've officially ended week 6... (Will we reach triple digits? Will this series get put on hold, and then picked up again? Time will tell...)

Stay safe out there!
Black Sheep: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Dinah is feeling pensive one night. Helena doesn't know what to do with that.

Chapter Notes

"Black Sheep (Scott Pilgrim vs. the World OST)" by Metric

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What were you doing when you were twenty?"

It’s after. Helena has just slid back into bed after refilling her glass of water and cursing as she tripped over a chair leg in the kitchen.

“That’s a weird question,” she says, tossing and turning in a violent attempt to get comfortable. Dinah winces as a flailing elbow almost catches her in the eye, and Huntress mumbles an apology and finally settles down.

“I don’t know. Is it?”

“I started going on assignments with Sal when I was nineteen. They thought I should get some real-life experience before coming back to Gotham.”

“Huh, so kind of like college.” Dinah finds this funny for some reason, even though it’s not very funny at all. Helena doesn’t laugh.

“Why, what were you doing when you were twenty?” Helena’s voice is muffled as she turns over to face the wall, burying her cheek against her pillow.

“I was already in the League. Sleeping over at Oliver’s. Pretending I wasn’t couch-surfing in Gotham.”

It’s quiet for a moment, then Helena shifts, pulling the covers up to her chin.

“And how was that for you?”

“I don’t know.”

Dinah closes her eyes, and the radio is playing quietly to itself on the nightstand. It’s one of those old solar/battery-powered things that people keep around in case the electricity goes out. They’d found it at a flea market on a table filled with junk, and it had just been sitting there with the sun beaming down on its little solar panel, playing commercials as loudly as it could. Helena had bargained with the old geezer behind the table for at least ten minutes, putting her Italian bargaining skills to good use (in the end, they’d walked away with a slide projector and a box of old slides along with the radio).
They’d spent that night eating popcorn and going through a box of slides full of people with 70s clothes and big hair, people sitting on their porches, posing in front of national landmarks, standing next to their cars, sitting on the beach, everything memorialized through that faint, blue-ish old-timey tint.

*Isn’t it weird, some of these people are probably dead now. Or like… fifty years older.*

And Dinah had looked at her in the dark, wine glass in hand. It’d still been the early days of their relationship, the flea market had been her date idea.

*I had no idea you were so interested in history and stuff,* she’d said eloquently, sipping at her wine, falling deeper in love with every second. And Helena had given her short hair a self-conscious tug and said,

*It’s just interesting to me, that’s all. Seeing people, normal people. And how they lived their lives.*

“What do you think you would be doing, if everything were different?”

Helena doesn’t answer, and for a moment, Dinah thinks she’s fallen asleep.

“Nothing, probably.”

Dinah frowns, wondering if she’s getting annoyed at the questions, but the restless creature that is Helena Bertinelli turns to face her, and a muscular arm slips around her waist.

“I mean, I’d probably be a nobody. Working some meaningless job. Living a normal life. I wasn’t a very motivated child before the murders happened.”

She says this so matter-of-factly, Dinah wants to hug her, but she only laces her fingers through those resting against her stomach and turns to look her in the eye.

“You were twelve. No one is motivated at twelve.”

“Lots of people are motivated at twelve,” Helena counters, touching her nose with hers.

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

They gaze at each other in the dark, the sharp lines of Helena’s face just barely lit by the glow of the nightlight. The song on the radio has ended, and the DJ is talking about some upcoming concerts.

“What’s the matter?” Helena murmurs, leaning in to give her nose a little kiss. “You’re all sad.”

“I’m not sad,” Dinah says, kissing her back. “I’m just… sometimes I wonder what it would be like. If we had normal lives. Went to college. Played in a rock band or something, instead of carrying all this weight and guilt around. I mean, sometimes I would watch the people in the club, and wonder what their lives were like, you know? Just a bunch of middle class people, hanging out in the bar at night. Not even thinking about the things happening across town.”

“That sounds like a stupid kind of life,” Helena says bluntly, and Dinah laughs in spite of herself.

“Does the Mafia Princess think being normal is stupid?” she teases, giving their entwined hands a little wave.
“No,” Helena replies, pulling her closer, so then Dinah’s back is against her chest, and her voice is a soft murmur in her ear. “I think people always want what they don’t have. Why else are we doing this? I mean, I don’t care about other people, not that much. But it helps. Somehow.”

This unsettling statement lingers between them for a moment, then Helena kisses her ear, as if she knows she delved into too-serious territory.

“Besides, all those people at the club—they’re probably just as jealous about what we do. Kicking ass and all that.”

The radio announces that the commercials are almost over, and Helena adjusts the blankets, tucking them in around Dinah’s shoulders.

“Do you want to go to the flea market tomorrow? We can go look at normal people.”

And Dinah snorts, but she reaches up and traces her fingers over Helena’s forearm, rubbing her cheek against hard muscle.

“Yeah, sure, let’s see if we can find some more old slides. Renee’s about through with making up conspiracy theories about the old batch…”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Anyway, I watched Scott Pilgrim this weekend (solely for Mary Elizabeth Winstead) and oof, I feel old. And I'm not even old! I'm just not in that stage of life anymore and it's bizarre. I'm legit thinking about trying to find a band to play with when all this is over, tho (especially if Bri Larson can be the lead singer!) :D

Fun Fact II: The term is not "conspiracy theory" but I can't think of the proper term right now for "Renee going through old slides and compiling backstories and evidence for their (very unlikely) scandals and crimes". If you have it, let me know, it's driving me crazy! :P

Fun Fact III: I feel like this is the first true "oneshot" that we've had for some time, and I'm thinking about getting back into that. Like, when I first started this series, I thought it would be something where people could pick and choose and not have to worry about reading something else beforehand, or even knowing the canon. So we'll see what this week brings! Also you can keep requesting things. I know I haven't done the best job with requests, but if you asked for something and it didn't happen, please feel free to remind me. You never know what might take!

Fun Fact IV: States over here are starting to reopen, so please stay safe and inside if you can, for fuck's sake.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Beautiful Lie: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

A bit of Huntress background leading up to Huntress/Black Canary's first kiss.

Chapter Notes

"Beautiful Lie (Batman v Superman OST)" by Our Lord and Savior Hans Zimmer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She’d never had to learn how to play well with others.

When she threw outbursts with the assassins, they’d just exchange glances and ignore her, and later, Sal would take her out onto the training field, and they’d spar, and she’d get out all her aggression, all her anger, until it was just the two of them, her and her rescuer, her deliverer, laughing and panting as they threw punches, landed kicks, fought for the upper hand.

He was never emotionally available to her, none of them were. There were no conversations about feelings, except for those occasional tantrums on the training field, and Sal would stand in the shadows, watching and waiting and smoking, and when she’d worn herself out, he’d lumber over, hands in his pockets, pipe in his mouth, and he’d say, Chin up, kid, or Come inside, dinner’s ready, or, her personal favorite, They’re gonna wish they’d never been born.

The assassins were never the most eloquent of foster-parents, but they loved her, and she loved them.

Leaving them behind was almost like losing her family all over again.

Dear Sal,

I’ve found a bunch of women in Gotham who know things. They’re good fighters, and they helped me get a hold of my family’s belongings. I wish I could send you some funds. You need to fix the goddamn window in the family room and the sink in the guest bathroom.

See you soon,

Huntress
The Bertinelli mansion has been condemned. There was talk at some point of the city seizing it, turning it into a museum or a library, but the massacre was so horrific, and the city so broke, nothing ever came of it.

Galante and his men had searched the mansion top to bottom looking for the diamond—as if they’d be stupid enough to just keep it in the nightstand drawer in the bedroom or something—and then they’d set fire to the living room, burning the bodies. They’d left before the fire could spread, not knowing that Frank Bertinelli built his house to be virtually fireproof, thanks to some new-fangled Wayne Enterprise technology.

The fallen Bertinellis had burned, flames roaring merrily over their bodies, but the rest of the house remained untouched.

The Gotham PD couldn’t identify the remains. They didn’t know if Frank Bertinelli was going to come roaring up his driveway, guns blazing, spit flying, blasting them from his house. They didn’t know if the victims were even of Bertinelli blood, or if this had been some sadistic mafia revenge plot, inviting a roomful of guests into the living room, and then barricading them inside and dousing them in flames before escaping the country.

Stefano Galante toasted himself later that same day, announcing to his friends that everyone with the last name Bertinelli had died in the fire, and that he was taking over their turf.

He hadn’t anticipated that the Bertinellis, a family business through they were, also had every powerful crime boss in Gotham on payroll. Galante was run out of Gotham, and had to spend the rest of his life hiding in a plush mansion in New Jersey, until Helena Bertinelli—the one that got away—tracked him down and shot an arrow through his throat.

Dear Sal,

Home, sweet home! Remember when we first met? You gave me a high-five, then my entire family died. Good times.

Renee tracked down the deed for the house. We haven’t decided whether or not I’m going to come out publicly or not. These people are great believers in keeping secrets, once the cat’s out of the bag you can’t put it back in, etc. etc.

I remember you told me the shooting lasted about seven seconds.

To me it felt like ten minu

I still remember

People are stupid.
See you soon,

Huntress

Canary says strange things.

The assassins would say things like, Tuck in your elbow, or Keep your eyes open, or Breathe through your nose, not your mouth.

Dinah says things like, I love that fucking name Huntress, or Damn, you have nice hands, or Shit, woman, how much can you lift? or I got your back. Don’t you worry, baby.

Sometimes she sneers at her, eyes flashing, teeth bared, but it’s less of a sneer, and more of a snarl, but it’s less like a snarl, and more like a smirk, but it’s less like a smirk, and more like a grin, but it’s less like a grin, and more like a smile, and when she smiles, when she looks at Helena and smiles, it’s like nothing—like there’s nothing but her pounding heart, and clammy hands, and exploding mind, and she wants things—strange things, bizarre things: lips, hands, teeth…

She’d spent so long honing her anger and thirst for vengeance, these fresh emotions feel like someone else uploaded new files into her brain, like her system just updated, and now she doesn’t even know how to navigate her own body.

Dear Sal,

These are my new friends:

Harley is a clown. She looks like an actual clown from the circus, and she talks like she thinks no one will listen if she’s not being entertaining.

Cass is a kid. She will rob us all blind one day, and we will be proud of her.

(They don’t spend as much time with us because they prefer more illegal routes. I don’t mind illegal routes, but Renee and Dinah say that’s unnecessary for the most part)

Renee is an alcoholic. She likes moping around, punching things, and reading on the internet about conspiracy theories.

Dinah

I wish you were here.
One day, Dinah asks if she can kiss her.

There’s word of some car chase through the city, but the radio says Batman’s already on the scene—and possibly the one causing the scene—so the Birds decide to stay in for the night.

*We deserve a fucking night off, anyway,* Renee says, putting on some slippers and opening a bottle of wine. They watch the TV for a while, reruns of some legal drama that is designed to make the US military and government look cool. Renee excuses herself after a few episodes, itching to get back to her online message boards, and Dinah seems to take this as a cue to scoot closer to where Helena’s sitting, even though there’s more room on the couch with Renee gone.

“So, I wanted to ask you something.”

Dinah’s voice is abrupt, nervous. There’s a commercial for tacos on, and they just had a full dinner, but the food on the TV looks good.

“Yeah?”

“So when you were training… did you ever. I mean. Was romance ever a thing?”

A commercial for a murder show marathon is on now. They make murder look so sexy.

"Not really,” Helena says slowly, not knowing where this is going. "Sal, the assassin who smuggled me to Sicily—I thought for a while… but it was just projecting. Or whatever Harley calls it. I was twelve and in shock."

"Hmm. What happened to him?"

"He's dead."

"Oh."

Dinah looks sad, and Helena hurries ahead, wracking her brain for anything remotely related to romance in her past.

“When I was a kid, my parents would joke about me one day marrying this boy whose family owned a lot of companies in Gotham. His father would bring him over when he came to set up our security system, and we’d play house.”

Dinah’s gone stiff, and she takes a gulp of wine, edging away just slightly. Helena wishes she would’t.

“So, boys.”
“I don’t know.”

But she does know. She knows, at least, that she wants whatever Dinah’s asking about. She wants whatever Dinah wants.

“I mean, it’s okay,” Dinah is saying in a rush. “I just want to make sure. I know… I mean, I don’t know. But it just seems like maybe you haven’t had a lot of time for stuff like that. So I wanted to get your… opinion.”

“I have opinions.”

“Yeah?” She sounds hopeful again, and Helena likes that.

“Yeah. I have lots of opinions.”

They stare at each other, hearts galloping in unison. The TV show has started up again, but neither of them notice. Renee is creeping past to get a glass of water from the kitchen, muttering under her breath about dumbasses, but they don’t notice her either.

“...would you like to share any of those opinions?” Dinah says after they’ve stared at each other for a very long seconds.

“Okay.” Helena twines her fingers together, then she pulls them apart and sits on her hands, staring at the floor. “I think… I feel things. New things, about you. It’s new for me.”

Dinah reaches out as if to rest a hand on her knee, then she seems to think better of it and wraps both hands around her glass of wine instead.

“...okay.”

“Yeah.” Helena keeps staring at the floor, like she wants to memorize it, feeling like this is going terribly. “Your turn now.”

Dinah is staring at her, and her eyes are shadowed, and her expression looks strained, as if she’s disgusted, maybe, or—or maybe she’s disappointed, and Helena hopes that’s not the case, she hopes Dinah will never be disappointed in her, she hopes that Dinah will always have reason to look at her with that fierce smile of hers, like there’s nothing they can’t do together—

“I’d like to kiss you. But I won’t, if you don’t want me to.”

Helena’s eyes snap to her face, but Dinah’s expression is veiled, nonchalant, as if she’s protecting herself, retreating into herself, just slightly.

“On the mouth?”

Dinah bites her lip, as if she’s trying very hard to not smile, or maybe she’s trying to make her lips look as attractive as possible, because it’s working…

“Yeah. Would you like that?” Her voice is lower now, and just the corner of her lip curls into a teasing smile, and Helena can feel her heart thudding out of her chest, and she doesn’t know how to do this, but she wants it, she’s never wanted anything so badly before that wasn’t murder—and she’s leaning in, and Dinah’s reaching out to cup her cheeks, and her gaze is tender now as she strokes back her hair, getting it out of her face, and Helena’s staring at her lips, wanting them on hers, just to feel them moving against hers—
“You’re really beautiful, you know.” Dinah’s voice has dropped to a whisper, and Helena closes her eyes, and her lips are soft as they brush against hers, and they taste like wine…

Dear Sal,

You’d be so proud of me.

I think you’d like her. She’s patient and kind and fierce and sings like a goddess. I feel like we’re going to have fun together, for a long time.

I miss you.

But I miss you a little less these days. I hope that’s okay.

I think things are going to be okay.

Bye for now,

Helena

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It is very late and this chapter went all over the place. I’m not sorry.

Fun Fact II: Someone mentioned on tumblr I think, that Helena was on the fast track toward a mental breakdown after she finished her kill list, so it’s a good thing she found the Birds, and I agree. I don’t know what exactly she left behind in Sicily (in some storylines, the assassins were all in prison when she left), but I imagine it was tough for her to leave.

Fun Fact III: I wish the movie had addressed Helena’s anger issues a little better. In fact, I wish we had a whole movie ‘nother where we could explore all these issues! :D

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!
Hit Me With Your Best Shot: Huntress & Batman

Chapter Summary

Huntress pays Batman a visit. It's less helpful than she anticipated.

Chapter Notes

"Hit Me With Your Best Shot (Birds of Prey OST)" by ADONA

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When she steps into the Batcave, he thinks she’s Wonder Woman.

I wish you wouldn’t do that, Diana, he mutters without turning around from the airplane he’s tinkering with. He’s standing on some sort of scaffolding, an open toolbox on the floor next to him.

“I’m not Diana,” she says, and he’s spun around to face her, a gun up and cocked in his hands before she has a chance to blink.

He looks older than she’d originally thought. It’s amazing what a mask and moisturizer (makeup?) can do.

“How did you get in?” he asks, all steel now, all Bat.

“I have my ways,” she says evenly, not lowering the crossbow in her own hands. If he’s going to point a gun at her, she’s going to point an arrow at him.

“What do you want?”

“I thought you swore off guns,” Helena says instead, nodding at the weapon pointed at her as if it’s a mere conversation piece.

“People change.”

She smiles, and he doesn’t smile back.

“You served me tea. On our back patio. You liked our teapot.”

Bruce Wayne doesn’t lower the gun, but his hand has begun to shake slightly, and he reaches up with his left to steady it.

“Wayne Enterprises installed our entire security system. My father refused to purchase it unless Thomas Wayne was there in person, overseeing everything.”

“They said all the Bertinellis died in the massacre.” His voice is gruff, but overly gruff, like he’s trying to make it rough on purpose.
“They always leave one behind, don’t they?”

He doesn’t respond to that. There are footsteps approaching, echoing off the high ceiling, but neither of them move.

“Ah. I see I’m interrupting.” The newcomer’s voice is dry, bored, familiar.

“Hello, Alfred.”

The figure in her peripheral vision stares, then glances back and forth between her and Bruce’s still figures.

“...I’m sorry, do we know each other?”

And Helena smiles. Apparently disappearing for twenty years has its benefits.

“Mr. Wayne and I will be finished in a few minutes. If you could make some coffee, that would be appreciated.”

It’s her best attempt at a Diana Prince impression, but it seems to do the trick. Alfred Pennyworth leaves, and Bruce looks thoroughly put out—even though his face barely twitches.

“Was there something that you wanted?” he says, his voice cool. She can tell his arm is starting to get tired, and she wants to tell him that no one asked him to hold the gun out like that. Her own crossbow is comfortable in her arms, elbows crooked, the stock resting subtly against her shoulder.

“What did you do after you killed the man who killed your parents?”

She was only five when the Waynes were gunned down, but she remembered the stories, remembers her parents talking about it at the dinner table, remembers thinking that Gotham wasn’t even safe for the normal people anymore.

Bruce Wayne doesn’t answer, but there’s a flicker of guilt in his expression, and Helena recognizes it: it’s the same expression she saw every time she looked in the mirror before she came here and completed her kill list. She lowers the crossbow.

“He’s not dead? Are you fucking kidding me?” she asks, her voice sounding more astonished than she intended. Bruce looks angry, apparently flustered to be talking about his normal, non-Batman self.

“That’s none of your business.”

“Suit yourself,” Helena says, but she glances around the Batcave, taking in the display cases, the Batman suits, the gym equipment, the monitors stacked like security camera, the giant stuffed T-rex. It’s like a playground, a boy’s playground.

“Was there something you wanted?” Bruce repeats, the gun still pointed at her, even as the crossbow hangs loosely at her side. Already, she can hear Harley’s voice in her head, going on a long spiel about childhood trauma, loss of parents leading to insecurity, inability to find personal resolve and peace leading to paranoia, guilt.

“Shut up,” she mutters, reaching into her belt. Batman startles unpleasantly, one hand jumping to his own pocket, but she glares at him.

“Will you relax?” She bounds up the scaffolding toward him, half-ready to flick aside the gun
that's in one hand and the little metal thing that's in the other. “I’m just returning your spoon.”

She slams it down to join his fancy tray of tools, staring at him face to face for the first time. He looks like even more of a tired asshole up close.

“I know a psychiatrist. If you need one.” It sure looks like it.

“I’m glad you and Canary found each other,” he says instead of answering, and Helena snorts.

“Keep her fucking name out of your mouth.”

The corner of his mouth curls into that Batman smirk, and she waits for him to speak, to put out his hand, to tell her to get lost, anything. But he just stands awkwardly like the orphan boy he is, and she sighs. So much for coming to get some advice; she might as well have asked the damn T-Rex about how to find peace after a lifetime of bloodlust...

“Alfred may have better answers for you.”

“Really. You should put that on your business cards,” Helena replies, then she’s turned and leapt down from the scaffolding, landing on her feet. She can feel him staring at her, but she doesn’t look back as she strolls out. Diana’s waiting just outside the door, looking as innocent as she can while polishing her sword.

"How was it?" she asks, reaching out and wrapping an arm around Helena's shoulders.

"Shit."

"I'm sorry, love."

Helena shrugs, realizing that Diana is leading her further into the house, presumably to where Alfred is making the coffee she requested. Hopefully there's cookies, too.

"Diana?"

"Hmm?"

"If I ever start filling the warehouse with weird crap, you'll stop me, right?"

And Diana laughs and leans in to kiss her, and Alfred just gives them a bemused look as her ushers them into the dining room.

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Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I know Batman's not a lesbian or is he but I've had this idea kind of rolling around in my head for a while. I thought it might be nice to see if Bruce had some advice for Helena since they were both orphaned when they were kids, and then I remembered that this was Batman and of course he wouldn't have anything useful to say about feelings (okay, that's not entirely fair, but he and Helena don't seem like they'd get along at all, and they are a bit at odds in the comics).
Fun Fact II: We're kind of fudging ages here, let's say Helena's 33 here, and Bruce is... 37ish? Like, if Bruce's parents die when he's 8, I can only make Helena so much younger than him and still have her remember him.

Fun Fact III: That spoon she's returning is the one they borrowed in Chapter 24.

Fun Fact IV: Helena is amazing, but Diana definitely let her into the Batcave and helped her bypass all the security.

Fun Fact V: Alfred needs a raise yesterday.

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading! Today was surprisingly busy, so review replies tomorrow! :P
Zeus rarely notices when she’s gone, but when he does, she reaches out and drapes her arms over his broad shoulders and says,

Surely you aren't jealous of a handful of women, husband? Then let us have peace. You walk amongst the humans, stirring up their hearts as they wage their wars against one another. Let me tend to my gardens in peace.

He rumbles in displeasure, but even he cannot resist her for long, and she laughs as he succumbs to her wiles. Zeus may be the Allfather, the King of the Gods, but for her, he is weak, and he is a fool, and in the deep confines of their royal chambers, it is he who kneels before her and begs for mercy.

He is gone before the moon rises, gone to frolic with the humans, and she steals away, leaving behind her husband’s bed to seek comfort in another.

She bathes when she arrives on their shores, cleansing herself in the sea, scrubbing the stink of him from her skin. Hippolyta does not fear him; Hera has promised her that he will never lay a hand on her or her people, but she does not like reminders of his existence, as if the fact that she is sleeping with Lord Zeus’ wife is somehow an offense against him.

Women have found delight in each others’ arms from the beginning of time, Hippolyta. Who are we to allow these men to stop us?

The Queen’s chambers are well guarded, but Hera is a goddess, and she slips past their watching eyes, allowing herself entrance into the bedchambers. Hippolyta is sleeping, eyes closed, her sword beside her bed, and she stirs restlessly as Hera approaches.

“Be calm, my child,” Hera whispers, slipping between the sheets—and slipping her arms around Hippolyta’s body.

“Great Hera…"
Hippolyta has opened her eyes, and she has reached out to touch her, and for a moment, Hera remembers the first time they laid eyes upon each other, when the Amazon Queen emerged from the sparkling sea, panting, breathless with laughter, blinking the water and sunlight from her eyes as she stared about her with amazement, and the other goddesses had been exclaiming in delight, but only Hera waded out into the tide, hand outstretched to draw this magnificent creature to the shore…

Hera leans in to kiss her, and she does not stop until Hippolyta is crying out beneath her, singing her praises, promising herself to her, and to her alone.

The Amazons are a noble people. They travel the world in search of pain, suffering, injustice, and they seek to right the wrongs, whether it is by plowing a field, building a dam, or overthrowing a tyrant. Sometimes, Hera thinks they are too noble, leaving themselves open to deceptions, manipulations.

You do not know the world of men as I do, she reminds Hippolyta at night, touching her skin, making her shudder beneath her fingertips. Do not be so eager to rescue them, noble queen. They will turn on you as soon as you have lifted them to their feet.

But Hippolyta adores these foolish humans, their passion, their resilience, their capacity to do good in the world, and time and time again, she leads her people to their aid, despite Hera’s warnings.

She doesn’t remember the night she discovered Hippolyta’s betrayal. Her fits of rage send tremors throughout Mount Olympus; even Zeus himself fears her temper. But with Hippolyta, Hippolyta, she has been nothing but loving, gentle, generous. But the Amazon Queen allowed herself to stray, and she looked out into the world and saw a boy, and he was handsome and mischievous and he held his own against her, and she accepted him into her bed and allowed him to steal away her heart, and when Hera confronts her…

She does not remember what words were said, what excuses were made. But she curses the day the goddesses stood before the well of souls and drew forth the worthy, she curses the day she waded out into the water and seized her lover’s hand, she curses the day, all the days she whispered Hippolyta’s name to herself, dreaming of white beaches, cotton sheets, long, passionate nights, and when she has finished, she sees that the boy is standing in the doorway—her doorway, the doorway that none but she should enter, and his eyes are wide, and then he is kneeling before her like the worm he is, and she curses him as well, delivering him over to himself, to the vicious ways of men, and she turns away, leaving them to their fate, refusing to bless Themyscira with her holy gaze again—until word reaches her that the Amazons have broken free of their chains, and Hippolyta has killed her wretched lover with her own hands.

She goes to her expecting an apology. She expects Hippolyta to fall onto her knees before her, renouncing her love of all mankind, pledging to love her and her alone, and Hera will enfold her in her arms, and promise to never turn her back again.
But instead, the Queen of the Amazons looks her in the eye, and her voice is cold and steady as she says,

*I do not want your love.*

And then she is gone, and their boats have left the shore, leaving the headless bodies of their captors still burning.

They build an alter to her in their temple. Sometimes Hippolyta sits upon her steps, burns incense, offerings, but she does not speak. If only she would speak, Hera would descend, forgive her for everything, and they could start anew.

But she never does.

One night, she is weeping, and Hera’s curiosity is piqued. She stands in the shadows, watching as Hippolyta forms a sculpture from clay, soaking its tiny features with her tears of longing. Hera waits until she has cried herself to sleep, then she moves forward, silent as the goddess she is, and she kneels beside her lover. Once, she would’ve fought all of Olympus for her, turned the entire world inside out for her, folded the universe in on itself for her…

*I will always love you.*

The sun is beginning the warm the edges of the sky, and soon, Hippolyta will wake like the trained warrior she is, exhausted and unhappy, and she will be no less unhappy to see her leering over her sleeping figure. Hera reaches down and lays her hands upon the little clay figure, bringing forth life and beauty and power. She will be pure, as pure as the woman who created her, wept over her, longed for her. She will be free from the stink of man, the tyranny of their world, the influence of their devious hearts.

Once, they might have raised this child together. They might have been happy here on this island paradise, with a family of their own. The baby takes her first breath, and Hera leans down to brush her forehead with a kiss, and then she is gone before she can open her eyes. Hippolyta will know it was her, the mother of all, goddess of life, and perhaps she will accept this gift, even if she will not accept her love.

When Ares attacks, Hera was the first to fall by his blade, because she was foolish enough to believe he would not raise it against his own mother. Hades sends her to Tartarus for her sins, condemning her to spend the rest of eternity carrying water for a bath that will never fill. She screams at him, demanding her rightful place of honor as an Olympian, but he is the God of Death, and she is no longer alive.
The word of the rebellion does not reach Tartarus, because the rule of the demons is nothing new for them. But one day, the sinners are herded like cattle out of the pit, and when they demand answers, they are told that there is a second judgement. The second coming, perhaps. Or perhaps Persephone has moved her husband to be merciful—

She has been ushered into a dark room, and there is only a woman standing behind a desk, its surface strewn with scrolls: the sins of all written in blood over parchment.

*Hippolyta.*

It may be the effect of her endless days of punishment, but there is a lump in her immortal throat, because Hippolyta is looking down at her like the goddess she is, and her eyes are solemn, and no longer pained. For a moment, she is afraid to speak, because now she understands: Hippolyta is not here as an ambassador, she is not here as a caretaker, she is not here as a consort, she is here as a Queen, as the Goddess of the Underworld, and her fate rests in her hands…

“I am sending you to the Fields of Asphodel. There is an island where you may take refuge. But every morning, you must swim the narrow channel that leads to New Olympus. When your anger has waned, you will reach the shore.”

*We should be ruling this world together.*

But Hippolyta does not offer her half the kingdom, and she does not invite her to her bed, nor does she reach out a hand to help her to her feet, and after a moment, a long, breathless moment, Hera bows her head and allows herself to be escorted from the Queen’s chambers, and when she arrives at her new home, the ocean is soothing, and the earth is fresh, and the temple is warm… and it is not displeasing.

Some time later, Hippolyta lands on her shores, and she is clasping a woman’s hand. Hera is not impressed, but she does not fling curses at the creature like she may have in the past. They celebrate the festival of the goddesses on New Olympus that night, and Hera sits alone on her beach, listening as their laughter travels across the water.

She thinks for a moment that if she tried to swim across to reach them, she could, but here is an ache in her heart, a completeness to her sorrow, and she chooses instead to retreat to her temple, filling her ears with the prayers of her followers, breathing in the scent of their incense and burnt offerings.

One day, she will rejoin her sisters, and Hippolyta will look upon her and smile, and perhaps, she will find delight in a woman’s arms again. One day, her rage will subside, and her jealousy will no longer poison her mind, and this gaping emptiness in her brittle soul will be a little less consuming…

One day.
Fun Fact I: I might come back and write a better ending in the morning but it's fuck o'clock and my brain is dead.

Fun Fact II: Hera eventually gets there. Remember, she's at Hippolyta's side when they go to create the new multiverse, and they create the sun together. But man, she was pretty terrible at the beginning there.

Fun Fact III: I haven't proofread this because it's fuck o'clock so I'm sorry for typos!! I'll fix those in the morning, too :P

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!
My Deliverer: Hera/Circe

Chapter Summary

Hera's backstory, Pt. 2

Chapter Notes

"My Deliverer" by A Ragamuffin Band

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That night, Hera sleeps for the first time since her son drove his sword through her breast. There are no attendants in her rooms, no servant girls, no armed guards, no slaves. But the bed is made, and the sheets are cool and silky between her fingers, and when she speaks the word, the flames leap up into the fireplace, and she closes her eyes, peace at last.

When she wakes in the morning, there are no demons leering down at her, cracking their whips. There are no damned souls surrounding her, thrusting a pitcher into her hands. There is no cracked basin, the one that—no matter how many times she returned with water, never seemed to fill. There is a bird on her windowsill, singing to the rising sun, and for a moment, Hera thinks that Hippolyta has forgiven her at last, come to visit her in secret. But the little creature only chirps happily as she gathers it into her arms, and when it begins to flap its wings, she lets it go, watching until it is only a speck in the great blue sky.

There is a table laden with food in the Great Hall. The room is empty, and Hera does not deign to call out, making known her secret desire for company. She fills a silver platter with fresh fruit, soft cheese, flat Themysciran pancakes, and pours herself a goblet of rich wine, and—it seems such a rarity—a glass of fresh water, cool and sparkling, as if drawn only this morning from the spring.

She takes her meal outside, following the path down to the beach. And when she reaches the water, her heart stops, because she remembers now the words of the Goddess of Death, her punishment for her sins… and the ocean is restless. From the safety of the shore, it is magnificent, powerful, breathtaking. But she sees now the narrow way, snaking out into the open sea, leading to the island looming on the horizon: New Olympus.

But what use does she have for the Gods? They never paid her the respect she deserved, never noticed her in Zeus’ great shadow, never sought her company unless they desired something from her… she has no use for such pitiful creatures, no need to revisit such a meaningless existence, no desire to see any of them again—

And yet.

She would not mind seeing her children, if only to slap several of them across the face. And her brothers and sisters, for all of their faults, it would be good to hold counsel with them once more, to discuss these new arrangements, to see what happened that the Queen of the Amazons has usurped Lord Hades from his throne. And she is eager to learn what punishments had been given to them
all: whether Zeus is chained to a stone and set ablaze for eternity, a symbol of his unchecked lust; or whether Athena is forced to weather the storms at sea for the rest of time, all her bloodlust and defiance useless in the face of the gale; or whether Hestia, sweet Hestia is given her rightful dues at last as the firstborn of Kronos, always cast aside as she was in favor of her stronger siblings.

Hera thinks of Zeus hanging upside down, chained and crying out in rage as flames lick over his skin, and she smiles, beginning to wade out into the water, and all at once, she freezes, remembering… did Hippolyta choose this punishment on purpose? Did she remember their first meeting, and condemn her to remember it as well for all eternity? Is Queen Hippolyta of the Underworld so conceited, she believes Hera will liken the first moment they saw one another to her own salvation, her own rise from purgatory?

She gnashes her teeth in anger, almost resolving to go back, to refuse to play this game, but the current has already swept her forward, and now she is floating, and her feet struggle to plant themselves once more against the sandy bottom, but the water sweeps them away, and she is forced to swim, forced to set her path toward the open sea, where she is sure unspeakable horrors await, creatures designed specifically to torment her as she presses forward, and she gasps, unliving though she is, as the sea lashes against her, tossing her back and forth between its crests like she is a mere child, a thing to play with, and she cries out in rage, fighting against them, struggling like the helpless babe she is, and all at once, she is tumbling down onto stinging sand, undignified and ungraceful, and when she finally raises her head, she sees her breakfast sitting beside her, untouched and beautiful, and she is filled with such a swell of anger, she seizes the silver platter and flings the entire thing into the sea. Let the waves devour her meal. Let the sea devour everything.

Hippolyta comes to see her some time later. It may have been weeks, centuries since she was brought to this island; all her days are the same, and time has no meaning for her. The Queen is escorted by her Guard, but she leaves them behind on the beach and ventures into her temple alone. Hera is sitting beside the indoor pool, listening to the prayers echoing across the sky, the faithful who still beseech her for wisdom, health, prosperity.

She recognizes the approaching footsteps, and for a moment, she considers not rising from her place, but she, out of anyone, understands the honor that must be given a Queen, and so she stands and bows low as the Goddess of Death approaches. And this time, Hippolyta reaches out and lifts her to her feet, drawing her up and into her arms.

She spends the day, and Hera takes her on a tour of her island, showing her the animals she befriended, the orchards she cultivated, the spaces she carved out for herself in this refuge that is hers and hers alone.

Hippolyta partakes in the evening meal with her, and they sit together at the long table, speaking softly about simple things: the evolution of the world, the turning of the Earth, the fates of the Gods.
Later, Hera lights the candles, and she takes her Queen’s hand, kissing her palm, and she pulls her toward the bed, murmuring,

*Let me serve you.*

She still remembers. She knows Hippolyta better than she knows herself, knows what brings her pleasure, what brings her to her knees, wholly broken, wholly satisfied. And Hippolyta gazes back at her, and there is desire in her eyes, but she shakes her head, and Hera frowns.

“Do you still hold my sins against me, Hippolyta? Surely you must agree that I served long enough to make amends.”

“It is not you, Hera,” Hippolyta says simply, but she is looking away, refusing to meet her gaze. “I have… I have met another.”

Hera recoils, as if a blade of ice has been plunged through her heart, just the same as last time—but it is not the same. She has no hope, no true hope to ever win back Hippolyta’s hand, despite her dreams, despite her desires at night.

“I see.”

There is silence between them, and finally Hera peers up at Hippolyta’s face, watching as the flickering lights of the candles dance across her skin.

“Who is this… fortunate creature?” Hera says, forcing herself to keep her voice light, casual.

“Her name is Martha Kent.” A glimmer of happiness has crept into the Queen’s eyes, but even that cannot stop Hera from sputtering,

“She is a *human*?!”

Hippolyta shoots her a look, but she gives a short nod and says nothing. Hera stares.

“...and you have pledged yourselves to each other?”

Hippolyta is beginning to look uncomfortable, and Hera cannot help but gape at her in disbelief.

“I… we have an understanding. We did not have very much time together before—”

“She is alive,” Hera interrupts, bitter amusement rising up within her. But Hippolyta looks into her eyes, and she looks so sorrowful, for a moment, Hera forgets her jealousy, and she reaches out to comfort her.

“Well. You will not have to wait for long. These humans, their days are numbered as soon as they draw breath.”

Hippolyta does not look comforted.

Some time after Hippolyta brings the Chosen One to meet her, another unwelcome visitor invades her shores. She is escorted by General Antiope herself, and neither of them look happy to be in each other’s company.
“This witch is wounded. The Queen has requested you heal her.”

Circe looks down on her, as if being the daughter of a Titan makes them equals, or perhaps makes her even more important than she. Hera scowls, but Circe moves forward, draping herself over one of the low couches in Hera’s hall, and she proceeds to pull the gown from her own body for the second time today, and her wounds are so horrific, Hera draws in a sharp breath she does not need. Antiope leaves without another word, and Hera is left to gather the necessary herbs and ointments, tracing her fingers over the blaze of scars in Circe’s pale skin.

Her healing is a long, exhausting process. Gods do not wound easily, and their bodies are designed for resilience, not recovery. But Hera binds together her flesh as best she can, and when she is finished, she takes her to bed.

They despise each other.

They are both arrogant, self-important, prone to fits of rage.

But they are both lonely.

Hippolyta sends them both gifts: to Circe, she sends seeds and bulbs and saplings; to Hera, she sends a herd of baby calves, beautiful little things with tiny hooves and adoring eyes.

Circe keeps a garden and fills her hours sitting in the dirt. Hera tends to her cattle, giving them new names each day, leading them to the most succulent of grass, feeding them sweetened grain from her hand, warm milk from her own breast. She considers letting them feed on Circe’s beloved flowers, but the witch has not lost all her powers, much less her power of beauty, seduction. The calves stay in their little pen and do not disturb the haughty sorceress.

Hera still swims the narrow channel every morning, but these days, she is less eager to reach the opposite shore. When she asks Circe what her punishment was, she replies that it was to stay on this island with her.

She is an infuriating creature, and more often than not, they tear angrily into each other, their rage sometimes directed at one another, sometimes directed at things that have nothing to do with each other. Circe is a snake, flicking her tongue over her skin, sliding her limbs around her, everywhere at once except where Hera wishes her to be, and she takes delight in pain, either Hera’s, or her own. Hera is a more noble lover, goddess that she is over the marriage bed. She desires a strong love, a committed love, a stable love, and Circe is none of those things.

But when Queen Hippolyta stumbles onto their shores, face drawn and eyes red from weeping, they take her in, and they give her food, and they take her to bed, holding her in their arms until she has fallen into an uneasy sleep, and when she cries out her lover’s name, begging her to stay, they kiss her hands and tuck the blankets in around her shoulders until she has settled down, and they nurse her and cater to her every whim until she is strong enough to face the day—and the endless parade of days that must pass before her lover is returned to her once more.

Before she leaves for New Themyscira, she asks Hera is she will bless her marriage with a child, if this is something her lover desires, and Hera agrees. If she’d asked Hera to drown herself in the sea, she would agree.
When she is gone, Circe appears beside her, arms crossed, an infuriating smirk on her mouth.

“I did not know creating children was within your realm of powers. Where is ours?”

And Hera turns to glare at her, even as the sun glimmers off her pale skin and makes those full lips look even more red than ever.

“I would not allow a child within a year’s journey of you. You would fill its mind with nonsense and drive it insane.”

It is a weak insult, and she knows it, but she is frightened by the implications of that unsettling word, ours—and by the desire and images that fill her own mind: both of them remaining on this island for the rest of time, raising plants and animals and children…

Her horrified thoughts are interrupted by Circe kissing her, biting her lip hard as she pulls away, and then she has sauntered off to her gardens, and Hera is glad to see the back of her, because she is smiling a strange smile, and she is not quite sure what to make of it.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Hey, a chapter happened after all!!

Fun Fact II: I don't super ship Hera/Circe, I think they're just stuck with each other for the time being. It's a bit of an "enemies to lovers" stretch, and I'm not sure they have what it takes to make it work. But, there's no reason they can't be reasonably happy for the time being!

Fun Fact III: I can't believe the week's already almost over. Also, it's May????

Fun Fact IV: I feel like this chapter is a little sloppy, but today was a whole lot of yikes, so ehh. There will be another chapter tomorrow and I can make amends then, haha!

Fun Fact V: Tomorrow is the beginning of the long weekend (as opposed to normal days, which are short weekends :P), so maybe I'll finally have the time/energy to put together the next chapter of Lesbian Stardew Valley! I have so many fun characters in there and they're just sitting around waiting to do something!

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!! I know these last two chapters have been pretty... hefty? (whatever the opposite of fluffy is) and I appreciate you sticking around/checking it out!
Dinah finds out Helena's first time was with Wonder Woman.

Helena wants their first time to be special.

They’ve started sleeping in the same bed—usually Helena’s, which is always neat, always made with fresh sheets, like she’s in the fucking military or something. Dinah’s seen her sink in her bathroom, everything organized and arranged in a perfect line, like she stood there one day with a ruler and measured it all out.

Dinah’s not a slob. But she works late, and gets home even later, and sometimes, there’s rumpled sheets, clothes over a chair, a toothpaste cap not attached to the tube. She could be cleaner, but she’s a busy woman. Vigilante work pays next to nothing, and some people like knowing that the credit card won’t bounce the next time the gas tank is running on empty, or when grabbing a cheap dinner or pack of cigarettes before the show. The club gives her tips, free drink vouchers, and the cook has taken to sending her home with some leftovers from the kitchen: fish tacos with red cabbage and mango salsa, or portobello mushroom sliders with sliced apples and onions, or the French Dip with Horseradish mayo and arugula. One time, the bartender handed her a paper bag with a takeout container of duck tots, and she’d tried one and put the rest in the fridge at the warehouse, leaving it for some other brave soul to finish.

Leave it to the hipster side of Gotham to ruin a perfect thing—tiny, deep-fried potatoes—with something bizarre like duck.

But on the nights that she’s given something edible, she’ll open it up, set it onto the seat next to her, and then she’ll drive off, and the streets will be quiet, as are most things at 3 or 4 in the morning, and she’ll hit the freeways, going as fast as she dares, blaring loud music, watching as the city lights speed past, money in her pocket, good food in her mouth…

The traffic starts to pick up around 5, and that’s when she heads back, pulling up to the warehouse, sneaking in as quietly as she can, grabbing a quick shower before sliding into bed. Usually, she’ll be asleep before the sun hit the horizon.

That was before Helena and feelings happened.
“I just want it to be special, that’s all.”

They’re in bed together. It’s Dinah’s night off, the night when the club has a DJ come in and spin some records, and people dance and grope each other in the dark.

They’ve done some things, covered some bases, but Helena shies away whenever Dinah gets near her pants, and her daydreams of their first time (a sparring session turning into something more dangerous, and, still sweaty from training, both of them just barely making it onto the bed before having passionate sex) is quickly disintegrating into the fantasy that it is.

“Don’t ever apologize,” Dinah orders, stretching and pretending that her entire body isn’t on fire, screaming for something that apparently isn’t going to happen tonight. “It’s gotta be the right time, the right everything. Don’t worry.”

Helena looks down at her, and she looks worried. But Dinah just takes her hand and squeezes.

“Is… I mean. Have you…?” Dinah begins, and Helena glares, yanking her hand away.

“I’ve done it before. I’m not THAT clueless,” she snaps, that familiar anger flaring. Dinah sighs, and rests a hand on Helena’s knee.

“I didn’t say you were,” she says, struggling to keep her voice low, patient. “And even if you hadn’t, there’s nothing wrong with that, and you know it. People are dif—well. Whatever.”

Helena doesn’t need a lecture, and Dinah doesn’t have the energy to give one. They lie in silence for another moment, listening to their thudding hearts beginning to slow down to their normal speeds. Helena is lying on her stomach, face buried deep in her pillow, and Dinah’s lying on her back, staring up at the ceiling.

“Would it be weird if I asked who—I mean, you were with the assassins for all that time, you didn’t go to school or anything, how…?”

“Diana,” Helena mumbles, her voice muffled by her pillow. Dinah stares up at the ceiling, then turns to stare at the back of her head.

“Your first time was with Wonder Woman?!”

Helena makes a sound that sounds vaguely like, mmrmph, and Dinah turns to look back at the ceiling.

“Well, hell.”

They lie in silence for another long minute, then Dinah gives the lump that is Helena a little nudge, checking to see if she’s still awake.

“What?”

“Are you mad?”

“I’m not mad. Are you mad?”

“No.”

It’s quiet, then Helena raises her head, and her wispy bangs are veiling her eyes.
“You’re lying.”

“I’m not mad, I’m just… ” Dinah mutters, wishing she had a cigarette. “I mean, it’s not every day your girlfriend mentions that she’s had sex with Wonder Woman.”

“I thought you already knew about that,” Helena says, scooching over and burying her head against Dinah’s stomach. “I told you, the first time she showed up in Gotham. Remember?”

*You and her a thing?*

*No, not really. We just meet up and have sex whenever she’s in town.*

“I mean, it doesn’t matter. It’s just—that’s a lot to live up to.” Dinah’s starting to fumble with the covers now, pulling them up over Helena's shoulders, giving herself something to do.

“...why?” Helena sounds genuinely confused, and Dinah doesn’t know how to explain it to her that lesbian sex with a superpowered Amazon from All-Female Paradise Island is of course going to be better than anything, with anyone.

“I just have to up my game, is all. Don’t you worry,” Dinah says, bending down and giving her confused lips a kiss. Helena snuggles closer to her, snaking her arms around her waist, and Dinah sighs. So when Helena says she wants their first time to be special...

*Well. Great.*

She'd been thinking a trip maybe, a nice villa or hotel with wine... but no, now she'll have to go all out, pull out all the stops, bring in the big guns. Dinah opens her mouth to ask a question, but the sound of Helena's soft snores reaches her ears, and she stops herself just in time.

But maybe that's just as well. It might be better if she went to the adult store by herself; Helena gets uncomfortable just walking past the underwear section in Target...

*You just go right on to sleep, little Crossbow Killer. One day, we're going to have a special time together, and you won't even know what hit you...*

Or so she'll keep telling herself. Dinah shakes her head, snorting softly to herself, then eases herself underneath the covers, careful to not disturb her girlfriend's slumber.

And then she lies awake for longer than she'd care to admit, staring up into nothing, trying to not think too hard...

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**Chapter End Notes**

Fun Fact I: Anyway, that's Diana Prince, breaking hearts since 1918 (and probably earlier)! :D :D :D

Fun Fact II: Today was actually tougher than yesterday because I had to catch up on work :P But here's a chapter that's on the shorter/fluffier side, and I hope you like it!

Fun Fact III: I don't go to hipster bars very often (there are more diners in my
immediate corner of the world), but... hipster menus are bizarre.

Fun Fact IV: I miss driving; specifically, I miss driving at night and staying on the road just long enough to see the city lights on the horizon.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! This was fun to write, and hopefully it was fun to read :D
Listen. I want… I think we should go away for a bit. Would you like that?

Sometimes Helena acts so natural, Dinah forgets all about the antisocial, assassiny childhood her girlfriend had. She’s picked up social cues like a beast; Dinah sees her observing people whenever they’re out together, watching couples sitting at the next tables over when they’re on rare dinner dates, watching the tourists taking photos as they’re walking along the Metropolis harbor, watching them when the Birds are hanging around the warehouse or staking out in a hotel room or stairwell somewhere. And she’s mellowed out, trying new things, new phrases, new gestures of affection.

But other times, she’s so damn stiff and formal, Dinah wonders if all that progress was just for show, just a solid effort on her part to fit in, make herself seem more normal, more acceptable.

The fact that her only other close female friend up until now has been a two thousand year old Ancient Greek Goddess doesn’t help, either.

“It depends on where we’re going, and how long,” Dinah says, trying to scoop up as many grocery bags at one time as she can. She’s up to eight before Helena lays a hand on her elbow—one of those new “touching people” gestures she’s been trying out—and takes some of them from her.

“You know how I mentioned going to Italy to untangle Sal’s father’s will?”

“I think you mentioned going to Italy to show me around on a romantic tour.”

Helena blushing, and Dinah immediately feels bad for giving her a hard time.

“I’m sorry, babe.” Dinah jabs her elbow in Helena’s direction, catching her a little harder in the ribs than she meant to. “So we’re going to clean up the old house?”

“We’re not going to clean, the house is clean,” Helena says, unloading the bags onto the counter and starting to line the groceries up. “But I was thinking, it might be nice to get away. I mean... I mean, Renee—”

Dinah glances toward where their office bedrooms are lined up in a row against the wall. Dinah runs a fan at night because she can’t sleep without white noise, but these bedrooms aren’t soundproofed at all, and if the way Huntress is in bed is anything like the way she is in combat...
Her first time was with a boy in the back of a bus on a middle school trip to the Metropolis Museum of Natural History. There were fingers involved, and later, when she’d go over to his apartment after school, they’d tried out a few other things too.

She’d been nineteen the first time she’d slept with Ollie, who was her first real “adult relationship”. They’d flirted heavily for two or three missions, then he invited her to get a drink, and they kissed over tequila, and that was that.

There’d been a few girls here and there: a high school girlfriend who lasted for a few months, a guitarist from a local girlband that Dinah liked, a few flirty kisses with one or two visitors at the Hall of Justice.

But ever since she retired from the Justice League (she never officially retired, but after dumping Green Arrow, she’d made it clear that she was on an extended break), there’d been less of that. Fewer one-night stands, fewer makeout sessions backstage, fewer parties and bar encounters.

*I’m getting too old for this,* she’d started thinking to herself, checking her watch at the Black Mask Club.

“What?”

Dinah startles. Helena is staring at her, and there’s nothing but open air under her feet, in front of her face…

_Invisible Plane. Right._

“Nothing. I was just dozing. Airplane.”

“You said you’re getting too old for this.”

“Yeah, well, I talk in my sleep,” Dinah retorts, rubbing her eyes and looking out the invisible panels. She wonders if there are even windows in the invisible plane, or if the whole thing is just invisible metal. They’re flying over an ocean, and it’s blue and glittery.

“We’ve just passed Spain,” Helena says as if they do this every day. But she reaches out and rests a hand on Dinah’s knee, and her eyes are soft as they turn to look at her. “We’ll be there in about twenty minutes.”

Helena doesn’t take her to the house.

That house—that’s where she spent most of her childhood. The bedroom she’d cry herself to sleep in. The guest bedroom where she lost her virginity to Wonder Woman. The kitchen where she’d eat breakfast alone, and dinners with the whole family. The living room where the assassins would give her books and try to teach her things that she would’ve been leaning in school. The training field where she became the Huntress…
There are too many memories in that house.

Instead, they go to a private house on the coast. She’d asked Sal’s brother to find a nice romantic vacation spot (she’d barely been able to get those precise words out, and she’d been texting them), and he’d replied with something about a location for the perfect honeymoon or engagement, and she’d been too embarrassed to say anything other than, Sounds good, thanks.

Now, she wishes they’d just gone to a normal hotel. This place is practically a castle, and a small army of attendants hurry to the door when they arrive, frazzled because they hadn’t seen a car pull up. There’s a butler, cook, two housekeepers, and a waiter, and they all promise to go away by nightfall.

The house looks more like a museum than somewhere to live, and it couldn’t be anything less like the warehouse they’d left behind a few hours ago. But Dinah seems to take it in stride, and Helena remembers that this isn’t her first time dating a billionaire.

Maybe Oliver Queen had taken her on some some ridiculous vacations, too, she thinks with a flicker of hope, watching Dinah surreptitiously as they make their way to the bedroom.

It might as well have been an entire apartment, because aside from the room with the actual bed, it also has its own sitting room, a full bar, and a hot tub overlooking the ocean that could fit about twenty people. They put their backpacks down, and they look so foreign, sitting alone on the plush carpet.

“You know, I was looking at this hotel where the bedroom is underwater,” Helena says as she’s changing in the bathroom. Sicily isn’t humid, but it’s definitely warmer than Gotham. “The walls and ceiling are made of glass and you can watch the fishes while…”

Helena’s nervous voice trails off as she steps out into the bedroom and sees Dinah standing on the balcony. She’s changed, too, and Helena’s never seen her in a dress before. It’s a simple thing, a summery thing, strappy thing that looks comfortable, and… nice-fitting. Nicely fitted?

Whatever it is, Helena likes it.

“—you’d taken me there, I would’ve punched you,” Dinah is saying, and she turns around, sliding her arms around Helena’s neck, drawing her forward for a kiss. “Seriously, you’d really do it with a bunch of sharks watching?”

“I’d do it with you anywhere,” Helena mumbles against soft lips, and Dinah pulls away, smiling a blinding smile up at her.

“Well, we’re about to do it right here if you don’t watch it, Helena Bertinelli.”

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Their dinner is made of tiny things on plates. It’s mostly light things: seared scallops, grilled shrimp, exotic fruit, colorful salads…

Dinah doesn’t remember most of it.

She does remember Helena taking her hand as they’re walking along the balcony back to the bedroom, and she’s trembling slightly as she kisses her, and her kiss tastes like wine, and she
whispers,

*We have all week, Canary. If you want—if you don’t...*

And Dinah just kisses her back and says,

*Let’s take it slow tonight. Savor it. See where we end up.*

They kiss a little longer, hands starting to roam; Helena’s pressing against the small of her back, hers pressing against those shoulder blades, and she wants this, *God*, she wants this, and she’s wanted it since the moment she saw this fucking woman, tall and mysterious in her damn hoodie…

“I—I was supposed to change.”

“Baby, you don’t need to change a thing. You’re already perfect,” Dinah murmurs, her mind absolute mush as her hands move to run over those muscular biceps now. Fucking assassins and their fucking training regimens…

“I mean, I wanted to change into something,” Helena corrects, pulling away slightly. “I—I asked—anyway, she said it was customary to wear nice night clothes, that it helps with confidence and— and things.”

“...oh.”

They reach the bedroom, and Helena takes off her shoes, then stands awkwardly, looking like she doesn’t know what to do with herself. Dinah brushes her fingers down her arm, then leans in and kisses her cheek.

“I’m just going to freshen up. Can you get me a glass of water from the bar?”

Helena nods, and Dinah grabs her hand, stopping her from running away too fast.

“Hey. Look at me.” They look at each other for a moment, mirror images of nervousness, desire, anticipation… “I love you. And I’m not just saying that because—I really do... and I can’t wait to do this with you.”

The bedroom is dark when Dinah steps back in, freshened and properly dressed for the occasion. Helena—the genius—had lit a few candles and drawn back the curtains, letting in the perfect view of the starry night sky and dark ocean. There’s music too, and it’s not that pop saxophone stuff that Ollie used to like, it’s a solo guitarist, a good one too, and it sounds like there’s a troubadour serenading them from outside their window, and it’s soft and relaxing and sexy and a little bit tragic, and it’s so *Helena*…

It’s too dark to see what her Sicilian seductress is wearing, but she can see her shadow moving forward toward her, like the assassin she is, and she’d put on some perfume, and it smells fresh and woodsey and intoxicating, and Dinah takes her hand and pulls her onto the bed, and when she
kisses her, it tastes like toothpaste—spearmint, like those mints they’d shared all those months ago, walking through the dark streets of Gotham, falling in love, everything leading to this, and everything will follow this, and this damn music is so beautiful and dramatic, Dinah feels like they should be making out on the top of a mountain, and maybe one of them should have cancer, or they should be doomed lovers who will never be able to meet again after this, and Helena’s hand is cupping her breast, and she’s whispering things in Italian that Dinah’s pretty sure are swear words, and she’s panting a little, and it’s so hot, and the body pressing up against hers is wearing some silky, filmy thing, and she’ll have to ask to see it on her later, but right now, it needs to go, it just needs to go…

In another moment, they’re both naked, and Dinah pauses for a moment, asking Helena if she’s okay to go on, and she whispers a ragged, God, yes, and then it’s skin, so much skin, cool and soft and trembling, and Dinah’s crawled on top of her, kissing every inch she can get at. She already knows that kissing that long neck drives her crazy, knows that she loves fingers combing through her hair, knows that giving her nipples little licks makes her shudder hard enough to shake the bed, but she never before knew that just brushing her inner thighs with her fingertips makes her whimper like this, never knew that kissing her wrists and palms makes her whine when she’s aroused, never knew that she writhed like this, tasted like this, begged like this, orgasmed like this…

She keeps going until Helena pulls away slightly, still panting, heels still digging into the soft mattress, one arm flung over her eyes. Dinah crawls up to look at her candle-lit face, and she’s smiling a soft, slightly stunned smile, and her eyes are hidden, and Dinah barely has enough time to lie down next to her and look at her before she sits up, and all at once she’s the Huntress, she’s in hunting mode—and Dinah’s her prey.

She’d expected Helena to be nervous. She’d expected her to need instructions, encouragement, but she…

Well, she was trained by the best.

Dinah didn’t even know her body could do that, that hard, that many times.

When it’s over, they lie for a little while on the bed, just lying next to each other, looking at each other, blushing for some reason, as if they hadn’t just spent the whole night naked and having sex.

You’re really good at that, Dinah whispers, reaching out to play with a strand of inky hair.

There’s more where that came from, Helena replies, and Dinah just thinks she’s being smug, but she actually looks disappointed for a second. I didn’t get to use any of the other things I brought.

The “other things she brought” turn out to be a whole array of toys and a full set of hardcore bondage gear, and for reasons Dinah doesn’t want to know, Helena knows how to use all of it, and she’s damn good at that too, and—
They end up extending their vacation by another week. There's just so much to do, so little time... and then Helena suggests taking a motorcycle tour up the coast of Italy, and Dinah says they'll have to wait a few days before she can sit on a motorcycle, and Helena smirks at her, and Dinah smirks back...

It's a while before they even think of heading back to Gotham.

A good, long while.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It's not very often that I write a full on sex scene with graphic detail à la The Sun and the Moon chapters 9-10. They usually end up more like this, with a lot of build-up, and a few long paragraphs of the actual main event before tapering off. This is an excuse, but it's a big investment to write a detailed blow-by-blow smut scene, and I love these two, but I just haven't had the time yet!

Fun Fact II: It's stupid o'clock again and so I haven't proofread this. I'll try to catch any glaring errors in the morning!!

Fun Fact III: I literally just googled sexy instrumental music, and this song popped up and it's pretty and not cheesy, so there we go.

Fun Fact IV: I like aquariums and fish, but I never want to go to that Underwater hotel. I would die.

Fun Fact V: Good night!!!

(Also stay safe and healthy and hang in there, it's the end of week 7 and all that).
Cry Baby Cry: SuperCorp

Chapter Summary

Kara and Lena manage to bury the hatchet (a little) during lockdown.

Chapter Notes

"Cry Baby Cry" by Unloved

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The streets are quiet, so quiet, Kara can hear Lena’s heart thumping softly from across the city. She’s flying over the empty streets, keeping an eye out, trying to ignore that steady throb-throb echoing in her ears… but people are staying inside for the most part, the only cars on the road are essential workers driving to or from their shifts at the hospital, the grocery stores, the gas stations. Kara has broken up a few cases of domestic violence, stepped in to lend a hand at the local hospitals and food banks, but for the most part, crime has plummeted, and aliens are apparently staying away, sensing their diseased planet.

Alex is sheltering in place with Kelly, both of them working from home, binging TV shows, and bored out of their skulls. Kara had video-chatted with them a few times, and there had been arguments about whether to let Kelly in on Kara’s identity so then she could actually come in and visit, but Alex insisted that it wasn't the right time yet. It wasn't even the right time yet for them to be living together, but they’d been forced to make a decision, and they'd stuck with it.

People do extreme things during a pandemic.

“Kara.”

And Kara almost falls out of the sky.

__________________________________________________________________________

She didn’t realize she’d been flying so close to Lena’s apartment.

She didn’t mean to be flying so close to Lena’s apartment, but she’d been listening to that steady heartbeat, following the grid, feeling the cool breeze against her skin, and she's just gone with it…

“I thought you were a bat.”

Lena’s standing in front of her floor to ceiling windows, the ones Kara had watched her through that one time, Lex’s journals clutched in her hands, and Lena had been sitting on her couch, reading on her tablet, looking like a commercial for living rooms.
“I should’ve known better.”

She’s crossed her arms, and she doesn’t flinch when Kara lands on her balcony with a soft thump.

“I wasn’t spying, I promise, I was just patrolling, I—” Kara stops and takes a breath, stopping herself from babbling. Lena doesn’t even look like she’s listening. She looks tired—tired, and worried, but she doesn’t look angry, she doesn’t look hurt, and that’s new, since hurt is the only thing they’ve seen when they've looked at each other for these last few months.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” Lena replies, her voice muffled through the glass, and she nods toward the quiet city. “How is everything out there?”

Her voice is deceptively casual, as if everything is normal between them, in the world.

“It’s quiet.”

“Well, that’s some good news, at least.”

“Yeah.”

Kara’s looking at her hands, and Lena’s looking at her, and everything is awkward, and it’s fight or flight, and Kara doesn’t want to do either, she wants to stay here, she wants to stay until this awkward tangle of spoken and unspoken words is untangled, and everything is right again.

“You know, sometimes it’s hard to reconcile you with the person I see on the news.”

The statement comes out of the blue, and when Kara looks up, Lena looks unsure of it, unsure if she made the right decision speaking at all, but she goes on, as if sensing Kara’s confusion through the glass.

“I see you on the news, sometimes,” she repeats, looking away for the first time. “Supergirl saving the city, doing good in the world, a beacon of hope... and then there’s you. It’s bizarre.”

Kara winces, knowing a backhanded compliment when she hears one, but she takes a step back, forcing herself to not immediately react, to not jump on offensive.

“I mean, you were right, last time,” she says, and she’s not ready when Lena turns to look back at her, and those eyes are hurt again. They’d lasted all of two minutes before they started hurting each other again, like they’re doing it on purpose now. “I’m still working things out. I may—I may not be human, but I’m not perfect. But...”

Lena tilts her head, that little smile on her lips, the smile that she makes when she’s trying to mask her real feelings.

“...but what?” she prods, and her voice is soft. The last time her voice was that soft, she’d been telling her to walk away, that their friendship was officially over.

“But maybe it’s not fair to expect me to be.”

There, she said it. And now Lena can tear her to pieces, rip her to shreds, jump down her throat and —rightly—call her out for all the times she’d been decidedly imperfect throughout the course of their friendship...

“I don’t expect you to be perfect, Kara.”
The way she says her name still gives her chills.

“I just didn’t expect you to be so…”

*Two-faced.*

“I know.” She doesn’t apologize because the last time she’d tried that, Lena had gotten angry, and they’re just words now, anyway, little fragments of sound falling to pieces at their feet.

Kara opens her mouth to go on, but it feels so futile, so useless, she just closes her mouth again and looks back at her, meeting Lena's eyes for what feels like the first time in months—even when they were still friends, she would avoid her eyes, avoid looking at her for too long, lest she see into her soul, see that desire festering in the back of her mind (*It’s just a crush, she’d convinced herself, Just a crush that will eventually go away, but in the meantime, does it have to be this HARD…*)

“*Rao, I’ve missed you.*”

She didn’t mean to say that.

She didn’t meant to say that out loud, but she did, she has, and her voice had cracked, betraying just how much she’s been missing her, missing her like the sun misses the moon and the ocean misses the waves and all the things Earth poets talk about, and now she has to watch as Lena gives her that smile that doesn’t quite mask her pain—*Kara, you’re really starting to sound like a reporter right now and not a friend*—and then she’ll turn her back, telling her to leave her alone, and Kara will have to fly off, trying not to cry, because she was stupid, so stupid…

“That’s just the lockdown talking.”

Her voice is almost tender. But Kara looks back at her, and now Lena is the one who can’t look at her, it’s like they have to take turns sharing the same damn eyeball—

“*Kara…”* Lena steps forward, then she seems to stop herself, and Kara has never wanted anyone to finish their sentence more than she wants Lena to finish whatever that thought was. “Can Kryptonians get the coronavirus?”

That wasn’t what she was going to say, and they both know it. But Kara shakes her head and says,

“No. Kal and I have been doing tests, trying to see if we can help develop something to give people immunity.”

Lena stares at her, in scientist-mode now, both feet planted firmly on safer ground.

“Is that possible?”

“I mean, I hope so. I feel so useless out here, just flying around carrying things.”

Lena’s moved closer to the glass, so close, Kara can see the warmth of her breath pressing up against it.

“If you—if you’re free, you should stop by the lab sometime. I might have a few ideas.”

Her hand has risen, almost as if on its own accord, as if to reach for the door handle, but she seems to stop herself, and Kara feels her heart give an unpleasant lurch.

“That sounds good.”
“Great.”

It’s awkward again.

“Does tomorrow work for you?”

“Sure. Tomorrow afternoon?”

“Okay.”

Kara doesn’t want to leave, and for the first time since she learned the truth, Lena looks like she doesn’t want her to leave, either.

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

And Lena finally turns away, her fingers still outstretched, and for a second, Kara can imagine that it had been her hand she was reaching for all along.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I meant to write a continuation of whatever happened in tonight's episode, but they sure didn't give me much to work with! :P So we got our first coronavirus-related chapter instead! (Seriously, it's been 50 chapters, and this was the first one that so much as breathed in the direction of the plague!).

Fun Fact II: I think this is a bit of a continuation of Chapter 9, and also just some much-needed resolution for the mess of the show in general.

Fun Fact III: I think that the Supers would do their best to help out during a pandemic, but they'd probably end up feeling pretty useless, just like the rest of us normal people.

Fun Fact IV: I don't think I've ever actually written from Kara's perspective before?? It's quite weird. The only thing we have in common is that we're both in love with Lena Luthor haha

Fun Fact V: I feel like this week is going to be rough (I think the beginning of the month is a little more anxiety-inducing in general), so please take care of yourselves and drink water and stuff.

P.S. Thanks so much to everyone who left reviews this weekend, I promise I'll reply as soon as I can! :(
Redbone: Huntress/Wonder Woman

Chapter Summary

Wonder Woman takes pre-BOP Helena to get a makeover

Chapter Notes

"Redbone" by Childish Gambino

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Helena wasn’t isolated in Sicily, per se.

She had the assassins for company, and they weren’t necessarily silent, but they also weren’t very complicated. They were just normal people who had abnormal jobs, men who didn’t think very much, or at least, if they did think about things, they didn’t share those thoughts with her.

They told stories about their old parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts. They talked about the weather, the island, the sea. They talked about gardening, fishing, hunting. When Helena started training, they talked about breath, limbs, movement. They talked about normal things when they talked at all, and they rarely got upset, truly upset; they knew each other so well, nothing surprised them.

It wasn’t until Diana Prince showed up, beautiful and worldly and complex, that Helena realized how unpredictable people could be.

She’d been twenty-two when Dr. Prince had showed up on the edge of the training field, and one of the first things she’d said to her after they’d slept together was,

Don’t fall in love with me.

And Helena had stared at her like she’d never been taught that it’s rude—she had been taught staring was rude, but her mother’s scoldings had all but faded from her mind, replaced by gunshots, blood, and that insatiable thirst for revenge.

Fall in love, like in the fairy tales? Helena had asked, and Diana had gazed back at her, a crease of worry between her eyes.
Diana never asked for her real name.

The assassins have instructed her to never tell anyone, and she doesn’t need to ask why. They say if anything ever happens, her name is Rosa, and her last name is Asaro. That’s Sal’s last name, and she likes it.

Diana knows Helena’s first name because the assassins don’t bother to use her fake name when she visits. But she calls her *Helena Bertinelli* once in bed, and Helena doesn’t think it’s strange until the next morning.

One day, they’re eating breakfast together, and all of the assassins are out doing normal assassin things, and Diana is combing her fingers through Helena’s hair while she’s drinking her coffee and eating her muesli and reading the newspaper Diana had brought from Milan.

“Helena, darling… would you like a trim? It’s getting long.”

And Helena had turned and scowled at her.

“Leave it alone.”

Diana had given her a look, then she’d leaned in and kissed her cheek and said,

“Don’t be rude, love.”

Later, Helena decides that she wants a haircut after all, and when Diana asks the assassins if she could come to Catania with her, the old men wave them off, saying, *She doesn’t belong to us, Dr. Prince. Just be careful, please.*

It had been ten years since Helena’d had her hair cut by anyone who wasn’t a burly Italian assassin with a big pair of scissors. She sits nervously in the waiting area, and Diana flips through the book of pictures with her, pointing out the ones she thinks would look good with Helena’s bone structure, and she almost changes her mind right there, but Diana kisses her cheek, and she finds herself sitting on the high barber’s chair and staring at her scared reflection in the mirror, and the jolly fellow sweeps a big sheet over her shoulders and she can feel each snip of those scissors, can feel it in her *head*, and she glances in the mirror over to where Diana is sitting by the window, apparently engrossed in a magazine, and she looks so fashionable and beautiful in her flats and pantsuit and sunglasses, Helena relaxes a little, and when the barber is done, Diana comes over and runs her fingers through her shorter hair, and she smiles and hands the man several bills, telling him to keep the change.

Helena keeps looking at herself in the mirror, even as Diana waves the barber off, and she comes up behind her, looking back at her reflection.

“It looks lovely. What do you think?”

The barber had parted her hair on the opposite side, and it feels weird and falls into her eyes in a strange way that manages to look dashing and dangerous at the same time. Diana combs her fingers through it again, and Helena gives her a rueful smirk.

“You just like it because it’s easier for you to do that now,” Helena says a little rudely, but she
gives it a tug and finds that she likes it. It’s more floppy now, more… layered, and tall.

“I could live with it.”

Diana just shakes her head, smiling, and leads her out into the sunlight. She’s wearing her sunglasses now, and she looks like a movie star, and the tourists keeping shooting glances at her, as if wondering if she’s famous or something, and Helena can’t help but feel proud of her, proud of being with her, out here in public, with people watching. It’s strange.

“Ah, let’s try this.”

And before Helena knows what’s happening, Diana is already leading her to a shop that sells makeup, and Helena steps in and is immediately transported back to the days when she used to sit at her mother’s vanity and look in all her little bags, pretending to brush powder onto her cheeks, sometimes actually putting lipstick onto her lips…

_Purple’s your favorite color, right, love?

And Helena nods wordlessly. Diana buys her one of everything, and then she buys her gelato and takes her to a hotel.

---

“Why are you doing this?”

It’s after they’d tried out the bed (they’re at the nicest hotel on the whole island, and the bed is divine), and her mascara is smudged, but the rest of her makeup, all the dark and shiny and purple layers of paint Diana had painstakingly applied around her eyes are still there, looking foreign and exotic and _good._

Diana had ordered food on the hotel phone, and now they’re just lying in bed, looking at each other. Diana keeps touching her hair, and Helena keeps pretending to bite her fingers.

“Because you deserve good things,” Diana replies, propping herself up on one elbow, then leaning in to kiss her shoulder. “These things—every woman should try them, and see what, if anything, she likes.”

“Do you like them? On me?” Helena says. She doesn’t know yet that she’s terrible at flirting, because Diana smiles so sweetly at her every time she tries.

“I like all versions of you, Little Artemis,” she whispers against her lips, and then she’s on her feet, pulling on her night robe, gone to fetch their food from the room service before he even knocks on the door. She’d let Helena order all her favorite dishes, and she digs in greedily as Diana flicks on the TV and puts on an 80s cop show.

Later that night, when they’re in bed again after Diana showed her how to take off her makeup with a special facecloth, she tells Diana about her kill list, and Diana tells her about Wonder Woman.
Helena falls in love with her a little bit.

Somewhere between her twenty-third and twenty-fourth birthdays (both of which Diana came to help her celebrate), she found herself thinking of Diana differently. Found herself wanting more things, more intimate things.

She tells her, because there are no secrets between them, not anymore, and Diana kisses her and says,

One day you’ll find someone who will love you to the sun and back. Someone who will be what you want, what you need. You deserve nothing less, darling.

You love me to the sun and back, Helena had replied, and Diana had smiled at her, but her smile had been a little sad.

I do, Little Artemis. But I’m not what you need.

She still has trouble in groups.

With Diana, it’s easy, they just gaze at each other and smile at each other and sleep with each other, and there’s nothing to navigate, no confusing dynamics, no shift in attention. With the Birds, Helena doesn’t speak unless someone speaks to her, and when she does speak out of turn, it feels forced, like she’s trying too hard.

Dinah sees this, and goes out of her way to include her in things.

Sounds good to me, sound good to you, Huntress? she’ll say, or, I can’t remember the last time I went to the fucking lake, have you been there yet, Crossbow?

It's these moments, even more than the moments when Dinah's executing incredible kicks in those impossibly tight pants, that make Helena give a double-take. It's these moments that make her notice, really notice. That, and the third thing she'd said to her after Who the fuck are you? and What is up with this bow-and-arrow shit? had been, I love this chick.

Later, Dinah says it had been love at first sight for her, and Helena feels bad that she had been a little busy trying to kill a man to notice her like that right away, but eventually...

Do you love me to the sun and back? she asks one night when they’re in bed. And Dinah just rolls over and mumbles,

You Italians and your damn poetics.

But she snuggles against her, taking her hand, and Helena stares down at her, then allows herself a little smile. Maybe Dinah's not poetic, but she's what Helena wants and what she needs right now, and that's more than enough.
Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I am confused as to where Huntress was supposed to have learned how to wear makeup and style her hair and what 80s cop shows are while living with assassins and being socially awkward in Sicily, so here we go! Wonder Woman to the rescue!

Fun Fact II: I love Diana and Helena together, but they're definitely just FWB. I think Helena would get too spoiled if they did this on a permanent basis. :D

Fun Fact III: This chapter was supposed to go in a completely different direction, so if it feels a little haphazard, it's because my brain did a thing.

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!
Title and Registration: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena likes riding trains. Dinah worries when she comes home late.

Chapter Notes

"Title and Registration" by Death Cab for Cutie

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She likes riding trains.

Her parents never let her ride the train in Gotham. Bertinellis traveled in chauffeured cars, private jets, luxury yachts. Helena liked walking; she and Pino would walk in their garden, and he would step on bugs and she would kick his feet to stop him from stepping on bugs. Sometimes after school let out (a private Catholic school that cost more than most people’s yearly expenses), she convinced the driver to let her and Pino get ice cream, and they sat outside in the sun at the little tables and tried to see how long they could make their cones last.

He was younger than her, and he annoyed her like little brothers do, but they got along well enough. She was a bit of a tomboy and didn’t get along well with the other children in her class, something her parents waved off and often praised her for.

*The Bertinellis are a family business*, they would say, as if that was an excuse for having no friends. They had *associates*, certainly, but they were protective of their own, wary of strangers, reluctant to let outsiders in.

She never realized how strange that was until joining the Birds, three completely random people with no blood ties, just spending time together and kicking butt because they had similar goals, similar personalities, and nowhere else to go.

The first time she traveled across Europe, Diana had been with her. She had the invisible jet, but she asked if Helena wanted to take the train instead, and Helena said she didn’t care either way.

The assassins had their own training regimen for her: martial arts, meditations, weight lifting, diet. But Diana seems to have her own agenda, an agenda that involves reading people, navigating crowded cities, busy streets, empty alleyways, public transportation. The assassins teach her how to fight; Diana teaches her how to survive.

She also teaches her how to speak about ten other languages. Helena isn’t especially good at any of them, but Diana has a nice reward system for her that makes the homework a little less tedious.
The first time she rode the trains in Gotham, she’d been struck by how silent the people were. The platforms were so quiet, she could hear the fans that were affixed to the ceiling, whirling as they swung in a creaky semi-circle, cooling off absolutely nobody. So many people crowded together, staring at their phones, listening to words or music on their earbuds, lost in their own little worlds.

She liked watching as the landscape went by. The broken-down houses, the junky yards, the graffitied walls on the outskirts of town. The dark tunnels and sweltering stations in the heart of the city, the street musicians and homeless that lined the twisted walkways. People were honest on the trains, honest about their empty lives, and blank faces, and bleak outlook on life.

_That’s not fair. Plenty of happy people ride the train_, Renee had snapped when Helena mentioned this over a late dinner. She’d ridden the train to Metropolis and back, watching as the city lights began to glimmer through the dusk.

“Yeah, but… no one is happy all the time.” Helena had walked back from the station instead of taking an Uber, and now she’s wolfing down a plate of spaghetti that Dinah had made. “And there’s not a lot of public spaces where people can just be _not_ happy. You know?”

Renee looks like she doesn’t know what the hell she’s talking about.

“If you want to look at not happy people, just go to a goddamn department store. There are always idiots yelling at some poor cashier. _Or_ you shoulda been here about five hours ago when Canary realized you weren’t going to show up for dinner—”

“Shut up, Montoya,” Dinah snaps, slapping a tray of garlic bread down onto the table in front of Helena’s plate. She’d started heating it up when Helena was in the shower, and now it’s hot and crunchy and smells delicious. Helena helps herself to a wedge, ignoring the face Renee is making as she heads back to her room.

Dinah is still muttering to herself as she sits down across from her, a mug of herbal tea with lemon and honey clutched in her hands. Her spring allergies have been getting worse as the weather warms, and it’s bad for that money-making voice of hers.

“Food’s good,” Helena says politely, waving her second hunk of bread. Diana would be proud of her remembering her manners; she'd always made it a point to give her compliments to the chef when they went out to eat. Although, Helena doesn’t think Dinah would take her seriously if she tried to send a glass of wine to the kitchen.

Dinah looks a little disgruntled, but she doesn’t say anything, just sips at her tea aggressively. Helena looks at her for a moment, then says in a cautious voice,

“Why were you unhappy today?”

“I wasn’t unhappy.”

Helena looks at her, and Dinah doesn’t look back. And after a moment, she reaches out and takes a slice of bread and proceeds to tear tiny chunks off to eat. The silence stretches for a moment, long enough that they can hear Renee cursing at her laptop from her bedroom.

“...did I miss something?” Helena finally says, putting down her fork.
“I just… I wish you wouldn’t ride those trains at night.” She looks like the bread is sour in her mouth. “They’re all right during the day, but it’s all crazies riding them at night.”

“Those people aren’t crazy,” Helena says, bewildered at the anger in her voice. “They’re just living.”

“Yeah? Why’d you come in with blood on your shirt?”

“Don’t worry, it was no one you knew,” Helena says with a smile, but she's misread the situation, and now Dinah is just glowering ever more.

“Look, I’m fine,” she says, wiping her buttery fingers on the napkin Dinah had brought over and reaching out to touch her hand, the one that’s wrapped around her mug like she’s trying to strangle it. “I can take care of myself. I like riding the trains, it helps me think. What’s wrong with that?”

"There's nothing wrong with that." Dinah looks like she wants to stop there, but she takes a deep breath and goes on. "But we're a team now. We—I mean, we don't have to, but I think we should be accountable to each other. We're going to make a lot of enemies in this city, and it's a good idea to make sure we have each other's backs."

Helena stares at her, then she says,

"Okay. So what does that look like?"

And Dinah looks away, popping the rest of her bread into her mouth and brushing the crumbs off the table.

"I mean, we can talk about it with Renee sometime, Harley, too. Maybe we can get an emergency system or something, if we're in trouble."

"Well, that sounds doable," Helena says, feeling strangely relieved, picking up her fork and twisting up a big mouthful of spaghetti. Dinah looks at her for a moment, watching her eat, then she shakes her head and stands up, reaching out to grab for her mug as if it's an afterthought.

"Anyway. I'm glad you're back. See you tomorrow, yeah?"

Helena doesn't want her to go, maybe they can watch a movie or something, but it is late, and she looks tired.

"Sure, yeah."

And then she's walking away, and Helena can hear her muttering to herself again, but she's too far away for her to hear, and after Helena's finished dinner and washed her dishes, she walks past her room on her way to bed, but Dinah's curtains are closed, and her lights are off.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: These two dumbasses oh my god.

Fun Fact II: And yes, Dinah literally made a nice Italian dinner for Helena and then
she didn't show up to eat it until like 11PM. In Helena's defense, she didn't know, but *oof*

Fun Fact III: I know private school usually isn't THAT expensive, but I looked up a particular one I had in mind and it was about 44k per year, sooooo

Fun Fact IV: We're in the 50s now, and I'll be honest, I'm starting to run on empty. I might need a new fixation soon... should I start watching the Harley Quinn animated show or something? Or is there some other corner of the DC universe that I've missed that I should check out? (I guess it doesn't have to be DC, but it's so fun when everything connects!)

Fun Fact V: It's Wednesday! The week is halfway over, yay!

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!
The End/Bruce Wayne Alive: WonderPoison

Chapter Summary

Diana arrives in the Underworld after her death, reunites with Isabel and the Amazons.

Chapter Notes

"The End/Bruce Wayne Alive (The Dark Knight Rises OST)" by Hans Zimmer

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Her last thought is that she’ll wake in a hospital bed.

Antiope would’ve been appalled at her, trying to behead their old enemy with a sword—it is a feasible act with an ax, perhaps—but the blade slices through like bread and butter and the rotting flesh of an ancient foe, and she is too relieved to see Steppenwolf’s head tumbling to her feet to notice the blade embedded in her own chest…

The first thing she hears is a voice, bored and childish, asking, *Is this is some sort of new Amazon fashion?*

*Shush, dear, the poor thing just saved the world,* a soft voice replies, and then cold fingertips are brushing against Diana’s cheek and she opens her eyes…

And Persephone, Queen of the Underworld is gazing down at her.

She is immediately decreed fit for Elysium, Lord Hades waving her away as if her sinless life bores him. One of the shades bows to her and beckons for her to follow, and she does, following its shimmering figure through the cold hallways; they are lit by torches set at intervals, grim warnings against those whose lives were less pure.

The shade leads her to the end of the hall, to a balcony, and Diana looks out over the Underworld. She hadn’t spent much time on Mount Olympus, having little need to wander its empty halls and abandoned temples. But she can see its influence on Hades’ palace, in the spindly, Gothic architecture, the pointed arches, the unfriendly statues keeping watch behind barbed pillars. In another life, she had walked past a building much like this every day.
It is romantic, in its own sense, the magnificence of Hades. Magnificent in a subdued, unsettling way. The carved ivy that creeps up the railings in place of living vines. The river that shimmers like fire as it flows past the castle, casting an ominous glow over its walls. The shades that trudge across the land, through the air, before her, behind her, through her, barely more than a whisper. And the sky: the heavy clouds pressing down from above, as if a storm has gathered and will be unleashed at any moment…

“He is a creature of the night. But he allows the sun to shine over the Gardens of Persephone. And he allows it to shine over us.”

Diana recognizes that voice, and she has opened her arms before she has even turned to face its owner, and Antiope is already reaching for her, and the last thing Diana sees before she’s swept up into her aunt’s embrace is that beautiful, terrifying face beaming back at hers, hard and blazing with pride.

There is no welcoming feast when Antiope sets the chariot down upon the fields outside the Amazon’s camp. There are a few excited whispers from inside the tents, a few voices announcing to one another that the princess has arrived, but no one comes out to meet them. Diana gives her aunt a confused smile, but Antiope only points to a path winding its way into the woods.

“You chose a strange one, Diana.”

Diana stares, then she understands at last, and she swoops down to kiss her aunt’s cheek, and then she off running, the soft earth rising up to pound against her feet, and she doesn’t stop until she’s swept Isabel Maru up into her arms, laughing at her protests as she drops whatever it was she was holding, weeping as those bony fingers sink into her hair, pulling her close for a kiss that is just as warm and familiar as if they had only been parted for a moment.

There are a few celebrations at her return—that is, there several small celebrations here in this cave where Isabel has made her Underworld home, both of them breathless and content and happy upon the narrow bed that is pushed up against the wall, beneath the window that is carved into the stone. Isabel is even more vicious in death than she was in life, and for the first time, Diana pushes back without fear, bringing her crafty little wife up into ecstasy time and time again.

They take a short break to greet the other Amazons, and it is then that the feasting happens, fresh breads and savory stews and cheeses and wines and vegetables and fruits of every kind… it is good to be amongst the Amazons once more, her fallen sisters, a returned hero. They ask her to tell the stories of her conquests, from Ares to her final victory over their ancient enemy.

But it is strange, to be with her people and not have her mother at the high place of honor. The Amazons themselves have refrained from building a city of their own until their Queen has come to join them, to direct them, and to take her rightful within the palace walls. Antiope, the only royal sister to dwell in the Underworld, has no need for grand buildings, and most of the other Amazons were warriors fallen in battle, and they are equally happy to live on the field, traveling, wandering,
exploring Elysium. Those who prefer structures and sound walls have built homes in the caves, cabins in the woods, huts along the shore.

And every seven days, they come together to trade goods, feast, reminisce, and offer their prayers and thanks to the goddesses.

When the feasting is over and the Amazons have begun the more risque of their traditions, Diana and Isabel slip away, finding refuge on a secluded corner of the beach. They are careful to not touch the water of the Lethe, but the sound of the waves is comforting, a soft reminder of the home where they dwelled in happiness for forty years, before...

“Tell me about her.”

They’ve stopped for a short time, holding each other, Diana’s face buried in the crook if Isabel’s neck, cold fingers combing through her unbound hair. Isabel’s voice is familiar, devastatingly so, that soft rasp almost enough to bring Diana to tears once more. She speaks as if it is an order, but Diana doesn’t reply for a long moment.

“...who?”

“The woman you left behind,” Isabel replies, giving her hair a little tug as if to show that she doesn’t believe for a minute that death has made her this dull.

“There is no woman,” Diana says, her voice smothered against cold skin. Isabel frowns and gives her wife’s broad shoulder a light slap.

“You are a terrible liar,” she scolds. "Where is that rope of yours? Do I need to tie—?"

“There is no one woman,” Diana corrects, shifting impatiently as Isabel fumbles in her discarded armor for the lasso. “Stop that.”

“No one woman?” Isabel lets out a cackle. “Hah, I should’ve known, no single woman from Man’s World would be enough to sate you.”

“It’s not like that,” Diana sighs, propping herself up on one elbow and leaning in to kiss her. “It… it was difficult.”

Isabel reaches up to slide her arms around Diana’s neck, and the delighted amusement in her eyes has died down to soft adoration.

“Do not tell me you are still grieving.”

Diana looks away and doesn't reply, and Isabel tsks.

“Diana… I told you I wanted you to be happy, Princesa. Why would you disobey me?”

“I didn’t disobey you,” Diana replies, but her voice has dropped down to a sullen retort, and she frowns as Isabel’s eyes sharpen. “I tried. I took lovers when I returned to Man’s World, I—I tried, truly. But the humans are so fragile, so… fleeting. And I cannot bear it, not again... I will not.”

Isabel gazes back at her, and her eyes are pained for the first time since Diana’s return, as if
realizing that their parting only led to peace for one of them.

“You cannot live in the past, Diana.”

“Well, I’m not, not anymore,” she replies, kissing her, but Isabel gently pushes her away.

“They will bring you back.”

Diana scowls.

“Don’t be ridiculous.”

“They took the Kent boy back, didn’t they? Do you think they would be content to let you die in peace?”

“Bruce isn’t secretly in love with me.”

“...who is Bruce?” Isabel says curiously, far more curiously than if she actually knew him. Diana waves a dismissive hand.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m here, and I’m not leaving you again—”

“That’s not exactly how rising from the dead works, Princesa,” Isabel murmurs, rolling over on the silk sheet beneath them, burying her face against Diana’s side. Diana reaches down to clasp her shoulders, staring up at the empty night sky: Hades has no great love for the stars, those prickly reminders of his eldest brother’s realm. And for a long moment, they lie in silence, listening to the soothing sound of the waves lapping against the shore, the occasional caw of a nocturnal bird, distant echos of an Amazon’s laughter.

“There was… there is a woman. In Man's World.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” Now it is Isabel’s voice that is muffled, this time with sleepiness as well as skin. "What's she like?"

“She is young. And dangerous. Bloodthirsty.”

Isabel raises her head, and her eyes are gleaming.

“...did you bring her with you?”

“No,” Diana replies, frowning, but Isabel just pillows her head against Diana's stomach once more and murmurs,

“Pity.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It has been AGES since I've written these two... seriously, it's been ages. They're a bit elusive to me now, which is bizarre, considering I spent the better part of two years helping build this ship!
Fun Fact II: Would Isabel and Helena get along? Probably not, at least not right away. I think they're both easily annoyed, and easily annoyING. Which makes them so fun to write, honestly!! :D

Fun Fact III: I made a list of the chapter ideas I have in the back of my head (You can read it here: https://bluejaywriter.tumblr.com/post/617382105977159680/upcoming-oneshot-prompts ) and I should've been more clear in my last chapter that I am a stubborn fool and I will write and post SOMETHING every day until we're officially out of this. I've just been frustrated lately with some feelings of un-inspiration. Which is fine/normal. I just need to jumpstart my brain a bit, and find some inspiration. I'll check out the Harley show and I'm slogging my way through Huntress (1989), which has been a bit painful to be honest. But hopefully something will take hold, and I'll be inspired again!

**TL:DR:** Brains dead, need inspiration juice, but will write without it because STUBBORNNESS :P

Fun Fact IV: Sorry for the song title having nothing to do with the chapter, but Hans Zimmer is God.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! The week is almost over! One more week closer to when it will be safe to go back outside again!
Sometimes she looks up at the night sky.

She’s loved it ever since she was a child, playing in the yard while the adults sat around on the porch or around the bonfire, sipping beers and pop and gossiping about adult things. Those were the summer nights, when they’d make some excuse to get together, and people would pile into the house with plastic-wrapped platters of side dishes, and there’d be a barbecue going, a cooler full of soda and alcohol, more fresh fruit and veggies than they could eat. Sometimes the kids would bring their water guns and they’d chase each other around the yard, filling their guns from the garden hose, soaking each other with lukewarm water, their thin t-shirts and shorts sticking to their skin for a long time afterward in the hot, humid air.

Sometimes, there would be a party at someone’s house who had a pool, and sometimes there would be kisses in the glowing water, underneath the stars. She’d always liked Jonathan Kent, even when he was a little boy in his farmers clothes and serious face. And then in high school, he’d gone and bought himself a truck and a leather jacket, and he’d gotten tall and handsome, and she’d thought to herself, *One day, I’m going to marry that boy.*

He never went with them to the disco, though. They’d all pile into Dan Fordman’s truck and drive down to Wichita, and dance silly dances to sillier music, and one night, after dropping everyone else off, Dan had leaned over and kissed her, and the stars were shining, and Jonathan had gone and got himself killed in Vietnam, and that was that—

“That’s about everything, Ma. You want me to vacuum up some of this dust?”

“No, you go on and get out of here before someone sees you.” Martha turns away from the porch, looking over her shoulder to where Clark is standing in the kitchen, a beer in his hand and a towel over his shoulder. The rest of the crew has already headed out; even Lois has gone back to Metropolis on Diana’s plane, getting herself ready for the workday tomorrow.

“As long as you’re sure,” Clark says, and then he’s bent down to kiss her cheek. “Night, Ma. Holler if you need anything.”

And then he’s gone, flying off into the night sky, Superman soaring off into the horizon where he belongs.
It’s strange to think that any of it happened: losing Clark, losing the house, and getting both of them back in a whirlwind of chaos…

She’d like to think that stranger things have happened, but nothing stranger had ever happened to her in her entire life than the moment she looked a warrior queen in the eye and couldn’t look away…

 Stuff and nonsense. Anyway, she’s dead, and probably very busy ruling the other dead people.

She’d almost kissed her though. And wouldn’t that have been a fun story to tell the grandkids: Hey munchkins, let me tell you about this one time I met the Goddess of Death, and she pulled me out from underneath some rubble, and she’d been THIS close to kissing me, a real kiss of Death, how about it?

Martha snorts to herself and turns abruptly to go back inside. A woman like that—she probably seduces anything with a heartbeat, like those old Greek Gods from the stories, the ones who always slept with the wrong person and ended up starting the war of the ages...

Dusty is snoring by the fire, and he doesn’t even move when Martha sneezes loudly on her way up the stairs.

It’s probably all for the best, anyway.

The boys figured everything out, got her house back from the bank, and moved in all her old stuff: everything’s worked out. Tomorrow, she’ll give this place a good cleaning, and get some groceries, and she’ll start her new life again, starting over for what feels like the fifth or sixth time...

Martha sits heavily on the hard mattress. One of the girls had made her bed, and she takes off her shoes and begins to undress, not bothering to dig around in any of the boxes lining the walls for some nightclothes. Too late, she’s realized that she hadn't brushed her teeth, but she's already here, half-naked in her bedroom, and the bathroom is so far away at the other end of the hall.

Everything’s worked out.

She should be grateful for the second chance.

Although, wouldn't have minded—

But no. She knows better than to dream impossible dreams. She had her chance to play with the big League, pretending to be an important person amongst the superheroes. Now it's time she settled back down and readjust to Smallville. This is where she lives now, this is where she's always lived, this is where she'll die...

She should know better than to think otherwise.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: And then a week later Hippolyta shows up and says hey :D Also Martha didn't unpack or clean a thing for that entire week, because disassociation.
Fun Fact II: I headcanon that Martha never really wanted that farm back, and Bruce just bought it back because he knew it had sentimental value to Clark. If Bruce wanted to do something nice for Save Martha, he should've bought her a vacation to a spa.

Fun Fact III: This chapter was on the shorter side, and actually when I started this series, I had the idea of writing single page oneshots, and then one of them went over, and then things happened. But it is nice to have little snapshots every once in a while!

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! We've almost survived to the end of week 8, I can't believe it.
Adore You: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta prepares for her journey to bring Martha Kent to the Underworld.

Chapter Notes

"Adore You" by Harry Styles Yes, THAT Harry Styles, it’s a good song okay

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After she creates the stars, she stands upon the roof of the temple, watching as they dance across the sky.

She had led her people to victory, in the Underworld, and on Earth. The demon army has been subdued, Darkseid has been sent to Tartarus, and when she pulled her from the rubble, she asked for a kiss.

A bold creature, this one.

“An odd expression. It suits you, sister.”

Even Antiope’s snide voice cannot completely wipe the smile from her face, but it is with a reluctant sigh that Hippolyta drops her gaze from the stars to look over at her amused face.

“Am I not allowed to smile, General?”

Antiope crosses her arms, a knowing smile on her own lips, and doesn’t reply.

“Who is she?”

“Who is whom?”

“The woman who keeps breathing your name up above...”

______________________________________________________________

And her eyes dance like starlight.

Hippolyta molds the hills with her palms, smoothing over the jagged peaks, covering them with cool grass, willowy trees. She draws rivers and waterfalls in their crevices, each one more beautiful than the next. She waves a careless hand, and the mighty trees raise their heads one by one, until the land is awash in green, each branch stretching toward the next. She dips her fingers in the river Styx and draws lakes, seas, swamps over the terrain.
Every splash of lichen, every budding twig, every tender shoot, every silky petal, every mossy pebble, every grain of sand, every snowy peak, every colorful field, every shimmering waterfall, every glassy pool, every moment of quiet beauty, every little detail, every spinning atom—

All of this she does, dreaming of her.

The Amazons wonder why she does not go.

She has remade the Underworld, made it a place of peace, beauty, wonder. The righteous sing her praises, and sinners are punished according to their crimes. And yet, she waits.

“A greater fool has never walked amongst our people,” Antiope grumbles as they spar together, but Hippolyta will not be deterred.

“The Earth must recover. I will not accost her while the balance of her world is still unsteady.”

“If you are nervous at the thought of speaking to her, waiting is not likely to help,” Antiope says, ignoring her explanation completely. Hippolyta disarms her and walks away.

Aethon and Nyctaeus are still high-strung and stubborn, but they are strong, graceful, gentle, and ready. Hippolyta curries their coats until they shine, and for once, they stand still instead of kicking dirt at each other.

*You must be on your best behavior,* she whispers into their soft little ears, as if to calm her own unbeating heart. *You must not frighten her away.*

The chariot is elegant, roomy enough to lie in. It is painted black to match the horses, and the seats are cushioned in red velvet stuffed with fragrant reeds, soft and comfortable. The wheels are not necessary, but one day, she may decide to drive the horses along the roads of Elysium, like the wagons her people use to drive not so many generations ago.

She considers weaving ribbons into the horses’ hair, filling the chariot with flowers, presenting her with a bouquet of her own. She considers ordering a feast from the cooks, all of her favorites foods, and a few others that Hippolyta believes she might like. She considers bringing wine—a specific type of wine for specific types of meetings between mortals and immortals…

But Antiope comes upon her shining the wheels on the chariot for the thousandth time, and she laughs aloud at the worry line over her sister’s forehead.

“Just go.”

And Hippolyta does not obey her sister in many circumstances—war being one of the very few—but she obeys her now, climbing into the black chariot and picking up the reins as if she were a common chauffeur. For a moment, she considers asking her sister to accompany her, then she realizes how truly insane this human woman has driven her, and she departs for the living world at
Martha Kent is eating an apple, as if she already knows that she is about to sink her teeth into the most luscious of sins.

She is sitting on her porch looking adorable and unhappy, and Hippolyta stops the chariot before they are close enough for her human eyes to see, watching as she wipes the dribble of apple juice from her chin. She is keeping her gaze on the horizon, a soft expression of longing in her eyes, and Hippolyta wonders if she is waiting for her son—or perhaps...

The chariot has descended without her command. The horses are curious of their new charge—or it may be that they are just curious about the sweet fruit she is cupping in her hands. But a chilly breeze has whispered over the corn fields, as if sensing the approach of Death, and she’s shaking her head now, muttering to herself, and in another moment, she will have gathered up her harvest and gone inside, and the door will close, and Hippolyta will have to stand there upon that porch and knock, and pray to the Goddesses that she will open it for her.

She feels herself rising from the seat, and her feet meet the soft earth, the living earth, and her human, her beloved, the woman who has permeated every crevice of her mind has stopped, one hand outstretched toward the bowl of apples, and her eyes are wide as they flicker over the horses and their silly faces and stomping feet, and then—

She has seen her.

She doesn’t speak, but there is a look of bewildered joy creeping into her eyes, and Hippolyta can feel herself smiling back, a sharp pang of hope slipping beneath her breastbone as easily as an arrow...

“Greetings, impatient one.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I wrote this from 2-3AM so I’m going to be just as surprised to see what this is about when I proofread it in the morning! :P

Fun Fact II: I love these two dumb lovers and I love their dumb horses equally as much. Also Antiope being an annoying little sister is my favorite.

Fun Fact III: In case you need references, Chapter 1 of The Sun and the Moon at the beginning of the chapter, and Chapter 17 of Justice For All at the end of the chapter.

Fun Fact IV: We almost survived the week! I thought it would never end!

Fun Fact V: I am very tired. Thanks for reading :P :D
Wonderwall: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah have a lazy Saturday at a beach house.

Chapter Notes

"Wonderwall (Oasis cover)" by Danni Carlos

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They wake up late.

They were supposed to get brunch at a place up the coast that boasted about its “Italian BBQ”, which Dinah thinks sounds like the recipe for a goddamn disaster. Helena had pointed out that Italians barbecue all the time, although they are more apt to call it grigliata, and cover their grills with fish, vegetables, and things that have been skewered with sticks.

But Dinah pulls up the website on her phone, and she smothers a laugh as Helena’s eyes go wide at the offerings of brisket, steak burritos, pulled pork, fish tacos…

I mean… I like this stuff, too. It’s not Italian, but I don’t mind trying it…

And then they’d woken up late, and it was cloudy and drizzling outside, and Dinah had looked at her phone, and then at Helena’s sleeping head on the pillow beside her, and then she’d laid back down and snuggled up against her and she hadn’t meant to, but she’d fallen back asleep, and when she woke up to cold fingers poking her in the side, it was already almost lunch time.

Helena’s eating some of the brownie bites they’d picked up from the grocery store on the way in, and Dinah’s so groggy from accidentally falling back asleep, she doesn’t even complain about brownie crumbs.

“It’s starting to clear up,” she says, passing Dinah the plastic container. She takes one and eats it whole. “We should check out the beach.”

The bedroom window is overlooking a little garden full of organic grasses and tall stalks of lavender, and just past the garden is the beach, and just past the beach is the ocean, the bluest ocean Dinah’s ever seen (Italy’s really more green than blue), and there are cliffs and rocks and tidepools, and it will be crisp and sandy and wonderful and outside.

Dinah groans as she sits up, tossing the rest of the brownies onto the nightstand. And for a moment, she sits naked on this bed, shoulders hunched, staring down at the fluffy white carpet, the fluffier bedspread with its blue seashell print, the little knick-knacks spread throughout the room: the inoffensive framed drawings of starfish, the decorative jar of sand dollars on the tall dresser, the too-clean writing desk in the corner with the guestbook...
Then she flops back over and curls up, pulling the covers back over her head.

“Oh, good idea. I like this,” Helena is saying cheerfully, and then she’s gotten back into bed, too, and Dinah lets out a laugh as her arms slide around her middle, pulling her against her chest, and Helena had opened the windows after the rain stopped, and there’s the faint sound of the ocean, a soft breeze rustling through the grass, a fat bumblebee buzzing around the lavender, a foghorn beeping somewhere far up the coast…

She’s asleep again.

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When she wakes up again, it’s late afternoon, and she’s ravenous.

“Oh, Damn jetlag,” she mumbles, crawling out of bed and tossing the crumbly covers back onto the lump that is Helena Bertinelli. It’s raining again, and she slides the windows down so then it’s only open a crack to let in the fresh, rainy air, then she pads out into the kitchen.

The beaches within driving distance of Gotham are mostly flat and full of families during the season. Cities have built boardwalks up and down the coast, lining them with shops offering cheap souvenirs, fried food, candy, rides, arcades. In Italy, they would have places on the coast, elegant places, beautiful places like piers, marinas, places that made the US look like a gimmicky fun house.

This place is nice, though. A house on the beach, in a neighborhood of houses on the beach.

Dinah glances at the clock, and it says it’s already 3. She puts on a pot of boiling water, digs around in the fridge for some of the food they’d brought in: cheese, butter. If Helena decides that she wants to go out for dinner, they can still go later, in three or four hours. But right now, Dinah needs food, even if it is mac and cheese and… tuna? Dinah snorts and keeps digging through the box of food. They’d rented the house for two weeks, and Helena had wanted to stay in and cook for several of those days, slowing down, getting away from the endless parade of takeout meals that they’d eat together in Gotham.

*It’s a vacation, Canary. We’re supposed to do different things, that’s the point.*

Dinah stares down at the can of peas in her hand and sighs. She’d be willing to put money on it that no one has ever cooked mac and cheese and peas in this house before, never, not in this kitchen with its granite countertops and stainless steel appliances.

But the food brings all the ladies to her table, and Helena doesn’t complain in the least when she emerges from the bedroom, rubbing her eyes, and Dinah sets a platter (white with a blue seashell pattern) of pasta in front of her. She’d even added a bit of pre-made alfredo sauce and cracked pepper to make it a little nicer.

Helena murmurs something that sounds like, *God, I love food,* and then they sit together at this strange table, with its strange dishes and strange runners, and they stare out the windows at the rain as it comes down in sheets over the garden, as the heavy clouds turn that beautiful ocean a dull grey.

“Do you mind if I cook a bit of the chicken, and we just make this dinner?”
Helena's poking at the pot of leftover pasta, and Dinah waves an approving hand, stifling a yawn with the other.

“I’ll make a salad or something,” she says, but Helena waves her back down as she starts to drag herself to her feet.

“Relax.”

Dinah thinks she’s going to say more, but she’s already pulling things out of the fridge, turning the stove back on, setting a heavy skillet onto the burner.

“Where’d you learn to cook, anyway?” Dinah asks, leaning back and putting her feet up on one of the strange chairs. It’s uncomfortable, but she doesn’t move.

“My grandmother.”

Dinah feels the temperature in the room drop a few degrees, but when she looks back, Helena’s just chopping up raw chicken into little cubes like she does this every day, like casually mentioning murdered grandmothers is normal. The skillet sizzles as she throws in the meat, then she’s washed her hands and come back over to the table with a beer.

“She used to say that there’s no excuse for not knowing how to cook.”

“Maybe it’s a good thing she never met me, then,” Dinah says, but she reaches out and wraps an arm around Helena’s waist. The tall assassin takes a long swig of beer, then hands the bottle to her.

“She would’ve liked you. You’re ruthless,” Helena says gravely, resting a heavy hand on Dinah’s shoulder.

“Ruthless enough to be dating a Bertinelli?” Dinah says, twisting around to look her girlfriend in the face, wondering if they’re actually flirting over murdered grandmas. Like, really.

“Better.” And Helena smiles, bending to kiss her with lips that taste like beer. “You’re ruthless enough to be dating a Panessa.”

Later that evening, the storm knocks the power out, and Helena lights a fire in the fireplace, then walks around the house with a solar/battery powered lantern that she’d brought for some goddamn reason. The house has a literal generator, but Helena wants to keep the lights off anyway so then their house doesn’t stand out amongst all the other dark houses.

*We’re not in Gotham, anymore, Huntress. No one’s going to break in just because we’re the only one on the block with electricity.*

But Helena’s having a ball, wandering up and down the strange hallways and stairs with her lantern like the ghost of Christmas past, and Dinah just laughs and stretches out on the strange couch, and once the weird ghost is done haunting the house, she comes over and starts haunting her...

And the fire is crackling, and the wind is howling, and the rain is pounding, and the living room still smells like chicken alfredo, and they haven't left the house all day, and Dinah wouldn't have it any other way.
Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Hey remember those times when we used to stay inside all day by choice? That was fun.

Fun Fact II: The Italian BBQ placed is based on a real Italian BBQ place and that's their actual menu, although I think their menu that's currently online has been cut back a bit.

Fun Fact III: Today was a sleepy day. And also COLD why the hell is it so cold, it's MAY

Fun Fact IV: I actually use to like going to the boardwalk, or "the shore" as they call it over here, but there's something about a nice clean uncrowded un-touristy beach.

Fun Fact V: Guys we made it to the end of 8 weeks! I'm so proud of us for not going too crazy. (And now I've just read the wiki article for The Shining. Why did I do that? It's nighttime.) Anyway, please be safe and smart!
A little more on Wonder Woman and Huntress' early relationship.

"Seventeen" by Sharon Van Etten (ft. Norah Jones)

She doesn’t go out of her way to collaborate with assassins, but she also doesn’t make it a rule to turn down missions with them. This is one of the better ones, a boy from an assassin family, strictly business; he does clean kills with as much integrity as a job like that can afford.

There are worse assassins out there than Sal Asaro.

Madame Wonder Woman, he calls after her after a hot, bloody night; she’d been searching for information, and he’d been sent to put a bullet in a sadistic jailer.

She hadn’t stopped him.

Forgive me, Madame Wonder Woman, if I could ask a question, he says, bobbing his head uncertainly. It’s the fifth time they’ve run into each other in this mad world, and his serious, earnest face is even stranger up close.

You are a warrior. A good one.

I do not kill for pay, she replies, even though his expression and body language are not quite right for a recruitment. His request is more personal, but not the sort of personal that she’s used to…

It is not killing. I have—I believe you are trustworthy. I have seen you, I believe you are a good woman.

She does not reply, only stares at him, waiting for him to explain himself, and he fumbles in his pockets, as if what he wants to ask is hiding amongst his weapons and keys.

I have been training a young woman. She is… she is a worthy opponent.

He looks up, but not at her. There is a mosquito buzzing around his head, but he only slaps carelessly at it, leaving a small smear of blood against his bald temple.

No, that is a lie—she is better than me. He gives a slight smile before looking away once more. But she has been with us since she was young, and we… my family and I, there are things we cannot teach her...
She had agreed to send her friend Dr. Diana Prince to help the young woman, and Sal, not an idiot, had arranged everything. Diana would come to the house as the curator she was, and if Helena took to her, she would come more often to tutor her, teaching her the things that three silent Italian men could not.

Sal had said she was twenty-two, and Diana hadn’t expected her to be so much of a surly teenager. Helena stares at her like she’s never seen a woman before, and she’s a terrible conversationalist. But she comes to her later at night, and when Diana asks, she says yes, and she keeps saying yes, and she’s a mess, a graceless, ungainly mess, but Diana takes her hand and whispers to her, and when it’s over, she kisses her, soft and tender, and Helena kisses her back, strong and passionate, and it’s not just for her benefit that Diana warns,

*Don’t fall in love.*

Diana makes her a woman, but she still has so much growing up to do. There’s the clothes and the hair and the makeup—*Do not allow anyone to tell you how you should or should not present yourself... but a wise woman understands the advantages of a uniform*—but there are other things, too. More human things, society things, people things.

They go shopping together, and Diana teaches her how to use checks, credit cards, digital wallets. They eat in cafes and restaurants, and Diana teaches her how to order, how to treat the servers, how to tip. Helena gets huffy when Diana flirts with the waiters, and Diana teaches her how to mask her emotions.

One night, Diana dresses her up and they take a cab to a little place that’s dark and full of loud music and candles and alcohol and women and cologne, and Diana leans across the table and kisses her, right there in the middle of the pub, and Helena is three shots in and too buzzed to care that other people will see them, and then she realizes that the other people seeing them don’t care, except to flash little admiring smiles in their direction—

And then there’s a little three-woman band up front, and the one holding a guitar is starting a ballad, and Diana sighs,

*I love this song.*

And she’s swaying slightly in her seat, and the light from the candle on their table is flickering in her eyes, and when Helena looks up at her, she’s looking back, and her gaze is so soft, so full of longing and that untouchable sadness, and it’s Helena who reaches out and takes her hand and leads her over to where the other couples are dancing, holding each other, swaying back and forth, and she doesn’t dance, the assassins never taught her how to dance, but Diana’s arms are around her waist, and Helena’s arms are around her neck, and the singer is crooning into her microphone, and the drummer is playing a slow, lazy beat, and it feels like the soft, painful footsteps that lovers leave all over each others’ hearts, and the couples beside them are laughing and kissing deeply as they dance, and Diana just holds her close and her eyes are closed, and she doesn’t open them as Helena kisses her, and later, when they’re in bed together, Helena reaches out to cup her cheek, and she asks,
Are you lonely, Diana?

And Diana reaches up to touch her fingertips, and then she turns her head to brush her lips against her palm.

Not when I’m with you.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: In which I forget how to use quotation marks and opt for italics entirely! (I'm not sorry)

Fun Fact II: This chapter was supposed to be longer and have the section where Helena admits she's in love with Diana that was mentioned in Chapter 51, but I'm too tired to write it right now :P I might write it later! I just think it needs... it needs to be written delicately, and today's not the day.

Fun Fact III: I watched The Half of It today and I'm still crying. I wish they'd gone harder on the wlw romance, but it did so many things beautifully, and this song was a great discovery from that (I actually prefer the live version from the Colbert show, it's a little more mellow).

Fun Fact IV: I'm am embarrassingly behind on review replies, but tomorrow is a work day so I'll hopefully be in work mode. At any rate, I'm planning to reply to you all asap! :)

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Goodbye My Son: Hippolyta & Diana

Chapter Summary

Diana asks her mother why she is alone.

Chapter Notes

"Goodbye My Son (Man of Steel OST)" Hans Zimmer aka God

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once, when she was a small child, she asked her mother why she is alone.

I am not alone, the Queen had replied, kissing her daughter’s forehead. I am with you.

But Diana had persisted, laying out evidence, pointing to Antiope and Menalippe, Io and Epione, Venelia and Artemis, and not only amongst their people, she has seen in nature, two of the hens raising chicks together, ignoring the rooster’s crow, and even today, she declared, raising her hand as she had seen the senators do during their speeches, she had seen two goats in the fields, and they had been prancing together, acting strangely—

Leave the goats alone, Diana. A princess must recognize when others desire privacy, and give it immediately, unless there is danger near at hand.

But Diana would not be distracted by her mother’s scoldings.

But you are alone, Mother. Don’t you get lonely?

And Queen Hippolyta had looked away, even as she reached out and took Diana’s tiny hand in her own, strong and calloused and safe.

It is the will of the Gods, daughter. They have given us many blessings: our home, our freedom, peace and quiet. I cannot ask for more.

When she is older, she learns of her mother’s past, and the past of her people. She learns the truth of how the Amazons came to be. She learns the truth of her mother’s solitude.

The warriors are quick to blame Heracles, always, not even honoring him with a name, only The Defiler. But every year, Hippolyta saddles their horses and they ride together to a secluded corner of the beach, where the sand is soft and muddy, the waves are violent, and the tide is quick. They dismount, and Hippolyta orders her to build a fire, and when Diana has finished this task, Hippolyta returns with meat, but it is not meat for their meal, but meat for a burnt offering, and she
prepares it as such, selecting the best cuts, the layers of fat, and over all this she pours a flask of rich wine, and they sit in silence together until the meat has burned to a char, and only ashes are left.

Later, after Diana has been told the story of Hera, the goddess who brought her to life, who led the Amazons to the safety of this island, who blessed them with resources and wealth, she wonders why Hippolyta never says the traditional prayers over her sacrifice. She only prepares offerings of the finest that their island has to give, and then sits and watches the flames until they have died down completely.

When she asks Antiope about it during their training, the General only grimaces and says nothing.

She’s in Gotham when Batman calls. If she listens hard enough, she can hear his voice coming from across town, as well as coming through her tiny phone speaker.

“Jesus Christ, this is what we get for dating one of the bigass Justice League founders—”

Diana throws the covers back over Black Canary’s grumbling figure (Helena hadn’t even woken up), and slips out into the hotel living room. They don’t rendezvous in the warehouse, that had been the first rule they established when they’d started this whole thing.

“—are you listening to me? He’s gone insane. People are dead—”

“Bruce. Slow down, and say it again,” Diana says, her voice calmer than she feels. “Who’s gone insane?”

And Batman hisses, but his voice cracks just a little, betraying more emotion than Diana would’ve given him credit for.

“Clark.”

Supergirl steals some Kryptonite from her girlfriend’s lab, and they bring him down, but not before a trail of carnage lays in his wake. Kara scans the wreck, but Diana knows as well as she does that there are no survivors, not even Lois Lane, lying facedown in the dirt driveway of his childhood home. She must’ve been the first, a lone brave soul confronting him as his mind began to turn to the dark side.

Bruce looks visibly pained, as if this is somehow his fault. Just two weeks ago, they’d all been here, helping Mrs. Kent move back in, carrying boxes, delivering new farm machinery—

“Okay, so this may be a stupid question, but…” The Flash waves a hand toward the shadowed house, a blur too quick to see. “Where’s his mother?”
They return to the Batcave. John Constantine has been called upon to hold Superman’s body in the House of Mystery—a task he had cackled a little too loudly about. The rest of the League sits around, staring at the monitors. The morning news hasn’t started yet, but reporters have already been called, and they’ll search for footage, eyewitnesses, and they’ll find out soon enough.

Cyborg has a thousand eyes, access to a thousand surveillance cameras, and it takes him a disturbingly short time to find the moment he’s looking for. The moment Clark landed in front of his mother’s house, picked up the empty bowl from the dirt in front of the porch, and then started shooting red flames from his eyes.

“When’s the last time his mother was home?” Bruce asks. He’s slouching in his chair, but his hands are balled into fists, and his jaw is tight. He hasn’t taken off his mask, even though they’re in the safest place he knows.

Cyborg doesn’t answer for a moment. But it’s a different silence, a silence of apprehension. Bruce opens his mouth to demand answers, but Victor only turns, and for some reason, he’s looking at Diana, and his human eye is filled with foreboding.

Bruce is devastated, and for once, he shows emotion, letting out a shout of,

**HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?!**

His sons would imitate it for years afterward.

To no one's surprise, it is Alfred who ends up explaining how this could have happened.

_I saw them together the morning after Russia. Mrs. Kent asked for a cup of tea, and later, I saw them together on the docks overlooking the lake. And after Darkseid’s attack, when we crash-landed in the desert, it was Queen Hippolyta who pulled her from the rubble._

*What? I didn’t see her anywhere near her.*

_She—ah—removed herself rather quickly, I believe. I was rather distraught at the time, Master Wayne._

“So, are we actually thinking there might be something… romanti—”

“Quiet.”

Diana doesn’t speak, but privately, she agrees with Bruce. The less anyone says about this, _thinks_ about this, the better...

She goes to Napi instead of Constantine. She doesn’t dislike the exorcist, per se, but he’s already busy keeping watch over Superman, and this… this feels personal. More personal than she’s used
to things being.

He brings her to the Embassy of the Underworld, and she is greeted by dozens of delighted Amazons… but the mood over New Themyscira is somber, with only a glimmer of sunlight flickering through the clouds. Myrrha leads her through the pillared hallways to the Queen’s receiving rooms, and Diana can hear her laughter from behind the closed door…

“Please—wait here, Princess,” Myrrha says unexpectedly, and Diana is left to stare as the woman slips into the room and closes the door behind her.

“—not turned on by—by monsters—”

“Your Majesty, a visitor for you.”

Diana pushes open the door, and she is enveloped by light, and the smell of afternoon tea, and the sound of lips against lips, and her own mother’s voice, low and seductive, and all at once, she realizes her mistake, realizes what she has just interrupted...

Leave the goats alone, Diana.

“Mmmph, let them wait, Myrrha… the Queen and I are… preoccupied.”

And then she sees them, and they’re sitting on a couch that faces the windows, facing away from her, and Clark’s mother is there, and she is grinning, looking happier, younger than Diana’s ever seen her, and she’s whispering something about the Karathen, that ancient sea monster of Atlantis, and Queen Hippolyta has leaned in to kiss her forehead, and she has seen her, she has spotted Diana’s horrified figure, but she waits, closing her eyes just for a moment, as if she is afraid of her daughter’s judgement, as if she will punish her for her love, as the gods once had all those years ago.

"Princess."

She’s risen to her feet, and Martha Kent is hanging back, cheeks flushed with pleasure or embarrassment or both, one hand covering her mouth, eyes wide with uncertainty. She's dressed in royal Themyscirian robes, clothes fit for a Queen... and on her finger is a ring, its handiwork unmistakably Hestia's, a diamond sun and a crescent moonstone, and the band is covered in fingerprints, so lovingly touched and admired as it is by its owner...

Oh, Mother...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I guess the theme for this week is writing from Diana's POV!

Fun Fact II: This is fun because we never really got to see the League's initial reaction before, just when they were all geared up and ready for war.

Fun Fact III: This is the first time in a while that I actually struggled with the ending. I'm usually better at that, but I kind of just cut it off here because it's late and tomorrow is a long workday!
Fun Fact IV: I started watching the Harley Quinn show, and I like it (and Ivy :D) a lot but holy CRAP it is bloody as hell, so thanks to the ppl who warned me about that. Also, can someone let me know when Harley and Ivy actually become a thing, because this is the second movie/show I've watched this week that was supposed to be WLW, but like. Men happened. And I promise I don't hate men! But I wanna see wlw being happy and in happy relationships is that too much to ask :( :( :( 

Fun Fact V: Anyway, thanks for reading! :P :D
Dangerous: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta tells Martha about that one time in Atlantis.

No, not that time, the other time.

Chapter Notes

"Dangerous (ft. Joywave)" by Big Data

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes Hippolyta gives her everything.

Sometimes, she lays her down on cotton sheets and strips her bare, nuzzling her skin, planting kisses of pleasure everywhere at once, and she does all she asks, giving it to her just how she likes it, holding back nothing.

This is not one of those times.

Hippolyta wants to know about her past lovers.

Martha doesn’t know why this conversation has to be happening now, or why she needs to be tied spreadeagle for it. But the Queen is lounging beside her on their bed, fully dressed in a long nightgown that covers more of her enticing skin than her usual armor does, and anyway, Martha might’ve brought it down onto herself, because she may have said something along the lines of, Why do women have to be so goddamn infuriating in bed—

And of course Hippolyta decides to follow this up with an inquiry about her male lovers, because, Perhaps there is a thing or two I can learn from them.

Martha lets out a loud laugh in spite of herself at this, because they both know that there’s absolutely nothing any mortal from Man's World could ever teach this all-powerful Goddess about pleasure—why, that would be like a child with Tinkertoys trying to teach Almighty God about creation.

But the Queen insists, and Martha tells her, begrudgingly, of her poor Kansas men and their ten minute rendezvous—

Ten minutes?!
Oh, hush, Queen Hippolyta. Human men tire easily, working all day in the fields.

—and when Hippolyta asks if she was satisfied during encounters such as these, Martha aims a useless kick in her direction and turns to press her her burning face into the pillow, refusing to answer.

Because the truth is, her husbands had done their best, but the sex education at their schools were horrible, and they were both good men, which also meant that they were also inexperienced men, and that did nothing for their skills in the bedroom...

Hippolyta seems to file this away, then she drops the topic, and Martha’s relief is quickly replaced by a new frustration, because Hippolyta proceeds to tease her until she’s about ready to burst, as if to prove to her that she’s not a good woman—in fact, she’s the most evil woman of all, if her skills here in this most torturous of beds are any indication...

When it’s over, Martha throws back her head, panting, and then when her heart has slowed enough for her to catch her breath, she crawls over to her talented lover and she says, Now you tell me a story from your past. But Hippolyta only rolls over to look her in the eye, an eyebrow raised. It’s dark outside now, and Martha doesn’t know when that happened.

“No, little one,” Hippolyta is saying, her voice solemn, but her lips are playful as they suck lightly at Martha's collarbone. “Stories such as those make jealous little humans jealous.”

Martha pouts, but she reaches out and grasps at her lover’s wild hair, pulling her close so she can bury her face in that tangled mane.

“Tell me of a disappointing time, then. Since you made me tell you all those other things earlier.”

Hippolyta gives a little chuckle, and Martha shivers as soft lips press against her ribcage, then the Queen wraps a strong arm around her waist, and says,

“Very well. I will tell you of the time the Amazons visited King Atlan.”

“...you slept with Arthur’s mother and father?” Martha says, trying to not sound too scandalized.

“No, little one,” Hippolyta sighs. “Arthur’s father is a human from a place in your country called Maine. Atlan was the first king of Atlantis. You must study your history—”

“Oh, okay, okay,” Martha interrupts, waving an impatient hand. “Keep going.”

Hippolyta gives her behind a little slap for being rude, then she goes on.

“After the welcoming feast, King sent a guard to invite me to his rooms. I had already decided to free the Karathen, and so I accepted his invitation—”

“What about his wife?”

“She was the reason I agreed to go. Would you like to tell this story, Martha Kent?”

“I’m listening,” Martha says, rubbing her cheek against the top of Hippolyta’s head, her arms wrapped tightly around her neck, practically strangling her. Apparently the goddess doesn’t mind, because of course she doesn’t.

“The guard led me to the royal chambers, and as it were, the King and Queen had their own separate apartments. Queen Sala had already retired to her rooms, and when I was escorted into the
King's rooms, Atlan was already waiting, lying naked upon his bed—"

"Gaaaah."

Hippolyta stops, and she shifts so that she can peer into Martha’s unhappy face.

"Do you truly want to hear this story, darling? I can tell another."

"No, I want to hear about—about how you freed the Karathen,” Martha says, squirming a little. "That is what this story is, right? These mermaid visits weren’t a recurring thing?"

"The mermaids are another story, little one,” Hippolyta says, kissing her. “Promise you will tell me if you are uncomfortable.”

Martha gives a short nod, then Hippolyta continues.

"I asked the King if we could share a draught of spiced wine together before… and perhaps he was unaccustomed to earth substances, because he did not seem suspicious of the drugs I slipped into his drink."

"Well, did you undress before or after this wine sharing happened?” Martha snorts. “Your body does have a way of muddling the sens…”

Hippolyta is giving her a look, and Martha sinks down so that the blankets are all but covering her head.

"Sorry. Keep talking,” she whispers, and Hippolyta sighs.

"When he was sleeping soundly, I slipped away to free the Karathen. And then I returned, I stole away his trident and went to seduce Queen Sala.”

"Because of course you did,” Martha mutters to herself, forgetting for a moment that her lover has super-hearing.

"Would you prefer to read this story in a book, Martha Kent?”

"No,” Martha replies, her voice still muffled by blankets and furs. “I’m just doing the commentary.”

Hippolyta gives her blanketed behind another spank, then she finishes,

"Atlan discovered us, and he was so delighted, he ordered his attendants to not disturb him—the three of us—and so he did not realized until several days later that the Karathen had escaped.”

"Oh, my God.” Martha pokes her head out from beneath the covers just in time to see the expression on Hippolyta's face; the woman looks immensely pleased with herself. "So you had a fishy threesome just so then your other fishy friend could have a nice, long swim?"

"The Karathen did not become my friend until many centuries later, little one. She was a magnificent creature, though.”

Hippolyta's voice has taken on a strange, dreamy quality than Martha doesn't care for, and too late, she sees that the goddess is teasing her.

"I told you stories such as these would make you jealous."
"I said to tell me a disappointing story."

"Atlan spent most of our encounter together sleeping."

"Oh."

"This was after the Apokoliptian invasion. He was quite old."

"...I think that's enough story for now."

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Martha Kent is a horrible listener, and I love her.

Fun Fact II: Hippolyta definitely fucked King Atlan just so then the hot sea monster she freed earlier could enjoy her freedom for longer. What an absolute legend.

Fun Fact III: I already wrote a very nice chapter about the Karathen and a nicer oneshot about Queen Atlanna, so here's a so-so chapter about the king who destroyed his entire kingdom because power. :P

Fun Fact IV: I think for the most part, Martha would prefer not to know about Hippolyta's past, but sometimes she gets curious about what that wild life must've been like. Hippolyta just wants to know how to make her happy (apparently asking about ex-husbands isn't the way to go).

Fun Fact V: It's been a while since I've written a purely silly chapter, so this was fun :D

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!
She chooses a motorcycle because it gives her freedom.

There’s something about living the first twelve years of her life as a mafia princess, protected, guarded—and then spending the next ten years of her life hidden away in the Sicilian countryside, never leaving the grounds, the borders of the Asaro property… she never protested, exactly, because she understood why staying safe was necessary.

But sometimes it was so incredibly boring.

By the time Diana came around, the assassins seemed to agree (silently, as usual) that she could be allowed out. She was older now, no longer a gangly twelve-year-old. Now she was a gangly twenty-two-year-old. And Wonder Woman had wrapped her arms around her and asked,

What do you like to ride?

She’d misunderstood the question, but once they cleared up that little misunderstanding, Diana took her for a ride of a different kind, this time in a series of rental cars. They test drive fast cars, small cars, big cars, eco-friendly cars, non-eco-friendly cars, but none of them feel right.

Helena thinks for a moment that maybe she’s destined to spend the rest of her life being chauffeured from place to place. After all, she’d never seen her mother driving a car, and her father—as far as she knew—only got behind the wheel when he wanted to get out in one of his expensive little race cars.

Hell, he didn’t even drive his own golf carts when he went for eighteen holes.

Helena’s about ready to settle on the next damn thing with four wheels that appears, but Diana kisses her cheek and says,

Don’t worry, darling, we’ll find the perfect one. I found you, didn’t I?
Helena had turned to give the Amazon princess a look that was halfway between a glare and what she thought was a seductive look, but was actually also a glare. Then a salesman with muscles and sunglasses had strolled over and Diana had wrapped a strong arm around Helena’s shoulders and said,

We’re looking for a ride for my friend.

And the fellow had taken one look at Helena’s glaring figure and said,

Looks more like a biker, d’ya think?

The first time Helena had asked Canary if she wanted to ride, the woman had just stared at her as if she couldn’t believe her ears.

Helena doesn’t know why this keeps happening.

“There’s extra room on the back of the bike,” she says, and she can’t understand why her voice always sounds so awkward and forced when she’s talking to this woman. “And I have a spare helmet under the passenger seat. I mean. If you want.”

Dinah just shrugs and says, Sure, as if it’s the easiest thing in the world, talking.

“Cool.”

“...cking dumbasses,” Renee is muttering to herself, but when they look up at her, she just waves a hand in their direction. “I’m heading home. You kids stay safe out there. Use protection and all that.”

“For fuck’s sake, Montoya,” Dinah snarls, but the ex-cop just laughs and pushes her way out of the taco joint, throwing a handful of bills at the kid behind the register as if she’s not practically unemployed.

Dinah’s arms feel nice around her waist. Helena’s been in the passenger seat enough times to know that she doesn’t need to be holding on that tightly, but she doesn’t know if it’s because Dinah’s afraid of her driving or…

She thinks about taking a detour, maybe taking her to one of her favorite lookouts or views of the city, the harbor, but she doesn’t. Instead, she drives straight to the warehouse, turning carefully, going the speed limit, and when they pull in, Helena gives her a hand, even though she’s 99% sure literal Black Canary doesn’t need a hand with anything.

“Hey, thanks for the ride,” she says, handing back the helmet. She looks nervous. Or maybe nauseous.

“No problem,” Helena says in what she hopes is a light, carefree voice. There’s something else she could probably say, something like, Hey, that was nice, or, Hey, you have really strong arms, but
she’s already turned away to grab the rag from the counter, and the moment’s passed, she missed her chance, and now she’s just crouching down to give her baby its post-ride wipe down, getting rid of all this gross Gotham dirt, and it’s safe, but disappointing, somehow, just her and her bike—

“Um.”

Helena jumps, glancing over her shoulder, and Dinah’s eyes fly up from where they’d been staring at her backside.

“Oh. Did you forget something?” Helena asks, looking back at the bike, but no, they hadn’t even opened any of the storage, and it’s not like Dinah carries a purse or anything.

“No, I just wanted—that was nice. Maybe we can do that again sometime.”

Dinah’s voice is cool, noncommittal, and Helena blinks.

“I mean, yeah. Sure,“ she says cautiously. “It’s better for the environment. You know, two people. On a bike.”

Dinah looks like she has no idea what she’s talking about, and Helena mentally slaps herself.

Okay, okay, what would Wonder Woman do, think, Bertinelli, you dumb assassin—

Helena rises unsteadily to her feet, the dusty rag still in one hand, and she takes a few steps forward, realizing for the first time how much she towers over Dinah’s skinny figure.

“Did you just ask to ride with me again sometime?” Her voice is low, and it sounds a lot more confident than she feels, but Dinah blushes, and that’s a good sign—that’s a good sign, right?

“She is a pretty sweet ride,” Dinah replies, raising her head to gaze boldly up at her, the corner of her lip curled. Helena opens her mouth, but the only thing crowding her head is a muddle of motorcycle facts, sweet little details about her sweet little ride, and none of those are things that Wonder Woman would ever say in a moment like this, no, she would reach out and slip an arm around Dinah’s shoulders—but Helena can’t just touch her, they don’t have that kind of relationship—and she would pull her close and say, And you’re a pretty sweet rider, darling.

“I’m... really terrible at this.”

Dinah stares at her, and Helena realizes that she’d actually blurted those words out loud.

“...what?”

And Helena doesn’t know how to explain herself, because she hadn’t meant to say that out loud, and because she doesn’t know what this is, and because Dinah's just staring at her, one eyebrow raised, and she looks amused, and she looks even prettier when she looks amused—but luckily Dinah seems to know that Helena’s brain is about two seconds away from melting beyond repair, and she just reaches out and claps her shoulder.

“Oh, you do just fine, honey.”

And then she’s turned on her heel and is walking away, hips swaying slightly, as if she knows that Helena is watching every step.
Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: A little bit of fluff to get you through your week!

Fun Fact II: It's late and I have no more fun facts. :P

Fun Fact III: Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Martha Kent tries to talk Batman into retirement.

Chapter Notes

"S.T.A.Y. (Interstellar OST)" by Hans Zimmer aka God

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When she first moves to Washington, she asks Bruce if she can visit.

There’d been an encounter at a party—Kara and Lena’s engagement party, to be precise—and now she can’t stop thinking about Gotham.

_Gotham is a shitshow... people are desperate._

But Gotham is Batman’s turf. It’s that crime-ridden eyesore of a city on the coast that even people from Kansas talk about with a shudder. The Dark Knight has been patrolling these streets for decades, and now, she wants answers.

Considering the fact that the last time they’d talked, Martha had cursed him out for offering to set up a committee to fund-raise for her Senate run, she’s a little surprised that Bruce takes her call at all.

But Alfred himself picks her up from the train station in a car that costs more than her yearly mortgage, and Donna kicks happily at the car seat that, for some reason, is in the back. Martha looks out the window and doesn’t say much. Alfred is giving the driving tour of Gotham and the House of Wayne, and Martha doesn’t have the heart to tell him that she already knows everything about Gotham’s history because she hunted up the old Wayne brothers in the Underworld last week, and she’s been working her way down the family line ever since.

Bruce looks surprised when they burst into the Batcave, Alfred leading the way and Donna clinging to Martha’s leg.

“Mrs. Kent, I—Alfred, I told you to bring her to the main house—”

“Please, Master Wayne, there’s nothing here she hasn’t seen already,” Alfred snorts, already heading toward the kitchen for some tea. “May I bring a snack for the young lady?”

Martha looks down; Donna is either trying to eat her pants or pull them down, and she gives a quiet
“Just some fruit and water, Alfred, if you don’t mind,” Martha says, combing her fingers through her daughter’s mop of hair. She needs a haircut, she looks like a little punk rocker or something.

“Well. Er, welcome, Mrs. Kent. And to your daughter.”

“Thank you for agreeing to meet with us—and please, call me Martha.”

She asks about Gotham.

He refuses to call her Martha.

She asks about his foundation, his philanthropic activities, the achievements he’s made toward reducing poverty, funding hospitals, scientific research, the public schools.

He tells her about his companies: airlines, food, industries, oil, steel, weapons.

She knew he was rich.

She didn’t know he was that rich.

“Why is the Joker still alive?”

The Batboys have come home—Martha assumes from school, but that can’t be right, since they’ll all still legally dead. They don’t bother them in Bruce’s office, but Martha can hear them tromping down the hallway outside, swearing at each other and cooing over Donna when they reach the kitchen. Bruce gives a hard smile that feels just the tiniest bit patronizing.

“You know, your wife asked that same question when she was here.”

“Did she?” Martha says, but she doesn’t smile back. “And what did you tell her?”

“I said it’s not my place to decide who lives and dies.”

“You were eager enough to kill Superman.”

And Bruce has the grace at least to blush.

“That was not… me at my best judgement.”

He’s angled his chair so that he’s sitting perpendicular to the desk, legs crossed, one hand on his knee, the other resting on the desktop, fingers playing with a pen. It’s a careless look, a billionaire playboy look, a look she’s sure he’s perfected over these last few decades (if she were anyone but Martha Kent, maybe there’d be a shot of whisky in his hand). And yet, there’s something very plastic about it, sometimes forced, as if it’s masking something deeper, something more
frightening…

“When did you lose hope for Gotham, Bruce?”

No one calls him Bruce, and she can tell. Even his own butler, his closest friend, presumably, calls him by that strange title, Master Wayne. People call out Mr. Wayne, Mr. Wayne to him during the day, and Batman at night and on the Watchtower, and maybe a pretty woman might venture into first-name territory, but she’s 99% sure he always corrects them.

*Don’t be so formal, please, call me Mr. Wayne.*

“I don’t know.” He looks at her, then looks away. His foot is twitching. “You start to see patterns, a cycle. And when you’ve been around enough times, you realize that nothing changes, not really.”

Martha watches his foot for another moment, then says with a sigh,

“Will you please sit up straight?”

He sits up straight, planting both feet on the floor, and rolls his chair up to the proper distance from the desk. Martha shakes her head and closes the cover on her tablet, stowing it back into her purse.

“Give me your hand.”

He looks uncomfortable, but he reaches out across the desk, and she leans forward and takes his big calloused hand in both of hers.

“Going to read my palm?” he asks lightly, but she just squeezes a little harder than necessary and looks him in the eye, this big, silly boy, this boy with too much power, too much responsibility, too much weight on his shoulders.

“I’m going to tell you something. And I want you to take it to heart,” she says instead of answering. Bruce’s expression clears a little, as if he thinks she’s going to give him some sage, motherly advice. *Eat your vegetables,* maybe, or, *Make sure you get enough sleep every night.*

“You should think about retiring.”

He stares at her, the little smirk gone from his face.

“...retiring?”

“I know a place in Kansas. A farm. Have you ever tried farming before? People think it’s therapeutic, but it’s not: it’s strategic. It’s like playing a giant game of chess with Mother Nature. Some people don’t care for it, but there isn’t anything like it, like standing at the edge of your fields, and looking at the something you made out of nothing.”

A long silence greets this rather nice speech, and they stare at each other for a moment. Martha doesn’t look away.

“So. Is this your way of saying you want me out of the way for whatever you're about to do in the city?” Bruce finally says, and Martha rolls her eyes, doing her very best to not mash her forehead against his fancy desk.

“This is my way of saying that I think you need to get out and heal,” she says, gripping his hand like they’re about to arm wrestle. “Take some time off, in the country somewhere, not in a silly resort. You’ve spent so much time honing your mind and body. What about your soul?”
“It’s too late for that, I’ve already decided I’m going to hell,” Bruce says, pulling away his hand. But he looks a little less cold for a second, a little less fake.

“Oh, honey, don’t be ridiculous,” Martha says with a sigh. “You’ll end up in the Fields of Asphodel—or the first circle of Tartarus at the very least.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: So no one asked for this chapter, or really wanted it as far as I know, but this is probably the first part of a two-parter. Martha was supposed to go talk with the Birds in the second half of the chapter, but Bruce talked too much.

Fun Fact II: I finally finished Huntress (1989) and I decided I liked it well enough. It took a while to get used to, but the story was decent, and it tackled a lot of issues, and ended with Helena tripping Batman, and also yelling at him for wanting to lock a kid up in prison, so that was fun. But it had some interesting points about how vigilantes help or don't help society, and the HQ show does too, so I guess that's why Martha's trying to get Bruce to give up his turf here because—

Fun Fact III: What the hell is Batman actually doing for Gotham these days???

Fun Fact IV: Like, the only things we've seen him do in the DCEU is: brand some people, shoot some people in cars, steal some stuff from Lex Luthor, steal some more stuff from Lex Luthor, almost kill Superman, save Martha (like Martha needs saving), almost get killed, and pay for Clark's funeral. Also he formed the Justice League and stuff, and barely did that. The dude NEEDS to retire and let the Birds take over.

Fun Fact V: Anyway, thanks for reading!
Raining Patterns: Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Martha visits with the Birds of Prey, then returns to the Underworld.

Chapter Notes

"Raining Patterns" by CFCF

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before they leave the lakehouse, Martha asks if she can see the water.

It’s a strange question, but it’s her first time here since… since before. It’s almost unfortunate, in a way, that this was the very building where her wife drew her last breath, the last thing she saw before her untimely death.

A woman like that should’ve died in combat, on the battlefield, on a mountaintop, not in a goddamn Batcave.

Bruce gives her a funny look, but rises to his feet, apparently prepared to give her a tour around the lake. But Alfred gives an impatient wave for him to sit back down, then says,

“Second door on the right.”

It looks different.

In her mind’s eye, everything about this lake had been so romantic: the stars, the water, the shadowed deck. Now, it just looks like a gloomy puddle with a fringe of trees around the edge, and the weathered wood of the railing—Do not serve me again—now just looks exactly that: weathered.

“Bahhhh.”

“Look, Donna,” she says to the impatient baby who’s trying to drag her along to something more interesting. “This is where your parents met. Right here. And your Ma looked up at your Mother for the first time and knew that she was in big trouble.”

Donna is not impressed, and she squirms and whines when she picks her up, but Martha buries her face in the little girl’s jacket, holding her close, and everything should be different, everything should’ve been different, she should’ve kissed Hippolyta’s warm lips that morning, wrapped her arms around her, felt her beating heart against hers.
“Mamaaaaaa!”

The baby is hungry and fussy, and the moment is lost. But maybe it wasn’t the lake after all, or the night, or the stars, or the sky—it was just the woman.

She’s still melancholy when they arrive at the warehouse in Diana’s plane.

But the Birds of Prey are good company; they’re smart, and brash, and honest, and unapologetically themselves, as if simply being alive takes energy enough.

Diana had picked up dinner again, this time from a hole-in-the-wall in Puerto Rico, and she brought every kind of mofongo they had: crab, roast pork, fried pork, skirt steak, shrimp, garlic chicken, veggie. She’d brought one of each appetizer, too, fried plantains, alcapurrias, fried pork skins, Chicharron De Pollo.

They have to put the extra leaves into the table just to hold everything.

*I had my doubts about you, Wonder Woman. But I have to say, you make excellent food choices.*

The women share everything family style (although Dinah and Helena are the only ones who eat off each others’ plates), and the Birds toast Diana again and again for her savvy food selection and delivery skills. But she just grins and waves off their praise, helping herself to more fried plantains and veggie mofongo.

*Don’t get too used to it.*

When dinner is over, they clear away the leftovers, and Diana puts Donna down for a nap in her carseat. Martha doesn’t know how she did it, but she’ll have to ask later… and then it’s down to business.

They talk until it’s nearly two in the morning. Martha drinks black coffee and scribbles furious notes because she knows that she can sleep for a week when she’s back in the Underworld. Donna is snoring from the corner. Diana drinks tea and watches their conversation with dark eyes.

And the Birds… they give her their wish list.

Martha doesn’t go to bed right away when she bustles back into the Underworld, her arms full of a baby and baby supplies and her workbag. Hippolyta appears and takes everything, gives Donna a bath, puts her to bed, and Martha goes to her Underworld office and organizes her notes.

Helena—Martha knows now that she’s Helena Bertinelli, *the* Helena Bertinelli from the Bertinelli
massacre—had talked first, saying that the most important thing Gotham can do is get drugs off the streets, take care of the kids who keep turning to the gangs, lock up the crime bosses who don’t care about anything but money. And so Martha had started a new page in her notebook, and wrote MAFIA in big capital letters—

But then Renee had shaken her head and said, Take them down, with who? All the cops and judges are on the mafia’s payroll. The whole criminal justice system stinks of corruption. You’ll never take down the crooks with those fools.

And so Martha had turned another page in her notebook and wrote CJ REFORM in big capital letters, and then Dinah had leaned back and said in that dark voice of hers, It’s not just the crime, though, it’s the situations that drive people to DO crime. People need basic necessities: living wages, clean water, affordable housing. Unless you take care of these things, you’ll just have a new crime lord pop up every time you wipe one out.

“Saving the world?”

Martha sighs, but she turns to watch as Hippolyta reaches out to touch her ripped-out notebook paper that has THE BASICS scrawled across the top.

“I’m sorry—I haven’t cleaned up, I haven’t even—I’m still wearing these old things…” Martha waves a hand down at her Senate clothes, feeling very selfish all of a sudden. Her wife waited for the better part of a thousand years to see her again, even longer, because she spent half the night talking with the Birds, and she’s not even ready, she’ll still in work mode—

“Little one,” Hippolyta whispers, leaning in to kiss her, and her lips are cold. They would’ve been warm, next to that lake. Was that just today she’d been standing on its edge? It already feels like twenty years ago. “Diana has told me of the work you are doing with her friends. I am so proud of you, darling.”

“Well, I haven’t done anything yet,” Martha grumbles, but she kisses her back, even as Hippolyta pulls away.

“Don’t rush for me. I can wait a little longer,” the Queen says, her voice a low, pleasant murmur that just barely hints at something decidedly more tempting. “Besides. You look very dashing in these clothes.”

Martha snorts, but Hippolyta is gone before she can think of a good comeback.

I saw our lake today in Man’s World, Martha says later, maybe a few hundred years later. She’s still thinking about that big city on the other side of the harbor, and there’s a part of her that wishes she could just uproot the whole thing and put it back together, piece by piece, just like Hippolyta had done with the Underworld…

Was it how you remembered?

And Martha rubs her cheek against bare skin, clings a little tighter to the cold body that is her wife.

No. You weren’t there.
And Hippolyta bends down to kiss her, and her lips are soft.

*Oh, little one... but I was.*

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**Chapter End Notes**

Fun Fact I: This really did feel like two chapters in one, and I probably should've split them, but oh well.

Fun Fact II: This chapter and the last one were just kind of just "personal interest" chapters for me. There was a point in time where I thought I would work in nonprofits for the rest of my life, but life kind of went in a different direction (although, who knows, life can still go in all sorts of directions!). I've definitely had more time to think about what's wrong with the world, though :P

Fun Fact III: I've been feeling a little blah lately (mental blah, not coronavirus blah) but I'm taking my car for it's bi-weekly drive tomorrow so hopefully that will help jumpstart my brain, and we'll be back to that good WLW lovin' (Harlivy, anyone??).

Also, it's a hard to believe we're just about finishing up week 9... everyone please stay safe out there. We've had some rough times, but we've made it this far. :)
Everything Now: Lesbian Stardew Valley IX

Chapter Summary

It's raining, and Dinah and Helena get ants inside the farmhouse. Then they go to the park. In the rain.

Chapter Notes

"Everything Now" by Arcade Fire

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Why are there ants in the bathroom?"

Dinah looks up from the cereal box she’d been reading. Alex Danvers carries the good old school stuff in the general store, and this box has an I Spy on the back: *How many trees can you find? What’s under the bus? Why are there ants—*

"Hm, I don’t know that one," Dinah says, reaching for her coffee. “...is it because they’re all hiding from their husbands?”

“No, I mean, why are there *ants* in the bathroom?” Helena repeats, wringing her hair out with a towel. “There were a couple by the window, and I looked and there’s a whole bunch behind the toilet.”

“Oh, for fuck’s...” Dinah climbs to her feet and stalks across the room to the muggy rainforest that is the bathroom. Helena likes her showers hot, and no matter what she does—open the window, turn on the fan, open the door—it’s always steamy as a sauna when she’s done.

Dinah looks, and the assassin is right, there’s ants, a whole pack of little buggers, probably looking for an escape from the rain outside.

“I’ll make a thing—shit!” Dinah just barely keeps from smacking Helena in the jaw as she stands up. “What the hell are you doing?”

“I’m trying to see,” Helena replies, unconcerned. “What are *you* doing?”

“I’m trying to see,” Dinah snaps, but she gives a little smile as she shoos her wife out of the bathroom. “We ought to put an exhaust fan in there so then we don’t start getting mold.”

“I can try another fan,” Helena says, tossing aside her wet towel and opening the cupboard for a cereal bowl. “But I don’t think… what are you doing?”

“Making ant poison,” Dinah says, shooting a glance at the chocolate milk that Helena is pouring over her multigrain cinnamon crunch. “Keep your food over there.”

Helena just stirs her food in peace, watching as Dinah mixes up a solution of sugar and powdered
boric acid.

“Do you think, if there was an ant-superhero, like Atom but an ant, they could be poisoned by insecticide? Or if Batman had become Ratman instead, would he be susceptible to rat poison?”

“Bruce Wayne is exactly zero percent bat, so rodent killer wouldn’t affect him any differently than any other human,” Dinah says, digging around in their recycling bin and grabbing a handful of old caps. “Wanna watch me set up the death stations?”

“Of course,” Helena says a little too cheerfully. Dinah leads the way back to the bathroom, where the steam has cleared up some, and she sets the caps out along the wall, and fills them with the sweet, deadly solution.

“There, now get the fuck in there, you little—drink up now, Mama made you a nice breakfast…” Dinah flicks a couple ants over to the traps, trying to speed up the killing process. She watches a moment longer as they crawl around, then she nods in satisfaction.

“My mother used to make this stuff when we got ants in our apartment in Gotham,” Dinah says, scooting over so Helena can see the traps. “It always took a couple of days, but they do work.”

“Hmm.” Helena is engrossed in watching the show. Two of them have found their way to the traps, and have started to drink deeply, their little feelers dancing. “Look at that. One last good meal before execution.”

“Yeah, it’s great,” Dinah says, stepping over her death-fascinated wife, trying to put the thought of dying ants out of her mind as she washes her hands and turns back to her breakfast. Ten minutes later, her food is gone, her dishes are washed, Helena’s still crouched in the bathroom, and Dinah’s starting to get a little worried.

“Babe… are you coming back out, your cereal’s getting soggy.”

“Look! This one’s butt is turning white because he’s drinking so much poison—”

“Oh, my God, STOP WATCHING THE ANTS DYING.”

Helena wants to try out the bike, and Dinah wants to get her out of the ant death house, so they suit up in their waterproof gear and they head off down the road, Helena pedaling slowly, and Dinah walking alongside her. The rain is coming down, and Dinah has to keep wiping the water and fog from her riding glasses. But the sky is white, not dark and grey with heavy thunderclouds, and Helena seems to be enjoying herself, one foot in front of the other, carefully maneuvering around the puddles.

“The rain bubbles,” she says as they take the turn away from the town square, heading for the park.

“The who?” Dinah asks, jogging a little to catch up now that the bike is rolling along on cobblestone instead of dirt. Helena hops off, pushing the bike along with one hand and pointing to a puddle with the other, and she’s right: the murky surface of the water is scattered with bubbles from where the heavy raindrops have fallen from the trees.
The park is completely empty; the purple ducky spring rider looks lonely and slightly sinister in the rain, like it was gored with a metal spring in its belly one night and now it just sits in the middle of the woodchips, biding its time…

Helena rests the bike against one of the benches with surprising gentleness, then she takes Dinah’s hand and leads her to the swings.

“Come on, they won’t break if we sit on them,” Helena says when Dinah drags her feet a little.

“It’s not the swings I’m worried about,” Dinah says, but she sits, and Helena sits next to her, and they swing a little, listening to the rain, watching as the short blades of grass dance when the water hits them, watching as the wispy clouds roll across the sky.

“When I was in high school… I used to go to a park at night, and sit on the swings, and smoke. I’d go through like, half a pack, just waiting.”

Helena’s looking at her, but Dinah doesn’t look back. The rain has eased up a little, it’s just the droplets falling from the trees now.

“…what were you waiting for?”

You, would be the right answer, but Dinah knows it’s not the truthful answer.

“Just… life, I guess.”

A couple birds have started singing now that the rain’s stopped, maybe to check up on each other, to see whose nests got the worst of it.

“I don’t know. There was just a lot of waiting to get older, you know? I thought it’d be easier.”

“Yeah.”

It’s quiet once more, but Dinah hears a low rumble of thunder on the horizon, and her hips are starting to hurt from the swing. Helena looks at her, then she climbs to her feet, standing up in the swing, rocking back and forth like someone who’s never seen a swing before.

“You’re going to strangle yourself on that thing,” Dinah says, allowing herself a weak smile as Helena starts swinging a little harder.

“Have you ever gone all the way around?” Helena asks, getting a good rhythm going, making Dinah more nervous by the second.

“What, on a swing? Fuck no, are you crazy?” Dinah exclaims, standing up now, ready to grab the damn thing in case it starts to look dangerous.

“Sal and I did an assignment once where we had to strangle someone on a swing se—”

“That is a great story, now will you please come down?” Dinah interrupts, shielding her eyes as the stupid swing goes higher and higher. Helena’s sitting properly now, building up more and more speed. “That was twenty years ago. You’re not nineteen anymore, Bertinelli.”

But Helena jumps. And she sails through the air like she’s the Huntress all over again, and Dinah stares, mouth open, heart racing—and she lands on her feet, narrowly missing a colorful salmonberry bush.

“Oh my God.”
"What?" And Helena has the nerve to look confused. "I'm fine."

"What about me? And my heart?!" But Dinah's only pretending to be angry, and Helena gives her a wet hug, and Dinah gets soggy raincoat slapped against her face, and she just sighs and brushes off the water with gloved hands that do more harm than good.

"Do you want to go down to the beach?" she asks, glancing over at the clock on the community center. "And then we can grab some lunch at Korra's, or the Saloon. Maybe dry off a bit."

"Oh, great, the beach. I could get more wet."

She's being sarcastic, but she says it so sweetly, Dinah laughs as she grabs the bike, climbing into the front seat.

"All aboard, swinger-assassin."

"That sounds... wrong."

"Yeah, that sounds—climb on, ant-killer!"

"Now it just sounds like I kill aunts."

Dinah rolls her eyes and starts pedaling, and Helena's arms slip around her waist, and the grass is so bumpy, especially with two people, for a second, she's afraid they're going to topple right over.

"You DO kill ants," Dinah gasps, because she forgot the stairs, and they're clattering down, and her teeth are chattering loudly in her head, and she's grabbing at the brakes, but finally they're on level ground, cobblestone—

"Excuse me, I watch as you kill ants."

And too late, Dinah sees that's they're speeding past Mayor Hippolyta; she's standing under the general store awning, looking at the bulletin board, and she sends an alarmed look in their direction when they hurl past, but Dinah can hear her laughing behind them, so hopefully she didn't hear them talking about their murderous tendencies...

"Watch OUT, don't hit the TRASH CAN!"

And Dinah just barely misses hitting the saloon trash can, and she hits a big puddle instead, and God, mud is flying everywhere, and whose idea was this, whose? but Helena's laughing, and they're passing Martha and Hippolyta's house, and the little girls are shouting and waving at them from inside, and the ocean is just there, on the horizon, and it's grey and choppy and magnificent...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: So, guess who has ants?? :P I need to order poison soon so I can kill them.

Fun Fact II: I love these two just living their best lives, where their biggest worry is ants maybe getting into their food, and also big puddles. :D
Fun Fact III: I'm doing a generally not-good job with prompts, but we'll see what this next week brings (aka WEEK 10. It sounds so important, double digits!). I can't make any promises, but I do think I'm starting to get a better hold on how to manage time during a pandemic/global traumatic event, so, we'll just see how it goes!

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! Please stay safe out there.
One Way Or Another: Renee Montoya backstory

Chapter Summary

Renee Montoya backstory.

Chapter Notes

"One Way Or Another" by Blondie

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Renee Montoya knows this city like the back of her hand.

She knows all the heavy hitters: the billionaires, the crime lords, the gang leaders, the crazies who check in and out of Arkham like it’s their personal hotel. She knows the territories, the neighborhoods: the historic blocks with quaint little houses that somehow cost millions; glittering downtown with the skyscrapers and outrageously expensive restaurants where white collars work and live and play; the ghetto where people sit out on the front steps of their buildings, and five or six people cram into two-bedroom apartments; the rough slums that rose up alongside the train tracks, places rift with drug deals, gang violence, police brutality.

She was raised in this city, working the cashier at Montoya’s Groceries almost as soon as she was tall enough to see over the counter. Grocers and barbers, they know everything, know everyone in the neighborhood, know all the local gossip. If anyone wanted to know anything, they would stop by Montoya’s, get caught up.

Renee’s used to knowing everything. She’s used to having all the answers, who died, who was born, who got pregnant, who got busted, who got out of jail, who got a job, who got divorced, who’s cheating on whom, who came onto who…

When a weird fucking dude without a face shows up while she’s investigating a possible Intergang attack in Gotham, she doesn’t even think twice when he asks so many Questions.

Ellen was a bit of a wild card.

Renee hates everything about her. She hates those 80s glasses she still insists on wearing in the year of Our Lord 2016. She hates the way she looks down her nose on everyone, like they’re the scum beneath her feet. She hates the way that she’s so good at her job, it makes Renee feel like a lazy cop, and she’s not a lazy cop.

But most of all, she hates the way she loves to hate her. She loves the way they butt heads like the stubborn fools they are, she loves those rare moments when the sharp edges wear off of that
snappy voice—usually when Ellen’s tired, and she’s always tired around Renee—and everything comes out as a murmur, a low murmur that could almost hold emotion.

*You’re such a fucking hardass,* Renee told her once before they’d started dating. She hadn’t bothered to hide the admiration in her voice, and Ellen had glared at her before stalking out without another word, the stack of papers fluttering angrily in her arms.

Ellen’s not a romantic. She’s tough-as-nails like it’s in her job description, impatient to the point of rudeness, and when people try acting incompetent around her, she just flicks them away like the little pests they are. And she’s exactly the same way around the house.

But Renee had been happier then: young and foolish and happy. She’d make fun of her girlfriend’s food (*You call that pork? It looks like someone cut up some fucking carpet and stuck it in a jar!*), and she’d laugh when Ellen complained about her using a whole bottle of oil to make mofongo. She took Ellen to the Puerto Rican Day Parade, she’d looked absolutely mortified as Renee yelled and cheered at all the cars and bands and floats going by. Ellen took her to a gay bar that Renee’s surprised she knows, and that’s the first time Ellen found out about Renee’s drinking problem.

But they bond over being the two minority women in a sea of mostly-white dicks. They bond over their deep-seated care of helping those in need, righting the world’s wrongs, fighting against injustice. They’re both messy women, both impatient women, both women who’d had to fight tooth-and-nail to get to the positions they were at, and they recognize that in each other, clear as looking in a mirror.

All the other stuff doesn’t matter—until it does.

She doesn’t don the Pseudonym very often.

When Vic Sage first told her he was passing on the mantle to her, she’d told him to go fuck himself. She maybe should’ve worded it differently, because the man was on his literal deathbed, dying of lung cancer, and it’s rude to be rude to the sick and dying, but—

The first time she’d put on the creepy thing, it fit like a charm, clinging to her face like a second skin. The fedora’s a bit much, but it *is* part of the costume, and it just feels right when she puts it on.

She draws the line at the suit and trench coat, though. If she’s going to fight, she’s not going to weigh herself down for something so flimsy as fashion.

When the Birds start talking about costumes, secret identities, Renee hems and haws for a while before finally going and getting her second face.

“Just don’t freak out, all right?” she warns before putting it on.

They freak out anyway.
Dinah nicknames her “The Slenderman”, and Renee knows enough about conspiracy theories to know why. Helena just thinks it’s creepy, and goes back to adjusting her own mask, which apparently keeps jabbing her face.

But Renee likes the anonymity that the mask gives her. She worked for the GCPD for over twenty years, and she has a lot of enemies on both sides of the law. She may be older now, she can’t kick and punch like she could when she was in her twenties—she’s still a certified badass, no question about that—but she leaves the bulk of the heavy lifting to Huntress and Black Canary, picking her battles, digging up dirt, getting the latest on the local gossip, putting together the pieces, finding witnesses, asking questions.

Besides, it's helpful to not have a face when her teammates are being such boneheaded idiots about being in love and refusing to acknowledge it.

It's helpful later, too, when she meets a Bat with a truly awful Halloween-esque costume, complete with a Little Mermaid wig.

So... are you broke or blind? she asks, even though she knows she's neither. The Bat puts her hand on her hips and has the gall to look offended.

Renee's spent fifty years in Gotham: she not used to Bats looking so cute.

"I'm Kate," the Cute Bat says, and Renee just rolls her hidden eyes. She knows exactly who she is, she knows exactly who her cousin is, she knows exactly what they did last summer, what they ate for breakfast, what they're have scheduled for tomorrow, she's the Question dammit—

"Yeah... I know."

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This chapter took a lot more research than normal oneshots, and it still feels a little underinformed, but hopefully all two of you who asked for this liked it! Renee really is a great character, and I'm still disappointed we didn't see the Question mask in the movie...

Fun Fact II: So technically Renee is from the Dominican Republic in the comics, but Rosie Perez is from Puerto Rico, and she did this great documentary about Puerto Rico and her family history, so it was fun to incorporate a few things from that into this. you can find the whole thing on youtube

Fun Fact III: The dried pork that Ellen is eating here is called rousong.

Fun Fact IV: I really want to tackle that Myrrha chapter, and that does sound slightly less research-intensive, so hopefully tomorrow will be the day! :D

Fun Fact V: The Question is like the only DC Superhero who doesn't have to wear another mask on top of her mask. She's already good to go, haha!

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!
Now We Are Free: The Amazons

Chapter Summary

The first three years of the Amazons.

Chapter Notes

"Now We Are Free (Gladiator OST)" by Hans Zimmer aka God

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the Goddesses set her back onto solid ground, Hera takes her hand and points to the figures scattered across the beach.

_They will follow you, Hippolyta. They will follow your orders, your footsteps, your dreams. They will rise and fall with you. Lead them well._

It seems as if very little time has passed at all; for Hippolyta, it had felt like a thousand years, a _hundred_ thousand years spent in the presence in the Pantheon, learning all that were Goddesses were willing to teach. But the Amazons are just beginning to prepare for their first night in this new world.

They have set up camp near a freshwater stream that snakes across the sand from the forest, collected driftwood for campfires, dragged larger branches from the woods to make rough shelters. Some have ventured over to the tide-pools and collected shellfish, kelp, and seaweed, while others have gone in pairs into the forest to collect roots, fruits, and bulbs. There are other animals that would provide food for a hearty meal: seals, birds, woodland creatures, but they have no weapons yet to hunt them.

When Hippolyta approaches, the Amazons bow, and she waves them back up. There will be time enough for formalities, but tonight, their first task is to stay alive…

They are naked and unprotected from the elements, but the night is comfortable, and they are basking in the glow of their second chance at life, at their own resourcefulness, the rewarding labor of their hands. And when their meal is over, their bellies content, and their eyes fixed on the blanket of stars glimmering overhead, the women turn to one another, delighting in each other, touching warm skin, breathing in the night air like the living creatures they are.

In the morning, Hippolyta calls Antiope to her side and they venture into the woods together. Antiope is skilled and sharp-eyed, and between the two of them they take note of all the resources this land can provide for their people. There are streams and pools for fishing, meadows and reeds
for weaving, towering trees for lumber, rocky cliffs and caves, and when they inspect the stones, they are rich with ore.

“It will take time, Hippolyta.” Antiope is standing in the middle of a stream, a sharpened stick in her hand. Hippolyta is whittling down a larger branch, upon which they will carry these fish that Antiope insists she can catch. “It will be several days before we will even have a surplus of food.”

As if to prove herself wrong, Antiope chooses this precise moment to jab her spear into the water, and she comes up with not one, but two fish gored onto the end. Hippolyta laughs aloud, then takes the flopping creatures from her, killing them quickly against a mossy stone, sliding them onto the branch by their gills.

“Bows and arrows. They will not be strong enough to take down the larger creatures, but we can hunt the smaller animals, and use the hides to fashion clothing for ourselves. If we are to build a forge—”

“We must have protection against fire,” Antiope finishes for her, spearing another fish and tossing it over. “The fire last night nearly seared my arm off when I was removing the mussels from the flame—”

“You should have used a branch, sister. No one asked you to thrust your arm into the fire.”

Antiope scoffs, but Hippolyta has already turned her back, moving a few yards away to where a coconut tree is standing. She begins to shake its trunk, hoping that its fruit will fall, and they can eat the flesh and later use the shells for bowls, but she misjudges her own strength, and the entire tree uproots in her hands.

She ignores her sister’s shouts for her to put it back, and when the sun is high, they return to the camp, laughing together at the ridiculous picture they make, arms laden and shoulders burdened with the rich fruits of their labors.

It is several years before they begin to build their city.

Hippolyta will not hear of a single stone being laid while there is still risk of hunger or lack of shelter amongst her people. But every seven days, the Amazons rest, and they worship the Goddesses who gave them life. Hippolyta does not ration the food on these days, and the Amazons are welcome to eat all they wish, preparing new meals, using new spices from the gardens. On these days, the Amazons are encouraged to spend time with one another, explore together, relax together in the hot pools, or on the beach, or in the hammocks strung from tree to tree.

On these days, Hippolyta chooses one from amongst her people, and she teaches them the lessons from the Goddesses, the pleasures of the flesh, the joys of female companionship.

The people are happy, and they are peaceful, and they are blessed by their creators.
In their third summer, they begin to build.

It has been three years since the goddesses stood before the well of souls and extended their hands to their forsaken spirits, guiding them back to life. The Amazons have talked of little else but their future city, a place of light and beauty and joy. The blacksmiths have been forging tools: chisels, hammers, bars of gold, copper, iron; the masons have been harvesting copious amounts of marble, limestone, cobble-sized stones; the carpenters have been building wagons, scaffolding, dollies, cranes; the architects have taken to covering the cave walls surrounding the hot pools with paintings and notes of their designs, conferring together in the water, hopping out every few minutes to add new details to their plans. There are no idle hands amongst the Amazons; even the farmers and bakers and fishers and gathers have been busy, preparing extra food for when the others are absent from the fields and boats.

The first thing they build is the Temple for the Goddesses. It takes ten years for them to complete this alone, but it is truly magnificent, its pillared halls cool and solemn and worthy of the Goddesses who will be worshipped within. On the night it is completed, they celebrate together, bringing sacrifices such as they have never given before: entire herds of sheep, goats, bulls, barrels of wine, sacks of grain, flasks of precious oil, baskets of fresh fruit and vegetables...

They feast, and they celebrate together, giving themselves over to one another in pleasure before the altars of their creators, and then they feast again, and drink, and celebrate, and when night falls, they fall together with it...

The ceremony lasts for weeks.

Once, during a lull in the celebration, Hippolyta lifts herself up from the floor of the temple, and she climbs to the roof, where a bathing pool has been set. She is ready to greet the sun—but she is not entirely surprised when Hera herself steps forward to meet her.

My child... bathe yourself.

Her voice is barely more than a whisper, but Hippolyta obeys, easing herself into the warmed water, cleansing herself of the smoke from the fires, the blood of the sacrifices, the sweat from her body, the pleasure of her sisters.

When she is finished, Hera takes her hand, and pulls her down beside her, and her touch is familiar, and her smile is blinding, and her face is proud, haughty, amused, and Hippolyta cries out to the rising sun, and when the Amazons rush to her aid, they stop in amazement at the sight of the Great Goddess Hera kneeling before their Queen, and their wonder is only multiplied when the other Goddesses also descend from the sky, pleased with their worship and burnt offerings, and they join hands, leading them to the altars, to the grassy fields, to the hot pools beneath the temple...

And all is well.
Fun Fact I: This was supposed to be Myrrha's chapter, but I guess this one wanted to be written first. So hopefully tomorrow? I think it's nice to get more background on the Amazons, though.

Fun Fact II: Also I feel like there are 20 chapters that could be written about the events of this chapter alone! It's really interesting to think of how they developed, from those very first days, to eventually building their magnificent city (also, they built two Themysciras: their pre-Heracles city, and then actual Themyscira on Paradise Island).

Fun Fact III: Apparently rooftop pools are not a thing for big ancient buildings, but I want one so I wrote one. :D

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!

P.S. There is now a chapter index/guide at the beginning of Chapter 1. It took a long time for me to do, so please look at it :P :D
Chapter Summary

Martha visits another Martha in New Gotham + some domestic Marlyta

Chapter Notes

"Wish I Knew You" by The Revivalists

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So. You’re the other Martha.”

Gotham was first founded in 1635. When Hippolyta gathered its centuries of residents together and showed them the land where they were to rebuild their city, they did. But they didn’t build just one city, they built dozens. There is a New Gotham from the mid 17th century, and another for the late 17th century. There’s New Gotham that is spinning with the success of the Industrial Revolution, and another that is deep in the throes of the Technological Revolution.

The one where Martha Wayne resides is reminiscent of a time from before she had been born.

When Martha Kent is escorted into her and Celia’s plush penthouse, she makes an offhand comment that she feels like she’s in some 50s murder movie. And Bruce’s mother—she is his mother; he may not have gotten any of her delicate bone structure, or any of her sultriness, but he got his nose from her, those cold eyes, that smirk that’s just a little bit unkind…

“How is your daughter?”

“Oh, she’s fine, I—”

“You know, when I was pregnant with Bruce, I so wanted a girl… I already had a name picked out: Katherine. Katherine Wayne, isn’t that lovely?”

Celia rolls her eyes as she saunters over with a full tea set on a tray.

“And I never doubted for a moment that the baby would be a boy,” she says, the tiniest hint of annoyance in her voice. “Can you imagine Thomas Wayne, father of a girl?”

“Please, he was so busy at the hospital and with his businesses, I doubt it would’ve made any difference to him,” Martha Wayne dismisses, taking her tea from Celia without a word of thanks.

“So, Mrs. Kent,” Celia says in a slightly louder voice, turning to give the Queen her full attention. “What brings you to our little den of thieves?”

“I…” And Martha’s voice trails off as the other Martha pulls out a full-on Cruella de Vil cigarette holder and lights up. “Um. I’m here because I’m doing a project to clean up Gotham. In the real world, the living world.”
“Hmm.” Martha Wayne takes a long drag and blows out a thick cloud of smoke. “And you want to know where the money is?”

“What? No,” Martha sputters, her teacup rattling loudly in its saucer. “I just wondered if you had any ideas, I’ve been working with a few people, hunting around, but I thought I would ask what things were like… before. And what worked, and what didn’t.”

Martha Wayne looks disappointed that a heist isn’t going down, but Celia puts her feet up and gives Martha an appraising look.

“What are you trying to do in Gotham? The city’s a living beast, she won’t roll over any do tricks for just anyone.”

“Just the normal stuff. You know, feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, comfort the sick—”


Martha makes a face, not quite sure if that’s supposed to be an insult or not, but she replies, “Just a couple people from the city: Renee Montoya, a former cop; Dinah Lance—”

“Black Canary?” Celia looks impressed. “She’s still in business? She took me down a few times. Nice woman.”

Martha blinks, then shrugs and goes on, “I mean, she’s pretty young, maybe it was her mother you knew? Anyway, her, and Helena Bertinelli—”

“Bertinelli.” Martha Wayne sits up, swinging her legs over so that her bare feet are sinking deep into the thick wool carpet. Her eyes are shining. “You don’t say… the Kanes and the Bertinellis go way back, and dear old Franco, I should pay him a visit, he was the most handsome boy, those Italian men, they’re just impossible—”

“I’m sure Mrs. Kent doesn’t want to hear about you and Franco Bertinelli,” Celia interrupts, running an impatient hand through her short hair. “But you—if you have the last Bertinelli on your side, you don’t need anything from us, you own the entire mob.”

“I don’t want to use the mob,” Martha says, her voice coming out a lot more patient than she feels. “I want to do it legally. I’m a Senator.”

The two woman stare at her, then they burst out laughing. The cat that had been sitting in the window turns and gives them a dirty look, and Martha tries her very best to not do the same.

In the end, Martha Wayne and Celia Kazantkakis are more helpful than Martha thought they’d be, based on her first impressions. They understand how the crime networks slither through the underbelly of the city, having run them for a number of years themselves, and they’re quick to name names for who to track down—both dead, and alive—for more information.

But they’re exhausting, and snide, and so unabashedly human, Martha’s glad to turn down their
offers of dinner at a fancy restaurant just down the street, and she climbs into the black chariot and
sets the course toward home.

It’s a beautiful night, deep in the middle of autumn, and the darkness is creeping in earlier and
earlier these days. The horses chatter to each other every time they fly over an apple orchard, and
Martha is almost tempted to let them fly low enough to snatch a few from the higher branches, lest
they start to munch on the glittering stars.

But they manage to return to the beach house without any star-snacking, and Martha loosens them
from the chariot, and they find their own way to the stables and their food like the low-
maintenance dead horses they are.

Martha steps into the house, and she can hear the kitchen fan running, and Donna’s happy little
laugh, and Dusty barking, and dinner… it smells so good, she’d spent the whole ride thinking
about what was in the cold room that she might be able to scramble together for a meal, she’d
forgotten entirely about her wife, who can also cook—

“Hello.”

And Martha jumps as a shadowy hand reaches out and tugs away her coat. Martha reaches out to
wrap her arms around the shadow’s neck and pulls her in for a kiss.

“Hi, honey… I’m home,” she whispers against cold lips that taste just a little bit salty, a little bit
sweet, and she pulls back and the Queen is wearing an apron, a real, honest-to-God apron—

“Huh, it looks like I’m not the only one who spent the day in the 50s.”

But Hippolyta just laughs and gives her a little swat.

“You’re early. Dinner will be ready soon.”

“Well, let me know if I can help with any—” Martha begins, but Hippolyta is already waving her
offer aside.

“You can change out of these clothes and into something more comfortable,” she replies, but all at
once, she gives an indignant smile at the way Martha’s face breaks out into a grin. “Not that
comfortable.”

“Fine.”

Hippolyta kisses her again, then tosses her coat toward the coat rack, snapping out the wrinkles in
less than a second, then she’s disappeared into the kitchen once more. Martha just shakes her head,
then hurries to change into her everyday New Themysciran tunic and slippers. When she’s done,
she makes her way into the bright, cozy dining room, where Donna is sitting in her highchair and
throwing blueberries at Dusty’s head.

“Donna, leave the dog alo—” But then she sees that Dusty is poking at her knees with his wet
nose, and she throws up her hands. “Oh my God, Dusty, leave the baby alone.”

Donna just offers her a blueberry, and Martha accepts it, bending to kiss her fat cheek, mussing up
her big mop of hair.

“You’re going to need a haircut soon, sweetie,” she sighs, and then Dusty is poking his wet nose at
her knees, and she looks down, and he’s staring up at her, panting happily, tongue hanging out, tail
wagging, and she gives a reluctant smile and bends down to pet his big mop of hair, too.
“White or red?”

Martha turns around, but Hippolyta’s standing right behind her, and her hands are on Martha's hips, and Donna is offering her a blueberry, and Martha shivers, because her wife’s hands are cold, and they know exactly what they’re doing, and it’s not time for that, it’s time for dinner—

“How,” she says, reaching back to touch that cold cheek, but Hippolyta’s already slipping a glass of wine into her hand, and then she’s gone to bring in the hot dishes of food from the kitchen, and she made some sort of turmeric lentil soup, and she’d added bits of kale and diced tomatoes, and it looks so creamy and spicy and good, and there are roasted vegetables: Brussels sprouts and potatoes and carrots and zucchini, and everything looks greasy and caramelized and flavorful, and she made roast pork, the kind that’s rubbed with spices and then cooks forever on a spit over a fire, until the skin is crispy and the meat is juicy and salty and delicious and Hippolyta—

Sometimes it’s kind of nice, having a wife.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Apparently there’s a certain point at night when I'm writing where it's just like, EAT ALL THE THINGS, and it's too late to eat all the things, but my brain still wants all the things. :P

Fun Fact II: I don't know much of anything about Martha Wayne, but she was best friends with a first-rate criminal named Celia, and they were both beautiful, so... sounds like lesbian activity to me. :D

Fun Fact III: This is silly, but has it really been "Brussels sprouts" this entire time? I've spent my whole life calling them Brussel sprouts, singular. My life is a lie.

Fun Fact IV: Domestic Hippolyta is such a fun side of Hippolyta that we don't see very often, so it was fun to explore that a little here!

Fun Fact V: I really meant to write more Old Themyscira today, but hey, my brain does it's own thing sometimes (most of the times). We'll see what happens tomorrow!

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!!
Exogenesis: Harley Quinn/Poison Ivy

Chapter Summary

A few short scenes immediately following the Harley/Ivy Kiss™

Chapter Notes

"Exogenesis: Symphony Pt 2 [Cross-pollination]" by Muse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“No, what the FUCK are you doing?!”

“Hey! I was asking what the fuck YOU are doing!”

This goes on for a while.

Eventually, they stop screaming long enough for Harley to text for an Uber… and then it’s a loooooong ride back to New New Gotham.

They’re sitting as far apart from each other as they can in the backseat of some creepy little dude’s Toyota. Ivy’s staring out the window, arms crossed, avoiding Harley’s eyes.

“Are we going to talk about this?”

“No.”

Harley slumps back against the seat. She doesn’t argue. In another universe, another life, she would’ve grabbed the scrappy driver by the neck and tossed him out the window, and they would’ve driven down this road the way cars were meant to be driven, fast, angry, loud, and Ivy would be laughing, pumping her fists, We fucking SHOWED those assholes—and it would just be another escape, her and Ivy, who’d been escaping from things since pretty much the moment they met, and then she’d go back to Kiteman, and Harley would show up at their wedding without a date, and they’d all drink and dance and make fun of the ridiculous people, none of this would be weird, none of this painful awkwardness that somehow feels frightening and thrilling at the same time—

They pull up at the mall. It’s the first time an Uber driver has actually dropped them off without
being dead or mangled or something.

“Ives, wait up—” Harley begins, seeing that Ivy is heading toward the entrance without her, but she doesn’t even look back.

Harley and I kissed.

Harley was about to die, and we kissed.

I saved Harley from dying, and we kissed.

I kissed my best friend.

“Will you STOP talking to yourself? Some of us are trying to sleep over here.”

“Shut up, Frank,” Ivy growls, tossing her prison clothes into the hamper and flicking off the bathroom light. A hot shower was just what she needed after prison, and a drive in the desert, and then another prison—this time in a pit—and then another drive in the desert…

But Harley’s face kept popping up in her head. While she was in the shower, naked. And that hadn’t been helpful.

“So what you and Harley kissed, we all know what that means—”

“I SAID SHUT UP.” Ivy slams the door to her “bedroom” (which is really just the backroom of an old clothing store), blocking out the sight of Frank looming over her doorway. Chuck is still out, probably flying around somewhere, trying to foil the Condiment King, or maybe trying to rescue her and Harley from the Pit, shit, she hadn’t even texted him to let him know they escaped...

She doesn’t think she’ll ever fall asleep, but it’s been the longest day in a lifetime of long days. She pulls the covers up to her chin, and she’s asleep in seconds.

Chuck is there in the morning, wearing a bathrobe and looking silly and handsome and un-upset.

“Hey, babe. Thought I’d let you sleep, plus you looked really beautiful, just lying there sleeping, so I thought—”

“Chuck,” Ivy groans, sitting up and rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She hadn’t eaten dinner last night, in fact, she hadn’t eaten anything since the pre-George Lopez show snack, which turned out to be a mushy apple from a barrel someone had thrown into the Pit. “We need to talk.”

“Is this about the Harley thing, because Frank told me all about it, and we are A-OK, no worries, babe.”

Ivy stares. Kiteman stares back, and he’s manspreading on the easy chair beside the bed, his robe gaping open, and he’s wearing his mask like the dork he is, and he’s so good, and he’s her dork,
and they’re engaged, and they’re going to be married, and they’re going to name their kids Harley, and all of this is wrong, it’s just—

“We kissed.”

“Yeah, I know, Frank told me,” Chuck repeats, leaning forward to get a better look at her. “Are you okay, babe? I know you went to prison and everything, but I’d have thought you were used to that kind of thing by now—”

“What the—how are you not mad?” Ivy explodes, waving her arms at him “I literally kissed someone else, I kissed my best friend, and you’re just going to sit there and say you’re okay with it? What is wrong with you?!?”

“Well, I mean…” Chuck scratches the back of his neck, looking like a confused puppy. “It was just a kiss right? Women kiss each other all the time, like, that’s kind of their thing, isn't it? You know, making out at sleepovers and stuff—”

“Oh, Jesus.” Ivy tosses the covers back over the bed, and for a minute, she thinks that Bane is looming behind her, about to yell at her for not fixing the bed properly, but it’s just Frank, being the fucking eavesdropper that he is.

“Fuck off, Frank!” she yells, waving a hand and slamming the door against his loud mouth. Chuck is twiddling his thumbs now, looking worried for the first time.

“Are you angry? Because I’m detecting like, this anger, these waves of anger coming across the room from you—”

“I’m not angry,” Ivy snaps, even though she is very much angry. “I’m just… I’m confused.”

Harley’s in the food court, poking at a bowl of gummy instant oatmeal, looking miserable. And Ivy stands for a long while, looking over the balcony at her, just looking…

Like some kind of creep.

It was just the thrill of the moment, the narrow escape from death. That’s all.

But it’s not.

“So are you just going to stand there all day, like a fucking creep?”

Harley doesn’t turn around, but she raises her head to look directly at the shop opposite her, and Ivy know she’s been caught. Fuck it all… She jumps over the glass balcony walls, and the little trees below stretch up to cushion her fall.

“So.” Ivy drops into the seat across from her, but Harley is apparently engrossed with her oatmeal. It’s already cold and congealed, and looks disgusting. “Um. Good morning.”

Harley snorts and doesn’t reply.

“Okay, look,” Ivy snaps, that familiar old I really hate people song beginning to play again in her head. It's been a while since she's heard that one. “Can we at least try to talk about last night?
Because I have some things to say—"

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Harley snaps back, shoving her bowl of oatmeal aside. “You saved my life. You got us out of the Pit, and it was amazing. And now you can get married like you planned, and we can go on taking over New New Gotham like we planned, and everything will be fine. Everything will be normal. It will be fine.”

But she’s refusing to meet Ivy’s eyes, and honestly, Ivy’s a little scared to look at her, too.

“I mean... that was the plan.”

“Well, it’s a good plan,” Harley says, and she makes a noise that almost sounds like a sniffle, but she’s turned her head so that her pigtail is hiding her face. “Don’t let me get in the way of it.”

“Harley.” And Ivy knows it’s a bad idea, but she reaches out and takes her hand, and she’s done that before, she’s done that loads of times, they even sat on a dock together, holding hands, gazing dreamily out over the chemical-executive scatted bay, but this time feels different, feels dangerous... “You could never get in the way. You are the way.”

It sounds terrible, and it sounds cheesy, and but Harley finally looks up at her, and those big, crazy eyes are bloodshot, like she hadn’t slept at all last night, and her hand is trembling a little against hers, but she’s smiling, she’s actually smiling, and there’s something about that smile, something that spells trouble...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I realized I need to get this chapter written before the next episode comes out on Friday! I don't know if they'll actually address it (it looks like... Darkseid? is happening??), but in case they do, here's my version first. :)

Fun Fact II: I really love Poison Ivy, and strangely enough, Kiteman has really grown on me. He seems like such a sweet guy, for as dorky as he is. It'll be interesting to see how they handle everything!

Fun Fact III: I can't believe they're actually releasing the Snyder Cut I can't stop smiling

Fun Fact IV: I know it's an old song by this point, but please stay safe, especially now as more states and areas are moving toward reopening! :)


Chapter Summary

The Amazons learn how to make tools.

Chapter Notes

"Duck Shoot (The Crown OST)" by Rupert Gregson-Williams

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You should be proud, My Queen. You have made much with little, and led your people in peace and harmony.”

Hera’s fingers are cool as they comb through Hippolyta’s unbound hair, and she shivers. Every morning before the first meal, she climbs to the high cliff looking out over the beach, the blue water of the sea, and she prays to the Goddesses for wisdom. And on some days such as these, the Goddesses answer.

Hera had pulled her to a grassy grove, lays down soft, Olympian cotton, woven by Athena herself, and she had drawn her down... out of all the Goddesses, Hera is the only one who has returned in this way, taken her in this way, slow and gentle.

I give you everything, My Queen, Hera whispers to her, as if she were not a Queen herself, the Queen of all Olympus. I give you strength, beauty, power. You may take all you wish, this entire world, if you desire it. But you must guard your heart only for me, do you understand?

And Hippolyta could only nod, speechless in the presence of such a creature.

“It was not me who did this, Great Hera,” Hippolyta replies. The women below are beginning to awaken, bathing themselves in the sea, making their way just inland to where the stream is deeper. “It was the Amazons who made this, together.”

Each morning, the Amazons feast. Sometimes there will be a fire going, and a stew will be bubbling in woven baskets, hot stones plunged into the depths; or the stone cooking slab will be laid out over the flames, and fresh-caught fish and mussels and seaweed will be laid out, the air heavy with the tangy smell of saltwater, the sea.

Every morning, each Amazon must choose two tasks. They may choose to work in the late morning, afternoon, evening, or before dawn the next morning. There are some who choose to rise with the moon, carry out the preparations for the morning meal, continue working a second task until the sun is directly overhead, and then spend the rest of their day at their leisure. Others may
choose to work in the morning and afternoon, and spend the remainder of their day exploring, swimming, flirting, relaxing.

In the earliest of days, all of their tasks are focused on the gathering of food, the forging of weapons. Io began to experiment with fire on their very first night, gathering together stones, shells, wood, trying to hone the heat from the flames. She has a feasible forge set up in one of the caves before the week is out, and she has an eager crowd of Amazon admirers who playfully argue over who may assist her, fanning the flames, collecting wood, coal and ore.

But there are many other tasks: fishing, hunting, gathering food, firewood, branches for shelters. Once Io forges her first attempt at an ax, Calyce begins to cut down some trees for lumber and tools. She makes narrow rafts that they use to transport goods down the river, instead of carrying their all findings on their backs. The weavers cut reeds with stones (until Io forges machetes), and they make baskets, rope, nets, belts.

The Goddesses had blessed Hippolyta with knowledge, deep knowledge of all she would need to know to guide her people well. And she does not rest, even though she orders it of her sisters. Instead, she goes from task to task, teaching the women the secrets of the Gods, the best way to tease the spark from a stone, fire over wood, roots from the ground, and even the most elusive of fish from their pools. She oversees problems that arise, problems of physics when the women are attempting to carry too large or too heavy of items through the woods. She oversees problems of nature: the Amazons’ first attempts at bow-making had gone poorly, with the wood snapping at the slightest of bend. It is Hippolyta who shows them the precise type of wood to use, teaches them to be patient as they shave down the bark, how to oil the wood to keep it from becoming dry, using the fat from a rabbit that had fallen beneath one of Calyce’s trees.

*You must rest, sister,* Antiope tells her early one morning in the hot pools. Her arms are crossed behind her head, and her eyes are closed: the very image of rest. The water is glowing, not bright enough to hurt the eyes, but just bright enough for the sisters to see each others’ faces, and Hippolyta’s face is intent with concentration.

Calyce had approached her with the idea of building a bigger raft, or possibly a canoe, which they could use to explore the coast, or paddle further inland. But up until now, every Amazon has returned to the beach for the evening meal, and they have worshipped the Goddesses together, feasting and strengthening their bonds as sisters. And Hippolyta is not eager to send the Amazons into the world, not just yet, not until she knows they will be safe.

“We do not know if winters are harsh or mild in these lands,” Hippolyta says aloud. “If we must, we can retreat to the caves, but we must have enough food to survive, weapons to defend ourselves, pelts, woven clothing to protect ourselves against the…”

Antiope gives her a kick, and Hippolyta stops talking.

“You must rest, sister?” she says a little less politely than usual.

“You must share the burden of the rule, Hippolyta,” Antiope says, her cold feet still pressing up against Hippolyta’s leg. “Choose leaders who will oversee these various factions: hunting and weaving and the like. Teach them all the Goddesses have taught to you. And then allow them to assume responsibility, so you will have time for your own thoughts.”

Hippolyta thinks of Hera’s lips on her skin, and she looks away, well aware that Antiope is smirking at her.

“This is wise, sister,” she says carefully, avoiding her eyes. “I have hesitated to do such a thing—
wishing to maintain my desire that all Amazons be equal, but perhaps it is foolish to believe that the people would view their self-worth only through their work. Each Amazon is valuable, leader or not.”

“Yes, yes,” Antiope says, waving this rousing speech away with an impatient hand. “Now, I was attempting to ask if you had heard of this new tool that Io is said to be producing, the women have been testing it on one another, and they say it is magnificent, indeed…”

Chapter End Notes

I told you the Amazons were learning how to make tools

Fun Fact I: Every Amazon works 6 hours a day (3 hours on one thing, then a break, then 3 hours on something else), and then they have the rest of the day free to do less life-sustaining projects. And they also take a day off every week to do Goddess orgy stuff. I think Hippolyta wants morale to stay high, and she also doesn't want to plunder the resources. You know, like a good steward of the land.

Fun Fact II: I keep sitting down to write a Myrrha chapter, and all this other stuff keeps coming out instead. I'll get there, eventually (I hope)!

Fun Fact III: Saturday is the end of Week 10, let me know if you have any good Canary/Huntress ideas to tackle!

Fun Fact IV: I'm starting a "comment on a fic every day for 30 days challenge" on Sunday, so if you have a fic (or recommendation) you want a comment on, let me know! I need to read more fics, I've been slacking ever since the WW 2017 fandom kind of dissolved.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Huntress and Black Canary go on a picnic. Helena brings special gear because Dinah doesn't like bugs.

Chapter Notes

"Intermezzo in C-sharp minor" by Johannes Brahms

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dinah doesn’t like being outside.

She liked Italy well enough, the cities, the beaches, but she doesn’t like the bugs. Gotham is infamous for its humidity (Harley has theories about the city’s rancid mix of heat and pollution being the perfect recipe for crazies), and bugs thrive in humidity. In summer, she’ll put on bug spray before they go out in patrol, and Helena will spray a little on herself as well to make her feel better, even though it’s strong enough that the criminals would be able to smell them coming. When they move into the warehouse, Dinah is the one who scrubs the place down, making sure there are no lingering spiders, beetles, or cockroaches trying to encroach on their territory.

It had been hard to sell her on the idea of a picnic, so Helena is taking precautions. Dinah gives the giant umbrella Helena tosses into the backseat a strange look, but she knows what the sun does to her girlfriend’s skin, so she doesn’t comment. And if she notices that the picnic blanket looks a little bulkier than usual, she doesn’t comment on that, either.

It’s a nice day for a drive. One of the benefits of dating someone like Dinah is that she doesn’t have normal work hours, so if she doesn’t have a gig that night, they can just pack up a picnic on a Thursday morning and head off to a park. And Helena had checked the schedule, and the weather looked perfect: 70s, low humidity, and no school groups or senior citizen parties were scheduled for the day.

She used to hike a bit when she first got to the States. On one hand, it reminded her of Italy, wandering around in beautiful places, on the other hand, it was a good way to get a feel for the people: the sporty men with their fancy gear (backpacks, hiking boots, sunglasses), the fit women in designer workout clothes who seemed to be trying to cram as much movement into as short amount of time as possible, the bikers who zoomed past with a quick ding of their bell, stopping for nobody, the elderly couples who walked slower than God from one park bench to the next.

“This park is nice. They mow the grass next to the creek so there’s fewer ticks.”
Dinah doesn’t acknowledge this helpful information right away, but she finally reaches over and pats Helena’s knee.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

And Helena just smiles a little smile to herself, because she knows it’ll be fine.

There are a few decent picnic spots close to the parking lot, but Helena leads them further in, the big umbrella over one shoulder, and the blanket tucked under her other arm. Dinah is carrying the ice chest, and Helena had gone to the market earlier and filled it with good things: fresh fruit, little mini quiches, fried chicken, roasted vegetables skewered on sticks, lemonade, and Renee’s chocolate chip cookies (she’d offered to make smoked herring “with the heads and everything!” but Helena had politely declined, saying that sounded more like a beach snack than picnic food).

“How about here?” Helena asks, pointing with the umbrella at a flat, mowed area next to the creek that’s far away from the path that no one will walk in on them, but they can still run back to the car if they need to.

“Yeah, looks good,” Dinah says, looking like she’s trying her best to pretend like she’s enjoying herself. Helena tosses the umbrella down, then snaps out the picnic blanket. It’s extra large, big enough for someone tall like her to lie down on, not that anything like that is going to happen, this is a public park in the US of A, not a secluded little meadow in Italy…

“What is…?” Dinah starts to ask, pointing to the second blanket that had been hidden in the middle of the picnic blanket, but Helena is busy putting up the umbrella (which is giant), and she just replies,

“Almost done.”

And Dinah is left to stare open mouthed as Helena picks up the second “blanket”, which turns out to be see-through mesh mosquito netting, and she hooks it onto the umbrella in a circle, like they’re in a giant, bug-proof fishbowl, and then she zips it up, and it works perfectly, mostly because she tried it out in the middle of the warehouse one night when Dinah was doing a gig, and she and Renee had eaten a pizza dinner inside, and the former cop had cackled and said, This is so stupid. She’s gonna fucking love it.

“You are ridiculous,” Dinah says, but she’s smiling for real this time, and Helena is going around and velcroing the edges of the blanket to the edges of the net so then ants won’t sneak inside, and when she reaches up into the roof of the umbrella and starts pulling down flat little pillows that she’d velcroed to the top, Dinah bursts out laughing.

“You are so fucking extra,” she exclaims.

“What? The ground is hard,” Helena says, throwing one of the pillows at her, and Dinah ignores it, reaching out to take her hand instead.

“This is really nice, Crossbow Killer,” she whispers, and she’s really close, and she’s smiling, and Helena can hear cicadas in the trees, and crickets by the water, and there’s probably flies, fruit flies, and butterflies, and shooflies—wait, shooflies aren’t really a—
Dinah’s kissing her.

It’s a nice picnic.

Helena had put a little extra something into the lemonade, just to give it some *zing*, nothing too suspicious, and the fried chicken is just as good cold as hot, just like the big man in the apron had said (Harley had recommended she go to this little hole-in-the-wall, and the cook had shown her the quarters, fresh in the package, and he’d battered and fried them up right in front of her eyes), and there are birds singing, and the sun is shining, and the creek is splashing a little ways away, and when they’ve eaten as much as they want, they just lie there for a while, holding hands, eyes closed, listening to the birds and the water and the wind rustling through in the branches and the short grass, and the buzzing flies that can’t get at them, and it’s so *peaceful*, and Dinah’s munching on one of Renee’s cookies, and every so often, Helena will reach over and grab a strawberry or a handful of berries, and her fingers will get sticky, and she’ll wipe them on the blanket and hope that Dinah’s not looking.

But the next time she sneaks a glance over at Dinah's face, her eyes are closed, and her breath is slow, peaceful, and a half-eaten cookie is lying on her chest, and she's asleep, she's actually *asleep*, and Helena stares at her for a moment, then a slow smile crosses her face, and she carefully takes the cookie away and replaces it with her arm, and she leans in to give her girlfriend's cheek a kiss, and then she raises head head as a few people walk down the trail, but they don't even see them, and then they're gone, and there's a frog in the creek talking to himself, and everything is so quiet, and peaceful, and Helena closes her eyes...

Chapter End Notes

**Fun Fact I:** I don't like bugs okay

**Fun Fact II:** I don't mind outdoors, but I live in an area now that is just so HUMID and buggy all the time, plus we've been getting these killer bug invasions every summer, and now with the murder hornets, it's just too much, y'all. I do miss going outside, but I definitely don't miss the bugs.

**Fun Fact III:** If you google "mosquito net umbrella" you can see exactly the type of ridiculous genius thing it was that Helena bought here.

**Fun Fact IV:** I almost set this in Italy instead of the States, but I think it's nice that these two can do fun things even when they're not explicitly on vacation. Also, that stupid umbrella wouldn't have fit on Helena's motorcycle, and borrowing an invisible jet just to go on a picnic is just silly (Diana would definitely do it).

**Fun Fact V:** Thanks for reading!! :)

I just realized this was chapter 69. This was a lost opportunity. Dammit. Oh well :P
haha
Ain't Nobody: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Helena doesn't come back at night. This bothers Dinah more than she'll admit.

Chapter Notes

"Ain't Nobody" by Chaka Khan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Some nights, she doesn’t come back to the warehouse.

At a certain point, they agreed that this is their place, they train here, eat here, crash here. Renee had basically been living in a hotel, having moved herself out of her and Ellen's apartment with her conspiracy theory bulletin board into one box, and her snacks from *Mi Tierra*—the Latin grocery store—and alcohol in another box. When Helena, another hotel-stayer, had pointed out the offices in the back of the warehouse, Renee had flicked on the lights, swept the sterile little room with a critical eye, then said,

*God, it's like a jail cell in there.*

But Dinah had elbowed her way over, and she wasn’t homeless like they were, but she was out of a job, having killed her boss and her boss’s right-hand man, and she’d taken a glance back at Helena’s worried face and said,

*It’s fine. Look, they even have hookups for heat and AC. We’ll just need better lights.*

They’d got better lights. Softer lights, mood lights. By the time August rolls around, they’ve started selling Christmas shit at the stores, and Helena buys one of those goddamn Christmas-light reindeer that people put on their lawns, the one with the head that moves up and down and looks silly, and she buys another light that looks like a tree to keep it company, and Dinah just smiles and shakes her head when she bounds back to the cart with the boxes, a big smile on her face. The woman’s been through enough: Dinah’s willing to bet that the Italian assassins didn’t go around buying Christmas decorations from Target, didn’t spend the weekend after Thanksgiving putting up the lights. She deserves a little happiness, after all.

But maybe not *this* kind of happiness.

“Why don’t you just send her a message and ask where she is?”

“Because she doesn’t *need* to tell me where she is. I’m not her keeper,” Dinah grunts in reply, punching the punching bag even faster. It’s meant to keep her mind off things, the crime going on in the streets, the woman who’s out there right now, wandering around...
Renee looks up from the tablet that she’s reading, her glasses perched on her nose, a half-drunk beer bottle in hand. She looks annoyed.

“Isn’t she dating that woman we ran into the other day? Maybe she’s in town.”

Dinah kicks the punching bag and regrets it immediately. Renee is still staring at her.

“I don’t care. I just… I’d feel better knowing she’s safe and not kidnapped or something,” Dinah says in what she hopes is an even voice.

“Good luck to anyone trying to kidnap her, have you even met her?”

Dinah doesn’t dignify this with a response. Renee puts down her tablet and stands, making her way over.

“What’s this all about?”

Her voice is softer now, like she knows. Dinah grimaces and keeps punching, ignoring her, and ignoring that.

“You want me to track her phone or something? Would that make you feel better?”

“I don’t want you to track her phone,” Dinah says through gritted teeth. Her arms are staring to turn into noodles—she always preferred to fight with her legs, and this is just killer.

“Look, she says she’s staying overnight at the Kane Hotel and she’ll be back tomorrow afternoon,” Renee says, waving her phone. “Now can we talk about this?”

Fuck.

Dinah gives the bag a final punch. It barely moves, just gives a little wobble, like all the strength has gone out of her. And then the warehouse is silent except for the sound of the rain falling in a steady beat against the metal roof, and the fridge humming against the wall.

“There’s nothing to talk about.”

Helena isn’t back by the time Dinah leaves for rehearsal at the club. It’s a decent club this time, owned by a woman who built the place from the ground up, and she works hard to make sure everything’s running smoothly, people are enjoying themselves, no one’s getting harassed.

It’s a nice change of pace.

She has to rehearse with a band, though, and while it’s nice to have live musicians, it means a lot more time is spent on petty things: hauling gear, tuning, sound-checking, making sure everyone knows the set list and has the right lead sheets. The clientele is different, too. Instead of young professionals and double-dates, it’s older people and old souls, people who want to enjoy a full dinner and a show.

“Try talking to the audience a little after every song,” Frances, the owner, tells her. “I know it seems like they’re not listening, but someone always is, you know? Tell them you’re glad they’re here, make them feel welcome.”
Dinah doesn’t mention that the patrons at her old gig were usually too drunk to listen, much less care about being welcome or not, but she wracks her brain to think of the most charming person she knows, and comes up with… Superman?

“Just be yourself,” Frances says, interrupting her thoughts. “You’ll be great.”

She gives her a pat on the shoulder, then hurries off to help a bartender who’s carrying a few too many boxes up from the back room.

It’s kind of nice having an audience, instead of just a roomful of people. They clap every time a song is finished, and it’s not as horrible as she thought it’d be, chatting during a show. She’ll never get a back-up job as a standup comedian, but the vibe in the room is a good vibe, a warm vibe, a supportive vibe, and she’s having a good time.

When they’ve finished their last song, the remaining patrons clap, and the sound guy puts on Chaka Khan, and a couple ladies in sweaters come up and put money into the tip jar and talk about how much they enjoyed this or that song, and their husbands come up, too, and somehow end up changing the conversations to “their time in the service” and it’s sweet, and by the time they’re gone, the band has already packed up most of the stage, and…

“Hey.”

Helena’s staring up at her, apparently she’d just ghosted over, because Dinah hadn’t even seen her in the room, hadn’t even seen her approach, and it’s all she can do to not fall off the stage, and she’s wearing that leather jacket of hers, and her hands are deep in her pockets, and her hair is tousled, the way it is when she’s been wearing her bike helmet, and she’s wearing makeup, and she looks so good—

“Hey,” Dinah says at once, and then she sits down on the edge of the stage so that she’s not towering over her, even though it is nice, seeing the top of her head. “I didn’t know you were here.”

She winces at the sound of her own voice, because it sounds rude, and sure enough, that familiar look of worry washes over Helena’s face.

“Was it okay that I—because Renee just gave me the address, and she didn’t want to come—”

“No, I’m glad you’re here, just…” And Dinah bites her lip, then glances behind her, subtly wiping the sweat from her forehead. “Just give me a minute to get changed, okay? I’ll buy you a drink.”

“No, I’ll buy you a drink,” Helena says, and she gives that cute little smile, and Dinah just sighs and reaches out as if to touch her, then she yanks her hand away and stands abruptly. She can’t go around touching her friends, nobody asked for that. At this rate, she’s not going to need that drink…
“So I heard you were upset last night,” Helena says without preamble when Dinah slides into the booth across from her. She’d gone up and tried to buy her own drink, but the bartender had said that “the scary lady over there” had already comped her drink.

“Renee talks too much,” Dinah says, scowling. But Helena is looking at her like she can’t quite figure her out, and Dinah shakes her head, downing her brandy in one shot. “It was nothing. I just get worried when you stay out. The city’s not that safe at night, you know.”

“I know.”

She knows because she wasn’t out last night, Dinah remembers. The brandy is warm in her belly, but the rest of her suddenly feels cold.

“How… was the hotel?”

“It was nice,” Helena replies, her expression clearing somewhat. “There’s this one suite—whenever it rains, I like going there, and the bathroom has these screens on the window where you can look out, but no one can look in, and the jaccuzi is right up against the glass, and you can see the city and the harbor…”

She peers down at her, and Dinah tries her best to wipe the incredulous look from her face. She’d been to some wild places when she was dating Ollie, but he was definitely more of an exotic, “taking a helicopter to live in a hut on a beach” or an “abandoned temple on a secluded mountaintop” type of guy. He tended to avoid the more popular resorts and luxury hotels.

“Anyway, it’s nice,” Helena finishes, avoiding her eyes as she fiddles with the handle of her Moscow mule. “You should come sometime.”

Dinah stares, not quite believing her ears.

“...I should come with you to the Kane Hotel and take a bath with you?”

Helena looks worried again.

“I mean…” She looks uncomfortable. “No, I guess that’d be weird.”

“I’ll do it, if you really want,” Dinah says, a slow smile crossing her face. "It sounds nice."

"It is nice," Helena retorts, that familiar defensive streak rearing its head, the one that made Dinah laugh the first time they met and say, I love this chick, she's got rage issues...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Another chapter of, I had no idea where this was going, but it ended up somewhere fun! I think Helena's been partial to baths even since Diana started taking her on trips, and the Amazons don't have showers, so.

Un-Fun Fact II: All right guys, so this is officially the end of week ten(!!!) and my state announced that they're opening up on June 4th. It looks like there will still be a lot of restrictions, but the quarantine and stay-at-home will be officially over. So I've
decided I'm going to take the series up to Chapter 99 (June 21), and then if/when we go on lockdown again in the winter, we'll be starting again in triple digits.

Fun Fact III: I'm still going to stay at home because the virus is still out there and I don't want to get sick. Fuck COVID.

Fun Fact IV: I'm going to miss writing this series, but I have two original projects I've been putting off that I'm dying to start working on, and 2020 was supposed to be the year that I got more serious about writing things I could possibly publish one day, and this series has been amazing writing practice, but it's all virtually unpublishable, which... :( (It's also starting to get a little exhausting. Hey, it's hard coming up with something new every single night! At least in a multi-chapter, you can hang out in one spot for a while.)

Fun Fact V: But we still have 29 chapters left! I'll try to whittle down my list to some interesting chapter ideas, and if there's anything you want to throw in the mix, let me know.

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!! Please stay safe and be careful!
Yellow Light: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

The Huntress/Black Canary jacuzzi scene.

Chapter Notes

"Yellow Light" by Of Monsters and Men

(This chapter is a direct followup to Chapter 70, so you might want to read that one first).

Also this is nonlinear! It loops back around at the end, though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What’s your element?”

The water is hot, but not too hot, and the jets are bubbling against her, massaging her sore muscles, and she lets her limbs rise up toward the surface for a floaty moment before easing them back down.

“What’s my what?” she asks woozily, eyes closed. The bath salts really do feel nice, and they smell amazing...

“Oh—just, when you said it looks like I’m in my element. I was just wondering what’s yours.”

Dinah opens her eyes and looks across the water, across this giant hot tub that’s big enough for two woman to face each other without their legs touching, because they’re just two gal pals, chilling in a hot tub, never mind the fact that they’re both naked, and if it wasn’t for these jets sending ripples over the surface of the water, they’d be able to see… things.

“I mean. Singing, I guess. Kicking butt.” She’s trying to keep her voice casual, but she’s not in her element, and it’s very clear that the woman across from her is, if only for the way the corner of her mouth lifts into a teasing little smile as she swims over to her, the water beading against her flushed skin, and then she’s close, close enough to see, really see, if Dinah decided to look down…

“No, I mean…” And Helena reaches out and twists a long strand of Dinah’s hair around her fingers. “What is it that makes you feel alive?”

She looks good that night, and it’s not just because of the brandy and spicy cocktails. When she leans in to shout something in Dinah’s ear (the soundguy is apparently trying to clear the room by
blaring 80s funk as loud as he can), she smells nice. And Helena has good hygiene, she usually
smells nothing at all, or maybe if it’s late at night, she’ll smell like the lotion she uses to keep her
hands from chapping—it’s a nice, subtle, woody scent, and Dinah had been meaning to ask what it
is, but it just seems so personal.

*Hey, Crossbow Killer, you smell good, how can I smell like you?*

“Anyway, it’s nice. You should come sometime.”

There are so many responses Dinah has to that.

But somehow, she says the right thing, she doesn’t completely mess it up, and as they walk out of
the club together, Frances calling goodbye to them from where she’s changing the specials on the
chalkboard, the invite still stands.

Part of Dinah wants to mention Renee, or the others, just to see if this is a “two of them” thing.
Helena’s spent the last twenty years living in Europe, after all, maybe hot tubbing with the girls is a
common activity over there.

But she doesn’t mention the others, and neither does Helena, and after they wave goodbye, revving
up their respective rides, Dinah puts on a loud song, something rocky and brash, something that
can give her an excuse for the way her heart’s pumping out of her chest.

---

*Jesus Christ.*

Helena’s brow furrows.

“Hm, really? I didn’t actually peg you as very religious, but—”

“What?! I mean, no, *no*, not like that, I was swearing.”

“Oh.”

Helena’s staring up at her again, and she’s almost pressed right up against her now, and Dinah’s
breath catches as she reaches out, as if she’s about to wrap one of those strong arms around her
shoulders—

“...well?”

She’s so close, she can feel Helena’s breath on her cheek, and it smells minty and nice, and her
lips...

“I mean, right here is pretty good.”

“*Dinah*… that’s cheating,” Helena sighs, and there’s the sound of liquid against plastic and Dinah
realizes that Helena just had been reaching for her bottle of Gatorade that she’d set on the jacuzzi’s
edge.

*Christ, I love how she says my name…*

“Why is that cheating?” Dinah asks, never feeling stupider than she feels now. She’s Dinah Lance,
she should be *killing* this, she’s Gotham seduction *central*, but no, ten minutes of sitting here in a hot tub with a beautiful naked woman and she’s reduced to a stuttering, inarticulate mess—

“Because that’s already mine, according to you. Choose your own element,” Helena says airily, taking a long drink of *Low Calorie Grape*.

“An element? Okay… fire.”

Helena looks worried for the first time since they got into the water.

“Is it too hot? I can change the temperature,” she says, that smug assertiveness gone in an instant, and Dinah reaches out to take her hand.

It’s the first time they’d touched since… whatever this is, happened, and her skin feels… wet. Wet, and warm, and nice.

“It’s not too hot,” she murmurs, pressing forward a little, so that their arms are touching, too. “There’s just… there’s a lot of heat going on. You know?”

Dinah checks the weather surreptitiously after that, and she thinks that Gotham has never seen a dry spell like this in her life. There are sunny days, overcast days, cloudy days, muggy days, and on all of these days, she has to go on with her life, nodding hello to Helena in the morning, kicking ass side by side at night, pretending that she’s not being driven mad with every day that passes because it. Just. Won’t. *Rain*—

Until it does.

She wakes that morning to a text.

*Setting up shop at Kane’s. Wanna stop by later?*

And sure enough, when Dinah pushes her way out of her office bedroom, the warehouse is alive with the sound of a thousand raindrops hammering in unison against the metal roof, a cacophony of noise, like the chaos of a high school band room before the teacher arrives.

“Let me guess,” Renee says when Dinah waltzes over to the little round dining room table they’d put up. “It’s raining, so you got an invite to go see the Barenaked Ladies down at the Kane.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Dinah snaps, but even the Question’s merciless teasing can’t wipe the smile from her face. Renee shakes her head, grinning, but she doesn’t go back to her tablet and the deeps of the internet, she just watches as Dinah makes herself a cup of tea.

“I really hope it works out for you kids,” she says, and she sounds more thoughtful than Dinah’s ever heard her. “Seriously—you need each other like people need the *Lord*.”

Helena gets out, and water drips everywhere, and Dinah doesn’t look. The bathroom is floor is
black marble, and the cabinets and countertops are also black. It’s supposed to look chic, or something, but it just looks like they got stuck in an old movie. When Helena’s wrapped safely in a fluffy towel, Dinah glances over at her, and the taller woman is smiling, beckoning with the hand that’s not holding up the towel.

"Come on. You have to come out for a little break, then you can go back."

Apparently, there’s a whole schedule around bath times.

But Helena hands her the menu filled with overpriced food and tells her to order anything because it’s free, and when Dinah says, *What do you mean it’s free?* the assassin looks guilty and doesn’t answer.

“No, seriously—Helena, please don’t tell me you murdered someone—”

“I didn’t *murder* someone,” Helena snaps, snatching the menu back out of Dinah’s hands. “My friend is friends with the owner of this place. She lets me come here whenever.”

“...you know Kate Kane?”

“I mean, not *well.*”

Dinah stares, feeling like there’s a whole goddamn story behind this, because sure, she knew Sionis, she worked for him for years, but she never would’ve called him her *friend*, and she knows that Helena’s a billionaire now, but she’d never really thought of her like that, a rich socialite, rubbing elbows with the other rich socialites—

“Diana said it’d be better to not mention her, today,” Helena is saying, and now that she’s out of the water, she’s out of her element again, she’s just a tall woman in a bathrobe with a worried expression on her face. “I mean, when I’m here with you. I hope it’s...”

“I’m not upset, I’m just a little surprised, that’s all,” Dinah says, taking a deep breath, trying to put the thought of Wonder Woman and Batwoman out of her mind. She should be relieved, though, out of all the billionaires prowling around Gotham, Kate Kane is one of the better ones. “I’m good. Really good. In fact, let’s just order one of everything, yeah? It’s about time this damn city repaid us for the work we’ve been doing these past few months...”

Dinah feels uncomfortable from the moment the Uber drops her off at the hotel. It doesn’t look like much from the outside, just another big building, but the moment she walks through the front doors, she knows she’s in a different world. A woman in a suit—not Kate Kane—asks her name, and when she gives it, she’s pointed toward the elevator and she rides it, right up to the top.

Helena’s already in her bathrobe when she opens the door to a hotel room that’s bigger than her entire apartment building.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

Helena steps back, and Dinah steps in.
It's quiet, but Dinah takes a deep breath before it can get awkward, because she came this far, dammit, she’s not going to chicken out now.

“So how does this work?”

Helena was staring at her, and she looks startled at the question, then she turns quickly and crosses the room, grabbing two bottles of Gatorade from the fridge.

“Here, drink up.”

Helena turns on the TV, and some old 80s movie is playing, but they end up sitting at the long dining room table in the living room, the one right up against the window so they can look out over the skyline. The room service comes in with a cart of food, but the portions are about as big as a thumb, and Dinah bites her tongue and doesn’t mention how ugly most of the presentation is—besides, she’s not here for the food, she’s here for the company, and as it turns out, she really does want to know about Wonder Woman, and how she and Helena met, and how they know Kate Kane, and Helena asks her about Gotham, and her stint with the Justice League, and it’s nice, to not be talking about work for once. Just two gals hanging out, nibbling at free, expensive food, re-hydrating, looking out over a view that costs more than their lives are worth, cooling down before they go back to the jacuzzi for another warm-up before... before...

Helena looks embarrassed when she hands Dinah a bathrobe, telling her she can undress in the main room if she wants. Helena had brought her swimsuit, stuffing it into her purse like the suspicious character she is, but she watches as Helena turns and makes her way back to the bathroom, and she lets the robe slide from her shoulders, and she’s completely naked underneath, no swimsuit, no—no nothing, and then she’s easing herself into the water, adjusting the jets, running a hand through her hair like she’s in a movie, and Dinah doesn’t realize that she’s staring open-mouthed until Helena glancing up at the ceiling, careful to not look in her direction.

“...is everything okay?”

She sounds a little concerned, but she sounds a little smug, too, and Dinah realizes that she’s dropped the bathrobe, and now it’s probably covered in dust, if dust even exists in this damn hotel, and—

“Great! Everything’s great!” she yells back, and her voice sounds high and squeaky, as if she’s suddenly turned into a preteen boy, and that’s the last thing she needs, hormones—

_Dammit, Lance. Focus. You’ve killed a man with your bare hands and an arrow. You’ve survived the streets, you’ve survived everything the Justice League threw at you, you survived Ollie, you can certainly survive THIS._

Dinah pulls off her clothes and lays them on the easy chair next to the couch. Now she’s naked too, because that’s what people do here. Just a normal day in the neighborhood. She picks up the bathrobe, then thinks better of it, takes a long swig of Gatorade (purple flavor, of course), then she
steps forward…

“Let me know if it’s too hot.” Helena is trailing her hands through the water, letting the jets gush up against her fingers.

*I already know it's too hot, how could it be anything but too hot?*

But Dinah just takes a deep breath, sets her bottle of Gatorade down next to Helena’s—just far away enough so then they don’t get their confused—and then she eases herself into the hot water, and *God.*

It’s not too hot. It’s perfect. And the water—she must’ve put things into it, salts, scents, because it smells amazing, *feels* amazing.

The edges of the tub are padded, and she leans back, letting her head rest against the edge, careful to keep everything below her collarbones submerged in the water. She may be more comfortable than she’s been in years, but she’d like very much to not make Helena *un-* comfortable.

“Is it all right?”

Helena’s looking at her, but it’s not a lusty look, it’s not even a smug look, it’s just a look; she looks peaceful, relaxed for the first time since Dinah’s met her, and her skin’s flushed a little from the hot water, and she’s not wearing her makeup, and she looks cute without makeup, softer, beautiful even—

“...you really look like you’re in your element over there.”

“My what?”

But she’s too warm and comfortable to explain it to her, the fact that she looks like the most beautiful thing Dinah’s ever seen.

“...water.”

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**Chapter End Notes**

Fun Fact I: Wow, this is the longest chapter we've had in a while! Apparently baths are inspiring :D

Fun Fact II: I think social hot tubbing is actually a semi-common social thing over here, at least for people who have jacuzzis and close friends. But I don't think that's a concept Dinah's especially familiar with.

Fun Fact III: This is the first nonlinear thing I've written in a LONG time (I think it's the first in this series?) and I love the format so much. I'd probably retool it a bit if I had time, but I don't, so hopefully it all makes sense.

Fun Fact IV: Anyway, I hope this helped make your Memorial Day more memorable! (That's probably sacrilegious, but in these times, I think we can afford a little sacrilege).
Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! :D
The Name of Life: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

A little scene from Martha's first day in the Underworld.

Chapter Notes

"The Name of Life (Spirited Away OST)" by Joe Hisaishi

By the time Hippolyta arrived in the Underworld and began building the third (and last) Themyscira, she knew what she was doing, or at least, that's what she tells Martha as they wander the streets together. It's a beautiful city, quaint in a way that reminds Martha of the abandoned "cliff dwellings" in Colorado that her family had gone on a road trip to see one hot, humid summer… except this city is not abandoned, it's very much alive, as alive as a place can be in the Underworld.

"Are you all right?" Queen Hippolyta has reached out to brush her fingers against hers, and her hand is cold. Martha takes it in both of hers to warm it up.

"I'm fine. It's nice."

It's not market day in New Themyscira, Hippolyta informs her with some regret: the day when all the Amazons bring their wares to the town square to barter, trade, sell. But somehow, this is even better, because they are able to move from store to store, browsing through the offerings each artisan has set onto their porch, arranged in their shops.

On one stoop, there are baskets and tables full of pottery, beautiful ceramic bowls painted in every color, with the most wonderful patterns of flowers, birds, animals, houses, warriors… Martha marvels at the craftsmanship, wondering how on earth they managed to get all these precise details so perfectly. Hippolyta leads her inside, where the potter greets them with a smile and gives them a demonstration at her wheel, then takes them outside to the gardens, where the kiln is burning merrily. She shows them the pots that are firing, others that are cooling nearby. Martha vaguely remembers learning about ceramics in high school art, but seeing it up close is so different than reading about it in a textbook, or listening to a lecture...

They leave the shop after promising the potter they'll stop by her stand on market day, and then it's off down the pretty street once more, with the cobblestone walkways, and the colorful flower boxes in the windows, and the open doors, distant snatches of laughter, conversations, gossip.

"Are you tired?"

"I'm not tired," Martha says, stopping to admire an especially nice window box: this one if overflowing with purple and magenta morning glories, and there's a little fountain set into the wall beside it of a woman holding a pitcher, as if she had just stepped out to water the plants. "It's just
so pretty.”

She reaches out for Hippolyta’s hand again, and it’s still cold, even though the weather is pleasant and the sun is out.

“Indeed,” Hippolyta rumbles, and Martha looks up, squinting in the light as Hippolyta gazes down at her, at teasing smile on her face.

“Stop, there’s people,” Martha whispers, giving her a little nudge, then pulling her into the next shop. She’s only been in New Themyscira for a day, and she already knows that these Amazons aren’t shy, and Hippolyta is their Queen—

The next shop is the tailors, and another friendly woman greets them, and when she casts a critical eye over their outfits, Martha is suddenly grateful that Myrrha had helped her this morning to drape and belt it correctly. The woman asks many questions about Martha’s favorite color and whether she likes this or that material or pattern or style, and luckily, Martha is saved when another warrior marches in. When she spots them, she introduces herself as the armorer, pointing out her shop just next door (she then asks Martha if she does any fighting, and Martha laughs a little too loudly in response).

But the question lingers as they step back outside, and this time it’s Hippolyta who takes her hand, and she kisses the top of her head, as if she can sense the sudden seed of doubt that’s been sowed in her mind.

“What is wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong.” Martha says quickly. Hippolyta is looking down at her, but Martha doesn’t look back, casting around instead for a distraction. “Look, the bakery, can we see…?”

And too late she remembers the words Hippolyta had told her over breakfast, that she can’t eat Underworld food, only Earth food that’s been shipped in, and her shoulders have slumped with disappointment before she can stop them—but Hippolyta is squeezing her hand and leading her inside, because apparently John Constantine brought flour, too, and sugar, and oil, and all the things the baker needs to make the most perfect little honey-drizzled donut holes called loukoumádes, and the baker smiles and hands them a tankard of some icy drink, and Hippolyta hands over a few coins and refuses to let Martha carry anything as they make their way out to the short tables sitting outside the bakery. There are no chairs, only benches, and Martha takes full advantage of this by scooting over to the Queen and pressing her cheek up against that muscular arm as it pours two frothy goblets of the drink.

“What are you all right, little one?” Hippolyta asks as Martha rubs her face lightly against cool skin.

“I’m just a little warm, that’s all,” she mumbles, even though she’s perfectly comfortable. But she seizes her goblet and takes a sip in order to keep up the pretense, and her eyes widen, because it’s ginger water—haymaker's punch, like Jonathan’s grandfather and great-grandfather used to drink in the fields, before water bottles and air conditioning became a thing on farms…

“God, your people did their homework,” Martha gasps, tipping back the cup, drinking greedily. It’s so cold and refreshing and spicy, she almost feels guilty for enjoying this so much when all she did today was put on some clothes, eat breakfast, and walk around at a snails pace, but Hippolyta just gives her a little smile and pushes the platter of donut holes toward her, taking one for herself.

“They were delighted to hear of your existence,” she says, her voice casual. “They took it upon themselves to find ways to make you feel welcome.”
Martha tries a donut hole, and it’s just as good as it looks, crispy and surgery and fresh. She licks her fingers, then darts a glance up at Hippolyta’s face.

“And you? Did you take it upon yourself to find ways to make me feel welcome?”

Maybe the sugar’s gone to her head, or maybe there’s something stronger in that ginger water than vinegar, but Hippolyta leans in and kisses the little smear of sweetness away from her lips, and she’s smiling, and she’s so good at kissing, that would be answer enough—

“I have prepared a few things,” Hippolyta murmurs, and then she kisses her again. “If you are patient, Martha Kent, you may see them.”

Martha blinks up at her, and her mind is racing a thousand miles a minute toward somewhere forbidden, but Hippolyta just smiles down at her, then reaches out and tucks a little strand of gray hair behind her ear...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This was just a short little thing I managed to come up with after that long chapter yesterday. I'm a little bit annoyed that all the artisans don't have names, but of the three, only the armorer officially has a name in the comics, and it seemed weird to name-drop one and not the other two...

Fun Fact II: I can write better than this, but it was just one of those nights where my brain was like “We literally just wrote 2k words yesterday, why are you trying to write MORE”, but hopefully tomorrow's chapter will be a little less rough around the edges!

Fun Fact III: Anyway, it's in chapters like these where I realize how important it is to read; even though my brain was dead, I was able to scatter a couple of random world-building bits of information throughout this chapter simply because I'd read them in other books.

Fun Fact IV: But anyway, thanks for reading! I hope you had a safe memorial day! It's Tuesday, we're almost halfway done with week 11!
"Goldfish" by Until the Ribbon Breaks

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s the farmers!”

“Ma, look, it’s the farmers!”

“Hi, farmers!”

“Bye, farmers!”

“Bye…” Donna keeps waving even as Nubia climbs down from the couch and picks up the picture book that she’d abandoned when Dinah and Helena rode past on that bike of theirs. Martha can’t figure those two ladies out: the way they act around each other, you’d think they were teenagers, but sometimes they say things, act in a way that makes it seem like they’ve been to hell and back…

“I wanna play with the farmers,” Donna says, almost too softly for Martha to hear from where she’s knitting in her rocking chair. The house is cozy and snug even as the storm howls past the sturdy walls, and the record player is on; the girls had chosen an album full of holiday songs, even though it’s the middle of spring.

“Ma, I wanna play with the farmers,” Donna says again, and her bottom lip is trembling. Her little hands are still pressed up against the window, as if the farmers are going to spin around and ride right past again.

“I’m sure the farmers are busy running their errands, Donna—”

“I wanna play! I wanna play with the farmers!” Her tiny voice is higher now, and she stamps her foot against the couch cushion.

“Farmers don’t play, Donna, they farm,” Nubia says helpfully from the floor, but Donna is not comforted by this in the least, and she promptly bursts into tears.

“Oh, my God,” Martha groans, stabbing her needles into the ball of yarn and setting her knitting aside. “Come on, both of you.”

This is what happens when two five-year-old little girls are cooped up inside all day, loud meltdowns about farmers. Martha sits herself down on the plush couch and pulls Donna up against her, muffling her sobs against her sweater. Nubia climbs up from the floor, bringing her book with
her, turning another page even as she snuggles up against her mother’s side. Apparently, she’s unfazed by the loud crying happening just a few inches from her head.

“Children…” Martha sighs, combing her fingers through their jet-black hair, kissing the tops of their little heads. Donna rubs her face against her, rubbing tears and snot all over her nice sweater, but she’s quieted down in her mother’s arms, and Nubia has spread out, lying on her stomach, burying the side of her head against Martha’s thighs and propping her book up against her belly.

“Well, great,” Martha sighs, but Donna is quiet again and she can’t move now, especially since Nubia has poked her twin, and is showing her something in her book, and now they’re gigging. The record player goes silent for the moment, then “It’s Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas” starts playing, and Martha turns to look out the window at the rain, and it’s really coming down out there, she hopes those farmers are wearing their rain gear, gallivanting out on their bike in this weather…

The front door unlocks, and the girls leap to their feet, and suddenly Martha’s lap is baby-free as they tear off toward the entryway, where Hippolyta has just stepped in, bags of groceries slung over her broad shoulders, rainwater dripping from her hair.

“Food!” Donna yells, at the very same moment that Nubia flings her arms around her mother’s leg and exclaims,

“What’ve you been doing to these children, Martha Kent?” Hippolyta says, kicking off her wet shoes and crossing the living room.

“Hell if I know,” Martha grumbles, but Hippolyta leans in to kiss her, and when she gives her snotty sweater a questioning look, Martha just gives her a tired look in return.

“Here, give it. I’ll get started on dinner,” she says, reaching out to tug one of the bags from Hippolyta’s shoulder. But the mayor just pulls away, hefting the bag out of reach.

“Don’t be silly, darling. The girls and I will make dinner. You go away and rest so we can surprise you.”

“Surprises!”

“Mother, did you bring surprises?”

“I want a surprise!”

Hippolyta reaches into one of the bags and half-pulls out a bottle of wine that is clearly Diana and Isabel’s handiwork, and she smirks as Martha pretends to reach for it.

“Come along, girls,” she says, shooing them into the kitchen, turning off the record player as she strolls past. There’s a radio in the kitchen, and it will play season-appropriate tunes…

“Did you see—did you see the farmers when you were outside?”

“We saw the farmers! They went past!”

“Yes, I saw them in the square,” Hippolyta’s calm voice says, and there’s the crinkle of paper, the dull clank of glass bottles as she begins to unpack the groceries. “They were biking and talking about ants.”
“I want ants!”

“We have aunts. Aunt Antiope and Aunt Menalippe—”

Martha groans as she drags herself up to her feet. Io is passing by the window, a giant umbrella in hand, probably gone to walk Epione from the pharmacy down to the Saloon. It’s a miserable day out, and Martha listens for a moment to the rumble of thunder in the distance, then she goes to the front door and sticks her head out.

“Io!”

The blacksmith does a double take, then turns and gives her a wry smile.

“Hello to you too, Martha,” she says, looking as if she wants to cross her arms, but she can’t while holding an umbrella…

“Those new farmers went by a while ago. Have you seen them?”

“Not today, but I haven’t left the forge until ten minute ago,” Io says, stepping a little closer. Martha frowns and casts a worried glance toward the beach.

“Those two can take care of themselves,” Io says, as if reading her thoughts. “They’ll be fine—as long as Korra’s not trying to take them out on that boat of hers.”

“They’re just new, that’s all. And Helena is still recovering, and it’s such a long way back to that old farm. It’d just be the cherry on top, getting pneumonia.”

Io cranes her neck, following Martha’s gaze, but they can only see a sliver of the beach from here.

“If I don’t see them riding past before sunset, I’ll run down and see if they want a ride back home.”

“You don’t have to do that—”

“I’m happy to do it,” Io says, then she glances back at Martha’s face, her smile widening. “Hippolyta will let me borrow the car, right?”

And Martha laughs.

“You?”

Io grins and waves, then she’s gone back to face the rain, and Martha shuts the door. The girls are singing in the kitchen, and Martha can hear Hippolyta chopping up some ingredients, something’s sizzling in a frying pan, and the fan over the stove is on…

It will be at least 45 minutes before dinner is ready. Martha makes her way toward the bedroom, closing the door behind her, yanking her wet sweater over her head, stripping off her pants, and slipping into bed, sighing in sheer relief as the cool sheets slide over her bare skin.

Just a little nap, that’s all she needs. Hippolyta is making dinner, and pouring wine, and then when it’s all ready, the plates, and cups, and forks, and food, she’ll make her way into the room and whisper a kiss over Martha’s ear and say,

*Dinner’s on the table, darling.*

And Martha… Martha will keep on sleeping.
Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Kids are so cute but oh my God the DRAMA.

Fun Fact II: I meant to write the egg hunt today, but I guess we got a little bit of Marlyta parenting instead, which was also fun.

Fun Fact III: Today was a long work day, but I promise I'll get to review replies tomorrow! Thanks for reviewing! :)

Fun Fact IV: And thanks for reading! :D
At Wit's End: Justice League

Chapter Summary

Some scenes from The Sun and the Moon from the Justice League's perspective.

Chapter Notes

"At Wit's End (PotC: At World's End OST)" by Hans Zimmer

Just a note in case you're looking for a feel-good chapter, this one isn't it. This particular section of The Sun and the Moon is probably the most frustrating to deal with because of all these deliberate misunderstandings, but I think it's interesting to explore it anyway, because it is very in character, and yet things are always told from the hero's perspective and not the woman's, so they never really have to deal with repercussions like they should. (I still maintain that Martha didn't want that house back! Seriously, all the cleaning! And farming! And maintenance!).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How do we get her back.”

Bruce has pulled Diana aside, but Alfred has also moved forward like the shadow he is, standing just inside the doorway, arms crossed, listening.

“What?”

Bruce looks irritated that she can’t read his mind.

“The Amazons, the Underworld. You’ve been there. You know the people. They must have a weakness, a way in, so we can get her out of there.”

“Perhaps she wants to be there, if what Alfred has said is true—”

“She was kidnapped, Diana,” Bruce snarls, pointing a shaking finger toward the flickering tower of screens in the next room, the ones with the grumpy satellite footage of two tiny figures meeting in the middle of the Kent driveway, coming together, leaving as one. Perhaps the Goddess of Death seized her and dragged her away—or perhaps Martha Kent flung herself into her arms and refused to let go.

Either way, people are dead. Buildings destroyed. Clark is screaming.

“If we can get in—talk to John Constantine, maybe. Smuggle her out—”

“You cannot smuggle anything past the Amazons,” Diana interrupts, but she reaches out and rests a firm hand on Bruce’s shoulder. “I will speak with the Queen. Wait here with the others.”

Bruce looks put out, but he doesn’t speak as Diana makes her way toward the day.
“Diana…” he begins just as she’s about to cross the threshold. “Should you really go alone? She may be dangerous.”

He looks at her like he’s remembering the first time he saw Queen Hippolyta, and the explosion of pain in his ribs that followed shortly after their introduction.

“Of course she’s dangerous,” Diana says, and the barest hint of disdain crept into her eyes. “She is our Queen.”

“She will not come willingly.”

Only a few seconds have passed since Diana disappeared with Napi. The footage is grainy, but Diana’s voice is clear.

“Time in the Underworld is slower,” Jason Todd explains under his breath, but only Barry Allen nods in thanks.

“So she’s been brainwashed,” Bruce mutters, turning away from the monitors to pace the floor. Diana glares at them through the screen, looking annoyed—annoyed and tired.

“She has not been brainwashed,” she snaps. “She is simply happier here. And she is not eager to leave.”

“Your mother has to answer for the hundreds of dead, Diana,” Bruce says to the opposite wall. “She needs to face Clark and apologize to him.”

“My mother did not kill anyone,” Diana says, her voice cold. “She has not killed anyone for thousands of years… except for Darkseid.”

“Perhaps Dr. Prince is right, Master Wayne, if Mrs. Kent truly—”

“We're coming to get her, Diana,” Bruce interrupts, turning around. “We are coming to bring her back to the living world, and we won't leave until we do. And if Queen Hippolyta refuses to surrender her, there will be war.”

Jason turns against him.

“You’re wrong.”

Bruce doesn’t have time to listen to this, he’s too busy trying to get together a team that’s strong enough to take down the woman who defeated Darkseid, if such an army is even possible…

“You don’t know her. Or you’re just refusing to see her, understand her—”

“She’s the Queen of a warrior race with the singular purpose of tearing down mankind. I’ve seen it before—this is the third time bigger enemies, stronger enemies have gone after Martha Kent in
order to get to Superman. And I promised I wouldn’t let it happen, that I wouldn’t let Martha die, not again.”

“But it hasn’t happened again,” Jason growls, but Bruce has already pushed his cowl onto his head, and he’s no longer Bruce Wayne, now he’s just a bat, cold and featureless and mysterious.

“Dick, Damien, stay here and keep watch in case—”

“I won’t stand with you.”

And Batman turns to look over at him at last.

“...what?”

“I won’t stand with you,” Jason repeats. "If you go down to challenge her, I'll stand at her side. Or as close to her side as she'll let me.”

The rest of the Justice League is trickling into the room, suits on, ready for battle. Bruce is still staring at him, staring like he’s not sure what he’s looking at.

“You've changed.”

"Yeah... that tends to happen when you die."

And Bruce has nothing to say to that.

There’s a doorway, and they step through and out onto the banks of the River Styx. The opposite side is lined with Amazon warriors armed to the teeth, weapons in hand, bows drawn. The League exchanges glances, but no one moves, and once they have all made it through, they stand in silence, waiting. Charon shoots bored glances at them every so often from his boat, looking disgusted. The dog, the giant three-headed dog is growling from the shadows, and everyone hopes that he’s leashed or at least restrained somehow…

They appear so quickly, the Queen and the Princess, it’s almost as if they were transported by magic. But all at once, they are on the opposite side of the bank, staring across at them, and it’s Queen Hippolyta in the flesh, and she just looks like a woman, a tall woman in Ancient Greek armor, nothing like the horned devil, nothing like the paintings of Satan—

“What do you want?”

She sounds impatient, like they’re a bunch of boy scouts who knocked on her front door. The league glances at one another, then Bruce moves forward.

“Return the woman.”

“I will not return Lois Lane until her safety can be assured,” Hippolyta says, and Bruce knows what she’s doing, knows that she’s trying to make this look like it’s Clark’s fault—

“You stole away a living woman. And we will won’t leave until she’s returned safely once more.”

_We won’t leave until we get some, so bring it out here..._
“Does she have a name?” Queen Hippolyta says, her voice mild, and Bruce squares his shoulders. If she’s trying to play with him...

“Give us Martha Kent, and we’ll forget this ever happened.”

“She does not wish to leave.”

“I think we can safely say she’s not the best judge of her own mind right now.”

A tense silence follows this statement, then Hippolyta steps forward, crossing the water as if it’s only a few inches deep, even though the Justice League can see the shadowy depths from the edge, and can see that it goes down dozens of feet, if not hundreds.

“How quickly tide can turn turn: one day you rescue the world from slavery, and the next, you are the sinister villain in a children’s tale.”

Hippolyta had been holding her sword loosely in her hand when she crossed the Styx, but now she sheaths it against her back, as if her visitors are not worth her full strength.

“You think you know her mind better than she? Tell me, how many times have you spoken to this woman you claim to be here to rescue?”

“She’s the mother of our friend. That’s all we need to know,” Bruce says, stepping forward, as if to protect the rest of the league from her approach. Or perhaps to protect them from this question, knowing that the answers are abysmal.

“So you are here to defend his honor.”

“Does it matter whose honor?” Bruce says, his voice low. “This is about justice.”

“It is indeed,” Hippolyta says, and she looks tired for the first time, but she glances over at the waiting faces, and any sign of weakness is quickly wiped from her face.

“Clark is here, awaiting trial. If you are here to support him and vouch for his character, you may stand at his side in the Senate. But do not even think of attacking or harassing any of my people. I will feed you to the Gods.”

The first time they actually see Martha Kent, there's shouting from inside the Senate, and a half-eaten apple is splattered against the wall.

There's more talk after that, talk about rules and days and traveling. The Queen looks angry, more angry than she's looked during this entire ordeal. But Martha Kent looks happy, smug even. It's a strange look on her, just about as strange as the Ancient Greek tunic she's wearing. Clark hammers out an agreement with the Amazons, and then they all go outside, standing awkwardly around the Embassy courtyard.

Diana brings word that the Amazons had been ordered to feed their living guests with food from the House of Mystery, but not long after their meal, there is word of an explosion on Argo, the last outpost of Krypton, and Clark wants to leave immediately to investigate, and of course the rest of the League has to go with him—
"You can't protect him forever, you know," Jason says as they're hunkered down on the Flying Fox, flying at the speed of light courtesy of Cyborg. "And dragging all these other people into it—if you can't tell the difference between a personal problem and a world problem, then you shouldn't be telling people what to do."

"Superman is one of the most visible protectors of Earth. An attack on him is an attack on us."

Jason is silent for a long moment, then he says, almost too quietly to hear,

"Then what was the attack on me?"

"That was an attack on me," Bruce says, his voice becoming gruff. "What's this all about, Jason? Are you jealous of Superm—?"

"I'm not jealous of Clark," Jason interrupts, struggling to keep his voice even. "I just don't understand how a man can literally kill everyone you care about and escaped unharmed, but when Superman's mother takes an unplanned vacation, all of a sudden you're ready to move heaven and hell."

And Bruce opens his mouth to say something, but Jason has already risen to his feet, and then he's gone.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: It's too late for fun facts and also proofreading :P But this chapter is not especially fun because there's a lot of shit going on right now in the states and it's... a lot to deal with emotionally on top of everything else.

Fun Fact II: That point at the end is interesting, like, I don't know how much of Bruce's scenes in JL were part of reshoots, but the way that he talked about Clark was bizarre, especially considering how hard he tried to kill him in BvS.

Fun Fact III: I get that Bruce has a big "do not kill" mantra, but if I were Jason Todd, I'd be downright pissed at how Batman didn't make it his life goal to keep Joker in prison for the rest of his life.

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading, hopefully tomorrow's chapter will be less frustrating? And also more wlw-centered.
Neon Love: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Black Canary steps out for a smoke when the Birds are at a bar. Helena joins her.

Chapter Notes

"Neon Love" by 10eighty6

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Harley starts dancing, Dinah gets up from their booth and goes out for a smoke.

It’s the Bird’s night off, and Harley had dragged them all to this club, and it’s full of people and bodies and alcohol and darkness and light simultaneously, and it reminds Dinah too much of the Black Mask club, and high schooler Dinah would’ve never believed it, but all she wants is to be back at the warehouse, wearing PJs and comfortable shoes, sitting on the couch with Helena and watching TV. Maybe eating popcorn or those Austrian chocolates that Helena likes. Something quiet.

The bass drops, and the alleyway is filled with the muffled throb of loud music. There’s a crowd of people passing by on the sidewalk, girls in cute dresses and heels, and guys in jeans and polos—as if they’re afraid that dressing nicely will make them look too desperate—and their laughter and crowing voices echo across the wet street as one of the guys pulls open the club door. Music pours out as they file in, then it’s quiet once more.

How do the people who live over these places sleep at night? Dinah thinks sourly, looking up at the rickety fire escapes that are snaking down the sides of the buildings. She can feel the wall vibrating against her back, and for a moment, she closes her eyes, imagining that she’s in her bed, and the neighbors downstairs are partying, and it’s 3 A.M., and she just got back from a mission with the League, and she has to work tomorrow morning—

“Hey.”

She hadn’t even heard the door open.

Helena’s standing next to her, hands in her jacket pockets, those dark eyes peering down at her.

“Hey.”

A big rig shudders its way down the street, and the roar as it accelerates sounds like some kind of monster from the old days.

“Can I have a—?”

“Smoking’s bad for you.”
Helena shoots her that petulant teenager look that Dinah loves so much.

“It’s a bad habit, that’s all. You should’ve heard the speeches Superman would give about people’s lungs.”

Helena crosses her arms, still looking somewhat put out, but she glances off toward the end of the alley. There’s probably a criminal out there, just waiting to get caught, someone robbing an old lady, maybe, or holding up a gas station. Helena’s standing close enough that their arms are touching, the cool leather of her jacket smooth against Dinah’s bare skin.

“Do you think…?” Her voice trails off because it’s a weird question, and she doesn’t really want to know the answer, but Helena look back down at her, and she’s smiling, and Dinah loves that look, too.

“Yeah. Therefore, I am.”

Dinah stares at her, then shakes her head in disbelief, her lips pulling up into a reluctant smile.

“You’re such a geek.”

“Ehh. There are worse things to be,” Helena says casually, and Dinah doesn’t disagree. The throb of the club’s music envelopes them once more.

“Oh, my God, when we were in high school,” Dinah says with a sudden laugh as the memory resurfaces. “We used to finish that quote—you know, like, I think, therefore I am dangerous, or I think, therefore I am horny—it was so stupid.”

“It sounds kind of fun,” Helena says, and her tone is mild, and Dinah shuts up, because Helena never went to high school, never even finished her fancy private middle school, and Dinah can’t even imagine what that must’ve been like, going through her teenage years with no one but men old enough to be her father or grandfather to talk to...

“So did you leave Montoy—”

“Do you still talk to them?”

Dinah blinks. Helena’s turned to face her, but her back is to the street now, and her features are shadowed, and maybe she doesn’t realize what a threatening stance she has, what an impressive figure she cuts, but God, she does...

“...the what? Who?”

“Your high school friends.”

“Oh, hell no,” Dinah snorts, blowing a cloud of smoke in the opposite direction of Helena’s face. “We all promised to be friends forever, and then we just… fell out of contact after a year or so.”

“That’s too bad.”

“It’s not bad, it’s just life,” Dinah shrugs. “People change, people come and go. It’s whatever.”

Helena stares at her, then takes a tiny step forward, and she reaches up to tug her hand through her hair, the way she does when something’s bothering her.

“...do you think we’ll change?”
No, I think we’re going to get bitten by vampires and stay like this forever.

But Dinah’s not the snappy, sarcastic little minx she used to be when she first joined the League, when she first started dating Ollie, and he'd laugh whenever she said something mean. And Helena—she’s lost everything. She lost her family, lost the mentor who took her in after the family-losing, and now she finally has something, they all do, her, and Renee, and even Harley, they have something together. For now, at least.

“Come on, I’ll buy you another drink,” Dinah says instead of answering, looking away as she tosses her cigarette butt into the ashtray. But now Helena looks sad, and she gets such puppy eyes when she’s sad, Dinah just wants to wrap her up in her arms and pet her fluffy head and whisper things to her…

“I mean, of course we’ll change,” Dinah says too loudly, a desperate attempt at shoving away these weird-as-fuck images flooding her mind. Helena’s not a puppy, and if anyone ever tried to pet her, they’d end up with a crossbow arrow right through their hand, like actual Jesus Christ. “But that doesn’t mean we’re going to grow apart. We might change together.”

Dinah wrenches open the door, and music and light and the smells of bar food spill out over them, and she steps forward, ready to order some shots, because if she has to stay here, she might as well dance, and there’s no way she’s getting on that dance floor with Harley fucking Quinn unless she’s absolutely plastered.

A hand on her elbow stops her from taking another step forward, but the grip is soft, almost tentative, and when she turns around, Helena’s face is close, so close, Dinah’s worried she’ll be able to smell the cigarettes on her breath—

“I’d like that.”

Everything is silent for a breathless moment, and Dinah’s forgotten how to think, so maybe that means she isn’t—isn’t anything, dangerous, horny, or sentient.

“…what would you like?” she says, and her voice sounds too rough, too mocking, too crude for a conversation like this, if this is the type of conversation she thinks it is...

But this time, it’s Helena who’s looking away, and when she looks back, she’s smiling a sly little smile.

“I’ll take a G and T.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Helena knows what she's doing. She might trip up along the way, but they'll get there.

Fun Fact II: These two are fun to write together when everything is so new and there's that undeniable attraction, but it hasn't been named yet.

Fun Fact III: I can't believe the weekend's coming again already. Hopefully I'll be able to tackle some of those bigger chapter ideas!
Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! Take care of yourself and all that.
The Justice League leaves the Underworld; Martha stays.

"Mateo" by Lian Ray

(This takes place after The Sun and the Moon: Chapter 48)

The Justice League is leaving, and Martha goes down to breakfast to see them off. Hippolyta had left before sunrise to train with Kara and Diana, and she’d left a fat little baby in her place. She’s snoring loudly, and Martha is reluctant to disturb her, but Myrrha comes in and lifts her up so carefully and into her baby carrier, Donna only grumbles and goes right on sleeping.

Myrrha insists on carrying her, and Martha feels bad about this, but privately she’s glad, because Donna is so much bigger and heavier than she was before, and Martha’s arms haven’t been training for these last six months…

“All that Goddess milk, hmm?” Martha murmurs, bending down to brush a kiss over that soft, round cheek. “Is that what’s been making you so big and strong? Maybe I should start—”

But all at once, she remembers that Myrrha is standing right there, and she blushes. Thankfully, the Amazon doesn’t comment, just gathers up the carrier, arm muscles bulging, and then they’re off.

Most of the League is at breakfast, sitting around their own table, and Martha can feel their eyes on her as she makes her way into the courtyard. It’s everyone she yelled at the other night, all the costumed superheroes who’d just come back from saving the world, and now they’re here, eating their food, and breathing their air, and taking up their space—

“Did you all sleep all right?” Martha asks, resting a tentative hand on Barry Allen’s shoulder (he looks the safest), and the guilty faces around the table nod in unison. Clark is sitting next to Lois, and he’s refusing to look at her. Martha frowns, but doesn’t say anything, not in front of his friends, at least. There’s a low rumble as the Amazons surrounding them rise to their feet as one, and Martha glances over to see that the warriors are coming in from the training field. They look good, like they’d just come in from a war, sated and victorious.

Hippolyta spots them and changes paths, and when it’s clear she’s walking toward them, Bruce rises heavily to his feet, apparently having learned his manners at last, and the rest of the table rises as well.

“Good morning,” Hippolyta says, and her eyes are glittering as brightly as her smile. Martha shivers as a strong arm slips protectively around her waist, as if Hippolyta is afraid that these men
are going to attempt another abduction, right here.

“John Constantine is preparing the House. You’ll leave after breakfast.”

It’s an order, but Martha thinks some of the members look a little relieved. Some of them have enemies in the Underworld, and they must be itching to return to the relative safety of the living world.

Hippolyta gives Martha a questioning look, as if to ask if she’ll be dining with her son, and all at once, Martha reaches down to take her hand, and they walk together toward the royal table, where a feast has been laid. Diana has taken control of Donna’s carrier, and it’s a wonder she doesn’t trip up the steps to the table, she’s so engrossed in cooing over the baby’s sleeping face. Hippolyta leads Martha to her seat, and once she’s settled, the Queen bends down and kisses her, and that is a calculated move if she’s ever seen one, kissing her up here on this pedestal, visible to every eye in the courtyard, out of reach of any stray Justice League fists…

When the kissing is over, Martha half expects it to be suppertime, and maybe a different season, but only a few perfect moments have passed, and Martha can’t help but strain her neck forward as Hippolyta pulls away, trying to make it last for as long as absolutely possible…

But the look on Hippolyta’s face as she settle down into her own seat, the sheer amusement in her eyes as she darts a glance over at the stormy faces of the Justice League… it’s worth it. It’s all worth it, every second.

The House of Mystery appears at the tail end of breakfast, and John Constantine himself waltzes into the courtyard, takes the seat next to Antiope, and begins helping himself to a pile of food. The Amazonian General glares at him, and soonafter, she accidentally spills an entire tankard of wine onto his lap, and she excuses herself. The magician just looks amused, de-wines his trousers with a wave of his hand, and goes back to stuffing his face with grits and sausages made from vegetables.

Donna has woken up, and Hippolyta has unlatched her armor and begun to breastfeed her, and Kara, seated at a place of honor beside Lena and Diana, apparently hears something with her superhearing, and she turns and blasts a few Justice League breakfasts to smithereens with those laser eyes of hers.

But eventually, the plates have been scraped clean, and the leftovers have been packed, and the breasts have been put away, and the babies have been burped, and it’s time, at last, for the League to leave, and Martha rests a hand on Hippolyta’s arm, giving her a look, and the Queen nods in understanding, and Martha climbs to her feet, brushing the crumbs from her tunic, and she makes her way down to the table, the only one in the courtyard that has a man seated at it…

By the time she's close enough to brush her fingertips over its crumb and ash-strewn tablecloth, most of the League has made their way up to the entryway of the House, ignoring Deadman’s loud, cheery shouts of welcome.

“Clark.”

And finally, he looks down at her. Lois squeezes his hand, leans in to kiss Martha’s cheek, then she’s gone too, fallen into step with Mera and Arthur, comfortable as anything beside these giant warrior gods.
“So.” Clark crosses his arms, staring down at the cobblestone. “I guess this is it.”

“Thank you for putting together that button-thing for me.”

“Don’t thank me, thank Bruce. And Victor.”

He sounds surly, and Martha sighs.

“Honey, you could at least pretend to be happy for me.”

“Are you happy?” Clark sounds apprehensive, and Martha bites her lip to keep from saying something she’ll regret.

“Are you really—if… if you can’t see that I’m happier now than I’ve ever been in my entire life, then you need to get those magic eyes of yours checked.”

Clark looks hurt, and Martha hadn’t meant to hurt him (and if she had, she only meant to hurt him a little), but she steps forward and wraps her arms around him, resting her head against that symbol, that crest from his other family, and he’s stiff as a brick wall against her, but she feels his arms moving to rest against her back, pulling her close, and if everything were different—no, if one thing were different, then she’d promise to do anything for him, anything to protect him, anything to make him happy, anything to make his time on this Earth a little less difficult…

But he’s a big boy now. And she loves him so much, despite everything, he’s still her little spacebaby, that screaming little miracle that God sent down from the sky, if he would only stop being so stubborn and grumpy—but she can't. She can't spend the rest of her life just... making him happy. Suffering like that 364 days out of the year, sitting in that house, waiting for him to come visit every few weeks...

He pulls away first, and it’s because the rest of the Amazons have moved forward to see their guests off. Diana is giving Donna a final cuddle, and the tall Amazon is openly weeping, and if she doesn’t stop then Donna is going to start crying too, and that’s the last thing they need; Kara and Lena are saying a quiet goodbye, and Kara is promising to call Lena’s lawyers and let them know she’s safe, and now that Clark has stepped away, Hippolyta has stepped over, and she slips an arm around Martha’s shoulders, pressing a kiss to the side of her head, and Martha grins, giving that armored backside a little whack.

“Stop, Lyta, you’re embarrassing him,” she says, sneaking a glance over at Clark’s red face. But the Queen just looks him square in the eye, and says,

“Good.”

Clark’s fists tighten, like he wants to punch the smirk right off of the Queen’s face, and Martha flaps her hands.

“All right, all right, show’s over,” she says quickly. “No more fighting. Go away.”

But she's smiling, because it does feel nice, Hippolyta standing behind her, that strong arm wrapped around her shoulders, and no one's dragging her away, no one's making her leave, and it's horrible, because this has been hard for him, of course it has, but it would be so much easier to feel sorry for him if he hadn't tried to make life an absolute hell for her—

"Come, Kal-El." Diana has stepped up beside them, and she’s holding out the baby, and Martha takes her, and she gasps, because she’s so heavy, she must’ve gained ten pounds since she’d been away, but Hippolyta rests a strong hand beneath hers, supporting her, and Donna flops over,
kicking, and Diana kisses her mother goodbye, then she reaches out and rests a hand against
Clark’s shoulder, almost as if to drag him away, and after resisting for a moment, he shakes his
head and follows. Everyone else is already in the House, and Boston and Orchid are floating like
sentinels at the entrance, watching and waiting.

"I hope you two will at least try to get along some day," Martha says under her breath.

"I'm sure one day we will be the best of friends," Hippolyta says airily.

“Pfubph,” Donna says, and Martha laughs aloud.

"God, did you know when I woke up—you'd better be taking me to bed after this, Queen
Hippolyta, because when I woke up this morning and you weren't there, and I was so—” But
Martha stops talking abruptly because she realizes that Lena Luthor is still standing there, looking
absolutely mortified. But Hippolyta just sighs and lifts Donna from Martha's arms and hands her to
the red-faced billionaire.

"Would you mind watching the baby, Lena? Myrrha will come for her when she's finished with the
morning meal."

"Of course, I'd be happy..." Lena murmurs, pointedly not looking at either of them as she gathers
the squirming baby in her arms. Hippolyta kisses both of the girls' cheeks, then she turns and gives
Martha a look, and the next thing she knows, they're landing on their bedroom balcony, and
Hippolyta is tearing into her, not even waiting for the bed, and Martha knows that the House of
Mystery is still on the horizon, but she's so happy, so selfishly happy, she doesn't even care.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I think Martha deserves to be a little bit selfish, after everything she's been
through! I know mothers are supposed to devote their entire lives and sacrifice
everything to their children's happiness and stuff, but... that doesn't seem fair now does
it?

Fun Fact II: I promise I don't hate the Justice League, I'm just having some feelings
about authority right now, and writing these is as good as any way to process it.

It's also really hot and humid and I don't do well in either

Fun Fact III: Please stay fucking safe this weekend, whether you're planning to stay
inside or not. Things are crazy in more ways than one out there.
**La barcheta: Huntress/Black Canary**

**Chapter Summary**

Dinah passes Helena the aux in the car. Hilarity ensues.

**Chapter Notes**

"La barcheta" by Reynaldo Hahn (performed by Joyce DiDonato)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Helena never plays her music out loud.

Renee owns one of those obnoxious bluetooth speakers, and she’s constantly throwing things to it from her phone while she’s cooking, or trawling the web, or working out. She listens to sassy Puerto Rican dances, 70s disco, Tupac. Whenever the GCPD does something particularly boneheaded, Dinah comes home to *Straight Outta Compton* (1988) blasting as Renee drinks booze from the bottle and mashes her head against her laptop keyboard.

*Montoya, what the actual fuck?*

But the former cop is always too drunk or riled up to properly answer, and Dinah usually just ends up going to her room and putting in headphones to block out the racket.

Dinah’s one of those people who listens to anything and everything: she’ll drive to Fleetwood Mac, workout to Rhianna, listen to Renée Fleming in the shower... sometimes she’ll unpack groceries to gangsta rap, cook to Schubert lieder, and eat dinner to *The Phantom of the Opera*, with the *original* cast, not the soundtrack with the fucking movie stars who can’t sing worth a damn.

*Your fucking music is giving me whiplash*, Renee will complain, but Dinah will just turn up her phone, and Renee will go away, turning up her own music in her office/bedroom until the walls shake.

But Helena doesn’t share her music.

Sometimes Dinah will see her with earbuds in when she’s training, or she’ll see her sitting at the edge of the gym, taking a break, wearing big, wireless, over-the-ear headphones while staring at her phone. She doesn’t whistle though, or hum, or sing. Sometimes she’ll tap her foot, but that’s about the extent of her musical contributions to the group.

“I thought Italians were supposed to be musical,” Dinah teases her one day, but Helena just gives her a curious stare.

“Where did you hear that?”

Helena just stares like she has no idea what she’s talking about, and now Dinah feels stupider than ever.

“You know what, never mind.”

“No, you’re probably right.” And now Helena’s the one who looks flustered. “It’s just, the assassins didn’t sing. They thought it was bad for… being an assassin.”

Dinah blinks, and Renee gives a loud sigh of impatience from where she’s standing in the dark kitchen, probably sneaking some of the brownie bites that Dinah bought specifically for Helena because she likes snacking on them. Maybe the assassins didn't let her have brownies.

“But I did see a man playing accordion at the train station once. He was pretty good.”

“Well, there you go,” Dinah says, clapping Helena’s shoulder. She doesn't even flinch.

You’d think she would’ve learned her lesson from that, and stopped trying. It’s more like Harley, anyway, to keep popping up unannounced and unwanted and start saying random shit, random questions.

But with Helena, sometimes it feels like everything has to be random. Dinah can’t just go up to Helena Bertinelli and say, Hey, let’s chat for a bit. She’d tried something along those lines once, and the most devastating look of terror had come over her face, and she’d said in a small voice, *Are you kicking me out of the group?*

Like they’re literally not the ones who moved into her warehouse and are living on her property, using the furniture and gym equipment that she bought.

But Helena just does better with unplanned things. The post-mission taco runs. The workout sessions when their schedules line up. The sports drinks they share after training. Sometimes Dinah will say she’s going to get groceries, and does Helena want to come, and sometimes she does. When it’s spur-of-the-moment, she seems more relaxed, seems to actually enjoy herself sometimes.

It's during one of these times that Dinah hands her the aux and says,

“Here, hook up your phone.”

They’re taking the long drive to the grocery store, the backroads drive alongside the man-made park that runs parallel to the harbor, and there are little kayaks bobbing in the water, and the car top is down, and the sun is out, but it’s overcast, and it’s a little muggy out, and Helena just says,

“Uh. Okay.” And she takes the cord and plugs it into her phone, and it starts playing right away, and Helena swears under her breath, but it’s already too late, so she just shoots a guarded look at Dinah’s surprised face as what sounds like opera music pours through the car speakers.

“Huh.”

They drive for a little while longer, listening to the song, and it’s actually really beautiful, and the woman has a killer voice, even more killer than hers, and it’s a haunting little melody, soft and romantic…

“Do you want to know what she’s saying?” Helena says abruptly, and Dinah realizes that she hadn’t even thought about that, the fact that Helena can actually understand the words in old Italian songs. It’s like finding out someone can actually understand the original dialogue in Japanese
anime without having to read the subtitles, or understand—

“Yeah, sure, what’s it about?” Dinah says, shaking the muddle of thoughts out of her head. No wonder Helena is always worried, Dinah's out here waiting 30 seconds before answering a yes or no question...

“It’s about two people going on a gondola ride in Venice at night, and the moon is out, and there’s a little breeze, and…”

Dinah glances at her from the corner of her eye, wishing she could take her gaze off the road just to look at her face, but there’s a car in front of them, and they keep slowing down, probably to look at the sparkling water of the harbor, and if they want to look at the view so bad, they can stop their car.

“...and?”

“And the singer is saying the breeze may lift up the other person’s shawl, and expose—things,” Helena says in a rush, fumbling with her phone, scrolling furiously. “Anyway, it’s supposed to be romantic. In a creepy way, I guess. Maybe we should listen to the radio—”

Dinah pulls over and stops the car.

She could say she’d gotten tired of the drivers in front of them, but honestly, she’d wanted to look at the view, too, and now she can, she’s looking it square in the eye. She’s even reaching out and touching its hand, stopping it from turning off this beautiful, creepy song.

“...what are you so afraid of?”

Helena stares, looking like a deer caught in headlights.

“Um. Is this a line from that musical you like, because I don’t remember the next line. Er...”

“No,” Dinah says, squeezing her hand a little. “I mean, with you. I think you’re great. We all think you’re great. You don’t have to worry about us thinking you’re weird, I mean, hell, we hang out with Harley fucking Quinn, don’t we?”

“I’m not fucking worried,” Helena snaps, but Dinah’s used to her temper by now, and she doesn’t let go of her hand. Helena looks away, then she reaches out and traces patterns over the door handle. “It’s just... it's a lot to get used to, that’s all.”

“I know it’s a lot,” Dinah says patiently, hoping she’s not pushing her luck. “But you’ve got to stop worrying about what we think, okay? We really do like you. And we’re not going anywhere.”

*Unless a bunch of goons gun us down in front of you and leave you as the sole survivor, then we don’t really have a choice, do we?*

But Dinah wisely keeps this thought to herself, and Helena glances at her for the first time since Dinah stopped the car, and she gives a short nod.

“Okay.”

“Okay,” Dinah agrees, then she lets go of her hand, and she says, “So do you want me to flash my tits now or something? Was that the point of you playing that song—”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Helena growls, making a dive for the phone, but Dinah grabs it first, and she
holds it out of reach, laughing.

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding, I like it, for reals, it’s pretty,” she insists, but she’s grinning, because Helena’s turned bright red, like she always does when Dinah catches her checking out her legs (those tight pants really pay off). “Anyway, it’s nice to know Italians were horny even back in the old days.”

Helena doesn’t dignify that with a reply, and Dinah chooses to not drive home the insinuation that Italians are horny today, too. She just hands back the phone, and the song’s over, and something poppier is playing, some top 40s song from the 90s, and she starts the car back up and pulls out into the road, and when she sneaks a glance in Helena’s direction, the woman is staring down at her phone, and she’s giving its blank screen a little smile.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I'm actually decently happy with how this chapter turned out! I don't know if this song is actually very popular in the vocal world... I spent a LOT of time around vocal students in college and only heard it performed twice (both at concerts), but it's one of my favorites. Look it up if you're interested in classical vocal music!

Fun Fact II: Helena definitely went and hardcore researched Italian music after Dinah mentioned the singing Italians, because she never finished middle school, and she doesn't want Dinah to think she's stupid.

Fun Fact III: The "what are you afraid of" line is from Phantom... um, in Masquerade, I think? and the next line is, "Let's not argue" haha (for what it's worth, Patrick Wilson/Oceanmaster can actually sing worth a damn).

Fun Fact V: I was watching BoP the other day, and I think we discount just how much of a tease Dinah is. Like, most of the time we see her with the guys or with Cass, and she's either on edge or soft, but whenever she's interacting with Helena, she is a HUGE tease, I mean, she literally laughs in her face when Helena yells at her, and the expressions she makes at her, it's like "Damn, lookit this fool, Imma marry her" and I love it. :D

Fun Fact IV: Anyway, thanks for reading! Hopefully this chapter gave you a little bit of escapism, because writing it was a nice moment of escape for me.
Transatlanticism: The Amazons

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta and Antiope discuss the future of the Amazons.

Chapter Notes

"Transatlanticism" by Death Cab for Cutie

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Six months have passed.

The beaches were barely dusted with frost, but the bitter ravages of winter clung to the mountains that lie further inland. Hippolyta and Antiope climbed the mountain once during a blizzard, building shelters from snow, hunting small birds and game, huddling together for warmth.

It is during moments like this that Hippolyta is glad for a sister who is just as reckless as she, a woman who wishes to experience their second chance at life at its fullest, pushing their goddess-made bodies to their limits, performing feats akin to miracles, dreaming up wonders.

The Amazons have accomplished much in the last two seasons. Each woman has her own dwelling, and many of them had chosen to share, building larger homes that can hold up to five or six. But the Amazons have not yet chosen a foundation, and their dwellings are temporary. Tents, caves, treehouses.

Soon, with the coming of spring, Hippolyta will announce the expeditions: teams of Amazons who will travel at the first full moon, and return at the next. They will explore the land, gathering information on its resources, its wildlife, its possibilities. Hippolyta dearly loves the beach, the waves, the easy access to food and driftwood… but she longs for cool stone. She longs to live amongst the waterfalls and the forests and caves. She wants to grow food, so that she can simply wander a small plot of land, instead of acres of forest in order to gather enough greens for a meal. She longs for orchards, herds, beauty.

*The goddesses instilled within you our longing for peace, Hippolyta,* Hera tells her one night in a dream—or perhaps it is not a dream. *And we gave you the strength and the cunning to protect those dreams.*

And perhaps Hippolyta does dream of Olympus, a softer Olympus, an Olympus that is busting with light, and artistic wonders, and wise counsel. But when she tells these things to Antiope, the smaller woman looks uncomfortable, and it’s not just from the fire she is trying to begin with a handful of dry leaves.

“Not all Amazons will desire to live in a palace, Hippolyta,” she says, blowing steadily on the smoldering flame. “The Amazons are as diverse as their talents.”
Hippolyta doesn’t look up from the rabbit she is skinning for their meal. The creature had wandered into one of the traps they had set, and they had offered up the sacrificial prayers to Artemis for her provisions.

“Then the Amazons shall choose, each to their own ability, the roles they will play in our society. The lives they will lead, and the homes they will inhabit.”

“And if some Amazons wish to depart from this city you wish to build?” Antiope says, urging the now-roaring flames to lick over the larger logs they’d collected.

“Then they shall depart with our blessings and loves, but they shall form their own unit, separate from ours, ruled by themselves, but still within reach, if ever they should need aid, or we should need theirs.”

Antiope picks up the spit with the meat and pulls the small pouch of salt from her side.

“Do you wish to depart from this city I wish to build, sister?” Hippolyta asks from the shadows, and Antiope gives a sharp laugh.

“I will stand at your side until the end, Hippolyta. I do not wish to live in a palace, but you and I will fight together until the goddesses see it fit to return us to the Underworld once more.”

“Must you speak so openly of your death?” Hippolyta scolds, submerging the rabbit pelt in a basin of melted snow. “We have been given these precious gifts of life and immortality. Do not darken them with talk of their end.”

“I have consulted with our Seer,” Antiope replies, unfazed. “She has looked into our futures, yours and mine, and she has seen death written across every page of our stories. And yet, in her dreams, we were rejoicing.”

“I will never rejoice at death,” Hippolyta says sharply, but Antiope only shrugs, stretching out against the hard stone floor, her task finished. Hippolyta stares at her, then she sighs and returns to scrubbing the blood from the pelt.

“I shall have to appeal to Hera for wisdom,” she says under her breath, but Antiope only props her arms up behind her head and closes her eyes.

“Did the goddesses call us forth to create peace, sister, or to keep it?”

“I do not wish for the Amazons to take up arms, to bring peace to the world through force. If we must provide counsel to the nations, it should be on account of our wisdom and knowledge, not our strength of arms.”

“The goddesses also dream of peace,” Antiope murmurs, opening one eye to check the flames, then closing it once more. “And yet Olympus is in constant turmoil. Will we not fall to the same fate?”

“No,” Hippolyta says, and her voice is firm, but there is a slight tremble as she glances up toward the dark ceiling, hoping that Great Hera had been truthful when she promised her husband would never touch the Amazons… “Because I shall be a far better leader than Zeus could ever dream of becoming.”
Fun Fact I: This chapter was short because yesterday’s was long, and today's just didn't want to get written for some reason! But Hippolyta roasting rabbit and Zeus in the same breath, how fun is that??

Fun Fact II: I need to reply to reviews and hopefully that will happen tomorrow!

Fun Fact III: It's officially June (???) and the beginning of Week 12 and both of those things are bizarre.

Fun Fact IV: Hang in there, guys. Just... hang in there.
De profundis clamavi: Huntress

Chapter Summary

A bit of Huntress background before she returned to Gotham

Chapter Notes

"De profundis clamavi" by Josquin des Prez

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The assassins keep a calendar in the kitchen.

The first time the date passes, Sal takes her down to the chapel, and she lights one candle for each of them: her mother, her father, her brother Pino, her grandmothers and grandfathers, uncles and aunts and cousins.

There might have been someone else alive, she says once, standing over Sal as he squats in the dirt. But the assassin had only replied, There wasn’t, without looking at her. But his hands were shaking as he gently patted the dirt down around the little seedlings. They will have fresh vegetables this spring, and if the rabbits and deer come to feast at their garden, they will have fresh meat as well.

Do you know what happened to the house? Helena asks as she and Sal scrub the floorboards side by side. It’s spring cleaning, and the other assassins are beating out the rugs, washing the windows.

It’s abandoned, Sal says shortly, but he looks more pained than angry. When they reach the wall, he tells her to rest, and he continues on into the hallway. She doesn’t tell him she’s not tired, anyway, she’s old enough to know that he doesn’t want to answer any more questions. So she doesn’t ask about possibly returning to get her things: she hadn’t even had a chance to go back up to her room that day, get a change of clothes, recover her hidden treasures, her diaries, her dolls, her books.

She had been lucky to escape with her life.

__________________________________________________________

After she starts training, she celebrates that horrible anniversary by going through a very specific routine. She arranges the straw mannequins just so, studies the map of Gotham with all of their last known addresses, their known hideouts, and then she imagines…

Sal had given her their names, shown her their faces on pages printed from the internet. She knows their features like she knows her own, she knows just how she’s going to kill each one: an arrow through the throat.
And so she goes on the prowl, two steps in this direction, she’s entering his bedroom now, he’s in his nightclothes, reading before bed, never more vulnerable than now—

One arrow in, one assassin down.

Five steps to the left, she’s in a restaurant now, pushing open the door. He’s there, stuffing his face, a napkin tucked into his collar.

*Do you know what you did?*

But of course they do, they *did* it.

Sometimes she has nicer dreams. Dreams of long, slow deaths, grown men begging for mercy, forgiveness, and she’ll say *no*, and *no*.

She throws a knife, but not to kill. Something to pin him down, in case he's trying to run. It won't even send him into shock, it’ll just hurt like *hell*.

Her entire family was dead in seven seconds. None of them suffered, none of them even had time to feel pain, except the terror of knowing what was to come.

But Helena has been carrying around this pain for twenty years. And these men, these monsters can afford to suffer for a night or two, maybe a week. Maybe she'll take them up to her abandoned house, string them up, keep them for a while. Blood cries out for blood, and they can afford to spill a little of their own.

---

When Diana comes, she takes her to a church.

There are dozens of churches on the island, many of them hundreds of years old and filled with art, sculptures, carvings, frescoes on the ceilings, mosaics on the floors. These buildings are always crowded with tourists, people from the mainland who are here to gawk.

There are other places, though, holy places, silent places, and these are the places Diana brings her to each year. They sit together in the hard seats, listening to the message, and when Mass is over, Helena goes up and lights a single candle for her family.

It seems sacrilegious, somehow, to vow vengeance in a church, under the watching eyes of the saints. Or perhaps it is just the influence of Wonder Woman. She never tries to persuade her to give up her kill-list, but she peppers their conversations with strange things, like, *You are a good person, Helena. Too good to let cruelty take ahold.*

Helena doesn’t think she’s a good person, but Diana takes her hand one day, and it’s close to the end of her stay in Sicily, and she makes her promise to be humane. *To take another’s life is the most depraved of violence. Do not prolong it unnecessarily.*

And Helena looks down at Diana’s hand in hers, and she gives a short nod.

“I will only make them suffer long enough to make sure they know who I am. I want them to know that it was the last Bertinelli who has come to take her revenge at last.”

Diana gives her that look that indicates that she’s forcing herself to be patient, and Helena scowls.
“What?”

“You are trying too hard to sound frightening, Little Artemis.”

“I want them to be afraid.”

And Diana just gives her that look: that half-worried, half-adoring look, the one that she gives sometimes right before she’s about to kiss her.

“What?”

“Nothing, it is only—if you must speak to your targets, perhaps you should… train.”

“Train?”

“Yes, as you have done,” Diana says, her expression clearing a little. “Practice what you wish to tell these people, and then you will be prepared to face them.”

She practices, but she hadn't expected them to look so stupid when she finally tracked them down. These men had spent two decades looming over her, and suddenly, there're here, spewing gibberish at her and making these comical faces and calling her the Crossbow Killer.

All those years of learning how to fight, and all it takes is a few pulls of the trigger.

It's not until after she kills Victor Zsasz that she gets to see some action, gets to put all that training to good use, taking on an army of masked goons.

She hadn't thought to begin the 20th anniversary—it sounds so fancy—of the Bertinelli Massacre sitting in a taco shop with a bunch of strange women, but...

It's nice. It's not peaceful, exactly, because she's not quite sure what she feels about that quite yet, those dead, pathetic men. But Dinah is yelling about Harley stealing her car, and Renee is trying to tell her calmly that she'll give her a ride in her own car—And you too, losing your bike like that, she says, turning to glance at Helena, and no one's ever looked at her like that, just casual kindness.

Let's do this again sometime, Helena wants to say, realizing that she may never see these two again, but Renee beats her to it.

"What're you kids doing tonight?"

"Filing for unemployment and looking for a job and a hunting down a dumb-ass clown, why?"

Dinah's still cranky about her car.

"Why don't you come by my hotel, we can order out. I want to talk to you about some theories I have about Sionis and his operations. You two might have some good insights."

"Fine." Dinah crosses her arms, then gives Helena a raised eyebrow. "Are you coming, too, Crossbow Killer?"

And Helena can't even pretend to look intimidating.
Fun Fact I: It's too late for fun facts! This chapter was supposed to go in another direction, so we'll see if I get it there tomorrow...

Thanks for reading!
Helena and Dinah discuss coping strategies on the eve of the Bertinelli Massacre anniversary.

“Eventually, it’s just a day, you know? You get used to it. Somehow.”

Dinah glances over her shoulder toward the booth, where Harley and Renee are working their way through a line of shots. At some point, they need to start working to get Montoya away from the booze, before she does something they’ll all regret.

It’s the one-year anniversary since they all met, the one-year anniversary since that night in the Booby Trap, which means that tomorrow is the twenty-one year anniversary of the Bertinelli Massacre.

Dinah remembers hearing about it, back when she was a brash middle-schooler with a mother who was always gone saving the city, or the world, and she had a boyfriend who was sweet and awkward, as some eleven-year-old boys are. She remembers being on the bus that morning and hearing that every member of the richest mob family in Gotham had been gunned down.

She remembers not caring.

“Do… you wanna get out of here?”

Helena looks surprised, eyes darting from the half-empty bottle of beer in her hand to their very drunk teammates in the corner.

“We can’t leave them here.”

Dinah scowls, but she knows enough about Harley Quinn to know that she’s just getting started, because after shots comes wild dancing, some grinding up against random strangers, more dancing, some throwing up, and then crying, and more drinking.

“What do you think she does on her days?”

“What days?”

“I don’t know,” Helena says. She’s reached out to rest her hand against Dinah’s arm, and her touch is so intense, it’s like a caress, a motionless caress, and judging the look on her face, she doesn’t even know how real it is, skin on skin. “Like, she wasn’t always like that.”
“Maybe this is who she was supposed to be all along,” Dinah says, but Helena gives her a look, and she immediately feels bad. “I mean, she probably does this. Nothing like getting absolutely shit-faced to forget everything bad that’s ever happened to you.”

Helena’s moved her hand, and now her knuckles are brushing along her skin, and the hairs are standing up along Dinah’s arm.

“What do you do on your days?”

Her voice is so soft, Dinah could pretend she didn’t hear it over the sound of the pumping music, the game on the TVs hanging over the bar, the shouting voices, the drunken laughter.

“I don’t have days.”

Helena can hold her alcohol.

The assassins started serving her wine at dinner when she was twelve, and that combined with her years of touring the European nightclub scene with Wonder Woman makes for a beast who can drink an entire bottle of vodka (a liter, she says, like Dinah’s supposed to understand what that means) and still hold a perfectly serious conversation.

Dinah’s a little buzzed, but not buzzed enough that she can’t help Helena carry Montoya into the warehouse.

“How did she ever manage before us?” Dinah grumbles as they lay the ex-cop out onto her bed. Helena just takes off her shoes, refills her glass of water on the nightstand, and leaves without another word. Dinah stares down at the older woman’s sprawled figure for a moment, then pulls the covers up over her shoulders, and walks out, flicking off the lights.

The hot water’s running in Helena’s bathroom, the weirdo is taking a shower. Dinah steps in and stares taking off her makeup, determined to get that done before the steam fogs up the mirror.

“Are you mad?”

“I’m not mad.”

There’s a little splashing, then Helena’s uneasy voice comes out from behind the curtain,

“Are you mad?”

“I’m always mad,” Dinah mutters, tossing the makeup wipe into the trash, and reaching for the moisturizer.

“What?”

“I said I’m not mad,” Dinah says louder. Her face looks so raw and shiny in the mirror, even through the soft clouds of steam that are beginning to blur the surface. Dinah gives her reflection a rueful smile, ties up her hair, then walks over to the shower.

“Are you going to want to have sex after this?”
There’s the sound of the soap dish clattering down onto the shower floor, and Dinah grins as Helena curses at it in Italian.

“...I don’t know, isn’t that a two-person decision?” she replies, tugging the curtain aside and peering out. Dinah crosses her arms, staring back at the wet, adorable face, then she shakes her head, strips and steps in to join her. Helena starts to move to make room, but Dinah waves her away.

“Just stay, I don’t want to get my hair wet,” she says, reaching past her to grab her body wash. Helena stays, and after a moment, she reaches for the soap again and continues scrubbing her skin. There had been dancing tonight, and it’d been hot out on the dance floor, and then Harley had thrown up just like Dinah knew she would, and it probably is a good idea to shower, anyway.

“...so you know I said I don’t have days?”

Helena starts to turn around, but Dinah reaches out and slides her arms around her waist, resting her cheek against that muscular back. Her hair is getting a little wet, but Helena’s so damn tall, she’s blocking almost all of the water.

“Yeah, it was like an hour ago.”

Dinah frowns, but she doesn’t comment on her girlfriend being cheeky, because there’s a ninety-nine percent chance she’s not being cheeky on purpose.

“I... I do have days.”

Helena glances over her shoulder at her, but Dinah doesn’t look back.

“I just… I don’t care about them. I don’t need a whole day devoted to remembering something bad. It just gets in the way of trying to live. You know?”

“...yeah.”

She doesn’t sound convinced, and Dinah presses a kiss to her shoulder blade, then pulls away.

“What?”

“I don’t know,” Helena says, which means that she does know. “It is kind of nice to just... deal with it for a day. Get it all out at one time.”

“That’s not how it works.” Dinah says, nudging her aside so then she can get a little bit of water from the showerhead to rinse off the body wash.

“How does it work?” Helena sounds more curious than angry, which is either the alcohol or the sheer comfort of the hot water talking.

“It’s just—you go on with your life, and every once in a while it hurts like fuck out of nowhere, and then you move on again.”

“Hmm.” They stand in silence for a moment, then Helena puts the soap back up in the shower caddy. “Rinsing.”

And Dinah takes a step back as Helena ducks her head, rising the shampoo out of her hair. She looks so Goth when her hair is wet, tendrils of inky black clinging to her head like she just rose out of hell. And then she's turned around, and she's leaning forward and kissing her, and her lips are
wet and taste like shampoo, but it's such a sweet kiss, and her eyes are shining as she glances down at her, the rest of her, and Dinah's heart skips a beat as she bends her head and says in a low voice,

"Do you want to come to Mass with me tomorrow?"

Dinah blinks. Helena blinks back, then she tries again, as if realizing that she maybe said the wrong thing.

"I mean—I know it's a weekday, but I usually go on the anniversary, and I thought maybe..."

"Sure."

But now Helena looks dubious, like she thinks Dinah is just agreeing to be agreeable.

"...really?"

"Yeah, who knows, it might be helpful." Dinah bites her lip, then glances down. "But won't we... explode or something, though? In a church?"

"No," Helena says, and she pulls aside the curtain and steps out, leaving the shower and Dinah's soul suddenly feeling empty. "Just don't touch the holy water."

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Thanks to Hypocritical_Critic for the idea! It is kind of interesting to see how these two deal with their respective grief. Although, considering they spend their nights prowling around the city in costume... hey, whatever works, right?

Fun Fact II: Finding the focus to write is getting harder and harder these days, but somehow it manages to happen anyway. Things just keep getting crazier and crazier. Please stay safe, as safe as possible these days!
Take a Step: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta discovers Martha taking a "nap".

Chapter Notes

"Take a Step" by Milo Green

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s the middle of the afternoon, but the bed just looks so inviting.

She’d spent the morning in the gardens, picking the flowers for the bouquet that is now sitting in a vase on the windowsill. There had been a light lunch afterward, and she’d been told that Queen was in the Embassy, judging a new crowd of souls. More people to meet, eventually. It isn’t Martha’s favorite part of the job, because there are just so many of them.

But sometimes they bring along their pets.

Martha rubs a towel over her wet hair as she glances out the window. She’s wearing a light nightgown that she shouldn’t be wearing anywhere close to where anyone could just look up and see her, but her skin is so flushed and warm and happy from her bath, and the little breeze washing over the flowers and stone feels so good…

Then she lays her towel aside, and sees the bed.

It’s the most comfortable bed she’s ever slept in, even more comfortable than the expensive mattress she’d made Jonathan buy after the doctor warned him about his back. Martha pads over and pulls back the covers, brushing her fingertips over the soft cotton. It’s silky and luxurious and big—outrageously big. Martha drops her nightgown and crawls forward like a child, until she is positively smothered between the sheets, and then she burrows forward a little, so that half of her is buried beneath the pile of furs and pillows that are piled against the headboard.

Some children have stuffed animals. Queen Hippolyta has an entire zoo.

Martha reaches out and grasps at a red fox pelt, her fingers sinking deep into the coarse fur, and she can imagine that the Queen is lying just there, her cloak flung over her shoulders, eyes blazing, armor gleaming—but no, maybe she’s not wearing her armor at all, Martha realizes with a silly grin. Why would she be wearing her armor in bed? Goddesses may not sweat or accumulate dirt and dust, but their clothes certainly do, which means it would be better, really, if armor wasn’t worn in bed at all, if only for the sake of keeping the bedding clean…

But the cloak can stay. Maybe it’s been freshly cleaned, or perhaps this is new high fashion for the Amazons, My, my, my, You Majesty, Martha would say admiringly as Hippolyta strolls across the bedroom floor toward her. That doesn’t look very practical for the battlefield. What kind of
enemies are you trying to kill out there? And Hippolyta would give an arrogant toss of her head—she would still have her crown—her crown, and her bracers, and her boots, and she would give Martha a knowing look.

Silly little human… we Amazons have always dressed in this way, lived this way, battled this way. We only covered ourselves out of respect for you and your primitive culture.

My primitive what?! Martha would demand, all fake outrage, and she would reach out and drag her forward, and those golden tresses would tumble down and tickle her face, and Martha would undo the clasp around that long throat and let the cloak slip down over her muscular shoulders, falling to the floor to join her nightgown, and those bracers would be cold against her skin as she took her into her arms, and their bodies would press sinfully together as they kissed, and Martha would wonder how on earth these Amazon ever got any sort of work done, walking around showing everything off like this, she can barely keep her hot human hands from grabbing anything and everything she can reach—

The floor creaks, and Martha gasps.

She’s naked lying in bed, one hand grasping at an unfortunate animal pelt, and her other hand…

“What are you doing?”

Martha lets go on the fur first. Hippolyta’s eyebrow twitches. Then the other hand surfaces and carefully pulls the covers back up over her twisted body.

“I’m… I’m taking a nap.”

Queen Hippolyta stares down at her, and her face is carefully expressionless.

“…a nap?”

“Yes,” Martha says, wiggling down a little so then the blankets are up to her chin now. Hippolyta gazes down at her, then she tugs the covers away, ignoring Martha’s protests. A cool hand slips down to press against her heart, and those sharp eyes narrow with suspicion.

“Your heart does not sound rested.”

“Yes, well—“ Martha shivers, because that hand is touching other things too… “You—you scared me. Sneaking in and looming over me like that—“

“And your skin. It is flushed,” Hippolyta says, and her voice is low and dangerous.

“That happens when people are alive,” Martha says, planting her hands on her hips, as silly as it looks while in bed, and raising her chin. “Are you done?”

“Your nipples,” Hippolyta murmurs, and Martha glances down to see that they are not resting either.

“Oh my God…” Martha groans, but those cool fingers have begun to stroke at them, and she can’t help but let out a moan, soft and needy.

“Were you touching yourself, Martha Kent?” Hippolyta says evenly, and Martha pouts.

“No,” she lies, her voice sullen. If Hippolyta were close enough to kick, she would kick her, but unfortunately, this bed is so damn big, she’s not even within leg’s distance…
“No?” Hippolyta seems to consider this, then she looks down at her, eyes flashing with understanding. “Then you—are you saying that you invited another here into my bed, my bed to touch you?”

“No,” Martha insists, but she’s biting back a smile all the same, because this is so fun, even more delightful than she thought— “No one is touching anyone.”

“You are lying.”

And Martha shrinks back as Hippolyta surges forward, armor and boots and cloak and all, and her hands are pressing her into the soft mattress, not hard enough to hurt, but rough enough to feel dangerous.

“You were touching yourself,” Hippolyta accuses, and she bends down to latch her teeth against her neck, sucking hard. “What were you thinking of while you were pleasuring yourself, Martha Kent? A man, perhaps? One of these husbands of yours—“

“I wasn’t thinking about a man, don’t be ridicu—“

“Or were you thinking one of these boys who you would allow to touch you when you were children? At night, in the lake in your homeland—“

“Don’t be silly—“

But Hippolyta has torn away her armor, and her skin is cold as it presses down against Martha’s hot, writhing body. Her hands are everywhere now, and maybe not just her hands, maybe some of those sea monster things too, because it feels like there’s a hundred of them sliding all over her, a thousand, all touching her all at once, and she’s practically in hysteric now, already hot from her own meager work, now driven mad as Hippolyta pins her hands above her head and lavishes her skin with kisses, hard kisses, angry kisses—

“You are not allowed to pleasure yourself, little one,” Hippolyta growls against her, and her hand has slipped between her legs, making her yelp. “It is forbidden.”

“Says—says who?” Martha demands, kicking now for all she’s worth now that Hippolyta is close enough. The goddess doesn’t even seem to notice.

“By order of your Queen,” Hippolyta says, tearing the rest of the bedding away, and moving her lips down her torso, leaving a wet trail over her skin. Martha reaches down to grasp at her, but her wrists are tied expertly to the headboard, she hadn’t even noticed Hippolyta binding her...

“Well, maybe if the Queen spent a little more time at home instead of the Embassy all day—“

“We made love this morning, little one, are you really so insatiable?” Hippolyta purrs, all seductress now, all fun and games, and her tongue is tracing lazy patterns across the insides of her thighs, dangerously close to where Martha wants her to be, but not close enough, and she can’t do anything to speed it up, can’t move her hands to ease that rapidly growing ache, she needs to be touched—

“Just… just do it,” she whines, but Hippolyta, to nobody’s surprise, refuses to obey.

“You can well imagine—I was taking care of business in the Embassy, welcoming the newly dead, giving them comfort and reassurance with all the dignity required of a Queen… when I heard sounds coming from the across the city. Sounds of my wife being ravished…”
“Lyta—“

“And so I left immediately, leaving behind my duties, and returned at once to the palace, and what do I find? A lustful little human in my bed, a human whose lust is apparently so strong, it requires feeding every few hours—“

“Please, just—” Martha gasps, but Hippolyta is not finished.

“What am I to do with such a creature?” she says mournfully. “If I feed it, it will grow to expect such treatment, instant gratification, pleasure at its beck and call… but if I wean it off…”

“No!” Martha cries, kicking out. “No weaning. Just do it, or leave me alone and let me do it myself.”

Hippolyta clicks her tongue, and she leans forward to peer into Martha's face, and Martha can't even look back at her, she can only pull harder at the ropes binding her wrists, and thrust harder against the cold body that's pressing her down, then the Queen lets out a low sigh, the first, barest sign of desire she's given since she appeared, and then she bows her head, obeying her at last…

When it's over, Martha is tired.

"I really was going to take a nap."

Hippolyta turns and gives her a grin that shows exactly what she thinks of that.

"It was nice of you to show up, though."

"Martha Kent…" The Queen grumbles, but she's smiling as she slides out of bed, gathering up her clothes from the floor. Martha props herself up on one elbow to watch.

"Will the people be mad that you left work early?"

"No," Hippolyta says airily. "I will simply tell them that my living human wife has needs—"

"Oh, no you won't—"

"And that my presence was required to care for them."

Hippolyta comes back to the bedside, a Queen now, armor gleaming, hair tamed—as tamed as that wild mane is ever going to get, and she leans down and presses a chaste kiss to her lips.

"I may be working late tonight."

Martha pouts.

"Fine."

"You need to wait for me."

But Martha just bites those cold lips as they descend once more.

"I'll do what I want, Queen Hippolyta."
Fun Fact I: Martha has absolutely no fear of this all-powerful Goddess, and I absolutely love that.

Fun Fact II: This chapter is late because my power went out for 8 hours last night (from storms, not riots), and I ended up typing this up on my laptop in a very dark and very humid apartment. maybe the power should go out more often mwahaha I've had this idea for a while, I just needed the time and space to actually write it.

Fun Fact III: I'll get to those review replies later tonight! (Unless the power goes out again :P)

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!! Stay safe and horny
Sometimes Helena gets sick of the city.

There’s something about living on a secluded plot of land in Sicily, big enough that you can look out over the yard and see the mountains on the horizon in one direction, and then turn around and look in the other direction, and hear the seagulls, the very distant roar of the Mediterranean Sea…

And then moving to Gotham, where, if you look in one direction, you can see an old, crumbling building with a dirty street laid out in front of it, and then if you look in the other direction, there might be a brick wall sprayed with graffiti.

She says she likes it in the city, and sometimes Dinah believes her. She likes going to the flea market, and people are selling table-fulls of old crap, and the people are just as interesting as the stuff. She likes sitting in the corner at the club, sometimes alone, something with Renee or Diana, eating whatever hipster meal’s on the menu tonight, or nursing a drink as she listens to Dinah’s set. She likes riding the goddamn train and looking out the windows and watching the people be unhappy in public.

But Dinah can see that she misses being outside, really outside. She misses Sal’s garden, she misses that old, Sicilian house, she misses green things, living things, she misses the open space.

Dinah casually mentions this one night to Renee, who tips back a nearly empty bottle of wine and says,

“Kid, do I look like a marriage counselor?”

“Huh, yeah, you’re right, I’ll go ask Harley Quinn for relationship advice—”

“All right, all right,” Renee snaps, setting down the bottle with a loud clang and waving her over to where she’s sitting at the dinner table in the dark. Helena’s out with Wonder Woman, and Dinah is pretending to not care.

“What exactly is the problem here?” Renee says, something about her tone reminding Dinah that she used to be a detective.

“Helena…” Dinah begins, and that’s all she gets out before standing and getting herself her own glass of wine.
“She’s out with her friend again?” Renee supplies helpfully.

“It’s not that,” Dinah says, and her voice is sharper than she intended. Which doesn’t help to make her sound convincing.

“Okay…” Renee says, looking like she’s going to put up her feet, but apparently thinking better of it. “Then what is it?”

“I… want her to be happy.”

“You think you’re not making her happy?” Renee lets out a barking laugh. “You know I’m your next-door neighbor, right?”

“Oh, shush—we’re not that loud, and—and we wait until you’re piss drunk—”

“I know, I know,” Renee says, waving her hands. “You’re good kids. But what the hell are you on about? If you want Bertinelli to wake up in the morning and do a song and dance, you’re dating the wrong girl.”

“I don’t want that, it’s just—she has everything. She’s set for life. She’s best friends with actual Wonder Woman, and if we break up, she can always…”

Dinah’s voice trails off and Renee gives her a strange look.

“What, so you’d rather she be poor and codependent?” Renee snorts. But she raises her hands when Dinah glares at her. “Hey, maybe you should talk to the clown. She’s the one with a doctorate in psychiatry.”

“I just want to make sure I’m doing everything, you know? Everything I can do to make this work.”

“It might not,” Renee says, looking serious for the first time, but Dinah shakes her head.

“It will, though,” Dinah says. “I can feel it. Like with everyone else, it was just, Oh, this might be fun, but with this, it’s like, I’m in. For the long haul. At least, I am.”

“How romantic.”

“Whatever,” Dinah says, scowling. Renee just gives her a little smirk and pours herself more wine. “I just don’t think she’s happy here in Gotham. Really happy, I mean.”

“Well,” Renee shrugs. “Just because she’s not happy here doesn’t mean she’d be happier somewhere else. Sometimes you’ve just gotta get through it.”

"I mean, okay." Dinah stops for a second to think on this, then she says, "I'd like to make the ride more fun if I can, though."

But Renee just shakes her head.

"Bertinelli doesn't want stuff. And when she does want stuff, it's weird stuff, like those stupid Christmas lights she bought for her room. You can save up and buy her a car, or a boat, or some bullshit, but if I'm not mistaken, all she really wants is you."

"...for Christmas?" Dinah says with a slight smile, but Renee just stares.

"What?"
"Nothing, nothing," Dinah waves a hand. "It's just Mariah—you know what, never mind."

"Just... make memories. You know? Take her places. Do things. She lost twenty years of her life over there in Italy. This is a new start. Do boring shit, normal people stuff. It's probably not very normal for her."

"I mean, Diana did take her out a lot after they met—"

"Yeah, but Diana Prince isn't her girlfriend, is she?"

"I guess not."

"You guess not?" Renee stares. "You'd better figure that out, or else you'll end up shopping for three instead of two."

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This chapter's a bit short because I got sidetracked by a long internet thread about autopsy doctors' weirdest stories. But I think it's fun kind of bringing Renee in and seeing her perspective on this whole thing.

Fun Fact II: This chapter was supposed to go in a different direction as per usual, so maybe we'll get there tomorrow.

Fun Fact III: I think it's important for these two to have friends outside of their relationship, like besides Renee and Harley. I imagine Dinah's a little isolated in Gotham because of her stint with Roman Sionis, but she probably still has some old friends from the League, and bandmates. But I don't want them to be particularly isolated (although that may just be the quarantine talking :P)

Fun Fact III: Anyway, thanks for reading!
Detian: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Dinah and Helena drive back from Martha Kent's reelection party.

Chapter Notes

"Detian" by Weval

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“There’s a tunnel.”

Sometimes Helena will start stories like an old grandmother: just randomly stating a fact without warning, and Dinah’s left to stare, wondering what’s going on.

“...there is?”

That seems like the safest answer, considering the number of possibilities running though her mind, some of them boring, some of them absolutely filthy.

“In Sicily,” Helena says, turning to look out the window at the dark, empty country. They’d driven over to Washington D.C. to attend a dinner for Martha Kent, a reelection party. She’d chosen a nice little restaurant outside of the city (The owners are from Kansas, she said happily when she welcomed them into the back room). It was a weird group for a reelection party. Dinah had been expecting old men in business suits, but Senator Kent’s staff is mostly made up of misfits: young people who still hadn’t kicked acne to the curb, middle-aged non-white mostly female lawyers and activists, older ladies who wouldn’t look out of place at bingo night, and of course, an Amazon Princess step-daughter, and two undead goddess daughters. They’re eight now, and smart as hell, and if their height now is any indication, they’re going to give Diana a run for her money…

When they’d gotten the invite, Dinah had hemmed and hawed for a bit, worrying about them fitting in, since they’re not officially involved with Martha Kent’s campaign or political life, but it had been a warm group, and half of the people in the room were visibly queer, and the other half were probably invisibly queer, and Martha had gone around and introduced them to everyone and made sure they ordered alcohol and ate as many appetizers as they wanted (thankfully Dinah isn't a big fan of potstickers, because Kara Danvers eats them all), and then there was a real sit-down Kansas dinner, and Dinah and Helena had split a beef and mushroom pot pie and the best rib-eye steak Dinah’s ever had, and Helena stole one of Lena Luthor’s seared scallops, and she'd shared it with Dinah, and they’d both gotten wrapped up in a long conversation with a lawyer named Sylvia, who was apparently curious about everything...

It was a long night.

They’re on one of the backroads, because they do have time, and don’t have cash for the toll, and they’d been listening to the rock station on the radio, but they’re too far away from the city now to
get good reception, and they can barely hear Bowie through the static...

“We used to drive through it on the way back to the house,” Helena says, and Dinah startles, remembering that there is a story happening. “In the daytime, you would go in, and everything would be dark and orange—from the lights inside—and then you’d get to the end, and it would just be open sky, with the hills off to the side, and green open space on the other. But at nighttime…”

Helena’s voice trails off, and after a while, Dinah thinks maybe she’s nodded off too, full of too much comfort food and too much dessert and too much socializing. But she’s just looking out the window, a wistful look on her face, looking out over the dark, open space, and the starry night sky, and the distant lights from houses here and there, the scattered gas stations, and little towns, here in this little car, with its staticky radio, and it’s rumbling engine, and the headlights glowing softly against the worn asphalt. The big city is just a glowing smudge of light in the rearview mirror.

“What happened at night?” Dinah asks, not taking her eyes from the road as she reaches across and rests her hand against Helena’s knee. And Helena takes her hand, and her fingers are cold, but she gives it a little squeeze, and the moon is starting to rise on the horizon, and it looks so big and bright and beautiful...

“Everything.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: There ARE tunnels in Sicily, I've never been there, but I saw it on street view, so there you go :P This was partially inspired by the tunnel scene in Perks of Being a Wallflower, though. I was going to include a bit about how Dinah and Ollie went to see the movie when they were dating, but the conversation didn't get there, and I think that's okay.

Fun Fact: This is an edit, because I forgot to mention in case anyone is a stickler for reality, in my limited experience, driving north from D.C. is mostly forestry and slightly hilly, so it's not really realistic to get these types of views on that particular drive, but this is a fake world where Metropolis and Gotham sit somewhere along New Jersey, so there.

Fun Fact III: This chapter is short because I have to wake up early tomorrow to go peacefully wave a sign and listen to some people. If I don't post tomorrow night, it's because 1) I got heat stroke, 2) I got shot, or 3) I got arrested. Hopefully none of these things will happen, but who knows :P

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! I have some possible ideas for tomorrow's chapter, and I hope it will be a little meatier. But in the meantime, please stay safe this weekend, whether it's inside, or outside!
Dinah and Helena talk after Puerto Rican Day Parade.

Renee invites them to Puerto Rican Day Parade.

Dinah’s actually interested to go. Helena’s wary of crowds and loud noises, but she puts on a brave face and a hat, and Renee gets them a taxi, because, There’s no way we’re driving.

There’s already a crowd when they arrive, and Renee finds her people, and they pass around Puerto Rican flags and hats and glasses, and Dinah and Helena hang back as Renee is swarmed by family and friends, but she sees them and drags them forward, making them stand right up against the barricade, and she introduces them to everyone as, her new friends.

Helena had gone to Pride with Diana a couple of times in different European cities. Diana loved the spectacle and crowds and celebration, and Helena had loved Diana, so it wasn’t difficult to get into the groove—and besides, it was easy to relax while standing in Wonder Woman’s shadow. This is different, but the general mood is the same: there are floats, limos, people in costumes, elected officials, celebrities…

This is the one day everyone likes us, Renee says later, at the bar, holding up a half-full bottle of beer. Her cousins had laughed, but it had been an odd laugh, a bitter laugh. And they’d toasted each other again and moved on before Helena could look at Dinah and ask why.

“Do you have a day when everyone likes you?”

They’re in bed. Renee had stayed over with some people who she said she knew, and it was still light enough outside that Dinah had agreed to take the train back to the warehouse. Too late, Helena thinks that maybe they should’ve gone to a hotel instead, so they’re not just sitting around in the warehouse by themselves, but they’d had a good training session, and then they’d taken advantage of the fact that no one else was in the building...

“No.”

The answer is sharp, the same sharpness as the laughter when Renee had said what she said in the
bar. Helena stares up at the ceiling, then props herself up on one elbow and looks down at her girlfriend through the dark.

"Why—"

"It’s hard."

It’s silent for a moment.

"...what’s hard?"

"Talking about it. It’s complicated."

"Okay."

Helena lies back down, and after a while, Dinah reaches out and takes her hand. And for a moment, it seems like she’s about to speak, but she just moves in, snuggling up against her, and they lie against each other for a while, listening to each other breathe.

"It’s painful. That’s what makes it hard. Even when people want to listen."

Helena doesn’t say anything, but brushes a kiss over Dinah’s forehead to let her know she hasn’t fallen asleep.

"You know all those people out there in that parade today? And how happy and proud they were?"

"Yeah."

"It takes a lot of guts to do that. To stick your neck out and say you’re proud of who you are and where you come from."

"You have guts," Helena says, without thinking of how strange it sounds. She can sense Dinah blinking at her in the dark, and she amends, "I mean, you have more guts than anyone I know."

It doesn’t make it completely better, but Dinah gives her a weak smile, and a soft kiss on the cheek.

"'night, babe."

"'night."

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This particular storyline isn't really mine to tell, so I won't dig too deep into it, but I think these days writers are (or should be) more aware of representation and trying to write accurate and three-dimensional characters, and fanfic writers are no exception.

Fun Fact II: "This is the one day everyone likes us" is a direct quote from Rosie Perez in her documentary, and she's talking about this parade. It's a helluva quote.

Fun Fact III: The protest was really peaceful and I listened and learned a lot. It was
really gratifying to see all sorts of people coming together, and changes starting to happen, slowly.

Also apparently I'm a vampire who is allergic to the sun, so this chapter is short because migraines.

Fun Fact IV: I have a lot of reviews to reply to, and I'll do my best to knock those out tomorrow! Thanks so much for taking the time to comment, I'm always so happy to see when people enjoy a chapter :)

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! We've officially finished week... what week is it?? 12? Whatever it is, we made it, and please continue to stay healthy/safe/sane!
Chapter Summary

Helena goes to pick up bath salts in Metropolis, and comes back to tell Dinah all about it.

Chapter Notes

"Strawberry Swing" by Coldplay

When Helena pads back into the bedroom in her PJs, Dinah’s already in bed, scrolling through something on her phone. Dinah has two different bedtime modes: if she’s lying in bed without her phone, she either wants to sleep, or she wants sex. If she’s lying in bed with her phone, she’s either going to want to talk about something, or she’s just trying to pass the time, waiting for Helena so then they can have sex.

Tonight, she puts the little glowing screen away almost immediately when Helena slides into bed.

“What took you so long?”

“I was reading the back of the—”

“You smell nice,” Dinah interrupts, sliding her arms around her neck, burying her face against Helena’s throat and breathing in. “Are you trying something new?”

“Bath salts,” Helena says happily. “Do you like it?”

Dinah stares at her, and Helena looks apprehensive at the look of disbelief on her face.

“What’s—”

“Did you really just say, bath salts?”

“Yeah, what’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Dinah says, shaking her head. “It’s just—you spend all day training to kill people, and then you just lie here saying cute things like, bath salts!”

“I don’t sound like that,” Helena says, frowning, but Dinah’s pushed her onto her back, and she’s sitting up now, tugging at her tank top (pink, of all colors).

“Yes, you do,” Dinah murmurs, straddling her and bending down to kiss her shoulder. “And I like it.”

“Do you? The lady said it’s a new scent, Neroli, they have a whole new line—”
“What are you talking about?” Dinah interrupts, giving an impatient sigh as she crawls back up from where she’d been kissing a line across Helena’s soft stomach. The assassin just looks back at her, confused, and Dinah stares.

“What do you want to have sex?”

“...yes, please.”

“You don’t have to say please, like it’s food or something.”

Helena blinks, and Dinah sighs again, then eases herself back down next to her, slipping an arm around her torso, waiting for her heart to slow a little.

“So you went to the store today?” she asks at last, letting her fingers trace little patterns over Helena’s skin. All she wants is to see if bath salts make skin salty, too. All she wants is to get more of this sharp, maddening scent, to see if it tastes as good as it smells… but sometimes Helena needs time to get there, time to settle down, relax a little—and Dinah can wait. Not for very long, but she can wait for a few minutes at least.

“Yeah, I took the train over to Metropolis, and there’s this little shop on 5th where they just sell stuff like that. Bath stuff.”

Dinah’s fingers stop tracing.

“...you went shopping on 5th in your train clothes?”

“Yeah? It wasn’t a very long walk, the station is right there.”

“They didn’t kick you out when they saw your trench coat?”

“...I mean, I guess they could’ve tried.”

Dinah is suddenly treated to the mental image of Helena flipping several suited salesmen over the counters at Tiffany’s, shattered glass and pieces of priceless jewelry flying everywhere, and this tall fool just bending down to pluck a packet of bath salts from the mess scattered across the floor, and then she’d say, *That was easy*, like the big red button Renee has on her desk…

“What is it?” Helena is looking uneasily down at her as she gives a little snort at the thought. But Dinah just scoots in to rest her cheek against those bony ribs.

“So the lady said it’s a new line, huh?” she says, giving the inch of skin next to her lips a quick lick. It doesn’t taste like much of anything. But maybe she just needs a second taste.

“Yeah. And she gave me some free samples so I didn’t have to spend all day smelling everything.”

“What? That’s the best part of going to places like that,” Dinah says, her voice muffled by skin now, her tongue tracing a small circle around that little belly button. Helena takes a sharp breath, and abs appear. “You okay?”

“’m okay,” Helena says, her voice sounding slightly strained. "Don't stop."

Dinah traces an admiring finger over those damn muscles, glancing up to make sure she’s really okay, and she certainly looks okay, if a little flushed.

“So, what’d you do after picking up bath salts?”
“Stopped a guy who was beating up a lady.” Helena gives a little whimper as Dinah eases her PJ bottoms down over her hips, covering the newly-revealed skin with kisses.

“And then what?” Dinah breathes, her voice sliding down almost as low as her lips.

“Stopped a lady who was beating up a guy. Got told off by Superman for hanging around his turf.”

“...you saw Superman?” Dinah asks, freezing, her quest to conquer this wild creature in her bed unduly interrupted for a second time.

“He just yelled as I was flying off. I threw a lotion sample at him.”

“I’m sure he appreciated that.”

“I mean, it’s not like a crossbow arrow would’ve done anything—what the fuck is going on down there? It’s like stop and go traffic or something,” Helena complains, half-sitting up as if to check Dinah’s progress.

“I’m waiting for you to get in the mood,” Dinah says, pretending to sound put out. “But you keep saying interesting things—”

“Well, stop listening. I’ve been in the mood for like, ten minutes, and you keep asking questions like you’re the Question.”

"Hey, if you want to have sex with the Question, she's right next door. She might be unconscious, but I'm sure—"

"Just shut up," Helena mumbles, but she's panting a little now, because Dinah's gotten her PJ bottoms off, and her cheek is resting against the smooth, salty skin of her inner thigh, and she's yanking away at bedding, repositioning herself, fingers digging into hard muscle as she scoots forward so she can properly to press the accelerator and go...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: A little bit of fluff to round out the weekend! I've never been shopping in NYC (fancy shopping, that is), but I imagine Helena walking in wearing her trench coat and her crossbow on her back would set off at least a few security alarms, right?

Fun Fact II: Apparently bath salts is code for some sort of drugs, but also apparently, they actually do taste salty, so thanks random internet person for finding that out for us :P

Fun Fact III: Can you imagine Clark seeing Helena reaching into one of her pouches and bracing himself for a grenade or something, but instead it's just a tube of high-end hand lotion? He probably takes it to Bruce to get it tested, haha.

Fun Fact IV: We officially have two weeks left of this series, so if you have any last requests, send them over. I keep flip-flopping between inspired and not!inspired, so no promises, but...
Fun Fact V: Also, I should've been watching WW84 in theaters for the third time today. Unfortunately, that will have to wait until August, or whenever they decide to release it! But, safety first! Please stay safe/healthy/angry/etc!!
Chapter Summary

Martha reads a few ancient odes to Hippolyta, and finds them all amusing.

Chapter Notes

"Comes and Goes (In Waves)" by Greg Laswell

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So I hear people have been writing odes about you since the beginning of time.”

It’s night, and the windows are open, letting a soft breeze wash over the bed. Martha is about ready to ease into sleep, but the words had been tickling at the back of her mind. She’s said them out loud before she knows it, and they settle down into that comfortable softness of after.

“Who told you that?” Hippolyta rumbles against her. Martha rubs her cheek against cold skin and says,

“Jonathan’s grandmother, back when we were on her ship.”

Hippolyta makes a sound that is halfway between a snort and a scoff, and she ducks her head to nibble lightly on Martha’s ear.

“...is it true?”

“Yes,” Hippolyta says, disgruntled. “It was filth, most of it. I never understood why suitors felt the need to tell me about my own body.”

“I know why,” Martha teases, leaning back to press a kiss to her wife’s cheek. Hippolyta grins back at her, then pulls her close, maybe in an attempt to get her to stop talking.

“Can I see them?”

“Why?” Hippolyta’s cold fingers trail down her spine, and Martha shivers.

“I don’t know. It might be interesting,” she says casually. Interesting, as in inspiring, because just last night, Hippolyta had undressed before bed and Martha had eloquently said something along the lines of,

It’s so fun when you do that.

“Are you sure that is a good idea?”

Martha frowns, because she really hadn’t been expecting this much resistance, she thought maybe there would be some letters in a drawer that Hippolyta would forbid her from reading, or maybe a
stack that she would be welcome to peruse, and no, instead, she’s getting all these questions—

“Why wouldn’t it be?” Martha says, raising her head to give her wife a suspicious glance. “Are you trying to hide something?”

“I am not trying to hide something,” Hippolyta sighs, combing a finger through Martha’s damp hair. “But you know how jealous little humans can be… won’t reading such things only serve to make them more jealous?”

“You know, when are little humans going to start getting some nicer adjectives?” Martha complains, crossing her arms as she looks Hippolyta in the eye, an eyebrow raised. “Maybe little humans are tired of being jealous, or tired of being lustful—”

“Not from what I have observed,” Hippolyta says playfully, but Martha elbows her, she relents. “Very well... do you not think reading such things would only serve to make nice little humans even more nice?”

Martha snorts and rolls over, turning her back and pulling the covers up over her head. Hippolyta chuckles, and replaces her arm, this time around her blanket-covered body.

“There are some collections in the Great Library. If you still desire it in the morning, we can visit and you can peruse some of these writings for yourself.”

“Your hair is like a flock of goats/Your teeth are like a flock of sheep just shorn/Your breasts are like two fawns, twin fawns of a gazelle.”

Martha looks up from the scrolls that’s spread out over the beautifully carved table. Hippolyta is standing amongst the stacks, pretending to be engrossed in reading something else, and not listening.

“Was this fellow a farmer, by any chance, Lyta?”

“His father was a shepherd,” Hippolyta replies airily, and Martha bites back a smile. She remembers reading somewhere that Heracles had been raised by farmers as well, in order to keep his true heritage hidden from the world...

“Someone has a type,” Martha mutters, glancing back down at the ancient text. The son-of-farmer is now comparing his beloved to various types of fruit, breasts like bunches of grapes, breath like apples, kisses like wine…

“Why are men so weird?”

“Try another, Martha Kent,” Hippolyta’s voice says, and Martha jumps, not realizing that she had moved to stand in front of her. She’s holding out a slim scroll, and Martha gives it an apprehensive look as she takes and carefully unrolls it.

“—it puts the heart in my chest on wings for when I look at you, even a moment, no speaking is left in me. No: tongue breaks and thin fire is racing under skin and in eyes no sight and drumming fills ears and cold sweat holds me and shaking grips me all, greener than grass. I am and dead—or almost I seem to me.”
Martha gives a small sigh and looks up to shoot her wife a reproachful frown.

“Did you have to break every heart in Greece, Hippolyta?”

“If I had known Sappho was going to write such devastating poetry, I—”

“You what?” Martha asks, rising and stepping around the desk to slip her arms around that armored waist. “You would’ve let her down easy?”

“I would have tread more carefully, little one,” Hippolyta says, reaching down and brushing a strand of grey hair out of her eyes. Martha squeezes her arms around her a little tighter, like a snake trying to squeeze its prey, and Hippolyta raises an eyebrow. “Are you finished reading?”

“For now, I think,” Martha says, standing on her tiptoes to give those cold lips a little kiss. It doesn’t taste like wine, but she is curious about the grape thing. “Only—I thought it would be… more intimate.”

“Those parchments may have been burned,” Hippolyta murmurs against her lips, and Martha pulls back, grinning.

“Burned?”

“Darling, there are some things you see once and never wish to see again, and never anyone else to lay eyes upon—”

“Are you saying we came here to the library to read these silly little fruit and farm animal analogies, and the good stuff has been ashes this whole time?”

“Martha Kent…” Hippolyta chides, waving a hand to return the scrolls to their rightful spots, and then wrapping an arm around Martha’s bony shoulders. “If you wish to read such scandalous things, you should write them yourself. No one has written an ode to me in many centuries. It would be delightful to receive one again.”

Martha laughs, but she gives her a sideways glance as they stroll out of the library together, because maybe farm animals and fruit have already been taken by Solomon, but if she thinks on it, she can probably find some vegetables to compare to her wife’s various body parts...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Song of Songs in the literal Bible is weird as shit, man why didn't we ever learn about this book in Sunday School?!

Fun Fact II: The translator for that bit of Sappho up there is Anne Carson. At some point, I need to read the entire collection of poems!

Fun Fact III: There actually is a line in The Sun and the Moon where Laura Kent mentions the odes, and Martha and Hippolyta were supposed to have a conversation about it, but it got cut. So it was nice to be able to finally revisit it here.

Fun Fact IV: This chapter just didn't want to get written, and now it's too late to go
over for errors, so I'll catch those in the morning! Thanks for reading!
Electric Feel: Hippolyta & Antiope

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta receives various gifts from besotted suitors. Antiope is amused.

Chapter Notes

"Electric Feel" by MGMT

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first ships arrive laden with silks, spices, silver and gold.

The Amazons stare as the slaves carry chest after chest down the gangplanks, bowing low as they lay them at Hippolyta’s feet. Antiope gives her sister a sideways glance, but the Queen only watches the proceedings with guarded eyes, waiting until the commandeer of this expedition deigns to sweep down and greet her on behalf of his master.

Hippolyta opens the scroll he presents to her, but she barely begins to read before she rolls her eyes, then invites the officers to the evening meal. The Amazons scramble to prepare their best for their guests, but Antiope is pulled aside and given instructions of a different kind...

That night, the shipmasters gorge themselves on the very best Themyscira has to offer, wine and food and song and soft beds. But in the morning, they are horrified to discover that three of their fastest ships have disappeared from the harbor, leaving only the heavy cargo ship, now stripped of its valuables.

The officers shout in rage, racing up and down the dock, clutching at their expensive uniforms, because not only have their ships disappeared, but also their crew and their slaves. Hippolyta appears deeply moved by their predicament, and she orders the Amazons to supply the cargo ship with enough food and supplies to last the travelers for their journey home, much to the gratitude of the survivors.

When their ship has creaked its way out of the harbor and begun its slow trek into the horizon, the Amazons begin to cheer, and Hippolyta does not order them to stop.

Later, she and Antiope take inventory of the few riches that the newly-freed slaves had declined to take with them on their journey home. There are a few chests of fine silks, a small box filled with gold and silver carvings, a pouch of precious stones. The rest, the Amazons had smuggled back onto the ships for the people to trade when they arrived at their homeland.

“And if this fellow decides to return with an army next time?” Antiope asks casually as she inspects a detailed carving of a golden calf.

“Then we will ensue he never reaches the shore,” Hippolyta says, looking at the gifts with distaste. “What use have we for such things?”
“Perhaps the next woman who comes through these lands will like them,” Antiope says, lifting up a carved silver box filled with gaudy jewelry. Each piece is embedded with large gems. “Look at this, sister. These pieces are so ugly. Did you really lie with this man?”

Hippolyta only grimaces and turns away, refusing to answer.

The next ships that come are sagging beneath the weight of fine weapons, bronze urns carved with the frolicking bodies of nymphs, nereids, and dryads, heavy robes dyed in royal Tyrian purple. The captain is a good-natured fellow who sees to the well-being of his crew, lending a hand himself at the steady stream of chests that rise up from the strongholds of his ships.

*My lord sent food and spices as well, Your Majesty, but I’m afraid we ate it all.*

He is here on behalf of a king who lives across the sea, but apparently there is enough distance between him and his beloved ruler that he does not fear to enter Hippolyta’s bed. Antiope stands guard and listens as they read together the gushy letters that this king wrote in an attempt to secure the Queen of the Amazon’s heart, and she frowns at their flirtatious laughter. She is not fond of these visitors, although this man’s crew is agreeable enough, and they do not disturb the city, choosing either to sleep on the beach or on their ships.

But Hippolyta is easily amused, and perhaps she takes too seriously the charge the goddesses gave her to instruct the world in the ways of love and peace. When she sends the man away, she advises him to break away from this foolish king, forging a life for himself.

“You shall make enemies of all these potential suitors, Hippolyta,” Antiope warns, but the Queen only laughs as she inspects a beautiful kopis, the bronze blade beat into a graceful curve, and the hilt carved with the head of a sea monster.

“Never fear, sister. We will outlive them all.”

Some of the gifts are not things, per se. After the Amazons visit Atlantis, King Atlan sends a spectacle of glowing sea life to surround the shores of Themyscira in bright colors all night. Later, he sends ships filled with sunken treasure, precious coral, chests of pearls, beads made of valuable conch shells. Hippolyta is unimpressed by these antics—until he sends the best of his realm, the monster herself…

Antiope watches from the shore as Hippolyta swims out to meet the giant beast lounging in the bay. It is night, and the water is glowing, as it has been every night for the last few weeks. The Karathen is mournful, her mind controlled once more by Atlan’s trident, but Hippolyta urges her into the lagoon, away from the sea and his power, and when the Queen returns to the city in the morning, she is carefully bathed, not one hair out of place, and Antiope only raises an eyebrow and doesn’t ask a single question.
Sometimes, Hippolyta lets her read the scrolls.

Often, it is because she doesn’t want to read them herself, and Antiope finds them so amusing, the Queen relents and allows her to amuse herself. There are many melodramatic declarations of love at first sight, promises to treasure and cherish until death, threats to whither and turn to ash if such deep-seated affections are not returned. There are great novels telling of the writer’s vast wealth and conquered lands and their number of herds and slaves and male servants and female servants and male prostitutes and female prostitutes, as if Themyscira were a poor, lowly country with little potential, and smaller wealth. There are strategic letters, telling of the wondrous possibilities that may arrive from merging their armies with the Amazons, the rich countries that may be conquered, the mighty race of warriors that might arise from such a union.

There are other letters, too. Letters where suitors recount intimate details from encounters that may or may not have happened the way they seem to remember. There are multiple letters describing the moment when they came upon a naked goddess bathing in the woods, and when they gave chase, the woman allowed herself to be captured—a notion that Antiope snorts mightily at, because never in her entire life has Hippolyta ever allowed herself to be captured by anyone—and what follows in these letters is always such a tremendous blend of hazy recollections of passion, and pathetic begging for a second time...

"Sister, at any point in your life, have you ever been discovered bathing naked in the woods?" Antiope asks one day, waving a thick roll of parchment (one suitor has written a very long and detailed account in an attempt to rekindle the old flame).

"Of course not," Hippolyta replies, frowning. "Bathing in the woods—it would be too difficult a position to defend from. What are these foolish men saying?"

"Well, according to this specific letter, this fine male seems to recall—yes, here it is, he seems to recall, Kissing your breasts beneath the dewy starlight and kneeling down to drink from your dripping fountain of life—"

"Give me that." Hippolyta seizes the scroll away from her, mouth twisted into an unhappy scowl as her eyes rove the elegant handwriting.

"This—these are lies!"

"Well, do not tell him that. He must have very much enjoyed dictating this story to his scribes," Antiope says mildly, reaching out to brush her fingertips over a beautiful clay vase that is carefully painted with a rather suggestive design. Hippolyta is muttering to herself as she gathers up the scrolls and too late, Antiope realizes she is about to throw them into the fireplace.

"Wait!"

"What?" Hippolyta's eyes are smoldering, just like the wonderfully enticing scrolls that are currently burning behind her.

"For shame, Hippolyta—what if one of them said something important?" Antiope scolds, but the Queen only rolls her eyes.

"Then I am sure they will write again," Hippolyta retorts. "All I attempt to do is to instruct these clueless creatures in the ways of love and passion, and yet they still feel the need to resort to intrigue, lies—"
"You are too noble, My Queen," Antiope says, hoping that her voice doesn't sound too sarcastic. "I'm sure these men are also weighted down with the responsibility of attaining such knowledge, and the need to spread it generously amongst the people—"

"Don't you have some warriors to train, General?"

But Antiope only leans in to kiss her sister's flaming cheek, then she slips away, leaving the Queen to bask in the attention of her admirers for just a little longer.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This was fun to write, and also fun to research!

Fun Fact II: Antiope is the best.

Fun Fact III: I'm sure there were women suitors, too, but I didn't get around to writing the one I had in mind, so maybe I'll do that in a later chapter :D

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!
Trouble: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Dinah learns the hard way that Helena sometimes sleeps naked.

Chapter Notes

"Trouble" by Coldplay

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dinah’s grasping for a knife before she even knows where she is. Renee looks unfazed.

“I said, wake up. We have a situation.”

The situation is a drunk driver who crashed into the side of the warehouse.

Although, *drunk* is maybe not the correct term, because the driver just climbs out of his car and plops down in the middle of the empty parking lot, swaying back and forth and singing a horribly off-key version of, "Git Along, Little Dogies".

Renee’s put on her face, and her arms are crossed. The man doesn’t even seem to notice they’re there.

“Well, this takes me back,” Renee’s faceless face says, and Dinah grimaces. She’s never gotten used to the Question mask, no matter how many times she’s seen it while they’re out patrolling.

“Go get Huntress, maybe she can dropkick this fool to the next county.”

Any normal person might’ve called the police, had them look over the damage, call insurance, get statements, normal adult people stuff. But Renee doesn’t want to see her old coworkers anymore than Dinah wants a bunch of cops snooping around asking questions.

Dinah jogs back into the warehouse and knocks on Huntress’ bedroom door, but the lights don’t turn on, and she twists the handle. Surprisingly, it opens.

“Crossbow?”

The nightlight is glowing from the opposite end of the room, and Helena’s statue of the Virgin Mary is casting a long, creepy shadow over the ceiling. Dinah averts her eyes, determined to not get creeped out by a shadow—what is she, five?

“...Helena?”
The lump in the bed shifts, and Dinah stores the fact that Helena Bertinelli is a heavy sleeper into the back of her head. A long, bare arm is curled up against the bedspread, and Dinah reaches out, then thinks better of it, looking around for a pillow instead. The woman only has about ten scattered across her bed. When she’s found one that’s loose, she grasps it by the corner, then nudges the sleeping woman with it. Helena grumbles something, but doesn’t wake up.

“Come on,” Dinah mutters, poking her a little harder with the edge of the pillow. She can only imagine what she’s going to look like when she wakes, a shadowy figure looming over her bed, and Dinah glances around, wondering if maybe she should have a plan for defending herself.

“Wha…?” The pillow is ripped violently away from Dinah’s hands, and Helena’s awake at last, sitting up in bed, one hand grasping the front of Dinah’s jacket, the other fist balled. She’s glaring at her, that familiar rage blazing in her confused eyes, and Dinah… Dinah’s staring, because the bedcovers pooled around Helena’s waist as she sat up, and the woman is stark naked.

“Holy shit!” Dinah sputters, hands flying up to her eyes, not even paying attention to the fist that’s threatening to pummel her. “Holy fucking—why are you naked?!”

Helena’s hand releases her shirt, and Dinah turns around, staring at the wall, glaring accusingly at the Virgin Mary. Is it just her imagination, or is the little statue smirking at her?

“It was hot.” Helena’s groggy voice sounds more defensive than embarrassed, and Dinah can hear her crawling around on top of the bed, looking for her clothes. “Whaddya want?”

“There’s—drunk guy. Outside.” Dinah waves her arms, but arms reminder her of other arms, and arms are attached to shoulders, and shoulders are attached to— “You know what, we’ve got it, we don’t need—you can go back to sleep, we’ll just—”

“You're acting weird,” Helena says, and then she walks out, fully dressed, mask on, crossbow in hand, and Dinah’s left in this cursed room with her pounding heart and burning cheeks and the goddamn motherfucking Virgin Mary…

Helena has the idea of loading the guy into the back of Canary’s car and dropping him off at the edge of the harbor. The car is totaled, anyway, and Renee’s face agrees that it’s a fair trade, missing out on the insurance payout in exchange for missing out on the DUI.

Helena clocks him a good one in the head, and he amicably drops off mid-song, then they load him into the backseat. Renee waves them off, probably itching to get back to her conspiracy theories, and Dinah curses to herself, because the last thing she wants right now is to be alone with Bertinelli…

The drop off goes well enough, with the fellow curled up against one of the park benches. Helena’s rubbing her eyes through her mask as they make their way back to the car.

“Might as well make a pot of coffee and stay up when we get back,” she says, clicking on her seatbelt, and Dinah refuses to look in her direction, because seatbelts make… things more prominent, and that’s the last thing she needs to be thinking about while driving—

“...why’s it so dark?”
Dinah blinks, then she curses again and fumbles for the lights, she’d forgotten to turn on the headlights on the car, she’s going to get them both killed, that’s what she’s going to do.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

And Helena looks at her, but doesn’t push it.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I have more of this, but it's late and I keep falling asleep haha so I'll write it tomorrow! Maybe it'll be from Helena's perspective.

Fun Fact II: Lookit this fool over here poking Helena with a pillow because touching your friends is not allowed, I love them so much.

Fun Fact III: There was actually an incident where a drunk driver drove into my workplace in the middle of the night a while back. It was pretty bizarre.

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading!!
Dinah learns the hard way that Helena sometimes sleeps naked, part 2

Dinah goes back to sleep when they return.

Renee may still be up, and Helena may be staying up, but Dinah doesn't want to look at either of them for a long-ass time. She marches back into her bedroom without another word and shuts the door, fumbling with the light—a normal, non-Christmas light from IKEA—and changes back into her PJs, which is what people are supposed to wear to bed.

The weird thing is, she’s seen Helena in PJs before, or at least night clothes. She showers at night, and after she’s done using up all the hot water, she’ll pad out into the main room in yoga pants and a tank top, and sometimes she’ll sit on the couch to watch a movie, or she’ll sit in the corner and pretend to read a book while she’s scrolling her phone. And then at some point, she’ll get up, mumble something about nighttime, and disappear into her bedroom. No stripping, no top-removing, no nakedness, just normal fucking people, doing normal fucking things—

Dinah’s angry, and she knows it.

She’s angry and she has absolutely no right to be angry, because people are allowed to do whatever the hell they want in their bedrooms, God knows she does what she wants in hers, and if Bertinelli wants to sleep naked, that’s absolutely her right—

Canary… shut up and come back to bed, silly.

Dinah jerks, eyes flying open. She’d climbed into bed and closed her eyes, and now she realizes that her hands had almost unconsciously wandered beneath her shirt and waistband, and Helena’s face had wandered across her tired mind, and the assassin had been sitting up in bed, her short, inky hair brushing against her bare shoulders, those dark eyes gazing sleepily back at her, miles and miles of pale skin basking in the soft glow of the nightlight...

“Oh, for fuck’s...” Dinah yanks her hands away from herself and fumbling with the covers, pulling them up to her chin, rolling over. If she concentrates, she can hear Helena’s feet thumping against the treadmill at the opposite side of the warehouse, that’s where she is, doing normal fully-dressed stuff.

Dammit Lance, you act like you’ve never seen a topless woman before.
And she literally saw Harley Quinn topless last week when they went out for drinks, and nothing about that had been weird, at least not like this; she doesn’t even want to think about what this is—

A shadow moves across Dinah’s window, and for a moment, Dinah thinks that Helena’s heard her turbulence of thoughts, and has come to slap her across the face—but no, it’s just the Question, heading to bed at last. Dinah can hear her grumbling something about being too old as she shuffles past her room, then her bedroom door shuts, and she’s left here once more, listening to the rhythmic thump, thump, thump of the treadmill—or maybe it’s just her heart.

Renee brings hot wings for dinner.

The day had gone normally. Dinah woke up at noon, and Helena had already left the warehouse, having gotten her training done early. Everything seems better after sleeping on it, and accidentally catching your teammate naked is no exception. Dinah had made herself a smoothie, finished a good, hard workout, and hardly even thought about Helena. And when she did, it was normal, a passing thought of, of course Helena has the ability to be naked, everyone does. It’s just normal. Completely normal.

Dinah was feeling good, feeling optimistic that this whole thing could be put behind them—until Renee Montoya opened her big mouth and said,

“God-fucking-damn, these things are so hot, Imma have to take my shirt off.”

And Helena laughs, and she may be laughing because Renee is sweating and cursing and flapping her shirt, but all Dinah sees is red, and the next thing she knows, she’s leaping up from the kitchen table and running, because it’s fight or flight, and she doesn’t know what there is to fight—

“The fuck did you do to Canary?” Renee says with a frown, a half-empty carton of milk clutched in one hand. Helena just pokes at her alcapurria (it’s good and fresh, with lots of crab meat stuffed inside) and doesn’t answer. She hadn’t been planning on coming back for dinner, but one of Renee’s cousins who owns a restaurant had sent her home with a big platter of hot wings and lots of little fried things that completely negate today’s workout session, and it seemed rude to not show up.

“I wonder if it was the naked thing.”

Renee stares at her over the sauce-drenched wing that she’d picked up.

“...what naked thing?”

“Oh—this morning, she came in to wake me up, and she started acting weird.”

“And let me guess.” Renee looks like she can’t decide if these wings or trying to stop herself from rolling her eyes is more painful. “You were naked.”

“What? It was hot last night—”

“Go,” Renee orders, and Helena scowls, then drops her fork and stalks off in the direction of their missing teammate.
“Canary?”

There’s no answer, but Helena’s assassin ears pick up a voice muttering something that may or may not be, *Oh, Jesus Christ.*

“Come on, Di. Stop acting weird.”

“I’m not acting weird.”

Helena makes a face, then nudges open the door to Dinah’s room. It’s dark inside, but she can see the woman lying facedown on her bed, head buried underneath a pillow. Renee has started talking loudly on her cell phone to someone, probably her cousin to complain about how hot the wings are, and Helena closes the door to muffle her laughing voice.

“Okay. Then what’s the matter?”

Dinah doesn’t answer, and Helena wonders what would happen if she went over and sat on her, or just lied down on her like a pancake. And maybe Dinah wouldn’t immediately snap and flip her over onto the floor, maybe they could just lie like that for a while…

Dinah finally sits up, and the room is dark, but enough light is coming through the window that Helena can see how guarded her face is.

"Nothing's the mat—"

"Come on."

Dinah glares at her, and Helena sits down on the bed next to her, deciding that maybe a different approach would be better, because she likes not being kicked in the shin.

"I'm... sorry if I made you uncomfortable earlier," she says, because an apology seems like a good way to go. Whenever Helena started throwing a tantrum, Diana would sit down next to her and play with her hair or snuggle with her until she calmed down, but Dinah doesn't like people touching her hair, and Helena doesn't know how she reacts to snuggling. Maybe that'll be a tactic they'll try later.

"I'm sorry I'm reacting like this," Dinah says, and she's crossed her arms, looking prickly. "I don't know why."

Except she *does* know why, she just doesn't want to think about it.

"...why is it weird?"

"Why is what weird?" Dinah says, her arms still tightly crossed, like she's afraid of accidentally touching something.

"I don't know." Helena thinks for a moment to mention the nudist beaches she'd gone to with Diana, but she thinks better of it. Anyway, for the amount of cleavage that Dinah shows with her outfits, you'd think she'd be *used* to seeing some skin, but... "I mean. Maybe it's just the wings."

"Wings?"

"Yeah, Renee's out there breathing fire. Those things are powerful."

Dinah laughs, and the tension breaks at last.
"They're not *that* bad." She hops to her feet, then turns and offers her hand, like Helena is an old woman who needs help standing up. But Helena just takes it, and her palms are sweaty, and Dinah doesn't let go right away.

"Maybe... next time I'll just call you instead of coming in. Okay?"

"I mean, I don't mind," Helena says honestly, and the double-take Dinah shoots her is almost worth it.

"Christ, you *damn* Europeans." And then she's dropped her hand and stalked out, leaving Helena standing in the middle of the room, unable to correct her and say it's not the Europeans... it's her.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This chapter was late because I fell asleep! Also the power went out again, but that was after I fell asleep so we can't blame that :P

Fun Fact II: There's a video of Margo Robbie doing the hot wings interview, and the rest of the Birds join her at the end, and I feel so bad for her because I can't do hot spicy either, and then Jurnee just waltzes in and is like, "These are really good!" which is such a Canary move, honestly.

Fun Fact III: I can't decide if this is really an accurate reaction from Dinah. Like, I think she'd either be really embarrassed, or really not bothered at all. But one of those is more fun to write, so that's the one I went with. :D

Fun Fact IV: TEN MORE CHAPTERS

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! Review replies coming soon... #yikes
The Meadow: Myrrha backstory

Chapter Summary

The long-awaited Myrrha backstory.

Chapter Notes

"The Meadow (New Moon OST)" by Alexandre Desplat

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For some, it is easy.

Io began experimenting with fire on that very first night, as they sprawled across the beach, roasting the shellfish and seaweed they had found, fashioning bowls from fallen branches with sharp stones, making makeshift shelters for those who desired them. There were, amongst them, leaders who rose above the others, and when the Queen began to organize the tasks, they chose the same, everytime: Io in the forge, Calyce gathering lumber, Antiope leading the hunts, Hippolyta leading the people. As the Amazons began to develop, furthering their abilities, sharpening their crafts, more skills emerged: weaving, baking, tanning, masonry, pottery, woodwork. And then there were the artists: the musicians who hollowed out pieces of wood and gourds to make flutes, the painters who spent their days searching for colors for dyes, and spent their nights bent over hides stretched across frames or deep in the caves, creating images from their thoughts. And still there are others, the priestesses, those who confer with the Goddesses and the land and all of its life, maintaining balance in all things; and those who devote themselves to the worship of the Goddesses, writing prayers, songs, poetry praising their creators.

There is a role for every passion, every desire amongst the Amazons. But in none of these things does Myrrha find any blinding joy, the joy of being found.

She works alongside her sisters at the tasks that must be done, and she enjoys them well enough. There is laughter, and song, and when the day is over, she can admire her contributions to her people’s livelihood, and rest easy knowing that she has done her part.

But the years trickle by, and the time of choosing tasks day by day are over. The Amazons have dispersed to their trades, perfecting their techniques, pushing themselves to their full potential as artists, creators, sisters.

But Myrrha does not desire any trade. She does not wish to sit in front of a loom for the rest of her days, she does not want to wake before dawn every morning to begin the day’s baking, she does not want to trek through the woods for days on end with the other hunters, or trawl the seas in the moonlight for the morning’s catch.

My child… what gives you joy?

The Queen is understanding. She is understanding, and beautiful, and she does not chide her for
being lazy. She simply calls her to her side, and they walk for a time along the edge of the cliffs, soaking in the dazzling view of the sea.

*I wish to rest, My Queen,* Myrrha says, because she cannot be anything but honest when this magnificent woman asks her a question.

*Then rest, young one,* the Queen replies, leaning in to kiss her forehead, and then she is drawing her forward into her bed, and Myrrha drifts off to sleep in her arms.

Once the palace is completed, Myrrha takes to ghosting through its halls, organizing the Queen’s library of scrolls, her multiple correspondents, replacing things when she leaves them amiss, setting out her outfits for the day, seeing to it that she has her meals on the days she does not leave her office. For some time, her deeds go unnoticed, and then one day, Hippolyta and Antiope and Menalippe take her aside, the three sisters of the monarchy, and they ask her to examine her heart and speak her desires. But the only answer she can give was the one she has always given.

*I wish to rest, to serve my Queen, and to live out my days in peace.*

*It is not befitting for the Queen of the Amazons to have a servant,* Hippolyta tells her gravely, and Myrrha flushes, but she raises her head and holds it high.

*I will not apologize, Hippolyta. You asked me to speak my truth, and I have.*

Antiope is giving her a skeptical look from where she is sitting in the Queen’s chair, her feet on her desk, but Mena simply glances over at the Queen and says,

*For some, it is enough to simply exist, untroubled.*

And Hippolyta gives her a long, searching look, then she relents at last.

*The moment your heart draws you elsewhere, you will go, Myrrha. I will have no free woman bound to me.*

But she stays, and she takes small joy in the simple life she has been given, and when Hippolyta sees her smile and hears her laughter, her protests die away, and she gives her a room of her own, with a window that looks over the sea, and a door that leads to a balcony. And every morning, Myrrha dresses herself and steps out to greet rosy-fingered dawn, a new day filled with meaningful tasks, pleasant company, quiet wonder.

She is not Hippolyta’s lover, exactly. The Queen’s appetite is voracious, and once Themyscira has established itself as a country overflowing with wealth and resources, the visitors begin to stream into the city, kings, queens, ambassadors, commanders, gods, goddesses. But there are days when Hippolyta devotes herself to the Amazons, days where they celebrate the festivals of their people, days where Myrrha finds herself in the Queen’s bed, either alone, or with several of their sisters. And still, there are other days when she helps the Queen out of her armor, or lays out her clothing for the night, and Hippolyta lays a cool hand on her wrist and kisses her. On those nights, she is treated to a world of bliss, a glimpse into how blinding happiness can be.
When Diana appears is when Myrrha feels the first pang of true happiness, deep-set happiness, as if it were for this very reason that the goddesses drew her up from the well of souls and named her as an Amazon. The baby princess is curious, and sweet, and mischievous, and drawn to trouble—and if she cannot find it, she will make it herself.

Perhaps this had been her passion all along, to care for children and their silly faces and kicking feet and floppy arms, and she never knew before, because the Amazons do not…

Too soon, Diana grows into an adolescent, and then to a woman, and she has no more need for nannies.

Too soon, she comes into her power, training on the field like the Goddess she is, defeating her sisters left and right.

Too soon, a man has washed up onto their shores, a harbinger from the outside world, and nipping at his heels is an army, and when Hippolyta gives the command to fire, Myrrha leaps down from the cliffs, bow in hand, prepared to defend her people and her Queen…

And then there is an explosion of fire, and then—darkness.

Antiope follows her soonafter.

She is raging about the unfairness of it all, and Myrrha privately agrees.

But Hades sends them to a land that is full of beauty and brimming with resources, and their other fallen sisters rush out to greet them, and Antiope tells a wild, expletive-laced story about the attack, and there is a feast in their honor.

And then, there is a long wait.

There is a woman.

Her name is Egeria, and she was one of the Queen’s Guard who fell during Heracles’ attack.

Like Myrrha, she has taken to a quieter existence in death. Cultivating a garden. Caring for a sheep or two, and a dog to keep them out of trouble. Taking quiet joy from the small things: the angry sunsets Hades paints across the sky, the way the morning dew weighs down the lowly blades of grass. On the days when the Amazons gather to sell and trade their wares, they go together and admire the sharp lines painted across the earthen pottery, the lovingly sanded edges of woodwork, the bright dyes used to color robes and ribbons and hair.

Egeria is bold, and she is brash, and she is fierce, but like Myrrha, she has been unable to find her ground in the Underworld, and has taken to moving from place to place, untethered and uncertain without the ability to cling to the solid foundation that was their Queen.
And so, they move along together.

The Queen arrives at the end of the uprising.

No.

The Queen arrives, and the uprising *ends*.

Her armor is still stained with her death-wound, from the sword she drove through her own breast, but she does not hesitate to gather the forces of her army—and they are hers, as much hers as if she had been training them daily for the last few centuries—and together, they drive the demons back into hell.

When all this is done, and is peace restored, and Hippolyta is installed as the new Goddess of Death, they begin to rebuild. Egeria is made Captain of the Guard, and Myrrha is to run the household, and this time, they share a room together in the palace, a room that looks over the training fields, so that when Myrrha rises in the morning, she can go to the balcony and see her beloved training beneath the light of the rising sun.

It is on the training field that Egeria hears a rumor, and Myrrha is aghast that it is the first she’s heard of it, a whisper of what has happened *above*. But the Captain had heard it from Antiope’s very lips, and that night, when she is preparing the Queen for bed, she asks, and Hippolyta does not scold her, but instead she simply answers,

*She is a woman.*

And she will say no more.

She *is* a woman.

And she is a charming woman, at that, and Myrrha can see why she captured Hippolyta’s interest, and her heart. She and Egeria gossip together about them at night, imagining scenarios of their future. Perhaps this woman Martha Kent will infuse a new style of dress into New Themyscira, judging the comfortable clothes she had been wearing when she arrived. Or perhaps this woman Martha Kent will introduce new styles of cooking, styles that are more reminiscent of the New United States that lay across Elysium and the Asphodel Fields. Perhaps this woman Martha Kent will tame Queen Hippolyta’s wild spirit at last, and they will no longer have to listen to the wheedling suitors as they make their cases before the throne room.

Myrrha is sure that Hippolyta can hear them scheming behind her back, but the Queen is so happy, basking in the glow of her human lover’s presence, she does not scold them, and Martha Kent is so gracious and disarming and modest, it is not long before Myrrha and the entire Queen’s Guard is ready to protect her at any cost, as a pack of lions might guard a tiny kitten.
There are years—centuries when the Queens do not step foot into the palace, and Myrrha and Egeria are left to sit on their balcony together, legs swinging, hands joined, blissfully unoccupied.

In those years, they spend time outside of the city as well, cultivating a small plot of land, sometimes watching over and wandering through Martha Kent’s gardens, sometimes doing nothing related to the monarchy at all. In death, time has no meaning, and it is easy to wander from day to day, thinking little, and worrying less.

There is turbulence along the way: men in strange suits from the living world, loud, angry arguments about Martha Kent leaving the Underworld—and then there is a dog, a silly dog that Hippolyta adores more than life—and then after the dog, Martha Kent returns, and there is a baby...

They will tell our story to the generations, Queen Hippolyta whispers to her beloved as they watch the stars together on their balcony. Donna makes cute baby sounds in Martha Kent's arms, and Myrrha smiles as she quietly lays out their outfits for the night, and puts up their uniforms for the morning. And when she and Egeria go to bed later that night, she asks, Do you think they will tell OUR story to the generations? and Egeria gives a soft laugh as she rolls over to face her in the dark.

I hope not. They might tell it wrong.

And Myrrha gazes back at her, and she is right—their lives, their deaths together, all these things, perhaps it is better to let them rise and fall with the setting sun. To not cling to fame in past glories, but to the gift that is their quiet existence together, and the simple joys they experience each day, in this most beautiful of worlds.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This is late because it was a bit longer than I'm used to these being :P Also my brainz were refusing to work (thankfully they kicked in about two hours ago and now we have a chapter).

Fun Fact II: I haven't proofread it so I'll have to do that maybe later today, or tomorrow morning.

Fun Fact III: I know there are a lot of people out there who feel like they don't have a "passion" and I wish our world was kinder to them, because it's 100% okay. my passion is lesbians

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! We'll see if I can get whole 'nother chapter done tonight! (I have doubts, but we'll see!)
“So. How can I help?”

And just like that, she’s ready to go.

She asks Diana to come with her, but the Amazon Princess says she’d rather sit outside and wait for her, to make sure there’s no trouble. Helena doesn’t know how many little bats are running around Wayne Manor, but she doesn’t think any of them would cause trouble, whether Wonder Woman is sitting inside or outside this formidable dining room.

“I don’t need help.”

But she sets her teacup back into its saucer, and she regrets her tone, because she’s better than that; she’s better than snapping at a man who is taking time out of his day, who’s agreed to do her a favor.

Alfred may have better answers for you.

Really. You should put that on your business cards.

“The people who orchestrated and carried out my family’s killings are dead.”

“I heard,” Alfred says, peering at her over his glasses. He has his elbows on the table, leaning forward as if to hear her better, but she knows that he’s just sticking it to the people who aren’t here to tell him to have better manners, here, in this beautiful room, with its chandelier that must’ve dazzled over generations of fancy dinners…

“So.” And somewhere in the back of her head, she remembers saying these exact words, in a much nicer, if not dirtier environment. “What now?”

Alfred fumbles a little with his tea as he lifts up the cup with both hands, taking a long sip.

“Well. If I’m not mistaken you have a rather sizable inheritance. The world is your oyster, Miss Bertinelli.”

“God,” she says under her breath, barely able to keep from rolling her eyes. “Please, just call me Helena.”
“Very well.” Alfred looks uncomfortable, but he goes on. “Master Wayne bears not only the guilt of his parents deaths, but also their legacies. He has developed ways to cope with this.”

“Has anyone ever told him how silly he looks in that costume?” Helena snorts, but Alfred just gives a thin smile.

“Gotham fears him, Miss—Helena. That is enough.”

“Is it true he tried to kill Superman?”

Alfred gives his tea a sour look.

“I tried to talk him out of that.”

“I’m sure you did.”

They sit in silence for a moment, listening to the rain pattering against the windowpanes. It’s a gale out there, but only the barest murmur of the storm manages to make itself heard in this magnificent of rooms.

“People are in pain.”

Alfred raises an eyebrow, turning to look at her, but her doesn’t speak, letting his body language ask the question for him.

“In Gotham. I see it, on the streets. The people on the trains, their faces… they don’t need more fear, they need hope.”

“I like to think that Master Wayne provides that in a way, a kind of protection for the innocent.”

And Helena stares, because the first time she saw the Bat, he’d swooped down in front of them in the street, accused them of murder, asked if they were all right after an event that happened weeks ago, and lent them a spoon. The second time she saw him, he’d been tinkering with personal aircraft that could have bought school lunches for every child in Gotham for a whole semester.

“…how?”

“He has committed himself to protecting this city. To eliminating crime, so no one would ever have to experience what he went through. Or you went through.”

“I doubt very much he would’ve swooped in to help my family if his goal is to eliminate crime.”

Alfred looks a little put out, but he only sips at his tea, and avoids responding.

“So his goal is to eliminate criminals?”

“His goal is to eliminate crime,” Alfred says, and he sounds annoyed. “We can argue about his methods for a long time, Miss Bertinelli, but—”

“I don’t mind that he’s trying to lower crime,” Helena interrupts, choosing to not correct him for calling her by her last name. “Someone has to do it. I just wonder if that’s the best way to cope.”

“No.”

Helena stares.
“No?”

“The best way to cope would be to accept it and move on. Terrible things happen to most people. Especially in wartime.”

The old butler looks like he wants to say more, but he just reaches out and pours them both some more tea. Helena opens her mouth to say, *But we’re not in wartime*, but the longer she thinks on it, the more it seems like they *are*.

“But Master Wayne has the resources to make a difference. And he is an imperfect human being, and he is prone to bouts of stupidity. But he does what he can with what humanity his pain has left to him. That is all any of us can do, isn’t it?”

“I think he could do better.”

But Alfred only looks sad, even though his lips twist up into a rueful smile.

"I think you and your friends would guide this city with a kinder hand, if you choose to stay. And perhaps that is what it needs right now. The lines are not as clear these days as they once were, and too many people are being forced into a life of crime because they have nowhere else to turn."

Helena thinks back to the first time she saw Dinah—not in the funhouse, but in Sionis' club, and she'd been his employee, his accomplice... running his errands, fueling his sadistic life of crime.

"I had a plate of cookies."

Helena startles, but Alfred is standing up, refilling her mug of tea one more time before he begins to move toward the next room. But he stops, and when he glances over his shoulder to see her staring at him, he says in a low voice,

"If you want to help this city, stay."

There is a short silence, and Helena opens her mouth to ask a question, but he goes on.

"You're right: these people are in pain. And they will cry out to you soon enough, they will let you know what they need. And perhaps your heart will be a soft enough to listen when they do."

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Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: Hey, a chapter happened! And we finished another week! Good job, us!

Fun Fact II: It's kind of strange, I was just doing a quick google search for why people think Batman is a good superhero, and there's a lot on his martial arts abilities, and IQ, and gadgets, and no-kill code, but there's very little about his actual... compassion for people? Like, I've seen those comic panels of him talking to troubled kids, and showing that softer side of him, but it seems like his main function in Gotham is to act as a glorified cop, which... is not a good look, these days, or most days.

Fun Fact III: I realized halfway through writing this that Dinah's mother was killed in the Gotham streets, too. So I don't think Helena is necessarily asking about how to
process death here, but rather, what on earth to do with the huge chunk of change that her family left her. And she'd probably be better off asking Martha Kent, because Bruce's instincts were to build a massive underground hideout and fill it with bizarre crap.

Fun Fact IV: Thanks for reading! This was two very different chapters on the same day, so hopefully there was something for everyone (if not, wait for tomorrow's, or go read one of the other 89! :D)

Fun Fact V: Stay safe out there!!
Superposition: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

A whole lot of info on Marlyta's sex life that no one asked for.

Chapter Notes

"Superposition" by Young the Giant

There’s something about those first few minutes of negotiation.

It’s a rare occurrence that Martha ever finds Hippolyta in their bed; a Queen’s job is never done, and her nighttime routine does not involve lying in bed waiting for her wife. Sometimes, Martha and Donna will lie in bed together waiting up for her, and Donna will fall asleep on her chest, her warm little body breathing in and out, her strong baby hand clutching Martha’s finger. She prefers Hippolyta’s milk, but she likes snuggling with her human mother more, something that Martha finds absolutely delightful.

On nights like those, Hippolyta will slip into their bedroom, kiss Martha awake, and then gently take the baby away, settling her back into her own crib in her own room without waking her, and Martha will be left to wait for her to return…

On other nights, Donna is already sleeping in her room, and Martha can make preparations for the night. Sometimes she will go through her wife’s things, and she’ll pick something out and set it onto the wire mannequin beside the wardrobe, and when Hippolyta returns, Martha will close her eyes and pretend to be asleep, but if she listens closely, she’ll be treated to some Goddess mutterings about *lustful little humans*, and then Hippolyta will dress and make her way to the bed, and Martha will roll over to watch her approach, and it’ll be better than a movie, better than anything anyone could sell in a store… and Hippolyta will lean in to kiss her waiting lips, and her hands will already be reaching out for her…

Other times, Martha will undress and slide into bed in nothing but her skin, and she’ll pull the covers up to her chin, and if she listens hard enough, she can hear Hippolyta’s step falter as she strides across their bedroom. She doesn’t know what difference it makes, since Goddesses apparently have x-ray vision that can see through blankets and bedclothes, anyway, but it’s rare that she gets to say, *lustful little Goddesses* in return, and most of the time, she can’t even get the syllables out, because Hippolyta has this way of kissing her neck that makes it difficult for her to concentrate on *anything*, including talking.

But once she’s properly warmed up, she’ll push Hippolyta away, and if there’s an outfit, she’ll do an inspection, *To see if it fits*, and there will be lots of hands-on checking just to make sure, and Hippolyta’s hands will be in her hair, and her ocean eyes will be gleaming, because as much as she teases her about being lustful, she enjoys it all very much—and once the inspection is over, there’s always a bit of a tussle, and Hippolyta will be laughing, and Martha will be protesting, and
eventually, ones of them ends up on top, pinning the other down onto the soft mattress, grinning in victory and anticipation, and then—and then…

They don’t do it every night. Sometimes Martha crawls over to her wife, burrows up against her, and promptly falls asleep. Sometimes there’s a little talk before, talk of the day, of the people, the baby, and then there’s sleep.

But Hippolyta always lets her decide, which is new.

It’s not that Jonathan ever forced her, but it was always understood that he wanted it more than she did, and they had a routine, Sunday afternoons when Clark was out with his friends, and it would be quick, and sometimes he would bring her gifts or make her a special meal, and sometimes he would cuddle her afterwards, and sometimes he wouldn’t. Sometimes he would come home in the middle of the workday in a mood, and Clark would be at school, and they’d have the house to themselves, and they’d kiss in the kitchen, and his hands would be on her hips, and he’d say, *Should we take this upstairs, Mrs. Kent?* and she’d say, *Jonathan, it’s the middle of the afternoon!* and he’d smile a shy smile down at her, and that would be that.

It takes a long time for her to come out and articulate it to her wife, her...needs. When she had a husband, she could just pin it all on him, he was a man, after all, and men had appetites. But women… they were supposed to be dutiful, and giving, and not lustful.

*Tell me what you desire,* Hippolyta will croon over her, and Martha will squirm, and not just from lust, because women are not supposed to have desires. They are supposed to be pure of heart, and fill their minds whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is right, etc. etc. It’s hard enough being attracted to a woman, much less having to explain in minute detail what exactly one would like to do with said woman.

But Hippolyta is patient.

And when she does those things with her mouth against Martha’s neck… well, it’s not very long before she’s spouting nonsense anyway, whatever she’s asked, whatever she needs to say in order to get this giantess of a woman to get on with it, oh God, please…

After she dies, Hippolyta stops holding back.

When she was merely the Queen of the Amazon, the Goddesses took her in and taught her all they could without killing her. The things her living body could not handle, they demonstrated for her as she lay on a plush couch, Hera beside her, touching her skin, whispering into her ear.

After Hippolyta died and took on the mantle of Goddess of Death, she refused to take any lovers, much to the disappointment of all her old flames. There were no opportunities to explore those more daring acts. And Martha… she is alive. And Hippolyta was determined to keep her that way, for whatever reason. Martha wouldn’t have minded a *grande mort* alongside all of her *petites morts*, but apparently there are political reasons for keeping her alive, or something.
But once she’s dead, all bets are off.

After the first time they had done it… she had passed out.

But after the second time they’d slept together, she’d withdrawn, lying on her side of the bed, small and shivering, hands clasped over her chest. And Hippolyta had given her a strange look, then she’d crawled over to join her, wrapping her in her strong arms, and Martha had crumpled with relief, because Hippolyta wasn’t leaving, she wasn’t rolling over and going to sleep, she wasn’t going back to work, she was here, still here, and Martha had tentatively reached out, sliding an arm around Hippolyta’s middle, wedging herself firmly against her, and she’d almost come again right there, trembling and happy in her lover’s arms, burying her face against silky hair and allowing herself to moan aloud as the spirit moved her.

The first time they’d done it after she died, she'd passed out again. It had been the first time in years since they’d done anything like this, and she'd kept telling her wife to give it to her harder, and she kept obeying... it's a wonder she didn't split her in half, right there at the bottom of the Styx.

Martha doesn’t think she'll ever tire of Hippolyta's body. Maybe because she's always changing forms, always trying something new, whatever it takes to get Martha to crumble into a thousand pieces again and again. Sometimes she asks for normal Hippolyta, the formidable woman she saw that one night in the Batcave. But other times... Well, she has nothing to lose in death, and she'll be damned if she doesn't take full advantage of that.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I'm not gonna lie, this was fun to write :D

Fun Fact II: But hey, a healthy sex life is important for a healthy marriage! and these two have the healthiest marriage in the entire DC multiverse. But it is fun to explore this aspect of their relationship a bit more, in a different format than just a straight-up smut scene.

Fun Fact III: It's late and I'll have to come back and edit this a bit in the morning.

Fun Fact IV: One more week! I can't quite believe it.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!! I also can't believe that you've made it this far, all the way up to chapter/day 92! You are a true trooper :) Stay safe out there!
Alejandro: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah have "the talk".

Chapter Notes

"Alejandro" by Lady Gaga

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They sleep together before they sleep together.

Dinah was ready to ask after tacos. If Renee hadn’t said anything about meeting at her hotel for dinner, she was ready to call an Uber, ask Helena to share the ride, and find a way to meet up later that night. Maybe she would’ve asked to get drinks, never mind the margaritas they’d just had over their Mexican breakfast; the woman had just finished her kill list, and that called for real drinks. And then after drinks, maybe they’d end up in her apartment, or Helena’s hotel, and that would be that.

Except that wasn’t that.

It’s not that Helena Bertinelli is a Catholic prude, but she’s a fucking Catholic prude, murder or no murder. And sure, she has her little cross-country jaunts with Wonder Woman, but outside of that, she really… doesn’t.

“I hope you’re in it for the long run with that girl,” Renee says out of the blue one day. Helena had just left, and when Dinah leaned in to kiss her goodbye, she’d gotten a peck on the forehead.

“We’re taking it slow. It’s fine,” Dinah retorts, turning her attention back to the dish she’d been washing. She scrubs it a little harder than necessary.

“Are you sure?”

Dinah turns around to glare, but Renee’s just looking down her nose at her, and she actually looks serious.

“I mean, if you two break up—she is not the type of girl you want for an ex. She won’t just burn down a chemical plant, she’ll burn down the whole city.”

“Excuse me, didn’t your ex sell you out and get you suspended?” Dinah snaps, aggressively waving a cereal spoon in the former detective’s direction.

“Yeah, but we still see each other,” Renee says, unfazed. “Anyway, I wasn’t happy there, and we both knew it.”

“...you still see each other?” Dinah says, thinking that maybe she doesn’t want to know, but Renee
just shrugs.

“What? There are like, five lesbians in this town. What are we gonna do, fly over to Wayne Tower and fuck Kate Kane?”

Dinah is abruptly reminded of the number of times Helena has wandered into Kane Hotel and taken baths in the luxury suite on that very woman’s dime, and all at once she’s glad they’d gotten together as soon as they did, because wouldn’t that have been the perfect couple, the billionaire businesswoman vigilante and the billionaire mafia princess—

“Are you all right?”

Renee is staring at her, and she actually looks concerned.

“I’m fine.”

And she is—mostly.

That night is the night she asks, because nothing says needy and clingy like asking for sex.

Helena looks worried, and Dinah immediately backtracks.

“I mean, I’m not asking, I’m just asking for your feelings on it. Because if you’re not ready, there’s no worries, we’ll take it slow—”

“I’m not... not ready.”

“...okay.” So what’s the holdup? But Dinah Lance is a better person than that, and she opts instead to take her girlfriend’s hand and gaze back at her in the dark. “There’s no pressure, babe, really. I just want to see where we’re at.”

“I mean, you want it.”

“Yeah, but I don’t want it if you’re not one hundred percent comfortable with it. Like, anything else is a huge turn-off.”

Helena reaches out and runs a rough thumb over Dinah’s jawline, and she looks worried again, but this time Dinah doesn’t interrupt, she just moves a little closer so she can drape her arm over the lump that is Helena’s blanket-covered body.

And then Helena leans in to kiss her, and that’s all she remembers for a while, because for all of her social awkwardness and hesitations in bed, Helena’s a good kisser, and her lips are soft and responsive, and she does this thing with her tongue that drives Dinah crazy, and damn, girl, she wants to know what else that tongue can do, and Helena’s palm is against the small of her back, pulling her even closer, and then her hand has moved down to cup her butt, and for a woman who’s not exactly ready, she sure is handsy—

And then she pulls away.

They’re both panting, and their clothes are a little mussed, and Dinah’s heart is racing a thousand miles a minute, and Helena’s heart is thrashing against her palm, and she has that sad puppy look
on her face as Dinah pulls her hand away.

“I want this. I really do, just—not yet.”

And Dinah lets out a slow breath. She has words, but she doesn’t say them, she just leans in and gives her girlfriend a slow kiss, soft and tender, and then she pulls away, trying to ignore the fire raging in her lower belly.

They lie together in silence for a long moment, listening to each other breathe. Dinah has a question, but she doesn’t want to ask it, because it’s petty, and she’s better than that, but God, she’s all wound up now, and it’s not fair—

“Are you mad?”

“I’m not mad.”

It’s quiet for a little longer, then Helena looks down at her in the dark.

“You are mad.”

“I’m not mad, I’m just…” Dinah bites her lip, but the question comes spilling out anyway. “How—with Wonder Woman, didn’t you…?”

Didn’t you have sex with her on first day you met her? Why is there a mental block here with us, are you not attracted to me, or—

“This is different.” And Helena reaches over and tilts Dinah’s chin up so then they’re eye to eye, one of her rare moments of assertiveness.

“How is it dif—”

“I didn’t care what she thought.”

They stare at each other for a moment longer, then Dinah sighs and looks away.

“That’s fair.”

“Is it?”

“Yeah.” Dinah reaches out to run her palm over Helena’s bicep, and she feels crushed, and she’s trying to not feel too crushed. “I mean, I don’t want to mess anything up either, rushing into this too fast. And I know this is a lot of new stuff for you. Just...”

And Helena looks down as Dinah slips her arm around her again.

“Just don’t forget, I care about you, too. I care about you a lot. You know?”

Helena gives a little nod, looking like she maybe can’t speak at the moment, and Dinah gives a grin that only feels slightly forced.

"Okay, then... so, do you want to watch me get myself off, or should I take this to the next room?"
Fun Fact I: You can decide what happens next :) 

Fun Fact II: Anyway, I realized I had a gap between when these two started sleeping together and when they started having sex, and I thought it might be fun to explore what those conversations were like. I think Helena really does sway from having it together, to definitely NOT having it together, and it's just part of being a social late (very late) bloomer.

Fun Fact III: I'm being a little less strict about posting at night because it's the last week, and quality over... timeliness? I just want to make sure I'm doing a good job with these last few instead of just getting them out.

Fun Fact IV: Renee IS going to fly over to Wayne Tower to fuck Kate Kane in the near future, she just doesn't know it yet :D

Fun Fact V: I feel like early Lady Gaga has a lot of subdued queer Catholic angst, which is appropriate for early Huntress/Black Canary. Born this Way was definitely more explicit with the religious imagery, which seems more fitting for when Helena's still in Sicily.

Fun Fact VI: Thanks for reading!
Kill the Noise: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Helena snaps, and the Mafia is called.

(This is the "What would the Birds of Prey be doing in our world today?" chapter, so if you don't want to be reminded of what's going on in our world today, don't read it. Really).

Chapter Notes

"Kill the Noise" by Me Not You

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On the first night, twelve city blocks go up in flames, and the humid night air is heavy with water, smoke, tear gas.

Helena’s never seen Dinah so angry before.

They spend the night helping the injured. When Dinah had stormed out into the warehouse's main room and announced that she was going out there, Helena had suited up without another word. But as they made their way down toward the riots, Helena had reached out and laid a tentative hand on her girlfriend’s elbow, and she’d said,

Don’t let me get in your way, okay? Just do your thing. I've got your back.

It's a war zone out there. It had been centuries since the States had been invaded, centuries since foreign soldiers had marched into cities, seizing property, resources, ammunition. But the boots are on the ground now, and they’re ready to fight. And these people, all they have is their anger, their grief; they're not equipped to fight back, not against this.

Dinah uses her Canary Cry a few times when things get too hot, giving people a chance to gathered the wounded and scatter, but they’re out in full force today, and it’s all they can do to run to and fro, grabbing the wounded out of harm’s way, pouring water over burning eyes, bandaging scrapes, handing out painkillers.

By sunrise, they’re both hoarse and their eyes are burning from the amount of tear gas just lingering in the air.

When they stumble back to the warehouse, Renee’s passed out in front of the TV, her laptop lying in a heap on the carpet, apparently having just missed the coffee table. The floor is scattered with empty bottles and glasses. Helena thinks for a moment that Dinah is going to explode, because they’d been out there fighting like hell, and Renee had spent the night drinking like it was a typical Tuesday night—but the younger woman just plucks up the laptop to put it properly onto the table, and she gives a quiet snort when the screen wakes up and she catches a glimpse of what the
“She’s a damn good hacker, I’ll give her that,” she mutters, but before Helena can ask what she means, Dinah waves her over.

“Come on, let’s get her to bed.”

In the morning, the cops are using walkies-talkies instead of their pagers. At first light, people had started flooding the streets, waving signs, shouting things, demanding justice. Cass knocks on the warehouse door an hour later, and the Question inspects the device in her hand for two seconds before clapping her on the shoulder with a grin, and inviting her in for breakfast. Two minutes later, there’s a department-wide jam over the intercom, and then those lines go dead, too.

Martha Kent is the first one to call.

Her first question is, *Are you ladies all right?*

Her second question is, *What can I do?*

They ignore the first question, but Renee leans forward and says, “Start writing legislation. Force through a vote.”

Helena and Dinah both turn to stare, but Renee *is* the law enforcement expert on the team. There’s the sound of Martha typing on a keyboard, then Helena leans forward too and says into the phone,

“And keep Superman the fuck out of Gotham. He’ll only make it worse.”

Later that afternoon, a protester dies, suffocated by tear gas as if she’d been locked into a chamber and gassed like an animal.

Helena gets shot in the eye by a stray foam bullet, and if her mask hadn’t been bulletproof, shockproof, shatterproof, she’d be going around wearing an eye-patch for the rest of her life, like a goddamn combat vet.

Dinah screams when she goes down. Sal used to throw all sorts of stuff at her, all of the assassins did—he’d be so embarrassed to see her now, rolling around in the streets with her hands pressed up to her uninjured face, gasping for breath as they spray tear gas again, like they’re all a bunch of weeds, and they’re trying to poison their very roots.

“*Helena.*”
The damn woman is losing it. They’re on the field, they’re supposed to use their goddamn code names, does the entire world and GCPD need to know that Huntress’ real name is—

She sits up and lowers her hands from her face just in time to see a boot swinging forward to kick Dinah in the mouth; she’d been so focused on her, so focused on seeing if Helena was hurt, she hadn’t even seen it coming—and now they’re grabbing her arms, trying to force them behind her back, they’re getting arrested, they’re getting fucking arrested—

One of them is cursing and calling Dinah a slur, a slur that Helena’s never heard anyone use against her before, a slur that reminds her that this isn’t just about justice, it’s not just about doing what’s right, it’s not just about standing up for the oppressed; for her, it’s personal—and that’s when Helena sees red…

She doesn’t remember what happens after that.

---

She wakes up to a Bat and a Bird screaming at each other.

Alfred Pennyworth is peering down at her, apparently the only one who’s noticed that she’s awake, and he hands her a little cup of pills and a glass of water without even asking.

“—getting our assess kicked out there, while you and the rest of the League just sit on your butts, watching with your feet up and eating fucking popcorn—

“Di...”

The louder of the voices stops, and all at once, Dinah’s leaning over her, shoving Alfred out of the way.

“Jesus,” she swears, but her voice is choked, and she reaches out to wrap her arms around her.

“Not quite,” Helena grumbles, sitting up. It looks like there's a stretcher laid out underneath her, but it feels like a concrete slab. “What the fuck happened?”

“You sent over a dozen officers to the ICU,” Bruce Wayne’s cold voice replies. “Alfred was able to airlift you two out of there before backup arrived.”

And killed you.

Alfred tsks, but he leans in and says with forced politeness,

“You must be hungry, Miss Bertinelli. May I bring you something from the kitchen?”

“I want two hundred Philistine foreskins and a few very specific heads on silver platters,” Helena snaps, rubbing her forehead with the heel of her hand as she looks across the room at Bruce Wayne’s shadow. “Don’t you have police contacts? What the hell are they doing out there, attacking peaceful protestors?! It’s the middle of the day.”

“It seems they had permission to use extreme force to maintain order—“

Helena reaches into her belt, her knife is flying before she’s even aware of it in her hand. It just barely nicks one of those unshaven cheeks. Dinah shoots her a look, but she doesn’t speak, just
goes over and plucks her girlfriend’s knife out from the chair it had embedded in, and she brings it back.

“It’s gotten out of control, Bruce. Call the League, get them to step in, do something.”

“The League is dealing with their own cities, and the other pandemic; Diana’s still somewhere in the Amazon rain forest helping the tribes, Arthur’s delivering supplies to remote—“

“So, the answer is no? No?!”

Alfred walks back in, and he’s holding a silver platter of pastrami sandwiches.

“The League can’t take sides in a situation like this, we don’t fight the police—“

“Master Wayne, I would advise you to stop talking,” Alfred says, handing Helena a bottle of purple Gatorade without looking directly at her. “These ladies have been wounded. Is there nothing you can do to help them?”

Bruce grimaces and glances over his shoulder at his stack of flickering TV screens.

“The boys and I can help patrol. If we see something, we’ll step in and do what we can to help.”

“Wow, a Bat and four teenagers,” Dinah says, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “I’m so glad the world’s greatest heroes are ready to make a difference when people are out being murdered in the streets. I feel safer already.”

“We don’t need the Justice League.”

Dinah opens her mouth as if to agree, but she catches a glimpse of Helena’s face, and her mouth shuts.

“…what?”

“I said, we don’t need the Justice League,” Helena repeats, pulling herself to her feet. The crossbow slides down with her and bumps against her thigh. Its weight is familiar, comforting in a... murdery way. “There are other groups. Other gangs who can be called upon to protect the city.”

“No.”

Bruce has stepped forward, but so has Helena.

“People are dying. People have already died.”

“You don’t know what you’re getting into, they’re dangerous, more dangerous than—“

“They’re dangerous to people like you, Bruce. People who are standing in my way.”

“If you call the Mafia together, they’ll never go back down, not when they hear it’s you—a Bertinelli.”

And Helena glances over her shoulder to see if Dinah’s ready to go, because God, do they have a shitton of work to do now. She’s leaning against the stretcher, eating a sandwich, looking beautiful and frightened and amused.

“We’ll take those sandwiches to go, Alfred, if you don’t mind.”
Helena never realized before how big the Mafia was.

When she’d returned to Gotham, she’d tracked down an old stronghold, a safety box with the old ledgers, the payroll, the names.

She invites five men to Franco Bertinelli’s old office, and then she waits.

She should be nervous, but Dinah’s standing behind her as she sits at her father’s old desk, and when she looks out the window, she can see the haze of smoke lingering over the Gotham skyline.

The five men arrive, and they look skeptical at first, as if concerned that this is another sting, like the one that took out dozens of mafia members a few decades back. But Helena doesn’t back down, and when she opens the older ledgers, the men exchanged glances; when she starts stacking piles of bills, they begin to nod; and when a Bat crashes through the window, showering everyone with fragments of glass and orders to STOP AND DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY, she shoots him through the throat with a crossbow arrow without even looking, and he crumples to the ground, twitching helplessly for a few seconds before going still altogether, blood slowly leaking over the expensive Persian carpet—and the men rise and extend their hands, convinced at last that this is the long-lost Bertinelli, returned at last to reclaim her turf, and lead the Mafia into a shining new era.

When their cars have left the long driveway, Dinah lets out a slow sigh of relief.

“You missed your calling, Bruce. You should’ve become an actor.”

The figure on the ground doesn’t move. He’s resting for probably the first time in thirty years.

“You’re a decent aim, Bertinelli. I’ll give you that,” Bruce’s voice comes up from the floor, muffled against the carpet.

“Just get out,” Helena snaps, gathering up her father’s old papers and shoving them into the backpack she’d brought. She doesn’t want to spend any more time in this house than she needs to.

“No casualties, Helena,” he warns as he picks himself up, the splatter of fake blood running down his front looking almost comical. “If even one of your goons hits an officer with a stray bullet—“

“Enjoy your retirement, Bruce,” Helena interrupts, and then she’s reached out to grab Dinah’s hand, and they’re making their way out of the Bertinelli mansion, and she’s reeving up the bike that will take them back to the city.

The Mafia is better at crime than street-fighting. But what they lack in skill, they make up for in pure ruthlessness.

In the old days, they used to drag the criminals through the streets on the back of wagons. They would be flayed and beaten by the mobs the entire way, from the prison to the stake, and in most cases, there wasn’t much left to burn once they got there.
“I don’t like this side of you.”

But Helena just puts on her mask, and turns to kiss her girlfriend, and it’s a warm kiss, a tender kiss, the first time they’ve kissed since she stepped into her father’s old shoes and became the boss of all mob bosses…

“Yes, you do.”

The streets are calmer, but it feels like an illusion, like the calm before the storm.

Dinah stands up on a box, megaphone in hand, and Helena watches as she gives a speech. It's a speech about protesting peacefully, but it's also a speech about injustice, and the hypocrites who refuse to step forward to help even as the cries rise up from the streets. She reads their names, and then she reads their crimes: walking down the street, standing in their backyard, sleeping in their house, going for a run.

Blood cries for blood, and the list of names is only growing longer.

They march after that, and Helena sees the shadows moving along the edges of the crowd. When the police arrive, they stand around and watch for a while, like they're just waiting for someone to try something. Their pagers still don't work, and they're forced to communicate via their cell phones. And Helena knows that the Question is back at the warehouse, recording every call and every text, for all the good that will do.

A hand reaches out and grabs hers, and Helena looks down to see the Dinah is attached to the other end.

"Come on, babe, don't get lost."

That's the last thing Helena hears before the fire nation attacks.

They're teargassing an old woman in crutches, and Helena's vaguely aware of Dinah's hand ripping away from hers as she runs to drag her away from the line of fire. It's chaos again, pure chaos, and she never realized before that men and women and children all sound the same when they scream, it's all the same horrible high-pitched sound, and Helena sees a little girl, and she grabs her arm, tilting her head back, pouring water into her burning eyes, almost an automatic gesture at this point, and it's hell, this is what hell must be like, and the girl's still screaming, and she's almost out of water, and then there's another woman, and she pushes Helena out of the way, and she has a gallon jug, and they don't even speak, Helena just moves on, scanning the surging crowd, searching for one woman in the swarm, and the Mafia's regrouped, and they're rushing the police now, pushing
forward no matter what, like it's fucking Normandy, and the first wave goes down, but there's another right behind them, and they're not stopped by the tear gas, or the rubber bullets, or the shields, or the boots, or the batons, and they're fighting, they're getting down and fighting, and they're going to die, they're all going to die, and in the morning, their bodies will line the streets...

That wasn't part of the plan.

Helena feels a rubber bullet ricochet off of her bulletproof outfit, but it doesn't even register, she just keeps walking, as if in a daze, and one of the buildings has gone up in flames, and it's so hot, the blast of heat from the fire, and the police are trying to corral the people so that their backs are to the heat, and the Mafia is fighting back, but the fire is spreading, as if someone poured gasoline onto the flames, and then Helena's running, she's not even thinking, she's just running, because she's spotted two figures hurrying down the street, and they're carrying a third figure between them, and it's dark, but Helena would know her girlfriend anywhere, in any world, in heaven or hell—

They're carrying her to where a makeshift medic station has been set up in a basement, and Helena bursts in just as they've set her down. The left side of her face is busted and she has gashes in her head dripping blood all over her beautiful hair, and she's not wearing her gas mask, and there's a woman kneeling beside her saying something about needing a hospital, and one of the people who'd carried her in is saying something about listening to her speech, but Helena just pushes forward and she pulls off her mask and kneels down and that uniform is ripped, and her face...

"Dinah."

Someone is claspings Helena's shoulder, saying something about tear gas and it being better she's out, and suddenly there's more screaming, and people are jumping up to their feet all around them, but Helena just reaches out and wipes the blood from Dinah's face and her eyes flutter, but they don't open, and she's going to need stitches, she can see already that she's going to need multiple stitches, she needs to get them both back to the warehouse, and Renee will know what to do—or the Batcave, Alfred will know, he'll still be there, guiding the Batboys as they patrol the streets, and someone's grabbing her arm, but they're dragged away by the crowd, and then they're gone, and there's the sound of boots and muffled yells, and they're shooting, they're shooting at the medics, they're coming to break up the station, but Dinah's starting to shiver, she's starting to convulse, and Helena is shoving things out of the way, because that's what you do when someone's having a seizure, and she's lying Dinah on the ground so she won't roll off the table, and she's setting her on her side so she won't hurt herself, and she's kneeling here in this dirty basement, and there's nothing else—no fire, no teargas, no bullets, no cops, no Mafia, no good guys or bad guys, just Dinah, that's all that mattered anyway, she's all that matters, and they won't take her away, oh, Jesus, they can't...

She doesn't realize it's quiet until a hand pushes her aside. She'd missed the rush as the medics ran for the backdoor, carrying as much supplies and helping as many of the injured they could, and realizing that it was a trap, the police were waiting in the back, and they were beginning to open fire... she didn't notice when a blur of a figure threw the whole group of attackers back, throwing them clear across the city and into the harbor, because maybe Bats and the Mafia have qualms about injuring the police, but Amazon warriors don't... she didn't notice as the Lasso of Truth leapt forward like a snake, and the tanks and cop cars went flying, and the officers and protesters alike went running, because lightning was blazing down from the sky...

Helena notices the lightning.

But by that point, Diana's already at her side, and she's reached out to touch her bloodied cheek,
gently pushing her out of the way with the other hand.

"Little Artemis."

It's then that Helena realizes she's crying, and not just because of the tear gas.

"Help her—please, just—"

But Diana's already lifted Dinah up into her arms, and her eyes open as her head sags against Wonder Woman's arm, but her gaze is unseeing as Helena wraps her arms around Diana's shoulders, and the lasso slides around them both, keeping them secured to each other, and then they're flying off into the sky, flying up over the burning city...

"Helena... the stars..."

Helena reaches out to support her head, and she's opened her mouth to whisper things, useless things about how it will be all right, everything's going to be all right, but Dinah's eyes have already closed once more...

"They're so beautiful."

---

**Chapter End Notes**

Fun Fact I: Oof.

Fun Fact II: The reason this ends on an unresolved note is because as of the time of this writing, things ARE still unresolved. There are still violent protests happening every day, and we have a long, long way to go. Don't let anyone tell you any different.

Fun Fact III: Helena once held her own against Lady Shiva, I think she can take out 12-15 cops, no problem.

Fun Fact IV: I'm not 100% sold on Helena bringing in the Mafia, but I think that, if she truly felt that she was at the end of her rope—and seeing Dinah getting beaten down like that probably set off a few things—she would do whatever she could to protect Dinah and the city. That being said, I think it's probably more likely that she would just pay off some high-ranking law enforcement officials instead of street-fighting, but... then the chapter would end, wouldn't it? :P

Fun Fact V: I don't think the League is doing NOTHING, I think they're just not doing anything collectively because they're each dealing with things in their own respective cities. Bruce isn't going to just call them all to Gotham because he's too proud.

Fun Fact VI: I don't know if it was clear here, Helena agreed to order the Mafia to not kill any of the law enforcement in exchange for Bruce showing up and playing dead at her meeting, and then going into retirement. And bonus fact, according to the internet, the Mafia isn't allowed to kill law enforcement anyway, so that was 100% a double-cross.

Fun Fact VII: Most of these events in here are based on real instances of police
brutality that have come up these last few weeks. It's insane. God forbid we ever forget these things.

Fun Fact IX: Thanks for reading?? I'm sorry this chapter was late, but it ended up being 3000 words? it just didn't want to happen yesterday, but luckily it happened today. Hopefully tomorrow's chapter will be a little less depressing, and a little more escapist!
The first thing Dinah does when she opens her eyes is ask where the fuck Helena is. Once Helena is present at her bedside, and she is reassured that her girlfriend is not mortally wounded, the second thing she does is ask to see a mirror.

Helena doesn’t know why Diana brought them to the Batcave until she sees Renee sitting at a makeshift workstation, laptop and wine bottle in hand.

“We saved as many of your belongings as we could—your uniforms, other things,” Diana says, gesturing toward a room off to the corner. Helena can see the little Christmas deer from her bedroom, calmly eating away at Bruce Wayne’s expensive carpet. “The rest… they were burning all the old warehouses. They—I don’t think they knew anyone was living in—”

“It’s fine. It’s just stuff,” Helena says in what she tried to make a hearty voice, but it just seems like a small, hollow sound in her ears as she looks down at the little pile of their belongings. She had even less when she came here from Sicily, and Dinah hadn’t brought much stuff when she officially moved into the warehouse. They can rebuild—it’s not like they haven’t done it before.

Helena brings Dinah’s whole makeup bag back to where she’s been put up in Bruce Wayne’s best guest bedroom. Alfred had given her seven staples in a line across her scalp, and a series of CT scans just to be safe. The pictures are sitting next to her on the nightstand, like he thought maybe Dinah would want to look at them when she got bored.

“Hey, that’s a pretty hot-looking brain,” Helena says, handing Dinah her bag and picking up the scans, sinking down onto the edge of the most uncomfortable luxury mattress known to mankind. It’s a weak attempt at humor, but Dinah shoots her a look that’s halfway between a grin and a grimace for her efforts.

“Jesus,” she mutters. Helena hears the alarm in her voice and starts to put the pictures back, but Dinah waves a hand at her. “No, don’t look at me. Keep reading that shit.”

Helena doesn’t want to look at the brain pictures anymore, but she stares down at them anyway.

“...Alfred said you need to rest for a couple of weeks.”

“Well, fuck Alfred.”
Helena turns around to look. Dinah’s peering into the tiny mirror and dabbing concealer onto her face, trying to cover up the bruises and scabs.

“Babe, you don’t need to—”

“Shut up.”

“Okay.”

Helena watches her for a bit, watching as she does her best to not wince every time that tiny sponge presses against her skin.

“Why don’t we stay in for today, at least? Then tomorrow we’ll see how you feel.”

“It doesn’t matter how I feel.”

“Yes, it matters,” Helena sighs, tossing the pictures back onto the night stand at last, and reaching out to take Dinah’s hand, the one with the little sponge. “You matter. That’s the whole point of all this, isn’t it?”

Dinah gives her a look, and it’s a little more exasperated this time, but Helena looks back at her, and finally those busted lips lift up into a tired smile.

“Fine.”

They stare at each other for another moment, then Helena glances away, not letting go of her hand.

“If it makes you feel any better, the Batboys have been out all day, working with my people. They’ve been stealing supplies and cutting powerlines and stuff. Renee even managed to get the plumbing turned off at a couple stations. It’s kind of funny.”

“Oh, right. I forgot, you’re a big mob boss now,” Dinah mutters, tracing a finger over Helena’s bruised knuckles.

"...is that okay?"

"I mean, that's that, isn't it?"

Helena starts to respond, but Dinah changes the subject before she can speak.

“Where the fuck are my rings?”

“Ah, we—for the scans. You can’t have metal around the… scanning machine.”

“The scanning machine?”

“For your head,” Helena says, reluctantly pulling her hand away so she can go across the room to where the ziplock bag of Dinah’s jewelry is sitting on the gaudy-looking coffee table. Dinah gives a little laugh, then winces again. She’s trying to hide the pain in her expression as Helena comes back to the bed, and she ignores the worried look Helena gives her.

“Here, let me.”

Dinah tries to protest, but Helena takes her hand and starts sliding on her rings, one by one.

“I’m surprised you know where all these go.”
"Yeah, well." Helena bends her head, pretending to focus on the little golden snakes wrapping themselves around those long, pretty fingers. "Taking them all off that first time was pretty... memorable."

Dinah snorts, but she leans in, too, and all at once, those chapped lips are pressing up against Helena’s forehead, and it tickles, and Helena wants to laugh, but when she opens her mouth, all that comes out is a choked sob, and all she can do is pick up that hand with all those little bruises and scrapes from when she got tossed down onto the asphalt, and she knows salt water is bad for fresh wounds, it’s going to sting like hell, but Dinah’s arms are around her now, pulling her close, and that’s that.

Later that night, Helena convinces Dinah to take a bath in the giant hot tub that looks out over the lake.

"This is so stupid, look, he only stocks *manly* bath salts," Helena says, bringing the whole basket over to the water as Dinah eases herself in. "It's like he's allergic to pink."

"Yeah, hark who's talking," Dinah says, resting her head against one of the cushions lining the edge of the tub and closing her eyes.

"Eww, this one is literally called "Man Salt". Fuck, how is that not the *gayest* thing ever—"

"Babe, just pick one out and get in," Dinah says, giving her an impatient hand-wave without opening her eyes, like the queen she is. "*Not* the salty man one."

Helena gives her a sideways glance, then she plucks out a pack called *Sandalwood*—which she thinks *also* sounds like a man who enjoys another man's company—and she pours it into the bath, swirling up the water with her arm so it dissolves faster.

"Just keep your head above the water, okay? Your staples aren't going to like it."

Dinah says something that sounds like *mmmmph*, and Helena smiles to herself, then lights a few candles, almost dropping the first one into the tub when she flips it around to check its name...

"Fucking unbelievable," she mutters, but Dinah looks so comfortable, she doesn't say anything else. But she does open her eyes when Helena eases into the water, dressed in nothing but very pink skin, so hark who's talking *now*—

"Do you think Bruce has security cameras and bugs and stuff out here?"

"I'll bet," Dinah snorts, but she stretches out an arm, and Helena swims over to her, and Dinah pulls her in so that their wet skin is sliding up against each other, and Dinah trails a lazy hand through the water as she reaches around to grasp the back of Helena's neck.

"But if he does, I'm going to kill him, and slowly." Dinah's lips are on hers now, and Helena's bobbing in the water, trying to get closer. "No one else gets to see you like this."

"*No* one?" Helena mumbles against wet lips, and Dinah pushes her away, frowning.

"I mean... I guess if we have a big fight or something, you can go fuck Wonder Woman. But she's
your only wild card, you hear?"

"Hmm." Helena has floated closer again, and she's smiling. "Who's your wild card, then?"

"Lena Luthor."

Helena looks so scandalized that Dinah laughs out loud, and the sound ripples over the water.

"Do you even know her?"

"No. But she seems fun."

Helena rolls her eyes, then reaches over for some of the manly-scented soap. She can see the city from here, the little wisps of smoke rising up on the horizon, and she wants to get Dinah to bed before the smell can spread over here and remind her of what's going on downtown.

"Hey."

"Hmm?"

"Do you want to know what these candles are called?"

Dinah opens one eye, looking annoyed and amused at the same time.

"...what?"

"Male Escort."

"...no, they're not."

Helena waves one in her face, careful to keep it from tipping, and Dinah stares.

"Oh, my fucking God."

"I know!"

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I had waaaaaay too much fun googling manly bath products. (All of these are real titles of THINGS YOU CAN ACTUALLY BUY).

Fun Fact II: I'm going to have fun this weekend writing 4 chapters nbd

Fun Fact III: Womanizer!Bruce is broke. Gay!Bruce is woke.
#GiveBatmanABoyfriend

Fun Fact IV: It's a weird thing these days where it's almost a necessity to practice self-care in order to stay sane. So please take care of yourselves and don't feel guilty for needing a break every once in a while (or maybe every day).

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading!
Caribbean Blue: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Hippolyta finds out about Martha's fear of the ocean.

Chapter Notes

"Caribbean Blue" by Enya

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first time Hippolyta takes her out to the rowboat, Martha thinks it’s a conversation piece, something to look at. It’s a beautiful piece of work, lovingly carved and sanded and painted. Martha reaches out and touches the ribbed hull, and admires the cotton cushions lining the inside of the boat, Amazon-woven and waterproof.

And then Hippolyta opens her mouth and casually says something about there being plenty of room for giant goddesses and their lunches and little human companions, and Martha gives her such a look of terror, the Goddess actually takes a step back.

Later, when they are lying in bed together, Hippolyta asks about boats, and Martha frowns, then turns to bury her face against the silky hair that is spread out over the pillows.

“I just don’t like them, that’s all. They’re fine on land.”

“...do your people row your boats on land?”

“No.” Martha surfaces for a moment from her lover’s wonderful mane to give her a reproachful smile. “But if they did, that would be okay.”

“Hmm.” Hippolyta reaches out and tucks a damp strand of grey hair behind Martha’s ear, and her eyes are so soft and so adoring, Martha if almost afraid she’s going to ask her to jump into the ocean or something, because she would; when Queen Hippolyta looks at you like that, you’d agree to anything...

“Are you afraid of the sea, Martha Kent?”

“No.” Martha keeps her eyes fixed on those red lips, then she bites her own and hangs her head. “...yes.”

Those lips have moved in to press against her eyebrows now, one by one, and then her eyelids, and her cheekbones...

“Do you know why?” Her voice is so gentle and understanding, Martha only squirms a little in her lover’s arms.

“I don’t know, it—it’s dark, and strange, and things can come at you in any direction, and—and
there are monsters.”

“Monsters?” Hippolyta’s voice is solemn, a sure sign that she is trying to hide her amusement. Martha opens her eyes to glare at her.

“You know, like the Kraken. And sharks. And big whales.”

Hippolyta’s lip twitches just slightly and Martha finally gives a reluctant smile, pulling a hand from beneath the covers to give her unmoving Goddess girlfriend a shove.

“Don’t, those things are scary when you’re not a big, buff immortal warrior woman,” she says, pouting. Hippolyta leans in and kisses the pout away, and for a long moment, there’s no more talking, just soft little kisses from a big, buff immortal warrior woman.

But eventually, Martha gets impatient with kisses, and scoots down to bury her face against smooth, pillowy flesh, and Hippolyta is left to comb her fingers through Martha’s hair, giving an occasional rumble of approval as a hot human tongue begins to lick eagerly at her skin.

“I would never let anything hurt you, little one,” Hippolyta murmurs, almost too softly for Martha to hear. But Martha does hear, and she licks a slow line up Hippolyta’s sternum to the hollow of her throat, then she gazes up at her.

“I mean. I guess a lake, a shallow lake, where you can see the bottom. That might be all right.”

“Would it?”

“I mean, maybe... and it might be fun if there were fish, those pretty ones that they have in ponds. And then we could feed them bread. Or whatever fish eat in the Underworld.”

“They eat little humans, I think,” Hippolyta says thoughtfully, and Martha makes a face, then she turns away and begins to crawl out of bed.

“Darling, darling, wait,” Hippolyta calls, laughing, reaching out to drag her back.

“Do you still love me?” she asks just a little jokingly. There are fish swimming around down

When Hippolyta stretches out her hand to help her into the rowboat, Martha's heart flip-flops, but she grabs tight onto those cold fingers, and Hippolyta holds the boat steady with her other hand as Martha steps in.

There, I made it, let's go home now, Martha wants to say once she's seated, but Hippolyta is leaning in to kiss her nose, then she's picked up the oars, and the dock is moving away at an alarming speed, and it's not until she feels the pain in her hands that Martha realizes that she's gripping tightly to the boat's edges. She shoots a glance at Hippolyta's knowing face as she slowly lets go, rubbing her palms against her tunic.

"...do you still love me?" she asks just a little jokingly. There are fish swimming around down
there, and she can even see the bottom of the lake from here, maybe a few feet down, no more than that, just like she asked.

"You know I do," Hippolyta says, her voice almost at one with the lap of the water, the little breeze brushing over the flowering vines that are hanging at the front and back of the boat, washing them with their sweet scent. Martha is still peering over the edge of the boat, staring at the fish, the sunlight dancing along the rocky bottom of the lake—and then Hippolyta lets go of the oars, and gestures Martha forward, and now she understands why the rowboat is cushioned, and it's because it's perfect for lying down in. It's perfect for lying down in, on top of a goddess in cotton robes, no heavy armor this time, and looking sideways out over the water, watching as the fish swim around, each one more beautiful and colorful than the next.

"You're going to spoil me." Martha reaches out to touch the water, just to see if a fish will come over to nibble at her finger, but they only swim around it, eying it warily, as if they're following orders to not touch.

"You deserve to be spoiled, darling," Hippolyta says, and her voice is content, like she's about to drift off to sleep. Maybe all of that rowing tired her out. Or maybe she's just as happy as Martha feels, lying out here in the middle of this lake, listening to the water and the little breeze and the birds calling to each other from opposite banks... later in the day, they'll eat their lunch, and maybe eat some other things too, but for right now, all Martha wants to do is close her eyes...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: I am also not a fan of underwater things (surprisingly, I loved Aquaman?? I probably wouldn't want to do a Aquaman VR experience, though!). This chapter is set somewhere in the first three years where Hippolyta and Martha were dating, since they did get married after three years, hence why Martha refers to Lyta as her girlfriend.

Fun Fact II: I don't know how long it takes for Martha to find out that Hippolyta's true form is that of a giant Kraken-like sea monster. The irony... but, I'm guessing she likes sea monsters a little bit more once she discovers that :D

Fun Fact III: There are apparently two (or more) lakes in this version of the Underworld: the one by their beach house that has the Isle of the Blest in the middle of it, and then this lake which is in Martha's gardens.

Fun Fact IV: Three more chapters! I guess we're looking at ending on a Tuesday instead of Sunday, which is fine with me because I want to do a good job on these last few chapters and make them worth your while. :)

Fun Fact V: Speaking of which, thanks for reading, and please continue to stay inside if and when you can! This thing isn't over yet!
Megalovania: Lesbian Stardew Valley XI

Chapter Summary

Helena and Dinah attend the Stardew Valley Egg Festival and meet everyone

Chapter Notes

"Megalovania (Undertale OST)" by Toby Fox

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One sunny Spring morning, Martha Kent shows up on the farmhouse porch, two little girls hanging onto her jacket sleeves, and a pie in her hands.

“That’s quite a hike, coming up here,” she says when Dinah swings open the door. It’s still early, and Helena is pouring cereal and coffee—but not coffee into her cereal, hopefully.

“Hey, welcome, come in,” Dinah says, taking a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure the house and her wife are decent. They never got visitors in Gotham, at least not ones who knocked.

“Ma, can we look at the—”

“Can we look at the plants?”

The little girls have escaped their mother and are kneeling down to look at the little garden Dinah and Helena had dug a few weeks ago.

“Oh, sure they can look at the—there’s not much out there yet, though,” Dinah says with a wave of her hand, remembering the small, but beautiful gardens in front of the Mayor’s house.

“Fine, but don’t touch anything,” Martha says, giving her daughters a stern look.

“WE WON’T!”

Martha shakes her head, then she hands over a pie as she crosses the threshold, as if it was a requirement for entering their little house.

“It’s strawberry and rhubarb,” she says, waving away Dinah’s thanks. “One child picks strawberries, the other child picks rhubarb, and they both want to make the pie for the farmers. I told Lyta, good thing they weren’t out there picking green beans and salmonberries or something…”

Dinah laughs and takes a peek at the pie, wondering if it’s bad manners to eat dessert for breakfast. Helena is greeting Mrs. Kent and offering her a cup of coffee, and Martha is asking about the garden and what they put in, but when she sees Dinah reluctantly setting the pie onto the counter, she smiles and says,
It’s fresh, if you want to sneak a little. I won’t tell.

Martha Kent is one of those talented kind of people who can talk constantly without being annoying. She tells them about how the town was founded, back when Hippolyta and some of her friends—including your grandmother, Dinah, she adds—wanted a place to settle, away from the bustle of the city, and the chaos of war, and so they’ve chosen Stardew Valley, and slowly but surely, more people had joined, seeking escape from the outer world, just like Dianh and Helena had after the attack.

“Is the no-man thing on purpose?” Helena asks casually, pouring herself more coffee. Dinah nudges her underneath the table, but Martha just smiles.

“It wasn’t, at first,” she admits, nodding her thanks as Helena pours her more coffee, too. “But sometimes things just have a way of working out. You know?”

Dinah opens her mouth to reply, but all of a sudden, she’s interrupted by the voices of the twins, and they’re bursting inside, shouting, LOOK WHAT WE FOUND! and they’re holding out a painted chicken egg, so bright and colorful that it couldn’t have been decorated more than a day ago, and they’re both grinning from ear to ear, and Helena gingerly picks it up and says, Wow! Where did you find this? and she’s so good with kids, Dinah never realized that before, how is it she never realized before that her wife—

“We found it—” the girl named Donna smoothes a giggle behind her hand, then stands up a little straighter, as if trying her best to look convincing. “We found it under a tree.”

Martha rolls her eyes, but she reaches into the little knapsack at her hip and pulls out a piece of paper.

“I completely forgot, Lyta sent me over to make sure you two know about the Egg Festival. It’s this Saturday. We’ll start setting up at nine, but feel free to come closer to eleven or twelve. We’ll have food, and you can meet everyone and help hide eggs if you like. The hunt for the little ones will be at two.”

“Can we hunt for eggs, too?” Dinah jokes, taking the invitation and getting up to stick it onto the refrigerator. And Martha laughs, even as she tries to shush the girls and their shouts that they want to help the farmers find eggs.

Dinah doesn’t know what she’s expecting.

She hasn’t been to a real Easter Egg hunt since she was five or six, and her mother came home with a new dress that she’d gotten from the thrift store down the street, and she’d made Dinah put it on and spin around a few times.

They’d gone to church that Sunday, and after the singing and the long sermon and the dancing, there was a barbeque and egg hunt for the kids. A tall woman in a colorful dress and a big hat had handed her an empty basket and told her to go stand with the other children, and they’d lined up by height along the wall, staring at the grassy backyard of the church, and even from where they were standing, they could see eggs, plastic eggs hiding in the grass and bushes and tree branches and behind the statues of Jesus and his disciples and the stone birdbath—and people were shouting and taking pictures, and Dinah had craned her neck, looking for her mother, but she hadn’t seen her in
the crowd, and then the pastor yelled *GO* and everyone went running, and people were laughing and calling out to their kids and grandkids, yelling at them to *go over there!* and Dinah had filled up her basket, and when it was over, she and another little girl had plopped down on the concrete and counted their eggs, and she had 46, and the other girl had 48, so she’d given her one of hers so then they’d be even…

“Babe?”

Dinah blinks. She’s standing in front of the bathroom mirror, staring at her reflection, and it’s not a five-year-old girl looking back, it’s a fifty-year-old woman, and there’s another woman staring down at her, and she’s holding a toothbrush.

“Sorry, I just—I mean, I can brush over the kitchen sink—”

“Don’t brush your teeth over the kitchen sink,” Dinah says, and her voice sounds sharper than she meant it to be. But she kisses Helena’s cheek as she steps out of the bathroom, and thankfully, the taller woman doesn’t seem to notice the melancholy look on her face.

It’s a good day for a hunt—an *egg* hunt, that is. Diana Prince sees them walking hand-in-hand up the path, and they are walking instead of biking because it’s such a short walk to the town square, anyway, and Helena’s been getting stronger every day. Diana gives them a hearty wave from where she’s standing in front of a little stand Alex Danvers had set up, and the storekeeper is selling potted plants, stuffed bunnies, lawn ornaments, spring seeds. Dinah buys a giant, ridiculous-looking pink flamingo to put out in their front yard, making Alex promise to not tell Helena.

There are other people wandering around, mingling, chatting, filling plates at a long table covered in food. Karen and Kara keep carrying dish after dish of food from the saloon, soups and salads and an entire ham and pies and deviled eggs and shrimp cocktail and cheeses and the biggest bowl of punch that Dinah’s ever seen…

Hippolyta spots them and waves them forward, ordering them to grab a plate, pointing them toward the coolers of soda and water that are sitting underneath a tree. As they’re getting their plates and napkins and forks, the mayor introduces them to a woman named Sam, who drives the bus from Stardew Valley to Zuzu City every morning. Her eleven-year-old daughter Ruby is off playing with Donna and Nubia, whom she babysits sometimes. They’ve just shaken hands when Kara comes up behind them, holding a platter of food in each hand, and she says,

“Keep eating, Babs and Karen have been cooking for days getting everything ready: fried eggs, boiled eggs, poached eggs, deviled eggs, scrambled eggs… chocolate eggs.”

Lena Luthor laughs from where she’d been helping herself to a cup of punch, and Kara turns bright red and all but runs back to the saloon, almost forgetting to set down her platters of egg salad baguettes.

*“Please* ask that poor girl out,” Dinah says, watching as Kara disappears into the brick building across the town square. But Lena just laughs again and pats Dinah’s shoulder.

“Don’t worry, I have a plan. It involves dancing.” Lena glances over her shoulder at where Io and Epione are helping themselves to the baguettes and saying something about why is Karen Starr so obsessed with bread that is so hard, it hurts to eat. “Just wait and let the salad soak in a little,
Epione—or if that doesn’t work, try pouring some water over it.”

The women laugh, then there’s the sound of shrieking children, and it’s because Korra and Asami had arrived from the docks, and they’re all running to the burly sailor and she’s picking up a girl with each arm, and they’re shouting something about a haircut, and Korra is pretending that she’s going to run and jump into the bowl of punch, and the children are screaming with laughter, and Asami just shakes her head and goes off to talk with Antiope and Isabel…

“So, have you met everyone in the town? That sounds exhausting,” Lena says, and Dinah realizes that of course she would know everyone, being the town pharmacist, and sharing the same office with the town doctor. Helena looks around—being the taller of the two of them—then she nods toward the bottom of the square.

“We met her—Ivy… I don’t think we’ve met the woman she’s talking to. And we haven’t met those old people. I think we’ve pretty much met everyone else, haven’t we, babe?”

Dinah nods, and Lena looks, then raises her eyebrow.

“I’m surprised you met Ivy, she’s a bit of a hermit living out there,” she says, but her voice isn’t unkind. “The other one’s Selina Kyle. You’ve probably seen her cabin out on the beach. And that older couple, they run the Adventure’s Guild up in the mountains. The grumpy-looking one is Toph, and the one standing is Katara. They have some insane stories. And there’s one person you probably haven’t met, Circe, who lives in the tower.”

“A dark tower?” Helena has been working her way through a series of books Alex had for sale in the little ‘Used Book Nook’ of her store.

“I think it’s just made of stones,” Lena says, missing the reference. “Antiope has some weird stories about strange noises she’s heard coming from over there, though. I’m kind of glad she doesn’t come to town much.”

“New Farmers!” Korra’s voice booms from behind them, and then her strong arms are flinging around their shoulders. “What’re we eating? Eggs?”

“It’s the egg festival,” Nubia says from Korra’s elbow, standing on her tiptoes so she can reach for another slice of French toast. “You have to eat eggs.”

“Hmm, but what if—what if I don’t like eggs?” Korra says in a loud whisper as she lifts Nubia up so she can pour what looks like a gallon of syrup onto her toast. The little girls look absolutely scandalized, and Korra lets out a loud laugh at their faces.

“My mother wants to know what’s so damn funny,” a newcomer says. It’s a woman with a severe-looking face, and she’s holding an empty plate and shooting a look of disapproval in their direction. “They can hear you all the way up in Zuzu City, kid.”

“Lin! No one told me you were here, I would’ve shut up!” Korra says, elbowing the woman in the ribs. “No, wait—no, I wouldn’t have.”

The woman gives the sailor a glare that softens only a little as she turns and extends her hand to Dinah and Helena.

“I’m Lin Beifong. You must be the new farmers.”

“Yes—that’s our new legal names,” Dinah says, and the woman actually manages a smile.
“Sounds like you two will fit right in.”

After the eating, there’s egg hiding, and the children have to go into the general store to decorate their baskets while the adults hide the eggs, and Korra actually manages to toss an egg onto the Mayor’s roof without it cracking, and Martha just stares, then shakes her head and says,

*You know what, I’ll bet you one of my children will actually get that one down, too.*

But it’s fun, trying to find creative places to hide brightly-painted eggs, and the adults are all laughing and calling to each other, and it’s not just fun for the kids, it’s fun for them, too. Sam pokes her head out from the general store, but everyone yells that they *not ready yet, don’t look!* and she says something rude and pulls her head back inside.

When the mayor sees Ivy and Selina kneeling by the river’s edge, trying to see if the eggs will float in the water, she calls for the end of the egg-hiding, and gives the word for the children to be brought out, and they come out, and their silly faces are beaming with excitement, and their little hands are clutching the baskets that they decorated with ribbons and colorful plastic grass and fake rhinestones, and then they’ve lined up in the middle of the square, and Hippolyta is holding onto a pocket watch, an old vintage one, and she says *GO!* and they’re off running, and it’s just like Dinah remembered, but this time it’s a different kind of happiness, it’s a nostalgic happiness, and suddenly Helena’s there, and she’s standing behind her and she’s wrapped her arms around Dinah’s nostalgic body, and they’re watching as the children run to and fro, filling their baskets until they’re too heavy to carry, and then they dump them at Martha Kent’s feet and keep running, and the mayor’s wife just throws up her hands in mock exasperation, but Hippolyta kisses her and she blushes and pushes her away, clearly aware that the entire town is watching them…

When the excitement is over, Barbara invites everyone to the saloon for a dinner of leftovers, and Dinah and Helena say they might stop by later tonight, and Antiope tells them their puppy will be ready to come home in a week or two, and Martha Kent gives them hugs and thanks them for coming, and then the little girls give them hugs and thank them for coming, too, and Alex waves them over to her stand and she’s holding up the stupidest-looking giant flamingo that’s ever been made, and Helena stares as Dinah takes it from her and starts walking down the path that leads to the farm, and then she breaks into a jog to catch up with her, and she says,

“Did you actually buy that? We get to keep it?”

And Dinah just kisses her and says wryly,

“I’m going to have nightmares about this thing, it’s taller than me.”

But Helena kisses her again, and her eyes are shining, and for a split second, Dinah thinks that maybe she should go back and buy another one...

Chapter End Notes
Fun Fact I: Why are the chapters late, you ask? Because they're twice as long, that's why! :D Also, a lot of us are technically not in quarantine anymore, so the whole boredom factor has worn off, for better or for worse.

Fun Fact II: I can't remember the last time I went to an egg hunt? But I remember them being fun when I was a kid.

Fun Fact III: At some point, Hippolyta was part of the Justice Society with Dinah Drake, and all the old school Justice people. There are so many Black Canaries, and they're all named Dinah, it gets confusing!

Fun Fact IV: I've never played Undertale in my life, but two of my students are obsessed with this damn song, and now they've got me listening to it because it's so catchy.

Fun Fact V: Thanks for reading! I might actually continue Lesbian Stardew Valley in a new fic because it's such a fun world to play with and there are all these great characters that we never see together that are now living in the same town.

Fun Fact VI: My state finally reopens to the "green zone" on Friday, so I think it's safe to say, Chapter 98 tomorrow night, and Chapter 99 sometime on Friday. But please continue to stay safe and inside if you can, especially if you, like me, unfortunately, live in one of the places where cases aren't going down! :P
Dancing With a Stranger: Hippolyta/Martha Kent

Chapter Summary

Martha asks to see Hippolyta's "true form"

Chapter Notes

"Dancing With a Stranger" by Sam Smith

TW: If you don't like tentacles, you're not going to want to read this chapter, just saying! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once, she asks her wife what she feels like.

It had been because Hippolyta was lying on their bed, reading one of the second-hand books they’d found at a small-town shop in Elysium. She’d been naked, lounging comfortably against a pile of pillows as she read, and after this went on for a while—too long—Martha had climbed up onto that muscular body, draping herself over cold skin, and nestled her head against her wife’s soft belly.

And Hippolyta hadn’t even flinched.

It’s not that Martha is heavy per se, she’s average for her height, maybe a little on the bony side, but she’s still something. When the goddess doesn’t even move in response to her, she taps on the front cover of the book. And when a low rumble of discontent issues from behind its open spine, Martha grumbles and rests her cheek against cool skin once more.

“Can you even feel me?”

“Like a leaf in autumn.” Hippolyta’s distracted reply is sassy enough that Martha turns her face in and gives the bit of muscle nearest to her mouth a little bite, but the goddess does not react, probably because she feels like a snowflake in winter, Martha thinks sourly. Hippolyta only turns another page of her book, apparently unaffected by the sour thoughts directed at her, and Martha gives a loud sigh, then reaches up to trace patterns over Hippolyta’s skin with her fingertips. It’s like she’d been sculpted by the gods themselves from marble, but there are faint battle wounds, scars here and there. Some are barely more than a tattoo, a faint outline of color, as if from a burn. Others apparently cut deep, and have left the skin slightly raised—

“Where did you get this one, darling?”

There is one scar in particular that winds from below the goddess’ ribs around to her back. It is faint, but when Martha is lying here like this, she can see its outline clearly.

“The Karathen,” Hippolyta replies, placing a ribbon between the pages of her book and setting it
aside at last. “Come here, impatient one.”

“I am not impatient, I was very patient,” Martha retorts, but she’s grinning as she obediently crawls up, and Hippolyta pulls her forward and kisses her. And her kisses taste like magic, and she’s wrapping her arms around her, holding her close—but suddenly Martha pulls away, struck by a strange thought.

“Why were you fighting the Karathen? I thought she was your friend.”

And Queen Hippolyta looks at her, and Martha looks back, and then she pulls away even more as she realizes what that look means.

“...you didn’t.”

“I told you the truth, little one,” Hippolyta says calmly, ignoring the little hand that is slapping at her chest.

“You really—with the Karathen?!”

“I have told you, Martha Kent: every five hundred years, she shed her skin—”

“I’m not stupid, Queen Hippolyta. I know you didn’t get that scar during one of your little metamorphosis sessions,” Martha snaps, scooting back down to look at it. It is a darker scar than the others, as if it was not done by a blade, but by fire, or by constriction.

Hippolyta’s fingers are combing through her hair, sending shivers down her spine, and her voice is actually tinged with worry when she replies.

“What is this about, little one? You knew that the Karathen and I were lovers.”

“I knew that you did a little dance every time her skin fell off,” Martha says rudely. “I didn’t know you—you… when she was in full monster form…”

Martha smothers her face against cool skin, as if to wipe the terrible images away from her mind, images of her wife underwater with a giant monster that’s two miles long, surrounded by tentacles...

“How does that even work?”

“If you desire it, I can show you.” Hippolyta’s voice is warm and amused, and Martha’s retort that she does not want that somehow gets caught in her throat, because maybe, just a little bit... she does.

Hippolyta never does a complete transformation around her.

The only time Martha’s seen her true form was after Clark tried to kidnap her, and they went chasing after each other through the universes.

Sometimes when they’re alone, Hippolyta will wrap her arms around her, and then there will be other arms wrapping around her, and those are fine and fun to play with, but Hippolyta never completely changes, she’s still her, she still has her normal body and face and smile.
I quite like these tentacle things, Martha will say, grabbing at them as they tickle her. She had thought at first that they might be slimy and unpleasant, like a slug, but they’re more soft and velvety than anything, and sometimes Martha will just rub her face against them, tickling right back until the ends curls up and Hippolyta gives a low chuckle.

Don’t you tell anyone about this. I’ll never be able to show my face again, she warns as Hippolyta swims through the rooftop pool toward her. A little tentacle has found its way through the water and is planting tiny kisses on her feet with its suction cups, and Martha kicks out, even as it begins to wind its way up her ankle. Soon it will crawl up her leg, over her knees, prodding at her upper thighs, and then…

Not a word, Hippolyta murmurs, pulling her forward into her arms, and enveloping her in a kiss—a thousand kisses.

One night, she asks, and Hippolyta actually looks worried.

“What? I saw you that one time and still slept with you a few hours after. This is even better, I know what to expect now.”

“This thing you desire to see is not for times of joy, little one,” Hippolyta says, and her voice is gentle. “It is Death, in its truest form. And that is not who I am, not when I’m with you.”

“But it’s part of you,” Martha says, reaching up and sliding her arms around that elegant neck, and when Hippolyta gives a small sigh, she knows that she’s going to win. “I want to know all of you. All your faces and forms.”

“I just don’t want to frighten you, darling,” Hippolyta murmurs, and her long fingers are combing through her hair now. “This form, it requires a space: empty sky, or open seas. And you…”

You do not like either.

“Will you catch me if I fall?”

And Hippolyta’s eyes are blue as the sea, blue as the bluest sky as she gazes back at her.

“You know I will.”

She is given a mask for breathing underwater, just in case, and a tiny island, so she doesn’t have to sit on a boat in the middle of the sea and worry about huge creatures lurking around directly underneath. Queen Hippolyta leaves her a little life jacket, and Martha almost scoffs and tosses it aside, but she knows that her wife was only being thoughtful, so she pulls it on and sits down and waits.

The horses have wandered off to nibble at the fuzz of grass that is growing over this island that certainly wasn’t here yesterday, and they haven’t pulled away from the chariot; it is as if the
Queen ordered for them to be ready to make a quick getaway, but she didn’t need to do that, because Martha Kent isn’t going anywhere, she’s going to sit on her butt right here on this beach and wait for her sea monster wife to appear on the horizon, and she’s not going to move a single muscle…

There is a single tentacle skimming over the surface toward her, a small one, about the width of her arm, and it rises up to brush against her cheek. The surface of the sea is calm. Martha reaches up to run her fingers over its velvety skin, giggling a little as the suctionss kiss her skin, then she kisses back and whispers,

*It's okay, Hippolyta, I'm ready.*

The water surrounding the island begins to churn, she keeps her eyes on the little tentacle that is wrapping around her body, prodding at her life jacket, kissing her cheek, and she only sees out of the corner of her eye as the giant stone cliff that is her wife rises up from the sea, and she barely glances down as the horses take to the sky, and the swarm of tentacle lift her up as the sheer wall of water in the monster's wake crashes down over the tiny island...

She can't look her in the face.

She's pretty sure that if she looked, she wouldn't be able to tell where the face was, but she can't even force herself to try to look, because for all her of bravery and demands, this is still the most terrifying moment of her life, even more terrifying than when Clark started flying for the first time, more terrifying than when a goddamn tornado plucked a dozen cars and her husband away from her, more terrifying than anything, and there's a giant eye floating around behind her now, she's here being held up by a mass of tentacles, and stared at by a giant eye that looks like it's the size of God, but she just reaches out a trembling hand and strokes at the tentacle that's nearest to her and murmurs,

*It's okay. It's okay, Lyta, just let me adjust. I'm okay. I'm okay.*

She thinks she might be sick, she's so terrified.

But the tentacles are loosening her jacket, loosening her clothes, and she's gasping for breath, lying as flat on her back as she can, and then her clothes and mask are gone, and it's just skin against cool, velvety skin, and the wave of nausea passes, and she sneaks a little glance, and then another, and all she can see is a slick wall of thick, rubbery sea monster hide, and she looks down, and the water's a mile down and churning with tentacles and segmented legs and giant pincers that could crush whole buildings—and she decides to not look down anymore.

*Lyta, you are too much...*

But now there's a tongue, and maybe there's multiple tongues, and they're doing things, and she doesn't know if she's laughing because she's scared to death, or because she's actually enjoying herself, but she reaches out and wraps her arm around whatever she can get at, and she's just lying here, like a pebble in her lover's many arms, like a tiny grain of sand, but the creature gives a low rumble of approval that shakes the foundations of the Underworld, and she stretches out and resigns herself to her fate...

When it's over, the arms try to set her back onto dry land, but she's not done yet, and when the slither of tentacles try to retreat back into the sea, she crawls after them, crawling right into the waves, falling face-first into the deeps...

And Hippolyta is there, waiting to catch her.
Sometime later, she asks if she had turned her down—throwing apples, perhaps, from her farmhouse porch, telling her that she'd been wrong, completely wrong, and she would never go with her to the Underworld—if she would've chosen the Karathen for a mate instead.

Hippolyta doesn't like the question.

_The Karathen will not die until the very Earth has ended. It will be millions upon millions of Underworld years before that happens._

But Martha knows the story, knows how Hippolyta and Hades conferred together, how he showed her his true form, that of a giant man-wolf, and Persephone, a goddess within her own right, had grinned as if from some secret memory... and then they had explained that her true form as the Goddess of Death was her choice.

And she had chosen the form of a Karathen.

"Why do you love her, Lyta?"

"Little one..."

"It's just a question. I'm not being jealous," Martha adds in what she hopes is a convincing voice. Hippolyta shoots her a glance, then looks away and doesn't answer for a long time.

"She is a lonely creature, Martha Kent. And her days were made all the more lonely when Atlan imprisoned her."

_Everyone has a type, _Martha thinks, but she doesn't say this out loud. Hippolyta gives her a look, as if she's heard her thoughts.

"And she posed a creative challenge that eventually proved to be quite enjoyable."

Martha can't stop the frown that comes over her face, and Hippolyta laughs at last.

"Is your curiosity of the creature sated yet, my darling? I am near afraid that you will go running to her when she finally arrives."

"Maybe I will," Martha retorts, but she snuggles up against her wife, who is now in normal Amazon Queen form, and closes her eyes. "Or maybe I'll take you both."

When the world ends, Hippolyta creates an ocean for the mother of horrors, and fills it with everything a mother of horrors could ever want.

"You know all she wants is you," Martha says as they stand on the edge of a beach. The waters obey their Queen, and will not come even within an inch of their feet if she does not allow it, no matter how violently the Karathen may thrash.
"Shush, little one, she is here," Hippolyta says, and she actually sounds the slightest bit nervous. There is a low rumble of sound, one Martha doesn't understand because she doesn't speak Karathen, then Hippolyta turns to look down at her.

"She wishes to introduce herself."

Martha braces herself, remembering how terrifying it was the last time a giant sea-monster rose up from the sea in front of her, then she gives a short nod, hoping she won't lose it and throw up this time. But no giant monster rises up from the sea; instead, a single tentacle slithers out of the water and thrusts itself in front of her, pointing directly at her, and Martha shoots a glance at her all-knowing wife, but the woman only smiles and nods.

"She wishes to greet you in the way of your people, Martha Kent."

And Martha makes a face, but she reaches out and shakes the damn tentacle like it's the President's hand, and it's wet, and slick, and its soft muscles ripple against her palm, then there's a rumble of sound as the water tosses back and forth, and Hippolyta crosses her arms with a frown and reluctantly translates,

"She says you taste like earth."

"I taste like dirt?"

"Like the earth of your homeland. Like plants and growing things. She likes it."

The tentacle curls up on itself a little, then pokes teasingly at Hippolyta before retreating altogether. And that's it, that's Martha's big meeting with the Karathen, the one being who might've become Queen if Martha had been the world's silliest woman and turned Hippolyta down...

I feel a little sorry for her, she says later, when they're in bed together. Hippolyta, who had chosen for whatever reason to not include any hints of her other forms in tonight's activities, does not seem thrilled at revisiting this topic, but she gazes down at her in the dark, waiting for Martha to explain herself.

I mean—all I'm saying is, if you wanted to... just one time, I wouldn't mind.

I have touched no one but you since the moment I first laid eyes on you, Martha Kent—why would I change my mind and turn to another now?

And Martha snuggles up against her, ducking her head, if only to hide the mischievous look that she knows is dancing across her face.

Because I want to watch.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: This took a hot minute to write! It's because of a few reasons (none of them involving the coronavirus, thank goodness, it's mostly because my work schedule changed thanks to school being out, so I can't stay up until the wee hours of the morning because people want lessons in the morning now :P). But I finally found the
time and energy to write today, so here's this!

Fun Fact II: Hades' true form in the animated Justice League show actually is a demon wolf thing with three tongues. dunno what he needs those for

Fun Fact III: Apparently the Karathen is two miles long, which for some reason I was having a hard time visualizing, probably because I live in a hilly area, and you can never see more than like a quarter mile in any direction. But according to the internet, 2 miles is about 700 flights of stairs... and the Empire State building is 102 flights...

Fun Fact IV: ONE MORE CHAPTERRRRR

Fun Fact V: Also, it's the end of week 15, and this virus thing just keeps getting bigger and bigger, so if you, like me, live in one of the dumb countries that is being Not Smart about this, please be smart and stay safe!
Epilogue: Huntress/Black Canary

Chapter Summary

Dinah and Helena find out that people are writing stories about them online.

Chapter Notes

"Epilogue (La La Land OST)" by Justin Hurwitz

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For all of her singing and sonic screaming, Dinah’s a relatively quiet person.

She’s the logical, levelheaded one of the group, just like Renee’s the bitter, sarcastic one, and Helena’s the ruthless, hot-tempered one. Sometimes Helena and Renee will be getting worked up about something, and Dinah will stroll by and say, *Will you two calm the fuck down for a goddamn minute?!* and then she’ll hunker down with them and figure out a solution, one that’s usually less bloody and dramatic than whatever they’d been cooking up.

She’s not a patient woman, though, the result of spending too much time suffering fools, and judging the amount of yelling that’s coming from the kitchen, something foolish is apparently going down…

“What the hell’s going on?”

Helena had been in the middle of listening to some guided meditation—something she’s started to help her with her “rage issues”, at the recommendation of the woman who’s currently shouting her head off.

“Look at this!” Dinah yells, waving a fistful of fresh printouts. The printer in the corner is patiently spitting out a few last pages, and Renee is perusing through another stack, looking vaguely amused. Helena stares, then reaches for a pile just as Dinah slaps the stack in her hand onto the kitchen table.

“People are writing about us! People are writing—I’ll bet it’s Harley fucking Quinn, this is just the type of bullshit she would do, her and Poison Ivy—”

“Superman and Batman go into heat in the Watchtower,” Helena reads out loud, holding the page a little further away from her eyes, as if it’s going to bite. “...anal fisting? What the fuck is anal—”

“Not that one,” Dinah snaps, jabbing a finger at the other titles printed on the page. Helena glances down, and her heart sinks into her stomach with an uneasy splash.

*Huntress and Black Canary go undercover at a gay bar and discover some new things about each other.*

“...wait, when did we go to a gay bar?” Helena asks, flipping the page over, but seeing nothing else
about this gay bar event.

“We didn’t!” Dinah shouts, throwing up her hands. “It’s fake! People are writing fake stories about
us!”

“Wait, you thought these were real?” Renee asks, and she’s grinning as she glances up at her. “You
really thought Superman and Batman were anal fisting each other?”

“I don’t know what anal fisting—”

“Shut up, both of you,” Dinah interrupts, and she’s standing right there, hot and angry, fists on the
table, defense mode on. “We need to focus, we need to figure out who’s behind this—I’m sure it’s
those two, I’ll bet they’re just sitting in a little bunker somewhere, typing these things up, just to
discredit us and the League—”

“Dinah, for God’s sake, calm the fuck down, you’re giving me a headache,” Renee sighs, tossing
her papers aside and reaching out to lay a hand on her arm. “It’s just kids, all right? It’s just people
writing things on the internet. That’s what people do.”

“Why… why are people writing about Canary and…” Helena can hardly get the words out as her
eyes rove the pages. “Our first kiss, it says right here, they’re writing—how do they know we’re
together?”

“They probably don’t,” Renee says, already sounding bored. But then again, the deeps of the
internet are her realm. “There are message boards about us, you know. Cell phone footage and
articles and shit. They probably just see stuff on there.”

“I don’t want people to see stuff,” Dinah says aggressively. “I don’t want them thinking about
stuff, I don’t want them writing about stuff—”

“Jesus, Canary, they don’t know it’s you,” Renee snorts, waving a careless hand at the crumpled
papers. “If you’re so worried about privacy, why don’t you start wearing a mask like the rest of
us?”

“Yeah, Canary, why don’t we get you a mask?” Helena says helpfully, turning to look at her,
trying to imagine what kind of mask would look good on her. Probably none of them, because they
would end up hiding her face.

“I don’t want a fucking mask.”

“Hell, and I thought Crossbow was the one with rage issues,” Renee mutters, turning back to her
laptop. Dinah stares at her, then stomps off, presumably to go cool down. Helena watches her go,
then she picks up the stack of the printouts and flips through a few pages.

“Huh. There really are a lot about Batman, aren’t there?”

Renee doesn’t reply, and Helena keeps reading. Dinah hadn’t printed the actual stories, just a list of
titles from a website. Most of the descriptions are either about superheroes and villains doing
heroic things like saving the world and fighting crime, or doing unspeakable things to each other.
There are stories about the Joker taking over the world and becoming a dictator, stories about the
Justice League having orgies in space, stories about Harley—Hey, here’s one about Harley!
Helena says to Renee, who still doesn’t seem interested—going off on her own and sleeping with
people who are way out of her league, stories about…

“Wow.”
Black Canary is just your ordinary barista at your local lesbian coffeeshop, until Huntress starts coming in every morning for coffee before going to the gym. Coffeeshop AU, slowburn.

“...why would anyone get coffee before going to the gym?” Helena says, but her voice sounds distant in her ears, and Renee’s not listening, and Dinah hasn’t come back yet, and Helena’s guided meditation is still playing on the wireless headphones around her neck, but now she wants to listen to something else...

She goes back to her room and finds the website easily enough, and then it’s just a matter of putting the information into the search bar, and there it is, right there on her laptop screen, and Helena glances over her shoulder to check if Dinah’s about to come in and start yelling again, but from the sound of things, she’s taking a shower—and there’s probably stories about that too...

But this one is interesting. The people who wrote this coffeeshop story have obviously never met either of them, because Helena would never order a frappuccino, and Dinah would never spill milk on herself, and Helena would never be this rude in real life, and Dinah would never be so tongue-tied around her, and... sure, when they first started working together, they danced around each other a bit, but they were relatively restrained about it, they acted as normal as possible until they addressed it, and then they had a new normal. These people in this story are just acting like teenagers, like people from those romantic movies that Dinah can't stand.

The story ends with a kiss and a coffee date, which is weird, because who wants to have a first date in one’s workplace, but it’s clear that these people, these kids, as Renee had called them, are just writing things, and using her and Dinah’s alter ego names instead of their own for whatever reason.

“Hey.”

Helena looks up as Dinah lets herself into her room, not noticing as she nearly trips over her reindeer lights. She has a towel around her shoulders, and she’s patting her hair dry. She’s still scowling, but she looks calmer.

“I’m sorry about the shouting.”

“It’s okay,” Helena says, tapping frantically on her keyboard for a second, then relaxing as the story disappears, and a news page pops up. Dinah gives her a look as she plops down onto the edge of Helena’s bed.

“Which one were you reading?”

Helena shoots her a furtive glance to see if she might be able to get away with lying, but Dinah’s looking right at her, and lying—talking was never one of Helena’s strong points as a trained assassin.

“Um. Just this one about a coffeeshop. It’s actually kind of cute.”

Dinah makes a face, and Helena pushes the laptop aside, with its deceptive news page blaring angry headlines.

“I think the Question’s right, babe, it’s just people, normal people,” Helena says, reaching out a tentative hand, and letting out a slow breath when Dinah takes it. “I mean, it doesn’t seem like they’re out to get us.”

“Yeah.” Dinah goes back to patting her hair with her towel, but her hair looks dry, and her face looks unhappy. Helena waits, and for a while, they just sit on the bed, holding hands, and not
saying anything. And then Dinah finally looks away and sighs.

“Do you remember when I told you about how Ollie and I broke up after I found out his friends were gossiping about us?”

Helena nods, and Dinah flicks at the tag on her towel.

“It… it wasn’t just his friends. It was a lot of people in his city, media people. He had a reputation, being Robert Queen’s son and all, and the paparazzi were always photographing him doing stupid shit... I mean, he’d grown out of most of the playboy, socialite stuff by the time I met him in the League, but they were always on his back whenever he was in Star City, and when they found out about us… it got ugly, real fast.”

Helena reaches out to take the wet towel from Dinah’s hands, and rises to hang it up on the hook by the door.

“And now there’s all this shit, and, like—I don’t want people writing on the internet about me, or us. I don’t want people speculating about our work, or our relationship, I don’t want—”

But right then is when the warehouse is pierced with the sound of their beeper, and Renee’s cursing at it and yelling something about an armed robbery, and Helena opens her mouth to ask her girlfriend what she does want, but Dinah’s already closed herself off, and she’s pushed her way out of her room, gone to suit up for another night of crime-fighting.

---

"Do you believe in God?"

They’re sitting on a roof, shadows amongst shadows, and Helena’s looking at a doorway through a pair of miniature binoculars. They could’ve used a drone, one of those tiny ones, and done this whole thing from the comfort of their couch, but no, someone thought that would’ve been too conspicuous…

Or maybe she just wanted to get out of the warehouse and sit on a rooftop asking philosophical questions.

“I mean, I believe there’s a creator. But he or she probably looks a bit different than people thought two thousand years ago.” Helena puts the binoculars down and turns to look at the woman who’s sitting next to her, legs stretched out, munching halfheartedly on some fruit snacks that Helena had in her belt. “That’s a weird question for you. Why do you ask?”

“I can’t stop thinking about these fucking people on the internet,” Dinah mumbles. Helena reaches out a gloved hand, and Dinah pours some fruit snacks shaped like tiny bunnies onto it. “It’s like there’s a thousand versions of us just living in people’s minds, doing obscene things. I mean, what if there’s someone out there right now, sitting in their basement, writing about us sitting here on this roof? It’s creepy as hell.”

“That would be kind of cool,” Helena says thoughtfully. “Like, if there was someone out there writing our lives, and they didn’t know that it was actually happening for us.”

“Well, if they’re out there, I’d murder an ice cream sandwich right now,” Dinah retorts, sticking out her hand. She stares at her empty palm expectantly, then looks accusingly over her shoulder at
Helena. “It didn’t work.”

“I don’t think it works like that,” Helena says, trying to hide her amusement by eating another fruit snack and turning away to check on the door again. “Try again, maybe you have to be more specific.”

“How can you get more specific—”

“I mean, there’s the normal kind, the Neapolitan kind—oh! There’s those ones that are made with like, real cookies, and there’s ones with sprinkles—”

“Shut up, you’re making me hungry.”

“There’s our guy,” Helena says, palming the binoculars and tossing the rest of the fruit snacks into her mouth. And for all of her moody questions tonight, Canary is right behind her as they jump down from the fire escape and break into a run, chasing their supervillain through the streets like the superheroes they are...

Later that night, after the hostages have been released, and the loot has been returned to its owners (not the original owners, but the rightful owners), Helena takes Dinah to their favorite sketchy little gas station by the harbor, and they stand for a while staring into the cooler with the ice cream novelties. They once took a motorcycle trip up the coast of Italy, and every day, they ate the world's best gelato—but Helena knows that Dinah will always love these strange little individually wrapped things masquerading as ice cream, because these were what she got after school when she was a kid, and there's something about being a kid, even if it was nonstop hell...

"Did you find the one you wanted?"

"I don't know, man, now that I'm here, I kind of want a cone," Dinah says, but she looks over at the purple sports drink in Helena's hand. "Is that all you're getting?"

"No, I'm getting whatever you're getting," she replies, and Dinah makes a face like she either wants to punch her or kiss her.

"Fine."

They end up at the pier with the statues, the same one where Roman Sionis exploded and fell into the harbor in tiny pieces. The snacks are long gone, and the wrappers are sitting in a little pile on the bench between them. Helena's nursing her Gatorade, and Dinah has an unlit cigarette between her lips, and there's a comfortable silence between them, and the water doesn't smell so bad over here, and the waves are lapping up against the pillars in their endless tug of war with the moon, and Metropolis is gleaming across the harbor, but not in a gloating way, as it sometimes feels like—the lights look more lonely tonight. Bright, and empty, and lonely...

And Dinah's sitting next to her, and her foot is twitching impatiently, the way it does when she's
thinking about something, and the hundreds of pieces of jewelry on her fingers and in her hair are gleaming in the light of the moon and the reflections in the water, and she smells faintly like ice cream and bug spray and that eco-friendly laundry detergent she uses, and there's a hundred things, a thousand things about her that those writers on the internet will never know, will never understand, will never be able to write, because Dinah is layers upon layers upon layers, and every day, she's a new person, and she says new things, and she feels new things, and she learns new things, and Helena will spend the rest of her life learning and feeling and knowing with her—

"Did you end up reading that Batman one?"

Helena blinks, her poetic thoughts interrupted by the sound of her girlfriend's carefully disinterested voice.

"No... why?"

"No reason."

Helena gives her a look and Dinah finally smiles, and the cigarette almost looks ominous between her teeth as she finally flicks on her lighter to light it with a tiny flame.

"I was just wondering who was fisting who. Like, if Batman was doing Superman, then that's like, nothing. But if Superman was fisting Batman—"

"I still have no idea what that is."

"Shit, Crossbow, what does it sound like?"

"I mean, it sounds like putting your fist up someone's..."

"That's exactly what it is."

"...why would—that's so gross, why the fuck would anyone—?"

But Dinah's laughing so hard at the look of pure revulsion on Helena's face, she has to take the cigarette out of her mouth, and it's just sitting there between her fingers, smoking itself as her laughter echoes across the quiet water, and Helena just stares at her, and she doesn't understand why she's laughing, but her lips give an involuntary twitch, and then she's laughing too, because Dinah looks so fucking happy, and it's the middle of the night, and they're high on sugary ice cream treats, some angry people are probably going to come out and start yelling at them for being so noisy, and Batman and Superman are probably somewhere across the harbor in a fancy hotel anal fisting each other, and pretty soon rosy-fingered dawn is going to reach out across the sky, and the golden sun is going to rise over the water, and it'll be a new day, with new adventures, and new stories, and God, this woman's going to drive her crazy, she really is...

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact I: That's a wrap, and now I'm sad.

Fun Fact II: But hey everyone, you made it! You survived to the end of June 2020, and it was rough and hellish and downright impossible at times, but we made it, and we
can keep making it (because apparently, some of our countries still haven't kicked this stupid COVID thing to the curb :P) and we'll make it through to the other side of this.

Fun Fact III: I hope you enjoyed the series, and I just want to say thanks if you read chapters, or commented on the chapters, or left kudos—thank you so much! I hope this series provided a little distraction and escape for you in these past few months. :)

Fun Fact IV: Anyway, I'm probably still going to be writing chapters every so often for Lesbian Stardew Valley, and here's the link to that: https://archiveofourown.org/works/24997780/chapters/60527134

I can't promise weekly updates or anything, but there's a couple of events I'm looking forward to writing, so keep an eye out!

Fun Fact V: I'm also going to be working on some original projects. I have a short story idea about a wlw engineer who runs computer simulations for natural disasters, and she accidentally sends herself and her gf into a simulation (and they don't realize it). And I'm thinking about writing a novel or a series of short stories about the actual mythological Amazons, expanding on some of the ideas from this series (BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT COPYRIGHTED MWHAHA).

Anyway, if you're interested, feel free to follow me on tumblr at @bluejaywriter if you're not already.

Fun Fact VI: I'm pretty sure I'll be picking up this series again in a few months or so. I already have the song for Chapter 100 picked out. :P

Fun Fact VII: Thanks again for reading!! :D Stay safe out there, and by "out there" I mean take care of yourself and stay the fuck inside!

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