You Wanna Be Friends Forever? I Can Think of Something Better

by My_Heart_Is_Not_Cold

Summary

As their friendship progresses everything else in Kara's life shifts drastically and she ends up needing Lena more than previously intended. Lena, on her end, never thought she would have a friend like Kara and she fears her feelings might get in the way.

A season re-write of Kara and Lena becoming best friends, realizing they have more than platonic feelings for their best friend, being in denial for a little bit, fighting everyone who judges their relationship and says they shouldn’t be friends, whilst wanting to be more than friends, defending each other at all costs, helping each other when things get hard, and just being hopelessly in love. With appearances of Winn being Kara’s best bro, Alex who needs to chill and stop being so overprotective, James who is being a little bit of a hypocrite and
should learn how to separate Luthors and Supers, everyone just being a tad bit judgmental, tabloids invading their privacy and speculating on their relationship, and Kara and Lena not giving a fuck because they believe in each other and what they feel and that’s all that matters.

Notes

I decided the direction I wanted to go with my story was better in a multi-chapter format because a bunch of loose one-shots might not be best for following. So I'm editing the three one-shots I already posted that follow the sequence to make them into chapters that are better connected, and I plan to write two more chapters and then add the ending that I already have (for two months, but shh). Guess that's it, enjoy :D

Title from Hayley Kiyoko’s Sleepover
In Which Lena Needs a Friend (And a Hug)

Chapter Summary

Kara sees Lena alone at the port, watching her mother get arrested, and decides her friend needs company.

The pain of betrayal certainly wasn’t anything new to Kara.

It was a feeling she had been growing more and more accustomed with since she became Supergirl. First with Alex, then her aunt, and her parents. Every lie uncovered brought another sharp stake to her heart, a little bit more of the weight in her chest. Mon-El said she had the weight of the worlds on her shoulders, and he was right. She held the guilt of all the wrong things her family had done deep within her, along with the responsibility to protect the earth and the burden of being the last true child of Krypton, the last heir of the House of El, the last one to remember home and the light of Rao.

But the fresh burning in her chest that came with Lena helping Lillian was a lot harder to swallow.

“Don’t do it, Lena,” Kara said with all the hero authority the suit gave her, as she landed in front of the two women, but deep down she was pleading for Lena to listen.

Lena who she held in such high regards. Lena whom she thought of as a friend. Lena in whom she believed. Lena who she knew was good and kind and so unlike her family. Lena whom Kara hurt as Supergirl. Kara could still see the pain and sadness that had been in Lena’s eyes as she instructed Supergirl to leave her office, it was the same emotion reflected in Lena’s eyes now as she held the key in her hand.

“Why not? I’m a Luthor,” Lena said defiantly, but Kara could hear how her voice trembled with resignation. With a flick of her hand, Lena turned the key and launched the rocket.

Kara had no time to feel bad now. She had a missile to catch.

She cleared her mind of all of her mundane problems and focused on catching her target. It was like quidditch all over again, like that time with Indigo’s missile; this time she knew she could do it. This was easier; there was no code to punch in.

“Gotcha!” She breathed with a small smile as her hands made contact.

Catching it, however, didn’t do much. It exploded in her hands, propelling her down with the force. She managed to catch herself before hitting the street and launched herself towards the port just in time to see Henshaw standing over a fallen J’onn.

“You may be an alien, but I’m cyborg superman,” he roared.

Kara knocked him down before he could even realize she was near. The floor cracked with the impact and she stood back up, looking down at his limp body. “You may be a cyborg, but you’re no superman.” In different circumstances, she knew Winn would be laughing in her com and praising her comeback. She saw the light of his cyborg’s eye fade off and looked away.
Her heart clenched at the sight of J’onn, standing up proudly as he waited for his death. The glowing orange flakes falling over the city like rain, or party confetti, of death.

She thought of all the aliens that lived in National City, her friends. J’onn, M’gann, the clients of the dive bar, Brian, the giggling girl that sent her and Mon-El the drinks the resulted in her first ever hangover, all the families that took up National City as a refuge, the children…

Yet nothing happened.

Kara let out a small sigh, full of hope and confusion as J’onn stood there looking around at the air. The flakes started to dissipate. When she heard the police sirens, her heart swelled with relief.

She walked over to J’onn, the police cars filling the port behind them. “You’re okay,” she said to him, still a little airy, still a little confused. It was almost a question.

J’onn nodded. “We all are.”

Kara let out another sigh.

They both looked to where Henshaw had been only a few seconds before.

“He is gone,” J’onn groaned.

Kara looked around again, catching sight of mother and daughter where they stood. She watched as a tall and mean looking man cuffed and manhandled Lillian Luthor towards a police car. Kara’s heart clenched when she saw Lena, face void of emotion but heart slamming loudly and violently against her ribcage, Kara could see how her lips started trembling before she bit them from the inside.

She turned to J’onn. “Do you need me at the DEO right now?” He looked at her with a frown and caught a glimpse of Lena from over her shoulders. “I need to be with a friend,” she added.

“You did your job, Supergirl. You deserve the rest of the night off.” He smiled at her. “Come in tomorrow morning for debriefing.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you,” she said before turning to look at Lena one last time, their eyes met for a brief second but Lena clenched her jaw and looked away before Kara could even try for an apologetic smile at her. “Well, here goes to nothing,” she mumbled to herself as she took off into the sky.

Going from Kara to Supergirl was easy, but Supergirl to Kara after an entire day working at the DEO took some maintenance. She flew to her apartment at super-speed, careful not to break the sound barrier… again. J’onn had not been happy the last time, the DEO had to pay for the new glasses of an entire block. ‘Superhero Damage Control’ wasn’t her favorite seminar even with Pam from HR getting her twelve donuts with pink icing and sprinkles.

Kara hardly landed on her apartment, already flipping around to get a change of clothes and shove them in her bag without even touching the floor. And she was gone again.

She landed a few streets away from the port, where a portable bathroom so conveniently stood and changed her clothes inside, folding her suit carefully and placing it on her bag all under a second. In human clothes and her suit hidden away and not on her body, Kara ran at human speed towards the commotion.

Not much had happened since she left. Police officers filled the open space collecting evidence and taking pictures all around, the lights flashing on top of the cars made everything have an eerie blue color with a hint of red. Lillian Luthor was sitting at the back of a police car, looking ruefully at her
daughter, while Lena tried to ignore her mother as a police officer talked to her. Kara waited until the officer turned away from Lena to make herself known.

“Lena!” She called out from a few feet away, half-jogging towards the woman.

Lena frowned as she turned around. “Kara?” She didn’t move, waiting for Kara to get closer to her. “What are you doing here?”

“I, uhm… I have a police scanner,” she lied lamely, and it sounded more like a question.

“Ahh,” Lena nodded with a bitter smile. “Supergirl told you,” she deduced. “Came to report on the new evil Luthor being arrested? Do you want an exclusive interv-…” But Lena didn’t get to finish her sentence.

Kara threw herself at Lena, wrapping bot arms around her and catching Lena by surprise. “I came for you,” she whispered next to Lena’s ear.

Lena was stiff at first, hard as a rock, uncomfortably stiff, but at Kara’s words and the hot breath against her skin, she slowly relaxed into the embrace, all but collapsing in Kara’s arms. Lena wrapped her arms around Kara, clinging to the girl’s clothes, face buried in Kara’s neck as she tried still to remain at least a little bit composed.

She felt Kara rubbing her back soothingly and it took all of her strength not to sob right there. In the middle of a port full of police officers and her mother. Kara’s body was warm and strong and it made her feel safe, Lena couldn’t remember when was the last time someone hugged her like that but it was definitely the best hug she ever got, the thought of that made her cling to Kara even tighter.

“It’s okay, I got you,” Kara whispered to her, squeezing her shoulders gently.

Lena pulled in a shivering breath and pressed her eyes tightly to will off the tears.

Kara didn’t pull away, only waited until Lena had taken up all the comfort she needed, and let her step away when she was ready.

“I’m really sorry,” Kara told Lena, looking into her eyes. “Truly.”

Lena nodded, a pained expression on her face. She swallowed tightly and pulled a smile on her lips, one that didn’t reach her eyes and looked sour. “So where did your superhero buddy run off to? Thought she would like the show.”

Kara bit her lip. “She… thought it would be better to give you some space, she had a feeling you wouldn’t want to talk to her.”

“How considerate of her,” Lena said bitterly. She sat her jaw and continued. “Actually, I owe her an apology.”

“You do?”

“I was unfair to her. She told me some things that I didn’t want to hear, and I was rather intransigent,” Lena confessed. “But you’re right, I don’t want to see her right now.”

Kara nodded carefully, her eyes never leaving Lena’s face.

“And you?”

Kara opened her mouth but didn’t find the words. Lena raised an eyebrow, urging Kara on. “I
thought you could use a friend,” Kara confessed in a low voice. “I could… do you want me to go?” She held her breath.

“No! You can stay. If you don’t mind.”

“I don’t,” Kara whispered, shaking her head. She gave Lena a small smile and heard the woman’s heart flutter. “I owe you an apology as well.” Lena didn’t say anything. “I lied to you, about the interview.”

“She asked you to look into me?” Lena accused.


“You wanted to see what I knew about my mother.”

“Clearly I overestimated my reporting skills and sneakiness,” Kara joked, with a hint of self-deprecation.

“No, you were fine. I’m just…”

“Smarter than me.”

Lena cocked her head. “Your words, not mine.” And there it was, that charming smile Kara was so fond of. It was gone too quickly. “Why did you?”

Kara sighed. “I guess I didn’t want you to think I didn’t trust you, that I was accusing you of being…” She trailed off, not sure if she should continue.

“Like them,” Lena finished for her, and for the first time since they parted their hug, Kara looked away from Lena’s face, looking sheepishly down to her feet.

“I do trust you, Lena,” Kara told her. “I know you are good, better.” She looked up again, hesitant. She was afraid of how Lena would react, but the woman’s face seemed to be relaxing. She continued carefully. “That you want to make up for what they did.”

“Well,” Lena sighed dramatically. “I suppose if I really was evil I probably wouldn’t confess everything to a reporter. No matter how cute she is,” she teased.

Kara laughed. “I was hoping I could convince you with a nice smile.”

Lena smiled again, and it almost made Kara sigh in relief. “I like to think I wouldn’t fall for that, but it is a very pretty smile.”

“If it didn’t work I could just pout.”

“Now that’s playing dirty.”

Kara giggled. She watched as Lena’s smile faded when her eyes met her mother’s and her own face fell back to seriousness. “What you did was really brave.”

“It was the right thing to do,” Lena brushed it off, with a small shrug of her shoulders.

“Yes! But doing what’s right is not always easy, nor is standing up against our family. It takes a lot of courage to do so.” Kara refused to let Lena’s heroism be undermined, even by Lena herself. “You saved a lot of innocent lives today. That’s the work of a hero.”
Lena shifted on her feet, a little uncomfortable.

“I, for one, am very grateful for what you did,” Kara continued. “I have friends who would have died today, but you stopped that from happening. You saved them. So thank you.” She said seriously, looking Lena in the eyes again. Her lips trembled and she pressed them together to stop the crying pout she knew she made.

Lena only nodded, quietly, and looked over to the car where her mother was in. The police officers were getting ready to move her.

“Do you wanna… say goodbye?” Kara asked hesitantly.

Lena shook her head no. “She probably hates me right now.” She shrugged. “I guess there really isn’t such a thing as a good Luthor.”

“Well, there’s you. I think you are good enough to compensate for all the bad that they’ve done.”

“Yeah, well, I’m adopted.” Lena let out a dry laugh and Kara looked at her sadly.

“Can I take you home?” Kara offered.

Lena gave her a small smile. “That would be nice.”

Kara smiled back at Lena and they started walking, side by side, towards the street.

“The car I came in is evidence now, so it’d be hard getting home.”

Kara tried not to laugh at Lena’s joke, but she ended up giggling a little. From the corner of her eye, she saw Lena bit back a smile.

When they reached the sidewalk, however, Kara froze. “Okay… I guess there might be a big flaw in my plan,” she told Lena, biting her bottom lip slightly.

“What?”

“I don’t really have a car… And I can’t drive.” Kara blushed, hand flying up to fiddle with her glasses.

Lena laughed. “It’s the thought that counts, right?”

“I hope so.” Kara shrugged and gave Lena a tentative smile.

“It’s okay,” Lena was about to tell Kara that she could just call a car, but Kara interrupted her, by blurt out her thought.

“But I could walk you home.” Kara’s voice was edging too much on desperation, and she blushed a little at her hasty tone. “I don’t like the thought of you going home alone… especially after what happened today, and at this time of night, I think you’d be better off with some company.”

Lena was taken aback at Kara’s words, she blinked a few times as she looked at the kind eyes behind those cute glasses before she composed herself again. “How chivalrous of you,” she teased.

Kara laughed. “Well, lead the way, my lady.” She offered her arm to Lena, hoping Lena would let her keep her company at least for a while longer.

Lena grinned as she took Kara’s arm in hers and they started walking again. “Lady Luthor,” Lena
tested. “Has a nice ring to it.”

Kara agreed with a hum and a nod. “And it fits in that alliteration your family is so fond of.”

Lena laughed loudly. “It is a little ridiculous.”

Kara smiled at Lena as the woman laughed. It was a beautiful sight, one she had feared she wouldn’t get to see again, at least not because of her. Once more that night, relief filled her chest, seeping into her lungs and making her breathe that much better.

They walked for a few streets, Lena never once complaining about walking so much in her expensive stilettos, before a thought crossed Kara. She realized she never really said it.

“You know, you’re kind of my hero,” Kara said, nudging Lena with her linked arm.

Lena smiled and shook her head, the little laugh under her breath was like a melody for Kara.

Lena smirked at Kara. “Are you trying to flirt with me, Miss Danvers?” Lena teased.

Kara laughed. “Not right now.” She grinned.

“Some other time then,” Lena said softly as she squeezed Kara’s arm.

-------

Lena led them to the high-end part of town, to a neighborhood Kara was sure no one that made less than a million a week could live in. Winn once called it CEO lane when she helped a little girl from being run over by a sports car, back in the earlier days of Supergirl. The girl’s father tried to pay her for saving his daughter and Winn didn’t talk to Kara for two entire hours after she refused the check.

They stopped right in front of a building with a tasteful glass entrance and a big reception desk;

“Well this is me,” Lena said with a sigh, turning to look at Kara. “Thank you for walking me home, Kara. I appreciate the gesture, and the company is not half bad either.” She grinned at Kara, raising her left eyebrow quickly, in a lighthearted manner.

Kara nodded. “The pleasure was all mine. You’re always great company, Lena.”

Lena wavered, as if she wanted to go but didn’t want to leave. She bit her lower lip and eyed Kara a little apprehensive, her heart beating loudly in her chest. “Do you want to come up for a cup of tea?”

Kara smiled. “Of course, I would love to.”

Lena’s smile was almost blinding. “Great! Come.” Lena grabbed Kara’s hand and tugged her inside the building.

“Good evening, Ms. Luthor,” the man behind the reception desk greeted with a smile.

Lena threw a warm smile at him. “Good evening, Marcus. Can I get my extra key? I left my purse in the office.”

“Again.” The man laughed as he pulled a little black plastic tag the size of his thumb from one of the many drawers on his desk. “Honestly, Ms. Luthor, I don’t know what you’d do without me,” he joked, handing Lena the round little tag.
Lena grinned back at the man, waving the tag on her finger by the keyring. “Probably be living on the streets.”

“I don’t doubt that Ms. Luthor,” Marcus laughed. “And who is this beautiful lady?” He asked as his eyes set on Kara; his tone was suggestive as was the look he threw at Lena.

Kara felt herself flushing, but she saw as Lena rolled her eyes.

“I-I’m Kara Danvers,” Kara said, wavering only a little.

Marcus grinned at Lena, who only scoffed. “It’s nice to meet you, Ms. Danvers.”

Kara smiled her bright smile and nodded. “It’s nice to meet you too…” Kara trailed off.

“Marcus.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Marcus.”

Lena tried not to scoff again. “Come on, Kara. I’m dying to take these heels off,” Lena almost whined. She tugged at Kara’s hand again, leading her towards the elevators.

“Nice meeting you, Ms. Danvers. Looking forward to seeing you again,” he called after them, a hint of laughter in his voice.

Lena pulled a confused Kara into an elevator and let go of her hand, a contact they both missed immediately.

Lena pressed the little tag against a panel and the buttons lip up. “Ignore him,” she said with a little shake of her head as she pressed a button. “He likes to tease my dates,” she explained dismissively, looking back at Kara.

Kara’s breath caught in her throat, she opened and closed her mouth a couple of time, she was about to start sputtering when Lena continued.

“He must think you’re my date.”

“Oh,” Kara breathed out, trying to regain her composure. “There are worse things to be thought of.” She grinned at Lena, but her blush was still evident.

Lena laughed. “Who would have thought,” she said with amusement. “Kara Danvers, mild-mannered reporter, is a smooth talker.” She laughed a little.

“Well, definitely not my sister,” Kara said with a shrug, which only made Lena laugh harder.

When the elevator door opened, Kara was expecting a hallway, and maybe a few very large doors, like on Cat’s building, but instead she was met with a large canvas of abstract painting.

Lena stepped out and opened a closet. “Do you mind taking off your shoes?” She asked as she discarded her own shoes and nudged them inside the closet.

When Kara didn’t answer, Lena turned around to find Kara staring at the painting with her mouth hanging open.

“Kara?”

Kara blinked. “Yes?”
“Your shoes.”

“Oh. Right.” Kara kicked her shoes off and nudged them to the closet.

“Is… is that…?” Kara couldn’t formulate a question.

But Lena knew what she was asking. “A real Kandinsky?” She concluded as she took off her jacket, she hung in in the closet and held out her hand, waiting for Kara’s jacket. “Yes,” Lena finally said as she closed the closet. “It is.”

Kara gasped. “This is… Dreamy, from his Improvisations series. 1913.”

Lena smiled at Kara. “Don’t you know your art?”

Kara nodded, without taking her eyes from the canvas. “I love art. I minored in it on college.”

“Oh! That’s great!” Lena beamed at Kara, even though the blonde didn’t spare her a look. “I can give you two some time,” she teased.

Kara blushed and looked at Lena. “No, no. That won’t… That won’t be necessary.”

Lena laughed.

“I’m here to keep you company, not the painting,” Kara told her with a decisive tone. Her ears picked up the flutter in Lena’s heartbeat, which combined with Lena’s smile, had her chest tightening a little bit.

“You’re sure you’re not flirting?” Lena teased.

Kara laughed, blushing a little bit.

“Come, I promised tea.”

Lena led Kara out of the foyer and into the living room. “You like tea, right?” Lena asked, crossing the long island that separated the living room from the kitchen. “I didn’t even ask.”

“Well, I did agree to tea, didn’t I?” Kara stayed on the other side of the counter, leaning her elbows on the cold marble.

Lena smiled. “Somehow I get the feeling you’re someone who would accept to drink something you don’t like just to be nice.”

Kara laughed with a little blush and raised a hand to her glasses. “You’re right,” she admitted and Lena’s laughter boomed. “But I do like tea.”

When Lena turned around to turn on a kettle, Kara allowed herself to look around. She was used to Cat’s two homes in the city, but none of them looked like Lena’s. The penthouse looked like a decoration showroom for the rich and famous, or something out of a Netflix series, everything looked like it was too expensive for Kara to even be looking at, and so big. There was a set of stairs across from the entrance foyer, indicating that it had at least two floors, and it the top floor was as big as the lower one… There was even a piano close to the window wall.

Kara was admiring the view the wide glass wall and high altitude provided when Lena turned back and noticed Kara’s dazed look.

“Kara? What is it?”
Kara blinked a few times, focusing back on Lena.

“It’s just… your place is really big,” Kara half whispered.

Lena laughed. “Well I am rich,” she joked. “After living most of your life in a mansion, you kind of get used to large spaces.” She shrugged and ran her hands on the marble counter.

“It’s a really beautiful home.”

Lena smiled. “Thank you.”

“And the view is amazing,” Kara continued.

“Yes, it’s part of why I bought this. It’s a little ironic, really, someone who’s afraid of heights to live at the top of one of the highest buildings of the city.”

“Or brave,” Kara teased.

Lena shook her head. “Brave would be if I could actually walk to the window and look down without picturing the many ways I could fall to my death.” Lena didn’t even attempt to use a humorous tone.

“I’m sure Supergirl wouldn’t let you get to the floor,” Kara told her solemnly.

It felt like a promise.

It was a promise.

Kara would never let anything hurt Lena, even if Lena wasn’t on good terms with one or both of her personas.

The air was heavy now, with the unspoken truths, the weight of secrets, the toll of the long day they both had; neither of them spoke.

The silence was only broken with the whistle of the kettle.

Lena shook herself out of their stupor and turned again. “How do you like your tea?”

“With sugar.”

“Milk?”

“No, thank you.”

As Lena set on making their tea, Kara’s phone vibrated with a text notification

It was from Alex (Rocket).

Alex: Hey, J’onn said you not coming in

Kara: I probably will later

Alex: Everything good?

Kara: Yeah
Alex: Where are you?

Kara: Lena's

Alex: You’re with Luthor?

Kara: She needs a friend Alex

Alex: You’re too good for your own sake

Kara: That’s why you love me

Alex: That and mom said I had to

Kara: Rude

Alex: Apparently what your new friend did was changing the isotopes which made the virus inert

Alex: Which is great because mom is making a cure for Mon-El’s illness

Kara: There’s a cure for being a Daxamite?

Alex: Sadly not yet, but I’ll keep you posted

Kara: Please do. I’ll go in if you need me to

Alex: No, relax. This will take a while

Alex: Stay with your friend *wink*

Kara: Ignoring you now. Love you

Alex: Love you too

Kara locked her phone just in time to see Lena placing two mugs on the counter.

“I was thinking we could go up to the lounge,” Lena told Kara. “It’s more comfortable there.”

Kara agreed and they gathered their mugs and made to the stairs.

“I’m convinced you’re just trying to show off your house,” Kara joked when they reached the second floor.

“I am.” Lena winked.

Lena’s lounge was actually bigger than Kara’s entire apartment and Kara didn’t know why she even bothered to get surprised, Lena was, after all, the CEO of a multi-billion dollar company.

They sat on one of the ridiculously expensive couches and turned a little to face each other. Lena with her legs folded tucked underneath her, and Kara with one leg crossed and tucked under the
“Thank you, Kara,” Lena said softly. “For staying. It means a lot to me.”

Kara beamed at her. “I’m glad. I only want to help you, Lena.”

“You’ve done nothing but help since I met you, Kara.” Lena’s smile was kind and she looked a lot more relaxed than Kara had ever seen her. “Even when we don’t agree on things, you still hang around and try to see my point of view, which, admittedly, a lot more than most people have done for me.”

“You’re my friend, Lena,” Kara said as if that was all the explanation Lena needed.

“You’d be surprised how little that word means when you’re a Luthor,” Lena said with a deprecating laugh. Instead of saying anything else, Lena took a sip of her tea.

“Okay,” Kara said with a sigh. “We can talk about it, we can talk about something else, we could not talk at all…”

“Is your plan to distract me, Ms. Danvers?” Lena’s left eyebrow raised again. Kara had mixed feelings about that eyebrow.

“Just trying to help you feel better,” Kara said solemnly. “However way works.”

“You sure are dedicated,” Lena teased.

Kara smiled and nodded. “The correct term is stubborn.”

Lena laughed. Kara took a sip from her tea and the heat made her glasses foggy. Lena chuckled and Kara blushed.

“Don’t laugh,” Kara whined. “This is a very serious struggle.”

Lena pursed her lips to stop her laughing. “Of course it is. Very hard. Daily struggle.”

“Exactly.” Kara tried drinking again and it only got worse, she pulled it back, but her glasses wouldn’t clear up on their own.

“Entirely too adorable,” Lena said softly and Kara blushed a little darker. “You know, if you would just take off your glasses, this would be a lot easier,” Lena offered.

“No!” Kara gasped. “I mean… I, I prefer being able to see well,” she lied lamely.

Lena shrugged. “It’s your decision.”

Kara blew on the tea with a little hint icy breath to stop it from fogging. “This is really good,” she said after managing to take a sip properly.

“Glad you like it.”

“Okay,” Kara started. “You had a long day today.”

Lena let out a snigger. “That’s an understatement.”

“A very not great day.”
“Wow, you are so perceptive, Kara, no wonder you’re such a great journalist.”

Kara ignored the sarcasm and continued. “Whenever I have a long and not so great day, my sister and watch a movie and eat take out. It’s something we’ve done since I was first adopted,” Kara explained. If Lena was surprised by the new information, she didn’t show it. “It always makes me feel better. Even it just for the time of the movie.”

Lena smiled. “That seems nice.”

“What’s your favorite movie?”

Lena frowned, almost hesitant to say. “Star Wars… Well, Empire.” If Kara knew Lena a little bit better, she would know Lena was bracing herself for a mocking remark.

“Oh! I love Star Wars!” Kara exclaimed. “But my favorite is Force Awakens. I love Rey and Finn, and BB-8 is my favorite droid in any movie ever. He is just so cute!” Kara frowned. “Or it… why gender a robot?” She added under her breath.

“You don’t strike me as someone who likes Star Wars.”

“Alex forced me to watch them. But I really loved them, so it’s all good.”

“Lex and I would play chess together,” Lena said. “He would joke saying he regretted teaching me how to play, as he was always trying and failing to beat me since the first time.”

Kara laughed softly. “Alex hated playing chess with me.”

“Why’s that?”

Kara shrugged. “I’d get too distracted and ruin the game,” she said dismissively. “Or win.” She grinned.

“Some people just don’t know how to lose,” Lena laughed.

“Yeah. It’s been so long since I last played.” Kara sighed.

“Oh! You know, I was a chess champion back in boarding school… no, forget that, that’s embarrassing.” Lena blushed and squeezed her eyes shut.

“No, no, there’s nothing embarrassing about being very smart,” Kara told her, placing a comforting hand on Lena’s knee. Kara felt the leg jump at the contact and pulled away.

“Well,” Lena said, ignoring her body’s reaction. “Chess champion doesn’t read as very… cool.”

“Well, we were all different people in high school.” Kara shrugged.

“That’s to be expected. I was twelve after all.”

Kara nearly spat her tea and started sputtering as it slid down the wrong pipe. “Twelve years old,” cough “in high school?” cough.

Lena shrugged, sinking a little into the couch, almost as if trying to hide. “Technically I didn’t go to highschool I went to boarding school in England, so I did secondary school. But yes, I was four years early.”

Kara coughed again, loudly. Lena was used to the shock when she told people, she just let Kara
“You graduated high school at fourteen?”

Lena bit her lip. “Thirteen actually. It was before my birthday.”

“Wow!” Kara whispered in awe.

“I’m not just a pretty face.” Lena winked.

Kara laughed. “Yeah, that’s quite the understatement.”

“I’m a woman of many talents,” Lena joked in a suggestive tone, raising her eyebrows to add to it.

“I used to tap dance in high school, and I was captain of the scholastic decathlon.”

“Really?” Lena asked with a little bit of surprise, leaning back on the couch with her arm propped on the rest.

Kara shrugged. “I have an eidetic memory.”

“Well, Kara Danvers, you keep surprising me.”

“Surprise good or surprise bad?”

Lena grinned. “Surprise good, Kara. Always.”

“Well, good.” Kara gave her a little shy smile.

“So are you up to playing chess with a champion?”

Kara perked up. “Definitely.”

“I promise I’ll go easy on you the first time.”

“Oh! You are going down!”

She didn’t. Lena won all 4 times they played, but Kara was a good match for her.

As they played and talked all night, Lena didn’t think of her mother once. Kara’s distraction tactics to make her feel better definitely worked.
In Which Things Are Shared

Chapter Summary

Kara and Winn go out to show off their talents and have a much needed talk. Lena and Supergirl make peace. Everyone is a super nerd.

Chapter Notes

I was planning on going straight to episode 9, but I feel like there was a huge gap left between episodes, some things were left a little open after the hiatus, so this happened.

The idea for the music bar came from the club 54 below where a lot of broadway stars perform and Jeremy Jordan and Laura Benanti sing there a lot, Melissa sang there with Laura once. This is the song Winn sings here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TppJMa8apkc

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Kara knocked on Lena’s open office door a little hesitantly.

Lena, who had been very concentrated on her computer, perked up at the sight of her. “Kara!”

“Your secretary only let me in after making sure I understood how very busy you are,” Kara said with a funny inflection in her voice as she stepped inside.

Lena sighed and slid her chair away from the computer, giving Kara her full attention. “Jess is right. I am extremely busy, but I could do with a little break. The distraction is more than welcome.” Lena smiled at Kara and the blonde smiled back, brightly.

“Well, I’m glad.” Kara walked closer to the desk. “I brought you these,” she said presenting a small paper bag. Lena frowned. “My adoptive mother always sends them for the holidays,” Kara explained, sitting across Lena and handing her the paper bag. “This year there were more people than usual to share them with that this was all I could snatch before it was all gone.” Kara clearly left out the part that Eliza sent almost a hundred, obviously knowing her daughters well, and she alone ate at least fifty.

Lena peeked inside the bag and gasped. “You brought me cookies?”

“I… I didn’t know if you liked them, but then I thought ‘who doesn’t like cookies?’ But maybe you don’t really like them, some people don’t like eating sugar, and I’m not sure if you’re one of those people. Also, you could like, be allergic to something in there, like cinnamon, or chocolate or baking soda or vanilla extract or, or eggs… But even if you don’t like them, or you can’t eat them, I just thought that maybe you’d appreciate that I thought of you and I hid them for you. And it was really hard not to eat them because they are delicious, and also my sister wanted to give them to her
girlfriend and I didn’t let her because those were for, for you,” Kara ranted, her cheeks burning bright with the slight embarrassment that always followed her rants. She bit her lower lip apprehensively and looked down at her fingers as she twisted them on her lap.

A small sigh escaped Lena’s lips. “No one’s ever given me homemade cookies before,” Lena said softly. Kara looked up to see Lena with wide, watery eyes as she looked at Kara in wonderment. "Thank you.”

Kara smiled brightly at her friend, although the statement made her a little sad. “You are welcome. Eliza is amazing at baking, I hope you like them.”

“I already do,” Lena told her with a smile of her own. She pulled one cookie out of the bag, folded the paper and set it aside on her desk, looked up and held the cookie to Kara. “Do you want to share it?” She asked almost shyly. Kara was about to protest, because she had already eaten her share and then some and those were Lena’s, when Lena gave her a pleading look of those beautiful green eyes. “Come on, I never had someone to share before.

Kara narrowed her eyes at Lena. “You are using my niceness and sympathetic nature against me,” she accused.

Throwing Kara a charming smile, Lena asked, “Is it working?”

Kara sighed defeated. “Yes.”

Lena’s victorious smile was the cutest thing Kara had ever seen.

“Good.” Lena broke the cookie in half and handed one to Kara. “Did you only come here to give me cookies, or did you have something else in mind?” Lena broke a smaller piece of the cookie and put it in her mouth carefully.

“I actually wanted to ask you if you wanted to do something after work, since it’s been a while since we hung out. But your secretary already kindly informed me how much work you have to do.” She winced a little, remembering the near lecture the woman had given her.

Lena laughed. “Jess is a little stressed with things lately, every since Thanksgiving, but I’m afraid she is right. It’s true that I have so much to do, I’ll be busy most of the week. Maybe I can get away on Friday or Saturday, but that’s the earliest I can imagine being free right now,” Lena said looking a bit disappointed. She took a second piece of the cookie and smiled at Kara. “You were right, your mother really is good,” she told Kara still with a little bit in her mouth. If Lillian could see her... “This is really great.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

Lena nodded and they both smiled at each other. They ate their respective halves of the cookie in a comfortable silence with a few shared smiled before Lena spoke.

“So, how is your flying friend doing?” Lena asked forcing a casual conversational tone.

Kara frowned, cocking her head to the side. She had a few of those, and if Lena had said super powered or alien, the list would be even bigger.

“Supergirl,” Lena clarified.

“Oh,” Kara exclaimed in understanding. “Why, uhm, why are you asking... me?” She asked hesitantly.
Lena shrugged. “Well, she hasn’t been returning any of my calls,” she said teasingly. “And you have her number favorited.”

“Ha! That’s very funny,” Kara said humorlessly.

“I thought so too.” Lena winked. “It feels like she’s avoiding me, seeing as how we left things and that she’s usually the one doing the approaching.”

“Maybe,” Kara tried carefully. “She wants to respect your space…?”

“Hmm,” Lena hummed. She shrugged and shoved the last piece of the cookie in her mouth. “I wish that would be over tough because it feels like I’ve been put in time out. I know how I acted wasn’t great, I was very rude and I might have upset her, but I really wanted to apologize to her, work it out like adults.”

Kara pressed her lips together and nodded. “Well, she will show up eventually, I guess. She’s not one to hold a grudge… for long. I mean, unless you are, well… you know,” she trailed off and Lena almost laughed. “Do you want me to talk to her?”

“No, no. That won’t be necessary.” Lena shook her head delicately. “I guess I’ll just wait for her to come to me. Don’t want to look desperate, right?” She raised her eyebrows jokingly at Kara and the blonde laughed.

Right then a knock sounded from Lena’s door and they both turned to see Jess standing by the doorway. “Ms. Luthor, I’m sorry but this is important.”

Lena looked up at her secretary, she wanted to be annoyed but she knew it wasn’t the poor woman’s fault. “It’s okay Jess,” she smiled and then turned to Kara. “I’m really sorry Kara, but as you know…”

Kara nodded. “A CEO never stops. I have a little experience with that. It’s fine,” Kara assured as she got up. “I’m just glad I could give you a little break.”

Lena smiled at Kara. “Yeah, me too. Thank you for the cookies.”

“Of course. I’ll, uhm, I’ll talk to you later.”

Lena nodded. She ignored the way Jess looked at her as the woman watched their interaction because that really annoyed her. The knowing and accusing looks, Kara didn’t need to be exposed to the silliness of Lena’s secretary. “Yeah,” she told Kara instead, with a soft smile.

“Just try not to stay in the office too late,” Kara suggested.

Lena’s only response was a raise of her left eyebrow and a pointed look.

Kara laughed, shaking her head. “Yeah, okay. Bye.”

“Bye.”
Winn was doing his very important job at the DEO, which definitely did not involve playing video games in a computer far better than anything he could ever hope to afford when a hand clamping his shoulder made him flinch.

“AAAHHH!” Winn yelped, jumping a few inches on his chair like a scared cat. He looked over his shoulder to see a grinning Alex looking down at him. “Do NOT sneak up on people like that,” he said trying to sound stern but failing miserably as his voice trembled. “I am very vulnerable and that are dangerous people all around me,” he hissed.

Alex chuckled. “Very true, but that’s not what you’re getting paid to do.” She gestured to his computer with a raise of her eyebrows. No one seemed to pay them much attention and Winn was starting to question if it was normal for Alex to pull this on people or if it was something exclusive to him.

Winn shrugged, his hand on his heart trying to slow his heart rate back to normal. “There was nothing to do. The world is quiet here,” he said in an eerie tone, but then he shrugged again. “I figured there was no big deal in it.”

Alex narrowed her eyes at him. “First of all, you should never play video games in here, this isn’t CatCo, it’s a government facility. If J’onn catches you, he will be very... J’onn about it and it’ll make you feel guilty with just a few looks from him and then he’ll put you on tech support.” Winn shuddered at that. “Second of all, I understood that reference.”

Winn grinned. “Well well well, Agent Danvers. Maybe there’s a nerd in you after all.”

Alex’s lips pulled into a fake and very dangerous smile. “Now’s the time I remind you I can use a knife better than any circus thrower.”

Winn gulped, his eyes going wide. “Noted.” He nodded.

“I’ll leave you to do your job,” Alex said clapping him on the shoulder before walking away, leaving a flinching and slightly shocked Winn behind.

He had mostly recovered from the interaction and was doing random nothings on the computer that could pass for work when Kara landed on the DEO’s balcony and strolled towards him.

“Hey Winn!” She greeted cheerfully. “When do you clock out?” She asked standing behind him and placing her hands on the back of his chair.

Winn looked up at Kara and gave her a smile. “Why? Do you desperately need my humble company?”

Kara grinned. “I do, actually. I was hoping you and I could go down to Below 52?”

Below 52 was a musical themed open mic bar that Kara and Winn had found together during Kara’s first night out after starting to work at CatCo. It quickly became their thing, the rest of their friends didn’t know about it. Kara and Winn still frequented the bar every few weeks, they liked having a place to hang out just them, now that the drama they had gone through was over and they could just be normal friends again and be silly in front of a mic and people who only knew them because of their voices.

“Oh!”

“I heard they’re having a Celine Dion night,” she added in a singsong voice, poking his sides and making him squirm away. “You could sing that song that I really like when you sing, and then I
could sing—” she was interrupted by Winn.

“My Heart Will Go On?” There was a teasing tone to his voice.

“I was going to say ‘some other song’,” Kara said sheepishly.

“You don’t have to lie, Kara, I know you want to sing it. You have been talking about singing that song since we started going to that bar.”

“And today I’ll get to sing it!” Kara couldn’t hide her excitement. “But I have some things I wanted to talk to you. Alone.” She gave him a look that meant she was serious and the subject was important.

“Uuuhh, trouble in paradise?”

Kara rolled her eyes. “Just… be prepared to sing a really long Celine Dion song, okay, bye.” She stormed off, much like Alex although in Kara’s case there was a bright red cape and long blonde hair billowing behind her, and Winn wondered if that was something she picked up from Alex or if it was the other way around.

“When do I have to be there?” He yelled after her.

“Two hours!” Kara yelled back without looking back as she continued to walk back the way she came.

Winn frowned with a slightly amused grin on his face as he watched his friend stomping her way onto the balcony, where she took off flying. “Tonight’s gonna be interesting.” He sighed and twirled around on his chair.

-------

They signed up on the singing list and then made their usual order of beers, waters, and fries.

“Okay. Spill!” Winn told Kara, as they sat at their usual table.

Kara sighed. “Do you remember how I was out of town for an entire week last month, after that thing with the medusa virus?”

Winn frowned. “Uhm… No?”

“Exactly!”

“I’m confused.”

Kara looked up and smiled sweetly at the waitress that delivered their drinks, thanking her before she walked out. They both took sips of their beers before Kara continued talking.

“Oh, okay, so. The day after the Medusa virus…”

Winn cut Kara off. “By the way, where were you? J’onn went back to the DEO right away, but you only went in the next morning.”
“I was with Lena,” Kara said dismissively.

“Luthor?” Winn screeched.

“Yes, Winn. Which else? Now pay attention.” Kara sighed again. “After I left the DEO the next morning, you know, when Mon-El was all not dying and not remembering her kissed me.”

“What?” Winn screeched again. Kara ignored him this time.

“I went home, and Barry was there!”

“Barry Barry? Our Barry?”

Kara eyed him funny. “He’s not our Barry. But yes. Barry.” Winn blushed a little and took a sip from his beer to keep quiet. “Well, Barry said there were evil aliens attacking his earth, and asked for my help with them.”

“And you went?”

“Yes,” Kara stated simply, with a nod. “I was gone for an entire week. When I came back I kept waiting for someone to mention it, but no one seemed to notice. And I’m pretty sure I didn’t come back at the same time I left because, well, I have a phone. And Alex is being weird.”

“Wait, you’re telling me that you went to another universe.”

“Dimension.”

“To fight an army of evil aliens, I’m assuming it was an army for Barry to need help. ALIENS! Without telling anyone? When you work at the Department of Extranormal Operations…”

“When you put it like this…”

“Why didn’t you call us? Why didn’t you take me?” Winn’s tone was of betrayal more than of annoyance.

Kara blushed and tried to shrug it off. “Well, I got carried away by the excitement of a Superhero team up.”

“You should have told us, Kara. Or, at least J’onn. He is our boss… And we could have sent a DEO team to help. You know that type of thing is, I don’t know, the DEO’s job?”

They stopped talking when the waitress showed up with their fries.

Kara shoved a few fries on her mouth to stall herself. “I didn’t really think it through.” Kara’s blush was darker. “Barry asked for help and I just went.” She shrugged, mostly to hide herself.

Winn did a grumpy sound and took another sip of his water. “How was it?”

“Oh!” Kara said excitedly, wiggling in her seat. “It was so cool. I met so many people. So many heroes. I was mind controlled for a while, that wasn’t really cool… especially after the RedK incident, but I managed.” She took a sip of her beer to gather her thoughts. “And there was this huge epic fight. You know, like Avengers level of epic. The Dominators were coming from all side, that’s the name of the race that attacked, and there were so many of them coming to us,” she said gesturing widely. “And we were fighting them,” she punched the air lightly. “In the air, on the streets, from the top of buildings, in time traveling ships… It was just SO COOL!” her excitement was clear, and Winn couldn’t really be mad at her. “You would have loved it.”
Winn narrowed his eyes playfully at Kara. “And yet you didn’t take me.”

Kara pouted. “I’m sorry. Please forgive me? I promise you next time I’ll take you with me.”

Winn huffed. “I guess I’ll just have to put my trust on you again, right after you shattered it,” he said overly dramatic.

Kara covered her face with both hands. “I’m really sorry.”

“It’s fine Kara. You were doing your job.” Winn smiled at her. “I just think you should try to be a little more careful sometimes. But you are, well, YOU,” he told her gesturing to her. “I trust that you can handle your own, and you know what you are doing better than anyone.”

Kara beamed at her friend. “Thank you, Winn. That means a lot to me.”

“But you know you’re going to get an earful for this.”

“Which is why you cannot tell anyone about this, especially Alex.” She eyes him pointedly.

“What- oh come on! Why did you tell me then? You know I’m terrible at keeping secrets, especially Alex. She’ll look at me all angry and suspicious, and she’ll point a finger at me and be like ‘I know seven ways to kill a man using this finger’ and she’ll poke me and it’ll hurt. Plus I love gossip, this is some hot gossip subject. Why are you torturing me like this?”

“Because you are my best friend, and I kind of need a best friend to share stuff like this, but Alex will be all Alex about it, so she can’t know. At least for now… maybe ever.”

Winn groaned. “Alright. I won’t tell.”

Kara sighed relieved and started eating the fries as fast as she could… which was very.

“You’ll have to promise me one thing though,” he told her seriously. She frowned and nodded for him to continue. “Give us a warning next time?”

“Winn!” She warned.

“No. I believe in you, Kara. You’re Supergirl. Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings at a single bound!” He joked in a passionate chant that built up with each point. Kara giggled loudly. The sound of his words being dulled by the cheers of the crowd around them as the person on the stage took their final bow. “I know there’s no stopping you when it comes to helping people,” he said serious again. “I know that, and I would never try to do that, I would never ask that of you. It’s one of my favorite things about you. You’re a hero where it matters, even without the superpowers. It’s just… if something bad were to happen, it’d be easier to deal with if we had a heads-up.”

Kara swallowed hard and nodded. “Okay. I promise.”

He smiled at her. “Thank you.”

“Now enough talking.” She drummed her fingers lightly on his arm when she noticed the stage manager signing to them. “It’s time to siiiiiiiing! Go on go on go on go on, pleeeeeease,” she dragged annoyingly.

“Ugh, fine, I’ll go,” he huffed. “What don’t I do for you?” He rolled his eyes and made a shoe of getting up for drama.
It was a thing they did, she always begged him to sing and he always pretended it was a hardship for him.

Kara squealed when the melody for ‘It’s All Coming Back to Me Now’ came on and she giggled as Winn tried to get in before the right time and made a face.

The entire crowd cheered and laughed as Winn joked around during his performance, and Kara was the one cheering the loudest. Winn would point at her and blow kisses and wink and make gestures during the whole thing, and Kara laughed harder than she had in a very long time. He managed to hold high and long notes perfectly. At some point, before he went into the chorus, he yelled ‘No!’ in the midst of singing only to repeat and change the key, and the crowd went wild when he sang higher.

When the song ended Kara even stood up to clap and cheer for him.

“Oh my god, WINN! That was great!” She said throwing herself at him in a tight hug the moment he got back to their table.

“Ugh… Can’t… Breathe…” He gasped. They both felt it as his spine popped.

Kara let him go immediately. “Sorry,” she said with a little blush. “It was so great, Winn. That key change was amazing. Thank you for coming with me. I really needed to,” she took a deep breath. “I don’t know, just have fun. Celebrate…life.”

Winn smiled widely at Kara as he sat. “Of course, Kara. Always.”

“So…” Kara started again. “There’s something else…”

“No way,” Winn cut her. “You don’t get to share anything else before singing an extremely overplayed Celine Dion song,” he said sternly at her.

Kara narrowed her eyes at him. “What if it’s tech?”

Kara’s smirk was cocky as she watched Winn have a mental struggle.

Finally, the man sighed. “Fine!” He relented as it is was a huge affliction for him. “But you have to promise you’ll sing without crying.”

Kara didn’t answer him. She threw him a smiled and pulled the box from her purse. “So you know Barry’s friend, Cisco? He’s the guy who makes all the gadgets and the suits on their earth.”

“You mean he’s their Winn?”

Kara pressed her lips together and cocked her head, frowning as she tried not to answer him too harshly. “Uhum,” she hummed high-pitched in place of an answer. “Cisco made me this,” she told him as she placed the jewelry box on the table and slid it to Winn.

“Oh, look at you, seducing people from other earths into making you jewelry,” Winn teased as he opened the box. “Wait. What is this?”

“That is an intra-dimension extrapolator,” Kara told him. “It creates small breaches to Barry’s earth…well, probably other earths as well, so we can…crossover. When I say I’ll take you, I really mean it.” She smiled at him. “There’s also a communication functionality.”

To say Winn looked dazed would be an understatement. His face went on a similar journey to that of
when he met Superman and when Superman told him he was cool, all in one moment. Kara couldn’t help but chuckle a little bit. “This… can talk… to other dimensions…” He said slowly, with tears in his eyes.

Kara laughed. “Yes.” She let Winn have a moment and drank her glass of water before talking again. “I’m giving you to run some tests.”

“You are?” Winn’s voice was both high-pitched and teary.

Kara smiled at him. “Yes, buddy. Go crazy.”

“I love you,” Winn choked up.

“I love you too, Winn,” Kara laughed. She noticed the stage manager gesturing to her. “I’ll give you two some time alone, and I’ll go sing.”

Winn could only nod. Kara got up and patted him on the shoulder before walking to the stage.

By the time Kara was done singing what was admittedly Celine Dion’s biggest success, Winn had recovered. He high-fived her and praised her for her performance, as they finished their drinks and food. Winn described a very funny occurrence he witnessed involving the DEO’s breakroom, a snack machine, and an angry agent, and Kara laughed loudly as he gesticulated and made funny faces.

Before they could decide if they wanted to order something else, the waitress showed up and replaced his empty beer bottles for full ones.

“Uhm, thank you, but we didn’t order this,” Kara said politely.

The woman just smiled. “It’s on the house, for the talented couple.”

Kara and Winn looked at each other with matching wide eyes.

“Baabe,” Winn said jokingly to Kara.

“Thank you,” Kara told the woman with a polite smile. “But we’re not a couple.”

Winn slapped a hand on his chest. “I tried, but she loves another,” he said dramatically.

Kara rolled her eyes but the waitress laughed.

“It’s still on the house,” she told them. “You two did very well up there.”

“Would you look at that,” Winn joked. “Finally we’re getting some recognition.”

The waitress laughed again, and they both thanked her.

“You really were fantastic,” Kara told Winn.

“Oh, stop it you,” he said with fake modesty as she flicked the air with his hand theatrically. “You were okay, I guess.” She shrugged and then grinned at her.

With a laugh, Kara shook her head. “Are you okay with that? Us being confused for a couple?”

“Oh, please,” he laughed, slapping the air dismissively. “I’m completely over you. You don’t deserve me,” he joked. “You’re not even that cool.”
Kara gasped. “I can’t believe you just said that. I can fly!”

“Eh,” Winn shrugged. “So can many other aliens in the city. There are plenty of flying fish in the sea.”

Kara giggled.

“So Mon-El kissed you,” Winn started conversationally.

Kara grimaced. “Yeah.”

“Come on, give me the gossip. I didn’t come all the way here not to hear about this.”

“You didn’t know about this before,” Kara pointed out.

“Semantics.” He waved a hand dismissively. “How was it?” He insisted.

Biting her lower lip, Kara squinted. “It was weird. It was really weird. Like, up there in the top three weirdest kisses I had.”

“How weird?”

“He was all dying and stuff,” Kara said gesticulating.

Winn laughed. “Love the description.”

“I went to check on him, and I was very distressed because I had just found out about my father.” Winn nodded and she continued. “He said I looked beautiful with ‘the weight of the world on my shoulders’.” She rolled her eyes and saw Winn grimacing. “I know! And so he kissed me... and then he passed out.”

“Wow!”

“Yeah.”

“You have the worst luck with kissing.”

Kara snorted. “I might be cursed.”

“Oh come one, don't be so hard on yourself. You just knocked a guy out,” he joked and Kara laughed. “It’s not thaaaat bad.”

“That’s pretty bad.”

“So I got kidnapped by my evil father, Mon-El passed out and almost died…” Winn listed as he laughed. “But both were unwanted advances. Sorry for that, by the way, it was a dick move from my part. But from where I see it, it's our own fault. Maybe the problem here is unrequited love.”

Kara took a sip of her beer and shook her head. “No, no. Because it happened with Adam and James as well…” She ran her thumb down the bottle, scratching the glass with her fingernail and leaving an indent. “At least there were no broken noses,” she muttered under her breath.

“Wait, what?”

“Oh! Right, I never told you about Adam. We weren’t talking.”
“Well, tell me!” Winn said impatiently.

Rolling her eyes, Kara smiled as she tried to be annoyed. “We had two failed attempts of dates. The first I had to leave because Bizarro was wreaking havoc, but the second was going great. We went to the art museum, we talked… it was good. Well, we were having ice cream at the end of the night, and I kissed him… and so Bizarro kidnapped me.”

“Oh god,” Winn gasped, his hands going up to cover his mouth, but he couldn’t hold his laughter for too long.

“It’s fine, you can laugh,” Kara said as she laughed a little. Winn followed her, a bit louder.

“Is this why he didn’t stick around?”

Kara nodded. “Yeah. He was such a nice guy, I couldn’t just bring him into this mess that is our lives.” She smiled sadly.

Winn snorted. “That’s an understatement.”

“But I like our messy lives.”

“Yeah, me too. I wouldn’t change it.” He smiled at her and she returned it. “You know, I got to meet Superman,” he whispered loudly.

Kara gasped. “You’re the worst.” She threw a crumpled napkin in his face.

“Hey, Ouch!” Winn protested as the small ball hit him in the forehead. “I deserved that.”

“You did,” Kara laughed, nodding.

“What about James?”

“He didn’t tell you?”

Winn shook his head. “Nope. He told me what happened during and after the Venture launch and the other attempted assassinations of Lena Luthor.”

At the mention of Lena, Kara felt her heart get a little faster, and her breath a little harder. She was hyper-aware of her body all of a sudden, as if she was being observed; as if she was hiding something, and anything she did would lead to people knowing. But knowing what, she didn’t know yet. Shaking her head to clear her mind, Kara took a deep breath. “Yeah, right. Uhm, right after I helped Barry go back to his earth, I called James and asked him to meet me at my place. I gave him this whole speech about different dimensions vibrating at the same speed to get together….”

“That’s a good analogy,” Winn quipped, pointing his beer at Kara.

That made Kara smile. “So I kissed him… and then he left my apartment like a zombie.”

“Nooooo,” Winn’s gasp was long and low, and if it wasn’t for her super hearing, Kara would probably have missed it.

She didn’t. With a blush coloring her cheeks, Kara closed her eyes and grimaced as she nodded. “Yes.”

“Myriad?”
“Uhum.”

“OHOHOHOH!” Winn laughed loudly. “I’m sorry, I know this is bad, but it’s kind of hilarious.”

Kara shrugged. “No, it is funny… and sad.”

“A dramatic irony,” Winn offered.

“I think more like just regular irony.”

“Oh god. And now Mon-El…” Winn laughed.

“That’s four epic failures in less than a year… three of them in the space of four months.”

“You might really be cursed.”

“Yeah,” Kara sighed. “I just… ugh, why is it so hard? Why do guys keep having feelings for me?”

“Because you’re kind of amazing, Kara,” Winn told her. “You’re one of the best people I’ve ever met, if not the best. It’s hard not to love you.”

“I always feel guilty when I don’t like them back.”

“You shouldn’t. It’s no one’s fault for having feelings, or not having them.”

“But why does everything have to be so complicated?” Kara huffed. “I just… I wish I could just be friends with people without stupid feelings getting in the way. Feeling always ruin everything,” Kara ranted, a pair of intense green eyes popped in her mind, but she pushed it back. “I always end up hurting people, and that hurts me, and everyone ends up sad.”

Winn pouted at seeing his friend so distraught. “That sucks. I wish I could help, somehow.”

They shared a smile.

“We’re good now, right?”

Winn threw her a big comforting smile at her and nodded. “We’re more than good. You’re my best friend, Kara.”

“Thanks, Winn.”

“Anytime buddy.”

Kara laughed.

“So when did you become all chummy with Lena Luthor?” He asked.

Kara shrugged. “She’s my friend.”

“You sure about that?”

“Yes!” Kara suddenly felt defensive.

“Alex is not very happy with your sudden closeness with her,” Winn said.

“Why? Because she’s a Luthor?” Kara asked challengingly. Winn raised his eyebrows at her. “Well, you can tell Alex, that I’m perfectly capable of choosing my own friends.”
“I don’t want to fight, Kara,” Winn told her.

“Then we’re not fighting.”

Winn nodded. He waited a few moments for the air to clear up. “Did I hear something about broken noses?”

Kara blushed and her eyes widened at the mention.

There was something very freeing about talking about feelings, and when Kara stepped out of the bar and onto the street with Winn, she felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. It was nice to be hanging out him, and being able to talk so freely. She was glad they could talk about their past situation without it being too weird. Kara knew they both needed that.

After saying goodbye to Winn with a tight hug, Kara walked to the nearest dark alley, changed into her suit and took off into the sky, on her nightly patrol of the city.

Truthfully she didn’t really need to do that, the DEO would let her know if there was any emergency, and if it was something big, she would hear it. She mostly did it to clear her head, flying over the city, with the cold night air in her face was calming.

She knew that, although she talked to Winn about many things she needed to get off her chest, there was still something bugging her in the back of her mind.

That something reminded her of intense green eyes, red lipstick, and white flowers. But Kara wasn’t interested in pointing fingers.

If she dwelled too much, she’d end up hurt, if she didn’t she’d just stay confused, anguish about a feeling she couldn’t quite place. So she did her best to ignore it.

A few laps above the city usually helped with overwhelming thoughts, but not tonight. Tonight Kara was having a very hard time un-focusing on a thumping noise that kept pulling her attention with its steady rhythm. It was magnetic, pulling her towards it, to hear it closer.

But she didn’t want to give in. She forced herself to fly once more around the city.

After the fifth lap, as she passed the tall building she was coming to get well acquaintance with, she noticed the light was on in the office at the very top.

Before she could talk herself out of it, Kara flew towards it and landed on the balcony.

The balcony door was open and the office’s occupant turned around as the visitor landed with a whoosh and a thud. And there it was. The thumping was louder now, closer.

“I remember telling you that door was not an entrance,” Lena said with a small smirk playing on her lips. “But somehow I feel like you’ll just continue to ignore that.”

Supergirl cocked her head to the side. “I always feel awkward in elevators, with the cape and all, and they take so long. Why waste a perfectly good door?” She smiled and the other woman laughed.

Lena stood up and made her way outside, brushing past Kara to walk towards the edge of the
balcony. “And to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?”

As Lena crossed the balcony, the faint smell of jasmine lingered in the air. She reached the edge, touching the railing leisurely with a hand, but never looking down.

“I feel like I owe you a conversation, Ms. Luthor. In fact, our conversation is way overdue.”

Lena turned around and raised an eyebrow. “Well, somehow I feel like I wasn’t the one doing the avoidance, seeing as you can just drop in whenever you please, and I hardly know a way to contact you.”

“I was giving you the space I thought you needed. I came on to you too strongly about your mother, and I apologize.”

“I was the one who was obstinate, and I made unfair accusations out of malice.”

“No.” Supergirl shook her head. “No, it was completely understandable, hurtful, but understandable. It’s hard to believe the people who raised us who we think we know well, have a side we didn’t know about, a dark side. You were simply trying to hold on to the last relative you had left. I can understand that.”

“Can you?”

“Despite popular belief, I do have a life, and I wasn’t created in a lab… Well, technically….”

Lena’s grin was something Kara was completely unprepared for.

“Are you saying what I think you are, Supergirl?” Lena’s tone was entirely too amused and dangerous.

“I meant to say that I do have a family.”

“No, I got that part.” Lena waved a hand dismissively. “But created in a lab?”

Supergirl sighed. “I walked right into that one.”

Lena laughed lightly. “And all by yourself.” She grinned and looked at Supergirl. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t feel comfortable, I haven’t exactly given you reasons to trust me.”

“No, I do trust you, Ms. Luthor. And you’re a scientist; I understand how such knowledge would interest you.”

Lena frowned and looked up at the hero. “Are you a scientist?”

“I was raised by scientists,” Supergirl said rather formally. “By Kryptonian tradition, I would have become a scientist myself.” The reason why she didn’t, hung very clear in the air.

“I can’t imagine how it must be for you,” Lena said sympathetic, taking a step towards the hero.

Kara nodded, swallowing the lump in her throat. She could not break in front of Lena, not in the suit. “I don’t think anyone can.” A deep breath and the cool and collected passive face was back.

Supergirl was back. “But to answer your question: on Krypton, there was a type of technology called the birthing matrix. That’s how most Kryptonians were born. Our robots would collect a sample from both prospective parents’ diploid cells and the matrix could split the cells into haploids and rearrange them in a new configuration. The new DNA was then used to make the child, who would grow in the gestational chambers until they reached the appropriate age. Similar to your in vitro
fertilizations, only without the embryo being transferred into a womb, growing solely in an incubator.”

Lena was speechless for a second, processing the new information, her mind going over all the possibilities a technology like that could mean. “That… there are so many, SO many things a technology like that could do. That could be a game changer for same-sex partners. Much better than a third-party reproduction.”

“Yes,” Supergirl agreed. “But it would take away the possibility of two females having a male child. For humans, at least.”

“I’m sure that’s something that could be fixed with a bit of research and testing.”

“That’s an interesting way of thinking.”

“A scientific point of view,” Lena explained.

“Nothing is definitive,” Supergirl concluded.

“Precisely,” Lena agreed with a smirk. “Could DNA selecting be used? What am I saying? Of course it could,” Lena talked excitedly, not necessarily directed at Supergirl.

Kara smiled, almost proudly, at the woman. She could practically see the ideas forming behind those green eyes.

“With genetic mapping, you could choose only the good and healthy parts of an individual to make the strongest possible offspring… Which is more than slightly problematic and probably something my brother would have done… and my mother… oh shit, that’s terrible,” Lena whispered to herself.

A chuckle broke out of the hero and got the CEO’s attention.

“That’s exactly the purpose of that technology, it’s…” She hesitated for a second, considering if she should tell Lena the next part, but concluding that there was nothing bad that could come out of said information. “It’s where our powers come from.”

“You mean it’s a result of…”


Lena’s excitement was back and it was almost palpable, and Kara couldn’t help but think how cute it was, she didn’t get to see this side of Lena usually. She liked it.

“I thought you got your powers from the sun.”

Supergirl raised her eyebrows with amusement. “Someone’s done her research.”

“All credit goes to my brother, I’m afraid,” Lena sighed, her lips twisting in displeasure. “I’m only responsible for reading said research.”

“I see. And what did that research taught you?”

“Mostly things already divulged to the public… or at least the interested scholars. What are your powers, how you get them from storing solar radiation, how you can deplete the solar radiation from your cells after overexerting your powers and how that leads to power outage…” Lena listed.

Supergirl hummed. “Well, the fact that we can store solar radiation and convert said radiation to
powers comes from the several generations of genetic enhancement.”

“Well, that answers the age old question.” Lena chuckled. “Going back to that birthing matrix,” she started. “With gene editing, the production of perfectly compatible morulae would be extremely easy. Making Stem cells much more accessible for research and usage. Can you imagine how many diseases could be cured with that, what that could mean for cancer treatment and organ transplant, autoimmune diseases, neurodegeneration, brain and spinal cord injuries, vision impairment, blood-cell formation, cell regrowth, tissue and orthopedic repairs, wound healing, healing in general… A technology like that could be revolutionary for the medical field.”

Supergirl laughed again. “Are you getting ideas for L-Corp’s next product?”

Lena threw her a dangerous smiled. “As exciting as that might sound, and as innovative and profitable as it could be, L-Corp has a lot on its plate at the moment. As do I. Such research would consume billions of dollars that we can’t afford to use in our current situation.”

Kara found this side of Lena quite alluring, she almost found herself begging to hear more. More of anything Lena wanted to say, she just wanted to see her, hear her, so sure of herself, confident and powerful and brilliant.

“Not to mention such technology falling into the hands of the wrong people, such as my mother, could end up doing as much harm as it could do good.”

“What a shame,” Supergirl started. “I’m sure you would be very pleased to cure all illnesses.”

“Oh, that I would.” Lena smirked. “Wouldn’t it be great for my image? The Luthor who cured people instead.”

“From what I know about you, Ms. Luthor, you’ll do many great things to gain a reputation away from your family.”

“Why thank you, Supergirl. That means a lot coming from you.”

Supergirl sighed one more time and placed her fists on her hips. “Well Ms. Luthor, I should probably go. It’s late, you might want to go home.”

Lena let out a delightful chuckle. “People seem particularly interested in my working hours lately.”

“You do need to rest,” Supergirl commented.

“That’s what my secretary keeps telling me,” Lena said with a laugh.

“Your secretary would be right. But it’s not my place to tell you what to do, Ms. Luthor.” Even though Kara wanted nothing more than to make sure Lena got to her bed and went to sleep safely and soon. “I came here to assure we could continue our… professional relationship without further animosity.”

Lena frowned, with an amused smile on her red painted lips. “How formal of you,” she said almost teasingly. “And professional relationship? You mean where I get targeted and you save me and then you try to inform about my family and I banish you from my office and end up executing morally gray and reckless plans to save the day?”

Supergirl chuckled. “I could do without the secret planning, which could be considerably less reckless had I been informed of its existence beforehand.”
With a shrug, Lena walked back to the balcony door. “It had to be believable. And it worked. But I hope we could actually work together more in the future.”

“Properly so?” Supergirl teased.

Lena grinned. “We'll see.”

“Take care of yourself Ms. Luthor.”

“You too, Supergirl.”

Supergirl nodded before taking off into the sky.

From her spot at the door, Lena watched as the superhero retreated to the depths of the city skyline. She waited until she couldn’t see the red and blue blur in the dark sky to go back to her desk.

Missing completely how the Superhero did an elaborate circle to go back to her original spot, L-Corp, Lena’s floor.

Lena’s phone lit up with an incoming message notification and her heart accelerated at the name on her screen.

Kara Danvers.

Kara: I hope you’re home and not still at work

Lena: That’s not an information I can divulge to the press

Kara: What if I say it’s off the record?

Lena: Then I have to say I’m not comfortable discussing such matters

Kara: Go home Lena!

Lena: Is that an order?

Kara: Yes!

Kara: GO HOME!

Lena: Make me!

Kara: I’m so glad you said that

Lena only had time to roll her eyes before there was a knock on the door. With a laugh, she called the person – Kara, it was so obviously Kara – in.

“You were already on your way up,” Lena accused.

Kara raised her hands in a surrendering gesture and gave Lena a tentative smile. “Guilty.”

Lena tried to hide her smile, but Kara always managed to bring it out from her without even trying.
“It’s a little late for an interview, Ms. Danvers,” she teased, going back to her computer and pretending she was reading the report she opened earlier.

“It’s a little late to be working, Ms. Luthor,” Kara said back

When Lena looked up, Kara had that determined look Lena was so fond of.

“Will you let me take you home?” Kara asked almost hesitantly. “I will not be able to rest until I know you are home, safe.”

That annoyingly flirty smirk came onto Lena’s face, it was almost patronizing, but somehow Lena made it work, it made Kara forget how to breathe for a quick second.

“Well, aren’t you the overachiever cavalier?”

Kara smiled. “My lady,” she said with an exaggerated flourished curtsy mixed with a bow.

A loud laugh escaped Lena before she could control herself. “You are such a dork.”

Kara smiled again, a little proud for making Lena laugh like that.

“Fine,” Lena sighed after a while. “I’ll let you take me home.” She rolled her eyes dramatically.

-------

“Oh my gosh, Lena!” Kara exclaimed when they finally reached Lena’s street. “Why didn’t you tell me it was so far away?”

Lena shrugged in response. “You were so adamant about taking me home.”

Kara lowered her head guiltily. “And you’re wearing heels.”

“I’m used to wearing high heels all day, really. I’m a Luthor, I was conditioned to look perfect all the time no matter what, and stay on my feet even if they bled, which has happened.”

“That sounds horrible,” Kara said with a frown, almost pouting.

“I thought so too when I was younger. But honestly, now that I’m CEO, I’m kind of glad. It’s very useful, I can’t exactly go to a business meeting wearing sneakers.”

“Still, I’m sorry I made you walk this much,” Kara apologized.

Lena let out a small laugh. “No, Kara, it’s completely fine. I don’t mind the walk. I actually enjoy walking at night. The air is refreshing. And as I said, I’m used to wearing heels, it doesn’t bother me one bit.”

Kara nodded, but she still felt a little guilty.

“Here we are,” Lena announced as they stopped in front of her building. “Thank you for walking me, Kara. I truly appreciate you taking your time to drag me out of the office.”

Kara smiled brightly. “That’s what friends are for.”

Biting her lower lip, Lena smiled back.
“Well, I should go. Have a good night.”

“Good night, Kara.”

Kara waved at Lena’s doorman and watched as Lena walked inside before walking away.

“Good evening Ms. Luthor,” Marcus greeted.

“Good evening Marcus.” She walked to his desk with a smile.

The man looked up at her. “Misplaced your key again?”

“It’s just so small and easily missed.”

“Oh course, Ms. Luthor,” the man laughed. He grabbed one of the many extra tags coked for her elevator and handed it to her. “This one seems to be sticking around,” he commented cocking his head towards the door.

Lena smiled at him. “I really hope so.”

Chapter End Notes

Edit: it was brought to my attention how creepy a little passage from the science talk could be (and then I re-read it and it made me a bit uncomfortable, and embarrassed that I didn't notice it before) so I changed it. So that's it. If you're re-reading the chapter and noticed it, yes, I did change it.
In Which Lena Has a Confession

Chapter Summary

Lena visits Kara at her apartment in two different occasions, both times food is involved, and confessions are made. Kara is very clumsy, how shocking.

Chapter Notes

Behold!
I'm like, so happy I am posting this now, I honestly thought it would take longer. Oh dear, I'm running out of semi-finished chapters, soon enough it'll start taking longer to update :( These chapters are all so long. I'm really setting my expectations too high here, damn. I'll shut up now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena was relieved that her workload had gotten back to normal after almost two full months of trying to hold everything together from the fallout of her mother’s arrest.

For the first time since the arrest, Lena finally had time to take a breath, to not think about how the company almost when to ashes again like it did after Lex. For the first time in many weeks, she felt like she wasn’t suffocating with the Luthor weight on her chest.

Lena’s phone flashed next to her and she looked to see the ridiculously silly picture Kara had put as her contact icon stare at her with sparkling blue eyes behind framed glasses and a big goofy grin that Lena was entirely too infatuated by. As it always happened with the prospect of talking to Kara, Lena’s heart started fluttering wildly in her chest and she picked up the phone.

“So my sister is dating now,” Kara’s voice said the second the call was accepted.

“Hello to you too, Kara,” Lena said teasingly.

“Right. Sorry. Hi.” Lena could practically hear the blush from Kara’s voice. “I, uhm, you said you wanted to repeat that night… when we, uhm, when we played chess?”

Lena smiled, Kara was entirely too adorable for her own good. “Yes.”

“Okay, so, uhm, my sister, as I said, she’s dating.”

“Yes, I remember, the girlfriend who almost got my cookies.”

“Right, Maggie, yeah. Well, Alex, she’s with her tonight and I am suddenly totally free to hang out with my new best friend,” Kara explained cheerfully.
“Is that so?” Lena asked in an amused voice. “And who might that be?”

Kara giggled before forcing a casual voice. “Just this girl I know. I don’t think you’ve met.”

“Hmm. How is she?”

“Well, she’s this strong, powerful businesswoman that moved to town a few months ago. Probably the smartest person I’ve ever met, which is to say a lot because I was raised by scientists. She’s kind of geeky too, you know, a bit of a nerd. Some would say she’s a billionaire, but I don’t like to label people. Has a penchant for red lipstick. Oh, and she’s really gorgeous too, like wow. If she wasn’t so short she could have been a model,” Kara listed in a mocking tone.

Lena’s chest swelled up more and more at every word and she had to control her breathing. By the time Kara was done, her cheeks were almost hurting with how much she was smiling. But she took a deep breath to collect herself, keep her cool. “I don’t know. She seems kind of boring to me.” She grinned, even though Kara wouldn’t see it, she knew Kara would know.

“I think she’s amazing,” Kara said promptly.

Lena melted at that. “You do?”

“Uhum. Plus she beat me in chess four times in a roll and didn’t gloat once, that was pretty cool of her.”

“Humility is a beautiful thing.”

“I think so too.”

After a pause, Lena took a deep breath and let it out. “What time should I be there?”

“So you’ll come?” Kara’s squeaked excitedly. Lena wished she could see the delighted expression she knew was there, and the way Kara jumped cutely with excitement.

“I mean, it’s not like I have anything better to do after work…” Lena joked.

“Silly,” Kara said almost exasperated, but the smile still velar in her voice. “Well, I’m going home now, it’ll take me maybe twenty minutes, so whenever you want to show up after that, it’s fine.”

“Okay. I just have to finish up a few things here at the office, and then I’m all yours.”

Lena wasn’t sure but she might have heard a gasp coming from the other end. “Great!” Kara squeaked. “I’ll… I’ll see you then.”

“You will.”

There was a pause and Lena was about to say goodbye when Kara gasped in horror. “Oh my god, I can’t believe how much of a terrible sister I am!”

“What’s the matter?”

“My sister… she’s kind of, like, not totally out yet, and I basically outed her to you. Ugh, I really am terrible at keeping secrets,” Kara rambled. Before she could hold it, Lena let out a small laugh.

“Could you maybe, like, not tell anyone?”

This time Lena didn’t try to hold her laugh. “I don’t know who you think I’d tell, considering I hardly know anyone in town, but I’d never out a fellow queer.”
“Oh! You’re…”

“Yes…”

“Awesome!”

Lena laughed. “Yes, my mother is so proud,” she joked with a hint of sarcasm.

“Well, I’m gonna leave you to finish your work.”

“Yes, thank you. I’ll see you later. Oh, and Kara?”

“Yes?”

“I am not short!”

Kara chuckled. “Sure you’re not.”

“Goodbye, Kara.”

“Bye, Lena.”

And so, for the first time in many weeks, Lena was happy. She was looking forward to spending time with Kara, as pathetic as she knew it was, she already missed Kara in her life. It was like seeing the sun for the first time after a long storm and getting addicted to it right away, wanting to get as much as possible of the delightful warmth it provided by just existing, even in the cold days with the dark sky.

Of course her happiness wouldn’t last, because really, when did she ever get to have good things in her life? It was almost unheard of for Lena to get good things that would stick without any catch. There was always a catch. A reminder for her not to get too close to the sun or her wings would melt and she would fall into the sea. ‘Supergirl wouldn’t let you’ Kara had promised her, and perhaps that was the problem, Lena thought.

However, despite her wishes, her life could never be easy, and the reminder came in the form of Jess standing at her office door with an apologetic look on her face.

-------

“There’s nothing wrong with wanting to look good,” Kara thought aloud as she undid her hair for the tenth time in just as many minutes, checking her outfit in the mirror. In a flash of wind and color, she stood in front of the mirror with yet another outfit as she finished her hair, she decided down was best but not lose as to not have any similarities with her caped persona.

She fluffed her curls and sighed as she admired herself. “There,” she said proudly. “That’s good.” She smiled and nodded at her reflection before her eyes caught the sight of her bed over her shoulders and her face fell into a grimace.

It looked like her bed had been to war with her wardrobe; as if she had thrown all her clothes over the bed and across the floor, which wasn’t true since her suit and cape were still safely tucked inside a secret compartment in the wall.

Kara knew Alex would probably tease her about this if she knew, but Alex was currently with her girlfriend so she would never know about it. Ever. As long as they lived.
Kara chewed on her lip nervously as she glanced at the clock, she felt the annoying telltale crinkle make an appearance on her forehead as she noticed it was almost two hours later than she would like.

Overthinking and nerves were not things she handled well.

She had already reorganized her entire apartment three times. Wrote a piece on the jewel heist for Snapper. Cleaned all her paintbrushes, catalogued her paints, made a list of what she needed to buy more of, organized her books by author, her DVDs by genre, her board games by game designer and arranged everything she felt like she would need for the night in the living room, all whilst changing her outfit about 37 times.

“Maybe there’s traffic…”

She looked back at her bed and decided the best she could do was clean her room while she waited.

As it turns out superspeed is not always a great addition to everyday life, especially when you don’t have super-patience to go with it. Kara was done with her room in a minute and left with nothing to do to pass time.

Now Kara wasn’t one to worry but… oh well, who was she kidding? The last time Alex showed up late for sisters’ night without warning, she had entered the apartment to find Kara sobbing on the couch clutching tightly to her chest the stuffed giraffe Alex gifted to her on her first earth birthday.

Before Kara could find anything to hold while she cried, however, she heard the staccato pace of high heels crossing her floor decisively, then pausing for a few seconds and a deep breath being pulled, the next noise was that of a knock on her door.

In her excitement and impatience to get to the door, Kara sprinted across the apartment, causing her to trip on the carpet and faceplant the floor.

Kara groaned lowly. “I’m so glad no one saw that.” She pressed her cheek to the cold floor to will off the embarrassment, sending a silent thanking prayer to Rao that she hadn’t been wearing her glasses, and that the floor hadn’t cracked… this time. “Coming!” She yelled before taking a deep breath and getting back up, she gave herself a once over one last time and placed her glasses on her face.

Walking carefully this time, Kara took a few calming breaths and yanked the door open. Like ripping a Band-Aid off, she thought.

The face she was so anxious to see hid behind a stuffed BB-8 toy no bigger than a dodgeball. A perfectly manicured nail painted black moved and pressed into the body of the toy, producing cute droid noises.

Kara couldn’t help but smile.

Lena lowered the toy and threw Kara a hesitant smile, biting gently on her bottom lip.

“An apology for being so late?” She offered the toy for Kara, who eagerly took it and snuggled it close to her face and chest.

Kara squinted at Lena from behind the BB-8. “I’ll have to think about your situation,” she said dramatically while she squeezed the droid’s body searchingly.

Lena bit down a smirk. “That’s where the button is,” she told, reaching to press the exact spot that
made the droid ‘speak’.

Kara squealed with glee at the combinations of beeps and screeches. “You’re forgiven!” She said promptly and grabbed Lena’s arm, pulling her inside carefully.

As soon as the door closed the string of apologies was leaving Lena’s mouth like she couldn’t control her words. “I am so sorry, really, work has been crazy lately and I had an emergency I had to solve and I really should have texted or something but my phone died and I completely lost track of time and…”

“It’s okay,” Kara reassured her friend. “I… I had things to do before you got here anyways,” she shrugged. *Like changing my outfit 37 times to try to look perfectly careless and casual because I always want to impress you*, went unsaid. “I even wrote a story for my boss.”

“Oh okay,” Lena sighed and smiled brightly at Kara with her deep red lips. She thanked Kara as the blonde offered to take her coat and hung it up by the door.

“I can’t believe you remembered,” Kara said, wiggling the stuffed toy as she went to place it on her couch.

“Of course I remembered, Kara. I don’t think I can forget anything when it comes to you,” Lena confessed before she could stop herself, and she heard Kara’s harder intake of breath, looking up to see that look on Kara’s face that made her chest swell. She had to get her upper hand again. She cleared her throat. “Now since I am here as a stand-in for your sister, what would the two of you normally do?”

Kara looked offended. “You are not standing in for my sister… or anyone, for that matter.”

Lena raised her eyebrow disbelievingly at Kara. “Really? Because it sounded like you wanted to spend the night with her and when it turned out that she already had plans you called in a substitute.”

Kara tried to speak a few times, gaping comically, but she couldn’t think of anything to follow that; she settled for puffing and pouting.

“I am messing with you Kara,” Lena said after letting Kara sulk for a few moments, a smile cracking on her painted lips. She laughed when Kara glared at her, the pout fixated on the blonde’s face was joined by a slight furrow of brows. Lena laughed harder at that.

Kara gave Lena an inquisitive look.

“That crinkle you have right here,” Lena explained, gesturing between her own eyebrows. “That’s adorable.”

“Crinkle!” Kara hissed grumpily.

Lena smiled at Kara, but after a moment of silence, it started getting uncomfortable, making Lena uneasy. “So, do you want to watch a movie or something?” Lena asked awkwardly. She was not used to this whole having friends thing, especially friends like Kara, who was warm and caring and so bright.

“Oh okay, first of all, I need you to know that you are not ‘filling in’ for anyone. Of course, I asked my sister if she wanted to hang out, but that’s because we usually do. If I didn’t ask it would be… wrong. When she said she had plans I could have asked any of my friends to hang out but I wanted to spend time with you, Lena.” Kara bit her lip as she looked at Lena, this was a lot more than she planned on saying aloud. “You said you didn’t have many friends in the city and I don’t like the
thought of you being alone,” she confessed. “That’s why I invited you, not because I was stood up by my friends.”

Lena nodded. “Okay.”

“It’s important to me that you-”

Lena stopped Kara with a hand on her arm and a soft smile. “I believe you, Kara.”

“Yeah, okay. Great!” Kara smiled shyly and nodded. “Now,” she started as she gestured for Lena to join her by the center of her living room. “We have Netflix, several board games, the wine I got from Cat on Christmas that I have been refusing to let my sister drink, and a plethora of delivery menus,” Kara listed as she pointed at the mentioned items. Somehow she managed to sound excited and unsure of herself at the same time. “How’s that…?”

“Sounds perfect,” Lena breathed out.

Kara’s whole face lit up, her smile so bright Lena was sure it would blind her. Lena felt a warm tightening on her chest but she chose to ignore it, she had been ignoring it for quite some time now.

Kara made to the couch and gestured for Lena to join her. “How do you feel about Chinese food and Pizza?”

Lena raised an eyebrow. “Both?”

“Yup!” Kara nodded eagerly. “I’m really hungry, you see, I was supposed to eat two hours ago,” she teased. Lena didn’t need to know about the three large fries and five hamburgers she ate when she left the DEO or the whole pound of candy and chips she ate when she got home, she always felt extra hungry after being shot at, and they were firing missiles at her.

Lena let out a chuckle at that. “That’s fair enough.” She smiled, shaking her head with laughter. “As long as there’s no shrimp or nuts I’m fine. I’m allergic,” she explained.

“Oh, okay, that’s good to know. I don’t eat chicken,” Kara said fast.

Lena had noticed that whenever she shared something about herself, Kara did the same, she didn’t know if Kara just felt like she had to, or if she was, in a way, giving back the trust Lena put in her by sharing personal things. “Why chicken?”

“Well, technically I can’t eat anything that has wings and flies.”

Lena frowned, intrigued. “And why is that?”

Kara looked a little panicked for a split second as if she had said too much yet again. “It’s a, uhm, a family thing. Not the Danvers, my biological family. My parents, they raised me with a very specific set of beliefs and I still follow them, I could never let go of that important part of me and my family,” Kara explained. It was the closest she could say from ‘religious beliefs’ without bringing any questions and Kara was sure that Lena was too smart and too cultured to fall for the excuses she used for most people. The truth was: Krypton had a strong connection with birds and any other winged creatures. It was part of their religion, their sacred symbols, and many generations before Kara or her parents, all hunting and killing of ‘birds’ was banished by law and by superstition. It was bad luck killing a bird. Since birds had been extinct on Krypton by the time Kara was born, by the time she got to earth the idea of eating a bird seemed inconceivable to Kara. “It’s extremely unlucky to kill a bird, and eating it is even worse.”
“Oh,” Lena gasped. “It’s very sweet of you to keep their beliefs.”

“Well, they were mine as well. I’m very grateful for the Danvers for understanding and not trying to take them away. Actually, Eliza helped me see the similarities between the way my parents raised me and Judaism, and to sort of connect both as a way to not lose touch with my past and still relate to them and be included in the family.”

“That is very considerate of her. Many wouldn’t have done the same,” Lena said. “How old were you, when they adopted you?”

“I was thirteen.”

A flash of pain passed both their faces and Lena didn’t say anything back, just nodded. Thirteen, Lena thought, meant she remembered a lot.

“Okay, so we can order and then decide what you wanna do?” Kara offered as a way to lighten up the mood again.

Lena nodded as she looked at the games Kara had stacked on her center table as a way to avoid looking too much at Kara from this close. “Oh, you have Scrabble! I love this game, it has been so long since I last played it.”

Kara smiled. “We could play it now if you want.”

“Yes please!” Lena grinned at Kara.

-------

“No way, that’s cheating,” Kara argued around the two pot stickers she had just shoved in her mouth, pointing accusingly at Lena. “You can’t use German words. You didn’t let me use the French word.”

“Yes, because you spelled it wrong,” Lena said back over her glass of wine.

Kara pouted and crossed her arms over her chest. “Not fair.”

Lena smiled at how cute Kara looked. “If it’s that important to you I’ll take it off.”

“It’s not important to me, it’s the rules,” Kara insisted. “You can’t break the rules.”

Lena grinned as she took another sip of her wine. “But breaking the rules is so fun.” Kara glared at her. “I’m taking it off Kara, look,” she said as she pulled the three letters she had just added from the board. “No more German word. But I gotta say, I can’t think of anything else to… no wait, here it is.”

“You know I hate losing right?” Kara quipped, looking down at the letters she had left. “I mean, with chess it’s fine because chess is a completely different concept than other games. But with everything else, I really hate. So if you win this I might never talk to you again.”

Lena laughed. “It’s not my fault you are terrible at this. You know, for a journalist, you’re really bad at spelling.”

Kara gasped offended. “I am not. You’re the one who is scarily good at this. What happened to humility?”
“Only works when you’re not being a whiny sore loser,” Lena teased.

Kara crossed her arms across her chest. “It’s not fair. How are you so good at this?”

“I used to play this with my brother and my father and they were just impossible to beat, so I just had to get better,” Lena said with a shrug. She noticed Kara frown. “What?”


“You don’t have to. Crinkle.” Lena pointed at Kara’s forehead.

Kara scoffed. “I hate this crinkle.”

“What is it?”

“It’s nothing, really. It’s just… it’s hard to imagine Lex Luthor being normal.” Kara’s eye went wide after the words left her mouth, and she placed her hands on her face. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay Kara. I understand my brother is the worst evil of this world, right there with Donald Trump.” She finished with a wink.

Kara giggled. “You always speak so well of him, it’s almost as if he was a completely different person.”

Lena nodded. “And he was. He was a great brother, I loved him very dearly. I still love the boy he used to be, with everything he’s done for me, even if he doesn’t exist anymore.”

“You know, if you ever want to talk…” Kara offered.

“That’s what my therapist is paid for,” Lena joked.

“Lena, I’m serious.”


Kara nodded. “Sure.”

“Not when I’m about to kick your cute butt at scrabble!” Lena cheered as she placed her last letters on the board. They checked the score and as expected Lena beat Kara by almost two hundred points.

Kara narrowed her eyes playfully at Lena. “I hate you and I will never speak with you ever again for as long as I live.”

Lena laughed. “What can I say? A Luthor never loses… except for that one time they, you know, went to jail.”

“Oh come one Kara, if I can’t make fun of it I’ll just go mad,” Lena argued, but Kara gave her those insistent puppy eyes and she rolled her eyes as she caved. “Fine! I’ll tell you one thing, and then you’ll never ask me about this again.”

“I’ll take it.”

Lena nodded and took a deep breath. “Sometimes… I’m afraid I’m going to turn out just like them.”
“You won’t!” Kara said quickly. She blushed when Lena gave her a funny look. “You’re so good and you care so much. I think just the fact that you’re afraid of it already shows you’re nothing like them-like that.”

Lena smiled fondly at Kara. “I wish I could see the world from your eyes, Kara.”

“I could always help you.”

They smiled at each other. Lena felt warm and safe with Kara, in a way she never felt with anyone before, it was nice to have someone who believed in her even when she didn’t. Kara felt glad that she could help her friend, that maybe she could help Lena carry her burden, one that she didn’t deserve to carry.

“There’s something they didn’t have that you do,” Kara said barely above a whisper, not to break the warm bubble they were in.

“What’s that?”

“Me,” Kara told her, looking her in the eyes. “I’ll always be here for you, Lena.”

She heard Lena’s heart flutter and it made her own heart accelerate. Lena’s smile got bigger, softer, and her eyes watered but she held Kara’s eyes.

This time the long silence didn’t become uncomfortable, but Lena snapped out of her Kara induced trance anyways.

“Is there still any pizza left, or did you devour everything already?” Lena asked teasingly.

Kara rolled her eyes, yet another person to tease her about her eating habits. “I left one slice for you, because that’s just how nice I am.”

“Oh wow, thank you for two out of twelve slices.”

Kara pouted and handed Lena the pizza box, and started putting away the game.

“You need help with that?” Lena asked as she nibbled the pizza.

Kara shook her head. “No, it’s fine, I got this. You are my guest, so just relax and enjoy your victory pizza while I get this cleaned.” She smiled up at Lena and heard the spike in woman’s breathing.

Kara put away the scrabble box and gathered the remains of the food boxes and plates they used in one hand, and the empty bottle of wine and her glass in the other.

“You sure you don’t want any help?”

“Positive.”

Kara just dropped everything in the kitchen to deal with later and walked back to Lena.

“Is this your way of telling me I should go?”

Kara looked scandalized in spite of Lena’s teasing tone. “Lena, no! I would never. You can stay as long as you like, I promise.”

Lena chuckled, taking a sip from her wine. “Oh Kara, you’re just too easy.” She winked at Kara when the girl looked at her. “But I won’t take advantage of your hospitality for much longer, I need
to start the day early and after the long day I had today… I am a nightmare when I’m tired.”

“Don’t feel pressured to leave, please.”

“I really do need to start my days early, Kara.”

Kara looked a little sad. “Okay, if you must.”

“Yes,” Lena finished chewing the last bite of the pizza and washed it down with the rest of her wine. She stood up and looked at Kara again. “I just need to use the restroom.”

Kara fixed her glasses on her face. “Sure, uh... it’s behind the curtains right there,” Kara explained, pointing at the direction of the bathroom.

Lena emerged from the bathroom not long after. “I should really go now, it’s getting late, we both have work in the morning.”

Kara nodded. “Okay, I’ll walk you to the door.” She got to her feet and was beside Lena in no time.

Lena avoided telling Kara she could see the door from where she was standing.

And so they reached the door, neither really wanting it to open, but Kara had no choice but do it.

Lena felt her heart speed up in her chest and her breath catch when Kara pulled her into a hug, she left herself melt into it, but not for too long. She pulled away and tugged at the straps of her purse on her shoulder.

“I had a lot of fun tonight, thank you for inviting me,” Lena said smiling.

“Of course, thank you for coming. I had a lot of fun too.” Kara smiled back, bright as always. “Get home safe, okay?”

Lena nodded. “I will.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Lena grinned. “Have a good night, Kara.”

“Goodnight Le-” Kara’s voice was stuck in her throat as soon as Lena’s lips made contact with her cheek.

“Yesterday you were a little less goofus and a little more gallant,” Kara told Mon-El.

“You noticed,” Mon-El joked. “I’ll take it.”

Kara smiled at him and they fist bumped. Yup, that was another thing they had to work on, had Winn taught him nothing?

“Noo, you gotta blow it up,” Kara laughed. Mon-El frowned and cocked his head to the side. “Like this,” Kara explained closing her hand into a fist and then opening and wiggling her fingers while
making an explosion noise with her mouth.

Mon-El shook his head, laughing. “Okay, let’s try it again,” He offered.

This time when their fists met, they pulled their hands back, wiggling their fingers and making explosion noises with their mouths.

Kara giggled. “Now that’s better.” She crinkled her nose as she smiled cutely at her friend, completely missing the longing look on his face.

“So, do you want to-”

Mon-El’s sentence was cut off by a knock on the door and Kara whipped her head towards it, squinting to see who it was with her x-ray vision.

Kara frowned, but with a smile on her face, one that Mon-El hadn’t seen before on Kara. It was gentle and pleasing and a word with F that reminded him of what Winn called meat dipped in hot cheese came to his mind, but that couldn’t be right, Winn had told him Kara wasn’t mated with anyone yet.

“What is she doing here?” Kara asked herself aloud; she smiled as she made her way to the door, schooling a more neutral expression on before opening it. “Lena! Hi!” Kara exclaimed delighted, sounding extremely surprised as if she hadn’t already know who was there. Mon-El frowned at that. “What are you doing here?” Kara continued, her question was soft and laced with amusement.

Lena grinned at Kara. “Hi,” she managed to gasp out, even though all breath had left her lungs at the sight of Kara, so happy, looking at her, wearing sweatpants and an old knitted sweater with her hair pulled back. Lena had to take a second to gather herself before responding, she had never seen Kara look more comfortable and content and beautiful. “Well, I have been going crazy looking for a certain coat of mine, because I had the notes of my last business meeting in the pocket,” Lena started as she entered the apartment, her eyes never leaving Kara. “And I just couldn’t find it, but then I realized that I forgot it here the other night. So I came to retrieve my coat, but I also passed by my favorite Italian restaurant and I brought us Gnocchi al burro e Parmigiano and Cannoli.” Lena presented what seemed to Kara the most expensive take out bag ever and a bottle of wine. “And my favorite Chardonnay.”

“Lena, wow, that’s… that’s wow,” Kara babbled.

“Yeah, I felt like I deserved a little break from work and it wouldn’t hurt to share that break with you.” Lena grinned at Kara again and saw the other woman falter on her feet.

A clearing of a throat broke their gazing session, and they both turned stunned to where Mon-El sat at Kara’s couch, Kara seemed to have completely forgotten he was even there.

“Oh,” Lena breathed as her face fell. “I didn’t know you had company,” she sounded extremely disappointed. “I could just take my coat and go…” She offered but made no move to leave.

“No, no, no,” Kara protested quickly. “Mo- Mike was just leaving.”

Mon-El frowned. “I was?”

Kara nodded and forced a smile towards him. “You were.”

The man looked confused, and Lena almost felt sorry for him.
Almost.

“O-kay?” He said unsurely as he got up from the couch. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow, then,” he told Kara as he passed her; she nodded and opened the door for him. “Goodbye Miss,” he said a bit brusquely, looking at Lena. “Bye, Kara.” His tone was much softer to Kara and Lena had to control the urge to roll her eyes. Of course, she thought.

Kara waved at him and threw the door closed. When she was sure he was gone, she turned back at Lena.

“I’m so sorry for interrupting your night, Kara,” Lena apologized.

“Oh, it’s nothing. Mike just came over to tell me he was wrong about something we had discussed earlier. I had no intention of spending my night with him.” Kara dismissed it with a hand gesture. “I’m glad you’re here, though, and that food smells Delicious.”

Lena laughed. “Yes, I thought you might like it.”

Kara nodded. “Let me just get us some plates. You can put the food on the table.” Kara walked toward the kitchen cabinets. “Could you get the glasses for me? They are on this cabinet up here,” Kara instructed as she balanced the plates in one arm and got the cutlery with the other.

“Sure.” Lena placed the bag and the wine on Kara’s table and shed her coat and purse, throwing them both on the couch before going to help Kara.

Lena had to stretch a little bit to reach the glasses, even with her heels, and she thought about how Kara wasn’t much taller than her without the heels. Once she had the glasses securely in her hands she walked back to the table.

Kara put the plates and the cutlery on the table and turned around to get napkins; she didn’t calculate her spin, which caused her to collide with Lena.

Lena turned her head at the moment of impact, causing Kara’s forehand to hit her cheekbone. She stumbled backward but Kara’s hands firmly on her hips kept her in place. “Ugh, what is your head is made of, steel?” Lena groaned.

Kara’s eyes went wide and her cheeks burned red. “I’m so, oh my, I’m so so sorry, Lena, oh my Ra-God,” Kara babbled her apology.

Lena laughed. “It’s okay Kara, no damaged done,” she told, grinning at Kara to reassure the woman. “I guess that’s what you get when you forgo your glasses, right?” She teased.

Kara looked confused. “My, uhm… my-my glasses?” Lena enjoyed the array of emotions going on Kara’s face as she realized she hadn’t put her glasses in her excitement to get to Lena. “Oh, my glasses! I’m-I’m completely blind without them,” Kara said awkwardly.

As Kara started to make a show out of looking for her glasses, Lena walked to the table, placed the wine glasses there and turned to Kara with a little grin. When Kara started acting more aggravated at the loss of her glasses, Lena took pity on her friend.

“Are you looking for these?” She asked pulling the pair of brown framed glasses from behind her back.

Kara’s head turn was so fast Lena got dizzy just from looking.
“I guess I’ll have to be your hero tonight,” Lena teased, walking towards Kara and presenting her with her glasses. Kara just stood reactionless, staring at Lena with her mouth hanging open. Lena gave her a small smile. The height difference resulting from Lena’s high heels and Kara’s socked feet was very much pleasing to Lena. “Here,” Lena said unfolding the glasses and raising them to Kara’s face, watching Kara face as she did; it didn’t seem like Kara was breathing as much as she should and her cheeks were still bright red, her eyes wide and unblinking, focused on Lena’s face as well. “There you go.” Lena smiled as she slid the glasses into place, her hands still hovering near Kara’s face. “Can you see me better now?”

Kara opened and closed her mouth a few times, like a gaping fish, before she could make any sound. “I-I… I can definitely see you,” Kara said a bit dumbly.

The truth was: her glasses were in urgent need of cleaning so the smudges and spots on the lenses annoyed Kara, she couldn’t see Lena as well with them. With the lead lined frames, her hearing was slightly damped as if someone had placed cotton balls in her ears, and she couldn’t hear Lena’s heartbeat and breathing as well as she had a few seconds before. But it was a good diversion since she could now gather herself and concentrate a bit better, what with Lena so close and looking at her like that it was starting to get hard to breathe or think coherent thoughts.

Lena smiled again, wider now, and Kara had to use all the strengths she had not to gasp. It wasn’t an easy task.

Kara took a deep breath and put on her best bright smile. “Thank you,” she said softly, and it was Lena’s breathing that got difficult then.

Neither of them moved then, they just stared at each other, trying to gather their breathing and taking in as much as they could of the moment, too dazed to notice their own or each other’s wistful looks.

The grumbling of Lena’s stomach brought them both back to reality.

“We should, we should… eat,” Kara stuttered.

Lena nodded.

This was happening too much. It was starting to get pathetic, in Lena’s opinion. It was starting to get embarrassing, in Kara’s opinion. But it was not something they could control, they tried, each separately of course, but it was just some sort of gravitational pull that always brought them together, and they both knew well how you can’t argue with gravity.

-------

“Oh my gosh, Lena!” Kara groaned, and Lena felt her mouth go dry. “This is absolutely the best cannoli I’ve ever had. It’s soo good!”

Lena smiled at Kara, so excited about the food she couldn’t even finish chewing before gushing about it.

“I’m glad you like it. It’s my favorite.”

“Where did you get this again?”

“This Italian restaurant near my apartment. La Fontana.” Lena shrugged and tried to play it cool.
Kara choked on her cannoli. “The most expensive restaurant in the city?”

Lena could only blush instead of a response.

“I’m eating hundred dollars cannoli. Oh gosh, it’s so worth it.” Kara shoved another one in her mouth and Lena saw the corner of her eyes glittering.

“Are you crying?”

Kara scoffed. “No!” She chewed a little bit more and swallowed. “They’re just so good.”

Lena smiled.

“Wait… I didn’t know a restaurant like that did take out,” Kara said with a little frown.

A sigh. “They don’t.”

“Then how do you…”

“My name… my money… they grant me things most people can’t even imagine,” Lena explained, not totally comfortable with the subject.

Kara blinked a few times. “If it means always getting amazing food, I will totally encourage you to keep using your privileges and keep spoiling me like that,” she joked.

Lena laughed.

Kara kept telling Lena how delicious everything was even when they were both finished and were just chatting on the table. When Kara started cleaning the table, Lena tried to help her, but Kara was adamant in her refusal.

“You’re my guest, Lena,” Kara insisted.

“You didn’t invite me, though, I just showed up. If anything, I’m an unannounced visitor, which is quite rude.”

“I like to think of it as a nice surprise.” Kara smiled and Lena’s reply got stuck in her throat. Kara took that as a victory and continued her work. “You can wait on the couch, I won’t take too long.” As a second thought, Kara added: “If you want to see something on Netflix, just use the one with the yellow penguin icon.” She and Alex shared an account, and they were both forbidden to use their shared profile when not together. Of course, that profile hadn’t been used in a while… over two months, to be precise.

Lena flipped around Kara’s Netflix while Kara cleaned the dishes.

“What kind of title is Crazy Ex-Girlfriend? That sounds like a misogynistic, heteronormative show,” Lena mumbled.

There was a gasp and a loud noise as Kara dropped the plate she was washing and rushed to the couch to look at Lena.

“You’ve never watched Crazy Ex-Girlfriend?” Kara asked like it was the most absurd thing she’d ever heard.

Lena frowned but looked at Kara amusedly. “It doesn’t seem like the type of show I would watch.”
“Oh, but it’s so great. The title is a little misleading. But it’s so funny, it has a little Jane The Virgin vibe, you know.” She looked at Lena who seemed a bit lost. “It’s also a musical.”

“A musical? Like Glee?”

Kara scoffed. “No, it’s nothing like Glee. It’s actually good. All the songs are original, and they’re so funny. You gotta watch it before you turn it down, okay?”

“If you say so.”

“I’m serious, Lena. It deals with mental health in a way no other show does, they have an actual diverse cast, which is very rare for CW, and they talk about cultural differences and religions. There’s bisexuality and female empowerment and social awareness in a very satirical tone that’s actually pretty great and a lot better than other TV shows that just dance around serious subjects or act like they’re super depressing,” Kara ranted. “It’s just so great!”

Lena laughed at Kara’s excitement. “You’re going to force me to watch it anyway, so why are you trying so hard to sell it?”

“I don’t know. I just love it, okay.”

Kara made herself comfortable on the couch right next to Lena, their thighs touching, and covered them with the blanket. She started the first episode of the show and forced Lena to pay attention.

Lena had to admit, in spite of the misleading title that would have put her off, the show wasn’t terrible, in fact, it was rather good. And as she was starting to realize it was often the case, Kara was right.

At some point during the episode, Lena folded herself on the couch, tucking her feet under herself and resting her legs over Kara’s thigh. Kara gulped and tried not to think of how good the heat of Lena’s body felt against her, or the weight of her legs, or the fact that Lena felt comfortable enough around Kara to do that, seeing as Lena wasn’t as tactile as Kara was. Unfortunately, that was the only thing Kara could think about. She looked down at her lap and tried to concentrate, but Lena was so close it was nearly impossible. Their arms were touching now, Kara's breathing was starting to fail her.

“Kara?” Lena asked, making Kara lift her head and turn to look at Lena. “I need to confess something,” she said worrying on her bottom lip.

Kara frowned, resting her hand on one of Lena’s knees. “You can tell me anything, Lena. You know that.”

Lena nodded and took a deep breath. “I didn’t forget my coat here.”

Kara let out a little disbelieving laugh. “Of course you did, Lena. It’s right there.” She pointed at the coat in the rack by her door for emphasis.

Lena looked down, pressing her lips together, then opening them with a pop, she cringed at her action, Lillian had made sure she knew how rude and unsophisticated that habit of her was when she was young. “I left it on purpose… So I had an excuse to come back and see you.”


Lena felt her cheeks burn hot and her blood run cold with embarrassment; she tightened her jaw and steeled herself, preparing to get up and leave.
What Kara said, though, made her resolve melt.

“You don’t need an excuse,” Kara continued.

Lena didn’t know how to react to that. She felt a little lightheaded, and she was sure it wasn’t from the wine. “Pardon?”

Kara smiled. “You can come by whenever you want,” Kara insisted. “If you want or need to talk, or if you feel like watching a movie or beating me at another game, or if you just want to hang out, or even if you just want a company to eat with.” Lena laughed. “Though a little warning first would be nice, if only so that I can clean up a little bit, change...” Kara looked down at her fuzzy socks, wiggling her toes, and tugged on her sweater.

“You look beautiful,” Lena whispered. Kara was not sure she was supposed to hear that, or if Lena even meant to say that out loud, but she blushed a cute shade of pink and Lena smiled at her.

Kara looked up at Lena when she felt a soft hand on her cheek, her eyes met Lena’s and they held each other’s gaze, both smiling bashfully. Lena brushed her thumb against Kara’s cheekbone gently, and Kara didn’t miss the wistful look on her face.

“You might never get rid of me again,” Lena joked laughing.

Kara smiled brightly and leaned her cheek further into Lena’s hand. “I think I can handle that.”

Chapter End Notes

A lil bit of stanning Crazy Ex, not too sorry for that. Mon-El might get worse. Also I'm still in love with my BB-8 plushie and I think everyone should know it exists and it is very loved.

PS: The word Mon-El thought of is fond(ness), which is close to fondue... sorry, my brain makes the dumbest associations.

PPS: don't mind me, copying and editing even my notes. shhh! But I honestly like this, even more the way it is now than it was as a one-shot.

PPPS: completely irrelevant, but this is my favorite chapter so far.
In Which Kara Needs a Hug And Lena Listens

Chapter Summary

Kara's friends are setting her aside a lot lately. That on top of Livewire's latest escape has her very frustrated.

When she finds out about the Guardian, Kara needs help de-stressing; after Mon-El confesses his feelings and leaves, Kara needs a friend. Lena is there for her on both occasions.

Lena starts realizing the magnitude of her feelings for Kara.

Chapter Notes

So, it hasn't been that long, I feel like I'm spoiling people, but the tag is sooo slow I got bored, so here you have it.

This has a lot more of Lena's perspective than usual, and I really love writing her pov, so that is something that will definitely happen more in future chapters.

*Edit: This is not a story hating on Alex. Nothing but love for her. I understand some people don't like Alex hating Lena or not accepting Lena, and to be honest, I would love to have them be friends, but this story needed a conflict for plot reasons, and sadly it turns out that conflict is between the sisters and involving Lena. I know in canon they don't hate each other, but I started plotting this back in March, when Alex was mostly neutral about Lena and they had interacted twice and very shortly, so I'm sorry for the angst.*

Oh! And there's slow dancing! This is the slow dancing chapter!!! This is my favorite. Also the longest.
Okay, now you can proceed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex strolled into the DEO lobby with an extra skip to her steps, she was happy as wild as that concept was to her, she and Maggie were in a good place, things were working out, life was good. Alex came to a halt in front of Winn’s workstation, seeing him slumped over and drooling on his keyboard. Alex grinned.

“Hey nerd!” She practically screamed in his ear and he jumped up startled, hitting his knees on the desk.

“Ow!” He groaned. “WHY?”
Alex laughed loudly. “You know, sleeping at work is highly unadvised.”

Winn closed his eyes and groaned again, more softly. “Winn is so very tired.”

Alex nodded. “Well, if Winn keeps this up, Winn is going to be so very fired.”

Loud sudden noises came from the training area and Alex looked unfazed towards its general direction. She looked back at Winn with an inquisitive look.

“Superhero kindergarten is having finals,” he said bored. “Graduation might come soon.”

“Ah!” Alex was not pleased with the situation. The alien frat boy didn’t sit very well with her. Alex couldn’t see what Kara saw in him, he really wasn’t superhero material. Kara had an annoying habit of believing in people, even when they didn’t deserve it; believing in their potential, it took a lot for Kara to give up on a person. Alex looked back at Winn. “You look terrible. Is this because of you-know-what stuff?” She asked pointing at him.

“This is because of everything stuff. You-know-what, DEO, Kara deciding to be a Superhero babysitter and I’m the one who has to do the suit…” Winn listed. “There’s just soo much,” he sighed tiredly.

“I thought you wanted to make wonder boy a suit.”

“But that was before the… you-know...”

Alex shrugged. “That’s what you get for being a dumb bonehead and deciding to do this crap.”

“Why are you always so mean to me?” Winn groaned.

“Excuse me?” Alex asked looking at him with a raised eyebrow.

“I never know if you hate me or not. You always threaten me and mock me and you keep hitting me in the head, hard, but also you share your beer and food with me sometimes, and you tease me like a friend and I have the feeling that if I ever killed a person you would help me hide the body.”

Alex chuckled loudly. “Yeah, I would. That’s what sisters are for,” she told him with a grin.

Winn turned around in his chair to look at her, looking like he had just been slapped. Completely frozen in place, he just blankly stared at Alex as if he was trying to process too much for his HD.

Alex frowned, almost concerned. “What?” She asked carefully but then snapped. “Has your brain finally fried?”

Winn’s eyes welled up, slowly turning bright red and he pressed his lips together before Alex could see them trembling. “I… I just… I never had a sister before…” He said slowly. Never, in all his years in foster care, had he ever had a sister, he almost had a brother once, but never a sister.

His tone reminded Alex of the emotional girls who cover their mouths when someone said something pretty… Like Kara.

Alex rolled her eyes. “Well, now you have two, nerd.” She looked at him, and he looked like he was about to faint. “Are you crying?”

“Pff. No!” Winn hissed defensively, but he couldn’t hold the single tear escaping his eye from rolling down his cheek.
Alex laughed. “Aaww! Do you need a hug?”

Winn scoffed at her. “Not from you!”

Shaking her head while she laughed, Alex let Winn have his moment.

Winn took in a few shaky breaths, letting out a snuffle only once, and wiped at his face.

Only after she heard his breathing steady and his posture straighten Alex decided to speak again.

“Speaking of sisters, we might have a little problem.”

“With Kara and Lena Luthor?” Winn guessed.

Alex nodded silently.

“I tried to talk to her the other day about it, but she shut me off. Basically told me to fuck off, in a Kara way.”

Usually, Alex would laugh, but she had a somber look on her face. “I really don’t like the idea of the two of them together.”

“When you say together, you mean like as in friends, right? Not as in, together, together…”

“Yes, Winn. I definitely think my sister is going to date a Luthor,” Alex said exasperatedly, rolling her eyes, the name being spat out like a curse. “A girl Luthor, of all things.”

Winn only shrugged.

“If it was my call, I wouldn’t have her anywhere near my sister,” Alex continued.

“Alas, it is not,” Winn pointed out. “She was pretty pissed when I mentioned you didn’t like them hanging out.”

Alex frowned. “You what? How did you know, I literally just told you.”

Winn nodded and scrunched up his face. “Yeah… it was only a half truth.”

“So you made it up?” Alex concluded with a smirk.

“Yeah, I wasn’t about to tell her I didn’t trust her friend, right when we were reconciling. We were bonding again. And she got very defensive. You know how she gets.”

Alex nodded, clearly displeased with the situation.

A loud noise, closer from the ones before, made them both flinch and they looked down the hall to see Mon-El on the floor, on top of the door from the training room. They had just replaced that door three days before. And then Kara stepped out of the room, laughing with her entire body, head tilted back, hands over her stomach and the sound that Alex swore could make flowers grow.

“I think we should take a break,” Kara told Mon-El when she stopped laughing.

The man only groaned.

Alex and Winn watched as Kara strode towards the two of them.

“Hey guys!” Kara said excitedly as she hoped to stand next to them. “What are we talking about?”
“Nothing,” Alex and Winn say together.

Kara eyed them suspiciously. “Okay…” She said slowly, dragging the syllables. “So, I was thinking we should have a game night tonight. It’s been so long since we had one.” She looked at them expectantly, her bright blue eyes eager like those of a puppy.

Alex grimaced and scratched her head. “Yeeehah, about that, tonight I have this thing… With Maggie… Maggie and I, we had planned on doing this… thing,” Alex said awkwardly. Winn had never seen her being awkward and it was a weird sight for him.

Kara deflated a little. “Okay,” she turned to Winn, and he felt bad for having to ruin her excitement. “What about you, Winn? We could call James, make it a Superfriends thing!”

Taking a deep breath and exhaling, Winn looked up at Kara. “I’m really sorry, Kara, but James and I already have plans.

“Really?”

“Yes. We are doing man things. Manly. James and I, two men, doing manly things together. Really manly stuff. For men.”

Kara and Alex both looked at him intrigued. Kara with a cute little frown and Alex with a grimace that didn’t hide the fact that she was judging him in silence for his lack of talking and lying skills.

“That’s… great,” Kara said, still confused, and it sounded more like a question than anything else. “Hey, you could bring Mon-El with you. He doesn’t have many friends outside the DEO?” He didn’t even have friends at the DEO, aside from Kara, and Winn, maybe.

“No! No, no, no. No. No, no, no, no, no. No, that can’t, no,” Winn said shaking his head, sounding like he glitched. At Kara’s near offended look, Winn continued. “It’s a James’ and mine thing. You know, you and I have our thing. Alex and Maggie have their thing. James and I have our thing… It’s the same thing.”

Both sisters shared a look, with matching expressions, faces scrunched up and lips pressed together, they shook their heads as they looked over Winn’s head at each other.

“Well, I guess some other night, then,” Kara said dejectedly. She shrugged and looked over where Mon-El was awkwardly leaning against the wall. “I’ll guess I’ll just go back to my training. I’ll see you guys later,” she told them and left before they could answer her. “Or not,” she sighed sadly.

Kara texted Lena while she was working one evening.

**Kara:** You know what makes no sense?

**Kara:** Mike

**Kara:** He said he used to be a bodyguard

**Kara:** Back in Canada, you know
Kara: But he has zero skills in protecting people or even helping them at all

Kara: Did you know that when he got fired from CatCo he went to work for a bookie? Beating people up so they'd pay what they owed

Kara: That's the opposite of being helpful

Lena: And what does Mike need to protect? Or who?

Kara: Uhm

Kara: You know my friend Winn? He helped you in your gala with the black body field generator

Lena: The cute gay hobbit?

Kara: Winn’s not gay!

Kara: But yeah

Kara: They were in a bar once, and Mike got them into a fight, Mike tried to beat a guy up but left Winn behind and he almost got hurt

Lena: That is terrible. He sounds awful.

Lena: Are Winn and Mike a couple?

Kara: What? No! They’re not gay.

Lena: They look a little gay, Kara.

Kara: Lena! That’s… that’s homophobic

Lena: Kara, I can’t be homophobic.

Lena: It goes against my own existence.

Kara: Well, you’re wrong

Kara: They’re not gay

Lena: Okay then.

Kara: We were in the uhm, gym, today

Lena: Now that’s something I’d like to see.

Kara: And he has terrible posture and stance, and he is just really bad at fighting
Kara: He tries to rely on force only

Kara: What kind of bodyguard can’t fight?

Kara: Wait, what?

Lena: I could have my team run a background check on him, if you want.

Lena: What’s his last name?

Kara: No!

Kara: I mean, thank you, but that won’t be necessary

Kara: My sister works for the FBI

Lena: I know.

Lena: But I’m a Luthor.

Lena: My IT team makes the FBI look like children using commodore 64.

Lena: My security team makes the FBI look like mall cops.

Kara: And yet you always need Supergirl's help

Lena: Maybe I want to be saved by Supergirl.

Lena: Maybe I want to establish a nice relationship between Supergirl and the Luthor name.

Lena: Well, not the Luthor name. My name.

Kara: You want to establish a relationship with Supergirl?


Kara: Oh, okay

Lena: Also she’s kind of really hot

Kara: What?

Lena: Come on Kara, don’t be naïve

Lena: Every wlw in National City is into Supergirl

Lena: And honestly, with those arms, we can’t be blamed

Lena: I happen to have worked very closely with Supergirl
Lena: I’ve seen her arms up close.

Lena: They really are as super-like as people think.

Kara: ...

Kara: I mean. HWAT?

Lena: Sorry, I have a meeting right now.

Lena: Talk to you later xx

Kara: WHAT?!

Lena smirked, it was too easy to mess with Kara, and always fun. She imagined the reporter blushing at her phone, stuttering awkwardly when someone asked her what was wrong. She laughed and went back to work, with a small smile lingering on her lips.

Lena was getting ready for work, carefully applying her makeup when her phone blipped twice on the vanity. She slid it closer in order to check the messages without having to stop with her makeup.

It could only be Kara.

Kara: Can you believe Livewire escaped?

Kara: This is so stressful

Lena: I am not very familiar with this individual.

Kara: Why the formality?

Lena: To give it a casually disinterested tone, so I don’t sound too eager and curious.

Kara: lol

Kara: Well Livewire used to be a radio show host for one of Cat’s stations

Kara: Until she said some really bad things about Supergirl on last year’s thanksgiving show

Kara: Cat called her in and told her to stop talking about Supergirl and she rebelled, so Cat put her on the CatCopter
Lena: CatCopter? Really?

Lena: Cat Grant is so dramatically extra

Kara: You’re one to say

Lena: What’s that supposed to mean?

Kara: So it was raining that day

Lena: I see what you did there, Danvers.

Kara: And the helicopter was shot down by a bolt of lightning, but Supergirl saved it. When she tried to save Leslie a bolt went through her, got to Leslie, and put Leslie in a coma

Kara: And she got electrical powers. Cat was sad Leslie got hurt, she said it was her fault

Lena: No offense, but I didn’t ask for Cat Grant’s feelings guide.

Kara: Sorry. Back to Leslie. She swore revenge on Cat and Supergirl. Attacked Cat at her office, it was terrible, Cat almost died. But she was so brave, she even saved my life, and then I called the police and Supergirl helped her out before they got there.

Kara: Then Supergirl stopped her and locked her up

Kara: But then Cat hired a second assistant, Siobhan, she was the worst. I still dream of punching her in the face

Lena: Oh wow, mild-mannered Kara Danvers thinking about violence.

Lena: What other dark secrets you hide in that pretty head of yours?

Kara: That Siobhan and Winn had… relations in a utility closet at CatCo

Lena: I really didn’t need to know that

Kara: For some reason, Siobhan didn’t like me and was out to get me fired

Lena: How can someone not like you?

Lena: You’re so… Kara

Kara: Thanks?

Kara: Siobhan tried to get me fired by sending an email to Cat in my name and calling her mean things. Can you believe that?

Kara: How evil is that?

Lena: This girl must’ve not have paid attention to you.
Lena: You would never say mean things to people

Kara: Exactly

Lena: Remember when you tripped on my office carpet and apologized to it? Or to the couch when you hit your leg?

Kara: That was instinct

Lena: And that time you saw a dead butterfly and cried.

Kara: THAT POOR LITTLE THING

Lena: So what this disgrace to the Irish people has to do with livewire?

Kara: I keep forgetting you’re Irish

Kara: Siobhan got so angry at me she became evil. Like supervillain level evil, and she got these terrible powers. She threw me out of CatCo’s window using soundwaves

Lena: WHAT?

Kara: But then Flash showed up and saved me

Kara: And then Siobhan released Leslie and they teamed up against Supergirl because they wanted to kill Cat

Kara: It was terrible

Kara: She got this awful makeover with grey hair and too much face paint

Kara: And now she’s out again and she’s evil and not even Supergirl can fight her without help

Lena: She seems angry.

Lena: You tell very detailed stories.

Lena: You could have just said she used to be a radio host who got energy powers and tried to kill Cat Grant a few times but Supergirl stopped her all those times.

Kara: I like to set up a scene

Kara: It's the reporter in me

Kara: Gotta go work. Ttyl

Lena: Are we still having brunch?

Kara: Idk, with all this livewire mess. I have a lot of work to do
Lena: Okay, text me when you can. Bye.

Lena tried not to feel so defeated as she went back to her makeup, it was only brunch after all.

-------

Kara texted a few hours later.

Kara: Brunch in 15 min. Don’t be late or I will eat all the food.

Lena: Kara, it’s 1:37 pm.

Kara: Yeah, and according to the restaurant, brunch hours are until 3 pm

Kara: And I have a feeling you didn’t have lunch

Lena: Did you talk to my secretary again?

Kara: I don’t know what you are talking about

Kara: Jess and I don’t have an ongoing open chat to talk about you and your eating habits

Kara: Or lack thereof

Lena: ...

Lena: I thought you were busy with work.

Kara: Yeah but I need to eat and so do you

Lena: Are you already there?

Kara: Maybe

Kara: Jess says you’re not busy now so you have no excuse to not be here right this instant

Kara: Please hurry. I’m hungry

Lena smiled down at her phone. She still didn’t understand how Kara could be so… Kara. So pure and wholesome and cute, and yet so strong and so smart.

She closed her laptop, got her purse and left the office. Her phone vibrated but she threw it in her purse.

“Jess,” Lena said as she reached her secretary’s desk. “Will you tell Ms. Danvers to order me a mixed berry ice tea?” Lena smirked as she looked at her secretary.

Jess looked both embarrassed and a little vexed, Lena knew Kara probably annoyed the poor woman daily asking about her, the secretary avoided eye contact. “Yes, Ms. Luthor,” she answered
As Lena walked towards the elevator, she could swear she heard Jess mumbling, “Ugh, this is ridiculous. Just fuck already, it’ll make my life easier.” But that would be very inappropriate, so she didn’t comment on it and kept walking.

The walk to the restaurant was not long and Lena felt her phone vibrating in her purse exactly five times in short succession. There was only one person that could be.

Just as always, the moment she spotted Kara, sitting at their usual table in the outside part of the restaurant with the sun hitting her golden hair while she stuffed her face with honey covered waffles, Lena’s heart did the same fluttering it always did and her chest clenched. Jess was right, this was getting ridiculous.

Kara looked at her then and smiled that bright breathtaking smile that managed to do just that, Lena had no choice but to smile back.

_You are above swooning for a pretty girl, Luthor_, Lena thought to herself and she tried to walk on her weak knees. She normally refrained from labeling herself ‘too gay to function’, but that was exactly what she was every time she looked at Kara, or even thought about Kara. It was starting to get out of hand.

“Hello darling,” Lena greeted, bending down to kiss Kara’s cheek. She didn’t even realize when she started calling Kara ‘darling’, it just happened. It usually slipped out before she could stop herself, but Kara didn’t seem to mind, so she didn’t bother trying to stop. “You couldn’t hold on for five minutes?” She asked with a grin, dipping one finger in the honey dripping down on the plate and bringing it to her mouth, wrapping her lips around it as she sat down.

Kara blushed, her eyes fixed on Lena’s mouth. “I-I sent you a text.”

Lena crossed her legs and wiped her finger on a napkin before fishing for her phone from her purse.

A waiter showed up with Lena’s ice tea and four plates to add to the other five already on the table. “Good evening Ms. Luthor,” the boy greeted. “Is there anything else you would like?”

“No, thank you, Patrick. That would be all for now.”

The boy nodded and walked away.

There were waffles and sticky buns, quiches and French toast and smoked salmon on toasted baguettes and croissants and crepes and an assortment of cubed fruits and an omelet. Lena laughed, the first time they had brunch together the poor waiter was shocked by the amount of food Kara alone ordered and ate, by now he only asked Kara if she was satisfied and Lena could see Kara controlling herself to not ask for anything else.

It was a common thing already, Kara and Lena having brunch together.

It started about a week after Kara had given Lena the bag of Eliza’s cookies, them meeting up in the nice expensive restaurant near L-Corp to eat and catch up before each going their own way to their respective works. Lena always insisting on paying.

Kara managed to charm her way into Jess’s good grace using her years of experience as a personal assistant to her advantage. Jess cared about Lena, and let slip, after Kara pressing her, that Lena didn’t always have lunch, constantly forgetting to eat unless reminded.
That was something Kara would just not allow.

She basically forced Lena to have brunch with her. Brunch being the perfect meal since she could make sure Lena ate enough to last the day, and not just a plate of salad and call it a day. And she made sure to repeat the occurrence as many times as Lena’s schedule allowed.

And by forcing it meant she just looked at Lena with her big blue eyes, pouted and said 'please Lee', and how could Lena say no to that? Lena was weak. Lena would give the world to Kara if she asked. Kara was really good at pouting, it was too adorable, Lena couldn’t deny her anything.

It had been a little over a week, however, that they had been having brunch every day together, even the weekend, in fact, Saturday and Sunday they met a little past their usual morning time and only left the table far after 2 pm.

Kara couldn’t be happier about their predicament, she loved… spending time with Lena, and she loved food, so it was a great thing to have both at the same time. She missed her daily breakfast with Alex, but with Maggie now in the picture that was a rare possibility. And, although she was adamant about Lena not being a replacement, if she was, she was a more than enough replacement to make her not think about missing her sister not even once when they were together.

Lena on her end was just as delighted. She really loved Kara…’s company, and she loved making Kara smile, knowing she was the reason for that beautiful, although constant, occurrence, that she put that bright smile there, was one of the best feelings in the world.

Lena pulled the fruits towards herself as she unlocked her phone.

“Let’s see what you sent me,” she said throwing a smile at Kara and popping a piece of fruit into her mouth.

Kara: I’m already ordering

Kara: do you want anything specific?

Kara: Jess told me to order you an ice tea

Kara: Lenaaaaaa, I’m hungry (Face With Cold Sweat)

Kara: food is coming!!!!!

Kara: I can’t wait anymore, I’m sorry but I’m starting without you

Lena laughed. “Wow, what a journey you went on in… twelve minutes.”

Kara blushed. “Well, I skipped my usual brunch, you know.”

“That must have been a torture.” Lena smiled when Kara nodded.

They ate, making small talk through it all, Kara asking about Lena’s day and being insistent in Lena actually telling her instead of just brushing it off and turning the question around.

Kara watched Lena talk the whole time with a smile, as she made a quick work of the plates in front of her, pretending to be offended every time Lena stole a piece of her ‘highly caloric’ food that Lena would never order for herself but would always steal pieces from Kara’s. The honey covered
waffles, the chocolate filled croissants, the crepes filled with sugar and fruits, the sticky buns… Lena always got at least a bite of everything Kara ate.

By the time Lena finished talking and got the chance to ask Kara about her morning, the food had been pretty much decimated, by Kara.

Kara decided halfway through the pile of food, that the muffins on the table next to them looked too delicious to not have some, and Lena laughed at her as she ordered one of each flavor they had. How Kara could live on a reporter’s salary with the amount she ate was beyond Lena, but she made sure Kara felt comfortable with getting whatever she wanted, and that she wasn’t taking advantage of her, in fact, if anything it was Lena bribing her with food to spend more time with her.

“You know, I’m glad my friends are all so busy lately,” Kara said as she pulled a muffin to her plate.

Lena raised an eyebrow and leaned back in her chair. “And why is that?”

“That way I get to spend more time with you, and I’m really enjoying our time together.” She flashed Lena a smile for good measure.

“Because I’m your stand-in-friend?” It was supposed to be a joke, but deep down Lena still had a little fear that Kara’s friends would realize what fools they were being to let go of someone so precious like Kara and went back to spending time with Kara and Lena would be put on the backburner.

Kara looked scandalized by the fake joke. “Lena, no! We talked about this. I’m not spending time with you because everyone else is busy. But if they weren’t I would have to manage my time between you and them and then I’d spend less time with you. And call me selfish but I don’t really want to reduce our time together. This way I can spend as much time with you as I want… and our jobs allow. Give me your undivided attention, without feeling guilty for ignoring someone.”

Lena liked to think she was above blushing, but the heating of her cheeks as Kara smiled at her told her otherwise. She smiled back at Kara and, as impossible as it sounded, Kara’s face lightened up more.

“You’re not mad at me?”

“I could never be mad at you, Kara.” Kara smiled bashfully at that, looking down at her plate. “You’re not though,” Lena pointed out.

Kara’s head snapped up. “What?”

“Giving me your undivided attention.”

“Of-course I am.”

Lena looked at her incredulously. “There’s something bothering you, Kara.”

“What, there’s… No. There’s nothing,” Kara stammered. “I don’t have any… You can see the crinkle, can’t you?” Kara sighed as she changed the direction of her sentence completely, a little grimace on her face only making the crinkle more evident.

“It’s just there, staring at me,” Lena said, scrunching up her nose. “And you seem a little… spacey.”

“I hate this,” Kara grumbled.
Lena laughed. “I know. What’s on your mind, Kara?”

“It’s just that…” Kara sighed and shook her head, trying to gather her thoughts.

“Is it Livewire?” Lena’s face showed nothing but sympathy.

Kara could never understand how Lena always knew. She nodded. “Yes! I can’t… I can’t concentrate on anything else. She’s just so evil, and who knows what she’s going to do this time? What if she kills again and… What if she goes after Cat again? Cat has two sons, you know, and one of them is 13 and she’s everything he has…”

“Kara? It’s okay to be scared or frustrated.”

Kara nodded. “I am… Both.”

“If you want to go after a lead, if that’ll make you feel better, you can go. I won’t be offended.”

“But… we had plans.”

Lena smiled softly. “Plans can be re-arranged. Your career and whatever Livewire might do, they are time sensitive.”

Kara nodded, her frown deepening as her expression got serious. “Thank you for understanding.”

“Anytime.”

“I’ll guess I’ll go then.”

“Just be careful.”

“Always.”

Kara got up and rounded the table to press a kiss on Lena’s cheek, Lena touched Kara’s arm gently, rubbing her thumb soothingly. “Just one thing. When you break the story, I want to be the first one to read it.”

Kara laughed. “Of course.”

“Call me if you need anything.”

“I will. Have a nice day at work.”

“You too.” Lena watched Kara walk away, hoping for all that she was that Kara would stay safe. Her thoughts were interrupted by the waiter.

“Would you like a refill, Ms. Luthor?”

Lena nodded and allowed the boy to fill her glass. “Thank you, Patrick.”

-------

Kara was frustrated. Kara was angry. It took a lot to get Kara out of her regular sunny mood, but the boys managed to do it. She was hurt Winn and James hid the truth about the Guardian for so long, she was angry James didn’t want to stop, she was frustrated with his stubbornness…
She ran after Mon-El on her way out of the DEO and it only made things worst. Now she was frustrated with him as well. She couldn’t understand how he managed to be so infuriating and reckless. What kind of a hero puts lives in danger to serve his own personal whims?

They yelled at each other in the middle of the street, right in front of the DEO, and it left Kara almost shaking with anger. As if she needed any more to worry about.

Seething, she stormed out, ignoring his offer to help. Based on how he had done before, it wouldn’t be much of a help, more like Kara having to coach him into basic common sense and him failing to follow simple instructions. That would only pull her back.

Sighing, she shut her eyes tightly and tried to calm herself down.

“Okay Kara, it will help no one if you go around like this. What would J’onn have you do?” She talked to herself, ignoring the funny looks of the people on the street. “J’onn would have you go home and cool off… ugh, going home will do the opposite of helping with that.” She shook her head violently.

When she shoved her hands in the pocket of her jacket, she felt her phone and it was like a lightbulb went on in her head.

She grabbed her phone and typed a quick text.

She didn’t have to wait too long for an answer. Almost as soon and she hit send it was already showing the other person typing.

Lena (Microscope ) typing.

Kara: Hey, are you busy?

Lena: Never for you.

Lena: What’s up?

Kara: I need someone to vent

Kara: Can I come over? Are you still at the office?

Lena: Yes. But I was about to go home.

Kara: I can be there in 10 min and we could go to your place together?

Lena: Sounds good. I’ll be waiting

Kara was nowhere near Cordova Street, where L-Corp was. The DEO HQ being quite literally on the other side of the city, but walking Lena home could be good for her to cool off; and if not, she’d be spending time with her friend, so it would still be time well spent.

Flying was out of the question, not only would it be too suspicious, but taking off in the middle of a crowd might not be the smartest choice. So Kara settled for running. If Barry could disappear in a simple bolt of lightning, then so could she… only with contrail instead of lightning.
It took her less than a minute for Kara to arrive undetected at an alley close to the L-Corp building. Lena would probably still be at her office, so Kara walked to the park where Lena held the ceremony to change the company’s name; when Corben tried to kill her. She sat down on the bench and took a deep breath, looking up at the stars.

*Rao, why does everything have to be so hard?* Kara thought. *What happened that made everything start spiraling out of control?*

She never did well with change. In fact, change was terrifying to her.

The first big change in her life was in the form of her whole planet exploding and her parents sending her to earth to protect her cousin. The second change was her cousin being already a grown man by the time she arrived, who didn’t need her anymore and didn’t even want her around. And then getting a whole new family and Jeremiah dying… Kara didn’t like change, and right at that moment, everything in her life was changing. Everyone was changing and growing apart from her. The only exception being Lena.

Lena was a breath of fresh air. A good kind of change. Lena was someone that only grew closer to Kara while all her friends found new interests that were more important than she was, and left her alone. In parts because she didn’t want to lose anyone else and she liked spending time with Lena, and went out of her way to do so. But she also had a feeling Lena did the same. Drop everything that could be dropped to spend time with her. Something her friends used to do.

Kara sighed.

*And now there’s Leslie.*

Her phone vibrated in her pocket and she didn’t even have the energy to smile as she usually did when she got a text from Lena.

Lena (Microscope) said.

*Lena*: Are you already here?

*Kara*: Yeah, I’m waiting outside

*Kara*: Do you want me to come up?

*Lena*: No need. I’ll be right down.

Kara got up and went to wait for Lena at the entrance of the building.

She heard her steps before anything, the staccato pace of Lena’s expensive heels on the marble floor, and felt the tightening in her chest loosening up. The next thing she heard was Lena’s steady heartbeat, and she felt her own heart slowing down to match it. And then her voice, laughing at something her night guard said, and it made Kara’s stomach flutter.

“Have a good night Ms. Luthor,” the guard said.

“You too Trevor. Don’t work too late,” Lena joked as she walked towards the door.

Kara heard a fluttering in Lena’s heartbeat and a halt in her steps. She frowned and turned around to see what happened and she saw Lena through the glass wall, wobbling a bit on unsteady legs before
squaring her shoulders and resuming her walk with finesse.

“Kara!” Lena greeted before she was even out of the door. “Have I mentioned how much I loved your dress? Absolutely adorable.”

Kara tried to give her a smile but she still felt terrible. “Thanks.”

Lena frowned. “That bad?”

“Can you tell?”

Lena nodded. “Well, I have a bottle of wine with your name on it.”

Kara sighed with a little relief. “That would be great.”

“Shall we?”

Kara nodded, but she didn’t make to move. A little frown twisting her face as she looked at Lena a bit unsure. “I know your place is pretty far away, but I was hoping you didn’t mind walking…”

A small smile graced Lena’s lips, she placed her hand gently in the crook of Kara’s arm. “It is a really nice night,” she sighed, pulling Kara towards the street.

They walked in silence, passing the park and then the coffee shop Lena liked, and the restaurant they had brunch, until Lena couldn’t see her building anymore if she looked back.

“Are you ready to talk?” Lena asked softly.

Kara looked at Lena and Lena could see the pain in her eyes. “I think it’s best if I wait until we get to your place. I might lose my cool and yell, and I don’t want to make a scene in the street with you, that wouldn’t be nice to you. Come morning every news website would be talking about you having a heated argument with a random reporter and that would be bad for your image.”

Lena nodded. “I don’t really care about my image, but you’re right, it could be bad for business. And you’re not a random reporter Kara. You’re my friend.” Lena wanted to tell Lena she was her best friend, that she meant the world to her, that maybe she could be more if she wanted, but she always backed out at the last minute, and so she settled for saying friend in that way that they both knew meant something much more special.

But Kara was too defeated to hear Lena’s tone, she just shrugged and continued to look forward as they walked.

“Are you planning on yelling at me?” Lena teased, trying to relax Kara.

Kara managed a little smile. “I’m planning on telling you about the things that are bothering me… loudly.”

Lena laughed. “Well, no one will hear you scream.”

Kara cocked her head. “That sounds awfully a lot like a threat.”

“But a threat to what you’ll have to wait to find out,” Lena said with a smirk and raise of her eyebrows.

Another street and Lena dropped her head on Kara’s shoulder, holding Kara’s arm with both hands now.
“So,” Lena said as they passed the entry foyer towards the kitchen. Their shoes kicked off and their jackets hung in the closet. “Do you want your wine now or after your venting?”

“I think after would be best.”

Lena nodded in agreement. “Okay, I’m going to have mine now, and you can start whenever you’re ready.”

Kara nodded and took a deep breath to gather herself.

“Okay. Well, first of all, Mike, is being annoying again. I thought he was whiling to change, to listen to me, but apparently, he isn’t. It’s like he doesn’t take me seriously, like everything I say is a joke to him… or just a suggestion that he can brush off. I don’t need help to defend myself, I can do just fine on my own, I need someone who will listen to me and help me do what I can’t do alone.”

Lena poured herself a glass of red wine. She really didn’t like this Mike guy. She didn’t tell Kara how confusing and weird that rant sounded out of context.

“But that’s not even the worse. The worse is that I found out my friend James, you know James, well… James is doing… clandestine fighting at night.”

“Clandestine fighting?”

Kara nodded.

“James Olsen?”

“Yeah, every night almost, he goes out to fight. And Winn is helping him. He is risking his life every night and to what? To prove a point? And I can’t believe Winn is helping him with this. That’s why they’re always busy lately. Off doing their ‘men things’ as Winn called it.”

James Olsen is fighting at night, and the pretty IT hobbit is helping him…

“And Alex knew!”

*Why would a man like James Olsen need the help of a techy for fighting? Unless…*

“Why, WHY, do they have to keep throwing themselves into danger like that?”

*Well, I’ll be damned, Lena thought. James Olsen is the Guardian. I did not expect that.*

“I don’t understand why they’re doing this.”

“You can’t live in fear, Kara.”

“I know, you told me that,” Kara said dismissively. Lena frowned, pressing her lips to hide her amused smile. She told that to Supergirl, not Kara Danvers. Kara was getting the conversations between Lena and her different personas mixed up more and more lately. “But this is not it. This is dangerous,” Kara insisted. “There’s facing your fears, and then there’s running up and down the stairs wearing socks and holding sharp scissors aimed at your face. And this is the latter.”

“I think everyone has things they feel like they need to do for themselves, to prove themselves.”
“He doesn’t need to prove himself…”

“To himself, maybe he does,” Lena told her. “If that’s something that makes your friend happy, if that’s what he likes to do, what he feels like he should do, shouldn’t you be happy for him?”

“How can you say that? He is risking his life, he is going after danger and this is… this is dangerous. HE IS PUTTING HIMSELF IN DANGER.”

“I got that.”

“He shouldn’t go looking for trouble like that, jumping headfirst into danger.”

“Well, isn’t looking for trouble and jumping into danger part of your job description? As a journalist.” *And a superhero.*

“Yeah, but that’s different.”

“Why?”

“Because he’s… I’m… because I’m not,” human, she almost said it. “Reckless,” she said instead. “What he is doing, what they’re doing, is really dangerous and I can’t support them risking their lives like this. He is… They are… I can’t, I can’t stand by and support them while they play with their lives like that. I… I can’t I can’t lose someone else.”

With a choked sob, Kara broke down crying and Lena crossed the space between them to hug her.

“Nothing is going to happen,” Lena said soothingly as she stroked Kara’s back.

“You don’t know that. One mistake, ONE, and he’s… he’s dead,” Kara sobbed against Lena’s shoulder.

“I’m sure James is more careful than that.”

“He already almost got arrested once. And… and sh-stabbed. And Winn got hurt too, he said he got mugged but I know it was because of this… this thing that they are doing.”

“Do you want me to be a neutral party and try to help you understand their side, or do you need me to just hug you and help you calm down.”

Kara sobbed. “Just hugging is f-fine.”

“Okay,” Lena whispered as she continued to rub Kara’s back.

“I don’t like change.”

“I know darling, I know,” Lena cooed.

“They lied to me,” Kara whimpered wetly. “All of them.”

“I’m sorry,” Lena whispered. She had noticed Kara had a problem with the people she cared about lying to her and not trusting her with things.

It took a few more minutes for Kara to stop crying. She clung to Lena and sobbed on her shoulder, soaking her expensive shirt.

“I’m- I’m sorry to b-bother you with all of this,” Kara sobbed.
“Nonsense, Kara. I’m always here when you need me. Even if it’s just to listen.” Lena felt another violent sob from Kara shake her whole body, her heart clenching tightly in her chest. “I only wish I could do more.”

Kara shook her head. “You’re doing a lot.”

Another few minutes and Kara pulled away from Lena, her glasses crooked on her nose and her eyes red and face puffy, cheeks wet.

Lena placed both hands on Kara’s face, rubbing her thumbs at the tear streaks under Kara’s eyes.

“Why don’t you go wash your face so we can have a glass of wine and talk about random silly things to get you calmer?” Lena suggested.

Kara nodded and headed to the bathroom. She took her time getting herself under control, washing her face and taking a few too many deep breaths.

*Why does everything in my life have to be so hard? And why does Lena have to be so nice, and smell so good, and give such good hugs… ugh.*

By the time Kara left the bathroom, Lena wasn’t in the living room anymore, instead, she found a post-it stuck to the marble island that read ‘upstairs’ in Lena’s beautiful handwriting.

Kara climbed the stairs and followed Lena’s heartbeat, that thumping she was so used to hearing, to find Lena waiting for her in the tv room with a glass of red wine for herself and a white for Kara. She had changed her work clothes to old jeans and a large sweater, and Kara couldn’t help but smile at the sight. She rarely got to see Lena this comfortable.

When Lena saw Kara, she smiled brightly and tapped the couch next to her. “Someone got me addicted to these silly shows, so come. Indulge me.”

Kara laughed and sat next to Lena. It was nice to be able to just forget about her problems for a while, Lena always managed to do that, make her feel better. So far she wasn’t able to find Leslie on her own, so she had to rely on the DEO, she knew that if anything changed Winn would call her.

“Let’s watch a silly show,” Kara said taking a sip of her wine.

Lena looked up from her laptop when she heard a knock on the door.

“Ms. Luthor, Mr. Farrow is here,” Jess announced, barely entering the office.

Lena frowned. “What time is it?” She looked at her right wrist, but she forgot her watch at home.

“2:45 pm, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena’s frown deepened. Kara hadn’t even called yet, they were supposed to have brunch together, but she didn’t show up and Lena lost track of time. “Has Kara said anything?”

Jess nodded. “Ms. Danvers wanted me to tell you that she’s sorry for missing lunch, she’ll try to make it up to you, and you should go to her apartment when you’re done with work.”
“Okay, thank you, Jess. That will be all.”

Jess made to leave but turned back around. “Should I send Mr. Farrow in?”

Lena grinned. “No no, let him suffer a bit. If he wants to show up late to meetings, it’s only fair that he waits a little longer. Send him in in 15 minutes.”

Jess gave her a small smile. “Yes, Ms. Luthor.”

Work was boring, and Lena had a feeling that it had more to do with the fact that she had to wait all day to see Kara. Had something happened with Kara for her to miss brunch?

Maybe Lena was just spoiled after seeing Kara every day for the last 12 days, but she already missed Kara.

The memory of Kara laughing on her couch, sitting next to her, the night before helped ease Lena’s longing. After discharging her frustrations, Kara managed to relax as they both watched a silly cop comedy on Netflix and drank wine. Kara almost fell asleep on Lena’s shoulder at some point, that’s when she decided to go home, hugging Lena tightly and thanking her for letting her vent. Lena had spent the rest of the night with the silliest of smiles across her face.

Jess made sure Lena ate and held back two meetings just because she knew Lena didn’t like the entitled rich jerks she had to deal with. By the time she was done with work, Lena knew she wasn’t too stressed thanks to her amazing secretary, who was exerting two functions while Lena didn’t get a new assistant.

“Jess, can you call my driver?” Lena asked as she left her office a few hours earlier than she usually did.

“You’re leaving already, Ms. Luthor?”

“It seems like it,” Lena laughed.

Jess nodded, knowing better than to say anything back. “Right away Ms. Luthor.” A few pressing of keys later she looked up again. “He’s waiting for you in the garage.”

“Thank you, Jess. Have a good night.”

“You too, Ms. Luthor.”

“Don’t stay too late, you’re supposed to go home when I do,” Lena added, stepping into the elevator. She saw a smile and a nod from Jess before the doors closed.

-------

Lena ran into Mike as she walked into Kara’s building. She saw him barreling towards her, as men usually did, and she decided to stand her ground, as she usually did. He saw her, she could see that much, but didn’t care to step aside; Lena didn’t either.

They collided as Lena had predicted, and when they did, she was glad for the wall behind herself. His shoulder slammed against hers, a lot harder than she expected, he was a lot more solid than she assumed, and she stumbled backward and aimed for the wall as to not fall on her ass.

“Watch it,” he growled, looking extremely annoyed and offended she didn’t make way for him.
Lena would have answered but all wind left her when he hit her.

She took a moment to catch her breath and went back on her way to Kara’s apartment.

When Kara didn’t answer right away Lena tried not to worry. She knocked again.

“Kara? It’s me,” she called.

And then Kara answered, and the sight was definitely not one Lena expected.

Kara looked like she was in shock, her eyes filled with pain in a way that they hadn’t been the night before when she cried, she looked about to cry but also in a bit of a trance as if she wasn’t quite there.


Kara only shook her head.

“Okay, come on.” Lena closed the door behind her and led Kara to the couch, sitting Kara carefully and then sitting next to her. “Does this have anything to do with why your friend Mike looked like someone kicked his dog?”

Kara looked up at her with a little frown.

“I ran into him, or more like he ran into me, on his way out. Nearly knocked me to the ground, he’s like a bull.”

Kara’s frown only got deeper.

“You don’t have to tell me, I’m just a little worried.”

“No, it’s fine.” Kara shook her head. “Mike, he… He told me the reason why he’s been acting so… Why he doesn’t listen to me when I tell him to do something, is because he has feelings for me.”

Lena let out a snigger. “I’m sorry, but that’s the worst excuse. He’s being annoying and insolent because he likes you? What is he, a spoiled middle-schooler?”

Kara only frowned more. “He kissed me when he was in the hospital, and he has been saying he doesn’t remember, but now he said he did.”

Lena let Kara talk.

“He said that it was okay that he was dying because he got to kiss me. He compared my eyes to comets. And then he left, said that he was honest about this so now we can ignore it and just left.”

“That’s not how you handle things,” Lena mumbled indignantly.

“He didn’t even let me talk. He cut me off when I tried to.”

Because he was trying to make you feel guilty, Lena thought, getting angry. She wanted to hurt him, it didn’t matter that he was, in fact, a lot stronger than her. “I am going to beat his weak ugly ass to—” Kara stopped her.

“Lena, no. It’s okay,” Kara said softly, weakly.

“No Kara. It’s not okay,” Lena insisted, looking at Kara. “The way he is treating you, this is not
okay. He is being very—"

“Would you mind if we didn’t talk about him?” Kara asked abruptly, interrupting Lena mid-sentence. “I just can’t do this anymore today.”

Lena nodded, her face softening. “Sure. I’m sorry. What do you need?”

“Just, stay here with me?”

Lena never heard Kara sound so defeated; it broke her heart. “Yeah, okay.” She adjusted her position so Kara could lean up against her and wrapped her arms around Kara. “How’s that?” She whispered close to Kara’s ear, her head tucked on Lena's shoulder.

“That’s good.”

“Good.” Lena pressed a kiss to Kara’s temple and settled back against the couch.

Lena held Kara as she got lost in her own mind, surely harboring very negative thoughts about the whole occurrence, about how it was her fault, and how her friends are all leaving her, how she hurt her friends and doucheface. Lena could not stand that.

When Kara whimpered against her, Lena decided she had enough of it, of Kara’s pain. She couldn’t take it anymore.

“Okay, that’s it. Up!” Lena nudged Kara a little bit to get the space she needed to move. She got up and turned to Kara, holding her hand out for Kara to take. “Come on,” she said softly. Kara took her hand.

“What are you doing?” Kara asked confused as she let Lena pull her to her feet.

“I can’t stand seeing you like this, Kara. It actually pains me. I care too much about you to just watch you suffer like this.” Lena walked up to Kara’s radio and plugged her phone in it. “So I’m going to take your mind off of it,” she explained as soft jazz music started playing. “Dance with me?” Lena asked softly, her hand raised, waiting for Kara to take it.

A flash of uncertainty passed Kara’s face. “I don’t know Lena…”

“You told me you loved to dance.”

“I do, I just don’t know—”

“Let me try to make you feel better? Just for a few minutes,” Lena looked at Kara pleadingly, her hand still hanging between them.

Kara sighed. “Okay.” She took Lena’s hand and Lena expertly tugged her hand, pulling Kara towards her as the words started.

*Some day, when I'm awfully low*

*When the world is cold*

*I will feel a glow just thinking of you*

*And the way you look tonight*

Their bodies molded together very easily, their hands finding their positions like it was a second
nature to them. Lena’s right hand held Kara’s left while the other rested gently on Kara’s waist, Kara’s right hand on Lena’s shoulder.

Yes, you’re lovely, with your smile so warm

And your cheeks so soft

There is nothing for me but to love you

And the way you look tonight

As they moved together along with the slow music, Kara’s resolve broke and she stepped closer to Lena, wrapping her arm around Lena’s neck. Lena didn’t say a word, just slipped her hand to the small of Kara’s back as she continued to lead them.

With each word your tenderness grows

Tearin’ my fear apart

And that laugh, wrinkles your nose

Touches my foolish heart

Kara rested her head on Lena’s shoulder. “I like this song,” she whispered against Lena’s neck.

“Me too.”

Lovely, never, never change

Keep that breathless charm

Won’t you please arrange it?

’Cause I love you

A-just the way you look tonight

“It’s beautiful.”

“It is.”

And that laugh that wrinkles your nose

It touches my foolish heart

“I’m still sad.”

“I know.”

Lovely, don’t you ever change

Keep that breathless charm

Won’t you please arrange it?

’Cause I love you
A-just the way you look tonight

“But this is nice.”

Lena only nodded and pressed a kiss to Kara’s cheek.

Mm, mm, mm, mm,

Just the way you look tonight

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaand this is the last of the already posted parts (yes, spoilers could have been found very easy on my page) and now I'll have to get off my ass and actually do some writing instead of just editing things. Yes, I changed the number of chapters because well, I'm writing the story, so I can do what I want...... it's because chapter two wasn't planned.

also one last time of being lazy and copying notes because it's the last time I can do it: I know the last scene with the comforting might seem a lot like Mon-El comforting Kara on episode 14 but I promise I wrote that scene at least three weeks before it aired, which is like over two months ago, and I'm STILL convinced CW stole it from me because I can actually see their future in some twisted way.

I ALSO PREDICTED BRUNCH!!!

The song is 'The Way You Look Tonight', there are several versions but I don't know the name of the guy who made my favorite version, so there's Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett and Lynda Carter.
In Which They Have a Lazy Sunday

Chapter Summary

After the incidents with Kara's friends, Lena provides Kara with distractions and they spend the Sunday together.

Lena’s struggle with her feelings gets to a whole new level. Kara has a struggle of her own, she's mostly confused.

Lena out geeks herself.

Chapter Notes

Guess who's back!!!! Yes, it is I.
Sorry it took so long... well, compared to how I didn't know how to control myself and post once a week before to buy myself some time. I'm sorry I spoiled you. Anyways, I got back to having classes after over a month of break, and so I had to be a functional student, and then I admit I procrastinated a little bit cuz Smallville is just too cool, and there was my birthday and mothers’ day the day after and I got sick the next day... But I powered through sickness and wrote all of this :D

I’m changing the title, or more like adding to the title, because my original idea has changed a little bit. I had planned to make a series and have the next part's title as a continuation of this one's title, but I wasn't happy with that thought and with this title since it felt incomplete to me. And I think now is the perfect time to add to the title as it fits the story's progression.

So this is a little filler chapter, technically, because I have been working very hard to fit something with the Birthday episode since I already had a few pieces of dialogue and I didn't want to just throw in the birthday and I managed to make this, which was originally going to be part of the birthday chapter but I decided to split because it was getting too long and I like how this chapter ends and how the next one starts. So I keep adding more chapters up there as the final number, who knows when that will end.

I should stop talking now, it's just been so long since I overshared here :P

So, yeah. This was the hardest chapter to write, even if it's just mindless fluff (and a bit of angst, be prepared).

P.S. I changed the rating just to be safe because of the ending, and I don't want to make anyone uncomfortable. This totally did not just occur to me at 2:30 am after I already posted it and I totally thought this through from the beginning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Having friends was very hard for someone like Lena.

She had grown up in a hostile household, with a mother who never shied away from telling her everything that was wrong with her and how she didn’t truly belong in the family. Her brother was good to her but usually sided with their mother, she had to live with the constant knowledge that her mother didn’t love her. Her father did love her but he was rarely around. She knew nothing about her birth mother aside from some scarce memories from too early in life, in fact, Lena’s first vivid memory was the day she met Lillian and Lex.

She didn’t get to make many friends in school because no one wanted to be friends with the Luthors’ charity case. When they did, it was usually out of interest if not for her money and name, than for her brains. She was the weird adopted kid in the elite school who was too smart for her age and had to be put in a grade with much older kids, so fitting in didn’t come very naturally for her.

Because of that, she usually just kept to herself, until she started being 'shaped like a Luthor'.

She learned how to use people, manipulate them to do what she wanted, how to control them, charm them, make them think she was the answer to all their problems, that what she wanted was what they wanted. Which was great for business, but not really good use in a social life, not a real one at least.

Lena had always been cunning, sharp and ambitious, and she always knew how to get what she wanted. Except when what she wanted was affection.

She could get physical pleasure and intellectual stimulation anytime she wanted, with just a snap of her fingers, sometimes even less. But the one thing she never knew how was to let someone be close to her, let herself be approachable, let herself be vulnerable to someone else. Not that there were many people lining up to be best buddies with Lena.

She was always too much or not enough.

Too strict for common people or not enough of a stuck up snob for the elite. Too much of a Luthor for some, not enough of a Luthor for others. Too nerd for the popular crowd, too rich and beautiful for the nerd crowd. Too ambitious and too focused on her studies, not elitist enough. Too empathetic but not open enough. Too much mommy issues, not enough cruelty. Too much privilege, not enough entitlement. Too gay, yet not gay enough, not out enough.

She could never quite meet people’s expectations of her nor the requisites for a regular person others would like to get close to.

Until she met Kara.

Kara who was eager to please and warm, kind, and ready to help, and who wanted, and insisted on, being her friend.

Kara was everything Lena was not. Kara was bright and bubbly and excited with life. Kara was unimpeded and unambiguous, and irrevocably good.

Kara made her better. Kara filled in all of Lena’s blanks.

Where Lena was cold and strict Kara was silly and playful, where Lena was too ambitious and focused Kara was the distraction she needed. When Lena lost herself at work Kara was the one making sure she was okay and taking care of herself. Where Lena was closed off about her anguishes, Kara was the one who always knew what to say to relate to Lena and make her feel better. Where Lena was gloomy, Kara was bright. Where Lena was lonely, Kara all but imposed her cheerful presence, brightening up Lena’s day and life.
And it wasn’t just one sided. Their friendship was mutually beneficial.

Where Kara provided Lena with the warm affection and care she always craved, Lena provided Kara with support and understanding and a levelheaded opinion of a neutral outsider on whatever problem Kara was having with her friends… which lately was a lot.

Having friends was hard for Lena. But being friends with Kara was natural.

But if having friends was hard, being in love with your best (and only) friends was a lot worse.

And it was so easy to fall for Kara Danvers.

-----

Kara’s giggles filled Lena’s penthouse with warmth like sunshine in the form of sound as Lena wiped the flour from her cheek, and she couldn’t imagine a better way to spend her Sunday morning.

“There’s still a little bit in your hair,” Kara giggled. “Here, let me get it for you.” She tried to walk towards Lena but the woman raised her finger, pointing it directly at Kara.

“No!” Lena warned. “You do not step in my kitchen. I don’t want anything to catch on fire.”

“Oh Lee, come on. It’s not like I can make things burst into flames just by looking at them,” Kara joked and laughed at her own joke.

Lena rolled her eyes, shaking her head with laughter at Kara’s dorkiness. The blonde was starting to get bold. “I’m not taking risks.”

“Don’t be silly,” Kara insisted. She walked towards Lena anyway. “I won’t touch anything… well, anything but you,” she said with the silliest of grins that had Lena having to hold on to the island to keep standing up. “Here, just a little thing,” Kara told her as she brushed the flour out of Lena’s hair.

“All gone now.” Kara smiled down at Lena, brushing a loose curl behind Lena’s ear.

Lena inhaled sharply, gulping as Kara’s smile made her heart flutter. “Thanks.”

Kara’s face shifted a little, and she looked down briefly, before looking back up and forcing a wider smile. Lena knew it’s probably wishful thinking, but it almost looked like Kara had looked into her lips and now was avoiding to look at Lena anywhere but the eyes.

“So, uhm, where did you learn how to bake?” Kara asked, almost as if she was trying to forcibly ignore something.

Lena smiled that condescending smile of hers that somehow still managed not to be rude or patronizing. “Kara, I went to MIT, you think I can’t follow instructions?”

Kara only eyed Lena, unimpressed.

“Seriously, cooking, in general, is pretty much just knowing tastes and following a few basic rules,” Lena insisted.

“Like what rules?”

Lena pretended to think for a while. “Uhm, don’t burn your food?”
Kara bit her bottom lip to hold back her giggle. “Don’t be rude.”

Lena sighed. “It’s mostly science and… intuition, I’m not just being a smartass, you literally just replicate what you read in a cookbook, and if it’s not there think logically.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t think I can think that logically,” Kara said as she scrunched up her nose.

Lena laughed. “Yeah, you definitely can’t.”

“HEY!” Kara protested.

Raising her hands, Lena put on the most innocent smile she possibly could. “I’m just agreeing with you, darling. You’re the one who said you burn things constantly.”

“That’s because I get distracted!” Kara insisted defensively. “And bored with all the waiting.”

“Well, let me teach you a little trick,” Lena said pulling her phone from the counter and unlocking it, she waved it in front of Kara to show the timer going on.

“This is why you’re the smart one.”

“And what are you?”

“The cute one,” Kara said matter-of-factly as she shrugged.

Lena laughed loudly. “You really are something else, Kara Danvers.”

“Are you saying I’m not cute?”

“You’re probably the cutest person I know, Kara,” Lena said with a smile.

The bright smile Kara gave her in return was definitely worth the huge bruise on her back Lena was bound to get from slamming against the island behind her as her knees gave out.

“So what,” Lena started with a weak voice, she cleared her throat and continued, “what do you want to do while we wait?”

Kara’s face lights up. “Oh! Could you play the piano for me?” she asked excitedly. “You promised you would, and I don’t see the point of having such a beautiful piano if you don’t play it.”

Lena laughed. “Calm down, will you? I’ll play for you. I supposed you want me to play Clair de Lune?” she teased as she walked out of the kitchen and towards the piano.

Kara blushed a little bit. “I’ll have you know Debussy is my favorite impressionist composer,” she said a little stubbornly, following Lena.

Lena laughed again as she sat down on the piano bench. “That twilight obsession you have is getting a little too much, Kara.”

Kara gasped. “You take that back! Twilight obsession,” Kara said offended. “How dare you?”

“Don’t pretend I’m not right, Kara, I know you,” Lena teased as she started playing the mentioned song, fingers dancing over the keys like second nature, playing the slow romantic music effortlessly.

“You know nothing,” Kara said back. “I bet you don’t even know the first thing about twilight.”
“Uhm, yes I do, I read all the books. I just think they are terrible.”

“If you hate them so much, why did you read all of them?”

“I was obsessed with vampires as a goth teenager and I started reading because I thought it would be good.”

“Oh god, there are so many things in that sentence that need to be elaborated,” Kara giggled.

Lena shot Kara a pointed look, but it only made Kara giggle more. “And whenever I don’t like a book, I just power through reading it so I can badmouth it with actual facts.”

“That is such a nerd thing to do, wow,” Kara laughed.

“Well, you can’t really judge something you don’t know.”

“You are so extra sometimes.”

Lena rolled her eyes. “I’m going to choose to ignore that comment.”

“So what? You’d be Edward in this scenario?”

Lena scoffed. “Please, don’t insult me. If anything I’m Rosalie.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. I’m filthy rich, I’m pale as fuck and I’m extremely hot… I’d be a great vampire.” Lena winked at Kara, without stopping her fingers. “And I too would murder any man who dared touch me without my permission,” she added darkly.

Kara laughed. “It’s fitting. As Rosalie is known to be the most beautiful person in the world. You already got that going for you.”

Lena’s fingers stopped abruptly, she looked down at the keys and tried to stop the blush and the smile coming to her face. She blinked a few times before starting again, another song this time. “You flatter me.”

Kara smiled and sat down next to Lena on the small bench, their legs pressed together, making Lena miss a few notes before gathering herself. “It’s the truth though.” She looked at Lena and gave her a big smile.

Lena smiled, shrugging with modesty. “Thank you. Although, I don’t think I could pull off blonde.”

Kara giggled. “I don’t know, Lee. I think you’d look beautiful with any hair you had.”

This time Lena did nothing to hide her blush, staring at her fingers as they slid across the piano.

Kara looked down at Lena’s hands as well, she watched them for a while before asking, “Is this Chopin?”

Lena smiled. “Wow, you know your music too.”

“It’s a nocturne, right? In… G?”

Lena nodded. “G Minor. Opus 15 number 3.”
“You play beautifully.”

Lena laughed. “Well, I ought to. Mother was very insistent with my music lessons.” She quirked her eyebrows at Kara. “A Luthor must be the best at everything they do,” she mocked in an impersonation of Lillian. “Excellence and perfection weren’t alternatives, they were requirements. Lex was always her favorite, I had to work twice as hard to get even a third of the recognition he did… and the affection.”

Kara frowned a little, with a hint of a pout. “I’m sorry, that sounds rough.”

“Yeah, well, it made me the person I am today.” Lena shrugged. “Though a little love and care wouldn’t have hurt.”

“It’s never too late, right?” Kara said, brushing a lock of hair away from Lena’s face and tucking it behind her ear.

Lena felt her breath catch in her throat and turned her head until Kara’s hand was pressed against her cheek. Their eyes met and as cliché as it sounded, nothing mattered anymore. Lena would probably say that she felt time stop, but at that moment she really didn’t think of anything but Kara. It was as if her brain stopped working and she could only see Kara and the blue of her eyes. She wasn’t sure if she was breathing, but she felt dizzy like she hadn’t taken a breath in a while, and she was thankful for being seated because she felt her knees so weak she wouldn’t be able to stand. Kara looked at her with such intensity that made Lena’s chest ache and she knew that if Kara just as much as said her name she’d give her the entire galaxy in a heartbeat.

Neither of them could tell how long they were staring at each other for, but the electricity surrounding them was almost suffocating, enclosing them in a little bubble where only the two of them existed. They didn’t notice how much closer from each other they had gotten in the meantime.

Lena’s phone going off with the timer burst their bubble and had them both jolting away from each other like they had been shocked.

“I should…” Lena trailed off. She wasn’t even sure of what she should do, but she felt like she just had a bucket of ice dumped on her, even if the warmth of Kara’s gaze still lingered within her.

“No, no. Stay,” Kara told her. “I’ll get it.”

“Kara,” Lena tried to protest, but Kara shook her head as she stood up and was already halfway across the room when Lena blinked.

“I won’t burn anything,” Kara joked.

Lena scrunched up her face. “I’m not convinced.”

“Shh! Just keep playing and don’t ask questions.”

“Oh, I see how it is. You’re taking over my house as well,” Lena accused as she went back to playing.

“As well as what?” Kara asked.

*My life,* was what Lena didn’t say.

But Kara got distracted with Lena’s oven.
She forgot the towel and just picked up the trail of cinnamon rolls straight from the oven with her bare hands. Silently thanking herself for having asked Lena to keep playing before she went into the kitchen, she dropped the trail on the marble counter and eyed the contents excitedly.

“They look amazing, Lena,” she announced.

“You have to leave them to cool off first,” came Lena’s warning voice, halting Kara’s plans of devouring everything before she was even done smelling them.

*How can she do that? She’s not even looking,* Kara thought before deciding to not contest Lena. “What if I just blow on them?”

“Even if you had super breath, you should still just let them rest and cool off.”


Lena sighed. “Kara?”

“Yes?”

“If you weren’t my best friend I’d never speak to you again.”

“That’s fair,” Kara giggled again. “How long do I need to let them rest for?”

“Until they aren’t so hot they will give you third-degree burns in a bite.”

“Good. Logical,” Kara pondered as she went back to where Lena was. “I like it.”

“Yes, burning your tongue certainly takes away from the enjoyment of food.”

Kara paused, watching and listening to Lena play. “Chopin,” she said with certainty. “Nocturne in E-Flat Major, Opus 9 number 2.”

Lena smiled. “That was an easy one.”

“Can you play anything newer?” Kara teased.

Lena simply smirked and started playing a different, yet still romantic song. Her smirk only grew wider when Kara practically groaned. “What?” she asked feigning innocence. “Debussy is newer than Chopin, he was born 13 years after Chopin died.”

“That’s not what I meant, Lee,” Kara protested.

Lena chuckled quietly and made a transition.

Kara practically squealed. “That is my favorite Britney song!” Lena smiled at her reaction. “It’s so saaad,” Kara groaned dramatically.

Just as Lena was about to change the song and make a joke out of it, Kara started singing. Kara Danvers was singing, in Lena’s living room, while Lena played piano… That was definitely not something that would haunt Lena forever.

“*Notice me*
Take my hand
Why are we
Strangers when
Our love is strong
Why carry on without me

Every time I try to fly I fall
Without my wings
I feel so small
I guess I need you baby
And every time I see
You in my dreams
I see your face
It's haunting me
I guess I need you baby"

Lena started feeling her chest clench tightly.
Why did she have to play that stupid song?

She knew Kara liked Britney and she wanted to please Kara, but it was at the cost of her own discomfort, apparently.
The irony of the song was not lost on her.

“I make-believe
That you are here
It's the only way
That I see clear
What have I done
You seem to move on easy”
Kara didn’t seem to notice the irony. But then again, Lena thought, the irony here was only for her, there was no way Kara would know it. Lena felt a lump forming in her throat and swallowed hard, trying to control her breathing. Having Kara picking up of her distress through –super– hearing her breathing or heartbeat was the last thing she wanted.

“Every time I try to fly I fall
Without my wings
I feel so small
I guess I need you baby
And every time I see
You in my dreams
I see your face
You’re haunting me
I guess I need you baby”

Lena was so focused on her own anguish that she didn’t notice Kara’s. The way Kara’s voice trembled ever so slightly in the words that hit a little too close to home for her.

She hoped Lena wouldn’t notice, tried to control herself but the tightening in her chest made it too hard to keep her voice steady.

The realization of how painful that song was for her came only when she already started singing, and to stop it abruptly would have tipped Lena into something being wrong, so she just masked it.

Kara prayed to Rao Lena would take the tremble in her voice as an interpretation completely detached from personal feelings.

“I may have made it rain
Please forgive me
My weakness caused you pain
And this song’s my sorry

At night I pray
That soon your face will fade away”
Lena really had a big misfortune choosing that song. It was probably the dumbest thing she’d ever done, and she really just wanted the floor to open up and swallow her.

Somewhere, someone was laughing at her, loudly and unflatteringly. Lena didn’t believe in god, the Luthors were WASPs, and she never really took on with any religion, but she knew that somewhere in the high aboves someone was cackling at her.

She walked right into that one, and it may have ruined her forever.

The room was charged with a tension they both tried to hide from the other, thinking it was their own and completely one sided.

When the song was over, Kara flashed Lena a big closed lipped smile and Lena smiled back.

“Your voice is beautiful, Kara.”

Kara blushed and looked down at her feet. “Thank you.”

“Now that we’re done making my living room into a karaoke bar—”

“I think it’s more open mic,” Kara quipped in with a wide grin, making Lena roll her eyes.

“—you can finally eat the cinnamon rolls,” Lena told Kara, not letting herself be interrupted by the blonde.

Watching Kara’s expression shifting to the expression that was reserved for food was something Lena would never get too much of. The pure joy etched on Kara’s beautiful features was a sight to behold.

Kara rushed to the kitchen, skidding in her socks on the way but managing to gracefully maneuver herself before she hit something. She reached the kitchen with no casualties and placed all the cinnamon rolls carefully on a plate.

“Time for the truth,” Kara said, smiling at Lena as she joined her by the kitchen island.

Lena raised one eyebrow at Kara. “Do you doubt my culinary expertise?”

Instead of answering, Kara took an exaggeratedly careful bite of the pastry. She tried to make a show of tasting it as Lena watched her carefully, but it was too good to keep up a pretense. She did, however, manage not to moan at the taste.

“This is sooo good, Lee,” Kara said with her mouth still full. “Like so good.”

Lena smiled as her heart fluttered in her chest. Kara had been using that nickname for her a lot, and as much as she heard it in the last few hours, she still couldn’t get over how it made her feel. Sometimes she’d just get a burst of emotions swirling in her chest at how affectionate Kara was with her, and how that one simple syllable sounded so good and meant so much coming from Kara.

As always, she could not let herself sound affected by something Kara did so spontaneously. She took in a breath, as quietly as she could, and plastered a grin on her face.

“Well, I do aim to please,” she said in a low, and rather seductive, voice.

Kara choked on the bite she had in her mouth at Lena’s words and tone. She was glad she didn’t need to breathe as much, as a Kryptonian, or else she would have caused a scene, a very embarrassing scene, as the bite lodged in her throat. Instead, she just tried to swallow harder, and
when that didn’t work shoved the entire roll left in her hand and swallowed it after chewing very little to push the bite down.

Lena eyed Kara curiously while the scene unraveled, not sure if she should even be surprised anymore with Kara’s behavior with food.

“So good,” Kara repeated, forcing a smile.

-------

Far into the evening, Lena and Kara were halfway through a Netflix marathon of a show Lena was only mildly aware of the title or plot, that Kara swore by as being amazing, with Kara’s head on Lena’s lap and Lena carding her fingers through golden locks while she watched Kara watch the show.

“Lee?” Kara asked softly, unaware that Lena’s attention was already on her.

“Yeah?”

“Why is Star Wars your favorite movie?” Kara turned her head to look up at Lena.

Lena smiled softly. “It’s the first movie I remember watching. Well, all three really,” Lena explained. “When I was six, we went to the beach house for a few weeks on the summer. But then I got sick one weekend, and I couldn’t leave the house. Instead of going to the beach like he had planned, Lex stayed with me and we cuddled on his bed and watched Star Wars until I got better.” Lena had a nostalgic smile as she talked. “It’s one of my favorite childhood memories.”

Lena missed the moments her and Lex spent together while growing up immensily. She particularly liked that memory because 15-year-old Lex Luthor gave up on his weekend on the beach with his friends to care for his baby sister and share his favorite movies with her. Lex grew out of Star Wars by the time the prequels came out, but Lena still held on to the precious memory she had of the first time she felt truly cared for.

Kara smiled back at her. “I remember my aunt telling me about her travels and teaching me about the stars,” she said dreamingly.

“Sounds nice,” Lena said softly, daring to rub her thumb gently over the little dip Kara had on her left cheek.

Kara closed her eyes, savoring the touch and nodded.

After a few minutes of silence, Kara’s head shot up from Lena’s lap. “You must have a theory on Rey,” she exclaimed excitedly, sitting up and turning to look at Lena expectantly. “Do you?”

With a laugh, Lena nodded. “Born with the force, left in Jakku for her own protection after Kylo decided to destroy all his fellow Jedi. I will not go into the deep analyses pointing why and why not Rey could be Luke’s daughter. I think Rey could be just one random kid born with or from the force. When a specially talented kid does not receive proper training from Jedi or Sith, the force expresses itself in other ways that are not combat related. High intelligence and empathy both towards the living and machines, good senses and reflexes and so on, the force isn’t solely combat related. Rey didn’t get the combat training, but she has the other characteristics.”

Kara just blinked at Lena and Lena continued.
“Anakin’s prophecy was that he would bring balance to the force, however, I don’t believe the Jedi had a good grip on what balance means. Anakin did bring a balance to the force by turning to the dark side and destroying the Jedi since at that point there were more Jedi than Sith. He was meant to turn bad. And now, after Kylo destroyed the Jedi in training and with the Knights of Ren being build up to be the new Sith Order, there is again an imbalance in the force. The balance in the force is not the eradication of the dark side, but the coexistence of both sides in a harmonious way, when one isn’t stronger than the other. I believe Rey, like Anakin, was a living manifestation of the force trying to balance the dark and the light side by sending a chosen one to fulfill that duty.”

When Lena finished, she looked over at Kara, who was staring at her with wonder, mouth hanging open, eye wide and eyebrows high.

“That… that is, wow! You and Winn are going to get along so well. That is brilliant.”

Lena shrugged with a little cocky grin. “I have my moments,” she joked.

Kara giggled again. It was absolutely the most beautiful sound Lena had ever heard and it had her heart fluttering in her chest. “You’re such a nerd.”

Lena gasped, feigning offense. “Excuse me. I prefer ‘knowledgeable about works of pop culture beloved by the outcast, book-smart, STEM-loving part of society and overlooked as something made for children’, thank you very much.”

Kara sniggered. “Nerd.”

“I’ll have you know I’m a super nerd and I make money out of it. Pop culture knowledge is just a hobby.” Lena winked, smirking when Kara blushed.

-------

In Lena’s opinion, Kara Danvers gave the best hugs in the world.

Her opinion, she knew, was biased; and as a scientist, she shouldn’t make any affirmations without testing other subjects, but Kara’s hugs were just so good.

They were comfortable and made her feel safe and cared for, in a way she hadn’t in years. Kara would always wrap an arm around Lena’s shoulders, and the other on her lower back, and pull her closer, squeezing her just a little to reassure she was there, with her head tucked into Lena’s shoulder and Lena could do no more than just melt in her arms.

This time was no different; Kara wrapped her arms around Lena, pulling her close, tucked her head into Lena’s shoulder, her cheek pressed to Lena’s neck and squeezed her just a little, and Lena completely melted against her, wanting that moment to last a lot more than the short few seconds it did.

“Thank you, Lena,” Kara said against her ear. “For the distraction and for everything. I really needed the cheer up.”

Lena pulled a smile on her face when they pulled away, trying to hide the longing and the deep affection she felt. “Of course. You deserve the best, Kara. To be happy.”

“You make me happy.”
Lena was sure her heart stopped beating altogether at those words. Warmth filled her entire body, every cell, and she felt like her chest was going to burst.

“You make me happy too,” she said with a smile, barely above a whisper, and the smile she got in return was blinding.

“Thank you for all the food too,” Kara said after a few minutes of just smiling. “Everything was delicious.”

Lena laughed. Of course Kara would focus on the food. “Yeah, I don’t cook for just anyone, so you better like it,” she teased.

“I’m flattered that you deemed me worthy of your culinary skills.”

“You’re worthy of everything, Kara.”

Another blinding smile and Lena was having trouble breathing.

“Well, I should go now.” Kara pulled Lena into another hug and Lena was sure she couldn’t handle much more of this without fainting from sheer overwhelm. “Have a good night Lena.” Kara pressed a kiss to Lena’s cheek.

Lena wasn’t entirely convinced it wasn’t a dream her mind made up to play with her, those were happening a lot.

“Good night, Kara.”

Too soon for her liking, Kara was pulling away and stepping backward towards the elevator.

“Bye.”

“Bye,” Lena breathed out.

Lena watched Kara’s bright smile and cute wave until the doors closed, leaving her to stare at the blurry reflection of herself on the golden metal doors. Lena sighed and let her head fall back, hitting the wall behind her, her entire body sagged back.

She sighed dramatically, what the fuck are you doing, Lena? She thought. Stupid, you should know better than to let this happen again. Haven’t you hurt enough? Didn’t you learn?

The answer was, obviously, no. She didn’t learn, and she feared she never would, at least not when Kara was concerned, and it was unfair even, Kara was the first person to show her so much affection and eagerness to befriend her selflessly, she couldn’t be blamed for her quick attachment. Yet she was still chastising herself for, yet again, falling for her best friend. According to the pattern she observed, she tended to get quickly attached and developing painful crushes on anyone who showed her even the slightest bit of affection, which in her defense wasn’t that much since, as she always said, most people wouldn’t touch a Luthor with a ten-foot pole.

You don’t get to ruin this one, Lena. Not this one. Kara is too good.

She let herself dwell on the agony of unrequited love-infatuation for a few minutes before going back to the cinema room get her phone. The phone wasn’t the only thing she found, though.

Right on the sofa they had spent the better part of the evening snuggling on, was the grey hoodie Kara had been wearing when she arrived that morning.
She felt her heart beating harder as she forgot to breathe a second.

Kara’s hoodie!

It probably smelled like Kara. But smelling your friend’s hoodie isn’t a smart move when you are trying to control how you feel about said friend.

Yet Lena was never very good at restraining herself when it came to Kara.

She grabbed the soft material with both hands, almost reverently, and led it closer to her face, burying her nose in the hoodie, she took in a deep breath. As expected, it did smell like Kara, like warm vanilla and honey and something else, something particular that it made her think of the sun, and Kara’s smile. The thought warming her from inside.

The only thing left to do was to take a shower, get rid of her feelings, wash them away.

Lena hissed when the too hot water hit her skin, but she didn’t get out, she showered with the hot water, scrubbing the soap on her skin and she tried to stop thinking about how Kara’s shirt had ridden up and Kara’s jeans were really low cut, tried to forget the feeling of Kara’s warmth against her, Kara’s skin, Kara’s lips on her cheek, Kara’s strong muscular arms…

The heat colored her pale skin into almost bright pink, her hands nearly red, but Lena pushed through the slight discomfort of it, angrily washing her hair as if it would help to clear her head from thoughts of Kara.

By the time she hopped off the shower she could feel her skin fuming, but her head was still hopelessly filled with Kara. She dried herself off almost as angrily as she showered and went back to her room to get dressed.

And there was the hoodie, where she left on her bed.

Now here’s where Lena might have gone wrong: instead of putting her nightgown, like she would any other day, on an impulse - a dumb impulse - Lena put the hoodie on. Sans anything else underneath but lace underpants.

It made her feel warm and safe, the way Kara usually did. She enjoyed the feeling a lot.

Although she knew it was the opposite of dealing with her feelings, Lena couldn’t care about anything but the smell of Kara and the touch of well-worn cotton against her bare breasts and back. It was a very distracting feeling.

The feeling of the hoodie and the smell of Kara flooding her senses brought on a lot more than Lena was prepared to deal with. She couldn’t stop imagining how kissing Kara would be, touching her, having her close to her body, in her bed…

Lena tried to go to sleep, to see if she could shut down her brain for a little while, but her mind was filled with images of Kara.

Kara entering the bedroom, looking at her with a little shy but eager smile, taking a deep breath and taking her shirt off, then her pants. Kara climbing on the bed on her knees, inching closer and closer to Lena, slowly, wanting to drag on the expectation. Kara smiling at her more confidently then, Kara taking her hands and placing them on her own body, Kara straddling her. Her hands on Kara’s hips, sliding back, getting a grip of Kara’s ass, urging Kara to grind her hips down. Kara grinding on top of her, hardly getting any contact, just happy to put on a show until Lena can’t take it anymore and pulls her down by the neck, nails digging into Kara’s shoulder as the fingers of the other hand dig
into the skin of Kara’s ass. Kara fitting in perfectly between her legs, grinding down on one thigh to get friction while shoving her own thigh against Lena, rubbing just the little bit. Both of them grinding against each other’s legs, eyes meeting hotly, breaths mingling, open mouths, lips barely meeting, ghosting over skin, hands pressing hard on soft skin bound to leave bruises, chests pressed together.

Lena sighed deeply.

She knew she wasn’t going to get the peaceful night of not thinking about her best friend in a romantic way. At some point she just gave up trying to avoid them, to force them away, and just embraced it. As she liked to say: ‘It’s easier to just accept your fate and you will suffer less’, and Lena’s fate was to be in love… to have a huge paralyzing crush on her best friend, who, for all she knew, was straight.

The irony was not lost on her, about how it was such a recurring pattern with her to develop attractions and infatuations towards her friends. Lena never had many friendships, and her feelings usually ended up ruining them. She tended to struggle a lot with that.

Sleep came eventually, and her dreams were filled with Kara.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo? Does this make up for the long time?
I mean, it's gay angst and fluff, what else could you want?

Check me out making sneaky references to Katie's and Melissa's previous works.

I had a headcanon for so long that Kara likes NSYNC and Britney and I'm so glad to show confirmed it for me. I don't usually like songs in fic like that, but this seems appropriate, here's Melissa singing that song, by the way (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ypRioOO6G-Q) It's always been a song I associate with Kara struggling with feelings, so I'm sharing this now... Why am I explaining myself?

Anyways, I'm not making any promises as to when the next chapter will come, but it is in the works, since it was part of this one anyways.

If you want to yell at me for taking too long, you can find me on Tumblr as myheartisbro-ken, seriously, you can totally just come yell at me, or chat. Also I live for the comments so if you wanna say something *points down like a youtuber* just leave it here. Okay bye.
The ground was shaking beneath her feet. It was hot, hotter than it had ever been in her 13 years of life, and she could hear the explosions far away. She had never been this scared in her life, it felt like the ground could crumble and swallow everything at any moment, and it probably would. She saw her aunt and uncle saying goodbye to their son, hugging him and trying not to cry, and for a moment she envied the baby boy, he wouldn’t remember all this.

She had already said goodbye to her aunt; Aunt Lara had hugged her really tight and told her she loved her and she was proud of her for growing up into the beautiful and smart girl she was. She had told Aunt Lara she loved her too, and promised she would take care of her son the best she could, and some. The woman looked at her with a sad smile and thanked her, before hugging her again. Aunt Lara’s tears had soaked up her shirt on the shoulder, but she didn’t mind.

And then her mother was in front of her, explaining her about her trip. She was set to follow her
baby cousin, to take care of him, to protect him; the trip would be long but she would be sleeping most of the way and her family would be with her in her dreams. She felt like crying, crying like she did when she was younger like her baby cousin did when he was scared, because that’s what she was, very scared. But she had to be strong, she had told her father she wasn’t afraid, and she was a big girl, she knew what was happening, and what was going to happen. She wouldn’t cry.

“You will do extraordinary things,” her mother told her. She could see the pain in her mother’s eyes, almost like the one she was feeling, like her heart was being squeezed in her chest and ripped apart at the same time, and she couldn’t breathe right.

The lump in her throat was getting bigger, making it harder for her to swallow her tears. “I won’t fail Kal-El, or you!” She promised her mother, mustering all her courage in her voice. She had every intention to honor that promise, to make her mother proud, be the person her parents raised her to be, take care of her cousin, protect him, guide him... but who would do that for her? She had thought, and she realized she had to do it for herself now; it was all on her, and that thought made her want to scream. But she was strong, she was brave, and, like her mother always said, she had the heart of a hero, and that’s exactly what she planned on being to her cousin.

Her mother looked down at the necklace she always wore, pulled it from its place and put it around her neck. It was a lot longer on her than it was on her mother, the small metal pendant shaped like a teardrop with a dark blue gem of the same shape, fell way past her chest and the family crest in her clothes, resting almost on her stomach, but she could feel it in her heart. She held it in her hand and looked up at her mother, the tears burning her eyes. Her mother took her face in both hands and pressed a kiss on her forehead and she felt the first tear slip out of her eyes.

“I love you, Kara!” Her mother said, looking right into her eyes, and she smiled up at her, or as much as one can smile while their heart is being ripped to shreds. There was another explosion, closer this time, and the ground shook so hard she almost fell backward. “You must go, now!”

Her cousin had already left. So she turned to leave, but she couldn’t.

She looked over her shoulder and saw her mother standing there, and she threw herself at her, holding her as tight as she could, she felt her mother doing the same, a hand cradling her head and an arm wrapped around her body. She could feel her mother’s body shaking with the unshed tears that she held not to cry in front of her, and she couldn’t hold it any longer, she cried, and she held on to her mother for comfort, that would be the last time she would be able to do that, so she tried to pass all of her pain through that hug. She didn’t want to let go, ever, she wanted to stay there forever holding her mother, because she knew that the moment she let go of her, she would never see her again. But way too soon the hug was over, and her mother was ushering her. “Go!” She repeated with a smile that didn’t reach her eyes.

She hesitated again, but this time she made it to the pod, she entered it, and she threw her mother one last look, wanting more than anything to just stay there, with her parents forever, wanting it all to be nothing more than a bad dream. She saw the tears in her mother’s eyes and cheeks, despite the woman’s efforts to hold them back, and the sad but encouraging smile. She felt the tears stinging again but she ignored them. It was time to be strong. She took a deep breath and held her head high, like her father taught her, as the pod closed and set off.

She saw the sky, orange with fire, and the explosions coming from everywhere, pieces of the ground being thrown in the air like the weighted nothing and falling back hard. And suddenly the sky turned pitch black, and all the noise was gone, points of light and smokes of color expanded to wherever she could see. She had always loved space, it meant she would get to go to a new place, or even somewhere she’d been before, but now it just made her sad.
She tried with all her strengths not to look back, but the will was stronger than her. And so she saw as her planet’s surface cracked like a weak rock, rays of bright light escaping from it as it crumbled and caved in, leaving smoky fiery holes until all the expansion of the planet was dust, and the light got brighter and stronger and then…

Kara woke up with a scream, hovering a few feet above her bed, and choked on a sob.

She dropped down back on the bed, making the mattress creak.

Her heart was racing painfully, her throat was tight, her whole body covered in sweat, her eyes burned and her cheeks were wet. She didn’t need to open her eyes to know she was in her bedroom, in National City, but the dream had been so real.

It felt like she had just seen her planet dying before her eyes. It had been like that for the past 13 years. Every year on the same day, she would revisit the literal end of her world in her dreams. Her parents, her aunts and uncles, her friends, her house, her school, her culture, everyone and everything she had ever known had exploded and turned into stardust, and no matter how long it had been, that pain still was and always would be fresh in her heart and her memory.

As she sat up, her hand reached for her mother’s necklace automatically, it gave her comfort.

Not enough comfort, though. She really needed her sister at that moment.

She blindly reached for her phone and touched the last called number, pressing the phone to her ear without even looking.

Kara tried to take a deep breath but it came out shaky. She was nearly hyperventilating when the call picked up.

“A-lex,” she sobbed before she started crying, loudly.

“Kara?” It wasn’t Alex’s voice.

“Lena?” Kara managed to get out between her tears.

“Kara, what’s wrong?” Lena asked concerned.

Kara sobbed harder. “I’m so sorry,” she cried. “I didn’t mean to bother you.”

“You could never bother me, Kara,” Lena said soothingly. But Kara only continued to cry, with violent sobs and sniffles. “Do you want me to come over?”

“N-no, it’s… it’s o-kay,” Kara sobbed. “I’m f-f-fine.”

“You’re not fine, Kara,” Lena insisted. “I’m coming over!” She said decisively.

“L-Lena,” Kara tried to protest, but Lena cut her off.

“I’m on my way, okay,” Lena told her calmly. “Try to stop me now,” she joked. “I’ll be there really soon, I promise. Faster than Supergirl.”

Kara nodded even though she knew Lena couldn’t see her. But it was the only answer she could give.
Lena only hung up the phone when she stepped into the elevator of Kara’s building, and only because the elevator cut up her signal. She made Kara stay on the phone with her, she wanted Kara to know she was there for her, even if it was just to hear her cry, she didn’t want Kara to feel like she was alone, not even for a second.

Kara’s door was unlocked, and the moment Lena pushed inside she had an armful of sobbing blonde. Kara buried her face on Lena’s neck, soaking her hoodie almost immediately and Lena couldn’t do more than wrap her arms around Kara and rub soothing circles on her back, trying to give Kara some comfort. This was endlessly worse than the other times she saw Kara cry. She had been confused and scared before, even a little bit sad, but this was so much deeper. Sobs of pain that ran so deep Lena felt it in her bones.

“Kara, darling,” Lena said softly when it was clear Kara wasn’t going to calm down soon. “Why don’t we move to the couch where we’ll be more comfortable?”

Kara sniffed against Lena’s neck and nodded. Lena only had time to kick off her shoes before Kara was tugging her by the hand towards the couch.

Lena could hardly register she was seated before Kara was curling herself against her, head tucked against Lena’s chest as she quietly sobbed.

They were like that for what felt like hours, with Kara crying while holding onto Lena like a lifeline and Lena combing her fingers through golden hair and all but cooing Kara, and then, with one final sob, Kara pulled her head from where it nestled on Lena’s chest.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked softly, wiping Kara’s tears with her fingers. Kara nodded and took a shaky breath, shivering forcefully. “Do you want to tell me what happened?” Kara nodded again. “Okay, I’m going to get you a glass of water.” She stroked Kara’s cheek once more and placed a kiss on her forehead before standing up.

Lena made sure to check and lock the door as she went to the fridge. She considered for only a second before opening the freezer, pulling a tube of ice cream from there.

“Here you go, darling.” Lena handed Kara the glass of water, which Kara gladly took, sipping it quickly, her breathing still a little shaky.

“Thank you, Lee,” Kara said barely above a whisper.

Lena had her hair up in a messy bun that she managed to pull off like it was a runaway look. She didn’t have makeup on, and she was wearing sweatpants and an oversized hoodie over what was clearly a sleep shirt, and Kara swore she’d never seen anything so beautiful in her entire life, and she’d been to 13 different planets. It made her feel underdressed in her tangled hair and her silly pajamas.

“Of course.” She handed Kara the ice cream and smiled at Kara’s little sigh as she took it.

“I’m really sorry for waking you up at this time,” Kara finally said after a few spoons of ice cream. “It’s silly, really.”

“Nothing you feel is ever silly, Kara, don’t dismiss yourself like that.” Lena rubbed her hand on Kara’s shoulder. “And I’m here for you, always,” she told her firmly.

Kara nodded. “I had a nightmare,” she said in a small voice.
Lena squeezed Kara’s shoulder reassuringly. “Okay.”

“About my parents… about them… about them dying,”

Lena tried to hold her gasp, but she couldn’t stop the small sound she made.

“Alex said that everyone has that, that dream where your parents die and you wake up crying. Well, for me it was real. That dream for me is a memory.”

“Kara,” Lena whispered, sliding closer to Kara and wrapping an arm around her.

“It was just so real,” Kara said shakily. “It always feels so real, like I’m saying goodbye to them all over again. Like it just happened.”

“Oh my darling,” Lena cooed. “I am so sorry.”

“Kara,” Lena whispered, sliding closer to Kara and wrapping an arm around her.

“It was just so real,” Kara said shakily. “It always feels so real, like I’m saying goodbye to them all over again. Like it just happened.”

“Oh my darling,” Lena cooed. “I am so sorry.”

“It happens every year, it’s the anniversary of their deaths, I always have the same nightmare,” Kara explained. “But I don’t know. It feels a bit more real this year. It shook me up pretty strong.”

“I don’t know what to say, Kara, I’m very very sorry.”

Kara shrugged and shoved more ice cream in her mouth. “I’m sorry for bothering you this early.”

“You never bother me, Kara,” Lena said firmly.

Kara nodded, even though she wasn’t completely convinced.

“And that’s not a bother, this is big stuff, Kara.”

Another shrug and another spoonful of ice cream.

“How… how did they- how was the dream?” Lena asked a little hesitantly. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

Kara’s face shifted to a deep frown. “There was an earthquake, and my mother woke me up in the middle of the night. It was really bad, really strong, like I could feel the entire world-” Kara sobbed- “the entire world shaking.” Lena squeezed her a little stronger, rubbing a hand on her arm. “There were so many explosions, all over, I could hear them coming from all sides, everywhere.” Kara’s voice was getting weaker; her eyes were watering again. “One of the-” sob- “one of the explosions started a fire where we lived. Everything burned so fast. I didn’t really understand what was happening at the time, but my parents said goodbye to me. My mother hugged me so tight for a second I thought I couldn’t breathe.” Kara paused to take a breath. She let out another sob and rubbed at her face, ice cream still in one hand so Lena wiped the other side for her, gently as if afraid to disturb her. Her eyes were unfocused, looking forward, and Lena had a feeling she was seeing it all again right then, her world burning. “I didn’t want to say goodbye to them, I wanted to stay with them. I didn’t care what happened to me. I didn’t want to leave them.” She sniffed. “But my parents, they put me in a p- a boat, it was small, it only fit me, and they started it and sent me away before…” she couldn’t finish.

Lena looked at Kara at lost for what to say, her face contorted with pain as if Kara’s pain hurt her too. And it did. She wiped the tears from Kara’s face with the cuffs of her hoodie.

“Thank you for telling me,” Lena said softly but firmly. “I’m truly sorry you went through that, and that you have to relive it.”
Kara nodded. “I don’t really want to go back to sleep,” she confessed. “I’ll just have the nightmare again.”

“Do you want me to stay here with you?”

“Will you?”

“Of course I will, Kara. Anything for you.”

Kara almost gasped at the intensity of Lena’s words.

Lena guided Kara to the bathroom to wash her face and then grabbed another glass of water, and they settled back on the couch.

Lena checked her watch, “it’s almost five. Do you want to watch a movie? Or a silly show? We still have to finish Crazy Ex-Girlfriend.”

Kara smiled at Lena, and even if it wasn’t her usual bright smile Lena was glad she could make Kara feel even the slightest bit better.

“We could watch a silly show,” Kara agreed and settled back against Lena.

-------

“They’re right, you know,” Lena commented as the musical number finished on the TV. “I mean, why should we root for the straight white guy? Straight white men are the worst. Do you know who was a straight white man?” Kara pulled away from Lena’s embrace just a little to look at Lena’s fake serious look, waiting for the blonde to show interest. Kara only raised her eyebrows but it was enough for Lena. “Lex Luthor,” Lena whispered conspiratorially.

Kara giggled.

Lena felt that little flame in her chest again, the one that always burned whenever Kara smiled or laughed. Kara didn’t have that same glow she usually did, but Lena was still glad for the laugh. The sun had started to go up, they had been watching Netflix for almost two hours.

Kara pulled her closer again; arms wrapped around her middle a little more tightly than necessary but not enough to be uncomfortable, head tucked against Lena’s neck. Kara let out a cute little sigh and Lena rested her cheek against Kara’s hairline.

They stayed like that for the remainder 20 minutes of the episode, with a quilt over their legs more for the weight of it than for the cold.

When the next episode was about to start, Lena paused it and pulled away from Kara a little placing her hand on Kara’s cheek.

“Kara, I don’t want to leave you alone like this, but I have to go now if I want to get ready for work. Will you be okay, darling?” Kara nodded. “Because I can stay if you want me to.”

“No, Lena, no. I’d hate to impose like that; I can’t ask you to miss work for me.”

Lena smiled softly at Kara and rubbed her thumb over the dip on the blonde’s cheek she was so fond of; one day she’d have to ask Kara how she got that, certainly it was something that happened before she got to earth for it to leave a scar, much like the little whole between her eyebrows. “You’re not
asking, I’m offering. I need to be sure you’re alright.” Lena’s voice was soft and filled with affection.

Kara smiled back, leaning against Lena’s hand. “I’ll be fine. You can go and be awesome. Don’t worry about me.”

“That’s a little unrealistic, Kara. I worry. That’s not going to change.”

“I don’t need protection,” Kara sounded like she’d be defensive and a bit more vexed if she had the energy for it.

“I know you don’t. You are more than capable of taking care of yourself and everyone else, but you gotta let someone take care of you for a change. You shouldn’t have to carry the weight of the world on your shoulders all the time. I just want to help you with that.”

Kara took in a shaky breath and nodded. She pulled Lena into a hug rather abruptly and buried her head on Lena’s shoulder, inhaling Lena’s scent, a mix of cherry blossom, white rose and jasmine, it helped calm her a little. “Thank you, Lena,” she breathed out. “But I still want you to go to work… not that I don’t want you here, but I wouldn’t feel right knowing I’m keeping you here, I know how demanding your job can be.” She pulled away and threw Lena the closest thing she could from a smirk. “Besides, how will you change the world if you’re here watching Netflix?” She joked.

“The world can wait one day,” Lena said back without missing a beat, looking directly into Kara’s eyes. “But I’ll go if you insist. Are you sure you’re going to be okay?”

Kara nodded again and smiled.

“Promise to call me if you need anything? I mean anything, Kara,” Lena insisted.

“I will, I promise.”

Lena sighed. “Fine. Then I gotta go.” She got up but didn’t move towards the door just yet, instead, she turned to Kara, placed both hands softly on Kara’s face and pressed her lips to Kara’s forehead, firmly and for a lot longer than would normally be deemed platonically.

Kara closed her eyes, savoring the feeling of the soft lips on her skin, and how it made her heart feel light and fluttery.

Lena pulled away and looked at her again, hands still on her face, and her green eyes looked right into hers like they could see inside her, but in a good way. “I… I…” She took a deep breath and released it, and her eyes softened, her face changed, and Kara missed the previous look. “I can be here in 10 minutes.”

Kara let out a soft snort laugh. “Go! I’ll be fine,” she insisted. Her skin tingled where Lena’s lips had been. She took one of Lena’s hand from her face, thumb slipping between the pale fingers, and squeezed it lightly, bringing it to her lips, eyes never breaking contact with Lena’s. “Thank you for coming, Lena,” she said and placed a kiss on the back of Lena’s hand, close to the knuckles.

“Always,” Lena whispered.

Kara smiled and Lena mirrored it.

They pulled their hands away with a little hesitation, and Lena walked to the door with even more hesitation.

-----
Lena was so busy thinking about the tingling on her hand, that she didn’t notice the man across the street taking pictures of her as she left Kara’s building and got into her car, or the grumpy woman watching her suspiciously from inside a car. She glanced up, to what she assumed was Kara’s window, for a few seconds before entering her car and driving away.

“Alex?” Kara greeted a little confused when she opened the door.

Alex threw herself at Kara, hugging her sister tightly. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t here before,” she said near Kara’s ear. “I’ve been so busy I lost track of the days.” Alex pulled away to look at Kara. “You didn’t call me last night, you always call.”

“Yeah, uhm, turns out I had everything under control. It was handled.” Kara forced a smile to stop the awkward rambling before it started.

“You sure?” Alex frowned.

Kara nodded. “Yeah. It's all cool now.”

Kara’s eyes unfocused as she listened to a car screeching tires a few streets away, and she missed the way Alex’s jaw tightened and something close to anger flashed in her eyes.

“Do you want to have breakfast?” Kara offered.

“I already ate. Actually, Maggie is waiting for me downstairs, I just came to see how you were,” Alex explained.

“Ah,” Kara tried to hide her disappointment, but she guessed she didn’t do a great job. “Of course, you can’t keep your girlfriend waiting.”

“So you’re good?”

“I’m good,” Kara said stiffly.

Alex nodded. “Great.” She pulled Kara into another hug. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Alex was smiling when she pulled away. “See you at work?”

“I’m not going in today,” Kara said and Alex’s face fell. “I can’t deal with all,” she waved her hands in the air. “All of that. Can you tell J’onn for me?”

Alex blinked a few times before answering. “Of course.”

“Thanks.”

“I should go.”
Kara nodded. “Yeah, yeah. Have a good day.”

“You too.”

“Tell Maggie I said hi.”

Alex frowned a little, it was the first time she noticed the stiffness in Kara’s voice, but she didn’t comment. She kissed Kara’s cheek and left.

-------

Alex told J’onn what was happening to Kara and he assured her he would handle any Supergirl-related emergency would the need arrive.

She was considering her next course of action when she passed by Winn’s workstation.

“Hey, are you and Kara okay?” he asked, getting her attention

Alex frowned. “What do you mean?”

“You guys are not fighting?”

“Kara and I never fight,” she said defensively.

Winn looked at Alex incredulously. “Siblings that say they never fight are often hiding something.”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Stop quoting Lemony Snicket to me, you nerd.”

He laughed. “Never gonna happen, I found your secret nerdiness. I’m exploiting it.”

Alex huffed exasperatedly. “Anyways. How would you know? You never had siblings.”

“Well, I have you. You said you were my sister. We are not exactly picking flowers right now.” He grinned and raised his eyebrows

“Oh, I see. So you’re aiming for the annoying little brother here?”

“A position I was born for,” he said proudly, placing a hand on his chest. “So how are things with you two?”

“Things are normal with us. Why are you asking?”

“Because,” he said. “Kara got pretty mad at me and James, and you knew the Guardian secret as well, so I just thought...”

“You thought wrong! We’re fine,” she said bitingly.

“Really? Then why do I fear for my life right now?”

“So I went to Kara’s place this morning, and guess who I saw leaving the building at 7 am?” Alex said instead, crossing her arms tightly over her chest.

Winn pulled a face of disgust. “Who wakes up at 7?”

“Lena Luthor!” Alex answered pointedly.
Winn nodded, pressing his lips together. “Okay, I feel like I should have got that.” He shrugged. “She is a CEO after all, that’s a very demanding job… I don’t know how James finds the time,” he pondered.

“Winn!” Alex said sharply, snapping her fingers in front of his face. His eyes widened and he looked at her. “Focus!”

“Yeah, sorry.”

“So they are having sleepovers, or whatever, but the worst part is: she called Lena instead of me,” Alex continued.

Winn frowned. “Why exactly should she have called you for… whatever it is they were doing?”

Alex pressed her fingers on the bridge of her nose and took a deep breath. “This is… a very hard time of the year for Kara,” she explained. “And I can’t believe she’d call Luthor over me.”

“So you’re jealous of her,” Winn deduced.

Alex sighed exasperatedly. “It’s not that… Kara never trusted anyone about her parents’ death,” Alex said a bit more forcefully. “At least not on this day.”

“Today is the anniversary of Krypton’s explosion,” Winn concluded.

“For her, it is. And if Lena was there, Kara told her, which means this is getting too far.”

“Yeah, okay, I guess I’m following.”

“You can never trust a Luthor,” Alex said like it was a mantra.

“You know, James says the same thing.”

Alex nodded. “Because James knows how they operate.”

“They are really good at deceiving others,” he thought aloud.

“Exactly my point,” she said a little more forcefully than needed. “I can’t let my little sister get hurt like that. I have to protect her. Who knows what Luthor might do to her?”

“Well, I mean, she’s not talking to James and I. Or with Mon-el, so I don’t know, I get that she might need to have another friend. We can’t expect her to only hang out with us all the time.” Winn shrugged. “You should try to stress yourself a bit less, it’s not good for your blood pressure.”

She looked at him angrily, like she was close to hitting his upside the head. “This is not another friend, Winn,” Alex insisted. “This is a Luthor!”

“Yeah, I got that.”

They both watched as Mon-el entered the bullpen, acting like he owned the place, greeting everyone like one does when walking into a bar in which one’s a regular.

“Yeah. But I have a plan,” Alex said sinisterly.

Winn frowned, looking up at her. “You do?”

Alex nodded.
Alex eyed Mon-El with a thoughtful look.

Winn followed her line of sight. “What are you… Nooo.”

“What? He likes her.”

“Alex! That is low. Really low.”

“Desperate times, Winn,” she said before walking away.

“Thank you again for yesterday, Lena,” Kara said as they were having lunch at the new Chinese restaurant that opened near CatCo. “It meant a lot to me.”

Lena smiled at her. “Of course, Kara. I know you called your sister, but I couldn’t just leave you like that. I wouldn’t be able to rest until I knew you were okay.”

“I’m glad I called you, though.”

“You are?”

“Yeah. I don’t think… With Alex is different, especially lately. I mean, I know she knows how hard it is to me, but sometimes it kind of feels like, like she’s doing it because she has to. You know, because she feels like it’s her job and it’s what Eliza wants her to do.” Kara bit her lips and looked down. “She never really lets me handle things on my own, she thinks she still has to protect me, it’s like she doesn’t understand I’m not a scared little kid anymore. It can be a little controlling. It got better since last year, but it’s still a bit suffocating at times.”

“I’m sure that’s not her intention. She’s your sister, she just wants what’s best for you.”

Kara did a displeased noise at the back of her throat. “I’m not so sure about that, lately.”

“And why is that?” Lena took one of the pot stickers from Kara’s plate and bit half of it.

“You know, she never has time for me anymore, she’s always with Maggie, even yesterday when she went to check on me she couldn't stay long because Maggie was waiting. She hasn’t even called me today,” Kara knew she sounded like a brat, and the pout didn’t help much.

Lena made sure to swallow before speaking. “What’s special about today?”

“It’s my, uhm, adoption birthday today,” Kara told her with a little blush. “Thirteen years since I was adopted by the Danvers. Alex and I always spend it together, we celebrate it with a cupcake.”

Lena smiled. “Lex used to get me gifts.”

Kara frowned. “What?”

“On my adoption birthday. Lex always made sure we spent the whole day together, doing something special, even when I was in boarding school he always went all the way there to get me out for the day. And he’d get me presents too. He got me a stuffed lioness on my first one, and then books, my
very own chessboard, a charm bracelet, my first diamonds, a necklace… he liked to spoil me. He always insisted on celebrating the day he got a sister, he used to say it was his one wish money couldn’t grant.”

“Wow, he almost sounds…”

“Human?”

“I… I didn’t mean…”

“It’s okay Kara, I know he is a terrible person. But he was a good brother, before everything.” Lena took a sip of her drink. “So what are the plans today?”

“I don’t know, I want this year to be a little more special, you know. We haven’t been hanging out.” She shrugged and saw Lena nod in understanding. “But who knows if she’ll even have time for me.”

“Oh, come on. It’s your birthday, it’s the day you became sisters, of course she’ll make time for you.” Lena threw Kara an encouraging smile.

“I hope you’re right.” She smiled back. “I’ll start making plans then.”

Lena hummed in agreement. “Let me know how that goes.”

Kara laughed a little. “Sure.” She ate two pot stickers before she let out a groan of displeasure.

Lena frowned. “What’s wrong? Is something bad?”

“No, no, everything is delicious,” she said quickly. “I just realized I have to face Mike today. I avoided him yesterday, but I can’t avoid him forever.”

Lena laughed at that, very amused. “Let me know how that goes, as well,” she teased. “Text me if I need to kick his ass.”

Kara giggled. “I will.”

The two were too busy smiling at each other and focusing in their meal to notice the man a few tables away with a camera pointed to them.

-------

Kara texted Lena (Microscope ) after leaving the alien bar.

Kara: So, turns out you were wrong

Lena: I don’t understand that statement.

Lena: Never heard that being said towards me before

Kara: Silly

Kara: About my sister

Lena: Oh, Kara. I’m so sorry.
Kara: Yeah, there’s a barenaked ladies concert in town and Maggie got tickets for them

Lena: Are you okay?

Kara: I’m fine

Lena: You’re not fine.

Kara: I’m not

Lena: Do you want me to come over tonight after work?

Kara: No, it’s fine, I’ll just go to bed early

Lena: Kara!

Lena: No one should be alone on their birthday.

Lena: Even adoption birthday.

Kara: If you’re sure

Lena: I insist.

Kara: Then I can’t say no, can I?

Lena: Nope!

Lena: So how was the talk with Mike?

Kara: UGH!

Kara: I managed to put both my feet in my mouth

Kara: Maybe a few other feet as well

Lena: Hahaha

Lena: Classic Kara.

Kara: Rude

Kara: But true

Lena: Okay, I have to go. See you later

Kara: Yeah. Bye
It had been a very long week... just that night. Kara felt drained, tired like she hadn’t felt in a while.

She settled on her couch drinking her tea in her sweats, watching an old movie on TV, waiting for Lena to show up, when she heard a knock on the door. She used her x-ray vision to see Alex standing on the other side of the door, holding a cupcake with a candle on top. She smiled and made her way to the door, opening it.

“Happy earth birthday,” Alex said with a hopeful smile, and Kara smiled at the ground. “Look, there’s a K.” Kara laughed. “Well?” Alex tried. Kara smiled up at her and made a grabby-hands motion at the cake. “Go ahead, blow it out,” Alex instructed. Kara leaned in and inhaled softly. “Gently,” Alex reminded her quickly.

Kara looked up at Alex and back to the cupcake, not even dignifying that with an eye roll, and breathed softly at the candle. They smiled at each other when the candle was out and Alex gave the cupcake to Kara.

“Thank you,” Kara said as she turned around.

“You’re welcome.” Alex followed Kara into the apartment, closing the door behind them.

“So was Maggie mad you missed the concert?”

“Well, luckily I have a girlfriend that understands when deadly aliens besiege my place of work,” Alex said as she placed her bag and jacket on the table and went to sit on the stool by the island, across from Kara, “that takes precedence.”

Kara let out a small laugh. “Yeah, I’m glad everyone was okay.” Kara placed the cupcake on a plate and grabbed them each a fork, and one knife. “And that last white Martian, huff. First of all: boy did it do a good impression of you. And second: you got there just in time.” She took the plate to the island, sitting across from Alex.

“Speaking of that white Martian, uhm, when it was me, did you have a conversation? Because I have these memories, they’re like, uhm- well, it’s almost like a dream that, like, we talked, but I’m not really sure that was real.”

Kara cut the cupcake in half as Alex talked, avoiding looking at her sister until she was done. “So you remember,” Kara asked, licking the icing from her finger.

“Yeah, so I’m not crazy.”

Kara shook her head slowly. “Nope. I guess, if the White Martian’s bond is strong enough, the telepathy goes both ways.” She gestured between them awkwardly, still avoiding Alex’s gaze, her fork seeming very interesting all of a sudden.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Alex looked up from the cupcake to Kara. “Kara,” Kara looked at Alex through her lashes, “I’m not ever going anywhere. I promise. Just because I’m with Maggie doesn’t mean that I’m not with you. Always.”

“I know, I... guess I just made all those big plans ‘cus I wanted the day to be extra special... and I-I felt you slipping away.” Kara’s voice broke at the end.
Alex shook her head like the idea was absurd to her. “I’m not. Ever!” She assured.

Kara felt Alex’s seriousness and swallowed the lump in her throat, nodding.

“But, is it the only reason you made such big plans?” Alex asked with a little knowing lilt in her voice.

Kara took a piece of cake into her mouth and frowned at Alex’s words. “What you mean?”

“Look, sometimes, you know, in our lives, when one part is really confusing, we will pour way more attention than necessary into another. And, you know, you looked a bit… overwhelmed when you talked to Mon-El.” Kara rolled her eyes at the name, but Alex continued talking. “So, maybe the reason you made such big plans with me was so that you didn’t have to think about how you actually feel about… him.”

“I told him how I feel,” Kara said with her mouth full.

Alex hummed, not convinced. “And you really believe that?” She picked the second fork and started eating her half of the cupcake.

Kara paused with her fork in mid-air and looked at Alex without lifting her head. She sighed and straightened up, looking at Alex more fully, then, she looked away, and said with a shake of her head, “it’s complicated.” She rolled her eyes and shoved another forkful of cake in her mouth, chewing exasperated. “It’s not about him, it is about me. Every time I pull myself out there, it backfires. I don’t want that to happen again, it’s too risky.” But it wasn’t Mon-El Kara was thinking about.

“You know, I happen to have taken a rather big romantic risk recently,” Alex said funnily, making Kara laugh a little bit. “And I gotta say… pays off. Maybe he’s worth the shot.”

Or she, a little piece of Kara’s mind said back. But Kara didn’t want to give voice to that part of her mind. That was the part of her mind that kept almost ruining her friendship. Feelings were too confusing for Kara lately, they always made everything too complicated, and she was afraid to talk to Alex about it. Alex wouldn’t understand, she still saw Kara as the little sister that needed guidance and protection, and that could become a little controlling at times.

However, almost as if summoned, that familiar heartbeat that wouldn’t leave her even when she was alone got closer, and Kara heard as it made its trip up the elevator, her own heart doing a little fluttering of its own, in anticipation. She stayed in place, eating her cake and rolling her eyes at Alex as her sister threw her knowing looks –that weren’t quite so knowing– until the knock on the door came.

Alex frowned at Kara, but Kara bypassed her and went to the door, doing her best to contain her excitement in front of Alex. Her efforts were useless when she opened the door to a smiling Lena holding a bright pink box in her hands. Her smile was bright and Kara had no control over her own face as it mirrored Lena’s.

“Hey, I’m sorry I had to work later than planned, but I’m here now and so is this huge box of expensive cupcakes. Oh, hello Kara’s sister,” Lena said all in one breath as she walked in, placing a kiss on Kara’s cheek before taking notice of Alex and smiling at her.

Alex was still frowning, but she waved at Lena, a little awkwardly.

It was enough for Lena and she turned her attention back to Kara as the blonde closed the door. “Can you see me well, darling?” she asked teasingly. “Where are your glasses?”
Kara shrugged. “I kind of lost them.” She blushed slightly.

Lena smiled. “Again? Do you want me to find them for you?”

Kara shook her head. “No, it’s… it’s fine, really.”

Alex watched them interact with almost what looked like annoyance on her face. Almost, because she was getting so good at hiding.

“Oh, yeah,” Lena said almost as if she had been trying to remember something. She leaned forward and kissed Kara’s cheek again, Kara blushed and smiled bashfully. “Happy birthday.” She stepped back and grinned. “I should have led with that.

Kara giggled.

“You said celebrations were made with cupcakes, so I brought a few of them,” Lena laughed, gesturing to the box as if it didn’t contain the most expensive cupcakes in town. She placed the box next to the empty plate in front of Alex. “Do you want a cupcake, Agent Danvers? My secretary says they are the best in the city.”

Alex swallowed down her original answer, Kara wouldn’t have liked it, and forced an amicable smile. “No, thank you. I was just leaving,” she said politely.

Kara frowned. “You are?”

Alex nodded. “I am. Maggie is waiting for me.”

Kara’s face fell. “Oh. Of course,” she mumbled.

“Well, at least take a cupcake with you. Two, take one for Maggie too.”

That annoyed Alex, and she glared at Lena, but Lena didn’t waver. She placed two cupcakes on Alex’s hands and Alex held back the will to rub them on her perfect hair and makeup.

“Kara, could I talk to you outside?” Alex asked with a pointed look.

Kara frowned. “Sure.”

She shared a weirded-out look with Lena as she went to follow Alex, but Lena seemed to know exactly what was going on.

“Bye, Lena,” Alex said from the door. “It was nice seeing you again.”

Lena nodded with a polite smile. At least her mother taught her right, she thought. “You too, Agent Danvers.”

When the door closed, however, Alex turned to Kara looking close to furious. “Lena Luthor? Seriously Kara?”

Kara’s frowned was annoyed now. “What about her?” She asked defensively.

“I don’t trust her Kara. I don’t trust her around you, or Supergirl. Her family-”

“Is not her,” Kara cut her fiercely. “Lena is my friend and I don’t like you talking about her like that.”
“Like what?”

“Like she’s evil.”

“She’s a Luthor, and you’re-”

“A grown up, capable of making my own decisions,” Kara insisted. “Where’s this coming from? You never had much to talk about her before.”

“That was before I knew you two were all chummy, hanging out, having sleepovers, spending your earth birthday with her... seriously Kara? That’s our thing.”

“I told her it was my adoption birthday and that we celebrate it and then I texted her when I found out you had the concert and she was insistent that I didn’t spend it alone. She’s adopted too, you know, she knows it’s important.”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Lena’s a lot of things, adopted by snakes is one of them.”

Kara sighed. “Alex, I don’t want to fight with you. Especially not after everything that happened today. Lena is my friend and I trust her, and I do not like your implications about her and her family, I’m sure I don’t have to remind you of what my family has done. And I don’t need your permission to be friends with Lena. Or with anyone, we’re not in high school anymore, I can choose to be friends with whomever I like. Now please, go be with your girlfriend before we start an argument.”

Alex set her jaw, looking very displeased, but nodded. She stepped towards Kara almost hesitantly. Kara noticed and wrapped one arm around her shoulder.

“I love you,” Kara said pressing a kiss to Alex’s cheek. “Say hi to Maggie for me.”

Alex nodded. “I love you too,” she kissed Kara’s cheek as well. “Happy earth birthday.”

When Kara went back inside, before Lena could even ask if everything was okay, she spotted a small gym bag by Lena’s feet. Lena was patiently waiting for her on the stool Alex had been.

“Why the bag?”

Lena looked down. “This? I had my secretary run to my place and get me my sweats and some other clothes. I wanted to be comfortable to hang out with you, but also be prepared if you wanted to do something. My work clothes are terrible to relax.”

Kara laughed. “That’s so sweet, Lena.” She walked back to her stool from before and picked up a cupcake. “But I’m not planning on doing anything involving leaving the house. I’m quite tired after the night I had.”

“Oh, tell me about it,” Lena sighed, waving a hand. “Sometimes I- Wait! Don’t eat it!” She practically screamed. “You have to make a wish first,” Lena explained, pulling a cute little candle from the cupcake box and placing it delicately on the cupcake.

Kara smiled widely at her. She pulled a lighter and lit it up. Pulling a deep breath, she tried not to think of Lena, but how could she when Lena was right there, in front of her, so beautiful. And she was going to put on the sweats and be even more beautiful again. She had no chance but to blow the candle while thinking about Lena.

Lena clapped happily and threw Kara one of those dangerous smiles.
“I’m going to change, okay?’

Kara nodded as Lena got up and walked to the bathroom with the bag.

She came back a few minutes later, wearing the same hoodie from the nightmare night, which was an olive shade of green that made her eyes pop, her hair curly and down, with the makeup and the deep red lipstick.

Kara inhaled sharply, trying her hardest not to stare although it was an impossible task. She thought it was the best birthday gift she could ever get as if her wish was already being granted. Even if it wasn’t her real birthday.

“Just my luck,” Lena commented. “I forgot to ask for Jess to get my makeup remover.” She laughed, gesturing at her face as if it was ridiculous.

Kara smiled. “You look great,” she laughed as well, mostly because Lena did.

“Do you want to order pizza?” Kara’s eyes went wide and Lena laughed. “I’ll take that as a yes?”

Kara nodded eagerly.

“I’ll even get that monstrosity you like.”

“PINEAPPLE!”

“Ugh, that should so not be on pizza,” Lena mumbled.

-------

They ate pizza and Lena let Kara win at Scrabble as a birthday courtesy that had Kara celebrating cockily until she saw the way Lena was smiling at her, which made her narrow her eyes at Lena. Then they went for the cupcakes, and Lena made Kara blow a candle in each one before they could start eating them.

“It was supposed to be 13, but I gave those two to your sister,” Lena explained.

Kara smiled. “It’s fine Lena, this is more than enough. Thank you. I’ve always wanted to try these, Ms. Grant got them sometimes.”

“I’d say it was a lucky guess, but I do know that the best way to please you is through your stomach,” Lena joked. Kara laughed. “Did you make a wish for every cupcake?” she teased.

Kara’s face fell instantly. The only wishes she had were sad, selfish and rather pathetic, in her opinion. She wanted her friends back, she wanted her sister back, she wanted to not feel so alone whenever she wasn’t with Lena.

“Kara? What’s wrong? Did I say something wr- Oh god, Kara, I’m so sorry, I didn’t even think before I said it. That was stupid.”

Kara shook her head. “It’s not you, it’s just…” She trailed off, not knowing what to say.

She didn’t need to, however, because Lena could read her like a book.

“Is it your birthday that’s making you sad?” Lena asked delicately. “I thought maybe it was because
of your sister, but it’s more than that, isn’t it?”

“No. I mean yes. I mean… in a way,” Kara struggled to find the right words to express herself. “It’s just hard, you know. I’ve officially been here… I mean… in California, more than with my birth family. I know Alex for longer than I knew my own mother. Last year my aunt showed up, my mother’s twin sister, I thought she had died, I thought I’d never see that face again, but she wasn’t who I remember… And then she died and I just… I couldn’t… I...”

Lena scooted closer to Kara and put a comforting hand on her leg. “It’s okay.”

“I keep losing everyone.” Kara sniffed.

“Not everyone,” Lena said softly, clasping Kara’s hand tightly on hers.

Kara looked up at Lena and nodded. “I still talk to her; you know her, uhm, her picture. Whenever something good in my life happens I talk to her, I told her all about school and then college and getting a job, when my first article got published... I know it’s just a picture but I like to think that she hears me where she is, it gives me comfort.”

Lena nodded. “I don’t have a picture. I used to have one, but Lillian found it when I was young and burned it, said she was my mother now and I shouldn’t think of ‘that other woman’ anymore. I don’t really remember her, how she looked, I wish I had memories like you do.”

“Memories aren’t always good. They’re just… Moments that might not have happened the way you think they did because you were too young to understand. And then you find something you didn’t know before, about them, and it ruins those memories you had.”

“I don’t see it that way. I still have memories of Lex, good memories. Sure it hurts to know he’s not the same as he was, but all the bad things he did will never erase the good memories we’ve made, how good he was to me, how he was my hero... Until he wasn’t. Yet all the good things he has done to me will never make up for the evil he’s done to the world. He was a good brother, but he is a terrible person. He’s not one or the other, he’s both, in fact, he has always been both, I just didn’t know. But the memories can still be cherished. How he taught me how to ride a bike, how to fence and shoot with a bow and arrow. How he would read his favorite stories for me to sleep, and how I liked to play piano with him, and chess, and how he always smiled proudly when I beat him at anything. How he taught me math and science before I was old enough to go to school, he taught me to read and write and shared his love for history with me. He had a fascination for Alexander the Great, which come to think of now it’s kind of a dramatic irony.”

Kara laughed. “My father taught me science too. And how to paint. He was an artist before he became a scientist like his brother. And I was really good at it.”

“Arts or science.”

“Both. When... When they died, I couldn’t bring myself to care about science anymore. Like... Like it didn’t matter. Like, no matter how much I knew, I could never use it to bring them back, so I just gave up on it. But not on painting though, no I could never. It was our thing, my father’s and mine, I used to do sculptures for him, I remember doing a bird once when I was eight, and getting really upset I couldn’t get the wings right, but he hugged me and said anything I did would be perfect for him and that he loved it, and me.” Kara smiled at the memory. “I was going to go to the same art school he did. They really cared about me doing what I wanted before what I was meant to do. I was a lot like my father, but I always wanted to be like my mother. She defended people, protected them, brought bad things to justice. But last year I started finding things about them, bad things, and this year too. I found that my mother put good people away because they disagreed with her, she used
me to lure my aunt and she put my aunt away because she would have caused a scandal, she was in parts the reason why my aunt changed so much, hated me so much when I met her again. She lied to me, and she sent me away, left me alone, with a lie. And my father did terrible things with his science, things that should have never been done, things that hurt people, a lot of people.”

“A while ago I would have said that, as a scientist, I can’t blame anyone for giving life to their ideas, creating them before anyone else could, try to make sure it won’t be used the wrong way but ultimately giving people the power to chose how to use it.” Kara was about to protest but Lena continued. “That was before I knew what my mother was doing, all that my brother had done. You should be... Humane first, think of all the possibilities it could be used for, and if it can cause more harm than good, than you should destroy it, even if just the idea. Never make it, or make something that could help against it, in case it would ever be made. Otherwise, you’d just have to live with the guilt of knowing that all the bad ways it’s being used are because of you.”

“Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.”

“Exactly.”

“My parents were… I thought they could do no wrong. They taught me everything I knew, they taught me to be good and kind and just and to always be helpful, but they were extremely... Xenophobic. Turns out to them, only family mattered. Our kinsmen.”

“Oh,” Lena let out softly. “That explains a lot.”

“Explains what?”

“The way you are, with me sometimes. How you defended me and comforted me. It comes from personal experience.”

“It’s not… I know you are a good person Lena. It doesn’t matter what your family did, it doesn’t even matter what you think. What matters is what you did, and is doing. Being a good person doesn’t come naturally.”

“Not even to goody two shoes Danvers?”

“No. Being good is hard sometimes. But being good isn’t about what you think or what you feel or who you are. It’s about what you do, about your choices, what you choose to do despite your feelings because it’s the right thing to do.” Kara paused, took a deep breath and looked at Lena. “Like you did with your mother,” she added. “And you are so good, Lena, you are doing amazing things to give back for what your family has done.”

Lena laughed. “I’m the good one? Kara, you’re practically a saint. I came here to comfort you because you were alone and sad, and here you are making me feel better about myself.”

Kara smiled at her. “We’re having a conversation. I know you’re not familiar with human interaction, but these things usually go both ways.”

Lena gasped exaggeratedly. “Okay, I see how it is. And here I was being nice to you.” She got up and turned to look at Kara. “You can cry yourself to sleep… or drown in your own tears,” she said feigning offense. She started walking towards the door.

Kara squealed and grabbed Lena’s wrist. “No wait, don’t leave me.”

*Low blow, Danvers,* Lena thought and turned around to find Kara pouting at her.
“Pleeease,” Kara added.

Lena rolled her eyes and sank back into the couch with a sigh. “You’re the worst.”

Kara smiled cutely.

“Since it’s your birthday, I’ll let you choose a movie for us to watch.”

Kara giggled. “You always let me pick the movie.”


“Are you sure, though?” Kara asked. “You seem tired. You don’t have to stay, you’ve already done so much. I don’t want to keep you from your rest yet again.” She smiled at Lena, but she was actually very concerned about this, she had spent most of the day after Lena left her apartment in the morning, worrying about Lena going to work without having enough sleep and all because of her, Lena was probably so tired by the end of the day and it was her fault.

Lena shook her head. “Don’t worry about me.” She covered her mouth with her hand as she yawned again. “Unless you want me to leave, I’m not going anywhere,” she insisted, and then she yawned again. “It’ll stop in a while.”

Kara smiled at how cute Lena looked, so young without any worries weighing her down, and so tiny in the too big hoodie that reached the tops of her thighs and covered her hands, yawning away as she promised she could stay awake. “If you insist.”

Surprising no one, Kara ended up picking a silly romantic comedy. One involving best friends being secretly in love with each other and dating other people and any resemblance to real events was merrily a coincidence. Not like it was a Freudian slip in form of movie choice. Or a foreshadow. No, it was a completely random choice, detached to any factor that might say otherwise.

Lena ended up falling asleep on Kara’s shoulder only 15 minutes into the movie and Kara would have laughed if she wasn’t afraid it’d wake Lena up. She let Lena sleep because Lena looked like she really needed to, but she did start feeling her heart swell and her stomach getting a funny feeling as sleeping Lena became a koala. Head tucked on Kara’s chest, arms wrapped tightly around Kara’s waist, both legs curled over and around one of Kara’s thighs, slipping between Kara’s knees.

Kara felt like a tree trunk, or maybe something more comfortable like a body pillow, simply a victim of Lena’s possessive sleep-cuddling. She wasn’t about to complain, it was adorable, but she feared that if she as much as breathed harder it would disturb Lena.

With Lena’s warmth against her and the sound of her heavy breathing so close, it wasn’t long until Kara herself dozed off.

The ending titles woke Kara up only long enough for her to turn off the TV and fly to bed, Lena still wrapped tightly around her.

Chapter End Notes

This was my first attempt at plot building, let's see how I handle that. You could say this is the calm before the storm... nothing too evil as the actual show, but we do need a little conflict for things to get interesting before we can enjoy a happy ending, which I
promise will come. This is fanfic after all. If I wanted an unsatisfying ending without gays, I'd just watch TV instead of writing.

Anyways, this is the only reasonable explanation I can think of for Alex's behavior regarding Mon-El.
No hate towards Alex though, please, still love her, questionable decisions and all.

I would like to keep the negativity off here, though, so if you want to complain about the show find me on Tumblr (myheartisbro-ken), although I have a feeling *wink wink* there won't be much complaints today, but I'd just like to keep the whole hate towards characters thing away from here unless it's about my story. I hope everyone understands :D

So yeah, thanks for reading. I'll be back. ... That sounds like a treat, lol. I promise next chapter will come, I just don't know when. Okay, bye!
In Which Lena Luthor Has An Affair

Chapter Summary

Lena Luthor has a celebrity status. She's a socialite, and she has a certain fame, one that she might not be too proud of. But being a Luthor means frequent apparitions on the news, be it serious or gossip. That can complicate things when it comes to personal relationships.

The aftermaths of Kara's Earth Birthday might not be the easiest for Lena's personal image, but she hopes that doesn't affect her's and Kara's friendship.

Lena tortures herself and suffers a little because of her feelings. Kara is still a little bit in denial, but is she really?

They are both idiots, is the final verdict. And it's clear to anyone but themselves.

Chapter Notes

So this is awkward... Just kidding. It's been a while. I said it would, but I still feel a little guilty, but like Hi!

Truly wanted to have posted this yesterday, but I got distracted and only finished it now.

I have reasons, but it's just me making excuses. There's school, apparently, you have to study for that. I know, it's a crazy concept. I will admit, that although this was indeed a little hard to write, I was procrastinating a lot and stalling writing this because I'm not really sure where to take this anymore. I had a plan but that doesn't work for me anymore, and I have to learn how to adapt to the living thing that is the narrative, know where to admit that the original idea doesn't fit. So this is me doing that. Also, this is my biggest chapter yet! I keep saying I can't top the last one, but then oops, I just wrote 20 pages.

Also, there are a few words said here in a different language that I will not translate right away because it's from the point of view of someone who doesn't know that language, so just to make it a little realistic, like those shows that don't have subtitles when the lack of understanding is relevant, which obviously it is here. It could even a little cute fun nod for those who do understand, not that I think that many people do, but who knows.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A sudden coldness roused Lena from her sleep.

She was alone in a bed that was not hers, not wearing her usual sleepwear, in a not dark enough
apartment. Excessive light pollution, noise, and cold wind entered from the too-large windows that were left open.

Even though she didn’t remember falling asleep the night before, and she certainly didn’t remember being in a bed, there was no denying where she was. She would recognize Kara’s smell anywhere, and she had never felt it as strong as from the pillows and blankets surrounding her, not even from the original source.

Burying her face in one of the pillows, Lena inhaled deeply, letting out a content sigh. Warm vanilla and honey with a hint of flowers and that thing she could never quite name that was so particularly Kara.

The last thing she remembered was watching a silly movie that had a far too familiar plot with Kara after pizza and cupcakes. Sharing a blanket with Kara. She had been too tired so she let her head fall to Kara’s shoulder and her heart didn’t even speed up when Kara wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer. She deemed that progress from her part. After that, everything was hazy. Kara must have carried her to bed.

Lena sighed again. *I wish I was awake for that*, she thought.

She had half a mind to get up and close the windows because even with her hoodie and the duvet she was still really cold with all the wind coming in, but she knew Kara would need them open to get back in.

It didn’t take long for Kara to come back, whooshing in through the window, cape flapping in the wind, the sound only slightly different and louder than the curtains.

Lena just closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep, hoping Kara didn’t notice.

A few seconds later, Kara was climbing back into bed and under the covers, close to Lena but not too close. Kara’s body heat radiated under the covers and Lena scooted closer, still pretending to be asleep. It was instinctual and only a matter of survival when she curled herself back against Kara, her head founding that spot on Kara’s shoulder that it always did.

Kara laughed quietly as she felt Lena’s cold nose against her collarbone and wrapped her arms around Lena, rubbing Lena’s back through the hoodie as Lena shivered a little. “I’m sorry I had to leave the window opened,” she whispered, touching her cheek to Lena’s head.

Lena fell back to sleep soon enough, but Kara stayed awake, listening to Lena’s heartbeat and breathing, feeling Lena’s body against hers, limbs wrapped tightly around her. *Cute little koala*, she thought with a smile.

---------

The next time Lena woke up was with the sun on her face and Kara’s arm pinning her down to the bed as the blonde slept soundly.

Waking up to the sight of a sleeping Kara, illuminated by the sunshine, on Kara’s bed was definitely a scenario from her dreams. Yet there she was, and there was Kara, in those silly pajamas, looking the cutest she had ever seen.

Lena felt her heart swelling with how much she felt for this precious angel of a person that went out of her way to make sure Lena felt happy, loved. Because that was what Lena felt when she was with...
Kara, she felt loved. No one in her life had ever made her feel that way, not like Kara did. Even if it was only platonic, Lena was beyond happy with that.

But Lena’s feelings were far from platonic, and she caught herself wondering how it would be to wake up next to Kara every day. To run her hands through Kara’s hair and place a kiss right under her ear, on her neck, shoulder. Lena’s entire body hummed at the thought of how Kara’s clearly muscular shoulder would feel under her hands and lips.

*Okay, Lena, that’s not the best line of thought to have right now,* she thought. She couldn’t let her mind wander into another daydream about Kara, about doing things with Kara, when Kara was right next to her, arm pressed firmly to the small of her back. Kara’s strong arm. The muscular forearm that flexed so deliciously with Kara’s movements…

Lena sighed, trying to will off the images of Kara’s arms, all the times her mind had cataloged of Kara’s arms making her hot. The delicate flex of the forearms as Kara, the more evident flex of the biceps as Supergirl in the skintight suit… Definitely not the most appropriate time to think of those.

Lena was convinced some force in the universe was against her when Kara’s arm moved against her, hand slipping under the hem of the hoodie that had ridden up to expose a sliver of her midriff. She felt Kara’s hot hand against her waist, shivering at the touch, and then she felt Kara’s entire arm tensely flexing as her hand gripped Lena’s shirt, and Lena was pulled closer to the warm body; Kara’s leg hooking between Lena’s.

Lena couldn’t move. Lena couldn’t breathe. Lena couldn’t think about anything but Kara’s leg against her leg, Kara’s arm wrapped possessively around her middle, skin against skin, Kara’s hot breath against the skin of her neck. She couldn’t remember exactly when or how her pants were taken off, although it wasn’t a big surprise since she hated sleeping with pants on, it wasn’t a great help for her situation. Feeling the texture of Kara’s pajamas against her skin, the soft skin of Kara’s leg and foot against her calf, none of that helped with stabilizing Lena’s breathing or the growing heat she felt.

She waited there in the bed looking at the beautiful face so close to hers, waited for Kara to wake up. For what felt like hours it was all Lena could do. *Wait.*

She needed to get to work and it would be extremely rude to leave the apartment before the owner woke up. But more urgently, Lena needed to pee and with Kara’s body pinning her to the bed, she could hardly move, let alone think about getting up.

After one particular heavy sigh from the sleeping blonde, the limbs trapping Lena loosened the grip ever so slightly, but it was enough for Lena to swiftly slip away and get up. She stepped on her pants as she stood up, and grabbed it before running the few steps to the bathroom.

Had Lena waited to see Kara’s reaction, she would have seen Kara’s face scrunching up at the loss, but she did hear the small whimper. Kara reached over to the recently vacant space in the bed, grasped at the sheets and groaned softly.

By the time Lena got back, Kara had shifted to a vertical position on the bed, her head now in the pillow Lena had used as she grasped it. The face that had once been so serene and content now contorted in a deep frown, hard lines creasing the soft skin of Kara’s forehead.

Without even thinking, Lena approached the bed and touched her fingers softly to Kara’s brow, the blonde’s face relaxed almost instantly and a small smile formed on her face.
Lena continued to stroke Kara’s face, sliding her hand down to touch Kara’s cheek with the pad of her thumb and the back of her fingers. Kara let out a cute little sigh and reached her hand out to Lena, grabbing a hold of the hoodie’s pocket and tightening her hand.

Lena chuckled softly. Against her better judgment, she leaned forward, lips almost touching Kara’s ear when she whispered. “Kara, you need to wake up. I have to go to work.”

But Kara’s response was to groan a “no” and tug Lena forward. Lena managed to hold herself on her hands as she fell forward, just barely, inches before she would have crashed into Kara.

Lena decided a few more minutes wouldn’t hurt. She climbed back in the bed carefully, sitting up against the pillows and Kara immediately pulled her closer wrapping her arms around Lena’s waist, head dropping to Lena’s leg. Lena was glad for the foreshadowing of putting her pants back on, having Kara’s cheek pressed against her thigh as she breathed softly against her bare skin would have ruined Lena forever, she was sure.

Watching Kara, Lena ran her hands through Kara’s hair, something she was quickly growing addicted to, and Kara practically purred on her lap.

“Lena,” Kara mumbled, and Lena almost thought she had woken up. “:Zrhueiao Lena. Shovuh,” she sighed with a serene smile, but then she frowned, almost as if displeased with what she said, not that it seemed to make sense to Lena. “Zha! Lena-te, zhashovuh! Lizrhom.”

Lena frowned, why would Kara be so adamant about her incoherent mumblings?

Unless

Lena gasped as realization hit her, her eyes nearly popping out. Kara was speaking her mother tongue. She was speaking Kryptonian.

“:Zhao!” Kara decided, she sounded determined, pleased even. “:Zhao w Lena. Zhi! :Zhao w rrip eh, Lena.”

It sounded serious, it sounded big. Lena felt her chest and throat tightening even if she didn’t understand the words. Kara’s tone was enough, even sleeping Kara sounded reverent. And Lena felt her breath coming a little bit harder to her. She watched as Kara smiled, snuggling closer to her stomach, face still pressed against her leg, and repeated the words, ‘:zhaodh khap w rrip eh, Lena’.

The rush of emotions Lena felt over hearing a handful of words she hadn’t a single clue what meant was a little overwhelming.

Again she waited. She sat there, stroking Kara’s hair, watching the blonde sleep peacefully against her leg, mumbling out-worldly words every once in a while.

Kara didn’t wake up any of the times Lena tried to talk to her, only answering her in mumbles or tightening of the arms around her waist or smiles. Yet when Lena heard an ambulance siren far away, Kara’s head shot up and her eyes opened abruptly.

Cocking her head to the side to listen better, Kara reminded Lena of a puppy, and she found it adorable.

After a few tense moments of listening in with a concentrated frown, Kara deemed the disturbance unworthy of super-assistance and relaxed. She turned her face back and her eyes met Lena. Blinking a few times, another puppy frown.
“Lena,” Kara whispered, her face twisting away the confusion to give place to a dopey grin.

“Hey,” Lena whispered back, smiling as well.

“You can still sleep,” Kara told her.

Lena almost laughed. “It’s fine, I’m good.”

Kara nodded and went back to sleep, her head back on Lena’s leg.

But Kara’s grip was loose this time, and she grumbled in her sleep and turned around, hugging her pillow instead.

Lena decided not to waste her limited freedom again. Some distance from Kara would do her good. All that closeness was getting her hopes up, messing up with her head, fueling her fantasies of waking up beside Kara every day.

She got up and made her way to where she remembered leaving her purse the night before. From her purse, she pulled her phone and her glasses. She had taken her contacts off when she changed, and she was glad she did because she was sure she wouldn’t have just woken up from her well-needed sleep just to take them off.

Glasses on, Lena texted Jess to let her know she’d probably be late to work and to push all her compromises for after lunch.

Lena had been to Kara’s apartment more than a few times, yet she had never really paid attention, always too busy looking at Kara. Were it not rude, she’d take her time to look around properly, inspect each family photo closely, each memento from Kara’s living room, the paintings…

But Lena settled for the book next to Kara’s TV; she grabbed it and sat crisscrossed on Kara’s couch, where she could directly see Kara as the blonde slept.

Looking down at the book in her lap, Lena almost laughed.

Romeo & Juliet.

She was certain now that fate was taunting her. It was the only explanation. There could not be that many references to unrequited or forbidden love in someone’s life.

Sure Romeo and Juliet wasn’t about unrequited love or being irrevocably in love with your best friend who happens to be a superhero. But it was about the connection between two people despite the deadly rivalry of their families. Nothing was more star-crossed than a Luthor and a Super, after all the brawl between their families the past few years, after Lex and Clark aka Superman, after Lillian and Cadmus and the entire alien population of National City.

Kara and Lena were the epitome of star-crossed. Yet Lena suffered in silence whilst Kara was oblivious to her pain, oblivious to her feelings.

Lena rolled her eyes as she opened the book. How had her life become such a cliché was beyond her, although she blamed it entirely on Kara’s big heart and her eagerness and kindness and her stupid perfect face, maybe even those amazing arms a little bit.

By the time she saw Kara start steering on the bed, Lena had read an entire act.

Finally, Kara woke up, she reached across the bed and grumbled when she found it empty and cold.
Lena laughed quietly at the confusion in Kara as she tried to wake up, and she watched as Kara’s head cocked to the side, surely picking up on the noise she made. Kara sat up and looked at Lena, blinking a few times.

Kara’s face split in a huge blinding smile then, looking at Lena as if she was the best sight to wake up to. The thought of it made Lena’s chest ache.

“Morning,” Lena quipped with a smile.

But Kara didn’t answer.

Instead, she stretched the sleep away, with the smile plastered on her face. The action causing her pajama top to ride up, revealing tight defined abs that had Lena swallowing hard, feeling the heat of waking up tangled with Kara coming back to her. Kara didn’t notice, she just got up and made her way to the bathroom.

As soon as the door closed Lena was shedding the hoodie, the heat almost suffocating her. She refrained from fanning herself, an accomplishment that went alongside with not drooling at the sight of Kara’s skin.

She was so concentrated in her breathing she didn’t notice Kara coming back.

Kara stopped in her tracks in the middle of her apartment, halfway towards the couch. The sight of Lena took her breath away, even more than normally. Lena in that oversized hoodie, sitting crisscrossed on Kara’s couch just after waking up, from sleeping on Kara’s own bed, with Kara in it. Lena’s hair was a disheveled array of dark curls, falling in ringlets all over her shoulders and around her face. A face that held large, thick-framed glasses. Every time Kara saw Lena she thought Lena couldn’t be more beautiful, and every time Lena proved her wrong, being even more beautiful than before. But Kara was definitely favoring comfortable Lena. Lena peacefully reading on her couch, with the softest of looks, the troubles of her busy life hadn’t caught up with her yet, it was stunning. She had never seen the glasses before, they made Lena look even cuter, and the hair was just magnificent, Kara wouldn’t mind seeing Lena like that more times, every day even.

But she couldn’t start thinking like that because it would only raise her hopes. She took a deep breath and decided to make herself known.

“I, uhm, I didn’t-didn’t know you wore g-glasses,” Kara stuttered. Very smooth, Kara.

Lena smirked, instead of an answer, she recited:

“She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

Kara grinned, brushing the last of her sleep from her eyes with the heel of her hand. She took a deep breath before starting in a slightly theatrical, yet still a little sleepy, voice:

“O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.”

Lena rose an eyebrow and made a gesture for Kara to go on.

Kara rolled her eyes with a laugh, yawned once and continued.

“Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.”

Wow, was all Lena could think of. The glaring similarities to their own names hung in the air, neither willing to mention. Impressed and very pleased, Lena decided to continue, a few lines ahead, to test and see if Kara could follow. She met Kara’s eyes and said:

“Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—”

And Kara didn’t miss a beat. Holding Lena’s gaze almost challengingly.

“O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.”

This time, different from the time with the music, Lena was more prepared for the shiver that passed through her and more attentive of Kara’s reaction.

“What shall I swear by?”

Kara hardly blinked, but she swallowed hard before continuing.

“Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.”

The air was charged, edging to uncomfortable, their eyes still locked.

Lena felt those words deep inside her, much more than just recited quotes from an old play, but almost as if they were true, she believed in them. And that’s when she knew she let it go too far, she was about to get hurt again, and she would not let it. She had to recover.

Clearing her throat, Lena forced her trademark smirk. “Yet I’m the nerd,” she teased.

Kara blushed a little and looked down at her feet. “Yeah, well,” she shrugged, “I like romance. Believe in it even.” Kara bit her bottom lip and looked back up at Lena. “How silly is that?”
Lena felt her breath being stolen away when Kara’s eyes met hers. “Not silly at all,” she whispered. She cleared her throat again, trying to remain in control of herself. “Yet tragedy might not be the best basis for romance, since they don’t really have happy endings.”

“It’s not about the ending,” Kara answered without a second thought, her voice soft and dreamy. “It’s about enjoying what you have, a once in a lifetime love, for as long as you can. It’s about the connection and the impact that brings on your life.”

Lena swallowed hard. “That’s... one way to look at it.”

Kara shrugged again. “Do you know what time it is?”

“Yeah, it’s past nine.”

“Already?” Kara screeched.

Lena had to hold back her laugh. Instead, she only nodded her answer.

“And you let me sleep this long?”

“I think you are highly underestimating the efforts needed to wake you.”

Kara blushed and rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly. “So you tried?”

Lena bit her lip as she nodded, laughing. “Oh yes, you were very... persistent. I got several different groans as responses, a few no’s of different lengths, you said I was pretty more than once -that was nice- mentioned you liked my voice and was very disappointed when you informed me clouds don’t actually taste like cotton candy,” Lena informed with amusement.

Kara covered her face with both hands. “Oh wow, that’s, that’s really embarrassing.”

Lena smiled at her. “I thought it was cute.”

Kara pulled her hands away and looked at Lena with wide eyes. “Oh, and I’m making you late for work. Oh my gosh! Lee, I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine, Kara. I am the boss, you know, I don’t have to answer to anyone,” Lena said with a laugh. “Don’t tell Jess I said that,” she added, making Kara giggle. “I’m more worried about you, though. I’m sure you don’t need to make Snapper hate you any more than he already does.”

Kara made a face that had the same effect of a shrug. “I’m not chasing any story right now, so I don’t really have to go in,” she explained. “I’m reducing our contact to a minimum so he doesn’t hate me so much.”

“That’s a great idea. I was starting to feel a little guilty, to be honest, I didn’t really want to wake you up; you seemed like you needed it as much as I did.”

“Yeah, you really passed out. I didn’t know you were such a cuddler,” Kara teased. “It was cute.”

“Says the woman who practically held me hostage in her sleep.”

“What?!?”

“Seriously, Kara. I couldn’t move, every time I tried to wake you up you just held me tighter.”

Kara blushed. “Yeah, you know how much I like hugging.”
“It’s quite alright, darling. You are very comfortable.”

Kara blushed harder. “Uhm, thank you. So are-so are you.”

“That’s a compliment I’ve never received before.”

Kara smiled and scratched the back of her neck. “Do you… do you want me to make you some coffee?” She offered.

Lena practically winced at the thought. “As much as I adore you, Kara, I really don’t trust you anywhere near a kitchen.” She laughed lightly at her own joke. “Why don’t we go out for brunch or something?”

Kara nodded. “That sounds great, actually. Do you want to take a shower first?”

Lena raised an eyebrow at that. “Are you saying I smell bad?”

“What?” Kara shrieked, eyes widening comically. “No! I just… I mean… I- you’re messing with me again, aren’t you?”

Lena grinned. “I am. It’s so fun.”

Kara rolled her eyes. “Well, you can take a shower if you want. I hope my bathroom is up to your standards, though, Ms. Luthor.”

“Funny,” Lena said flatly, rolling her eyes. “I’ll try not to get hives from your poor people’s shower.”

Kara scrunched up her nose. “Yeah, I deserved that.”

-------

Kara tried not to listen, she really did, but she couldn’t control it.

She couldn’t stop thinking about Lena. Lena who was showering in her bathroom, just a thin wall away. Showering meant naked Lena, naked and wet. Lena was naked and wet in Kara’s apartment, merely a wall away.

It was hardly Kara’s fault that she couldn’t think of anything else.

Kara’s hearing was directly connected to her concentration, if she couldn’t concentrate she’d either be hearing everything or just that one thing that was pulling her focus and sadly for Kara, this time was the latter.

She had turned away from the wall, but she could still hear everything.

Lena’s clothes sliding off of her, falling to the floor, Lena stepping in the shower, the water falling on Lena’s body, soaped hands gliding over wet skin, fingers massaging scalp-

It was too much.

Kara decided to get dressed to distract herself. But getting dressed when one has superspeed only took half a second so it didn’t really work.

She just sat down awkwardly on her sofa and waited for Lena to be over, trying with all her strength
Lena felt weird.

Taking a shower at Kara’s after literally sleeping on Kara’s bed, with Kara, Kara who cuddled her and talked about her in her sleep, and held on tighter every time she tried to get away.

Kara who was her friend, and that’s a thing friends do, they crash at each other’s places and share beds and take showers while the other is in the same house and they even see each other changing sometimes-

No, Lena was definitely not ready for that.

Except once she thought about it, she could not unthink it.

She imagined what it would be like to shower with Kara.

What if Kara just burst in, took her clothes off, hopped in the shower with Lena, and kissed Lena senselessly.

Jesus, Lena, she mentally scolded herself, get a fucking grip. You’re not some horny pubescent boy. You’re better than this. And you can still be friends with Kara without making it weird because you are an adult.

But once Lena got out of the shower, dressed for the day and smelling like Kara’s honey soap, and the vanilla body wash, and whatever it was that shampoo that she knew would just make her hair look terrible before the end of the day… Maybe that’s the part of Kara’s smell I could never quite get, the flowery shampoo. Or maybe it just comes from the fact that she flies, that could be how the clouds smell… Focus Lena!

Once she got out of the bathroom and she saw Kara standing there in the middle of the apartment with the biggest of smiles and the sun shining behind her through the huge window, she couldn’t think of anything but how in love she was with that magnificent dork.

“No hives so far,” Lena joked, years of conditioning made her keep her cool, even if she felt awkward inside.

But Kara laughed, harder and for longer than that bad joke deserved.

“Are you ready to go? Because I’m absolutely starving!”

Lena smiled fondly. “When are you not hungry?”

Kara nodded. “That’s a fair point.”

Something white caught Lena’s eye and she looked over Kara’s recently made bed to find the stuffed toy she had gifted Kara on their first da… not a date. That was not a date, Lena had to stop referring to them as dates.

“Hey,” she said softly as she approached the bed. “You kept it.” She picked the toy up and hugged it to her chest, it smelled like Kara, like everything else in that apartment, and she felt the urge to take it back home with her so she could sleep with Kara’s smell every day. The hoodie was highly
inconvenient to sleep on every day as it gave her a suffocating feeling.

Kara looked at her puzzled. “Of course I kept it, Lee. Did you think I was going to throw it away or something?” She sounded a little offended.

Lena shook her head, still hugging the BB-8. “I just hadn’t seen it since that night.”

“Oh.” Kara smiled. “Well, it sleeps with me every day. Best cuddle buddy…” she paused to correct herself, “second best, actually, we can’t forget the koala sleeper now, can we?” she teased and Lena felt herself blushing. “Now enough robot cuddles, I’m going to pass out if I don’t get food,” Kara insisted.

After gathering her things, Lena followed Kara out. The blonde chattered excitedly about this place she liked to eat called Noonan’s on the way down, with hardly a care in the word.

In all fairness, it was easier for Kara to talk about food than to think about her current situation and she didn’t want Lena to feel awkward around her, like she knew Lena would if she found out about Kara’s… thoughts regarding her.

“Seriously, Lee, you’re going to love Noonan’s. It’s hard not to. It’s possibly my favorite place… I mean, if you don’t mind eating there instead of our usual place,” Kara added hesitantly.

“It’s fine Kara, don’t worry, what’s one more day of terrible eating habits anyway, right?” Lena joked.

Kara’s eyes went wide and she paused just before leaving the building, looking mortified at Lena. “Oh my gosh, Lee!”

Lena laughed. “Relax, Kara, I’m teasing you,” she assured. “Although it’s not really a lie, you are awful for my diet. Terrible influence.”

“Maybe you’re just too easily influenced,” Kara grinned.

By you, yes, Lena thought before shaking her head. “Yeah, totally, my board members love that about me,” she joked with a hint of sarcasm.

Once more Kara laughed a little too exaggeratedly at something not all that funny Lena said, right as they were stepping out of the building.

Kara went about her way like normal, but when she saw Lena turning to the left instead of the right, Kara grabbed her hand.

Lena gasped at the contact, it was barely noticeable, but she squeezed Kara’s hand anyways. She felt her entire body buzzing with the contact. Such a simple gesture and a lot less physical than what had happened in Kara’s bed, and Kara’s overall touchiness, but it meant so much for Lena who craved a special kind of affection.

And then her heart ached for a second, as she thought about how she longed for that to mean more for Kara as well. More than just Kara being friendly and steering her in the right direction. More than just Kara being Kara, who Lena had noticed was a little touch-starved and had little boundaries when it came to friends. But that was all that was, and it hurt Lena a lot more than she imagined it would, to simply hold Kara’s hand.

“Where are you going, Lee? It’s that way,” Kara said tugging Lena by the hand.
“Yeah, but I drove here,” Lena explained. “My car is that way.” She pointed to her car.

“Oh! Okay.”

Kara let herself be tugged by Lena towards the very expensive car that clearly didn’t fit the profile of her neighborhood.

When their hands disconnected, both of them felt the loss of it, missed the contact, but neither mentioned it. Lena set her jaw and swallowed, whilst Kara had to concentrate not to pout.

The drive was quick, with Kara giving Lena directions while she chattered about… Lena wasn’t sure what exactly she was talking about, for the first time in as long as they were friends, Lena knowingly didn’t pay attention to Kara. She tuned out Kara’s words as she tried to force herself to feel less like she was driving to a morning-after breakfast date. It was just sharing a meal with Kara, and they did that almost every day, and it wasn’t like they had done anything. Lena just fell asleep on Kara, and woke up in Kara’s bed and curled up and cuddled with Kara the entire morning… that was nothing; friends share beds all the time.

It was purely platonic bed sharing.

------

Lena watched as Kara excitedly took a bite of the cinnamon roll and her face fell while she chewed, a frown forming.

“What’s wrong?” Lena asked puzzled.

“You ruined it,” Kara grumbled.

Lena felt her blood turn cold, her heart beating harder against her ribcage, her breath becoming labored; panic started rising within her. What had she done wrong? What did she ruin this time? She thought everything was fine, she didn’t remember anything going wrong that morning, but clearly, she was mistaken.

She was trying to formulate an apology to Kara to whatever it was she did and ask Kara not to hate her forever and to keep being her friend when Kara spoke again.

“This was my favorite cinnamon roll. Keyword on was, because you just had to be your amazing self and be the best at everything you do. Now it’s ruined, all cinnamon rolls are ruined for me. I can never eat another one without thinking ‘Lena’s is so much better’, so you’ll just have to keep making them to me to make it up.” Kara had a fake serious frown with just a little hint of a pout and it was the most adorable thing, and then she flashed Lena a smile.

Lena laughed as she felt the relief washing over her, her freak out seeming pathetic now. How could she even think Kara would hate her?

Kara must have noticed her tension though, because her smile fell and she frowned again.

“Are you okay?”

Lena hummed her answer as she nodded, not confident enough that her voice would not betray her. Kara would notice her lie in a second. Before Kara could press further, Lena started eating, knowing Kara would drop the questions as she ate.

Soon enough the food was over and it was time to part ways. Lena had been dreading that moment,
Kara was like her own personal drug, the more she got the more she craved. The more she spent time with Kara the more she wanted to spend time with Kara. It was a vicious cycle, one that Lena selfishly indulged herself of. Constantly.

They had spent the morning together, mostly in Kara’s bed, yet all Lena wanted to do was spend the rest of the day with Kara. The rest of her life, if she was being honest.

But she had a company to run. And Kara had a city to save, and a job to keep. So they both had got to be going on their ways.

Still, Lena stalled the separation for as long as she could. She decided to walk Kara out, and then walk some more, she should stop, but Kara’s hand was on hers again and she couldn’t think.

Until suddenly they stopped.

Kara turned to look at Lena, smiling that stupidly pretty smile of hers, and insisted that she could not keep Lena away from her work any longer, that she was being selfish for keeping Lena to herself when the rest of the world needed her.

_The rest of the world is not you_, Lena thought, _no one is more important than you._

“The world can still spin without me,” Lena tried to joke, it was the wrong move though.

Kara looked into her eyes, blue eyes shining so intensely Lena felt dizzy. “I don’t believe it can,” she said softly, and Lena felt it like a punch in her chest.

“Then I should probably go,” Lena whispered. “If I’m so important.”

Kara nodded, eyes not leaving hers.

Lena looked from Kara’s eyes to Kara’s lips, biting down on her bottom lip, Kara’s eyes followed the movement and she looked as hypnotized as Lena felt. She imagined Kara’s lips were soft and warm and tasted like sugar, cinnamon, and the strawberry ChapStick the blonde was so fond of. It would be so easy for Lena to just lean in and kiss her.

But she couldn’t. She wouldn’t.

Kara was struggling for that very same reason; her friend had kissed her without consent and then confessed having feelings for her. Lena wouldn’t be selfish to the point of doubling Kara’s struggle by repeating Mike The Jerk’s actions. That would only cause Kara more pain and that was the last thing Lena wanted to do.

She settled for a cheek kiss.

Before the tension got too strong for Lena to take it, before she convinced herself to do something stupid, Lena leaned in, turning her head the few inches left at the last moment, teasing herself and prolonging her torture, and pressed her lips firmly to Kara’s cheek.

Kara’s heart skipped a beat or two, with Lena so close, her perfume so strong mixed with Kara’s own scent, much like her presence, burning on Kara’s senses. Kara didn’t know whether to feel disappointed or relieved.

Lena was just so close Kara couldn’t think right, and she kept looking at Kara’s lips, this time even
more intensely than normal and Kara could practically see and feel the desire oozing off of her. Or maybe she was just projecting.

Why would Lena Luthor, aka the most beautiful creature Kara had ever seen in any of the 13 planets she had been to, why would Lena feel anything for Kara? Why would Lena desire Kara? Dorky awkward Kara who stumbled on her feet and her words and couldn’t take Lena’s innuendos without blushing. There was no way Lena, who could have literally anyone she wanted, man or woman, would be attracted to her dorky friend.

Projecting what, though? The only reason Kara was affected by it was due to how close they were, nothing else.

But Lena almost kissed her, and seemingly backed away at the last moment. That stung, it felt like a rejection of some sort, as if Lena was considering Kara as suitable for her but changed her mind before it was too late. Suitable? Why did she care? She didn’t. It’s not like she liked Lena like that. Not that there was anything wrong with Lena, if anything there were things wrong with Kara. But she did not like her friend that way, romantically, sexually… And even if she did, Kara wouldn’t put that burden on Lena’s shoulders, she was struggling a lot with the Mon-El situation, she had been in that situation with Winn, she didn’t want Lena to go through that. That self-guessing everything she ever did, trying to remember if she was misleading in any way.

Kara’s mind processed things like this:

*By Rao, she’s so beautiful.*

*Her eyes are so green. But they look a little blue. And gray.*

*How can someone be so beautiful?*

*Her jaw, her cheekbones, her eyebrows, her lips.*

*It’s as if Aphrodite herself made her.*

*Oh my Rao she’s going to kiss me.*

*Oh, *sigh* she’s *not* kissing me. *But she* is kissing me.*

Any actual coherent thought Kara could make, however, was wiped away by Lena’s soft lips pressing steadfastly against her cheek. The warmth of her skin, the soft breeze that was her breathing, the stick of the lipstick against Kara’s skin, the way she smelled, her presence, her aura. Everything was another drop on the already full cup Kara had with her.

Kara reveled in the feeling of Lena’s lips lingering on her skin. Air was coming hard for both of them. By the time Lena pulled back, Kara was already a mess.

“Good morning Kara,” Lena said almost whispering. “I’ll see you later.”

And she was gone, leaving a dumbstruck Kara behind to blindly touch her fingertips to her cheek where a mark of red lipstick was bound to be.

Oblivious to the camera, once again.
Monday morning had Lena waking up with a good morning message from Kara filled with cute emoji’s of rainbow lollipops, ice cream cones, donuts, blushing smiles, that dorky one with the glasses that Lena said once they reminded her of Kara, and several kisses with hearts.

Kara probably didn’t think anything of it, it was just Kara being Kara, but to Lena, that silly array of phone symbols had her grinning at her phone like a little girl. They had her heart fluttering nicely, warmth spreading through her chest. She sent her answer in a similar fashion, and went about her morning process with an extra perk in her, a smile plastered on her face.

She was still in a great mood when she got to work. Still smiling like a fool, a smile so rare the employees that passed her looked at her shocked. She felt giddy, like a schoolgirl with a crush, and in a way, she supposed she really was. The great mood was about to get shattered when she got to her floor.

She passed Jess’s desk smiling, greeting her with a warm “Good morning, Jess.” But Jess’s response was to look at her with wide eyes as if she had gone crazy.

The secretary got up as Lena passed.

“Ms. Luthor,” Jess said as she followed Lena towards her office. “There’s something you need to see.”

Lena continued her way towards her office. “And what would that be?”

Jess didn’t respond.

Lena frowned at that but only stopped when she reached the coat hanger, placing her jacket and purse there before turning around to face her secretary.

Jess had closed her office’s door and was looking at her nervously, clutching a tablet to her chest, almost as if scared of the reaction Lena was bound to have towards the information she had.

“Jess, what’s wrong?” Lena asked, her frown deepening in concern.

“You might want to sit down, ma’am,” Jess told her carefully.

Lena let out a quick laugh. “Is it that bad?

“Ma’am,” Jess said in a serious tone, almost warning.

“Okay, I’m sitting.” Lena put up her hands in surrender as she walked to her desk and sat down. “There, I’m seated. Now tell me.”

Jess frowned, a little apprehensive, and placed the tablet on Lena’s desk.

It was open on a news article. The Daily Star. The dumb tabloid that followed her around on her college years and gave her a fame of a thoughtless party girl that slept with everyone she met, it was the tabloid that leaked her-

“’Sleepover: Lena Luthor’s sexcapades’?” Lena read exasperated. Right under the headline, there was a picture of Lena leaving Kara’s building with Kara the morning after Kara’s birthday. “Days
away from her infamous mother’s court trial, the CEO of L-Corp was spotted leaving an apartment building at Clinton Street in midtown National City, at 9.45am last Friday morning, carrying an overnight bag, sharing smiles and holding hands with a mysterious blonde. The pair got into Luthor’s pricey car and was spotted not long after having coffee at a restaurant called Noonan’s, where the two parted with a kiss.

Source says the 29-year-old heiress arrived the night before just after 9.30pm, with a bright pink box, the pair had been spotted earlier that day having lunch at a recently opened Chinese restaurant, looking very smitten with each other.

It wasn’t the first time the youngest Luthor was seen in the neighborhood. According to sources, the beauty had been paying visits to the same building frequently for the past few months, all in the after hours, including last week, when Lena was seen hurrying inside at 4.15am while on the phone, wearing sweatpants and an oversized hoodie to match her distraught look, only to leave later at 7am wearing the same unplanned outfit.

Reliving her old Casanova days, or is little Luthor ready to shack up?”’ Lena finished reading with a frown and a growing irritation. Throughout the article more pictures of Lena and Kara, entering Lena’s car, having breakfast at Noonan’s and then Lena kissing Kara goodbye, having lunch the day before, as well as some of Lena alone, on the morning of the nightmare leaving the building, the night of the birthday going in, and a few of her in events for the company. “Who writes this crap?” She almost yelled. She checked the byline, Linda Lake. Of course. “That wretched woman,” Lena spat in rage. Lake was the reporter responsible for outing Lena, exposing many of her rendezvous, contributing with Lena’s party girl fame with many articles about her clubbing, and leaking Lena’s-

“I’m so sorry ma’am,” Jess said softly, pulling Lena out of her thoughts.

“Oh god, Jess, what am I gonna tell Kara?” Lena asked with widened eyes. How could she have been so careless? She was getting too comfortable in National City without that kind of attention; the only articles written about her so far had been Kara’s and the ones involving her mother being spotted in National City for a ‘family reunion’ and then being arrested.

“I’m sure Ms. Danvers will understand,” Jess assured.

Lena huffed. “Yes, well, Kara is a saint.”

Jess smiled at her boss, the way Lena’s face softened at the mention of Kara. “Is there anything I can do for you, Ms. Luthor?”

“No. Thank you, Jess, that will be all for now,” Lena tells her with a small smile. “Thank you for showing this to me.”

When Jess left her office, Lena groaned loudly and dropped her head to the desk. After a long moment trying to calm herself, Lena stood up and got herself a glass of water.

She considered what to do for a while but eventually decided to send Kara a text asking to meet her at her office and bring food of her preference.

-------

“So, I didn’t know what you wanted to eat so I went with the bold choice of getting us burgers and fries and milkshakes, because I kind of felt like it, but if you don’t want that I also got you that salad you like with cheese and croutons,” Kara announced as she entered Lena’s office with no warning.
Lena chuckled at Kara’s lack of greeting. “Burgers and milkshakes sound fantastic, even if you are the culprit of my diet being ruined.”

Kara smiled as she placed the brown paper bags on the coffee table. “I think you’ll live.”

“Yeah. And I did ask you to pick the food, so technically it’s my fault.” Lena shrugged.

“Ha!”

Lena laughed at Kara’s cute reaction. “Actually, Kara, there’s something I need to show you before we eat,” Lena said in a more serious tone, rubbing her fingers on the side of her neck.

Kara frowned. “Is it serious?” She walked to Lena’s desk and sat across from her.

“In a way. It’s not bad, but it can be a little annoying. It’ll probably die down soon enough, but I just wanted to let you know so you don’t get caught by surprise if it gets worse.”

“Lena, you’re worrying me,” Kara said slowly.

Lena took a deep breath and pushed the tablet towards Kara. “Please don’t be mad,” she whispered, more like a prayer, but of course Kara heard her.

Lena watched carefully as Kara read the article with an unreadable expression.

When Lena started getting anxious and afraid Kara was going to react badly, Kara looked up at her.

“I’m sorry Lena,” Kara said softly.

Lena’s eyebrows shot up to her hairline. “Pardon?”

Kara had a disturbed frown on her face, but it didn’t look angry, more importantly, she didn’t look to be angry at Lena. “I’m so sorry you get your life exposed like that. This is a total invasion of privacy. It’s disrespectful. I’m so sorry for putting you in a position like that.”

Lena couldn’t hold back the small laugh that escaped her. “Kara, it’s not your fault. You didn’t write the article… honestly, you write so much better than this.”

“Yes, but you were photographed around my building because of me, and now people are saying rude things about you because of that.”

Yeah, those. Lena had learned a long time ago not to ever read the comment section.

She laughed louder this time.

“Why are you laughing?” Kara asked with a little frown, dropping her head to the side like a puppy, the action entirely too adorable for Lena to take it.

“Because you’re too cute,” Lena said with a smile. Kara blushed. “Kara, the reason I was spotted entering and leaving your building is that you’re my friend. And it’s completely my fault for being careless, I should have expected it but I got too comfortable being away from the craziness of Metropolis. Do you want me to stop coming over?”

“No!” Kara’s answer came too quickly and she blushed and hid her red cheeks with her fingers. “I mean, no. No, I don’t want you to stop- I don’t want to stop hanging out with you, Lee, you’re my best friend. But I feel bad for putting you in the spotlight like this.”
“Oh, trust me, I had worse,” Lena laughed. “But this is why I asked you to come over; we need to talk about this. Obviously, we’re not going to stop being friends because of a silly sensationalist article. And I would like if we didn’t change anything, if that’s okay with you,” Kara nodded vigorously and Lena smiled fondly. “But you need to be aware that if we’re going to continue having brunch or lunch regularly or anything else in public, and continue to visit each other at work or home, there are going to be people following us around trying to get information about ‘the mysterious blonde’ I’m seducing.” Lena threw Kara a salacious grin, raising her eyebrows for effect, and the blonde blushed even more deeply than before. She became serious once more. “And they will, eventually, find out who you are. Are you prepared for that?”

“I don’t care about any of that,” Kara said, her face contorting to an expression of stubbornness and determination. “I would hate for things to change between us because some bored reporters decided to follow you around.”

“Oh, yes, reporters are the worst,” Lena teased.

Kara smiled. “They are sooo annoying.”

“I’m sure you’re the only reporter I don’t hate, darling.”

Kara beamed at her. “Who wrote this anyway?”

“Linda Lake.”

Kara groaned and rolled her eyes. “Ugh, she’s the worse. Ms. Grant hates her and her lack of journalistic integrity.”

“You know you’re bad if Cat Grant hates you and your lack of integrity,” Lena laughed.

“Rude, but true,” Kara agreed. “Did you know she had a section on her blog entirely dedicated to leaking celebrities’ sex tapes?”

Lena let out a dry laugh. “Oh, I know.”

Kara didn’t understand Lena’s tone very well, but she didn’t comment on it. “So we’re good?”

“Are we?” Lena asked back.

Kara smiled reassuringly and nodded. “We’re good.” Lena sighed in relief. “But I’m starving, so if don’t mind moving this to the couch; that would be great.”

Lena laughed at Kara as she got up from her desk chair. “Lead the way, mysterious blonde,” she teased.

Kara laughed as well and they walked the few steps towards the couch. “That’s probably the first time I’m called mysterious, like ever.” Second, if she was being honest, but Lena didn’t need to know about the time she carried a plane on her back while wearing her best date clothes.

“How I don’t doubt that.”

“Hey!”
“So you’re dating Lena?”

Kara nearly fell off her chair, spinning around to face Winn.

How the hell did Winn sneak up on her?

Oh, right, she was distracted thinking about Lena. Shocking.

“W-w-wha-what are you doing here?” Kara stuttered, trying to smile at her friend.

Winn shrugged. “I could lie and said I came to talk to James and saw you, but I think we are above that.”

Kara rolled her eyes. Winn looked at her impatiently and pulled her by the arm.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Balcony,” Winn said simply as he continued to lead Kara around CatCo. They both knew very well she was letting him.

He took her to the balcony that used to be Lucy’s favorite, the one where Winn told Kara about his father.

“So I came across something and I wanted to let you know before Alex finds out so you’d be prepared,” Winn told her.

Kara sighed. “This is about the article right? On The Daily Star?”

“Yes. How do you know?”

“Lena showed it to me. She was very distraught about it.”

Winn nodded. “Okay, so I don’t need to tell you this will not sit well with Alex.” Kara grimaced. “I know you guys are not on the best terms right now, despite Alex insisting that everything is fine, and I know it’s because of Lena—” He regretted his words as soon as he said it. The glare Kara gave him was more frightening than anything Alex ever did. He stepped back instinctively.

“That is entirely on Alex treating me like a little kid who can’t defend herself and being rude and implying things about my friend,” Kara barked. “It is not Lena’s fault, Lena didn’t do anything wrong, and all of you should stop acting like she did.”

“Okay, Kara, Kara, hey,” Winn said putting his hands up defensively. “I know. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. I meant you guys are not doing great because of the Lena thing, not because of Lena. Sorry I expressed badly.”

Kara relaxed. “Yeah. Alex is being extra stubborn lately.”

Winn raised his eyebrows at her but decided not to comment. “Okay, so… Are you?”

“Am I what?”

“Dating Lena,” Winn insisted.

“Whaaaaat? No. Pfft. Lena is my friend. We’re friends. That’s—that’s all, we’re just… friends.”
Winn just stared at Kara with wide eyes as she went on full Awkward! Kara mode, stuttering and shrieking like the mess she was.

“O-kaay!” He said slowly, pressing his lips together as he nodded, to stop himself from speaking any further. This was like James all over again. How the hell did he always get himself into this kind of shit? “You know you could tell me, right? Cuz’ we’re friends, Kara. You’re my best friend. My buddy. And I know a thing or two about being judged because of your family, so I wouldn’t.”

“You have before though,” Kara pointed out.

“Yeah, I was also in love with you, so clearly my past should not be the basis for anything,” he joked.

Kara laughed. Finally. “I’m not dating Lena,” she said truthfully, awkwardness and defensiveness gone from her voice.

“Okay, I believe you,” he told her. “Do you want to, though?” He teased.

Kara rolled her eyes at that. She couldn’t tell him how her heart did weird things at the slightest mention of Lena, and how she thought about Lena constantly during her days and worried if she was happy, and how her entire body felt like lighting up whenever Lena touched her, and she felt like she was flying close to the sun in Lena’s presence. Not the bad close to the sun, like Icarus falling to his death, but the good kind, the Kryptonian metabolism being reinvigorated by the yellow sun kind.

“Got it, not the point.” Winn nodded to himself. “The thing is, Kara, I got that because I have a facial recognition program on my personal devices that warns me whenever your face pops up – you do not wanna get on some parts of Twitter or Tumblr – so the DEO doesn’t know yet, and I came to warn you that when they do, it’s not gonna look good.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means the Maid of Might should not be on the tabloids and J’onn is going to be pissed about your exposure,” Winn hissed.

“Oh.”

“Yes ‘Oh’,” Winn sighed. “There’s going to be an HR storm, it’s coming, Kara, I can tell. J’onn is going to be very mad at this, and Alex is going to be beyond livid because she has twice the reason to.” Kara opened her mouth to argue but he cut her off. “I know her reasons are not all that great, but that doesn’t deny the fact that she is going to be pissed you let yourself be photographed by a paparazzi while being Kara and with Lena. That will not help your case in the silence not-fight you guys are having.”

Kara slumped a little, letting her head hang a little. “You’re right. I shouldn’t have been so careless, I guess I just never realized Lena would be a target to the tabloids. I mean, I know she’s a Luthor, I know she’s a CEO and all, but I don’t know, I just see her as Lena, you know,” she shrugged, “my Lena.” Lena-te, she thought with a small smile, even if she shouldn’t be thinking of Lena in such a possessive connotation.

Winn let out a snigger. “Are you serious? Lena was like a character from Gossip Girl or something. Metropolis’ number one socialite to be followed. She had some wild partying days, and a serious player reputation,” he told her.

“Player of what, Winn?” Kara asked, both parts annoyed and confused.
“You know,” he said wiggling his shoulders. “A ‘playah’, a stud, a… what’s the female word for that?” He frowned in thought but then shrugged. “Anyways, she was mixed in so many rumors and scandals, she even was said to be the cause of at least three divorces. Not to mention the leaked photos and the uhmm…” he paused then, his cheeks flushing, he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. “The tape.”

Kara was shocked by the new information. Not so much by the fact that Winn knew all of that, he was always in on all of the office gossip when he worked at CatCo.

But how did she not know this? And also how could this be? Her Lena, who was genuinely the most caring person she’d ever met, the most attentive and sweet friend. Lena who was amazing at baking and cooking and who had a favorite classical composer for every musical movement. Lena who got excited over the prospect of new science or just talking science in general much like Winn. Lena who cried watching Titanic more than Kara did. Lena who’s favorite movie was Star Wars and who discussed theories with Kara to distract her from the planets destructions during the movies because she knew Kara was sensitive with explosions. Lena who was an absolute dork, the biggest nerd and yet the most sophisticated person she’d ever known. She couldn’t believe her Lena had a fame like that.

“What… what tape?” Kara asked with a frown, a little bit scared of the answer, but too intrigued to let it pass.

“You know,” Winn insisted. “The kind of tape that gets leaked…” He looked at her expectantly until she got it. He could actually see it on Kara’s face as it clicked.

“Noooo.”

“Yes. I-I could find it for you if you, if you want- not that you would want. O-o-or that I-I, uhm, think y-you’d watch that. But you know, I can-could-would… I, uhm, totally don’t know where to find that kind of stuff, but like, I could… find it, I mean, because I’m-I’m-I’m… good… with com-pu-ters…” He stammered awkwardly. “It’s a really good tape,” he squealed, his voice cracking weirdly and his face and neck burned.

“WINN!” Kara shrieked scandalized.

“N-not that I would know of that,” he was quick to correct, shaking his head vigorously.

“I can’t believe- Tha-that’s… no. Can we just… never talk about this, ever again?”

“Never!” Winn agreed quickly.

“So what’s the plan?” Kara asked.

“What plan?”

Kara rolled her eyes. “Why did you come here, Winn?”

“Oh, right. Yeah, sure. For now, all we can do is monitor your mentions,” he told her. “They haven’t found out who you are yet, but the internet kind of exploded a little bit. Like, Lena is trending, top 5 on National City, and everyone wants to know who the ‘mysterious blonde’ is.” He did air quotes for emphasis. “But I have your name tracked, soooo the moment they find out, we’ll know. So we’ll just have to pray no one recognizes you without the cape, if they do we can make a big deal out of shifting the attention. Like have J’onn save you as… you, and make sure it’s seen. That kind of stuff.”
“Okay, cool. Cool, cool, cool. Smart,” Kara muttered under her breath.

He shrugged again, with a hint of a smirk playing on his face. “Yeah, I usually am.”

“Thanks for coming, Winn, for telling me.” She smiled at him. “You’re the best buddy I could ask for.

He smiled at her. “Yeah, always.” He raised his hand for a high-five and she laughed before complying.

“Alex is going to be a nightmare though.”

“I could try to stall her finding out,” he offered.

“Yeah, but she’ll find out anyway.” Kara grimaced at the thought. “Hey, have you had lunch? It’s time for my break,” she said looking at her watch.

Winn smiled even brighter. “Lunch sounds great about now!”

They walked back to the bullpen to gather Kara’s things.

And suddenly Winn noticed Kara freezing and straightening her back, looking like a puppy that heard someone outside.


But Kara didn’t answer, instead, she just started smiling in a way Winn had never seen before. The cause of the smile was evident and clear as day when it walked through CatCo’s bullpen in designer shoes and clothes like it owned the place. It being her, and her being Lena Luthor.

“You are so wiped,” he laughed to Kara in a low voice and she shushed him, with an elbow to his side, gently for her but he groaned in pain.

“Kara,” Lena’s voice called and Winn watched Kara perk up even more, it looked as if her whole body was being illuminated.

Oh boy, this is worse than James, Winn thought.

“Lena!” Kara answered, with a shining smile as she turned to look at Lena, her tone was delighted. “Did we have lunch plans?”

Winn watched the way they both leaned towards each other without even noticing, and how they looked and smiled at each other as if no one else in the entire floor existed or mattered.

“No, I actually came to ask you something,” Lena said, casually reaching to fix Kara’s shirt. “Big something?” Kara asked.

Lena hummed as she distracted herself with Kara’s collar. “My mother’s trial was scheduled,” she said without looking at Kara. “And I’m going to give a deposition.” She bit her lip and looked up to meet Kara’s eyes hesitantly. “Would you come with me?” She asked softly. “I didn’t want to be alone in the courthouse.”

Kara smiled at her. “Of course I will come, silly.”

Lena looked relieved, and a smile formed. “Great! Since you mentioned lunch, are you free?”
“Yes!” Kara answered instantaneously. Winn cleared his throat next to her. “Oh. Actually, Lee, we were heading out.”

“Oh.” Lena’s face fell, and if Winn didn’t know any better, he’d say Lena Luthor was about to pout. At the sight, Kara was quick to try to cheer the woman up. “But you could come with us,” Kara said. “Right Winn?”


“I would hate to impose,” Lena said, barely sparing a glance at Winn.

“Non-sense,” Kara brushed it off. “I have to make sure you eat anyway, so…” she joked. Winn smirked and made a wiping sound with his mouth, to which Kara just glared at him.

Kara grabbed her purse and extended her hand towards Lena, but pulled away quick before Lena noticed. Winn did though.

“Let’s go, I’m starving.”

“So your normal state?” Winn teased and Lena chuckled.

“Where are my manners,” Lena said, directing a smile towards Winn. “It’s nice to see you again, Winn.”

He nodded. “You too, Ms. Luthor.”

“Lena, please,” she insisted. “Anyone who helps me fix a black body field generator under the table of a gala deserves the first name,” she said with a laugh, and Winn felt a little hypnotized by her. He snapped out of it quickly, to see that Kara seemed to be stuck in the trance, looking at Lena as if she didn’t quite believe the woman was real.

“Are you sure you’re not dating her?” Winn whispered in Kara’s ear discreetly when Lena turned away.

“Winn!”

Chapter End Notes

*leaves this here and runs away awkwardly*

Edit: made some minor changes in the Kryptahniuo because of a recent post on the kryptonian.info page, and a really nice conversation I had with the guy who made the website/language I'm using. It's like, so minor you'll probably not even notice, but I made it.

So translation for what Kara said can be found in the comments, but I felt like I should put it here, because if you are reading it as 'entire work' or if you downloaded you can't check the comments so easily (also because I now have a better understanding of the language and I fixed stuff, so I'm more confident)

- :.Zrhueiao Lena. Shovuh = Beautiful Lena. (friend) love. (keeping in mind that she's
sleeping and mumbling words, so not a full grammatically correct sentence).
- Zha! Lena-te, zhashovuh! Lizrhom. = No! My Lena, not friend-love! More. (as if,
friend is not enough).
- Zhao! = (Romantic) love/lust/sexual attraction.
- .:Zhao w Lena. Zhi! :Zhao w rripp eh, Lena. = (omitted subject, I) Love Lena. Yes!
Love you, Lena. (informal speech, not because of sleep, but because of intimate
connection, this is actually grammatically correct for informal speech.)
- :zhaooodh khap w rripp eh, Lena = I love you, Lena. (full 'proper' grammatical form).

Yes, I changed Lena's age, because I refuse to accept her 'canon' age, and the writers are
all dumb who don't know how to do basic math, use a calculator or track their own
storyline.

Anyway, thanks for reading my ramblings, means a lot to me ;P
Comments are appreciated.
Until next time, whenever that might be.
In Which Lillian Luthor's Trial Starts

Chapter Summary

The first day of Lillian's trial finally arrives and Kara goes with Lena, as promised, to provide her with some support.

The media is still very interested in Lena's love life. Unfortunately, this doesn't help Kara's and Alex's relationship.

Chapter Notes

Hey there!!!! Did you miss me? I know I missed the attention ;)

This is mostly kind of a filler chapter that I'm posting because I felt bad for taking so long and also to buy myself time because I'm working on a re-write of the episode, which, although I have been planning for quite a while, is not as easy as previously thought. So here's a piece of stalling... I mean I'm totally being generous breaking down the trial so I could post it sooner and not leave you waiting too much.

I'll leave the rest of my chattering for after the chapter :D

Sleep didn’t usually come easy for Lena.

It was something she usually avoided, not always intentionally. She was always working on a project or another, and adding on the CEO position and responsibilities, there was very little time for her to usually enjoy sleeping.

Lena often worked until she passed out on her bed with her tablet in hand and glasses still on her face, many times with contracts and spreadsheets scattered all around her bed.

Other times she realized when she was tired and wasn’t being productive anymore and decided to go to bed. And that’s when she spent hours tossing and turning and overthinking, feeling the headache taking over and believing she would never manage to fall asleep.

Lena was very particular about her sleeping conditions. Sleep was already such a struggle for her that she couldn’t let any outside interferences ruin it for her when her head already did it just fine.

She couldn’t sleep with noise or light or if it was too hot or too cold, or if the material of her clothes was too rough or too smooth, or with pants or if the clothes were too tight or the top too high on the neck. She couldn’t sleep if she hadn’t showered, or washed and brushed her hair, or brushed her teeth, or moisturized. She couldn’t sleep if she didn’t get the right position on the bed, with the pillows just right, with the exact placements of blankets and she definitely couldn’t sleep if the sheets
were in any way creased.

Now those particularities only applied to when she tried to sleep, falling asleep out of exhaustion canceled any and all preferences, she could sleep upside down with her neck bent to a straight angle, probably, if she fell asleep while working.

One after the other, sometimes more than one at once, Lena’s particularities kept her awake throughout the night until her body couldn’t take anymore.

Yet being next to Kara made her sleep like she hadn’t in ages.

She couldn’t remember the last time she spent the night with someone in the same bed and didn’t have sex. Or the last time she cuddled in bed. Sure there had been Jack, but their relationship had gotten complicated enough in the months before she left Metropolis, and it had always been less about the emotional part and more about the science and the sex part. At least to her.

Just by being there next to her, sharing her warmth, Kara helped Lena sleep better than she remembered ever sleeping.

And on the night before Lillian’s trial, Lena really felt herself missing Kara’s physical presence in the bed next to her. Not sexually or anything like her fantasies, but the physical contact, the body heat and warm presence of her best friend.

For hours she tossed and turned and then tossed some more on her massive bed.

Nothing helped. She even tried to get herself off, but when the pleasure started building, all she could think about were eager blue eyes and flushed cheeks, and she had to stop. So she was left even worse than she started, adding frustration to her anxiety and stress.

She ended up sleeping, eventually, but she was sure it was a lot closer to 4 am than she intended. As always, her dreams were filled with Kara.

“I'll have to be honest, watching Netflix and drinking wine with a cute girl is definitely not how I would have envisioned spending my free time back when I lived in Metropolis, but this is becoming the highlight of my weeks,” Lena whispered to Kara, her upper body was practically plastered to Kara’s side.

Kara gulped. “I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.”

“What about you?”

“What about me?” Kara practically squeaked.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Kara?” Lena whispered against Kara’s ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

“I-I... I’m... yes. I am, totally.”
“You don’t sound so sure.” The flirtatious tone in Lena’s voice was making it hard for Kara to breathe properly.

“I am! I’m enjoying… myself,” Kara said awkwardly.

“Good.” Lena leaned back on the couch and Kara could breathe again.

“How would you envision spending your free time, then?”

Lena turned to Kara, a predatory grin playing on her lips. “You want me to show you?”

Kara’s eyes widened but she nodded.

Lena set the wine aside on the center table and turned back to Kara, she placed a hand on Kara’s knee gently and Kara was sure she would die. Lena’s hand started creeping up slowly and it took Kara a moment to realize that it was going up at the same pace Lena was leaning in towards her, her other hand going up to the back of Kara’s neck, the grin never leaving her lips. When their faces were just mere inches apart Lena stopped. “It would go a little bit like this,” Lena whispered and pulled Kara the rest of the way.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Kara startled awake by the obnoxious noise of her alarm.

She groaned loudly and buried her face in her pillow. “Seriously?”

It wasn’t the first time she had a dream like that about Lena. It had been happening frequently since her conversation with Winn at CatCo and his information on Lena’s… fame.

Kara was a bit embarrassed if she was being honest. She had never had such dreams about her friends before. In fact, she never had such dreams about anyone before aside from that one time Ms. Grant went to work in a navy blue snug dress with long sleeves that just did things to Kara. But that was her boss and it was a completely different situation, but to have dreams about your best friend, that must definitely be crossing a line.

She didn’t have time to dwell on it, though. It was the day of Lillian’s trial and she had promised Lena to meet her at her apartment so they could go together.

-------

“Good morning, Marcus,” Kara greeted Lena’s doorman with a bright smile.

“Good morning, Ms. Danvers,” the man said smiling back, “Ms. Luthor asked me to give you this,” he told her pulling a little black tag from somewhere in his desk and placing it in front of Kara. “She said it’s so you don’t have to wait too long down here.”

“Oh, yeah. Thank you, Marcus.” Kara picked it up, smile still in place.

“You’ll just have to sign for it,” he added.

“Yeah, sure.”

After signing everything, Kara saw herself riding Lena’s private elevator to the penthouse nervously checking her hair and makeup in the mirror.
As soon as the elevator opened, Kara was greeted by soft classical music that seemed to fill the whole place.

She hadn’t heard that piece before but she knew it was a Sonata and she could tell it was in allegro form, so that meant it was first movement, maybe in F; it was definitely beautiful, like anything Lena listened to, but something about it made Kara feel her heart fill inside her chest.

She placed her things in the entry hall, kicking off her shoes, and walked inside the penthouse to the living room.

“Lee?” She called out. “Lena?” But aside from the music, the house was quiet.

For human ears.

Yet Kara had promised herself to never again listen in to Lena. Ever since that morning in her apartment, when she struggled so painfully as Lena showered a few feet and a thin wall away from her, Kara made a promise to make better use of her force of will.

Kara pushed her glasses further up her nose as a reminder to control herself, she could still hear Lena’s heart in the far distance, dulled by her glasses and by her focus.

She climbed the stairs and called out again in the hallway.

“Lena?”

And she heard, so softly she knew if it wasn’t for her super hearing she wouldn’t have.

“In here!” Lena answered in a little struggled voice.

Kara followed the sound and Lena’s heartbeat to a door and froze.

It was Lena’s bedroom.

Lena’s bedroom was probably the only room in the penthouse she had not entered before. Thinking back, she didn’t exactly know why that was, but it just was. She had seen Lena enter and leave the room, she had even seen glimpses of the inside, yet she never entered.

And now there she was.

Kara held her breath and knocked. “Lee?” she called softly.

“Come in,” Lena called out.

Kara took a step back, almost as if the door had shocked her.

Her hesitation annoyed her. It was not like it was a big deal to see someone’s room, and she and Lena were friends, so there’s no big deal to that. Plus Lena literally slept on her bed with her just a week or so before.

Don’t make this weird, Kara, she thought. Straightening her posture, Kara stepped forward and opened the door. No big deal.

But nothing would have prepared her for the sight in front of her, right inside the bedroom.

Kara froze and almost gasped, trying not to stare. She was pretty sure her brain short-circuited.
Lena caught Kara’s eyes in the mirror and then looked over her shoulder to smile at Kara.

“Hey, could you,” she made a show of trying to reach for the zipper of her dress, “could you help me here?”

Kara had to put serious effort into not letting her jaw drop.

Standing right in front of her, was Lena Luthor, with a beautiful black pencil skirted dress open all the way to the bottom of her spine, where she couldn’t reach the zipper, leaving her entire back completely exposed to the eyes of Kara who was losing her ever loving mind over that amount of skin being exposed to her like that.

The song could still be heard clearly from Lena’s bedroom, she had mentioned once to Kara that music and especially classical music helped her relax and concentrate, and so she made sure to have a great multi-room sound system installed in her apartment, so she could best control the music.

It was like Kara could feel the music flowing through her, strong, heightening her senses, beating inside, making her so much more aware of her own heartbeat and Lena’s. It was as if it was the song was trying to alter her heart rate to match it.

After too long of Kara not answering, Lena grew impatient and turned around. “Kara?”

“I don’t know this piece,” Kara said instead. “What is it?”

“Beethoven’s Sonata No. 23 in F minor,” Lena told her promptly. “Commonly known as ‘Appassionata’.”

Kara smiled. Fitting, she thought, it was a feminine adjective meaning full of passion or in love, and Kara understood why she felt the music so strongly inside of her as she watched Lena.

“It’s beautiful,” Kara managed to gasp out.

Lena hummed her agreement. “Actually,” she said, “could you please change the music? This piece is making me a little afflicted, and I need to calm down my nerves.”

Lena didn’t need to tell Kara that she stayed up all night, and how she was overstressing herself over the trial, Kara knew her friend well enough to know those things. She nodded and grabbed Lena’s phone from the bed.

She had to force herself not to roll her eyes when Clair de Lune came on, she left it because she knew Lena liked it, but she didn’t know how she could face Lena with it playing in the background.

Rao sure liked to torture her.

Kara had always been a romantic person, and that piece had always been a personal favorite of hers, she had always related it to all things soft and beautiful. But ever since that Sunday she spent with Lena, when Lena played it for her, the piece had a lot more meaning to her. Not different, just more. And Lena truly embodied all things soft and beautiful. She tried listening to it at home once and it only made her think of Lena, so much her heart ached.

“Better?” Kara asked, willing her voice not to shake.

Lena hummed in approval. “Much,” she agreed. “Now come zip me up,” she insisted, the hint of playfulness in her tone made it a request and not an order.
Kara could already hear Lena’s heart beat slowing down, getting calmer. “As you wish,” she teased, and she heard Lena’s heart picking up right away.

“As it should be.” Lena smirked and raised one eyebrow at Kara.

Kara smiled and shook her head playfully. “Alright, turn around.” Kara took a step forward.

Lena turned around again and Kara almost lost her footing.

Lena’s pale skin contrasted very nicely with the wine colored lace of her bra. Kara felt her throat going dry, the open dress left practically the entirety of Lena’s back exposed and as her breathing got labored, Kara forced away the want to trace the spots on Lena’s back. With her lips. No! That wasn’t very friendly.

Kara held her breath as she slowly reached for Lena, her hand shook slightly before she grasped the zipper with her fingers, her other hand resting gently on the small of Lena’s back to hold the dress in place. She focused on the zipper and tried not to let her eyes or mind wander, which was easier said than done, as she slowly pulled the zipper up.

Lena too had held her breath as Kara approached her. She closed her eyes before Kara had even touched her, and she managed to hold the gasp that threatened to leave when Kara’s hands made contact.

Kara’s fingers grazed Lena’s skin as they slid up her spine, pulling the zipper with them.

Lena’s entire body felt warm, buzzing, yet a shiver went up her spine, raising the hairs on the back of her neck and on her forearm.

When it was done, Kara forgot to move for a second, staring at Lena’s back, her hands slowly falling from their place on Lena’s skin. It would be so easy to just lower her head a little and press her lips to Lena’s neck, see her shiver again, like she just did but Kara pretended not to see. She cleared her throat and swallowed hard, mostly to snap herself out, but unknowingly, it did the trick for Lena as well.

“Well, um… t-there you go,” Kara stuttered hoarsely.

Lena was much more composed on the outside, it came with years of being a Luthor. Her eyes met Kara’s in the mirror and she smiled.

“Thank you, Kara.” She gave herself a once over and then looked back at Kara. “How do I look?”

Kara smiled brightly at her, that smile that made Lena’s insides feel warm and made her melt.

“Beautiful!” Kara said definitively. “As always.”

Lena tried to hide her blush with a smile. “You spoil me too much.”

“You’re already spoiled. You’re a billionaire,” Kara teased, poking Lena’s sides.

Lena squirmed and laughed. “You got a point.” She shrugged.

Kara watched in the mirror as Lena’s face fell.

“Hey,” Kara said softly, she placed her hands on Lena’s hips to gently turn Lena to face her, choosing to ignore the way Lena tensed at the touch of her hands, Lena had a lot of things to be tense about. “Are you okay?”
With the proximity and both of them being barefooted, Lena ended up staring at Kara’s neck, and there was nothing she wanted more than to just press her lips to it, feel the hard tendons under the soft skin against her lips, know what kind of noise Kara would do if she did. She wanted to lose herself in Kara and forget about everything happening in her life, her mother, her company, her image on the media… But she couldn’t. She shouldn’t even think about Kara that way. Kara was her friend, her best friend, the only person in her life that truly and genuinely cared for her and she didn’t want to do anything that could ruin that.

“I think I’m fine,” Lena said nonchalantly. “But I’m only like, 43% sure.” She grinned.

But Kara wouldn’t have it. She was not about to let Lena hide from her with silly jokes. Silly jokes were to lighten the mood, not to avoid important questions. “I’m serious, Lena,” she pressed on.

“I just… I don’t know. There’s a lot. A lot to feel, I don’t know how to…”

“Do you want a hug?” Kara asked softly.

The question caught Lena off guard. Something so simple. No one had ever asked her that. She felt her heart tightening in her chest with how much she felt for the woman in front of her, her breath caught in her throat and she looked up to see Kara’s face with a stunned look on hers. Kara smiled kindly at her and Lena’s insides melt yet again.

Too stunned to say anything, Lena could only nod.

Kara wrapped her arms around Lena, pulling her closer, and Lena all but collapsed into her, sighing against Kara’s neck.

“Everything is going to be okay,” Kara whispered to Lena. “And I’ll be by your side the entire time,” she promised. “I’ll even hold your hand if you want to.”

Lena laughed and stepped back, looking up to see Kara grinning.

“There it is,” Kara said softly, bringing one hand to touch Lena’s smiling face. “Much more beautiful like that.”

“Thank you, Kara.”

Kara shrugged and made a forced dismissive gesture that only made Lena laugh again and she grinned. “What are friends for?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Lena confessed. “Sometimes it feels like you’re my first real friend.”

“Well, then I’m honored to hold such a high responsibility and importance,” Kara said back honestly. “And everyone else you’ve ever met is a big jerk.”

Lena laughed loudly this time. “Wow, hold on, let’s not get carried away,” she teased and Kara blushed a little bit. “We should get going.”

Lena grabbed her phone and purse, and together, they made their way out of the apartment, stopping at the foyer to put their shoes while they waited for the elevator.

When they reached the lobby, they stepped out of the elevator and Lena froze.

“Lee, what is it?” Kara asked frowning down at her.

“There’s going to be a lot of reporters wanting to hear from me, or just get a look at me, and I’ve
never really liked them all over me like vultures.” Lena worried on her bottom lip, fidgeting with her fingers. “It kind of brings me back. When my father died, I was cornered by reporters at school, asking me how I felt about it. That’s how I found out he was dead, with a mic and camera being shoved in my face and a stranger asking me invasive questions, surrounded by classmates who I hated.”

“Oh my god, Lee, that’s terrible,” Kara gasped.

Lena shrugged. “Yeah, it comes with being a Luthor. I really hope this trial finally turns the page on that. But,” she looked up at Kara, apprehensive, again nagging on her bottom lip. “I would like to take you up you offer if you don’t mind.”

“My off- Oh you mean holding your hand?”

Lena nodded. She raised one hand towards Kara, deep green eyes practically pleading. “Please?”

Even if she wanted to, Kara could never deny anything to Lena, especially with those eyes looking at her like that. She was weak and she knew it. She took Lena’s hand and gave it a little squeeze.

“What about us?”

Lena’s eyes widened. “Excuse me?”

Kara shrugged. “Don’t you think us holding hands is sort of going to add fuel to the ‘mystery girlfriend’ fire?”

Lena sighed tiredly. “I just want to not have to worry about those things for a while, only for today. I just need you by my side to get through this,” she confessed.

Kara’s heart clenched in her chest, overwhelmed by how much she felt for this woman, this woman who never showed any vulnerability openly to anyone but Kara.

She smiled reassuringly. “You have me. I'll be by your side,” she told firmly. “Always.”

Lena didn’t have the words to say anything back. Their eyes met and she almost gasped, had to concentrate not to let her eyes water.

“Are you ready?” Kara asked softly.

Lena looked down at their joined hands. She took a deep breath and nodded.

-------

“Jackson, could you leave us near that food truck?” Lena asked her driver when they were a couple blocks away from the courthouse. “We can walk the rest of the way.”

“Are you sure, Ms. Luthor?” The man asked without looking away from the road.

“Yes, we’ll be fine. Kara will protect me,” Lena joked.

“I’m stronger than I look,” Kara said playing along, and Lena’s mouth went dry when Kara’s hand flexed against her thigh.

“I’m sure you are, Ms. Danvers,” the driver laughed.
“I didn’t have time to have breakfast,” Lena explained. “Have you eaten already, Jackson, do you want anything?”

“No thank you, ma’am. My wife made waffles this morning and I ate more than enough,” he said proudly. “Breakfast is the only thing she can cook well, bless her. I’m pretty sure she’d only eat take out if it wasn’t for me.” Jackson laughed affectionately.

Lena laughed as well. “That sounds oddly familiar,” she said, throwing Kara a smirk.

“Hey! First of all, rude,” Kara complained, sounding extremely offended. “Second of all, I can cook.”

“Oh honey,” Lena winced jokingly.

“The outrage! I don’t deserve to be attacked like this.”

“So dramatic,” Lena teased.

Kara glared at her and crossed her arms grumpily as Lena and Jackson laughed.

“Here you go, ma’am,” Jackson said as he stopped the car.

“Thank you, Jackson.”

“No problem ma’am,” he said promptly. “Do you want me to pick you up afterward?”

“Yes, I would.”

“Then I’ll be waiting for you in front of the courthouse when it’s over.”

Lena smiled. She always liked having a nice relationship with the people who worked for her. “That would be great, Jackson, thank you.”

“Good luck out there, Ms. Luthor.”

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure I’ll need it,” Lena laughed as she got out of the car. Jackson knew her well enough to know that she only wanted to draw less attention to herself and that was the real reason why she asked him to drop her off far from the courthouse, he also knew well enough not to try to open the door for her, she didn’t always like that.

Lena immediately grabbed Kara’s hand when they were out of the town car and started leading her towards the breakfast food food-truck. “This is no Noonan’s, but it has coffee and pastries.”

“Sounds good enough to me,” Kara kindly. “I guess I can survive without my beloved for one day,” she added exaggeratedly.

“Oh don’t be dramatic,” Lena told her with a tug of her hand. “I’m sure you’ll have time to go to Noonan’s later.”

Kara shrugged. “Until then, I’ll suffer.”

Lena laughed. Kara loved that sight, that sound, the way it made her chest feel warm.

They ordered their respective coffees and pastries and Kara shot Lena a weird look that Lena forcefully ignored. Lena didn’t usually drink coffee, in fact, Kara had never seen Lena drink coffee before only tea or juices even when they had brunch. And her pastry of choice was bigger than
usual, highly caloric made with a lot of butter and filled with sugar, a puff pastry no less, the kind Lena would encourage Kara to order only to steal a small bit of. It didn’t take much for Kara to deduce Lena was stress eating.

Kara chose not to comment on it only because she understood the reasoning and she knew Lena wouldn’t feel comfortable, plus she knew it would do no good nor did she want Lena stressing only minutes before the trial.

Kara was prepared for the blush that would color her cheeks when Lena refused to let her pay and instead paid for both their order, but she still made a show of grabbing her wallet.

Lena scoffed at her. “Put that away, Kara,” she insisted, handing the cashier her shiny black card.

“I’m sorry ma’am, we don’t work with cards,” the cashier told her.

“What?” Lena practically screeched, her smile frozen on her face in a way that made her look terrifying to the young man. “It’s 2017, any decent business works with cards,” she mumbled trying not to get stressed.

“Lee, what’s wrong?”

Lena turned to Kara, clearly disturbed. “I can’t pay for it,” she told her sounding both disbelieving and defeated.

Kara frowned. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t have anything under a hundred,” Lena hissed to Kara. “And I’m not going to make them break a hundred for fifteen dollars.” She glanced over Kara’s shoulder to see the line that was forming behind them.

Kara shot her a smile. “It’s fine, Lee. I’ll pay.”

“I can’t let you do this,” Lena argued.

“You don’t have a choice,” Kara told her in a singsong voice, already nudging Lena out of her way so she could give the money to the cashier. “Besides, think of this as a repayment for all the times you paid for my enormous food consumption.”

Kara laughed lightheartedly, but Lena was clearly uncomfortable with the situation. Still frowning, she put her card back in her wallet and pulled two bills out, when the guy gave Kara’s change back Lena shoved the two bills in the tipping jar and the poor guy choked.

“T-t-thank you, ma’am,” he stuttered in shock.

Lena just nodded and moved to get their order.

“Didn’t you just say you didn’t have anything under a hundred?” Kara asked following behind Lena.

Lena hummed and nodded. “I did.” She handed Kara her donuts and her latte.

Kara gapped at Lena, still staring at her even as she turned and started walking. After a few steps from Lena, Kara shook her head and started trailing behind.

“Did you just give a two hundred dollars tip?” Kara hissed.

Lena only nodded as she took a bite from her pastry. Kara couldn’t do much more than gape at Lena
“You should eat that before we get to the courthouse,” Lena pointed out looking at Kara’s donuts. “Trust me; you do not want a picture of you eating in any article.”

-----

The trial itself was a very weird experience for Kara and unpleasant for Lena.

Just as promised, Kara held Lena’s hand as they walked to the courthouse, making sure to put herself between Lena and every reporter and photographer that tried to cross the line and get too close. In the courtroom, Kara didn’t let go of Lena’s hand and didn’t say anything as Lena brought their joined hand to her own lap, fiddling with Kara’s fingers almost aggressively. When Lillian was escorted inside and sent a scary looking glare towards Lena, Lena squeezed Kara’s hand so hard that Kara got worried she’d hurt herself, she also noticed how tight Lena was clenching her jaw and wished it would be okay for her to touch Lena’s face and help her relax the muscles there.

After a few hours of evidence being presented and lawyers making well-prepared monologs, the judge announced the trial would continue the next morning.

“Hey, you okay?” Kara asked Lena as they walked out.

Lena had a deep frown on her face and her jaw still clenched. “I will be better when she’s in prison for good.”

They had to dodge the throng of reporters once more to get to Lena’s town car where her driver was waiting ready to take off as soon as the door closed.

Lena sighed tiredly and let her head fall back. “If I ever consider going evil, remind me of how much I hate this whole circus,” she said with her eyes closed.

Kara laughed. “Will do. But wouldn’t that just encourage you to not get caught?”

Instead of answering, Lena opened her eyes and grinned at Kara.

“Ms. Luthor, are we going straight to L-Corp or should I take a detour?” The driver asked.

“No, we’re going to have lunch.”

Lena didn’t inform where they would be having lunch, which Kara assumed to be a common thing when the man just nodded.

Lena decided to check her phone and groaned after only a few seconds of unblocking it.

“What?”

“Jess sent me an article from the *Inquisitor.*” That was all she needed to say, really, and Kara already felt like groaning just for that. When Lena showed her the headline, she did groan.

*Morning Rush:* Lena Luthor and mystery blonde spotted getting coffee together before Lillian Luthor’s trial. (See photos below.)

“I guess they got that picture of me eating after all,” Kara tried to joke but it came out a little stiff, Lena let out a small chuckle anyway. “The Inquisitor,” Kara pondered. “That’s the third tabloid to
publish about it.”

Lena nodded. “Yup.”

“Don’t they get bored of just following you around all the time?”

In the front seat, Jackson laughed.

Lena shrugged. “I mean, I like to think I’m a pretty interesting person to follow,” she said teasingly. “But Jackson is here, and he knows that’s not true.”

The man laughed again. “It’s a pleasure to follow you, ma’am.”

Lena snorted. “Yeah, cuz that doesn’t sound creepy.” Beside her, Kara giggled.

------

They were dropped off in a restaurant near L-Corp, only a block and a park away, and Kara is about to cry in relief because she’s starving.

Kara was already used to eating with Lena and letting her pay for her food, so when the waiter went to take their orders, Kara asked for as much food as she needed, which turned out to be enough to feed four people and the waiter was shocked.

They both laughed at the man’s reaction once he’s gone.

“Are you really okay with the whole article thing? The stalking paparazzi and all?” Lena asked unsure, poking at her salad with her fork.

Kara shrugged. It wasn’t ideal to have her face all over the internet like that, but at least she hadn’t been followed when she wasn’t with Lena, and she really had no problem being linked to Lena. “I’m more worried about you, really. This is a complete invasion of your privacy, and I hate that you have to live with that. And especially in the hardest moments.”

“Yeah, I’m pretty used to it already. You, on the other hand, is just being thrown into exposition for no reason other than being my friend.”

“A role I’m honored to have,” Kara said back with a grin.

Lena laughed. “How can you be so okay with this?” Lena asked in wonder.

“I told you, Lee, I don’t mind being connected to you. And I don’t know, I guess I’m pretty used to the media world as well, I did work for the person who controlled it for almost 3 years.” Kara shrugged again.

“Yeah but it’s completely different being on the other side of the media,” Lena pointed out, gesturing with her fork.

“Still the same media. It’s just a bunch of bored people who get off of exposing other people’s mundane lives and exaggerate to get attention and sell more, and common people just like to know that famous people are still human and just like them. It’s practically harmless so far.”

Lena was impressed with Kara’s calmness, this could be a potential threat to her secret as Supergirl, yet she was taking it all a lot more gracefully than Lena expected it. “I know from experience that
things can escalate quickly,” she told Kara. “One day you are visiting an old friend from… let’s say rich people’s activities,” she joked, “next thing you know you are the cause of her divorce and you also slept with her brother.” Lena sighed and rubbed her temple, as if to will the painful memories away. “People can be cruel, and these mediums love to see the world burn.”

Kara frowned. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you’re trying to get rid of me.”

“No! Never!” Lena answered quickly. “I just need to be sure you know what you’re getting involved with,” she explained. She bit her lip hesitantly and Kara’s eyes fell to them without her control. “I would hate for you to resent me for things caused by this.”

Kara gasped and reached for Lena’s hand over the table. “Lee! That would never happen. Ever!”

Lena eyed their hands carefully. “Are you sure?”

Kara smiled and nodded. “Positive.”

“You know this, and the court entrance, it’ll give them weeks worth of material. I said I didn’t want to worry about it, but now that the trial is done for today, I have time to spare for worrying.”

“Well, I’m a big girl,” Kara said. “I can take care of myself, don’t worry.” She threw Lena a smile just to try and calm the woman. “And don’t think of it as an affliction you caused upon me. This is as much your annoyance as it is mine, at least we can deal with it together.”

Lena inhaled sharply. “Right. Together,” she repeated. She looked down at their joined hands again when Kara squeezed it gently. Oh, how screwed she was.

After they ate, Kara insisted on walking Lena to the office, if only to put Lena’s fears to rest that Kara really didn’t have a problem with the paparazzi. They had to go through the park to get to her building and Lena laughed, already imagining the headlines, when Kara offered her arm for Lena to hold. They walked like that a few times, but usually at night when Kara felt more at ease if Lena was as close as possible to her, for protecting purposes and nothing else.

“How are things with your sister?” Lena asked close to Kara’s cheek. Out of habit, she pressed her body too close to Kara’s, her chin practically resting on Kara’s shoulder. Maybe she was testing Kara. Maybe she was testing herself. Maybe she was lying to herself. She couldn’t be sure.

Kara grimaced and sighed deeply. “It’s… weird.” She looked at Lena then. “She’s being stubborn.”

“I guess that runs in the family then,” Lena teased, raising her eyebrows quickly.

Kara laughed. “I guess,” she agreed. She got somber then. “We’ve never fought like this, not even when…” she trailed off, the pang of hurt her actions under the influence of red Kryptonite still caused her were enough to maintain her lie. “Never,” she repeated. “Things always work out very quickly. She always apologizes. For both of us, might I add. But this time, I don’t know, it’s like she’s making an effort to stay mad.”

“I’m sorry,” Lena said softly.

“It’s not your fault,” Kara assured quickly. “Truly, it’s no one’s fault. Or everyone’s.” She shrugged. “But Alex is blowing this out of proportion.”

“She hates me.”

Kara shook her head. “She doesn’t hate you, she just…”
“Doesn’t trust me?”

“Doesn’t know you,” Kara corrected. “If she did, she’d know how silly she’s being.”

Lena shrugged. “But you are mad too,” she pointed out.

“I think I’m more sad,” Kara confessed. Lena watched her attentively. “I mean, sure I’m mad at her for how she’s acting about you, and the things she said, and even the things she didn’t say but I know she thought. You know how older siblings are.”

“Oh, yes,” Lena laughed. “Lex was quite a handful. The whole patronizing thing, that ‘I know better than you’ act. ‘You’re too young and careless, and you don’t see things how they are’, ‘I’m just looking out for you, little sister’, ‘you don’t realize I only want what’s best for you’,” Lena quoted.

“Wow,” Kara said. “It’s like we grew up with the same person.”

“Well, mine had a beard.”

“So did mine,” Kara said back promptly. “More than one, to be honest.”

“Ha!” Lena laughed, looking at Kara amused.

Kara smiled proudly at her joke. “Yeah, well, it’s like she forgot I grew up. Like she doesn’t realize I’m not a scared little girl anymore. I think she still sees me as that girl who cried herself to sleep every night and jumped at loud noises and embarrassed her in front of her friends.”

“Oh, so nothing changed then,” Lena joked, poking Kara on the stomach. And wow was that a mistake. Kara’s stomach was a lot harder than she expected, sure Girl of Steal meant something, but to feel it was a totally different thing.

Kara squirmed and giggled, not even trying to get away from Lena, then she scoffed, as if offended at herself for giggling. Boy did Lena have it bad for this dork.

“Rude,” Kara said and Lena grinned. “I just, I don’t like feeling like the little sister all the time. I don’t want her to treat me like that.”

“I’m afraid that never goes away. Trust me, I’ve been a little sister for longer than you.”

Kara nodded. “And it has turned out amazingly for you.”

Lena laughed. A full body laugh, throwing her head back and all, and Kara followed the movement, enraptured by it.

“Who’s being rude now, huh?” Lena teased. “Poking at scars like that,” she added poking Kara again. “I’m sorry, please continue.”

Kara nodded. “Right, sure.” She took a breath. “So, while I am mad at Alex for how she’s acting about you, and subsequently treating me,” Kara started. Lena nodded to show she was listening. “I’m mostly sad, because of what she did before. You know, like on my birthday, and even before that, she… she…”

“Abandoned you?” Lena finished for her.

“No, I mean…”

“Kara,” Lena said seriously, forcing Kara to stop and look at her. “You lost your entire family, and
then some,” *Even more than you know*, Kara thought, “it’s natural that you have some abandonment issues. And from what you told me, you always had Alex, you never had to share her with anyone before,” she paused and looked at Kara for confirmation. Kara nodded. “So now that she has someone she wants to spend more of her time with, you don’t know how to feel.”

“Are you a witch?” Kara was impressed.

“Yes,” Lena said without missing a beat. “You want to be happy for your sister, for finding someone she cares about, and who cares about her, but you’re also jealous because she now spends less time with you.” Kara nodded. “And you’re afraid that Alex might slip away for good. Even more so now with your fight.” Kara continued nodding, she felt like a bobble head. Lena wanted to tell Kara that Alex probably felt the same way, but that wasn’t her place. “And Alex doesn’t trust me because of my family and she thinks I’m going to hurt you, so she doesn’t like us being friends.”

The way Lena said ‘friend’ once more sounded a lot like the way Kara said it, like it meant more, like it wasn’t enough. Kara had a brief Deja Vu feeling, as if she had already thought that, maybe even said that, but in a way that felt like it hadn’t been in English. *Zha-shovuh*, she thought and almost frowned.

“And the articles aren’t helping at all,” Lena continued. At this point Kara was just nodding every few words Lena said. “And you think it’s unfair of her to be mad at you for spending time with someone when she’s doing the same and it’s her doing just that that caused you to spend more time with me, so Alex doesn’t have the right to complain.”

“Wow,” Kara said perplexed. “You’re like a Kara whisperer.”

“I pay attention.”

They locked eyes, both feeling the tension snapping in with just those few words. Kara heard Lena’s heart loud and steady in her ears, her own heart trying to match its rhythm.

“I…” Kara started gingerly, breaking the moment. “She promised. She promised she wasn’t going to slip away, but she is anyway. And I tried to reach out to her but she’s so mad at me.” She pressed her eyes closed tightly, willing herself not to cry.

Lena wanted so much to just reach out to her and hug her, but she was unsure how Kara would feel with that, suddenly remembering they were in a public park and photographers were more than likely getting a field day with this interaction. She settled for a hand on Kara’s shoulder.

“You know, the last time she called me was to yell at me for talking to Eliza about her.” Lena frowned. “What happened?”

“Eliza called me on my birthday, like she always does, and then she called me after my birthday, the day after, to chat, she knows I sometimes need help to get my mind off of it. So she called to know what I did for my birthday, and I told her. I told her we, you and I, hung out. And I told her Alex didn’t spend the day with me, you know, because she asked. I wasn’t ratting her out or anything.” She looked at Lena pleadingly, needing to know if Lena understood. Lena nodded. “About an hour later, Alex called me, angry that I had told on her. Apparently, Eliza chewed her off for not spending my birthday with me.”

Lena bit down her smirk. She agreed that Alex needed to be told off about her behavior with Kara.

“And that was the last time we spoke on the phone,” Kara explained. “She came to me personally to express her opinions on the articles. But the worst thing is: we’re tense around each other when we
do see each other, but she pretends like nothing is happening, you know. It’s like she’s denying we’re fighting.”

Lena almost pouted. She gave Kara a sympathetic look. “That’s something you both have to sort out together.”

“How will we sort anything together if she’s avoiding me?” Kara snapped, her voice rising in volume a bit.

“I know, darling, I’m sorry.”

Lena didn’t have to struggle with the desire to hug Kara anymore, the blonde threw herself at her, face burying on her neck, hands gripping at her clothes, arms a little too tight.

“‘m sorry,” Kara sobbed.

Lena rubbed her back. “You have nothing to apologize for, Kara. I’m here for you, as you are for me.”

“Thank you,” Kara whispered.

“I’m afraid it’s a lot more selfish of me than anything,” Lena joked.

“I don’t care.” Kara squeezed Lena a little bit more before pulling away. She adjusted her glasses on her face and then wiped at her cheeks. “Oh golly,” Kara exclaimed remembering herself. “I have to get you to work. The company won’t run itself.”

Lena laughed and let Kara lead her the rest of the way through the park.

Kara walked her to the lobby of the building. “You are delivered safely, my lady,” she said with a cordial voice and a small bow.

Lena smiled. “Thank you, you kind knight,” Lena joked back. She held onto Kara’s shoulder as she leaned in to press a kiss to Kara’s cheek. She lingered for longer than she probably should but neither of them complained. When she pulled back she looked at Kara’s cheek and smirked. Imprinted on Kara’s cheek, a little too close to Kara’s lips, was a very red and very clearly shaped lipstick stain. A lot like the one she left a week before outside Noonan’s. Lena knew she should feel guilty, she should stop torturing herself, but she liked the sight of her lipstick on Kara’s face way too much to care.

With one last bright smile, Kara left.

A few hours later Jess walked into her office to give her an update on the social media situation and she could only laugh.

She texted Kara.

**Lena:** Apparently we broke Twitter.

**Kara:** Don’t they have better things to dooo?

**Lena:** Probably not.

**Kara:** Seriously people
Kara: Get a hobby

Lena: Lol

Kara: Did Lena Luthor just say 'lol'?

Kara: That's so shocking!

Lena: I know. I might get disowned for that.

Kara: It's probably going to be on the next article about you

Lena: Haha.

Kara: Gotta go. Snapper has me interviewing people on their opinion on aliens' health rights because of NCUH's new free clinic

Lena: Ouch.

Kara: Yeah

Lena: Alright. Be safe. Text me later.

Kara: Yes ma'am

Lena: It's Ms. Luthor to you.

Kara: (Unamused Face)

Lena: (Face Throwing A Kiss)

Chapter End Notes

So! before any freak out over the Alex thing, I have a thought out plan for where I'm going with her, so like, I know what I'm doing, just trust me. (Or not, I don't trust me. There might be tears... yeah, don't trust me, but just stick with me, I'll fix it.)

In other completely unrelated news: I took away the number of final chapters because I had a huge burst of inspiration during this time and I have an idea of what I want to do with this story now (and like, for real this time), which I'm very optimistic about and hope it'll turn out as good as it is in my head :) So from now on starts an actual re-write of the show, still kind of following the episodes, and up until the crossover episode worth of plot planned, and of course I want
to do the Jack episode as well, so like, I'm going to be annoying everyone for quite some time.
And I have just another week of classes, so I'll have more time (and less stress) to write, which will hopefully cause faster updates.

Also I always wanted to write a zipping up scene for these dorks. ^_^

So that's it. As always, I love your comments because feedback is important and nice and I like to know what you're thinking and it makes me happy :3

I'm @myheartisbro-ken on Tumblr, and if you want to yell at me there, you are more than welcome to (also I'm like super easy to convince, so who knows what you could get out of me. Although I have to say, I already sold my soul to like 5 different people.)
In Which Truths Are Spoken

Chapter Summary

Lillian's trial continues and Lena testifies. Kara has some personal struggles to deal with and her buddy comes to her aid. Lillian finally tells Lena the truth, yet she's still somehow lying. Things are still tense with the Superfriends and now there's a new addition to the group. Lena has her own things to deal with and she has the support of Kara every step of the way.

Chapter Notes

I'M STILL HERE!!!!

I had quite the crazy month and it slowed down my writing, I feel ashamed. So I wanted to post this chapter fast, because I said I would but also because of recent events I feel like I needed to do something, and what I do is write, I hope this can help bring a little niceness to our lives. And as a result, I broke down the trial again. I promise this is the last time, and next chapter is already being written so I hope it takes less than this, and also I promise next chapter will start to move the story along.

Anyways, yes, another part of the trial and 12k words where nothing really happens. Why does anyone still reads this is beyond me, I feel like I'm stalling and conning you. I'm kidding, a lot of things happen, but it's still only the one day, a very long one, though.

It's the most episode rewrite I've done so far, so I hope it's okay. There are a few dialogues that were transcribed from the show and I gave them my own twist to fit here, I've done before but not this much and not with actually changing the dialogues, just adding to them where the scene left off, here it's full on rewrite.

And I'm saying a lot to make up for the long time that it took for me to come back. Haha.

Anyways, Trial, feelings, dorks in love, Winn being the best bro ever, everyone else being not so great, but hey! I'm pushing for a star-crossed lovers story here, if everyone was nice and supportive of them together what fun would that be?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena had refused to let Kara give back the key tag to the penthouse, arguing that it was easier for her
to just keep it since she was meeting Lena at the penthouse before the trial again.

Yet Lena regretted it a little bit, not that she didn’t trust Kara or that she didn’t want Kara around, in fact, she wanted Kara around all the time, and that was the problem. She really needed to stop feeling like a school girl with a crush around Kara, especially since all her crushes in school led to her having her heart broken, and she was pretty sure if that happened with Kara she would never recover.

The night of Monday to Tuesday, or the night after the first day of Lillian’s trial, was even harder to sleep than the night before. Lena had seen her mother after so many weeks of having put her in jail, Lillian seemed very angry and resentful, her glare piercing as always. Lena also had to testify on Tuesday and she wasn’t sure if she was ready. Yet all she wanted was to turn the page on being a Luthor.

She knew it would never truly change, the name was still there, and some people would never trust her because of the atrocities her family committed, but she would feel better once the hanging threat of worse things happening in the name of the Luthor family was gone once and for all.

Kara had told her that it’s what you do that matters, not what you think or how you feel, and Lena believed in her. The problem was Lena was afraid of what she would do. Her brother had been a good man up until the moment he cracked, and when he did he became a madman, almost like a villain in a comic book or a fantasy novel. Worse than a hated character from Game of Thrones, a particularly malicious one, because he was a real man of flesh and blood that killed thousands of people and made sure that Lena could never feel safe alone anymore.

Another night that Lena spent the entirety of up tossing and turning in bed and thinking about Kara, with the added bonus of the horrors her family did throughout the years.

-------

If there was something Kara did not like was making people wait for her. She always tried to be punctual, and sometimes she even made sure of it with her super speed. Yet just as she finished getting ready to go to Lena’s, she heard a jewelry alarm going off.

Kara sighed and switched her dress for the red and blue suit in a blink, and then she was out through the window and into the morning sky. She loved the smell of the morning, and she loved the cold morning wind hitting her face as she flew.

By the time she arrived at the site, the three masked thieves were pointing a gun at a clerk, ordering the man to unlock the bulletproof display of the diamonds.

“You know, I’m a big fan of treating store workers nicely,” Kara said as she landed behind the man. “A smile and a please go a long way.” She smiled when all three men turned to her. “Can we do this fast? I have somewhere to be, and I hate being late.”

Two men tried to punch her at the same time and she stepped back in the last second, making one of them lose his balance and fall, and the other to just punch the air and look angry. The one left standing tried again, she stepped aside and held his arm, smiling cockily at him when he looked at her panicked.

“Now I would love to stay and play, but as I said, I’m on a schedule, so let’s just—”

Her words were interrupted by the firing of the gun, luckily towards her. She grabbed the bullet with
her forefinger and her thumb, just a few inches from her face.

“I appreciate the persistence, but I don’t get why you guys still think you can shoot me.”

Leaving only a puff of air behind her, moving at the speed of sound, Kara grabbed the gun, crunched it in her hand, took away the men’s bags and masks and threw them on the ground, and brought all three men outside of the store, wrapping the light post around them so they could wait for the police.

“I should go, but I had a lot of fun, we should do this again sometime,” Kara said before waving at the store workers and taking off.

-------

Lena couldn’t tell if Kara had perfect timing, or the worse there ever was.

It was a close call for either.

Or perhaps it was Lena’s fault.

She woke up at the same time as the day before, which happened to be her regular time to wake up. She went through her morning routine as she always did: make the bed, shower, hair, makeup, get dressed.

Yet once more, she was interrupted by Kara in the last step.

Lena had chosen and put on a patterned skirt and was trying to choose between two shirts when Kara knocked on the door softly.

Before she could even register, Lena was telling Kara to enter. The door opened and Lena walked out of her closet holding the two shirts by the hangers in front of her, forgetting herself as to her state of undress. The tight black pencil skirt and the black lace bra were probably a very good contrast with each other if Kara’s dazed face was anything to go by. Lena was proud of her body, she was very aware of how people reacted to it, but the moment she walked back to her room and saw the stupefied look on Kara’s face, she felt self-conscious for the first time in years.

She couldn’t let Kara know how affected she really was though, and she turned to face her and raised the shirts. “Which one?” With her arms far enough apart, the blue and the purple shirt that probably cost more than Kara’s rent did not cover her torso, in fact, they almost framed it, and Lena feared poor Kara would faint, she certainly didn’t look like she was breathing at all.

“Th-th-the, uhm, t-t-the buh-blue one,” Kara stuttered. “You always look good in blue. It, uhm, suits you.” You look good in my colors, was what Kara wanted to say, but that would be inappropriate. Kara wet her lips with her tongue and swallowed hard.

Lena smiled and turned around, walking back to her closet.

Kara walked around the room awkwardly, taking in the details she didn’t the day before. There wasn’t much to be seen, Lena hated crowded. The king sized bed looked comfortable and soft, like a marshmallow. Not like a cloud since clouds are made of condensed water, Kara thought. The bedside tables had both the same lamp, as it was to be expected, and one had a small pile of books while the other had a stack of folders as to indicate Lena was probably working until after she went to bed. There was a sofa in the far wall and Kara thought it looked more comfortable than her own bed. The dresser that had several expensive looking knickknacks and a very old stuffed bear on top
clearly didn’t have any clothes, since there was an entire walk in closet just a few steps away. As Kara ran her fingers over the smooth surface, she wondered what it held.

“So, I, uhm, I brought you breakfast,” Kara told Lena, her voice slightly raised so Lena could hear from inside the closet. “I thought it’d be best to avoid another article about our eating habits, you’ll already be in the spotlight enough for today.”

“Aw, that’s so sweet of you,” Lena cooed as she stepped back into the room, fastening her earrings. “You’re trying to protect me,” she added in a teasing voice.

“Always,” Kara answered solemnly. She looked Lena over, a serious expression on her face, before smiling. “You look amazing.” She sounded almost breathless. For her, Lena looked perfect. Everything from the carefully twisted bun to the light makeup to the popped collar and the few undone buttons with the sleeves rolled up to the snug skirt and even the chunky necklace that Kara had never seen the point when Cat wore, it all fit perfectly in the whole arrangement that was Lena Luthor.

“Thank you, darling.” Lena walked over and pressed her lips to Kara’s cheek.

Kara blushed deeply and scrunched up her nose cutely. “Are you trying to brand me again?” She asked softly, clearly intended to be a quip, but with Lena so close Kara could hardly catch her breath, nor think properly.

Lena stepped away and smirked up at her. “I have been discovered,” she joked. “However,” she continued, practically whispering as she cupped Kara’s jaw with one hand and rubbed her thumb over where her lips were moments before, making a small barely there gasp fall from Kara’s lips. “I’m not using dark lipstick, so maybe I just wanted to kiss you.”

Kara choked on air, an almost wheezing sound coming out of her throat. “That’s uhm, that’s uhm, that’s-that’s…”

Lena took pity on the woman. “Don’t hurt yourself, darling,” she teased, giving Kara a way out. And Kara took it, she closed her lips tightly and hung her head, a blush spreading across her cheeks as she smiled bashfully at Lena.

“Would you like to eat now?” Kara asked fidgeting with her glasses.

Lena smiled. “That would be lovely.”

--------

Just like the day before, they ended up pressed together in the back of Lena’s town car. They both knew there was more than enough space for the both of them, but they still sat as close as possible.

When Kara noticed Lena was chewing on her thumbnail she pulled Lena’s hand away from Lena’s lips and held in her lap.

“It’s going to be alright,” she said softly. “I will be right there with you, and when you have to talk, just look at me, okay? At me.”

Lena took a deep breath. “I don’t usually fear public speaking,” she said carefully. “I was practically raised for it. I’m a Luthor.” There’s a bitterness to her voice that Kara hadn’t heard since the day Lillian was arrested.
“But this is no normal circumstance, and it’s okay to be nervous.”

“You’re too good to me,” Lena said softly.

Kara smiled. “You say that a lot.”

“And you keep giving me reasons to.” She threw Kara a grin.

Kara spread Lena’s hand open over her legs and started running the tips of her fingers over Lena’s palm. She felt Lena shivering next to her. Her fingers drew random patterns on Lena’s hand, when she slid the upwards Lena spread her own fingers so that Kara’s could fit, clasping Kara’s hand on hers.

“Thank you again, for doing this,” Lena practically whispered.

Kara looked up at Lena and cocked her head to the side, puzzled. “Doing what?”

“Coming with me? Being here for me?”

Kara nodded and squeezed Lena’s hand. “Always.”

-------

The second day of trial was longer than the first one, and a lot harder on Lena. It was never easy for her to talk about her mother, and with Lillian’s lawyers making it about their relationship, it was even harder.

But when Lena looked up from her place on the witness bench, she saw bright blue eyes and an encouraging smile and her heart melted just a little. And then she didn’t have to worry about it, she just told Kara everything they asked, and Kara smiled at her through it all, urging her own, telling she was doing well, that it was okay.

Lena knew she would have managed without Kara. Of course she would. Kara could be the girl of steel but Lena was made of diamond, unyielding, unbreakable, hardened by life and by her mother, even if deep inside she was soft and vulnerable, she always managed on her own. Kara just took the pain away, made it all easy. Kara made her feel unstoppable in a way she had never felt before.

When it was over and she walked back to her seat, Kara grabbed her hand and tugged her out of the courtroom without saying a word. She led them to a bathroom and locked the door. Lena just waited.

And then Kara turned around and engulfed her in a hug.

Lena sighed, surrounded by only Kara, in that hug she loved so much, the one she felt like she was always craving. The hug that made her feel warm and safe and loved. It was soothing. She let her head drop to Kara’s neck.

Kara pressed a kiss to Lena’s temple and rubbed her shoulder. “I’m proud of you,” she whispered against Lena’s hair.

Lena allowed herself to take all the comfort she needed from Kara, breathing in Kara’s scent and basking in Kara’s warmth, letting Kara’s presence help her gather herself. She didn’t cry, she didn’t even feel like crying, but she did feel like she would crumble if Kara were to step away before she was ready.
“Thank you, Kara,” Lena said back after a few minutes. It was overwhelming, the pull Kara had on her, how the blonde made her feel. Like she couldn’t deal with certain things by herself, but with Kara she could do anything. It concerned Lena, such a strong dependency in such a short time of having Kara in her life.

A few more minutes and Lena pulled away with her chin up and her face calm and collected. She smiled at Kara.

“So,” Kara started. “Do you want to go back there for the rest of it, or do you want to get out of here?” Kara suggested.

“What?”

Kara shrugged. “I think you’ve done your part today. You did more than enough. And as your emotional support, it is my professional opinion that you should leave this courthouse right now and go eat some donuts, or maybe have an early lunch… I’m hungry.”

Lena laughed lightly. “First of all, I don’t think ‘emotional support’ is an official profession. And you’re always hungry.”

“Yet I seem to never get used to it,” Kara joked. “Whatever you want to do, Lee, I’m with you, okay.”

Lena nodded. “Maybe one more hug first?”

Kara’s smile was blinding. “Of course,” She wrapped her arms around Lena again and Lena immediately dropped her head to Kara’s shoulder.

“I think I should stay until the end,” Lena said muffled against Kara’s dress. “As much as I would love to just run away with you.” In more ways than one, she thought.

“Okay,” Kara nodded. “But you’re definitely making it up for me with Chinese from that nice restaurant.”

Lena laughed. “That can be arranged.”

-------

“So, was it awful up there?” Kara asked as they ate lunch at Kara’s new favorite Chinese restaurant. “It didn’t seem very fun from where I was standing… or sitting, I guess.”

Lena finished chewing her food and swallowed, nodding a little before answering. “It actually felt good to testify,” she told Kara. “I got to say my piece and finally distance myself from the Luthor name.” She bit her lip and looked down before looking back up at Kara. “I know it’ll always be there, and I’m very thankful for the opportunities I got and the good things I did because of it. But maybe it’ll have a... less damage-filled connotation.”

Kara nodded. “Well, as I said before, I’m very proud of you.” She smiled at Lena. “Have I told you you’re my hero?”

Lena’s heart swelled in her chest and she smiled. “Not in a while,” she joked.

“I should! Because you are.”
“I’m feeling very spoiled lately,” Lena commented.

Kara knew she meant in the emotional sense; Kara also knew it wasn’t something that happened all that much in Lena’s life.

“Yes, I’m making my duty to comfort and distract you this week,” Kara told her.

Lena smiled even more. “Well, it’s working.”

“So, distracting, let’s go,” Kara said. “Are you doing anything for Valentine’s Day?”

Lena snorted. “What kind of question is that, Kara? You know I’m not dating.”

“So what? Valentine’s is not reserved for romantic relationships,” Kara pointed out. “Non-romantic relationships are just as important.”

“Okay, okay, sorry.” Lena raised her hands apologetically. “It’s just that it kind of reminded me how I haven’t been dating for a while. After mother’s arrest, I really haven’t had the right set of mind to do it.”

“And I’ve been hogging all your free time,” Kara joked.

A fond smile took over Lena’s entire face, complete with blushing cheeks and wrinkling eyes. “Your presence is always more than welcomed, you know that.” Kara blushed and nodded. “But really, since I left metropolis I haven’t had a successful date. Or a second date.”

“It’s not that long.”

“I haven’t had sex in so long I think my virginity is growing back,” Lena said almost casually if it weren’t for the little smirk at the end.

Kara looked at her scandalized as if Lena had just told her she liked to slap people for fun. Eyes widened, mouth agape, cheeks bright red and eyebrows shot up, Kara’s expression was hilarious to Lena, and it took some effort for her not to laugh.

“Oh, relax Kara; that was a joke. I know virginity is a social construct,” Lena said dismissively. “Although mine might as well be getting re-constructed right now.” She smirked at the end as Kara gasped. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Lena laughed.

Taking a sip of her water to cool off, Kara threw Lena a dirty look. “You’re the worst.”

“So do you have plans for Valentine’s day?” Lena asked instead.

Kara was thankful for the change of subject, she did not need to think about Lena having… not anymore and certainly not while having lunch with Lena.

“Yeah, well, you see, I usually spend it with Alex,” Kara said. “And we eat a lot of ice cream and watch romantic comedies…” she trailed off.

“But now that Alex has a girlfriend you have no one to watch romantic comedies and eat ice cream with,” Lena concluded.

“Yeah,” Kara sighed.

Lena almost rolled her eyes at Kara’s dramatics. “Would you like me to watch romantic comedies and give myself diabetes with you?”
Kara grinned up at her. “Would you?” she asked hopeful.

And Lena could never say no to that face, didn’t have the guts to disappoint Kara and be the reason such hopeful face turned sad, she could only nod her response.

An excited shriek made a few people look over but Kara didn’t even notice. “Oh, that would be so great, Lee!” Kara was practically bouncing in her seat. “We can have pizza too, and wine, and pot stickers, obviously.”

“Obviously,” Lena repeated as she watched Kara with a fond smile.

It was another few minutes before they finished their food, yet they didn’t make any mention of getting up right away.

“Oh! I have interviews to transcribe,” Kara remembered. “And I have to get you to work.”

Lena raised one eyebrow at Kara, a smile threatening to break. “Why is that? Why do you have to get me to work?”

Kara frowned cutely. “Because you have work… so I can… walk you to work?”

“Yes, but why is it that you have to get me to work?”

“I’m sorry, that was a weird sentence,” Kara tried to correct herself.

“Why can’t it be the other way around?” Lena finished.

“Oh,” Kara exclaimed. Her intrigued frown turned into a smile. “I thought we had established that I’m the brave knight,” Kara joked. “And you, you’re the princess.”

“Huh! That sounds like a weird kinky fantasy.”

Kara’s cheeks tinted pink almost instantly. “Don’t be crass,” Kara hissed and Lena laughed loudly.

“I’m sorry darling; you’re just so easy to tease.”

Kara playfully narrowed her eyes at Lena. “And you’re very rude.”

Lena shrugged. “I’m rich, I can get away with it.”

Kara rolled her eyes.

“Let me just get the bill and we can go,” Lena said as she gestured for the waiter.

Very soon, they were walking out of the restaurant into the cold sunny streets and Kara grabbed Lena’s hand as if it was an automatic gesture.

“Come on, princess; let’s get you into your castle.”

Lena smiled fondly as Kara tugged her along the way.

This time Kara walked Lena up to her floor, pass Jess’ desk and through the hallway that led to the CEO’s office.

Lena was reluctant to let go of Kara, but she knew she had to. “Would you like to come over after you’re done with work?” she asked as they entered her office. “I think I might still need some
comforting and distracting.” She batted her eyelashes and tried to pout, but it probably didn’t come out as she intended, as it only made Kara stare at her lips for a few seconds.

“I, I, uhm. I actually have a thing after work,” Kara said, and she did pout. It was highly superior to Lena’s in level of puppy-ness.

“Oh,” Lena said dejectedly. They were still holding hands, and Kara squeezed her hand softly.

“Yeah, Alex is introducing Maggie to the rest of our friends,” Kara explained, swinging their linked hands lightly. “And even though we have all the mess going on, I have to be there for her, you know, she’s still my sister.”

Lena smiled a little. “You’re a good sister. Coming out isn’t easy, she deserves the support, even if she’s being a little stubborn.”


“Sounds great Kara,” Lena practically sighed, her smile getting so bright it made Kara forget what she was going to say for a moment.

“Awesome! So I’ll see you tonight.”

“You will,” Lena agreed.

“Okay, bye.” Kara quickly pecked Lena’s lips and skipped out of the office, waving goodbye to Jess on her way out. She only realized what she had done once the elevator doors closed. “Oh Rao,” she whispered as her eyes widened.

Back in her office, Lena was snapped out of her shock by Jess.

“Excuse me, ma’am,” the secretary called softly from the door.

Lena shook herself a little and looked up at the woman with an easy smile. “Yes, Jess, what is it?”

“Well, your mother’s lawyers called while you were out,” Jess informed, and then she added “twelve times.”

Lena sighed tiredly and dropped herself on her couch.

-------

Kara and Winn were the first to arrive at the bar.

Winn had texted Kara that he didn’t feel very comfortable going to an alien bar on his own because it felt like he was intruding, so Kara offered for them to go together.

“Hey,” Winn called, nudging her with his arm as they waited for the others to get there, sitting side by side on a table in the middle of the bar. “Why do you look like someone just kicked your cat?”

“I don’t have a cat, Winn,” Kara answered being pulled from her thoughts but still a little distracted.

“Aw, what about streaky?”
Kara finally looked at her friend. “He’s not mine; he just shows up sometimes to ask for food.”

“Then why does he have a name?”

“You named him that,” Kara argued.

Winn shrugged. “Hearsay.”

Kara rolled her eyes and spaced out again. How could she ever face Lena again? She was too embarrassed to even think about what she did, and yet she had promised Lena she would be over later.

How could she be so silly? Did she have no impulse control? Or critical thinking? What was she thinking? Oh, that’s right, she wasn’t. Lena smiled at her and she forgot how to think.

Lena was so close, her heart loud on Kara’s ears, her laugh still echoing, her eyes so bright and green, her face so beautiful, her hands warm inside Kara’s, her lips so pink and inviting. Kara almost didn’t have control of herself.

But how could she? Lena would hate her now. Worse, she made Lena hurt as she hurt when Winn and Mon-El had kissed her. By Rao Kara was now the reason of Lena’s pain. As if she didn’t have enough on her mind. As if she hadn’t had enough hurt for a lifetime. Lena could be strong and brave, and Kara admired her immensely, but she knew that deep inside, in her heart, Lena was soft and easily hurt. The thought that she could be the one to cause Lena pain was too dreadful to Kara.

Kara remembered the whole drama she had with Winn back when he was dealing with his feelings and she didn’t want that to happen with her and Lena. She and Winn were good now, but they were not talking for too many weeks and Kara didn’t know if she could deal with going so long without talking to Lena.

“Earth to Kara,” Winn called, snapping his fingers near her face.

Kara jumped in her seat and glared at him. “What?”

“You’re spacing out. I’ve been talking to you for the past eight minutes.”

“Oh… sorry.”

He frowned a little. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, totally. Why wouldn’t it be?” Kara said exaggeratedly, which only made Winn frown even more, but he didn’t press this time.

“I was just telling you James texted to say he’ll take a little longer than expected, so it’s just the two of us for now.”

Kara hummed and nodded. “Yeah, sure. James is a busy man, he works so much,” she said sarcastically.

Winn chose not to answer.

They were silent for a few minutes, an awkward silence that was rare for them. They drummed their fingers on the table awkwardly, and it was even more awkward when they both did it at the same time.

It was like Kara could feel the tension in the air, wearing her down, the need to talk looming over her
like a dangling sword just waiting to fall.

“So something happened today,” she finally blurted out when she couldn’t take it anymore.

“Oh, thank god,” Winn sighed, almost dramatically.

Kara rolled her eyes but continued. “And I’m only telling you this because I need to talk about it to process, but you can’t tell anyone.”

Winn eyed her carefully. “Okay?”

“I mean it, Winn, if you tell this to anyone I will punch you, and like full strength punch.”

“You’ll kill me, got it.” He nodded, forcing a serious face.

“Winn,” Kara said in a warning tone. “This is serious. Like, Below 52 serious. Like, if we didn’t have to stay here for Alex I’d be dragging you there right now.”

“Shit,” he whispered. “Okay. Sorry, I’ll stop joking now. What’s up?”

Worrying at her bottom lip, Kara looked at Winn a bit hesitantly. “You know how I went to the courthouse with Lena? For the trial?”

“Yes, my phone won’t stop beeping with warnings that your face is going around the internet.”

Kara nodded. “Well, after the trial I walked Lena back to her office,” Kara said slowly. “And then I had to leave, cuz I have to work, you know, and Snapper already hates me enough as it is, he’d be so mad if I wasn’t there after lunch and…” Kara started rambling.

“Kara,” Winn called softly, and Kara took the hint.

“Right, sorry.” Kara pressed her lips together and then popped them. “So, as I was saying goodbye, I did something, and I feel really bad for it because I’m all about consent, and I know how it feels and I shouldn’t have done it but I didn’t even realize and when I did the elevator was already closing and I didn’t know what to do and know I feel so awkward and—”


“I… sortofaccidentallykissedlena,” Kara blurted out.

Winn frowned. “What?”

“I sort of accidentally kissed Lena,” Kara said more clearly, but no less anxious and nervous. She couldn’t handle if Winn were to judge her on that, she knew what she did was wrong but she needed her best friend to talk to.

“You… acciden- You,” Winn stuttered, “kissed Lena LUTHOR!” He shrieked the last name so loud a few people around them glared at him, which in turn made Winn blush.

Kara gasped at the outburst. “Keep your voice down,” she hissed nudging him.

“Sorry, sorry, it’s just… Lena Luthor!”

Kara rolled her eyes, mistaking his emphasis for judgment. “Yes, Winn, Lena Luthor, the woman I was with the entire morning, who else?” She said sounding tired, and in a way, she kind of was, of
the same conversation. “But she’s not like her mother, she’s really kind and caring, you met her the other day, you know she’s not terrible.”

“No, Kara. I don’t mean it like that,” he assured her. “It’s just that, Lena is like, super ho-aauuuhm… pretty.” He caught himself before he finished the word when Kara glared at him.

“She really is,” Kara sighed dreamily.

“And you’ve been crushing on her for weeks,” he added.

It was her turn, yet again, to blush. “Whaat? No! I have definitely not- I-I wasn’t… I never… I don’t have a, a crush,” she stuttered.

“Sure you don’t kiddo,” Winn said clapping her shoulder. “You just want to kiss her every time she opens her mouth,” he added smugly.

“When she doesn’t too,” Kara mumbled under her breath, but Winn heard it. His grin got too big she feared it would split his face.

“I knew it,” he hissed at her. “I knew it, I knew it!”

Kara shook her head at him. “No! Winn, you’re not listening,” she insisted. “It was an accident. I didn’t mean to do it. And neither did she. I didn’t ask first and I certainly didn’t give her time to consent, or back away…”

He eyed her weirdly, the frown back on his face. “How do you accidentally kiss someone? And like, not just someone. Lena Luthor! Possibly like, the most intelligent woman in National City, and the hottest too.”

“Winn,” she hissed. “I don’t really know. I didn’t mean to. Like, I didn’t even know I was doing it, I didn’t even know I did until later, I certainly wouldn’t have, you know it’s not like me to just… I mean, maybe I was going for a cheek kiss and it ended up being on the lips? And Now I feel so bad.”

“Why?”

“Because I kissed her Winn,” Kara repeated indignantly as if annoyed her wasn’t paying attention. “I kissed my best friend. Without consent. Without even giving her time to react. While she’s going through a terrible situation. And then I just… ran away.”

“Oh! Yeah, that….,” Winn said nodding. “I know the feeling.”

“What do I do?” Kara pressed. “How do I even look at her again? I’m supposed to meet her again tonight and I just? How do I…?”

“Talk to her? I mean, she seems to really like you, Kara, I don’t think she’ll be unreasonable about this.”

“But…”

“Just talk to her,” he insisted. “Suck it up and talk to her. I did.”

“She hasn’t texted me all day,” she said with a pout.

“She’s a busy woman.”
“What if she hates me now?”

“What’s she’s not even taking this as hard as you are,” he argued.

Kara frowned and looked properly at him. “What do you mean?”

He shrugged. “Maybe she didn’t think much of it. Maybe she thought it was normal, just like a, I don’t know, like a girls’ way of saying goodbye. And you’re a very affectionate and tactical person, maybe she took it as a progression of your friendship.”

“You think?”

He shrugged again. “Just talk to her. Chances are, it’s not a big deal. But if it is, just apologize, you can’t go wrong with an apology.”

Kara smiled, a little relieved. “You’re right, Winn, thank you.”

He smiled at her. “Anytime, kiddo,” he joked. “I’m always here for my buddy.” He nudged her and she laughed. “Now I think this calls for a beer,” he said already standing up. “I’ll go get them. You just stay here and try to turn off your brain for a few seconds.”

“When did you get so wise?” Kara asked before he could walk away.

Winn sent her a smirk over the shoulder. “Like last week, I think.”

Winn came back a while later with two beers, giving one to Kara before sitting.

“Thanks,” Kara said with a smile. She took a small sip and started picking on the label with her thumbnail. “So… about what we talked about… you won’t tell anyone, will you?”

He looked at her a little shocked. “What? Of course not, Kara. This is serious stuff, I would never do that to you,” he insisted. “Just like I never said anything about,” he spotted talking and cocked his head towards to bar and Kara looked up to see Mon-El serving a few patrons.

“I know it’s just…” Kara trailed off awkwardly.

“You really like her?” he finished for her.

Kara nodded and let out a long sigh. “I do,” she whispered, almost as if she was afraid to confess it aloud. “And there’s still the whole Alex thing. Usually, I’d be telling these things to her, but…”

Winn looked at her sympathetically. “How are things there?”

“She still refuses to admit we’re fighting, yet she doesn’t talk to me outside of work.”

He winced. “That’s tough.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I hate this.”

“Why are you here then?” Winn asked.

“Because she needs me here,” she said definitively. “She’s still my sister. If she needs me, I’m here. That’s it.”

Winn nodded. “Can you tell me anything about this mystery person?”
Kara grinned and shook her head. “Nope! You’ll just have to wait until they get here, like everybody else.”

“Rude!” Winn protested. “I thought I was your buddy. Your secret holder. Your trusted sidekick.”

Kara laughed a little. She really loved Winn, she missed hanging out with him like they used to do back before he left CatCo to work at the DEO. “Yeah, my secrets,” she told him. “You can hold my secrets all you want, but this isn’t mine to tell.”

Winn pouted and crossed his arms over his chest. “Okay, fine. I’ll wait,” he said grumpily.

They talked about Winn’s work and Kara’s latest interviews for Snapper and how Winn was really glad he didn’t get to meet Snapper as someone who was going to work for him, all the while finishing their beers. It didn’t take too much for J’onn to arrive, and lastly James, and then Kara decided to get up to get them all a round. The TV was on in a news channel that was talking about Lillian’s trial and Kara found herself face with Lena’s picture on the courthouse, the memories of that morning that Winn had managed to keep at bay until then came flashing back at her. She was only snapped out of her near trance by Mon-El’s voice saying something behind her that made her jump and cringe at his voice at the same time. An awkward interaction with the Daxamite later and she was back to the table to wait for Alex with the rest of their friends.

When Alex showed up and introduced Maggie to the group, Winn gasped next to Kara.

“I knew it,” he hissed under his breath.

Kara snorted and propped her chin on his shoulder. “No, you didn’t,” she whispered grinning and he shoved lightly on her shoulder. Kara giggled until she noticed Alex looking at her with a forced smile and slightly panicked eyes, she shot Alex a reassuring smile and mimicked for her to breathe, which Alex did and seemed to relax a little for it.

And then Mon-El came over giving them their drinks, placing a club soda in front of Kara and winking as if it was a private joke they shared, and next to her Winn laughed quietly until she kicked him under the table.

Alex introduced Maggie to Mon-El and he amusedly asked if that was a thing on earth.

It was true that back on Krypton and Daxam, since reproduction was usually made through the Birthing Matrix from blood cells, the gender of a mate was relevant only to the other mate. Kara didn’t remember ever hearing something against same gender relationships before arriving on earth, and even so, it was only after she got to high school that she found out how against it some people could be, how cruel. She had never talked to Alex about it, mostly because she was afraid Alex would be as avert to such things as some of her schoolmates, and she felt immensely guilty for the struggle Alex went through without being able to talk to her.

“On Daxam it was the more the merrier,” Mon-El said in a joking tone, but there was something inherently disturbing in the way he said it, and Kara immediately remembered how Daxam was a place known for its parties and drinking and the comment made her even more uncomfortable. It didn’t sound like something one would say about someone else’s romantic relationship, it sounded like someone would say about a party, or a hot tub, or…

Alex shot her a disturbed look and she reciprocated, both crinkling their noses in disgust.

Once Mon-El was gone, Winn nudged Kara. “Did he just make a joke about org—” he stopped abruptly once he saw Kara’s face.
“Hey, do you play pool?” Maggie asked Winn, desperately trying to get some normalcy into the situation.

Kara watched Winn’s failed attempt at playing pool and Alex’s and Maggie’s amusement while trying to teach him, and then she heard the TV behind her and turned around. The woman was talking about Lena, with shots of the trial that morning of Lena testifying.

“Oh, what an awful thing to have to do,” Kara sighed. “It was really hard for her.”

“Well, the Luthors have never shied away from doing awful things,” James said next to her, with a high and mighty tone that she had only heard from Clark before.

“Yeah, but she’s not like them,” she argued. “She knows Lillian is evil, she’s doing the right thing, even though she still loves her mother. What she did was brave.”

“If you say so.”

There was the tone again, and Kara stepped away from him before they could start arguing.

“Hey, Alex?” Kara called softly, approaching her sister and Winn. “Everything is cool here, right?”

Alex turned to her and frowned. “Yeah, why?”

“Because if it is I have something I have to do, so I gotta go,” Kara explained. She saw Winn’s little smirk and wink and rolled her eyes. “Shut up Winn,” she hissed.

Alex looked at Winn but he had neutered his expression before she could see, smiling sweetly at her.

“Yeah, sure,” Alex said, “If you have to go…”

Kara nodded. “I really do.”

“Okay.” Alex nodded. “Thank you for being here.”

“Of course.” Kara smiled and pulled Alex into a hug, it wasn’t like it used to be, somewhere in her head she knew things weren’t good between her and Alex, but it was still nice to forget about it for a minute and hug her sister. When they parted, Kara could almost feel the tension between them started to build up again. “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Alex said automatically.

“Winn,” Kara said as she turned to him, opening her arms.

He engulfed her in one of his bear hugs, he had been trying to make her feel properly squeezed by a hug ever since he realized she probably didn’t notice the pressure, considering her powers and how she sometimes crushed him without realizing. He hadn’t been too successful, although she definitely felt the difference in pressure.

“It’ll be okay,” he whispered to her. “You worry too much sometimes.”

“Thank you, Winn.” She pulled away and smiled at him.

“Now go,” he told her, making her laugh.

She nodded and said goodbye to the rest of the group, waving at them, and then she was out of the bar at super speed, leaving nothing but a puff of air behind.
Alex turned to Winn.

“What was that about?”

“What was what about?” Winn asked back.

Alex narrowed her eyes, she knew Winn evading when she saw it. “That the two of you were whispering just there.”

Winn shrugged. “There was no whispering.”

“I saw you.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Alex stepped towards him, squaring her shoulders to look more intimidating. “What was it, Winn?” she insisted.

He stepped back, cowering, his hands going up in surrender. “There’s really nothing to tell, Alex. Kara is worried about the article Snapper had her write, about the Alien clinic of the NCU hospital. A lot of people think aliens shouldn’t be allowed health care and she was feeling a little down because of that. I just told her things will be okay.” Technically, it wasn’t a lie, Kara had told him that before J’onn arrived. Winn managed to look frightened enough for Alex to accept it without pressing further and he waited for her to go talk to Maggie to let out a relieved breath.

-------

“Thank you, Jess,” Kara smiled at the woman as she led her to Lena’s office and opened the door.

“It’s no problem, Ms. Danvers.”

“Will you ever call me Kara?”

Jess smiled but didn’t answer. She silently opened the door for Kara and closed it after Kara stepped inside.

“The Lillian Luthor’s defense attorneys tried to downplay Lena Luthor’s testimony, characterizing her statements as the angry rant of an estranged daughter,” the newscaster on TV was saying.

Kara thought she was going to be awkward and shy and stuttering when talking to Lena again, but instead, she boldly marched towards the woman and grabbed the remote from her hand, turning the TV off before Lena could protest.

“I think you’ve got enough media coverage for the entire week already,” Kara told her. It was Tuesday, but it had been a long week already.


“Ugh.”

“And they’ve all called for a quote.”

“Did you tell them you already got your own personal reporter?” Kara joked with her goofy grin and
it made Lena smile.

“Next time I will.”

“So, I brought you two things,” Kara started.

“Your beautiful face and food?” Lena tried.

Kara blushed a little. “No… I mean yes. Sort of. The first is donuts, your favorite,” Kara said, holding the bag in front of her for Lena to see.

“How do you know what my favorite donut is? You saw me eating donuts once.” Kara just shrugged and let Lena take the bag from her and take a look inside. She was right, it really was Lena’s favorite. “What’s the second thing?”

Kara smiled and opened her arms. “A hug?” she said tentatively.

Lena practically dismounted from her business façade with a sigh and she smiled tiredly at Kara. “My favorite,” she said softly and Kara stepped closer, she let herself relax against Kara and the blonde wrapped both arms around her.

“Let’s go sit on the couch,” Kara suggested and Lena nodded, letting Kara drag her the few feet to the couch.

“Thank you, Kara,” Lena whispered, dropping her head to Kara’s shoulder as they sat next to each other, they were so close together Lena was inches away from sitting on Kara’s lap.

“So…” Kara started, handing Lena a donut but Lena was already talking.

“You know, I told you, it felt good to testify,” Lena said as she picked on her donut. “I got to say my piece and finally distance myself from the Luthor name.” She paused and shifted on the couch to look at Kara, who nodded with her mouth full. “And then I came back here to 12 calls from her lawyers.” She smiled forcefully, scrunching her nose before her face fell. “Yeah, she wants to see me.”

“What do you think she wants?”

“Probably to tell me that my outfit in court was horrible and that I need a makeover,” Lena joked, but then she shrugged. “I don’t know and I don’t care.” She sighed. “I just thought I was done with her, you know I’d finally shut the door on being a Luthor. And then there she was, back on my phone sheet.”

Kara looked at her sympathetically. “Twelve times.”

“You don’t think I should feel guilty for not wanting to go see that monster, right?” Lena asked, shoving a piece of donut in her mouth.

“Well, do you think you would find peace of mind by visiting her and telling her how you really feel?”

“Even if I did, it wouldn’t make a difference,” Lena said, looking down at her fingers. “You know, she’s been the same way since the day I met her.”

“I’ve spent most of my life wishing I could talk to people that are no longer here,” Kara told her, and Lena felt a little guilty for complaining like that to Kara after everything Kara went through, she
looked at Kara with sad wonder. “She’s still here. And she’s still your mom.”

Lena nodded and swallowed her food and her emotions all at the same time. “Yeah.”

After a little beat of silence, Kara spoke again. “If you want to go, I could come with you,” she suggested.

“You don’t have to keep doing this for me, Kara.”

“I know. I want to. If… if that’s okay with you.”

Lena’s driver took them to the jail Lillian was and Kara waited in the car when Lena went in, playing with her phone to distract herself, trying not to keep tabs on Lena’s heartbeat.

Lillian was cold as always when she went in, and Lena paid it back in like, but then she said she didn’t want to fight, only to make up. Lillian told Lena she loved her and forgave her, tried to apologize, but Lena was having none of it, it had to be one of her games.

And then Lena brought up Lionel and something shifted in Lillian’s eyes.

“You hold Lionel up as some saint, but he’s not.”

“Don’t disparage him,” Lena argued. “He was a good man.”

“If he was a good man, he would’ve told you the truth,” Lillian argued back. “But he hated me too much to do that,” Lillian said with a bitter smile.

The truth. The truth was that Lillian had a second child five years after Lex. That much Lena knew; Lex had told her about Julian when she was still little, telling her how annoying of a baby Julian was and how he often thought about pulling a pillow over the baby’s face to make him stop crying. It made eight-year-old Lena be really glad she was already a big girl when she went to live with the Luthors. Julian had died, though, before he even had his first birthday and it hit both Lillian and Lionel, from Lex’s perspective, Lillian grew closer to Lex, but Lionel distanced himself from both of them. And then Lionel started having an affair, which Lillian only found out when she went to surprise him on a business trip, only to find that he was with Lena’s mother.

Lena’s mother. Who was already pregnant with Lena.

Lena was Lionel’s daughter. She really was a Luthor. She had the same blood as the man who committed genocide, who tried to kill his best friend and killed hundreds of people in the process. She had the same blood as her dear brother, the sweet and caring boy who taught her how to ride a bike before he went insane and sent a man to kill her.

“If you came back to try and rebuild our marriage,” Lillian recounted. “Then when you were four, we heard your mother had died. The state was going to put you in foster care. Your father brought you home and we adopted you. But he didn’t like me spending time with you. I think it made him remember what he’d done. He felt guilty. He’d lash out. So, I stayed away. Gravitated to Lex. To protect myself. And you. But seeing you with him… You look so much like her. It was like ripping a Band-Aid off every day of my life.”

It was too much to process. Lena felt like she was being stabbed in the chest. Lillian had met her
birth mother, knew how she looked, knew Lena looked like her. It wasn’t just a dream then, a
childhood dream that she would look just like her mother and people would comment on it all the
time. They lied to her. Her entire life she had been lied to. By the woman she admired and always
sought the approval of but had never given her the love she craved, and the man she adored and
thought of as her hero up until that point. It was too painful.

“So I really am a Luthor,” Lena said, feeling silly as she let her emotions take over her. She
swallowed the lump in her throat and blinked the tears away.

“We’re the only two Luthors left. And we need to be there for each other,” Lillian told her with
vehemence. She leaned forward and placed both hands on the middle of the table, palms turned up.
“I want a second chance with you. Please, honey.”

Lena clenched her jaw and hesitantly placed her fingers to Lillian’s who squeezed them and smiled
at her. Everything after that was a blur to her, the next thing she knew she was back in her car, on
her way home, with Kara’s arm around her. That was beginning to be a recurring thing in her life,
especially the last few days, life beat her up and she ran to Kara’s arms. Not that she had anything
against it, she couldn’t complain about it, Kara had been nothing but great to her, but not for the first
time she worried what would happen if Kara were to walk out of her life. How would she handle
such a tragedy?

Kara held Lena’s hand and led her up to her apartment and to the living room couch, and asked how
things had gone, and that was when Lena pulled away from Kara, needing to put space between
them before Kara did it herself, because she couldn’t handle that.

Almost ranting, Lena recounted her conversation with Lillian, telling Kara everything Lillian had
said, even explaining about Julian, who would have been 4 years older than Lena, and her mother.
She told Kara how she always wished to remember how her mother looked like, to know if she
looked like her, and how, if it was her hair or her eyes or her smile, maybe her nose or her chin, her
jaw, if she would talk the same or walk the same, have the same tastes. And then she remembered
herself and continued on the subject.

“So that’s it,” Lena said after she was done. “I’m a Luthor. I really am a Luthor. By blood,” she said
as if it wasn’t already obvious.

“Come here,” Kara asked, opening her arms and gesturing for Lena to approach.

Lena hesitated but settled against Kara. Kara passed one arm gently around Lena, placing her hand
on Lena’s arm, her other hand rested against Lena’s other shoulder and she pressed her cheek to
Lena’s forehead.

“This doesn’t change anything, Lee,” Kara said softly.

“How can you say that, Kara?” Lena protested. “This changes everything.”

“It doesn’t change you, Lena,” Kara insisted. “Your blood doesn’t change who you are. You’re still
the same brilliant, kind, talented, successful, generous, gorgeous, amazing Lena as always. This
doesn’t change how I feel about you, you’re still my best friend, and you’re still my hero.” Kara
paused. “I’m like, a step away from thinking you can do no wrong, and that’s only because you
won’t try Hawaiian pizza,” she joked and Lena laughed. “There you go, so much better.”

“I wish I could see things more like you.”

“Well, that’s what I’m here for, to help you.” Kara smiled. “What have I told you, about being a
good person?"

“It’s about what you do, not what you are,” Lena answered promptly.

Kara nodded. “And you’ve done so much good, Lena. You fund a children’s hospital, Lee, how can you be a bad person?”

“I’m not as good as you make me up to be, Kar,” Lena said. “I’m narcissistic and snobbish and selfish.”

“You are not narcissistic, or snobbish, you just act like you are. And everyone is a little selfish.”

“You’re not.”

“Yes, I am,” Kara said firmly.

“How are you selfish?”

_I haven’t told you I’m Supergirl because I don’t want you to change how you see me and I like that you like Kara and not Supergirl_, Kara thought. “It’s impossible for someone to be completely selfless,” she said instead.

“I don’t believe you,” Lena insisted. “There’s no way you’re selfish.”

“I don’t like sharing. I like attention and I like when people like me and I often do things for people so they will like me, I’m nice to everyone because it makes me feel good about myself. I often hide my feelings or lie, because I don’t want people to change how they feel about me, that’s selfish. When people don’t like me, it makes me feel bad. I often eat all the food before anyone can even think about wanting to eat as well...”

“Kara, that is the most adorable list of selfish things ever.”

“Shut up.” Lena laughed. “You’re not bad, Lena. This may have changed things for you, but it doesn’t change you. I have a little bit of experience with finding out bad things about dead parents, and I know it hurts. When I found out my mother had lied to me, it was one of the worse feelings I’ve ever felt, as if my entire life had been a lie, I got so angry and so hurt but Alex was there for me, and I’ll be here for you.”

“My entire life has been a lie,” Lena whispered.

“I’m so sorry.”

Lena’s hands gripped Kara’s and she let herself be comforted by the affection in Kara’s hug and words.

It was around ten minutes before Kara spoke again.

“Are you ready for comfort pizza?”

Lena smiled and shook her head. “No, I want to do something I haven’t done in a while.”

-------

The club was very overwhelming for Kara’s super senses, the music drumming painfully loud in her
ears, the low and colorful lighting made her feel queasy and the amount of sweaty people dancing made it for such a suffocating environment that Kara swore she could feel the heat overtaking her. But then Lena placed a drink on her hand and smiled and Kara forgot any problems she might have had with the place.

She concentrated on Lena’s heartbeat so the noises wouldn’t hurt so much and she thought it was cute how it almost matched the beat of the music. Lena looked really good under the purplish light, it contrasted beautifully with her skin tone and her eyes, and truthfully with the way Lena was smiling at her, Kara really couldn’t care less about the lighting because that smile was breathtaking and it made her feel less drunk on the club vibes and slightly more on Lena. As for the heat, it made a few beads of sweat to gather on Lena’s skin and Kara caught herself following one down the expanse of Lena’s neck.

Kara forced herself to look away as it passed Lena’s collarbone and swallowed a gulp of her drink as a distraction. “This is a nice place,” Kara told Lena. They were seated in the VIP section, which consisted of a few scattered tables with leather seats secluded from the regular crowd of the already exclusive nightclub, far enough from anyone else that they’d get privacy but not too far that they could forget that they were, in fact, surrounded by people.

Lena frowned at Kara and leaned closer. They’d been hugging a lot lately, but when Lena’s hand brushed her arm and her leg pressed close to Kara’s, the Kryptonian had to use all her concentration not to flinch as her breath hitched in her throat.

“I said this is a nice place,” Kara repeated a little louder.

Lena smiled and nodded. They had changed back on Lena’s place, Lena had insisted on Kara borrowing some clothes, and she was now wearing a very low cut blouse and that shade of blood red lipstick that made Kara’s mouth go dry, and Kara was having a hard time pulling her attention back as it drifted evenly between Lena’s cleavage and Lena’s lips.

“Do you come here a lot?” Kara felt awkward, but even her in her awkward state knew that was dumb and lame.

But Lena just laughed and shook her head no. Lena couldn’t shake how strikingly good Kara looked in one of her dresses with her golden curls falling over her shoulders and her cheeks a little more flushed than normal. The moment she saw Kara leaving her closet like that she forgot how to breathe, but now that she was pressed close to Kara, with the purple light hitting her just right and her endearing awkwardness, Lena felt like she would never breathe properly again. She wanted nothing more than to kiss the blonde senseless, and with the way Kara kept glancing at her lips, Lena knew it wouldn’t be all too badly received, but she couldn’t do it.

Kara hadn’t mentioned the kiss from before, which Lena hardly considered as a kiss, because with everything Lena was going through it didn’t feel right to talk about such insignificant thing, but she caught herself glancing at Lena’s lips more and more often and Lena could swear she saw a glimpse of guilt pass Kara’s eyes every now and then.

For what felt like several hours, the two of them drank and talked, pressed together, even if Kara was still a little stiff and awkward and felt even more awkward because she was being weird with Lena, when usually Lena was the person she was the most comfortable with. Every time Lena grazed her fingertips over Kara’s forearm Kara’s breath hitched and her cheeks flushed a little, Lena on her end, just smiled a disarming smile at Kara and then Kara couldn’t complain about the loud music because she couldn’t hear anything over her own heart beating loudly in her ears.

It took a while for Kara to loosen up, but suddenly they were back to the ease they always had
around each other, with maybe just a bit more of flushed cheeks on Kara’s end and sultry smiles from Lena’s part.

Lena leaned against Kara, her hand gripping Kara’s forearm and her lips practically grazing Kara’s ear, hot breath against the now sensible skin on Kara’s neck.

“I don’t usually drink this much,” Lena confessed, her words were starting to get slurred. “I don’t like losing control, or feeling like I’m drowning in my own body.”

“Oh my god, Lee,” Kara whined. “Why didn’t you tell me? Why are you drinking now?”

Lena shrugged. “I trust you to take care of me.” She relaxed back against the leather seat.

Kara laughed. “It’s not like a have a choice right now.” She saw Lena’s drunk panicky look and held Lena gently by the shoulders, forcing the woman to look at her. “I will gladly take care of you, Lena. I’d never let anything happen to you,” she promised.

Lena all but melted. “I know you won’t,” she mumbled and let her head fall to Kara’s shoulder for a second. She straightened herself up a few seconds later, eyes shining with excitement as she looked at Kara. “We should totally do shots!”

Kara just laughed. “I thought you didn’t like the feeling of being drunk.”

“Yeah, but I’m trying to forget about my problems for one night. It’d be nice to loosen up a bit. Distract and comfort, wasn’t that what you promised me?”

She couldn’t stop the warm smile that took over her entire face. “I thought just my presence was already enough for that.”

Lena shook her head while rolling her eyes. “That is the cheesiest thing I’ve ever heard, you know,” she said as she poked Kara in the ribs. “But I’m still making it my mission to distract myself from all the bad things that happened this week. Honestly, I had a pretty eventful week. Sometimes it’s good to just ignore your problems for a few hours and have fun. You know, de-stress.”

“You have a very heavy and eventful life,” Kara pointed out. “Yet you just said you don’t usually drink. So how do you destress?”

Lena shrugged. “Well I have you,” she said candidly. “Watching silly shows on Netflix and playing board games is the highlight of my weeks.”

Kara took in a sharp breath as her heart broke for Lena. Lena who was so good and warm and caring and went out of her way for Kara always. Lena who so often let slip that she wasn’t used to having affection directed to her. Kara couldn’t believe how someone so amazing like Lena didn’t have people lining up to spend time with her. She was consumed again with the need to protect this strong, powerful and yet so soft woman, to show her all the affection and care she deserved.

“Okay, fine,” Kara told Lena. “We’ll do shots.” She rolled her eyes with a laugh when Lena pumped the air in celebration. “But nothing excessive. I don’t want you getting too trashed.”

Lena clapped her hands and wiggled her body giddily, smiling in a way Kara hadn’t see before and found extremely cute. She liked this version of Lena.

“Yes, ma’am!” Lena joked before running to the bar to order the shots.

Kara could see from afar as Lena used her cleavage and patented sexy smiles to get a faster service,
and soon enough the woman was coming back towards her, followed closely by a flustered bartender carrying a tray with ten small cups of a suspicious amber liquid.

“Lena,” Kara scoffed as Lena settled back next to her and the guy placed the drinks in front of them. “I said nothing excessive.”

Lena shot her a clearly fake innocent look. “But this isn’t even all that much. Right, Kyle?” She asked the bartender for support. “People drink twice this all the time.”

The man nodded, but the glare Kara threw him had him cowering away.

“Nooo, come back Kyle, I want to know how you do your hair,” Lena screamed jokingly after the guy.

“Oh Rao, you’re already drunk! There’s no way I’m letting you drink all of those.”

Lena laughed. “First of all, I’m not drunk, I’m just excited, clubs give me that vibe.” She tried to hold Kara’s accusing eyes, but didn’t last long. She could put the fear of life on rich entitled men with just one stone cold look, but Kara’s pretty blue eyes had her melting in seconds. “Fine! I’m a little buzzed,” she confessed. “But I am not drunk. And the only way you are going to stop me from drinking is if you drink them before me.” There was a devilish glint in Lena’s eyes and at the curling of her lips.

“Oh!” Kara exclaimed. “Is that a challenge, Luthor?” Kara asked defiantly, using the last name teasingly.

Lena’s smirk only widened. “Bring it, Danvers.”

They both grabbed a shot glass each and clicked them together.

“Should we make a game out of this?” Lena asked.

“So you can use that brilliant mind of yours to drink more? No way.” Kara narrowed her eyes at Lena, her competitiveness and desire to protect Lena taking over.

Lena hummed. “You flatter me,” she teased condescendingly.

Kara held her laugh, it would shift the mood, and she didn’t want that.

Lena shrugged and lowered her glass back to the table, waiting for Kara to do the same; when Kara did, they tapped the glasses lightly on the table before bringing them to their lips and throwing their heads back as they downed the burning liquid.

Naturally, Kara was faster, but she could not deny Lena had the dexterity to make up for it. Either way, Lena only managed to drink three shots while Kara downed seven.

Kara allowed a cocky smile to curl her lips, a thing she so rarely indulged. “There,” she said with a little flourish, slapping a hand on the table lightly.

Lena raised her eyebrows with an excessively pleased smile. “Who said that wasn’t my plan all along?” Her voice was sweet and dangerous, and it had Kara backtracking on her own confidence.

“T-to get me drunk?” Kara stuttered.

A single eyebrow moved up and down in a provocative gesture. “I did say I wanted to loosen up. That means both of us.”
Kara could only gap. “Rude.”

Lena smirked. “Oh, come on darling, it can’t be that bad.”

“I’ve been drunk once,” Kara said. “It was Mike’s fault. I don’t know how I got home, I think Winn took me. It made me really hungry the next morning.”

Lena burst out laughing. Something about the way Kara said it, innocence pouring over her words even though they sounded flat, it was just too funny for Lena’s drunk brain. She laughed hard and for a long time and Kara watched her with a fond smile, Lena’s laugh was probably one of the most beautiful things she’d ever heard or seen, and it made it even better after everything that was going on that week.

“I would love to see you drunk,” Lena said between breaths after a while.

Kara grinned. “How do you know this is not me drunk?”

“Must be weird drinking if you don’t get drunk,” Lena said instead.

Kara felt the panic rising inside of her but Lena didn’t seem to realize. Maybe she knew, maybe she was playing Kara to see if she would break, maybe she was just drunk.

“I like the taste of a few things,” she said simply. It wasn’t a confession, although it wasn’t a lie, it didn’t tell anything more than it did. Lena seemed to be satisfied with the answer as she nodded and settled back against Kara. “You know, when you said you wanted to go clubbing I thought there would be less sitting and more… clubbing involved.”

“Hm, but sitting with you is so nice,” Lena purred.

Kara swallowed against her dry throat at Lena’s voice. “Yeah, it can also be done at home without the need of expending excessive amounts of money.”

“I like clubs,” Lena told her simply. “I had to stop going because of what the tabloids used to say about me, and because it wasn’t appropriate to be in charge of a company and be a party girl. Buuuut it’s not every day you find out your entire life has been a lie and you are actually blood-related to a murderous psychopath,” she laughed bitterly.

“Lee,” Kara almost gasped.

“You know, it was okay when he was just my adoptive brother, but now that I know we share DNA… he was good before he turned insane, you know? What’s to stop what happened to him from happening to me?”

“Me!” Kara said forcefully. “I’m not going to let it. Even if I don’t think that would ever happen because you’re amazing and kind and strong and warm, I will not let you become evil, I’ll fight you if I have to. I mean, not physically. Because we both know I would demolish you,”

“Oh, please, I do Pilates,” Lena joked.

They both laughed.

“I told you before, Lee, you’re still the same person, knowing this doesn’t change who you are.” She made sure Lena was looking at her before continuing. “What you are isn’t who you are. And who you are it’s pretty amazing.”

“Do you want to dance now?”

Lena laughed and nodded. They got up to make it to the dance-floor but Lena felt dizzy after a few steps and stumbled a little. Kara only giggled and led her back to their table.

“Maybe dancing isn’t the best option.”

“Maybe not,” Lena agreed in a soft voice. She propped her legs up on Kara’s legs when the blonde sat next to her.

What Kara hadn’t noticed before, too distracted in Lena to realize, was that despite the loud music in the club, the area they were in wasn’t all that noise, and they could hear each other both well enough to hold a conversation. Which made Lena’s original reaction to her speaking a little odd.

“It’s a shame,” Lena sighed. “I’m such a good dancer.”

“You sure are.”

“Maybe we could just talk then,” Lena suggested.

Kara shrugged. “What do you want to talk about?”

“Whatever it is you want to,” Lena slurred. “You look like you want to tell me something.”

“How do you know? You’re drunk,” Kara pointed out.

Lena nodded. “Drunk is not stupid,” she said seriously. “And I always know when it’s about you.”

“Always?” Kara asked. And Lena nodded an answer. Kara bit her lip, looking at Lena as she considered. “There’s something… but I’m not sure we should talk about this while you’re drunk.”

Lena smirked. “You’re more likely to get an honest answer,” she said in a singsong voice.

“Are you saying you’d lie to me?”

“Lying is a strong word. I prefer hiding my feelings out of self-preservation and fear.”

Kara frowned. “What do you have to be afraid of?”

Lena didn’t answer, she simply smiled at Kara softly and reached to touch her face.

“Okay, so although I don’t really think this is the best time for it, you asked, so here we go,” Kara said mostly to herself. “Earlier… today when I walked you to your office, I… I did something before I left. And I’m really sorry for that, for doing that, I know I shouldn’t have done it, and I’m really sorry. And if I made you uncomfortable in any way, it wasn’t my intention… in fact, I didn’t even have an intention, but I’m sorry. Truly,” Kara rambled as she took Lena’s hand in hers.

“Darling, if you don’t tell me what you did I can’t tell you if I was offended or not,” Lena told her. “Although if I was offended I would probably know what you’re talking about, so the fact that I don’t should be a pretty good sign for you. But since I don’t, why don’t you refresh my memory?”

Kara blinked a few times. “I… I kissed you.”

Lena laughed. “No, you didn’t.”
“Yes, I did.”

“I don’t remember that,” Lena said seriously. But then she threw a smirk at Kara. “Would you like to reenact the moment to see if I can remember?”

Kara gapped for a few seconds, and then she gasped. “Lena,” she chastised. “Are you flirting with me right now?”

Lena nodded. “Since we met, actually, yes.”

“Really?” Kara practically squealed. That was definitely not how she envisioned the conversation to go, even with Lena being drunk.

Lena laughed again. “Kara, do you think I really would have asked you to a gala if I wasn’t?”

“I-I thought you meant as… as friends, and only support in the city.”

“Yes, I did, but I wouldn’t have been opposed to more,” Lena said with a shrug.

“Now I feel bad for having disappeared that night.”

Something flashed in Lena’s eyes, but it was gone too quick for Kara to identify it. “That’s alright, I’m sure you had a good reason for it. Aaand it’s not like the gala hadn’t been part of my genius scheme to stop that gang.”

“Wow, you’re even cockier when you’re drunk,” Kara teased.

Lena huffed. “It’s not cockiness to own your intelligence,” she said back. “I have an IQ in the triple digits, which, at least on earth, would make one a genius. I’m not being cocky, I’m just stating a fact.”

Kara laughed. “Okay. What other fact do you have for me, Lena?”

Putting a thoughtful face seemed to be a struggle for Lena as her face started to feel a little numb, but she managed a furrowed brow and a little nod that Kara found adorable. “I’m hot,” she said, and Kara giggled and nodded. “And I like you,” she continued. This time Kara froze and swallowed hard. “And I think you’re hot.” Lena poked Kara’s stomach as if to make a point and Kara pulled in a sharp breath. “And I’m drunk.”

“You are,” Kara agreed. “Do you want me to take you home?”

Lena shook her head but then decided that was a bad idea and stopped with comically wide eyes. “I want another drink.”

“Lena,” Kara warned.

Lena sighed. “In a little while,” she added. “For now I just want to be here with you.” And with that she nuzzled her nose against Kara’s shoulder before resting her head there and wrapping her arms around Kara’s waist, making a content hum.

“We’ll have to have a talk when you’re sober,” Kara told her as she made herself more comfortable for the woman who was practically sitting on her lap, her cheek resting on top of Lena’s head.

“Can it be after the trial is over?” Lena asked in a whisper, it sounded small, almost vulnerable, in a way Kara had never heard Lena before, and she felt even more protective over Lena.
“Sure it can, princess,” Kara said softly.

“Princess,” Lena giggled against Kara’s shoulder. “I like it.”

Kara smiled. “Then I’m keeping it.”

They were silent for a few minutes before Lena spoke again.

“Kara?”

“Hm?”

“Could you stay with me tonight?”

Kara could feel and hear Lena’s heart hammering against her ribcage.

“After we leave here,” Lena continued. “Can you take me home... and stay with me?”

“Yeah,” Kara said, nodding. Lena sighed and nodded against Kara’s neck. “I’m not leaving you alone.”

Chapter End Notes

Oops, sorry?
I feel a little evil rn.
I feel like ultimately this chapter (as was the episode) is about Lena and how she's dealing with the trial and everything that comes with, so it's not really the time to make anything about them or have a shift in that dynamic, and I don't want to drag the will-they won't-they (promise it'll be over soon) but I thought it was important to have a little bit of a drama and see how their relationship is growing.

I really loved writing this and I hope it was as fun to read. Also did anyone catch the Smallville reference? There are more of those to come.

P.S. I know I have to stop making promises, but I really do have most of the next chapter ready, as I was going to post everything at once, but since it still has a bit of work to do, I didn't want to take too long to post this, so it will come soon. I'm very very excited for the next one, like so much, I can't wait for it to be ready so everyone can read it.

As always, my Tumblr is always there for screaming at the author, feel free @myheartisbro-ken
So bye! See you soon.
In Which Lillian Escapes

Chapter Summary

After Corben helps Lillian escape during her trial, incriminating has the police, the DEO and the entire city believing Lena is working with them. All but one person, Kara. Lena is arrested, but that ends up being another one of Lillian’s plan and Lena is kidnapped, leaving Kara to stress herself out.

Chapter Notes

Hello hello hello, children.

I managed in less than two weeks!
So, this is quite literally the biggest thing I've ever written in my entire life. And I say that about the chapter and also about the story. I'm very proud of myself, never knew I could stick with a story so long. Also, I feel like the chapter summaries are getting better than the story summary and that bothers me. But enough about me.

So much happens in this chapter, and I mean sooo much. Full on re-write of half of the episode, more Smallville and Arrow references, angst, action, fluff, serious talks, a lot of gayness, fights, the star-crossed factor gets stronger, feels like the end of an arch... maybe it is.

I love it! Enjoy! ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking up on Lena’s bed was definitely something Kara never thought would happen. Not even in her fantasies, and she admitted she had a few, had she ever thought she’d be in there. Wearing Lena’s pajamas no less.

The pants Lena had given her were a bit too loose and had slid halfway down her butt while she slept, the shirt was the same and bunched up on her back uncomfortably. Against her exposed stomach, Kara could feel the heat of Lena’s bare skin touching her where her pajamas had also slid up, the soft touch of the silk felt better than Kara ever thought it would. But maybe it was Lena.

She smiled fondly as she tried to shift to a better position and Lena grumbled and tightened the grip on her. She had missed sleepy koala Lena, all tangled around her, head tucked against her chest, right above her heart, dark curls sprawl all over, legs entwined with hers, arms wrapped around her middle almost too tightly for a human, fingers curled on her sleep shirt. Kara got a warm feeling in her chest as Lena shifted a little and let out a little sigh.
Cuddling with Lena had definitely made the top of the list on best ways to wake up.

For a second she let herself fantasize that she had Lena, the way she wanted her. That she could wake up next to Lena every day like this and kiss Lena whenever she felt like it, that she could hold Lena’s hand without a little bit of her heart aching for what couldn’t be.

Without even noticing, Kara’s hand traveled up Lena’s back and her fingers dug into dark curls, absentmindedly massaging Lena’s scalp as she thought.

Of course, after the previous night, the idea seemed slightly less unattainable.

Lena had said she had been flirting with her, Lena had said she was attracted to her, Lena had said she liked her, Lena had made several comments on her muscles and gotten very handsy after they had shots. Lena had implied a few things that made Kara blush, and a few other things that made Kara scared.

But above all, despite being drunk, Lena’s behavior towards Kara had not exactly changed. It wasn’t like she was a completely different person. She was just a bit more spontaneous than Kara had seen, less calculative, more lose in the things she said and the way she touched Kara, but Kara could still see Lena saying the same things when sober, if not a little more suggestive and devilish.

And that thought made a small flame of hope light up in her chest.

Yet more than a slight bit of doubt loomed in her mind.

Lena was the CEO of a multi-billion dollar multinational corporation. And the heir of it as well. Lena was amazing, gorgeous, brilliant, kind, funny, and so so good, and Kara was just Kara. Without Supergirl Kara was just a dorky mild mannered cub reporter and there was no doubt that Lena was way out of her league.

Lena could have anyone she wanted, why would she want Kara?

And yet, Kara was currently in bed with her after carrying her home, quite literally, and making sure she was okay.

Everything else Kara could think of was interrupted by Lena letting out a small moan against her chest. Her entire mind went blank. It happened again and Kara was sure she couldn’t remember her name if someone asked her. All she knew was the woman lying against her was very clearly vocalizing pleasure and breathing suddenly wasn’t a possibility for Kara anymore.

“Kara,” Lena groaned and it sounded almost like purring. “That feels so good.”

And just like that, Kara was ruined forever. She froze, her fingers stilled on Lena’s neck and Lena whimpered.

“No, don’t stop,” Lena pleaded.

And Kara could do nothing but comply. “Don’t you think we should try to get up? The trial is in a few hours.”

Lena groaned again, but this time in displeasure, and moved her face from Kara’s chest to her neck. “But I don’t want to.”

Kara felt a shiver running down her spine as Lena’s nose made contact with her skin, but she ground herself, forcefully ignoring it.
“Are you even awake right now?” Kara asked with a little hint of teasing.

“Yes,” Lena said against Kara’s neck. “I don’t talk in my sleep, unlike some people.”

Kara laughed. “At least I don’t sleep walk. My sister does and it’s scary, I had to always make sure she didn’t go down the stairs and break her neck when we were growing up. She even tried to jump out of the window once.”

“Darling, not to be rude, but you are talking too much for this early and I have a hangover.”

“Lena, not to be rude, but we have a trial to attend to and you should think about getting up.”

Lena whined, and Kara could feel the pout against her skin.

“We can have brunch before we go, but only if you really wake up,” Kara offered.

“I don’t think I’ll ever really wake up,” Lena mumbled. “You’re too comfortable.”

“Flattery will get you nowhere,” Kara told her.

Lena had half a mind to start kissing Kara’s neck and see where it would go, but she decided now was not the time to tease Kara. Hopefully, there would be plenty of other opportunities. Maybe after the trial was over they could finally have that talk they ought to have. Maybe then Lena would be brave enough to admit her feelings without hiding behind alcohol as an excuse. Maybe she would confess and make sure Kara knew she really meant it, and it was not just the alcohol talking.

But right then, all Lena wanted to do was enjoy the rare moment of calmness before everything else of the day caught up with them. She wanted to enjoy the simple moment of lying with Kara, being lazy before having to wake up, because in case she didn’t get the chance to repeat that at least she had the memory. At least she had Kara in her head. And in her head, she could always revisit that moment, that feeling.

“Five more minutes?”


It took 20 minutes for Lena to wake up.

-------

The third day of trial was a disaster. With Corben escaping in the middle of his deposition and taking Lillian with him. Both causing enough damage that Kara had to save lots of people from them, making it so that she couldn’t follow them. She swiped the city twice and she still couldn’t find them. She could have stopped them, she thought, if only she had been a little faster.

“Look, we’re gonna find Metallo and we’re gonna get him back into custody,” Alex told her.

“I know, I know. It’s just… I can’t figure out where he got all that Kryptonite. Clark was supposed to have taken all of it.”

Alex looked over at Maggie as the woman sighed loudly while hanging up her phone. “What’s wrong?”

“I had the jail check all of Corben’s visitors to see how the Kryptonite might have gotten smuggled
in,” Maggie said. “But he hasn’t had any visitors since he’s been there. And when they swept his cell yesterday there was nothing out of the ordinary. Which means he must have gotten the Kryptonite last night.”

“That seems to narrow down the window,” Alex reasoned. “Why do you look so concerned?”

“Because there was only one visitor to the jail last night, but it was to visit Lillian Luthor.”

“No!” Kara gasped.

“Who?” Alex asked, frowning at Kara.

“Her daughter, Lena.”

“No,” Kara repeated. “You can’t think it’s her.” She shook her head vehemently as Alex and Maggie looked at her with raised eyebrows and accusatory eyes. “I was with her. She didn’t do it.” But it was clear they didn’t believe her.

Kara didn’t have time to convince them, though, she had to warn Lena.

------

“The police knows you were at the jail last night,” Kara told Lena as they walked the hall towards Lena’s office.

“Yes, Kara, I was at the jail last night,” Lena said. They entered the office and Lena’s new assistant closed the door behind them. “You were with me. Or have you forgotten already? I thought I was the one who was hungover.”

“Yeah, no, it’s just,” Kara paused and took a breath. “People are losing it, because of your mother’s escape. And I wanted you to know so you could be prepared.”

“Okay, so… Tell me. What are people saying?”

Kara hesitated, pausing for a long moment before answering, “that you may have also visited… Metallo.”

“You think that’s something I would do,” Lena accused with a forced smile on her face, her pain evident. Kara tried to speak but Lena continued, cutting her off, already circling her desk. “After everything you said you think I’m just another Luthor? I can’t belie-”

“Lena,” Kara said forcefully and Lena took a step back in surprise. “I meant every word I said. I have never lied to you about this and I don’t intend to now. Do you understand?”

With eyes wide in shock, Lena nodded. She was used to Kara not taking her shit, especially when it came from her own insecurities, but Kara had never raised her voice towards her. In fact, she had only heard Kara raise her voice once, and it was when she was telling Lena she was afraid of losing her friends. So this was definitely a new for her, the determination and the force in Kara’s voice were shocking in itself, but Kara’s face made Lena pause.

“I know you’re hurt, Lena, I know this isn’t easy,” Kara told her, more softly this time. “But I need you to believe me when I say that I believe in you, and I’m on your side.”
Lena kept her stare on her desk and swallowed hard. “I believe you,” she whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, I-”

The door opening cut Kara off, and they both turned to see two police officers walking in behind a detective.

“Maggie!” Kara exclaimed intrigued as the detective strolled confidently inside. “Did you find Lillian?”

“No, we didn’t,” Maggie answered curtly. “We’re actually here on official business, Kara, I think it would be better if you waited outside while I talk to Ms. Luthor.” Maggie’s face had a weird hostile grimace Kara had never seen before, which combined with her complacent tone didn’t please Kara one bit.

Kara saw the panicked look Lena threw her way and it made her blood boil. She dropped her purse, crossed her arms forcefully and squared her shoulders, the Supergirl confidence filling her as her protectiveness over Lena took over. “I’m not going anywhere,” she told Maggie rather coldly, giving the detective a hard glare before Lena could say anything. She could finally understand how her sweet and dorky best friend could pass for such an imposing figure as Supergirl.

From the corner of her eye, Kara could see the relief practically oozing off of the brunette that she was staying with her, yet Kara’s eyes didn’t leave Maggie’s.

“The police was sent some security footage. I wanted to ask you about,” Maggie said before clicking the video on in her tablet.

The video was of Lena, in the clothes she had been wearing the day before, crouching in front of a cabinet in that very office, and retreating a bright green glowing heart.

“That’s-that’s not me, okay? I-I don’t know where you got that but it-but it’s not me,” Lena stuttered, looking at Kara for help.

“You’re under arrest for aiding and abetting a felon, accessory after the fact, conspiracy,” Maggie started before either Kara or Lena could even process what was happening, already cuffing Lena’s hands behind her back.

“Hold on, Maggie, slow down. Just let her explain,” Kara said, taking a step forward.

Maggie glared at Kara from behind Lena. “Stay out of this, Kara.”

“It’s okay,” Lena said softly, looking at Kara, trying to calm her friend in what was probably one of the worst moments of her own life, she avoided Kara’s eyes, however, as Maggie forced her to walk, already reading her rights.

“No,” Kara said back.

“It’s okay, Kara,” Lena repeated.

“No!” Kara said more forcefully, shaking her head and stepping aside to stand in front of Lena.

“Kara,” Lena whispered.

“Step aside, Kara,” Maggie said nearing aggressiveness.

“No, no,” Kara repeated, shaking her head harder. “Lena,” she whispered, looking up at Lena with
watered eyes. Lena still avoided her gaze, which was significantly more difficult to do with her so close.

“Kara!” Maggie warned.

“Can we at least have a minute to say goodbye?” Lena asked acidly over her shoulder.

“Please,” Kara begged.

Maggie sighed angrily but stopped shoving Lena for a second.

Kara threw her arms around Lena and hugged her tight, as tight as she would allow herself with a human, burying her face in the crook of Lena’s neck.

“You know it wasn’t me, don’t you Kara?” Lena asked. “I couldn’t have.”

Kara pulled away to look at Lena. “I know,” Kara assured, nodding. “I’ll do everything I can to get you out, I’ll find who did this to you, I promise.”

Lena found Kara’s determined frown and pout the most adorable thing she’d ever seen, and she wished so much that she could have her hands free so she could cup Kara’s cheek, make her feel better, take away her worries. But she couldn’t. She settled for a soft expression she reserved only for Kara. “Please don’t.”

Kara frowned. “What?”

“Don’t promise that Kara,” Lena clarified. “Promise me you won’t do anything stupid. I can’t… I can’t lose you. Please promise me you’ll stay safe.” Kara nodded, holding back her tears and Lena kissed her cheek lingeringly. “Stay here for a little while, okay? You don’t need to be on any more media scandals,” she added in a whisper, just for Kara’s ears.

Maggie watched the interaction with intrigue. But she didn’t have the patience for any of that. “Minute’s over,” she announced as she started to manhandle Lena towards the door again.

“It’s okay, Kara,” Lena assured, but Kara still had her arms around her. “Just let me go, darling, it’ll be okay.”

Kara shook her head no, but stepped back all the same, watching as Lena was escorted out of her own office.

“You know detective,” Lena said jokingly towards Maggie once the woman finished reading her rights, her signature grin in place. “I usually go for separate cuffs for each wrist. Preferably Velcro.”

Maggie didn’t seem to find her joke funny.

“Ms. Luthor,” Jess exclaimed once the commotion reached her.


-------

Kara took deep breaths as she walked out of Snapper’s office, willing the tears away. If she started crying then, there was no way Snapper would ever respect her.
“Kara!” James called after her, but she continued on, concentrating on her breathing. “Kara, come on. Wait!”

Kara shook her head and let out a sharp breath. “No, no! Are you kidding me?” Kara asked turning around to face James. “The only thing Lena has done is help!” Kara insisted. “She called the police over her own mother over the Medusa virus.” Her voice was starting to tremble with her emotions, but she pushed them down.

“That’s exactly my point,” James debated. “If she can betray her own mother, what is to stop her from pulling a long con on you?”

He gestured to her and Kara looked at him disbelievingly. Hurt and anger mixed together.

“Lena is not—” Kara tried to say, but she stopped herself and shook her head in frustration.

“Okay, I know she’s your friend, Kara. But Lena is bad news.”

“Why?” Kara crossed her arms, squared her shoulders and raised her chin defiantly to look at him. “Because she’s a Luthor?”

“No! Because she’s guilty,” James insisted. He looked very disturbed. “And if you don’t see that, Imma prove it to you.” And with that, he walked away.

Kara watched James retreat towards another department to finish the cover, a frown deep in her face. She exhaled sharply, now even more frustrated than when she got to CatCo.

Kara turned around and crashed into a disturbed Eve, making the assistant drop several papers on the floor.

“Oh, gosh! Oh, Eve, I’m so sorry,” Kara apologized as she bent down to gather the papers.

“Oh, I’m sorry, no.” Eve tried to help Kara but Kara dismissed her.

“No, I got it, I got it.” She got up and handed the stack of papers to the woman.

“Thanks, Kara. It’s just, it’s so busy here today,” Eve complained. “With the trial and the daughter…”


“Oh, hey! Are you okay?” Eve asked scurrying to follow Kara. “You look like me the day I forgot to get Ms. Grant’s coffee and she made me call the Dean of Yale to admonish him for having given me a diploma.”

Kara chuckled humorlessly, fidgeting with her blazer.

“Sad,” Eve concluded. “And disheartened.”

“No, I’m fine, it’s just… It’s just James and Lee- Lena,” she corrected herself quickly.

Eve nodded, a smile starting to form on her face. “Aaaaah, that’s right, you’re friends with her… or more than friends,” she suggested almost teasingly.

Kara didn’t notice, she felt like pouting. “Yeah, we are,” she agreed.

“You know, I saw you on the internet, and on a magazine the other day,” Eve continued. She
reached her desk and dropped the papers on her hand.

Kara let out a small groan. “Surprisingly, that’s the least of my worries now.”

Eve frowned at her.

“I was at her office, when the arrest happened,” Kara explained. “That was not a great experience,” she chuckled. “It’s just…” Kara sighed and rubbed a hand over her forehead. “It’s so frustrating! All she wants is to help people, and make up for what her brother did, and yet people still come after her and villainize her because of her family. And don’t even get me started on the paparazzi.”

Eve gave her a sympathetic look. “Yeah, that must be tough.”

“I don’t even know what I’m doing here. I should be there for her, she’s all alone, being charged for a crime she didn’t commit.”

“I don’t want to add any fuel to the fire,” Eve said carefully. “But are you sure she didn’t do it?”

“Lena would never,” Kara insisted. “And she couldn’t have. I was with her. I was with her the whole night last night, if she had, I would know.”

“I’m sorry.”

Kara shrugged. “No, I get it.” She gestured around them. “We can’t just accept information without verifying the source, right?”

“I guess. But if you say so, I believe you.”

Those words gave Kara an odd feeling of relief. “Thanks, Eve. You’re like, the first person to say that.”

“You can’t just arrest me like that. You have no real proof. I want to see a warrant. And I need to speak with my lawyer,” Lena protested, crossing her arms over her chest and her legs under the table of the interrogation room.

“We have you on video with the kryptonite on your office,” Maggie said back.

Lena snorted. “What kind of moron would use their own office to keep incriminating evidence of a felony?”

Maggie only stared her down.

“We have you on video with the kryptonite on your office,” Maggie said back.

Lena snorted. “What kind of moron would use their own office to keep incriminating evidence of a felony?”

Maggie only stared her down.

“Look, whoever said the camera doesn’t lie, was fucking lying, okay? Do you think I would be that stupid as to do any illegal activity on camera? Cameras which I installed myself for my own
protection?"

Still, Maggie was silent, just standing in front of her with her arms crossed, it was wearing on Lena’s nerves.

“Did you even think it was weird that you got a video from my office? A feed that only my very trusted secretary and myself have access to?”

Maggie shook her head. “I don’t really care where it came from. It was the evidence we needed.”

Lena nodded. “Convenient, isn’t it?”

Maggie shrugged.

“I couldn’t even have done it. There’s a lot of security measures involved before you go in for a visit. Where would I even have stuffed that thing? A stone heart, it’s not exactly the size of a tampon, you know.”

Maggie was silent again.

“My assistant saw me leaving,” Lena said with a sigh. “And I was with Kara, she would have seen it. I didn’t take that long either, I went in, talked to my mother for about 5 minutes, and then I left. My driver can attest to that, and Kara, we went back to my apartment afterward and we went to a nightclub from there.

“Yes, well, your assistant and your driver are on your payroll, they won’t say anything against you, and Kara will defend you no matter what.” The detective sounded resentful.

“Look, it was a high-end club, there were lots of cameras there, surely there is evidence of me being there.”

Maggie smirked. “You just contested the authenticity of cameras as evidence, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena sighed as the stress started to build up inside her. “I have an alibi,” she insisted.

“No you don’t, you have things conveniently happening before and after the occurrence, which was very smart of you. Throw us off your scent.”

“If I wanted my mother out, why would I help to catch her in the first place? Your logic makes no sense.”

“Oh, yes, it’s a little tricky. But it’s very good publicity to come out as the saint who tried to stop her own mother only for her to get away. You both got what you wanted, didn’t you? She is free to kill more, while you get the glory of the martyr.”

“It’s no glory, I can assure you, Detective.”

Maggie was unyielding.

“You know, for such a small person you have a lot of rage.”

“Your mother killed a lot of people,” Maggie snapped.

“Yes. And it would have been a lot more if I hadn’t stopped her.”

“You really enjoy that, don’t you?”
“I don’t enjoy what my family has done, detective. I’ve spent over a year trying to make up for the damage my brother caused. I’ve been trying so hard to do good, to bring hope where he destroyed. The last thing I wanted was my mother picking up where he left off.”

“And you just love to remind people of all the good that you’re doing, don’t you? You thrive on the recognition.”

“Okay, humor me. What is it that I’m doing here? What’s my angle?”

“I think this whole act of yours is bullshit. You put your face and sign your name on these wholesome events to make a name for yourself, but deep down you’re just like them. You’re just waiting for a chance to show it. Having your fun while throwing everyone’s attention the other way so they don’t see who you really are. And you’re using Kara. Throwing all that publicity stunt around as a diversion. You know, Kara is a good person and she doesn’t deserve what you’re doing to her. You’re isolating her from her family, her friends—”

“Don’t you dare,” Lena interrupted, raising her voice as she stood up. “Throw this on me. You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I know very well what I’m talking about! You’re throwing her against her sister.”

“I was there for her when her sister abandoned her,” Lena yelled. “On the hardest day of her life, when she needed someone to rely on, her sister was out on a date, which is quite a common occurrence. The woman can’t be bothered to spend one night away from her glorious girlfriend to be with her sister on the anniversary of her parents’ death. Don’t go pinning this on me, because her sister started setting her aside long before I came around. You see, Detective Sawyer, Kara only came after me when her sister and her friends stopped showing up.”

“You are poisoning her mind.”

“Yeah, that’s where you’re wrong. I didn’t really seek out to Kara. You’re right about one thing, detective, Kara is a good person, probably the best person I’ve ever know, certainly the best person to ever care for me, and I never saw myself as worthy of such a precious sweet creature. I feared I would taint her light with darkness, I’m a Luthor after all, good things don’t come my way. But Kara all but forced herself into my life, she was quite persistent about it. And every time her friends excluded her, she came running to me. Who am I to deny such a wonderful person the affection that she so desperately craved. But I never once badmouthed the people who were causing her pain, in fact, even though I don’t give a fuck about any of them, I have always played the mediator for them. I’ve been helping Kara keep an open head and try to see things from their perspective this entire time. And you come accuse me of isolating her when it’s your girlfriend who’s been pushing her away this entire time.”

Lena was seething by the time she was done, and so was Maggie. She prayed she hadn’t just added the last drop to the overflowing glass that was the sisters’ relationship but she wouldn’t just sit there and take this woman accusing her of using the one source of happiness in her life for Luthor mischiefs. All she ever wanted was to get away from the dark shadow the family name cast on her life, but it seemed to be haunting her no matter what.

Maggie all but breathed fire and threw a dirty look at Lena. “Enjoy your night in jail, Luthor; this will be the first of many.” And with that, she walked away and out of the room, leaving Lena alone.
It took two hours for her lawyer to arrive from Starling City, and it made her regret not going after a lawyer currently living in the same city as her, as much as she liked Laurel. She heard Lucy Lane was in town; that would be an interesting reunion.

“Finally decided to follow in the steps of the family, huh?” Laurel said smugly as she entered the room, heels clacking loudly on the floor. “Your girlfriend is outside, driving the officers crazy because they won’t let her talk to you.”

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Lena grumbled. Her back was starting to hurt from her position and the uncomfortable chair, she was starving from missing lunch and she felt a headache building up. Being arrested mid hangover was definitely not pleasant, she was starting to get dehydrated.

“That’s not what the magazines say,” Laurel quipped, dropping her briefcase on the table in front of Lena and sitting across from her.

“I don’t pay you to believe in the gossips about me.”

Laurel smirked. “C’mon, L, the girl has been outside for the past two hours begging to see you because she’s worried about you, she even insisted someone bring you food because your arrest canceled your lunch plans. That girl is whipped,” she laughed.

“Are you here to talk about my love life, or to get me out of jail, Laurel?” Lena sighed, the presence of her old friend bringing a good nostalgic feeling that would be better appreciated was she not being charged with three felonies.

“Right, sorry. Thank you for the helicopter, by the way, always nice to fly with Luthor Airlines,” Laurel said with a hint of a joke in her voice. “Okay, so clearly you want bail, and I obviously will arrange for that to happen, but you gotta be prepared for it to be denied.”

That wasn’t what she wanted to hear. “WHAT?”

“Yes, well, as you know, bail can be refused when you’ve been charged with a serious crime.”

Lena chuckled. “Aiding and abetting a felon, accessory after the fact and conspiracy, although very redundant charges aren’t all that serious.”

“Yes, but the ‘fact’ is terrorism, so yup, pretty serious aiding and abetting.”

Lena raised an eyebrow at her old friend. “You don’t think I actually did it, do you?”

Laurel shrugged. “Not my place to judge, L. All I have to do is get you out. It’s going to be hard though,” she warned. “It’ll take a while, I might have to pull in a few favors.”

“They have me on false evidence. Someone is framing me.”

“Even so, no one wants to let a Luthor go free. Especially after today.”

Lena groaned and dropped her head to the table. “Why is this still following me?”

“I can’t answer that for you, I find it very frustrating, though.”

Lena sighed. “Well, all that I can do now is wait. I trust you’ll do what’s necessary to get me out.”

Laurel nodded. “Anything short of punching my way through things.” She smirked.

Lena smiled. “No, that’s Ollie’s way.”
“Didn’t you hear? Ollie throws money at the problems now.”

“So he really has grown,” Lena joked.

“That’s debatable.”

They both laughed.

“I’ll do everything in my power, and then some, to get you out, okay?” Laurel promised.

“Thank you, Laurel.”

Laurel smiled. “Thank you for helping me pay for my wedding.” She winked. “And Ollie would never forgive me if I just sat back and let his ‘Mercy’ stay in jail.”

A found laugh escaped Lena before she could stop. Oliver Queen, or Ollie, and Lena had grown up together. His father was friends with Lionel and they visited each other a lot, always bringing their children with them. He started calling her Mercy when they were kids and he found out her last name was Mercer before the Luthors adopted her.

“Well, I have work to do,” Laurel laughed. “So I’ll get going. I wish I could do more right now.”

Lena shrugged noncommittedly. “Can you tell Kara I’m fine, and that I told her to go home?” She asked before Laurel reached the door. “It’ll do no good for both of us to be stuck here.”

“Yeah, I’ll tell her.” Laurel gave Lena a sympathetic smile before turning around and leaving the room.

Kara’s first reaction to finding out Metallo had taken Lena was to blame herself. If only she hadn’t listened to Lena’s lawyer and stayed at the precinct, she could have fought Metallo, she could have protected Lena.

Her second reaction was panic. Lena was out there, with Metallo, and Lillian. Rao knows what they would do to her. She needed to get to Lena, and fast. But she couldn’t hear Lena’s heartbeat, which only made her panic more. She had gotten so used to hearing it most of the time, that just not being able to listen to it made her anxious.

And then came frustration. With James’ insistence that Lena was guilty.

“Even if Metallo’s weakening, though, he still is a fanatic follower of Lillian Luthor. We have to find out where he’s taken Lena, and help her,” Kara said determinedly.

“What is it going to take for you to realize that Lena is a criminal? She’s not the victim.”

A criminal. Her Lena, a criminal. That accusation alone was enough to get her angry.

“She got the Kryptonite,” James continued. “He broke her out of prison.”

“He kidnapped her,” Kara protested.
“Kara.”

“I told you. I was with Lena Tuesday night. I went with her to the jail to visit her mother, and then her driver took us to her home, and we went to a nightclub after. If she had done it, I would know,” Kara insisted. “I think I still know how kryptonite feels like,” she said sourly. “If anyone could identify it, that’d be me.”

“There are ways to isolate the kryptonite and you wouldn’t even feel it,” Alex said.

“Lena’s not a member of Cadmus!” Kara snapped. She looked at Alex, Winn, James, and even J’onn all avoided looking her in the eye. “She’s not!” Kara insisted. “She stopped the gang with alien weapons. She saved Alex’s life when Corben tried to kill her.”

“She shot Corben and then her crazy mom turned Corben into Metallo,” James pointed out. “So, that could have been the plan the entire time.”

Kara huffed.

“We have to start treating Lena Luthor like a hostile,” J’onn told her. “The evidence is too overwhelming.”

“The evidence is fake,” Kara insisted. But they didn’t believe her. She sighed again and looked at Winn for help. “Winn? If you watch that video, I know you’ll find something.”

Winn looked at her almost with pity. “I did,” Winn said. “It’s, It’s clean.”

“Then find something to prove her innocent.”

“Everything we’ve seen so far says the exact opposite,” J’onn said.

“Well, she’s my f–friend. And I know she didn’t do it. I believe in her.” She left the room swallowing down her emotions again. She stopped at the catwalk dropping her head down and taking deep breaths to gather herself.

“I’m your friend,” James said as he followed her, making her turn around. “Which is why I don’t understand why it’s so hard for you to believe me. People don’t remember this, Kara, but Clark and Lex Luthor used to be best friends.

“That-”

“For years. And Clark believed in Lex for the longest time. No matter what people said, no matter what kind of proof he saw with his own eyes. No, Lex was his friend. But Clark was wrong.”

“I’m not Clark, and Lena is not Lex,” Kara protested.

“But they grew up in the same house, Kara. I don’t understand why you keep defending her. And you have so much faith in her, but none in me, as Guardian.”

“That’s entirely different,” Kara told him. “I was with Lena that night; I’m telling you she didn’t do it. And I am trying to protect you.”

“I do not need your protection. I need your trust. You have mine. I don’t understand why it’s so hard for me to get yours.”

Kara shook her head, exasperated and turned away from him. “I don’t have your trust if you still don’t believe me,” she said as she walked away.
Minutes later, Kara was in the training room, smashing blocks of cement with her fists. Because nothing says handling your emotions like punching things made of very dense materials.

She focused all her anger on her punches, mentalising everything that was stressing her and discharging through her fists.


And the cement block went flying.

Clapping echoed in the room and Kara turned to see Mon-El on the stairs. It sounded too much like mockery in her stressed state.

“That was good,” he told her before jumping over the rail. “Is there a technique to that or were you just giving it a swift kick in the caboose? Because if there’s a technique, I wanna know it.” He punched and then kicked the air, smiling at her as if they were sharing an inside joke, and then he laughed.

“I don’t have time for your jokes right now, Mon-El,” Kara growled.

He raised his hands as he approached her. “Sorry. With what’s going on with Lena I’m sure it’s…” He crossed his arms over his chest in a way he had taken to during their training sessions, and Kara suspected it was to display his not-so muscly arms. “I’m sure it’s extra busy,” he continued.

Kara scoffed and turned around from him, crossing her arms as well, but out of frustration. “Are you going to tell me not to believe in her?”

“You believe in a lot of people that others don’t.”

“Oh, did you talk to James?” she asked turning around to look at him again.

Mon-El frowned. “No, I’m actually, actually talking about myself,” he said with an easy laugh that only managed to get her more irritated.

“Yeah, you do that a lot,” Kara said harshly.

Mon-El was taken aback by Kara’s aggressiveness. “Kara,” he tried again. “I’m just-”

“Leaving!” Alex’s voice interrupted him.

Mon-El looked at the new addition to the room with wide eyes, but Kara refused to turn, Alex must have given him a very mean look because he nodded and practically ran away to where Alex had just entered.

Alone with her sister, Kara walked further into the room, still avoiding Alex, and picked up the block she smashed, placing it in a pile with a few others in the same state.

“I’m sure the cement deserved it,” Alex joked behind her, trying to ease the tension between them. But instead, Kara just threw her a scolding look over her shoulder. Alex sighed. “Why are you trying so hard to defend this woman?”

This woman? Kara scoffed. “Don’t act like it’s something so out of the ordinary,” Kara said as she continued to move cement blocks around. “I would do the same thing for any of you.”

“Lie?”
Kara turned around, fuming, and zeroed on her sister. “I am **not** lying!” Alex took a step back with the force of Kara’s words, her sister could be quite scary when she wanted to. “I was with Lena that night,” Kara insisted. “Why can’t you believe me?”

“The entire night?” Alex asked instead.

“Yes!”

“And what were you doing with Lena Luthor the entire night?” Alex’s voice was still laced with disbelief and it only annoyed Kara even more.

“That’s none of your business,” Kara barked.

“You are my business,” Alex told her. “I’m your sister.”

“**THEN ACT LIKE IT!**” Kara exploded before stomping out of the room, leaving Alex behind to consider Kara’s words.

-------

Lena couldn’t believe she had been so stupid as to believe Lillian was being honest when she said she wanted a second chance. She couldn’t believe she had been so stupid as to actually go to see the woman in jail. Now there she was, on the back of a van, being kidnapped by her own mother. Served her well, for being so stupid.

“Are you okay?” Lillian asked softly.

Lena glared at her. “Don’t.”

“You’re still angry I had Metallo liberate you from that jail?”

“It makes me look more guilty when I’m not,” Lena argued.

“Even if they found out the truth about you, no one would change their mind,” Lillian said with that annoying little smirk plastered on her face. "The public wants to believe the narrative they expect from us. That Luthors are evil." She rolled her eyes. "We don’t get second chances. Look what they did to me. Stripped me of my medical license without even a hearing. Or worse, what they did to Lex. He could’ve fixed this planet for generations. But Superman twisted what he was doing, and they all turned on him.”

“Lex went insane!”

Lillian raised her eyebrows at Lena, and she felt a little nauseous to realize how similar they were, how much she acted like her mother. “Exactly. And if they could take the brightest mind on Earth and drive him crazy defending himself,” she said, face contorting with hate. “imagine what they could do to you.”

“Stop the van,” Lena said and she stood up. “I’m going back!”

“To what?” Lillian asked calmly. “You have no life anymore, Lena. You have no one on your side.” And Lena fell back into her seat.

*I have Kara,* Lena thought, she had to keep that in mind as not to lose hope. Kara would find her.
Lena knew she would.

“You’re guilty, just like me,” Lillian continued, her self-convinced smile was back. “You’re on the run, just like me.” She really liked her villain speeches. At least they were well constructed. “Join Cadmus.”

*Never!*

“And together we can do all the great things you ever dreamed of,” Lillian told her. “And with no Luthor men to divide us, I can finally be the mother you always wanted. Because I do love you. Let me prove it to you now.” Lillian sounded almost convincing. But Lena knew her mother too well.

*I will not let you manipulate me again,* she thought. *Not this time.*

Of course Lillian was lying.

And she proved as much when they got to the warehouse.

Lillian needed Lena. Because Lena had Lionel’s blood. Because Lillian needed to open Lex’s vault and it would only open for a Luthor.

Lillian was using her, again.

And Lena would have none of it.

But as much as Lena fought to refuse, she was no match for the strength of Lillian’s modified goons. And with Metallo and the Cyberman there to do Lillian’s bidding, Lena was forced, physically forced, to open the vault containing many of Lex’s evil inventions.

-------

Kara was definitely not a patient person.

On normal circumstances, she already loathed waiting for anything to happen, it was part of the reason why she was so bad in the kitchen, but with Lena missing, Kara couldn’t be more anxious.

She paced behind Winn’s chair impatiently as he tried to work.

How could she even relax? Lena was out there with Lillian and Metallo, probably Henshaw as well. Lena was in danger and Kara needed to get to her. It was nerve-wracking enough that she couldn’t hear Lena’s heartbeat.

*If Lillian did something to her I’ll k- no, Kara, you can’t think like this. Lena is fine. Everything will be okay. Lena is fine.* She tried repeating it in her head a few times but it didn’t really help.

Winn glanced over at Kara as she turned yet again in her pacing.

“You know, the backseat driving,” he said, “not helping.

Kara sighed. “Sorry,” she told him as she walked back to him, looking over his shoulder at the computer. “But have you found anything yet?”

“I promise I will tell you,” he said and she went back to pacing. “Haven’t you ever heard the phrase: a watched pot never- Oh,” he cut himself when he saw it. “Whoa, wait a second, I might be
Kara rushed back to him. “What is it?”

“Okay, so I hacked into L-Corp’s CCTV to get a copy of the raw video footage of Lena taking the Kryptonite,” he told her as he typed away on his computer. “I could probably get the footage of you kissing your girl,” he teased.

“Winn,” she hissed, slapping him on the arm. “Not the time.”

Winn winced. “Sorry. It was too good to pass. But anyways, it looks like somebody already hacked into this system a couple days ago.” He frowned at the monitor. “I know this code,” he said. “This is the same code the real Hank Henshaw used the day he broke into L-Corp to take the isotope.” Kara could hear the excitement in Winn’s voice. “Okay, okay, if the video was corrupted by Henshaw’s cyborg signature, then I can reverse that signature and decrypt it and separate the raw video file from the corrupted one,” he narrated in a funny voice, never looking away from his monitor. “And - Ha!”

On the monitor, the video of Lena taking the kryptonite showed up, but instead of Lena, it was Henshaw.

“Lena didn’t do it,” Kara exclaimed.

“You were right!” Winn exclaimed happily, pumping his fist in the air.

“Yeah.” Kara nodded.

“Never doubted you, buddy.”

Kara raised her eyebrows at him.

“Except for that time that I totally doubted you a little bit up until this moment,” he added. “But I’m glad you were right.”

Kara nodded. “Uhuh.”

“But this is great news, we can use this to get Lena exonerated,” Winn said.

“Which will be pointless if we don’t find her,” Kara said still a little frustrated.

As if on cue, a computer on the other side of the workstation announced the detection of Kryptonite signature.

Winn had been scanning for Kryptonite’s radioactive signature for J’onn so they could find Metallo, and he just did. But the Kryptonite wasn’t pure, it was synthetic, and it was unstable.

“If these numbers are right, then it’s not just unstable, it’s going to blow,” Winn said alarmed.

Kara frowned; panic already rising in her throat. “Blow?”

“Like, go nuclear.”

Kara felt like she was going to be sick.

No. That couldn’t happen. She wouldn’t let it. She heard J’onn and Winn talking but she didn’t register what they were saying, her ears were ringing as she tried not to let the dread and fear consume her.
“I have to go now, or Lena’s dead,” she announced, and then she was gone, changed into her suit and flying into the night towards Lena.

“Kara, we calculated the rate of radioactive decay,” Winn said in her earpiece. “It’s faster than we thought.”

“How fast?”

“Minutes. I mean, its half-life is decreasing exponentially.”

“Kara, you have to turn back,” Alex’s voice said. “When the Kryptonite explodes, it’s gonna send out a radioactive cloud of Kryptonite gas. If you are anywhere near it, it’ll kill you.”

“Then I’ll make sure I’m not there when it goes off,” Kara said both to them and to herself. She’d get out with Lena, and that was final. There was no other option.

She sped up towards the mountain and crashed into a warehouse where stood Lillian, Henshaw, Metallo… And Lena.

Kara allowed herself a split second of relief when she saw Lena. Lena seemed well, unharmed, and just as relieved as Kara felt. She tried to run to Kara but Henshaw held her back.

Lillian smiled at her that predatory smiled and it made her blood chill in her veins. She threw something at Kara and Kara caught it and it made Lillian smirk.

The device let out a high-pitched whine that pierced through Kara’s ears and made her drop to her knees, groaning in pain. She saw Lena try to get to her but Henshaw held her threw her on the floor, and Lena didn’t get up.

The pain was too strong, too incapacitating, and when Henshaw and Metallo grabbed her and carried her towards the vault, Kara didn’t have the strength to fight back.

But she heard Winn tell her about Metallo’s heart and she managed to gasp it back to Lillian.

Lillian didn’t have to believe her because when Metallo opened his shirt it was obvious there was something wrong with him and Lillian was no fool.

Kara used her heat vision on the noise device, and she only got a few seconds of relief before Metallo shot her with a Kryptonite bean and she was knocked to the ground again.

She saw Lena on the ground. She needed to get Lena out of there.

She could still hear Winn’s and Alex’s pleas for her to get out. But when she tried to get up, Metallo shot her again and she was sent flying towards metal containers.

He shot down every one of her attempts to stop him. He was still a good match for her, she couldn’t beat him alone, the Kryptonite was too strong. She tried to fight him anyway, she could feel the kryptonite coursing through her veins when he grabbed her and pulled her arms back, shoving her to her knees, but she had to get Lena out of there.

Kara took a deep breath and concentrated, she hadn’t meditated in a while and she didn’t even know if it would work, but she had to try. She put all her focus deep inside her core, where her powers came from, it was the same as meditating, but while a maniac tried to murder her, and her sister and best friend desperately yelled on her earpiece. Easy.
She canceled everything, all external disruption. She had to be very precise. Too little would be useless and too much would put Lena in danger.

She felt it when it happened. It was like her entire body was sizzling, growing hotter every millisecond. Kara couldn’t feel the kryptonite anymore, the pain of it being replaced by her cells boiling. Metallo must have noticed because he let out an unsettled grunt.

Kara grunted when it started to get uncomfortable, but she powered through. It was almost like using her heat vision, except through her skin instead of her eyes.

And then she reached the point she wanted, letting out a yelp that disturbed Alex and Winn. Metallo grunted and let go of her, and she stopped it the moment his hands left her, letting it die down and she turned around and used all her strength and then some to punch him in the face.

Metallo buckled to the floor and Kara rushed to Lena.

She didn’t have much time. She couldn’t wait for her body to cool off, she could just pray to Rao that she didn’t hurt Lena as she gathered the woman in her arms.

Kara made sure Lena’s head was securely tucked against her chest as to avoid any neck damage before she flew out of the mountain as fast as she would allow herself while carrying such a precious cargo.

Kara was far enough away when the mountain exploded to be out of danger, but she still felt the force of it in the wind.

Alex and Winn were still yelling desperately in her earpiece.

“I’m fine,” Kara breathed out for them. She looked down at Lena and smiled. “I got her.”

“Oh, thank god,” Winn said and Kara couldn’t help but laugh a little.

“I’m on my way back.”

Being able to hear Lena’s heartbeat again was relieving. Even if it was slower than usual, having confirmation that Lena was okay, that Lena was alive, that her agony was over made Kara feel like she could finally breathe again, a weight lifting off her chest. She almost felt like crying, but she could leave that for later when she wasn’t out in the suit.

The sight of Lena, the smell of her, the weight of Lena’s head against her shoulder made Kara’s chest burst with an overwhelming relief that she didn’t lose her.

However, Kara didn’t exactly love the feeling of Lena unconscious against her, lying limply in her arms, breathing slow. Lena’s skin was too cold for her liking, and she concentrated on heating her own body up to warm Lena. As her skin warmed up, color coming back into her cheeks, Lena whimpered against Kara’s shoulder and Kara let out an alleviated sigh.

Lena was fine, Lena would be okay, Lena was safe, Lena was with her.

Kara had half a mind to never let Lena out of her sight again, but she knew that wasn’t an option. The whole experience served for Kara to realize how much she felt for Lena, and she was now determined to tell Lena. Because she couldn’t hide it anymore.

It didn’t take long to reach the DEO and Kara made a beeline to the medical bay so Lena could be checked for any extranormal treat.
Kara waited outside the glass doors, so focused on Lena’s vitals she didn’t hear Alex and Winn hushing to her. Without warning, Kara was tackled into a hug that felt like home.

None of them said anything for a long time, they just hugged, basking in the feeling of closeness and physical confirmation of the lack of harm.

“I’m so glad you didn’t die,” Winn half joked.

Kara smiled. “It’s gonna take a lot more to get rid of me.”

“I hate when you scare me like that,” Alex said as she snuggled against Kara.

“I’m sorry. But I had to get to her, I couldn’t let her…” the words died in her throat and she crumbled against Alex and Winn.

When Kara pulled away Alex gave her a once over, assessing to see if Kara was okay. “You should go lay down in the sunbed.”

Kara shook her head. “I can’t really,” she said. “I have to take Lena to the hospital.”

“But we can treat her here.”

It was Winn who answered Alex. “She’s possibly the most popular person in the country right now; the press is going crazy to get word from her. Every news outlet in the city would die to report on her. On a hospital, they can hang around like the vultures they are and wait for an official statement from the doctors. It’s the more logical option, and the best for her public image. Show that she’s a victim of all of this.”

Kara nodded her agreement and Alex eyed him funny.

“When did you get so insightful?”

Winn rolled his eyes. “I did work at CatCo, you know.”

Kara giggled. “But I promise I’ll be back tomorrow and you can keep me under the lamp the entire day… well, parts of it, I do need to work.”

Alex rolled her eyes and sighed. “Fine,” she said. “But you’ll be here first thing in the morning.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Alex shot Winn a look and he nodded, looking back at Kara.

“I’m gonna go back to my computers pretend I’m working and leaving you two crazy kids to talk,” he announced. “Glad you’re okay, buddy,” he told Kara with a smile and one quick hug. “And that you got to save the girl,” he added in a whisper.

Once more, the sisters were left alone with silence hanging over them.

And once more Kara waited for Alex to talk.

“I owe you an apology,” Alex started without wasting time. “You were right, I haven’t been the best sister. I’ve been acting a bit like a jerk lately. I let her name cloud my judgment. I thought you were just being naïve and covering up for her, and I’m really sorry for that,” she told Kara honestly. “I didn’t realize how much she meant to you.” Kara took a deep breath. “I should have trusted you. You’re a grown woman, you’re capable of making your own decisions and chose your own friends,
and I should respect that. I guess it’s a little hard for me to accept that you’re not my little sister anymore. That you don’t need me.”

Kara shook her head and grabbed Alex’s hands. “I will always be your little sister and I will always need you. But we do have some things to work out.”

“That’s an understatement,” Alex laughed.

“You are acting too over protective when I need space, and yet I still feel like you’re drifting away. Even after you promised you wouldn’t.”

Alex nodded. “I might have lashed out on you because of my dislike for Lena.”

Kara smiled softly. “We’ll figure it out.”

“Yeah.” Alex pulled her hands away from Kara and ran one on her hair. “I talked to Maggie,” she said almost casually. “She said she feels really guilty for what happened, and for how she treated Lena. She would like to apologize.”

Kara shrugged.

Before they could say more, the doctor walked out and looked at Kara.

“No signs of any external damage, nothing out of the ordinary,” she announced. “You can take her to a normal hospital and she should be fine. She may have a concussion though.”

“Okay, thanks, Dr. Novak.” Kara beamed at the doctor, who nodded and excused herself. She then turned to Alex. “I should get going. But we can pick this up later?”

Alex nodded. “Sure, yeah. We need it.”

“Yeah. Okay, I love you. See you later.”

“Love you too.”

-------

Lena Luthor was admitted into National City Trauma Center around 8:30 pm this Thursday night. She was delivered to the emergency room by Supergirl herself.

The 31-year-old CEO remains unconscious, even after being submitted to a battery of exams, but she seems to be well safe from a minor concussion and some bruising on her arms.

-------

Kara struggled to get past the reporters at the entrance of the hospital. Back in her human clothes, she needed desperately to get back to Lena’s side, the separation after just getting her back was giving her anxiety, and she didn’t need to fake distress as she elbowed her way around and was recognized by a couple of paparazzi, calling out for ‘Lena’s mystery blonde’.

With a lot of effort, Kara managed to get to the front desk.
“Hi,” she greeted the receptionist with a warm smile. “I’m here to see Lena Luthor.”

The woman rolled her eyes. “So is everyone else there,” she said grumpily. “Are you on her visitation list?”

Kara looked at the woman with a bit of shock. “I… I don’t, I don’t think so?”

“Then wait in line, honey.”

Kara gasped. “No, no, you don’t understand...” Kara tried to say, but the woman cut her off.

“No, you don’t understand. We have a strict no press rule.”

“But I’m not a reporter... I mean, I am... But I’m not here as a reporter. I’m Lena’s... I’m her, I am... uhm...” Why did Kara find it too hard to say friend?

“Look! I can’t let you in a high profile patient’s room without knowing who you are, and I’m definitely not letting a reporter get in.”

“No,” Kara insisted. “But I’m her... I’m...”

“You’re her, aren’t you?” A new voice said next to Kara. It was a tall man in colorful scrubs and rubber shoes.

Kara frowned. “Excuse me?”

“The girlfriend,” he explained. “From the magazines. You’re Lena Luthor’s girlfriend,” he continued. “I saw a picture of the two of you this morning.” He grabbed his phone and started typing away.

“I... I... I’m...” Kara stuttered. “Yes,” she agreed. “Yes, that’s me.” It wasn’t time to explain her relationship with Lena for a receptionist and a nurse.

The man showed his phone to the receptionist. “Look, that’s her.”

Kara blushed under the scrutiny and nodded eagerly. “If I’m not on the list it’s because Lena is unconscious; if she was up she’d tell you to let me in.”

The woman analyzed both picture and the live model a few times before finally accepting. And then her expression turned softer. “Oh, I’m so sorry, dear. You must be a mess right now, to go through all of that. And here I am forbidding you from seeing her. But you can never be too careful, right? Here, just sign the visitation list and you can stay with her until she’s discharged.”

Kara blinked a few times, shocked with the shift. “Oh! Thank you so much.” She smiled and signed where she was told, and the nurse led her to Lena’s room.

There’s something exquisitely eerie about a hospital at night. With its fluorescent lights contrasting with the dark rooms, and the scarce staff looming around the halls checking on the patients and hanging by the nurse stations.

It felt like a place of passage, with death and uncertainty brewing on the air, like the calmness before a storm, or a scene from a zombie movie before a jump scare.

Kara felt a shiver running down her spine and a bitter taste in her mouth, her heart rate picking up as anxiety clenched her chest tightly.
Even if Dr. Novak had assured her Lena was fine, there was still doubt hanging heavy over her head.

“Hey, uhm, Mason?” Kara asked sneaking a glance at the man’s ID card. “Do you, do you know how she is?

“She’s still unconscious. She has a concussion, but we can’t tell if she’ll have any symptoms before she wakes up, so she’s under observation for now. But other than that, she seems fine, doesn’t seem to be serious.”

Kara nodded, taking in the information. “Are you her nurse?”

“No, but word travels fast in a hospital,” he confided with a smile. “And it’s not every day you get Lena Luthor on your floor.”

Kara allowed herself to laugh a little. “I guess not.”

“Here you go,” he announced when they reached room 212. “You can go in.”

“Thank you, Mason,” Kara smiled at him and he nodded.

“For what is worth,” he said. “I never doubted her.” And then he walked away.

With a deep breath, Kara opened the door and walked in.

She expected something much worse than what she actually saw.

The room was dark with a single bed in the middle, a chair on each side and a couch on the far corner. And on the bed lay Lena. Small and fragile, pale skin almost stark against the sheets.

But she didn’t look too bad. She didn’t seem to be nearing dead like Kara had been suddenly fearing, she just looked like she was asleep. In fact, if it wasn’t for the machinery she was plugged on to keep track of her vitals, Kara would probably think she was sleeping.

Carefully, and feeling like a weight had been lifted off her chest for the second time that night, Kara approached the bed.

“Hey, Lee,” she started softly. She fingered the grid on the bed as she stepped closer, she could see the bruises on Lena’s arms, big and hand-shaped, marring the soft pale skin. “I’m really sorry I didn’t get to you sooner,” she breathed out, grabbing the grid with both hands and willing herself not to squeeze too tight, she wanted to make Henshaw pay for hurting Lena. “But could you please wake up so I can tell you how glad I am that you’re okay? It’s not the same when you can’t hear me and give me that breathtaking smile of yours.” She waited for a few moments, watching Lena, the beeping of the heart monitor attached to Lena’s chest filling the room. When nothing happened, Kara sighed. “It’s okay. You can take your time. I’m going to wait right here,” she pulled the chair to her and sat down, dragging it even closer to the bed, “so when you wake up, you’ll know you weren’t alone the whole time.”

For what felt like an eternity, Kara sat there, watching Lena’s chest rise and fall with her steady breathing, hearing her heartbeat matched with the monitors and the steady drip of the IV connected to Lena’s arm.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket.

It was Winn (Nerd Face) (Personal Computer ≈ Laptop Computer) asking for an update.
Winn: Hey

Winn: How is Lena doing?

Kara: Still hasn’t woken up

Kara: But she seems good

Kara: Her heart is beating normally and nothing is beeping too crazily

Winn: That must be a good sign

Winn: How are you doing?

Kara: I’m not the one who’s unconscious in a hospital bed

Winn: No. you just like the girl who’s unconscious in the hospital bed

Winn: The kissing kind of liking

Kara: It’s not great

Kara: To see her like that

Winn: (Worried Face )

Kara: Yeah

Winn: I’ll stop bothering you now

Winn: Let me know if anything changes

Kara: Yeah, I will

As she waited for… anything to happen, Kara sent a silent prayer to Rao asking to keep Lena safe, for her to wake up soon and to be okay. She could only do so much. She could stop bullets with her bare hands, she could outrun any train, she could fly and she could hold an entire plane on her back, but when it came down to biology, she felt impotent.

Praying gave her comfort, and it was all she could do. Pray and wait. Hoping for a good outcome.

Kara must have been sitting in that chair for about an hour before there was any change.

It was sudden. Everything was calm and stable, Kara was watching the rise and fall of Lena’s chest, but then Lena’s heart rate increased and the monitor started beeping obnoxiously.

Kara’s own heart speed up in fear, matching Lena’s.
Without even thinking she leaned forward and grabbed Lena’s hand, it felt too cold against hers.

“Hey, Lena, Lena. It’s okay, you’re okay,” she hushed. “I’m here.” Kara reached to stroke Lena’s hair as well and the heart rate started to go down. “That’s it, princess, you’re okay, you’re safe. I’m right here.” She continued to soothe Lena, repeating the words over and over in a soft voice.

Lena’s heartbeat calmed down and Kara let a sigh of relief. She was practically hunched over the bed, hip digging into the bed’s grid hard and making it creak.

When Lena’s hand flexed around Kara’s, Kara’s heart almost stopped. The hand squeezed weakly a few times, and the brows furrowed, and then Lena’s eyes fluttered open, looking hazily at Kara.


Kara smiled at her. “Hey, gorgeous!” Lena blinked a few times before her eyes settled on Kara. “Gosh, I’m so glad to see your beautiful eyes again.” Lena smiled weakly, looking at Kara full of adoration, and her hand flexed again around Kara’s. “Would you like some water?”

Lena nodded but didn’t let go of Kara’s hand. Kara carefully removed her hand and helped Lena sit up a little against the pillows, then turned, poured a cup of water, adding a straw that was next to the jar, and held it for Lena.

After Lena finished drinking, Kara set the cup aside and sat back on the chair. She noticed Lena’s hand clenching and placed her own back on it.

“How are you feeling?” Kara asked slowly.

“Groggy,” Lena said hoarsely.

“How’s your head?”

“Hurts… a lot.”

“I should expect so,” Kara agreed. “You took quite the hit.”

“What happened?” Lena asked with difficulty.

Kara frowned. “You don’t remember?” Lena just frowned. “Well, your mother took you to a warehouse, and then Supergirl found you, there was a fight, and one of Lillian’s goons knocked you out. You were out for almost two hours,” Kara explained. She was silent for a while, just looking at Lena, and then she sighed. “But what matters is that you’re okay now.”

Lena squeezed Kara’s hand, as tight as she could, which wasn’t all the much with the lack of strength, but it made Kara smile anyway.

Slipping her away, Lena reached for Kara’s chest, looping a finger on the chain around Kara’s neck. “Pretty,” she breathed out.

Kara smiled as she looked down at the pendant now held between Lena’s fingers. It must have slipped out of her shirt when she leaned forward. “It was my mother’s.”

Lena’s face fell and she looked at Kara sadly, brows furrowed deeply, her eyes so intense it made Kara slightly uneasy. She didn’t know if Lena’s reaction was due to not having anything from her own birth mother, the recent events involving her adoptive mother, or sympathy for Kara’s lost, or a mix of all of those, but it settled uncomfortably in her chest.
“I… I should go tell them you are awake,” Kara said as she got up. But when she tried to move, Lena’s hand clamped on her wrist. “Lee?” When she turned around, Lena was looking at her, almost pouting, her eyes pleading and panicked. “Or I could stay right here and they’ll come in sometime,” she corrected herself and Lena relaxed. Kara sighed and rolled her eyes, but she smiled nonetheless.

Lena mouthed a ‘thank you’ and Kara’s smile widened.

“Alright, give me a little space,” Kara ordered.

Lena frowned. “What?”

Kara kicked her shoes off. “Scooch,” Kara told her, flicking her hands to demonstrate for Lena to go backward. Still frowning, Lena slid a bit to the side and then Kara climbed on the bed, which was clearly too small for two, but Kara made work. “There you go.” She pulled Lena closer to her, encouraging Lena to place her head on Kara’s shoulder. “Better?”

Lena relaxed completely against her, her hand falling to Kara’s chest. Her body felt too heavy to move, her head felt like it was swelling from inside throbbing painfully, her eyes burned just from being open, the beeping of the monitors hurt her ears, and she felt dizzy even though she was laying down. But the warmth of Kara’s body against her and the calming rhythm of Kara’s heart against her hand made it all a little bit more bearable. Her fingers found the pendant again, and she felt herself drifting off.

Kara felt an overwhelming rush of emotions taking over her. Knowing Lena was alive and getting her out of danger was one thing, hearing Lena was alright was reassuring, but to actually see Lena waking up, talking to her, responding, seeming well, it was indescribable. She let out a shaky breath, the movement making Lena groan in her sleep.

“You’re not allowed to get hurt again,” Kara whispered as she stroked Lena’s hair.

A while later, Kara heard someone opening the door and closed her eyes quickly, pretending to be asleep.

The nurse went to announce it was past 9 p.m. and visiting hours were over, but upon finding the pair sleeping, she didn’t have the heart to kick the blonde out.

Kara didn’t sleep the entire night, she couldn’t. Instead, she spent the night listening to Lena’s breathing and heartbeat, and thanking Rao for keeping Lena safe for her.

In the middle of the night, a nurse went in to check on Lena and Kara pretended to sleep again. The nurse carefully awoke Lena and talked to her a little to make sure she was fine, took her vitals and changed the IV drip. When she left, Lena settled back against Kara and fell back to sleep.

The next morning, when a nurse came into the room, Kara didn’t pretend to be asleep.

The woman said she had to check on Lena and Kara apologized for sleeping on the bed with Lena, but the nurse just smiled at her and said it was okay.
Kara helped Lena wake up and untangled herself from Lena, sitting back on the chair next to the bed. The nurse checked Lena’s vitals and informed them the doctor would arrive soon to see if they could discharge her.

After examining and performing a few tests, the doctor discharged Lena with orders for her to eat before she left and for her not to work or over-exhaust herself mentally for the day, to which Lena grimaced and Kara giggled.

Lena’s driver, Jackson, went to pick them up and Kara helped Lena into the car with care. The reporters and cameras going crazy behind her.

Once in the car and on their way to Lena’s place, they both relaxed.

“It’s good to see you well, Ms. Luthor,” the driver said glancing at her from the rearview mirror. Lena smiled. “Thank you, Jackson. It sure is good to be going home.”

“Would you like me to wait for you here or will you be going to L-Corp later?”

“Ah!” Kara exclaimed. “No work for Ms. Luthor today, doctor’s orders.” Lena groaned and let her head fall back on the seat, she then looked at Kara and pouted. “And don’t look at me like that. I won’t fall for pouting; I’m pretty experienced with pouting.”

“But I need to-”

“Rest,” Kara cut her off. “Yes, you do.”

“You’re the worst,” Lena grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest.

Kara and Jackson laughed.

-------

“I hate not doing anything,” Lena whined. “I miss work.”

Kara rolled her eyes at her. “You’ll be back on Monday. See this as a long weekend. You could do with some relaxing.” They were on Lena’s cinema room, with the lights off, and Lena’s head on Kara’s lap.

“But it’s so boring. You won’t even let me read.”

Kara sighed. “Come on, Lee, work with me, please. You hit your head pretty hard; I’m just trying to help you.”

Lena looked a little guilty. “I’m sorry. You’re right. You’re being wonderful and all I’m doing is complain.”

“It’s fine. The doctor said some irritability is normal after a concussion.”

“And a massive headache,” Lena sighed.

Kara ran her thumb over Lena’s eyebrow. “I wish I could do more to help.”

“You’re doing a lot already,” Lena told her. “Thank you so much for that.”
Kara smiled. “Well, that’s what friends are for.”

“I’ve never had friends like you before,” Lena confessed. “Come to think of it, I’ve never had family like you. No one has ever taken care of me like that.”

“Well, now you have me. I’ll always be by your side; I’ll always take care of you.”

Lena smiled brightly at Kara, looking at the blonde in awe. “You know, Supergirl may have saved me, but, Kara Danvers, you are my hero.”

Kara smiled back at Lena, her cheeks flushing. “You’re pretty great yourself.”

“Just great?” Lena teased.

Kara laughed. “I mean, I’m pretty sure I have told you more than a few times that you are my hero, so.”

“Why, look at that. We’re each other’s heroes.”

“What are the odds?”

They both laughed, and when they stopped, they fell into a comfortable silence.

“How did you get in the hospital, by the way?” Lena asked after a while. “There were a lot of reporters outside; I would think they’d try to control the entrance.”

Kara shrugged. “A nurse recognized me as your girlfriend and let me in.” She smiled proudly.

Lena laughed. “I guess there’s one good thing about being National City’s favorite new couple,” she joked. “Having my privacy invaded has finally paid off.”

Kara’s phone notified a message.

From Alex (Rocket).

Alex: Sunbed and debriefing NOW!

Kara: Can’t it wait?

Alex: NO!

Alex: There has been enough waiting

Alex: You should have done it yesterday

Alex: So get your super ass at the DEO now

Alex: Or I’m kicking it all the way back in

Kara: Fine. I’m on my way.

Kara groaned and Lena looked up at her. “Is everything okay?”
“Yeah. It’s just Alex, she kind of needs to see me. And while you can’t work, I still have to.”

Lena looked disappointed. “Oh.”

“Sorry, I really need to go,” Kara said as she got up, helping Lena sit up in the process. “But I’ll be back to check on you later, okay?”

Lena smiled and nodded. “You still have the key tag, right?”

“Yes, you refused to let me give it back.”

Lena shrugged. “Easier that way.”

Kara laughed. “Okay, I’ll see you soon,” she said, placing a kiss on Lena’s cheek. “And no working. I’ll know.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

-----

“How long do I have to be here?” Kara asked from under the sunlamp.

“Until I say it’s enough,” Alex answered sharply. “You literally just said you solar-flared.”

“Just a little bit,” Kara argued. “Like, it wasn’t a solar-flare; it was more of a mild overheating.”

Even though she couldn’t see her sister, Kara could feel Alex’s eye roll.

“It still takes a lot of energy, Kar.”

“Yeah, well, all’s good now, except for the Lillian situation… which was mostly the problem,” Kara said to herself, frowning. “Come to think of it, nothing is really solved; we’re back to square one. With Lillian on the run with Henshaw. All I did was get Lena, which was my priority, yes, but I still feel like I failed a little bit by letting her escape.”

“You managed to not die, and save your friend,” Alex said. “That sounds like victory enough for me.” She showed up on Kara’s line of vision and smiled. “We can worry about Lillian some other time.”

Kara threw Alex a thankful smile.

“We can instead focus on our problems right now,” Alex continued. “And I mean now, when I have you here, otherwise we’ll just keep stalling and the snow ball will keep growing.” Kara agreed with a nod. “So where do we start?”

“Do you want topics, or…?” Kara tried to joke.

“No, just get on with it,” Alex said, bracing herself.

“Okay. First of all,” Kara started. “I’m happy for you, Alex, I really am.” Alex frowned. “I’m happy you found someone you care about and who cares about you too. But you kept shoving me aside. I get that you need to have your own life, I get that, but I never had to share you with anyone before and it was kind of hard for me to suddenly go from seeing you every day to barely seeing you at all, and overnight.” It felt good to let it all out, but Alex’s pained face wasn’t a great part. “You know
you could have brought Maggie to sister night or something instead of just canceling all our plans to
be with her. I would have been more than happy to get to know her better.”

Alex let out a long sigh. “I guess I didn’t really handle it well. Everything was so new and different,
and she made me so happy, I just didn’t want to ruin it. I kept postponing getting you two together
because I was afraid something would go wrong and I’d be left to pick the pieces.”

“Why would something go wrong?”

“Because nothing goes my way, ever. I feel like I wasn’t meant to be happy, and I kept waiting for
the other shoe to drop. So I closed myself off, and I ended up… abandoning you.”

“You promised you wouldn’t, when we talked about this, but you still did it anyway,” Kara sniffed.
She swallowed hard and rubbed at her eyes. “I tried to reach out to you Alex, but you were just so
mad at me. All the time and I don’t even know why, exactly.” Kara sighed. “And the whole Lena
thing. Sometimes, you treat me like I’m still that little girl, lost and scared, trying to adapt to a new
planet. And I don’t like it when you treat me like that. I feel like you forget that I grew up, that I can
make my own choices, and I can defend myself.”

“I can never forget that Kara,” Alex breathed out. “My whole life has been about you, about
protecting you, about keeping you safe, and being there for you,” Alex explained. “And suddenly
you don’t need me anymore.”

“That’s not true,” Kara protested. “I’ll always need you, Alex.”

Alex smiled sadly. “Doesn’t feel like it. You’re out living your life and being a superhero and saving
the world and I don’t know what I’m supposed to do,” she confessed. “You have a new job, and
you’re making your own career, you’re traveling through dimensions to other worlds as well, and I
don’t know where I fit anymore… And on top of all that, you have a new friend, who you spend
most of your time with, and I got jealous because I had to share you with her. I understand the irony
here, but… I didn’t trust her enough, not around you, of all people. I saw her as a treat, not to you,
but to me.” Alex took a deep breath. “And you started sharing important things with her, things that
we used to do, and I got mad.”

“You mean my earth birthday?”

“Yeah.”

“You weren’t there, Alex,” Kara insisted. “I needed you and you weren’t there. Is it so bad that I
found someone else to be there for me? You have.”

“I know, I’m sorry.”

“You’ve been a bit overbearing lately. Aggressively so,” Kara laughed. “You’re suffocating me,
with your anger, about Lena. But at the same time, you’re not there when I need you. And it’s quite
confusing, and it hurts. A lot. I miss you, Alex. I miss my sister.”

“I’m so sorry, Kar. I have been a terrible sister.”

“Yes, you have,” Kara agreed promptly, trying her hardest to hide her smirk.

Alex feigned offense with a forced gasp and whacked Kara on the arm, which in turn made Kara
giggle. “We’re both been terrible at talking about how we feel.”

Kara laughed. “Yeah we have,” she agreed. “So you were jealous,” she said teasingly. “Of Lena.”
Alex rolled her eyes but nodded. “I was jealous of Lena. It’s mostly on me, and my insecurities.”

“And stubbornness. Don’t forget your strongest trait,” Kara pointed out and Alex laughed. “But I’m sure the articles didn’t help.”

“I mean, I would prefer if you weren’t in the spotlight like that, but I’m not going to be mad at you for having a friend. I’m done with that,” Alex shrugged. “And like you said, Lena is not at fault for what her family did. Just like she’s not at fault for the media following her around.”

“So we’re good?”

Alex laughed. “We better be!”

“You still don’t like Lena.”

“She’s not my favorite person, no. But you are. So I’ll try to be civil at least.”

Kara nodded. “Can I get out of here so we can hug now?”

“Just for a minute,” Alex allowed.

“I’m gonna need more than a minute,” Kara warned before she wrapped her arms around her sister.

They both sighed into the hug, burying their heads on each other’s shoulders, Alex practically shaking.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

-------

When she was finally allowed to leave the sunbed, Kara walked into the bullpen with the intent of going to get lunch. Before she could get to the elevator, though, she saw Mon-El on the upper level of the bullpen. When he spotted her he smiled and made a show of jumping over the rail.

Kara really did not need that at the moment.

Luckily, before he could reach her, she felt a hand on her shoulder and turned around.

“Kara, hey,” Winn greeted her. “Are you ready for lunch?”

Kara could probably kiss Winn right there. “Yes,” she told him with a big smile. “I’m starving. Alex never lets me eat on the sunbed.”

Winn laughed and they headed towards the elevator. Before the doors closed she caught sight of Mon-El’s crestfallen face.

“Oh, my Rao! Thank you so much, Winn,” Kara breathed out.

Winn laughed. “I’m here for you, buddy.” He clapped her on the back. “So, I needed to apologize to you,” he said awkwardly after a while.

“Okay.”
“About the Lena thing,” he added. “I should have been on your side. I mean, more actively so. When everyone was saying she was guilty, I should have stood up with you.”

Kara shrugged. “It’s fine, Winn. You helped save her, that’s more than enough making up for it.”

“Really?”

“I won’t say I was happy at the time,” Kara confessed. “But she’s safe now, and it’s because you helped finding her. So thank you.”

Winn looked like he was about to cry when Kara hugged him.

“But you’ll have to pay for my lunch.”

“This is the day I’m declaring bankruptcy,” Winn said only half joking.

Then there was James.

Kara went to CatCo after lunch and Snapper assigned her to write an exclusive on Lena for their next printed issue, she was leaving Snapper’s office when she saw James walking towards her.

“Hey,” he greeted as he caught up to her in the hall. “Any, um, any word on Lillian Luthor?”

James tried to act like everything was okay, but Kara couldn’t look at him without remembering his words. How his hatred for Lena poured at every sentence. He hated Lena and Lena had done nothing to deserve that. And he didn’t trust her. Kara couldn’t take such a negative attitude towards herself or Lena lightly.

“A satellite feed from the mountain showed a helicopter before the explosion.”

“But, uh, no sign of her afterwards?”

Kara sighed. “Lillian and Henshaw got away.”

“That sucks.”

“Yeah.” Kara nodded. “I should go. I have a lot to do.”

“No wait,” he said, holding onto her arm. When all she did was stare at the hand on her arm he pulled away. “You were right. About Lena Luthor. I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

“Look, James,” Kara told him. “You hurt me. A lot. You talk about trust and about friendship, but you’re just but hurt I don’t support you putting your life in danger. I’ve always trusted you. Before you decided to put on that mask, I trusted you, James. But you broke that trust when you decided to lie to me. And even more so when you disregarded everything I said because of your experience with Clark and Lex. At some point, you’ll have to understand that I’m not Clark, and I don’t want to be. I don’t agree with how he goes about things, so you have to stop treating me like I’m him, or like you want to make me into him.”

James nodded. “I’m sorry. I just-”

“I get that you were trying to protect me, Rao knows that’s what I was trying to do as well. But like you said, I don’t need your protection, I need your trust. And it’s clear that right now I don’t have it, even if you say I do, even if you think I do, deep down you don’t really trust me because if you did
you wouldn’t have acted the way you did. I don’t need you to protect me because I’m me, and I can handle myself. Unlike you, I’m invulnerable.”

“No, I get that, Kara,” he said. “But I was trying to protect you from getting hurt like Clark did.”

“And in the process, you were the one to hurt me,” Kara said before walking away.

-------

As promised, Kara went to Lena’s after she was done with work.

Like many times before, when the elevator opened, Kara heard music being played. But unlike most times, this wasn’t a recording.

Kara kicked her shoes off and put it away with her jacket before going to the living room.

When Lena saw her, her entire face lit up and she stopped playing the classical music she had been playing to play the familiar tune of Baby One More Time.

Kara giggled and dropped herself next to Lena on the piano bench. “You’re supposed to be resting,” Kara said after pressing a kiss to Lena’s cheek.

“I am resting,” Lena insisted. “I’m not working, not reading, not watching TV, the lights are down, and I’m doing the one thing I don’t really need to think about.”

“How’s your head?” Kara asked softly.

Lena shrugged, without stopping her fingers. “It still hurts a little, but it’s not unbearable. I had worst migraines.”

“Did you eat?”

“Yes, I had the cook make me a risotto. There’s still some left in the kitchen if you want.”

“You have a cook?” Kara asked shocked.

Lena chuckled. “I am a billionaire, you know,” she joked. “She comes twice a week and makes things to store so I don’t have to worry about preparing anything when I’m too tired.”

“You have a cook,” Kara repeated dumbly.

“You met my chauffeur,” Lena pointed out.

“I guess I’ve never thought of Jackson like that.”

Lena laughed. “How was your day?”

Kara shrugged. “It was pretty boring.”

“At least you got to go outside,” Lena told her. “Unlike me, who was locked up in here.”

“A princess in her tower,” Kara teased. Lena smiled at her, eyes glinting. “Snapper had me writing an article about you, to make up for the last issue.”

“Did he now?”
Kara nodded. “Do you want to read it?”

“Am I allowed to read something?”

“I could open an exception,” Kara joked.

“You’re always so kind to me.”

“So I’ve heard.” Kara got up and went to grab her tablet. She got back to Lena waiting for her on the sofa. “Here you go,” she said handing it to Lena. “It’ll be on CatCo’s next print.”

“Wow, I got an exclusive on the exclusive,” Lena joked, throwing her legs on Kara’s lap.

They sat in silence while Lena read, Kara absentmindedly massaging Lena’s legs, trying not to be too nervous. Sitting across someone while they read your writing can be a very awkward and tense situation. But it was Lena.

After a few minutes, Lena lowered the tablet and smiled at Kara.

“It’s a good article,” she told the blonde. “You flatter me.”

“I only wrote the truth. The people deserve to know the truth. You deserve that people know it.”

“Not everyone will believe you,” Lena said sounding a bit tired, “a lot of people have this image of my family, an expectation of evilness. No matter what I do, I can never escape that, I just had to learn how to live with it.”

“Well, I believe in you. I always had. And I always will,” Kara said earnestly. “And I know you’ll still do so much good, even if no one ever knows it was you. I believe you can change the world, Lena.”

“That’s a lot of responsibility for just one scientist,” Lena joked, trying to lighten the intense feeling Kara’s words put in her stomach.

“You’re so much more than just a scientist,” Kara answered truthfully.

Lena could only smile at the incredible woman she managed to have as her best friend.

“So my office is overflowing with flowers.”

“Really?” Lena asked feigning innocence.

Kara nodded. “Yeah.” They eyed each other, trying to contain themselves, but the giggles soon over took them. “Thank you,” Kara said softly. “They’re beautiful.”

“Just like you,” Lena said back and Kara blushed.

“You didn’t have to.”

“I did,” Lena told her. “Take it as a token of my gratitude.”

“I don’t need that. You being okay is enough.”

“A gift from a friend, then,” Lena insisted.

“I’ve never had a friend like you before,” Kara said, parroting Lena’s words from earlier, and Lena
smiled at her in awe.

“Well, now you have me,” Lena answered with a glint in her eyes.

Kara laughed.

A beat passed and Lena started feeling awkward.

“You know, I’m going crazy in here, Kara.”

Kara smiled at her. “You want to take a walk? I think some air might do you good.”

“Oh god, yes, please,” Lena begged, containing herself not to jump on her feet and get herself winded as she had accidentally done earlier. “I’m going to change really quickly. Don’t move.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

-----

“I would never have guessed,” Kara said amused. “Lena Luthor likes cookie dough ice cream. I thought you’d like something completely pretentious, like pistachio and champagne, or green tea.”

They were walking on Kara’s favorite park in the city, which was a lot closer to Kara’s apartment than Lena’s, but it was worth it for the ice cream, Kara had said, and Lena’s driver took them there. The cold night air was doing wonders to Lena, who had started feeling a bit nauseated from being locked up at home all day.

“Those options aren’t bad, actually.” Lena grinned, shoving a spoonful of ice cream in her mouth. “I can’t believe you choose a flavor simply by the colors of it, although I shouldn’t be surprised.”

“Bubble gum, cotton candy, and caramel are a great combination,” Kara defended. “I can’t believe they had a Supergirl flavor,” she added excitedly. “Much better than the Superman.” Kara had squealed when she saw the flavor on the menu and ordered the biggest size they had, contrasting with Lena’s tiny cup.

“Just like the superhero then,” Lena said with a wink, and it made Kara blush. She took another spoonful of ice cream. “This is delicious, but the calories might just be short of worth it. Why do I even let you ruin my diet like this?”

“Because I’m cute,” Kara said smiling brightly at her friend.

The smile was adorable and had Lena smiling back on instinct as her breath threatened to abandon her.

“Yes you are,” Lena agreed.

“Also, ice cream has a lot of nutrients, despite the calories, and I have from a very reliable source, you know… me,” Kara joked and Lena laughed, “that you don’t always eat well, and also you are recovering from an injury so clearly you need the nutrients.”

“And you’re just thinking about my well-being,” Lena said skeptically.

“Duh. Obviously.” Kara grinned, shoving a more than necessary amount of ice cream in her mouth so much that her lips ended up covered in red blue and yellow.
Lena smiled fondly at her. “I don’t deserve you,” she said under her breath.

Of course with super hearing, Kara heard Lena’s comment, and she had half a mind of talking back, assuring Lena that it was the other way around, but Lena was stepping into her personal space, way too close, and it made her head spin.

“One of these days you’ll learn how to eat like an adult,” Lena quipped as she wiped at Kara’s lips with a napkin.

Kara grinned and pulled away before Lena could get it all. “Then how would I annoy you?” She asked before pressing a kiss firmly on Lena’s cheek, and Lena squealed as the cold lips made contact with her skin.

“Kara!” Lena tried to chastise, but she couldn’t help but laugh with Kara. The smile tugging on her cheeks making the stickiness of her skin much more evident.

“Look at that, you got primal colors all over,” Kara giggled, gesturing to Lena’s face.

Lena rolled her eyes, but she was still smiling. “It’s like being friends with a child.”

Kara laughed again. “That joke doesn’t work anymore because you literally just made it,” she said before sticking her tongue out, which made Lena laugh again. “Here, let me clean my own mess.” Kara pulled some napkins and started wiping Lena’s cheek.

“What an interesting choice of words,” Lena teased, and Kara blushed redder than the cape of the suit her ice cream had been based on, her very own.

“Yes, I, uhm… yes,” Kara stuttered and bit her lips.

“Thank you, darling,” Lena grinned when Kara was done. She grabbed Kara’s spoon, scooped a little bit of the ice cream, and smeared it on Kara’s nose. “But you should know not to mess with a Luthor.” She winked and walked away, throwing her empty cup away.

Kara gasped a little, before following Lena, wiping at her nose and her lips sheepishly.

“So I had a talk with my sister today,” Kara said when she caught up with Lena.

“What kind of talk?” Lena asked warily.

“The good kind! We sat down and talked about our problems. I got to tell her what was bothering me, and how I was feeling, and she did too. It was good.” She smiled.

“That’s amazing, Kara. I’m happy for the two of you. You know, watching you being sad is the most heartbreaking sight in the world.” Kara blushed. “I much prefer when you’re like this,” Lena continued with a grin.

“I-I-I…” Kara stuttered, but she didn’t find anything to say so she shoved more ice cream in her mouth. “And she told me Maggie wanted to arrange a meeting with you to apologize for her behavior.”

Lena laughed. “I don’t really hold it against her; she was just doing her job.”

“Was invading your private life and letting personal feelings get in the way part of ‘just doing her job’?”

“No. But I can understand she was under a lot of stress, what with my mother out and the threat of,
you know, mass murder; and all evidence did point to me.”

“No it didn’t,” Kara insisted. “You had an alibi. I was your alibi! They shouldn’t have arrested you.” Kara was clearly getting aggravated with her line of thought. “If they hadn’t, if you hadn’t been there… if they hadn’t fallen for Lillian’s plans, you wouldn’t have been in danger.” Kara started hyperventilating.

“Kara, darling,” Lena said calmly, placing her hands on Kara’s shoulders. “Hey, look at me. It’s fine. It’s done. I’m fine. You saved me,” she said softly.


“That’s it, darling, just breathe with me,” Lena instructed, and Kara did as she said. “There you go.” Lena smiled at Kara as Kara relaxed, copying her breathing. “Better now?”

Kara nodded. “Thank you,” she said a bit airy.

“I don’t really mind talking to the detective,” Lena told her. “If anything to get into your sister’s good grace,” she added with a wink.

Kara laughed a little, as the rest of tension left her body.

“Now finish your ice cream so I can take you home,” Lena said, poking Kara in the ribs.

Kara frowned. “Take me home?”

Lena nodded. “Yes. You’ve walked me home so many times, and to work, I feel like it’s about time I pay back the favor.”

“You don’t have to, Lee,” Kara said shaking her head. “I can get home just fine, and you’re supposed to rest.”

“And I will,” Lena assured her. “Jackson is waiting for me in front of your building already.” Kara still looked a little unsure. “Come on, humor me.”

Kara sighed. “Fine.”

Lena grinned widely and looped an arm with Kara’s.

On the back of her mind, Kara remembered they had a talk they needed to have. The important talk. There were a lot of things she needed to tell Lena. If only she wasn’t afraid.

Kara was terrified, really. Lena had become so important to her, and that terrified her. She was afraid of being too dependent, she was afraid of them drifting apart, and after the kidnapping, she was terrified of losing Lena, of Lena getting hurt. She knew she couldn’t take it if Lena were to get hurt because of her.

She decided that it wasn’t the right time to have such a serious conversation, not when Lena had a concussion. The doctor had said to ‘avoid activities that are mentally demanding’, so clearly it could wait. On Monday, Lena would be back to work, and Thursday was Valentine’s Day, they already had plans to spend it together, she could hold it off until then. Kara didn’t mind waiting.

“What’s on your mind that got you thinking so hard?” Lena asked teasingly, poking Kara between the eyebrows, right on her crinkle.

Kara didn’t have the time to think, the word already out before she could stop herself. “You.”
Her eyes widened and she blushed, beside her, Lena was blushing too, looking down at the ground bashfully.

“Always the charmer, I see,” Lena laughed.

“Only with you,” Kara joked and nudged her shoulders against Lena’s.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you’re flirting with me, Ms. Danvers.”

Kara shrugged. “I think you know me pretty well by now, don’t you?”

Lena smiled. “Maybe I do.”

“Will you be okay being alone tonight?” Kara asked after a few minutes.

“Never had any problems with it. You know, there’s little to no danger in the act of sleeping,” Lena teased.


Lena chuckled. “I know, I know.” She grinned. “I’ll be fine. Don’t worry.”

“Not possible,” Kara denied. “I’ll always worry.” She caught Lena’s cheeks tingeing pleasantly.

“Just… keep me informed, okay?” Kara insisted. “If anything happens, you tell me.”

“I will,” Lena agreed.

“Just like you told me you were dizzy today? And feeling ill,” Kara pointed out smugly.

Lena’s eyes widened. “You knew?”

“I know you,” Kara said simply. “But the walk did you good.”

“Yeah, it did.” Lena smiled.

A few more minutes of walking and they got to Kara’s street, and just like Lena said, her town car was waiting for her right in front of Kara’s building.

“Well, guess our walk is over,” Lena said with a hint of resentment.

“Yeah,” Kara agreed. “It is.”

Lena took a deep breath and forced to move, but it was closer to Kara instead of her car.

“Goodnight, darling.”
“Goodnight, princess,” Kara breathed out, a smile playing at the corner of her lips.

At that, Lena smirked, making up her mind.

Lena placed a hand on Kara’s chin, softly, the touch sending her heart on a sprint; Lena’s intense green eyes bore into hers, sending jolts of electricity all the way down her spine, a warm sensation spreading where the soft skin touched hers.

Lena leaned forward slowly, watching Kara carefully for a reaction. When Kara leaned into her hand and closed her eyes, Lena closed the distance.

Their lips touched. It was chaste and quick, much like the one in the office had been, but it was enough to send her head spinning. All too soon, before Kara could even register what was happening, Lena was pulling away with a massive grin tugging on her lips.

“Well, we’re even,” she told Kara and winked as she backed away, leaving Kara dumbfounded in the steps of her building. Lena walked backward for a few more steps and then she turned around and got into her town car. Kara stood there, staring, watching until the car was gone.

Somehow, she managed to snap out of the daze and get inside.

Kara was still feeling the rush, the tingling in her lips from where Lena’s lips touched, as she rode the elevator. She touched her lips tentatively with the tip of her fingers and giggled.

She stepped out, wanting nothing more than to settle on her couch to a silly romantic movie on her TV while she played the memory over and over again in her head.

She could almost feel her plans slipping through her fingers when she turned the corner to find Mon-El leaning against her door.

Her mood that had been sky high was now below sea level.

His face lit up when he saw her.

“Kara, hey,” Mon-El said when he saw her. “I’ve been waiting for you,” he told her cheerfully.

She avoided looking directly at his face, still trying to keep a little bit of her mood. “What are you doing here?” She asked gesturing for him to move away so she could open her door.

“I wanted to talk to you,” he said a bit awkwardly. “I... need... to talk to you,” he added slowly, as if he thought she wouldn’t understand otherwise.

Kara sighed and restrained herself from rolling her eyes. “Fine. Come in.”

---

**Week recap:** Lena Luthor and mystery blonde, a lot happened this week for National City’s new cutest couple.

In the week of Lillian Luthor’s failed trial, the youngest Luthor had a lot of support of her new ‘gal pal’.
On Monday, the first day of trial started with the pair going out for coffee and donuts, which sources say the blonde paid for but the CEO left a pretty generous tip of $200. Afterwards, the two had lunch together and the blonde accompanied Lena to work, taking their time to have a walk in the park near the L-Corp building.

Tuesday, the day of Lena’s deposition against her mother, ended with a visit to the prison and a night of drinking in one of NC’s hottest clubs. Sources say our girls stayed in the VIP section the entire night, things got pretty intimate, and they left in the early mornings, both going to Luthor’s penthouse after a quick trip to a fast-food restaurant.

Wednesday was by far the most eventful day. Starting with hangover brunch, followed by Lillian Luthor’s escape, then Lena’s arrest and later on kidnap. The pair’s nice bubble was popped by Metallo, as he attacked the courtroom and escaped with Lillian, which Lena would later be accused of helping. Her arrest turned out to be just another scheme plot the Luthor matriarch planned in order to kidnap her own daughter and making us think she was guilty. National City’s very own vigilante, the Guardian, even tried to stop Metallo from taking the young CEO but was injured in the process.

Thursday must have been an anguished filled day for the pair. After almost 24 hours of agony, Lena Luthor’s kidnapping ended with another spectacular save from the Girl of Steel, from what would have been a pretty big catastrophe. In an act of bravery, Supergirl risked her own life for the young Luthor, managing to save her just moments before a massive green explosion took an entire mountain. Our scientific sources say that the explosion had been caused by Kryptonite, an element that is harmful to Kryptonians, and would have killed our superhero.

The hero might have saved the girl, but who took her home was someone else. After being taken to the hospital by the Maid of Might herself, Lena got a pretty special visit, that stayed with her overnight.

When morning came, the Luthor bombshell was seen leaving the hospital with none other than her mystery blonde, who seemed to be taking very good care of our girl. After the soft moment shared and captured by our cameras, they headed to Lena’s penthouse.

It all came to an end on Friday, when the family drama was finally put to rest with Lena’s absolution and CatCo’s written apology on their website for the article published by them on Wednesday and a promise of an article on the innocent CEO on their magazine’s next issue. The young couple also had their happy ending in the form of a night walk in the park with ice cream, hand holding, and a kiss to close the night and the week.

We wish Lena our deepest sympathies and happiness for the future of the adorable couple.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry for ending like that. Total mood killer (but also a hook for next chapter *wink*). Also, I promise the dragging of the slow burn is about to end... I'm already giving too much away here.
I wrote that article about two months ago and I have been dying to add it here, and now that I had to break the week into pieces, I could use it to tie it all up so we're all on the same page.

The conversation with Alex and the hospital scene took a lot to write, they were very hard, but I'm proud of how it turned out.

I've been writing James and Maggie in a really bad light, but it's all for the sake of the story (again, star-crossed, Romeo & Juliet, a Luthor and a Super), there's room for them to get likable again.

Um, whenever I mention Oliver Queen, I'm thinking about Justin Hartley, from Smallville, the only Green Arrow/Oliver Queen I accept. And I totally fancast Katheryn Winnick as Laurel, so there's also that.

Comments are always welcomed, I love all of them, the highlight of my life is having my ego inflated by people on the internet, love the validation. And you know, @myheartisbro-ken on Tumblr, where you can yell at me, or try to give me your firstborn child.

Next chapter: Mr. Myxzplix!
In Which Kara Has a Magical Stalker

Chapter Summary

The appearance of a Fifth Dimensional being with an unhealthy fixation on Supergirl brings chaos to the city and Kara's personal life, and in time for Valentine's Day. Now Kara has to deal with Mxyzptlk's obsession and Mon-El's aggressive jealousy as they battle over their egos.

Being likable has never been so dangerous.

Chapter Notes

Hellooo!!

Finally the chapter I struggled so much with is ready! I've been looking forward to this since chapter 3 at least, so yay.

I have to apologize beforehand, there's a lot of angst and I'm sorry but hopefully, if you push through it, it will all be worth it?
Fun Fact: I have this chapter on my computer as "In Which Mxy Shows Up And Fucks Things Over"

And that's all, so enjoy.
It starts directly after the previous chapter, by the way.

"I wanted to talk to you," Mon-El told Kara, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. "I... need... to talk to you," he corrected, talking slowly in that way that annoyed her.

Kara sighed and opened the door to her apartment. "Fine," she told him as she stepped inside. "Come in."

He followed her inside and closed the door for her as she shrugged off her jacket and purse.

After putting everything away and grabbing her phone from the jacket, Kara turned to look at Mo-El. He was standing there, by the door, as if he didn’t know what to do with his arms, or himself in general. "So," she started, placing her phone on the table. "What did you want to talk about?"

He took a step closer to her. "This is really hard for me to say," he swallowed hard and frowned as if it pained him. "I..." he took a long pause. "I lied to you."

"Oh."

"About Eve?"
“Eve?”

“Yeah.” He nodded. “I’m not really dating her.”

Kara frowned. “Okay... why is it so important for you to tell me that?”

“Because I lied to make you jealous.”

“What?” Oh dear Rao, why did this have to happen today? I was having such a good night, Kara thought.

“Yeah. I asked her out because I wanted to make you jealous, and I knew that you’d see us together. And we went on a date but it, uhm, she wasn’t very happy about it, said I had to get over you before I tried dating someone else.”

“Did you talk about me to her?”

He shrugged. “You came up.”

“Oh, I-”

Mon-El talked over her. “And then I told you we were doing good because I wanted you to think that I was with her.”

“To make me jealous?”

He nodded. “But then that didn’t really work, you just continued to avoid me.”

“I wasn’t really avoiding you,” Kara tried again.

“So I tried to talk to you the other day, but you were really stressed with the thing about your friend,” he continued to talk as if he didn’t listen to her. The thing being Lena’s kidnapping. “And clearly that wasn’t my best timing. But since everything is resolved I decided to come.”

“I don’t think that’s really time sensitive. Couldn’t you wait until tomorrow at the DEO?”

Mon-El shook his head. “No,” he said taking a step closer. “Because at the DEO I can’t do this.”

As if she was experiencing it both in slow motion and at high speed, Kara saw as Mon-El got even closer and placed a hand on her chin. The same way Lena had, except his too warm and harsh hand made her skin prickle uncomfortably, as opposed to the nice tingle Lena’s soft and delicate hands sent all the way down her spine. She felt like jerking away but she couldn’t move, she was rooted to the floor as she watched his face get closer, and all she could do was shake her head no and scream inside her head that this was not happening.

Mon-El closed his eyes as soon as he started leaning to her, never even looking at her for a sign that it was welcome.

He was inches away, getting closer by the second, and Kara’s chest clenched uncomfortably. She braced herself for impact, preparing to slap him away as soon as she regained control of her body. She felt his nose touching hers and...

A weird noise and a mass of bright electric blue mist made him back away. It looked a lot like a Patronus charm from Harry Potter, though the one without a corporeal form.

The mist danced around in the air, much like a Patronus would, and then spun around in her living
room, leaving a long tail behind, passing around them and forcing them apart, Kara wasn’t complaining about that. They followed the mist as it twirled fast and all around them, making Kara almost dizzy with all the spinning, and then it stopped by her window.

It glowed brighter, getting bigger and bigger until it started making a person shape, and then it materialized into a man. Well dressed, in an expensive looking suit jacket and slacks, with a purple t-shirt underneath, he looked like he had just got out of a male model catalog.

“Darling,” he greeted, standing on the edge of the window in what could only be described as a cool pose.

“Who the hell are you?” Kara asked with a frown, discreetly sliding further away from Mon-El.

He tugged on the lapels of his jacket. “My name is Mr. Mxyzptlk, and Kara Zor-El I love you,” he announced, climbing down from the window and stepping towards her.

Kara could only stare at him in confusion, next to her she could practically feel Mon-El’s tension, she prayed he wouldn’t do anything stupid.

The man rubbed his hands together and more of the glowing mist spilled around them. “First, let’s set the mood!” he said excitedly. He snapped his fingers, pointing around the apartment. “Candles!” The mist took over all of the surfaces around Kara, and candles materialized when the mist faded.

“Who are you?” Kara tried again.

But he was on a mission. “Then, music!” He snapped his fingers to his right, and behind Kara’s couch, the mist conjured a string quartet.

“What the hell?” Kara gasped, taking a step back. Mon-El was still solid in his place, not looking at all surprised by their crazy companion.

“Next, Flowers!” He spun around in place with a flourish, the mist following the movement of his hands. Large bouquets of flowers appeared along with the candles. “And for the pièce de résistance,” he dropped to one knee in front of her, offering mist with one hand raised towards her, “The ring!” and as the mist cleared, Kara saw a huge diamond ring between his fingers. “Kara, sweetie, it’s like I said. I’m your one true love, your soulmate, your one true pairing as the kids say. My name is Mxyzptlk and I love you, Kara Zor-El.”

Kara blinked in confusion when he finished his speech. “Uh… Uhm…” she tried to say something but came up empty, she glanced towards Mon-El who had a deep frown on his face.

“Tell me,” the guy said, bringing her attention back. “Will you marry me?”

Kara laughed disbelievingly.

And then the guy started singing. “I can show you the world-”

“Hey!” Mon-El exclaimed, stepping forward and tugging the guy up by his lapels roughly. There it was, the something stupid Kara had prayed he wouldn’t do. “I don’t know how you got to this planet,” he said shaking the guy a little, in a puff of mist the string quartet disappeared. “But she’s with me.”

Kara’s eyebrows shot up to her hairline and she placed both hands on her hips as she huffed and stared daggers at the back of his head. How dare he? Who does he think he is?
Mon-El shook him again and shoved him away. The guy stumbled backward, shooting Mon-El a barely affected glare.

“The other suitor,” he recognized. “I didn’t see you there, tall dark and blandsome,” he said giving Mon-El a disdainful once over. “You’re barely there, let alone my romantic rival.” He looked at Kara from over Mon-El’s shoulder. “I much prefer the other one,” he managed to say before Mon-El pulled his arm back.

“No!” Kara protested, she tried to hold the arm but Mon-El was already throwing the punch.

Mon-El grunted and stumbled forward, looking around confused when all he did was punch air. Mxyzptlk dematerialized in his mist and showed up again next to Kara.

“So aggressive,” he said amused, and Mon-El turned around looking foolish. “You really think you can win her over like this?” He turned to Kara. “This guy, am I right?” he joked. “But I don’t want you ruining my romantic moment,” Mxyzptlk added tiredly. “So bye bye, Del.” He waved with a massive grin on his face that only got bigger when Mon-El’s face turned from anger to alarm, his face falling and going pale, eyes wide with shock before he was gone in a blink. Mxyzptlk sighed dramatically. “Alone at last. I was getting tired of him, weren’t you?”

“What did you do to him?” Kara asked concerned.

“Relax,” he laughed, waving a hand in the air dismissively. “He’s just letting it all hang out in the DEO.”

“What?”

“Besides,” he continued. “I thought you would be glad. If I hadn’t shown up in time….” he trailed off gesturing to her. “You can’t tell you wanted that. Ugh. Daxamites really are an inferior race. So primitive. He has that whole savage look down, such rough features.”

Kara gaped at him. She couldn’t really deny that he was right. But at the same time, she couldn’t just tell him so. And honestly what in the name of Rao was happening?

“This is how it should be,” he told her. “Just you and me, together. Without McGurk-El around. Honestly, I feel more threatened by Lena.”

Kara choked on her breath. “Wha-what do you… how do you…?” Relax, Kara, don’t let him affect you, don’t let him know he affects you. She sighed tiredly. “Look, I don’t know who you are or how you got here,” she said squaring her shoulders. “But I don’t appreciate you insinuating you know about my life, mi… mixi…”

“Mxyzptlk,” he corrected with a smile. “It spells like it sounds.” He snapped his fingers, looking at the air above her head, which prompted her to turn around to see that the glowing mist wrote ‘MXYZPTLK’ in the air in front of her.

Kara shook her head annoyed. “All right then, Mxyzptlk, just start again and start slow. Where are you from?”

He shrugged and put both hands behind his back as he started to walk. “They call me the inter-dimensional man about town, but it doesn’t matter where I’m from, sweet cheeks.” He stopped walking and turned to smile at her. “What matters is that we’re both here now. So let’s get this knot tied.” He snapped his finger again and Kara’s jeans and sweater were exchanged for a beautiful white gown.
Kara gasped, looking down at herself “What? It’s… ah. Are you crazy?” Kara looked up at Mxyzptlk frowning, he was wearing a well-tailed dark blue tux. “You can’t just put me in a wedding dress.”

“Why not? It’s Vera Wang.”

“This is not okay,” Kara insisted, ruffling her skirts.

He looked at the wedding ring in his hand and lowered his head in shame. “Okay. I’m sorry, I came on strong. I’m just enthusiastic to finally be here with you.” He smiled and held out his arms to her, taking a step towards her.

“How do you even know who I am?”

He snapped his fingers and a cloud of mist floated next to his head, like hologram video, Kara saw herself with Barry and Cisco vibing to Earth-1 and then again at the hangar stepping into the portal and going back home with the interdimensional extrapolator Cisco gave her.

“I watched you cross the dimensions,” he explained. He snapped again and images of Kara passed around as if channel surfing through her life events. Her flying happily around the city, her lifting Fort Rozz into space, her giving the speech that got people out of the mind control, her catching Alex’s plane, her saving Lena from getting crushed by L-Corp’s sign and then punching Henshaw, her solar-flaring against the red tornado, her fighting Metallo… “There’s no one like you where I’m from, Kara. No woman as strong, or independent, or as beautiful, or as brave, or as bold…” He touched her arm lightly and she flinched.

“Okay, okay,” she said pushing his hands away from her. “Look. I’m flattered, really.” She took a step back to put some space between them, and the cloud disappeared. “But I’m not going to marry you, Mxyzptlk.”

He smiled and chuckled. “It’s funny,” he said as he started walking again, and Kara followed him with her eyes. “I’m all seeing and all powerful, but that’s one of the few things I can’t make you do. That and make you fall in love with me and/or stop you from killing yourself and/or make you drink orange juice for some reason,” he listed, fiddling with his hands. “Everything else, yes. But go figure.” He shrugged.

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you,” she pressed her lips and shook her head, “but I’m just not interested,” she shrugged apologetically.

“Don’t be sorry, buttercup,” he said calmly. “I know what you’re doing. You’re playing hard to get,” he wiggled his shoulders, “which is utterly charming and delightful, by the way,” he added giddily, clapping his hands together with glee.


“You’re flustered, confused, your heart is racing?” He tapped a finger lightly in her chest. “I have that effect on women.” He smirked. “Let me tell you how this works. I chose you as my mate, and now I will wow you with breathtaking feats of ardor, crushing my competition until you fall madly in love with me. And fear not, Kara Zor-El, I will beat down the competition and you will fall in love with me,” he said fast, hardly taking breaths in between words or time for anything that he was to register. “Once you’ve been adored by all powerful Mxy, there’s no going back, see?” He smiled at her an impish smile. “Ciao, mi amore.” And with a snap of his fingers, he was gone and so was everything he had conjured around her apartment.
With him gone Kara was able to breathe normally again.

But not for a long time, as his words dawned on her.

Mxy was planning on defeating her ‘romantic suitors’ in order to win her over. And he knew about Lena. Human Lena. Fragile, vulnerable, breakable Lena, who was still recovering from a concussion because of Lillian. Not to mention the emotional trauma.

Kara couldn’t let anything happen to Lena, she had to keep Lena safe. She had to keep Mxy away from her Lena. She couldn’t let Lena get hurt again. She wouldn’t be able to live with herself if anything happened to Lena because of her.

Kara let herself fall into her couch. It was crazy how much had happened in so little time. It had been less than fifteen minutes that she was with Lena, walking hand in hand, and then Lena had kissed her and it felt like everything in her life was starting to fall into pieces. She had a bit of work to do with her friends but she was happy, Lena made her feel like she could have everything she ever wanted, the happy ending she always dreamed of.

And perhaps that’s where she was wrong, in believing she could have that kind of happiness when she led the life she did. Heroes didn’t get the happy endings. Heroes kept the world safe so everyone else could have their happiness.

But when she was with Lena she felt like she could forget everything else. She could be herself, without any other agenda. Everyone expected greatness from her, expected her to be like her cousin, noble and righteous and just and brave all the time. But Lena never expected anything from her, she was always more than happy with what Kara was willing to give. She made Kara feel normal. Kara needed Lena, and she needed Lena to be safe.

Kara felt the sting of irony twisting its sword deep in her gut when she received a text from Lena not so long after. She smiled at the message either way.

Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy)(Microscope ) said,

Lena: Just wanted to let you know that I got home just fine, and I’m okay.

Lena: I’m going to sleep now at boring o’clock, with no TV, no book and no work whatsoever.

Kara: Technically you shouldn’t be texting either

Kara: But thanks for letting me know I’m glad you’re okay

Kara: Now get some rest pls, and have a good night

Lena: Good night, Kara.

Smiling at her phone through the course of the short exchange, Kara still couldn’t chase away the bad feeling she had that the short-lived happiness she thought she could have was crumbling down.

She got another message.

From Winn (Nerd Face )(Personal Computer ≊ Laptop Computer) this time.
Winn: Hey buddy, we have a naked Daxamite here at the DEO who says he came from your place

Winn: Do you know anything about that?

Kara: WHAT?

Winn: He just materialized out of thin air

Winn: In all his glory

Winn: I mean, kind of

Winn: It’s not all that glorious

Winn: I’ve seen better

Winn: But he said that he had just been with you

Winn: He looks mildly unpleased

Kara: You mean he just appeared at the DEO, naked, and said that he was with me?

Winn: Literally what I just said

Kara: And by ‘mildly unpleased’, you mean livid?

Winn: Totally

Kara: I’ll be right there

Winn: CARE TO EXPLAIN???????

Kara: In a minute

Kara groaned as she got up. So much for the night of relaxing on her couch and thinking about Lena.

“Come with me,” Winn demanded as he pulled Kara aside the moment she stepped out of the elevator. He dragged her by the arm towards the locker room, shoved her inside and into the bench, and did a quick check to make sure it was empty before going back to lock the door. He stood in front of the door, his arms crossed over his chest and his face stern as he scrutinized her. “Tell me everything.” Kara felt like he was about to scold her.

“What’s gotten into you?” Kara asked defensively.

“Don’t change the subject,” told said almost brusquely. “You spend the entire lunch shoving copious amounts of food in your mouth and blabbing about Lena, like a lovesick teenager, and how you still
haven’t had a talk about you know what, and then you go and do god knows what, with Mon-El?” Winn spat the name as if it was a curse.

“What? No!” Kara squeaked making a face of disgust. “Seriously, is that what you think of me, Winn?” His posture fell a little but he caught himself and straightened back. “I was with Lena, she needed some air so we decided to take a walk. And she walked me home, and… and…” Kara had to pause to contain the squeal of glee she felt coming, the leftover emotions from earlier taking over, almost mirroring her elevator trip before her bright pink happy bubble was popped. “She kissed me,” she finally confessed, giddily, giggling like the lovesick teen he said she was.

The high-pitched squeal that left Winn sounded alien even to Kara, who had experience with overwhelming joy and excited girls from her many years surrounding herself with cheerfulness in the form of female classmates in high school and college. It was definitely up there on high noises that could hurt her ears, nearing supersonic.

“She did?” Winn asked still high-pitched, as he dropped himself in front to her on the bench, completely forgetting himself. “Tell me, tell me, tell meeeeee!”

Kara laughed, relieved that even with all the craziness, she could still count on her best friend to talk about things like that. She knew Alex would definitely not okay with such confessions, even after promising to be nice about Lena.

“It was… It was…” she sighed dreamily, not managing to come up with words to describe. “Nothing too much. She actually said that it was to even the score.”

“Oh, she so wants you,” Winn said excitedly, slapping her arms a few times before it hurt his hand and he had to stop.

“But then I found Mon-El waiting for me at my door,” Kara continued, with a disappointed sigh. Winn’s face fell and he didn’t bother hiding his displeasure. “And he tried to kiss me.” Winn scoffed. “But he was interrupted by this freakish Patronus looking light, and this guy showed up from the light and said he loved me and wanted to marry me. Mon-El wasn’t very happy and tried to punch him,” Kara said with an eye roll. “And then he snapped his fingers and Mon-El was gone.”

“That’s it?” Winn asked carefully.

Kara nodded. “All of it.”

“There was no nudity?”

Kara made a face. “Rao no,” she shook her head. “None at all.”

“No reciprocating said intended kiss.”

“Not one bit.”

Winn exhaled in relief. “Oh. Good. Because I love you and support your decisions, Kara, but I could never support you being with him,” he told her. “Especially not when you could be with Lena.”

“Who said I can be with Lena?” Kara asked, trying her hardest to sound casually skeptical instead of anxious as she truly felt.

“She kissed you, Kara!” Winn said like that was the answer to everything. “That means she likes you, and you like her. What else is there?”
“Mxyzptlk,” Kara pointed out.

“Mixi what now?” Winn asked puzzled.

Kara bit her lip to help her contain her sigh. “Showed up from a bright mist, asked me to marry him, snapped Mon-El to the DEO, put me in a Vera Wang wedding dress…”

“Oh! Right, sure, sorry, I got distracted with… Wait! Did you happen to keep the dress? I’ve always wanted to see one up close.”

“No, I didn’t. But we have to talk to J’onn now,” she told him. “I’m sure Mon-El already said what he knows.”

Winn laughed. “Have you met him?” he asked sarcastically. “Of course he didn’t. He showed up, growled that he was going to kill somebody, announced loudly in the bullpen that he was with you in your house and didn’t know how he got here, and then grumbled about being interrupted. Took him quite a while to even bother to put some clothes on.”

Kara looked up and sighed. “It’s like he’s making an effort to make my life harder.”

“If he is, we have to admire his determination, because he is succeeding spectacularly,” Winn joked.

“Yeah, yeah,” Kara said humorlessly. “Laugh all you want, but you’re the one who had a crush on him when he showed up.”


Kara snickered. “Sure, keep telling yourself that. That was very convincing.”

“I am totally, one hundred percent telling the truth,” Winn said with a straight face.

“You literally said you were weak for him, and you let him run over you all the time on his first weeks here after he woke up.”

“I… It’s not my fault that he was very cute and had a way with words, he knew exactly what to say to me. He was just so charming and flirty and touchy and so strong, you know I like them strong Kara, I couldn’t resist,” he whined. “But now that I know he’s really a jerk, I just want to punch him in the face every time I look at him. He’s like… like first seasons Alex Karev, only with less empathy… and less intelligence. I mean, he really couldn’t become a doctor, all he can do is serve drinks, punch people and be annoying. And his bedside manners would be terrible.”

“Wow, you’re really laying it on,” Kara teased.

Winn narrowed his eyes at her. “Shut up.” He pushed her on the shoulder and she let herself be shoved backward, laughing as she did so. “We have work to do, so stop gossiping and go do it,” he said in mock petulance, which only made Kara laugh harder.

“Winslow Schott Jr. telling someone to stop gossiping,” Kara laughed. “That in itself is hilarious.”

“I hate you,” he hissed, getting up and marching to the door.

“Love you too.”

Kara followed Winn out of the locker room and into the bullpen, where J’onn was waiting, and by the look on his face, very impatiently.
“If you two are done with the chitchat, I would like to know what is happening,” he said grumpily.

“Yes sir, sorry, sir,” Kara and Winn said together and then glanced at each other biting back their smiles.

“You tell him, Kar,” Winn offered with fabricated sweetness as he slapped her on the back.

Kara sighed and began recollecting the events of that night, starting from when she got home and leaving Lena out of it, it wasn’t all that significant since J’onn could probably read Winn’s mind about what she told him, but it made her feel in control of the narrative. J’onn took everything in with a calm blank face, nodding every now and then.

“And then Winn texted me and said Mon-El was… here,” Kara finished with a blush, thinking about the condition in which Mon-El had appeared at the DEO. She was glad that at least Mxy hadn’t done that to him in Kara’s apartment before zapping him away, the thought of it alone made her cringe, seeing would have been much worse.

As if summoned, Mon-El strolled towards them, fully clothed and with an easy smile on her face.

“Hey, Kara!” He greeted. “You’re finally here.”

Kara couldn’t look him in the face, still trying to get the mental image out of her head. “Yeah. I’m here. It took a while to get away from my… house guest.”

Mon-El’s face darkened and his jaw clenched. “Oh, I so want to punch that guy.”

Kara heard Winn snigger as he passed her, and then Mon-El, towards his computer.

“You’ve just been visited by a Fifth Dimensional being,” J’onn informed Kara.

“You’ve seen him before?” Kara asked with a frown. The three of them moved to the middle of the bullpen.

“One of his kind,” J’onn corrected. “But not here on earth. On Mars, one of them moved the Xan’Xie Mountains halfway across the planet during the Zook Uprising.” J’onn rested his elbows on the table and started explaining it to Kara. “Fifth Dimensional life forms possess the ability to warp our reality to their own whims. Abilities that would appear, to all intents and purposes, to be magic.”

“On Daxam we had a zero tolerance policy for those creatures,” Mon-El said.

Kara frowned and looked up at him. “You had them on Daxam?”

“Yeah,” he said simply.

“Why didn’t you say so before?” Kara pressed.

Mon-El shrugged. “Those guys really knew how to party, but they’re dangerous. Very dangerous.” There was something very condescending about his tone that didn’t sit well with Kara.

“Agent Schott, scan the archives for anything resembling Fifth Dimensional incursions here on Earth,” J’onn ordered.

“Close Encounters of the Fifth Kind,” Winn joked, spinning around in his chair to look at them and point at J’onn with a wink. “You got it.” He spun back towards his monitor only to spin back around. “Oh, hey. J’onn. We’re ready to send your message to Mars whenever you are,” he informed.
“What message?” Kara asked.

“On Earth, it’s customary to send messages on Valentine’s Day,” J’onn said. “We had a similar custom on Mars.”

“It’s too bad you can’t call her.”

“We Martians are a psychic people. All our communication was through thought. But when we had something really important to say, we would often write it down,” he explained. “On some planets, to write something is to truly say it.”

Kara smiled. “I’m sure M’gann will be very happy to hear from you.”

“Thank you.”

J’onn went to do his work and Kara sighed, leaning forward on the table.

“Hey,” Mon-El said and Kara almost startled herself as she remembered he was still right next to her. “So, this Day of Valentine, is that something we’re supposed to-”

“Maybe we should talk in private,” Kara cut him off brusquely, tugging him away from others.

“Okay, private,” he mumbled. “This is good.”

“So there was something happening before Mxyzptlk showed up,” Kara said scratching the back of her neck.

Mon-El chuckled amusedly, as he remembered what he was about to do. “Yeah, there was,” he grinned.

Kara bit her lip, focusing not to roll her eyes. “And I really want to get back to that,” she said somewhat curtly. So I can tell you to back the hell off and stay in your lane.

“Oh, yeah,” he laughed, misinterpreting her intentions. “Me too.” His smile was lewd and it made her stomach turn.

“But first, I have to get rid of him,” she continued.

“I mean, of all the girls in all the galaxies, that little imp had to pick you to pursue you as his mate,” he said in a tone that meant this was a joke to him, a mild inconvenience to his previous plan, and Kara didn’t like one bit the possessiveness it implied.

“But it’s no biggie,” she said. “Because before you know it, he’s going to be back in his dimension, and you and I, we can continue the talk we were having.”


Kara did roll her eyes then. “But until then just… just keep what happened between us, okay?” she asked.

“Why?” he asked with a frown, looking at her as if she said something weird.

“Because,” she insisted, “no one else needs to know about it.” He seemed to ponder that in his mind, but she didn’t give him time. “And just forget about Valentine’s Day, it’s not something you should worry about.”
“But what is this Day of the Valentine?” he insisted. “Is it something that we should be celebrating?”

“NO!” Kara said sharply, maybe a little too loud. Mon-El stepped back surprised and she saw Winn eyeing them from his chair. Kara pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed. “I said to forget it, it’s not something you have to worry,” Kara repeated. “And it’s Valentine’s Day,” she corrected. “How hard is it to repeat things without twisting them?”

Mon-El looked taken aback by Kara’s snapping. “Valentine’s,” he repeated. “Got it. It is forgotten.” He laughed then and Kara sighed again.

“I’m gonna go home because I had a very long week and I’m exhausted,” Kara announced. She barely saw Mon-El nod and try to say something, but she was already on her way to Winn. “Hey, I’m going to get some rest for a little while,” she told Winn softly.

“A tired superhero is never good,” Winn said.

“Yeah, really not,” she agreed. “You’ll let me know if you find anything?”

“Yeah. Don’t worry,” he assured her. “Go get some sleep and we can start this whole thing tomorrow. I’m sure we can handle the city for a few hours.”

Kara let out a long sigh of relief and smiled. “Thank you, Winn.”

“Anytime, buddy.” He grinned up at her. “Now before you go,” he said as he got up and opened his arms. “Come,” he ordered, gesturing for her to approach. “Hugging time.”

Kara laughed but let herself sink into his arms.

As always, Winn squeezed her as tight as he could, hoping it would give her some comfort. “Everything will be just fine and you’ll go back to kissing the love interest in no time,” he whispered to her.

Kara laughed again, louder, against his shoulder. “Love interest?” she asked pulling back.

“Would you prefer ‘romantic lead’?” he offered. “It keeps things neutral, which is good for keeping secrets. I’m getting better at keeping secrets, you know? Just for you.”

Kara shook her head, laughing fondly. “I love you, Winn.”

Winn smiled brightly. “Love you too, Kar.”

---

Lena was rather proud of herself.

She managed to gather her courage and kiss Kara.

Truthfully, she had only not tried kissing Kara before because she didn’t think Kara liked her the way she liked Kara. But after the week she had, with her mother and the whole almost dying thing, Lena decided to just go for it, consequences be damned. It helped that Kara had kissed her first.
Lena spent the entire ride home replaying it in her head, thinking about the feeling of Kara’s lips against hers, Kara’s warm and soft cheek against her fingertips, how Kara had leaned against her hand…

Lena sighed. She caught her driver looking at her in the mirror, mirth shining in his eyes and tugging on his lips, and she covered her face with both hands, giggling just a little. Jackson laughed.

“I was starting to think you would never do that, Ms. Luthor,” he told her.

Lena almost gasped, her eyebrows shooting up to her hairline. “Eyes on the road, Jackson,” Lena ordered but it lacked the bite, she tried to bit down her smile, but he saw it anyway.

Jackson nodded obediently, his lips still curved. “Yes, Ma’am.”

Lena pressed her forehead to the window, the cold helping with the headache she could still feel despite the butterflies in her stomach.

Maybe she could be happy. Maybe she could be with Kara. Maybe she could be happy with Kara. Maybe she wasn’t delusional thinking Kara could want her back. And even if she was wrong, she knew Kara would still be her friend, she knew that the kiss and her drunken confession wouldn’t ruin their friendship because Kara stayed by her side and still took care of her even after all she said on the club.

When she got home, she felt like dancing around in happiness. However, that would certainly not be good for someone with a concussion. She settled for a slightly cold shower and getting ready for bed.

For the first time in years, when Lena settled in her bed, she knew she wouldn’t be tossing and turning, waiting for sleep to overcome her. She felt light and happy despite the headache, and she knew she would have no problem sleeping that night. No drama with her mother could top the warm feeling in her chest that Kara’s lips gave her.

She decided to send Kara a text, to let her know she was fine, and Kara’s answer left her grinning. She fell asleep with a smile on her face and thoughts of Kara.

-------

Lena woke up with a happy sigh, stretching pleasantly on the bed.

She had a good night of sleep, she didn’t remember what she dreamed of but she felt warm and safe and happy.

And then she remembered.

Lena had kissed Kara the night before.

She had kissed Kara and Kara let her. Kara closed her eyes and waited for Lena’s lips to touch hers, welcomed the action.

Lena sent Kara a quick text and went about her morning routine, still riding the high of the previous night.

Since she couldn’t do any work or reading or force her brain too much in any way, Lena decided to go out to the terrace to get some air. She sat by the pool and watched as the sky changed colors.
During the course of the entire morning, every time her phone dinged, Lena’s heart raced painfully inside her chest hoping it was Kara. Yet every time she ended up disappointed when it wasn’t.

Lena spent the morning on the terrace, feeling the sun on her skin, watching the clouds reflecting on the clear surface of the pool, and not once did she hear from Kara.

No text. No call. No nothing.

Complete silence.

She even forgot to have lunch, so used to Kara keeping tabs on her and reminding her to eat that when nothing came in, Lena lost track of time. By the time she went back inside, it was past 2 pm and her stomach was growling.

Lena considered not eating then, taking the time to wallow in her own mind and let herself be punished by the empty stomach. Surely Kara wasn’t avoiding her because of the kiss, that wasn’t something Kara would do, she knew that and she was just being silly for considering it… yet she still thought of it, that maybe what she thought was appreciation had actually been just shock and now Kara was considering how to let Lena down easy.

Eventually, the hunger won out though and Lena heated up a bowl of soup her cook left for her. She sent Kara another text and set her phone aside to eat.

At times like these, Lena was glad to be rich. She was too hungry to even think and with no disposition whatsoever to cook. If it wasn’t for the meals she paid to have prepared for her she’d probably go hungry. It happened far too often, less now with Kara’s constant reminder, but Lena had a tendency to lose herself in her own head and forget to eat. With either work or thinking or daydreaming, or just not thinking at all, the result was always the same: a starving Lena thankful she only had to wait for the food to be ready instead of having to make it.

After she was finished eating, however, she was back to overthinking. There was no answer from Kara. Her insecurities clouding her mind. It had been at least since Kara’s birthday, or maybe even longer, that Kara flooded her inbox with too much emoji’s and a perfect mix of excitement and concern for her.

To go from the many texts a day to radio silence was disconcerting, to say the least.

The sudden change could only be the result of Lena’s kiss. Everything had been fine between them, perfect even. Even if her life was a mess, Kara was right there by her side, giving her strength and comfort. She woke up in the hospital to Kara almost crying in relief to see her awake and then Kara refused to leave her side until well into the morning when her sister called, and afterward Kara made sure to drop by to see how she was and even took her on a walk. The only thing that had happened since then was the kiss. Lena had ruined it all by kissing Kara; it was the only explanation for Kara’s sudden silence.

Why did she have to do that? Why couldn’t she have waited a while longer and talked to Kara like a civilized woman? She had to go and ruin the one good thing in her life. Kara had a history with unwanted kisses from her friends, unrequited love, and Lena had promised herself she wouldn’t be one to add up to that list, but she just had to go and kiss her anyway. Stupid.

Kara still didn’t contact, and Lena spent the rest of the day sulking and blaming herself.
Kara woke up to a bank robbery that turned into a Mxyzptlk encounter, with him shooting the robbers with their own guns, which Kara caught obviously, but the point was the intention.

Mxyzptlk was a lot more dangerous than she had thought, and Kara told J’onn as much.

“Agreed,” J’onn said as they crossed the bullpen. “Agent Schott, have you found records of human dealing with these life forms?”

“Uh, yes. Actually, lots,” Winn told them, typing a few commands on his computer that transferred images to the large monitors on the wall. “If you just take from it what you will, but between genies, djinn, and leprechauns, I mean, humans have been documenting contact with reality-bending creatures for centuries.”

“And how did they slay them?” Mon-el asked showing up next to Kara. “On Daxam we crushed them.”

“What?” Kara asked incredulously. “No. Absolutely not.”

“We learned the hard way that the only way to deal with them was to kill them quickly,” he said in a neutral tone as if he was talking about returning a product that was damaged. “Let me, let me take care of him.”

“No! No. We don’t kill!” Kara insisted.

“I’m not going to let some imp stalk you and live,” he told her.

*Excuse me?* “I can take care of myself, Mon-El,” she told him firmly. “Let me handle it.”

“Oh, hey. So we’re going to go non-lethal?” Winn asked.

“Yes!” Kara agreed at the same time Mon-El petulantly said ‘nope’ behind her, she could only glare.

“The DEO has some recovered alien artifacts in a sub-basement storeroom,” J’onn informed. “Maybe one of them can send Mxyzptlk back to the Fifth Dimension, or at least suppress his powers.”

Winn nodded. “I’ll have them brought up.”

“Good.”

“Kara, could you give me a hand?” Winn asked, getting up from his chair.

“Yeah, sure.” Kara followed Winn towards the elevator. As they stepped inside, Kara heard Mon-El mumbling to himself and sighed.

“Did he really say he’s not gonna let someone stalk you and live?” Winn asked with a grimace.

“You heard that, right? I didn’t hallucinate.”

“Does he hear the things he says or…?” Kara shook her head and rested against the wall of the elevator. “And he thinks you guys are together.”
“Just my luck,” Kara sighed.

Winn grinned. “Look at you, making people fall for you left, right and center,” he teased.

“Shut up,” she grumbled.

“But who will Supergirl choose?” Winn asked in his best old time radio show commenter’s voice.

Kara looked away from the ceiling to meet his eyes. “Maybe it’ll be Kara Danvers who chooses,” she said with a little smirk.

Winn laughed.

Kara got a text then.

From Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy)(Microscope).

**Lena:** I have survived sleeping, just as I suspected, there was very little danger to it. Although I did almost choke on my hair but other than that it was totally fine.

Kara smiled at the text, the dorkiness of her normally serious friend, but put the phone away without responding.

“What’s that about?” Winn asked, raising an eyebrow.

Kara just shrugged. Before Winn could try to get something out of Kara, the elevator opened and they focused on their task.

-------

Kara spent part of the morning with Winn, going through boxes and more boxes of alien artifacts, and then she went to work, with Lena always in the back of her head.

Realizing that Mxyzptlk posed more danger than previously considered, she decided she should keep her distance from Lena until she could get rid of the guy, maybe fake things a bit with Mon-El to throw Mxy off Lena’s scent. She just needed to keep Mxy as far away from Lena as possible.

But it still made her heart clench in her chest when she got another text from Lena in the afternoon. Especially with the previous unanswered text right above.

From Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy)(Microscope).

**Lena:** I have survived sleeping, just as I suspected, there was very little danger to it. Although I did almost choke on my hair but other than that it was totally fine.

**Lena:** Hey, is everything okay? Did something happen? You know you can talk to me, right?

Kara felt like a jerk, she wanted to fly to Lena, hug her and assure her that everything was fine between them. But she couldn’t. Not while Mxy was around. He said he was all seeing and all-powerful, he could make things happen with a snap of his fingers, he watched Kara from another dimension, clearly, he shouldn’t be underestimated. And Kara was not impervious to magic nor
could she fight against him so far, not with her powers.

She could barely concentrate at work, too preoccupied with everything happening to manage to be productive.

She missed Cat, Cat would know what to say to her to make her feel better, make her feel as if she could take anything that was thrown at her.

When work was finally over, Kara found Alex waiting for her at the lobby of CatCo plaza.

“Winn and J’onnn told me what’s going on,” Alex explained when Kara reached her. “Are you okay?”

Kara shrugged. “Can we… not here…”

Alex nodded and followed Kara out of the building.

They made their way to Kara’s place mostly silently, exchanging only a few words here and there, the conversation only starting when they were alone in the elevator on Kara’s building, far from prying ears.

“I can handle Mxyzptlk, but it’s Mon-El who’s frustrating,” Kara said tiredly. “He has some grudge against imps or something.” They walked down the hall towards Kara’s door.

Alex smiled her big sister smile, the one that said ‘I know something that you don’t’. “Don’t you think Mon-El’s jealous?” she asked almost teasingly.

Kara scoffed. “Uh, no.” She shook her head at the absurd and twisted her keys on the door. “I mean, probably, yeah. But it’s dumb. He has no right to be jealous and he clearly doesn’t know anything about me if he thinks that this is the right way to go about things.” Kara pushed the door open to reveal her apartment completely covered in flowers. “Though Mxy is persistent.”

Alex laughed behind her. “Yeah.”

Kara could hardly see the surface of her tables. She sighed and when about clearing the kitchen counter from the impromptu garden. “Oh, hey!” she exclaimed, taking two vases to the sink. “Why don’t you take these to Maggie? Maybe she’ll enjoy them.”

Alex hesitated and made a disgruntled noise as she got closer to the counter.

Kara noticed her sister’s mood and frowned. “What’s the matter?”

“I need some advice about Valentine’s Day,” Alex said carefully.

Kara was still angry at Maggie, extremely angry, because of the things she said to Lena. Even if Lena denied it, Kara knew Maggie’s words hurt her very deeply. But Alex was her sister and she loved her, and despite the circumstances, Kara would do anything to see Alex happy, so she did the one thing she knew how to do better than anything in the world, put on a smile on her face and pretended to be happy.

“Oh my God, it’s your first Valentine’s Day with Maggie!” Kara exclaimed as she moved around with the flowers. “That’s so exciting! Oh. You have to go to Il Palazzo. The Bolognese-stuffed calamari is to die for,” she informed. “I’m sure they’re booked, but Ms. Grant was a regular, so…” she trailed off.
Alex didn’t look very interested in the information. “Yeah, I don’t need a reservation, Kara. That’s precisely the problem.” Alex walked forward and pressed her hands on the now clear island. “Uhm, Maggie hates Valentine’s Day.”

“Well, that’s, that’s kind of a bummer.”

“Look, I know,” Alex started. “I know it’s silly. But after so many Valentine’s Days alone, I was just finally excited to be in a relationship where we could celebrate all the cheesy stuff couples celebrate.”

Kara stopped in front of Alex, all but mirroring her pose. “That’s not silly at all. But, you know, sometimes a relationship takes work. You have to find a middle ground so you can accommodate both yours and her needs,” she told her sister. “Have you tried asking her why she doesn’t like Valentine’s Day?”

Alex shook her head. “Not really. I was sort of discouraged when she called it a manufactured holiday for patsies.”

Kara raised her eyebrows in a bit of surprise. “Wow, that, that’s something. But maybe you should talk to her and then go from there? Find out if it’s really best to just set it aside for now and work things out some other time, or if you could surprise her with a tailor-made Maggie Valentine’s Day.”

The last thing Kara wanted was Maggie to really be happy, sadly Alex’s happiness was directly connected to Maggie’s.

“Yeah,” Alex said with a nod and a smile. “Thanks, Kara.”

Kara smiled over-sweetly. “What are sisters for?” she said almost cynical, and she knew Cat would have been proud of her tone. She saw a flash of guilt pass through Alex’s face before a loud explosion outside made their attention turn to the window, as they rushed to see the commotion.

The commotion happened to be Parasite, destroying the street and terrorizing citizens.

Kara flew in to stop him, not long after Mon-El showed up to help. To be honest, his help didn’t do all that much. And then Superman came in flying and together he and Kara stopped Parasite and the piled up cars from exploding. Except Superman wasn’t actually Superman.

Mxyzptlk smirked as he teased Mon-El.

And Mon-El being Mon-El didn’t take it very well.

“I guess he could have leaped over Parasite like a gazelle,” Mxyzptlk laughed.

Kara tried to mediate, but Mon-El had taken into the provocation.

“Oh, would you like to see my superpower? Cause I will just rip you apart with my bare hands right here if you’re interested in that.”

Oh Rao, Kara thought with a sigh as the two went off on each other.

“Spoken like a true Daxamite,” Mxyzptlk said with disdain. “You’re nothing but a thug. I mean, this goddess, she requires a man who’s equal in her powers and wits.”

I don’t ‘require’ a man, Kara thought, slightly offended.

“Who can come to her aid when villains suddenly pop up,” Mxyzptlk continued.

“Wait,” Kara said. “Parasite, this was you?”
“Don’t you, don’t you see what he’s doing here?” Mon-El insisted. “He’s creating havoc so that he can play the hero and impress you.”

If either of you thinks this is what it takes to impress me, then you don’t know me at all.

“What’s wrong with that?” Mxy said back.

Oh dear, Kara was sure she was about to have a stroke from the stress these two were giving her.

“Why don’t you just say your name backward, buddy,” Mon-El all but screamed with annoyance, “and just zap back to wherever you came from?”

Kara turned to Mon-El with a scowl, feeling the frustration bubbling up inside her. “Wait, that’s how you send him away?” she asked disbelievingly, trying to push him aside, but Mon-El was too set on Mxy and the faces he made to even pay attention to Kara.

“Don’t you even,” he scorned at Mxy, trying to get to him.

“What is wrong with you?” Kara asked, pushing Mon-El away, still, he continued trying to charge towards Mxy.

“You have a rat face,” he yelled, brandishing his finger towards the trickster.

“Stop!” Kara said forcefully, pushing him one last time, this time he did step back. “Stop! Enough. Mon-El, get out of here,” she told him, gesturing to the street.

“What, me?” Mon-El asked incredulously. “What about him?”

“I told you I was handling this,” Kara said with forced calmness, “now go.”

Mon-El grunted, shook his head as if Kara was asking him something absurd, and then left. Kara let out a deep and long sigh.

“Ugh, he would never leave,” Mxy said humorously and dramatically. “Finally, darling, we’re alone.”

At the usage of the term, Kara snapped, that was Lena’s way to call her and Lena’s alone. “What is it going to take to get you off this planet?” she asked icily.

His demeanor changed and his face turned cold. “It’s like I said. It’s going to take two little words ‘I’ ‘do’.” He looked her right in the eyes when he said it, showing her how he meant every word. “Or things will get very bad for your world.” He cocked his head and smirked of malice. “And your beloved Lena.”

Kara felt the panic rising inside of her, knotting in her stomach, clawing at her throat. What else could she do to keep Lena out of this, keep Lena safe?

As soon as Mxy disappeared, Kara took off towards the DEO to debrief and get her clothes, she needed to clear her mind, and walking was what she needed then, the supersuit wasn’t the best outfit for an incognito de-stressing walk in the park.

But Kara didn’t manage to get away fast enough and Mon-El was following her, screaming at her. As much as she tried to divert the situation and walk away, he followed her and screamed some more. It all only added to her stress.

Winn watched from the floor above as Kara and Mon-El had a screaming match on the bullpen,
which consisted mostly of Mon-El yelling and Kara trying to get away and hissing at him.

“I’m going to kill him,” Alex said showing up next to Winn, her voice making him jump.

“Warn a guy,” he gasped, clutching at his chest.

“Who does this arrogant bastard thinks he is to talk to my sister like that?” Alex hissed, seething with anger.

“If you intervene she’s going to be mad at you for fighting her battles,” Winn pointed out.

“Oh yeah,” Alex agreed. “Definitely. I’m just going to wait for her to leave, and then I’ll go over there and murder him. I have an amazing alien gun.”

“So I’ve heard.”

“Seriously though, he’s like… like…” Alex grasped for a way to describe him, and then it clicked. “The Joffrey Baratheon of aliens,” she said.

Winn’s eyes lit up as he looked at Alex, laughing.

“When things don’t go his way, he screams, stomps his foot, acts petulantly and makes a scene.”

“He’s a Daxamite!” Mon-El boomed from below.

“That you’ve always been!” Kara all but screeched, finishing her sentence louder than she started it.

“Case and point,” Alex indicated, nodding towards the two.

“It’s impressive how he manages to make Kara so stressed,” Winn said. “Kara of all people. And when I say impressive I mean that in the worst possible way.”

Alex nodded her agreement and they both watched as Kara stormed off, leaving a fuming Mon-El behind as if he hadn’t been the one to start the argument.

“You know, I think you owe Kara an apology,” Winn said after a long pause.

Alex frowned. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” She moved away from the rails and walked to the room behind them, full of the alien artifacts Kara and Winn dug up.

“Oh, really?” Winn asked sarcastically, following Alex. “You mean you don’t remember trying to set Kara up with Mon-el? What was it that you called him?”

“The Joffrey Baratheon of aliens,” Alex said promptly. “This is none of your business, Winn.”

“Yeah, well, I’m making it my business,” Winn insisted. “As your honorary little brother. Do you really want your sister with a guy like that?”

“Of course not,” Alex said sharply. “I never did. I don’t like or trust him.”

“Yet you deemed better to shove that entitled prick towards Kara than to let her be friends with Lena.”

“I admit the plan had some faults.” Alex nodded awkwardly, pressing her lips together.

“Yeah, especially since she already felt bad because he kissed her,” Winn commented offhandedly.
“HE DID WHAT?” Alex asked more than a little louder than intended.

Winn put his hands over her mouth, not quite touching, shushing her. “Do you want to recreate that whole scene?” He hissed.

“Tell me what you know,” she demanded instead.

Winn sighed and took a step back. “When he was infected with the Medusa virus, she went to check on him and he kissed her,” he told her, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly.

“Why didn’t she tell me this?”

Winn shrugged. “I don’t know, I think she didn’t want to say anything at all. He kept denying it ever happened when she confronted him. She only told me weeks after it, and by then we already were setting her aside for other things. Me for Guardian stuff and you for whatever it is you were doing... I’m assuming Maggie.”

Alex glared at him and hit him upside the head.

Winn recoiled and raised his hands up. “Sorry, sorry.”

“Kara and I had a talk already, about this,” she told him.

He knew, obviously. Kara had told him at lunch right after said talk. “Oh, really?”

“Yeah, we talked about it.”

“So you admit?”

Alex rolled her eyes. “I admit I wasn’t great at managing my time, yeah, and I went from having Kara as my number one priority to forgetting to call her on the anniversary of Krypton’s destruction until the next morning.”

“And?”

“And I tried to set her up with the Joffrey of aliens because I thought that maybe she would spend less time with Luthor, and that I could somewhat monitor the interactions between them more than hers with Lena.”

“Great job. Now you just need to tell her that.”

“Ugh.” They both knew Alex would never, not if she had any say in it. It harmed no one, in her view, nothing came out of it, Kara clearly didn’t want the Daxamite.

“Great comparison, by the way,” Winn told her with a laugh. “Really on point.” He nodded and made an okay sign.

“Yeah, only he isn’t royalty.”

“Yeah....” Winn trailed off weirdly.

“Winn!” Alex warned. “What do you know?”

“Nothing. I just... I have a theory.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “What theory?”
“It’s just... some things don’t really add up with his backstory,” he explained. “He said he was a royal guard, yet he was terrible at fighting before Kara taught him, and he really doesn’t seem all that interested in protecting people, his decision to be a ‘hero’ clearly had more to do with his attraction to Kara,” he listed.

“Yeah, that is odd.” Alex nodded. “And for a servant, he acts all high and mighty and doesn’t really know how to take and follow orders.”

“Ah!” Winn exclaimed, pointing at Alex. “My point exactly. And there’s just something about him, like a vibe of entitlement.”

“He’s basically a frat boy,” Alex agreed.

“YES! And who did Kara say was the frat boy of the galaxy?” he asked with a lilt in his voice, wanting her to fill the gaps for him.

And Alex did. “The Prince of Daxam!” she said in a conspiratory voice.

“Bingo!” he exclaimed excitedly as if she had just answered correctly on a talk show.

Alex took pause then. “You think he is alien royalty.” It was mostly a statement.

“It makes sense, you know.” He shrugged. “Like, as an agent, you know that if you’re important you should never tell complete strangers who you are.”

She nodded, crossing her arms over her chest. “Yeah, you don’t know what they could do to you.”

“Totally, and so he said he was the guard of the prince because that’s the only plausible explanation for him to have access to a Kryptonian pod. Yet, if Kara was right and the prince was the frat boy of the galaxy, and taking into account how any royal servant’s duty is to protect the royal family at all costs…” He let it hang in the air for a second, to give it a bit of a dramatic effect. “It really doesn’t add up that the prince would tell his guard to save himself and stay back to die, nor would the guard ever accept leaving the prince to die.”

With a contemplative frown, Alex nodded. “You make good points.”

Winn smiled proudly. “I am known to be very smart.”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Don’t flatter yourself too much.”

“I also used to make A Song of Ice and Fire theories back in high school; I even had a binder for all of them... organized alphabetically, made titles and everything.”

“Ah, that explains it, nerd,” Alex laughed. “Your level of reaching…”

“You laugh now, but when it turns out that I am right, I’m the one who’s going to have the last laugh,” he said puffing his chest.

“Wanna bet?” Alex challenged.

Winn laughed loudly. “Have you met me?”

-------
Kara left the DEO, intent on clearing her mind. She made sure to let J’onn know, and that she would be back later.

She walked aimlessly through the city until she found herself at the park where Lena had held the renaming ceremony, near L-Corp building.

Kara dropped herself on a bench, letting her head drop. Her hands pressing against her face, fingers slipping under the frames of her glasses.

*Why does everything have to be so complicated? Why can’t life be simple for once?*

The answer was clearly the fact that she was an alien superhero, in love with her best friend who happened to be the youngest member of the world’s most notorious alien hating family, sworn enemies of her own family. Not to mention the fact that her mother had put many dangerous intergalactic criminals in prison and those criminals had sworn vengeance on her family and would stop at nothing to make her suffer. And her cousin’s enemies coming after her… and her own enemies coming after the people she cared about. Even those who weren’t exactly her enemies, all coming after her and the people she cared about.

But it wasn’t an answer she liked very much.

Yet it was all there was.

Lena was a Luthor. Kara was a Super.

It was just the way it was.

Romeo and Juliet had nothing on that.

But it felt so natural and so good to be around Lena, be friends with Lena, to be in love with Lena.

Everything was so hard and so confusing, but the one thing that wasn’t was Lena. Yet at the same time, that only made it all worse.

With Lena, she could just be Kara. Nothing more.

Lena didn’t want Supergirl, she wasn’t best friends with Supergirl, she didn’t care about Supergirl. She was Kara’s. She liked Kara for Kara. Lena said Kara was her hero. Kara, not Supergirl. No powers, no duty, no cape, just Kara.

Kara didn’t have anyone else who didn’t know her as Supergirl.

Not since Cat.

If she was being honest, not since Lucy. But with Lucy, there was all the guilt she felt about James. Feelings getting in the way of her friendships, as always.

She missed being just Kara, even if she felt guilty lying to someone she cared about.

She didn’t believe in the line of lying about who she was to protect the ones she loved. She knew that knowing about her or not, anyone close to her could be hurt because of her, could be used against her.

The danger wasn’t the people she cared about knowing her secret, it was anyone else.

Lena was already targeted enough being a Luthor, she didn’t need the added danger of someone
finding out how much Supergirl cared about her.

And Mxy proved that.

She couldn’t put Lena through that. It wasn’t fair to Lena, to be lied to like that, and targeted for things she didn’t even know. And she couldn’t lose Lena, didn’t know how she could handle if she didn’t have Lena in her life anymore.

It was a scary feeling; she knew Lena for all of five months, being friends for roughly three of those, maybe four if she squinted, but Kara couldn’t imagine her life without Lena. In a way, it felt like she had always been there, but at the same time, it felt like the moment they met Kara had found something she’d been missing for a very long time, maybe even forever.

And she knew it was selfish, but she needed someone she could just be Kara with.

It was too much to handle, she couldn’t deal with all of it. The pressure suffocating her. Once more, what she wanted was brushed aside for what everyone else needed.

Lena needed a friend, a family, someone who would care for her and support her. She definitely didn’t need Kara’s feelings burdening them and destroying their friendship, putting Lena in danger, making her a target of a maniac who was set on having Kara.

But having her mind set up in staying away from Lena didn’t stop her from wanting Lena the way she did.

She swiped through her phone, re-reading Lena’s texts over and over again, the knot it made in her throat and on her stomach was her forced punishment for the situation she put herself into.

-------

Mon-El walked around as if he owned the place, which only added up to Winn’s theory.

Alex had left to talk to pick Maggie up from work and take her home, and Winn was distracted with his phone. The girl he met at the bar, Lyra, had really interested him and he was concerned he would blow it. He was busy looking at her latest text when Mon-El walked in the room.

“Hey, pal,” he greeted loudly. “How’s it going?”

“Oh, you know,” Winn sighed. “Believe it or not, I’m having a girl issue.

“Good timing,” Mon-El murmured.

Against his better judgment, Winn decided to ask. “You have a way with girls. They throw themselves at you all the time,” he said. “Although that remains a mystery to me,” he added under his breath.

“Yeah, not all of them,” Mon-El grumbled resentfully.

“Come on, hit me. I need like, an advice or something. How do you do it?”

Mon-El nodded. “Yeah, uhm, things were a lot easier on Daxam when I objectified women and didn’t care about anyone,” Mon-El said promptly as if he was delivering a punchline. “So…”

Winn’s eyebrows shot up to his hairline and he stared blankly into the distance. “Okay,” he said
slowly. “That explains so much. Don’t know why I’m surprised,” he muttered to himself. “I should probably just… talk to Kara about this.”

Mon-El scoffed at the mention of the name. “What does she know?” he mumbled with petulance. Winn clenched his jaw tightly at the reaction. Mon-El shifted his attention to the containment boxes. “What is in these?”

“Oh! Only the coolest alien artifacts ever,” Winn said excitedly, losing himself for the opportunity to geek out.

Mon-El reached out to grab something but Winn slapped his hands away before he could touch.

“Ah! We look with our eyes, okay?” Winn warned pointing at his own eyes. Winn proceeded to go on about how could he thought it was that they had all those artifacts at the DEO. “I did not know we had stuff like this, dude,” he whispered excitedly. “But, uhm,” Winn cleared his throat as he remembered who he was talking to, “you shouldn’t be here without Kara,” he told him. “She’s your superior, and I don’t think you even have the clearance to be around these before I finish testing.”

Mon-El looked like he was going to get angry. It was the same look he gave Kara the entire day, Winn even took a step back, but then Mon-El took a deep breath and pulled a smile on his face. “It’s cool, dude,” he said coolly, clapping Winn on the back with more force than appropriate for interacting with weak humans and Winn groaned in pain. “So why don’t you tell me more about that girl,” he suggested with a forced amicable voice.

Winn winced as Mon-El’s hands collided with his back a second time. “Yeah, that,” he wheezed. “I… I think I’m fine.” He wiggled out of Mon-El’s reach. “We should leave,” he suggested. “These things need to rest overnight, and my shift is just about… over,” he added as he checked his watch. “So let’s.”

Winn gestured for Mon-El to leave, the Daxamite seemed reluctant to do so, but Winn shot him an insistent glare and he went. He waited until he couldn’t see Mon-El anymore to leave the room and close it.

Kara could not have been more utterly done if she tried.

Mon-El had stolen from the DEO, an object that was essential for the mission, jeopardized the mission by going after Mxy, which put people in danger, and had freaking challenged the guy to a duel to the death for her hand. Kara didn’t know what she was more pissed about, but she was leaning towards the last one for the sheer sexism and arrogance of it.

How could a single person be so stubborn, insolent and insubordinate? How many times did she have to tell him she had it handled before it got through his idiotic head?

She had to admit, for a second there she considered letting Mxy beat him up a bit for punishment for his actions, but when she remembered how little regard Mxy had for others, and how Mon-El was ready to kill him, she decided to intervene as fast as possible. Still, when she arrived at the theater they were showcasing their masculinities at, Mxy had Mon-El tied up, hanging from the ceiling, and was pointing a gun at him.

Kara made them stop by agreeing to marry Mxyzptlk, who snapped Mon-El away when he tried to protest. Kara had to admit it was easier to do things get things done when Mon-El wasn’t around. She told Mxy that she wanted to do it on the Fortress of Solitude, and for him to meet her there at
noon the next day. His excitement gave her a bitter taste in her mouth, but she managed to keep her act until he left.

After an entire day of wallowing in her own paranoia, Lena decided she had enough. She had also had enough of Kara ignoring her, for whatever reason Kara had; she wouldn’t take it. She was a Luthor, she did not just accept everything that was thrown at her, she was a strong, powerful, brilliant and successful business woman. She would go to Kara’s apartment and demand to know why Kara was ignoring her, she would stand up for herself.

Of course, it was easier said than done, because Lena might even be fierce in the boardroom, but when it came to Kara she was a wobbly mess with wobbly knees and empty lungs. Kara was like the sun, bringing light and warmth to people’s lives, but sometimes looking directly into it might make you blind, and being exposed to it without the proper protection might burn you. And Lena was always overwhelmed when it came to Kara.

On the ride over, Lena kept planning what she was going to say, trying to gather the courage to really do it and not just sit in the car and watch Kara’s window like a creepy loser. And she even managed to get out and make it to Kara’s floor.

However, everything she was going to say left her mind the moment she saw Mike standing by Kara’s door, knocking crazily as if he thought Kara had died inside.

Lena halted, stepping behind the wall quickly when she heard the key being turned.

“Thank god you’re still here!” Lena heard Mike say as soon as Kara opened the door, walking inside like he owned the place. “It’s not too late. Okay?” Kara’s door was left ajar, and Lena knew that she shouldn’t, but she couldn’t help herself from getting closer and listening to what he was saying; he sounded a little desperate. “You’re right. You’re right, okay? I’m jealous. I wish I could snap my fingers and give you everything you wish for, and it kills me that … can do that stuff for you and I can’t. And I acted badly, okay? Very badly. But please, Please don’t do this. I will be better for you, I promise.”

Lena felt a pang in her chest, strong and spreading until she could hardly breathe. How could she have been so stupid? That’s why Kara had been avoiding her since the kiss; Kara was with Mike. Of course she was, he was a good-looking guy… if you were into the bland boy next door look, he was funny from what Kara had told Lena, her friends didn’t hate him and his mother had not tried to kill Kara several times. He was also an alien, like Kara, so they had that in common. As much as Lena hated him, she knew that he was the type of person a girl like Kara would end up with; normal, without the whole drama and baggage Lena brought, and more importantly, male.

“It’s not just the jealousy thing, Mon-El. It’s the patronizing, ego thing,” Kara told him. “I told you I could handle it, and you didn’t listen.”

“I swear to Rao, I will listen, Kara,” he insisted. Lena recognized that word, Rao, from hearing Kara letting it slip every once in a while.

Lena needed to get out of there, fast. She started walking backwards, away from the door.
“I will respect you,” he continued, “just please, just give me another chance.”

But neither of them got to hear Kara’s answer, because Lena bumped against the hallway furniture, sending a vase crashing to the floor. The noise was loud and made Lena jump a good three feet away from it, her heart slamming on her chest. It was futile to pray that the couple inside didn’t hear it because they were already shoving their heads outside the door to look at her.

Lena’s eyes stung with the unshed tears, and she tried her hardest not to look like a deer caught in the headlight, but she supposed she wasn’t doing a great job at it. When she allowed herself to meet Kara’s eyes she saw surprise and pain flashing back at her, and she really wished she could do something about that, but she knew it wasn’t her place.

“I-I’m sorry,” Lena stuttered and she stumbled back into her composed self, still trying to get away. “I’ll pay for that. I’m sorry. I have to—”

“Lena, wait!” Kara called for her, and Lena hated the reaction her body had to Kara, but she almost involuntarily halted her steps and turned around to look at Kara.

“I shouldn’t be here,” Lena told her, and she tried to walk again.

“Lena, please,” Kara insisted, and how could Lena deny her anything?

“I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

Kara shook her head and turned to Mike. “Could you excuse us?”

He blinked at her a few times before his blank face turned into a scorn. “Are you sending me away again?”

Kara sighed tiredly. “Please.”

He looked more than just a little irritated, and the way he glared at Lena made her fear for her safety for a second.

“Fine,” he growled and stomped away. Lena was reminded of the boys she used to know growing up, Lex’s friends and classmates, her own classmates, the sons of rich men that associated with the Luthors.

“Do you want to come inside?” Kara offered softly, breaking Lena from her thoughts.

Wordlessly, Lena stepped inside and she made sure to watch Kara closing the door.

“I’m sorry for interrupting, I… I shouldn’t have come.”

“I told you, Lee, you’re always welcome,” Kara said tenderly.


Kara frowned. “Tell you what?”

“That you were dating him,” Lena said with heat. “That you were dating Mike, after everything you told me about him. After how he treated you. After… after… this whole week where I bore my soul to you, and you didn’t care enough to even mention it to me? I thought we were… I thought we were… I don’t know, I thought we were close, I thought we had a connection… I thought we were friends.”
“We are friends, Lee,” Kara insisted.

“Then why not tell me something like that? Please tell me, Kara, because from where I’m standing, it seems a hell of a lot like you were playing me.”

“Lena, you’re mistaken, this is not what this—”

“I certainly am mistaken,” Lena agreed bitterly. “I just can’t believe you would be with… with him.”

Kara crossed her arms in front of her chest. “He is not all bad,” she defended.

“He is not your Romeo, Kara. He is Paris. He is arrogant, manipulative and violent, and he cares about his happiness above all else. Above yours. A life with him would bring you heartbreak and sorrow.”

“What would that make you? If he is Paris, if he would bring me sorrow, what would a life with you bring? Our deaths?”

Lena smiled a pained smile. “I guess we’ll never know, right?”

Kara crossed her arms over her chest. “You don’t really get a say in who I date or not.” As soon as the words left her lips, Kara visibly regretted them, her eyes going wide and her hand going up to cover her gaping mouth.

Lena clenched her jaw tightly and swallowed hard. “I shouldn’t have come,” she repeated brusquely. “I just wanted to know why you weren’t talking to me...” She laughed with bitterness. “I guess now I know.”

With that Lena turned around and walked to the door. Before she could reach it, a warm hand wrapped around her arm and she hated that it made her skin tingle almost as if humming with the contact. Her entire body went rigid.

“No, Lena, please,” Kara begged.

Lena took a deep breath and forced her voice to stay steady. “Let me go, Kara.”

“Lena.”

“Let me go,” Lena repeated a bit more forcefully, and the hand retracted.

Lena didn’t turn around, didn’t stop, she walked to the door, and then kept walking, without looking back.

The sob coming from Kara’s apartment was loud enough to be heard even with the heavy door closed.

And Lena’s heart broke all over again.

---

Tricking Mxy wasn’t all that hard.
Kara showed up drinking a glass of orange juice just to mess with him, because that was on the lists of things that he could not make happen.

She told him she wasn’t going to marry him, he didn’t take it very well.

“Love isn’t making demands of someone. Or forcing them into things they don’t want. Love is putting someone else’s needs above your own,” she told him, she thought of Alex at that moment, and how she ignored her own feelings to make sure Alex had a happy Valentine’s Day because she knew it was important for her sister. And then she thought of Lena, who she was trying so hard to keep out of the crossfire.

“So you brought me all the way up here just to reject me?” he asked with indignation. “Oh, you’ll pay for your catastrophic lack of judgment. I offered you the world, Kara Zor-El Anything you wanted, and you reject it all? I could have made you a god, like me.”

“I don’t want to be a god, Mxy. I just want you off of Earth.”

“You’re not gonna get away from me this easy, darling,” he said with a smirk.

“Do not call me that!” Kara hissed.

“You think you’ve seen it all? One snap and I’ll crack your world in half,” he threatened. “Then where will you go, Kryptonian? Or perhaps this is less about the planet and more about the people. The Daxamite and the human might have bought up on that little show of yours, but I don’t believe it one bit. What would you say if the life of your precious humans depended on our union?”

Kara ground her teeth together and took a deep breath. “I’m done with this, Mxyzptlk,” she said. “And I’m done with you. You wanna get nuts? Let’s get nuts.”

Kara pressed a few buttons on the control panel and proceeded to make him believe she was going to kill herself by blowing up the fortress.

“You can’t stop me from killing myself,” she told him. “It’s in the rules.

“Maybe we should just, uhm, control-alt0delete this,” he suggested nervously, “and we can talk it over a cup of Thoni tea.”

“Being with you would mean being at odds every day with my heart, Mxyzptlk. I’d rather die in here than be with you.”

“Wow, let’s not be too harsh,” he said with mock offense. “I’m calling your bluff. I don’t believe you’d do this.”

The entire fortress shook violently and Mxyzptlk paled.

“Okay, please. I’ll do anything. Just don’t die.”

“I’m sorry. I’m not going to tell you the cancellation code.”

He smiled. “So there is a code.” He walked towards the panel and looked at it, his face falling. “I can’t read this.” He materialized a big Kryptonian dictionary and started passing the pages.

_Thirty seconds to Atomic Cauldron detonation._

Mxyzptlk snapped the dictionary away irritated. “I don’t have time to learn your stupid moon language!” He turned to her and dropped to his knees in front of her. “Please, Kara. I’m literally
begging you. Don’t do this. I’ll do anything. You want world peace? You got it. I can make that happen. Just please don’t kill yourself. The worlds need Supergirl.”

Fifteen seconds to Atomic Cauldron detonation.

“Please. Please tell me the code.”

Kara grinned internally. She made a gesture for him to stand up and he looked back to the panel. From over his shoulder, Kara guided him through the buttons on her native language, making the glyphs show up in front of them.

Atomic Cauldron detonation canceled.

“Yes!” Mxyzptlk cheered until the glyphs turned into letters, reading ‘KLTPZYXM’. “No!” he all but gasped, turning to face Kara. “You made me write my name backwards.”

“Yup.” Kara nodded, stepping away from him. “On some planets, to write something down is to truly say it.”

“You tricked me,” he accused.

“No.” Kara shook her head. “No, I followed the rules. If you say your name backwards you go back to the fifth dimension, no questions asked,” she told him, puffing her chest triumphantly.

“Well, only for 90 days, love,” he told her with a smile.

And Kara’s expression fell. Her eyes widened as she paled, as much as a Kryptonian could pale on Earth.

“Aw, he didn’t tell you the whole rule? Typical Daxamite.” Mxyzptlk smirked as his body started dissolving. “The banishment only lasts 90 days,” he whispered to her and then shrugged. “Oh well. See you soon buttercup.” He winked and disappeared.

Kara stared blankly at where he had been for a long time.

“Oh, Griffin,” she breathed out.

There was a knock on her door and Kara’s heart skipped a beat swelling with hope before it deflated when she realized it wasn’t Lena. And really, how could it be Lena? After the way Kara acted she’d be lucky if Lena ever spoke to her again.

Instead, Kara opened the door to Mon-El, and she almost sighed in exasperation upon seeing him.

“Hi,” she greeted flatly.

He smiled what he thought was his charming smile, but was seriously starting to wear off for her. “Hi,” he said back and she recognized the tone and the look of infatuation; it made her slightly uncomfortable. “Can I, uh?” he pointed to inside her apartment in his weird way and she nodded. “Thanks,” he said as he passed her. “Hey! I just uhm, I just wanted to uhm, to let you know that,
uhm, you’re awesome.”

_Oh Rao, here we go, he’ll take forever to get to his point as always_, Kara thought, laughing in a dismissive way as a more polite alternative to scoffing that he took the wrong way.

“No, uhm, you are,” he insisted. “You, uhm, I mea- you just, you out tricked the most… cunning intergalactic trickster, and you did it your way, without, without violence… Which I never should have doubted because you’re uhm, you know, you’re… you.” He waved dismissively at her, without really looking at her.

“Thanks.” _Yep, I am pretty awesome._

“I also wanted to say, uhm,” he paused, still looking anywhere but her. “’msorry,” he said quickly, and if she didn’t want him to finish already she’d make him repeat that because apologizing takes a clear apology. He looked at her now. “For acting like an ass. I’ve given it a lot of thought and I have realized, uhm,” he paused again, longer this time, and Kara waited quietly. “That you are my Kryptonite.”

_Does he know Kryptonite is deadly to me? Is he literally comparing me to the thing that is most toxic to me? The thing that causes me a lot of pain, and nausea, and even fever some times._ That didn’t sit well with Kara, it gave her a dreading feeling at the pit of her stomach, and her mouth watered in that uncomfortable way it does before throwing up.

She raised her eyebrows. “Me?” She asked disbelievingly.


_Not much better, dude._

“I’ve never, I’ve never felt like this about, about anyone, in my life.” He turned away from her and started walking. “I mean, I didn’t, I didn’t know that there were this, this many feelings to even be had. And my emotions, I guess they, just, they made me, uhm, go kinda crazy, I guess.” He laughed and shoved his hands in his pockets.

_That’s an understatement._ She followed him when he stopped walking and turned back to her.

“Yeah, yeah. I totally get it, yeah,” she said crossing her arms and nodding. After all, in a way, that’s what happened with Lena, her feelings made her act weirdly around Lena. Although she didn’t try to cold-bloodedly murder a guy for liking the same girl, and only tried to keep Lena away from her while Mxy was around so Lena wouldn’t get hurt… yeah, well, they really were very different.

“Anyway, I’m, uhm, I’m really glad that you’re okay.” She looked up at him and nodded. “And I’m really, reeeally happy that you didn’t marry that guy.” He laughed; again, in a way that he probably thought it was charming.

Kara laughed awkwardly. “Yeah, me too.”

“Anyway, I’ll, uhm, I’ll get out of your hair,” he said, and she could so clearly see the way he tried to make himself as awkward as possible in order to make her feel guilty. It didn’t work this time.

She stepped in front of him before he could give a full step. “Wait, I need to say something.” She looked up and saw the hopeful look on his face and she almost felt bad for what she was about to say. Almost. “I think it’s best if we don’t see each other for a while.”

His face contorted in confusion. “What?”
“Yeah, clearly being around each other isn’t the best for both of us. You said you were going to deal with your feelings, which clearly didn’t happen, and the way you ended acting was the worse way possible.”

“But… Kara.”

Kara sighed. “Look, Mon-El, I care about you. You’re going through a similar situation that I’ve been through when I was younger, and you’re the only one who understands where I came from, you know, the culture, the religion, how it was to live under Rao’s light and, you know, the planets we visited… I came to earth to protect my cousin, but when I got here he was a grown man, a stranger. Who didn’t share the same experiences I did, didn’t have the same religion, didn’t know what was like to experience the destruction of your own planet and wake up alone and confused in a weird planet light years away from anything you’ve ever known with the knowledge that everyone you know is dead. Like you do. And for that I feel like I should help you build a life and adapt to earth,” she explained. He nodded eagerly, still frowning. “But I can’t be around you right now. And I don’t want to.”

“Kara,” he gasped.

“You need time to…” Kara rubbed a hand over her face and then moved to scratch her neck. “You need time to get over me. And I appreciate the apology, but I need time to forgive the things you said. Time and space,” she laughed. “I usually hate that, what with being stuck for 24 years. But I think it’ll be the best. It’s what we both need.”

He looked like he was about to cry, and she really hoped he wouldn’t because it would be very awkward. After a while, he took a deep breath and nodded.

“We’ll still see each other at work, right?” He tried to smile.

“Oh, no,” she shook her head, “you are fired. From being a sidekick.”

“What?” His voice was a little louder than she would have liked.

She nodded, grimacing. “Yeah, you tried to murder someone, and you ignored and disobeyed everything I said, and my orders as a superior and as a mentor, not to mention how many people you let get hurt since you started. So, yeah, fired.” She shrugged.

“I can’t believe this. You said I was doing well,” he accused.

She winced. “Oh, yeah. It’s my thing, I’m optimistic. But I kind of exaggerated a little bit in order to encourage you to get better. It didn’t work.”

“So you lied to me?” He asked indignantly.

“I gave you more chances than I should have,” she told him. “But clearly this is isn’t working. This just isn’t for you, and I have to accept that, which is a little hard for me because I can’t see myself doing anything else with my powers, but that’s me projecting because I felt trapped hiding and not helping people for so many years. I thought you needed a push in the right direction.” She shrugged. “But it’s fine. You got the job at the bar, which is cool, and pays the bills, right?” She tried to laugh but he wasn’t having it.

“Whatever,” he scorned.

This time when he made to leave, she stepped aside and didn’t stop him.
He walked heavily to the door and yanked it open, pausing then.

“What are you doing here?” he practically spat.

Kara turned around to see who he was talking to, and her heart skipped a beat again, just like it had before she saw Mon-el at the door earlier.

Lena was frozen in the hallway, in a position that indicated she was about to knock when Mon-el opened the door, a shocked expression on her face as she looked at the disturbed man.

“Lena,” Kara gasped relieved that she was there.

From behind Mon-el, or rather in front of him, Lena looked over and when her eyes met Kara’s her face lit up.

“Hi,” Lena whispered, and Kara could recognize the tone and look of infatuation, and it made her heart beat a little bit faster, a little bit hopeful.

Neither of them spoke, they just stared at each other like it was the first time in such a long time as opposed to a day, both feeling the relief of finally seeing each other again.

They forgot Mon-El was even there until he cleared his throat loudly. “I’m leaving,” he announced loudly, and it disturbed Lena enough for her to frown and step aside for him to pass.

He looked almost offended that he had to go and Lena was still there, but he was gone and they both forgot about him again when their eyes met once more.

Lena bit her lip nervously.

“May I come in?” she asked cordially.

Kara smiled. “Yes, please,” she said, hurrying to Lena’s side to help her with her coat and closed the door behind her. Lena walked in and Kara leaned against the door for a while, until Lena looked over at her and she walked closer to Lena.

“You look beautiful,” Lena said in that breathless way that she always did when it came to Kara, like she was seeing an angel in front of her, and that’s exactly what she felt like, looking at Kara in that snug white cotton shirt with too long sleeves, jeans, the messy ponytail, and no glasses. She looked almost ethereal in a way that was particularly Kara’s.

Kara blushed. “Thank you.”

“I came to apologize,” Lena explained. “Because I kind of think we had a fight, I mean, we did sort of have a fight. And I couldn’t stop thinking about it the entire day, so I came here because I need to make sure we’re okay, or else I won’t be able to rest.”

“Lena,” Kara tried to protest.

Lena shook her head. “No, I need to say this, Kara. I was out of line with what I said, and I’m truly sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you. Or maybe I did a little bit, because I was upset and that’s what Luthors do when we’re upset, we try to throw it to someone else.” She grimaced at that. “Which, admittedly, is a terrible way to deal with feelings, and I’m sorry.”

“I’m the one who should apologize, Lena,” Kara said.

She said Lena instead of Lee because she feared she had overstepped and she wasn’t sure Lena
would be okay with her using the nickname still. Yet Lena felt a little pang in her chest with the lack of the affectionate nickname.

“I wasn’t really myself these last two days… a lot of things happened that were very overwhelming and none of them had anything to do with you, so the way I acted with you wasn’t really fair. You know, there’s so much going on with Alex, and with Mike that I was just…” she trailed off, shaking her head. “I didn’t mean it, any of it, and I—I… I hope you don’t hate me for it.”

“I could never hate you, Kara,” Lena told her with a hint of a smile. “And that’s the whole problem.”

Kara inhaled sharply when Lena paused.

“I think by now it’s pretty obvious that I have feelings for you. Non-platonic feelings.”

_Oh Rao, this is happening._

“And with the risk of sounding like a cliché movie speech, you make me better.”

“Me?”

Lena smiled. “Yes, you, Kara Danvers. I have very strong feelings for you, bordering on co-dependency, and part of that is due to the fact that I’ve been deprived of attention and affection for most of my life and you’ve given me that, and you understand me. But a lot of it is just because it’s you. You’re no short of amazing, Kara. Wonderful. You’re the strongest person I know, you’ve been through so much, you’ve suffered more than most people ever will, and yet you still face every day with the most beautiful cheerfulness and this smile that can make any situation better. Your willingness to see the good in life is honestly so inspiring. Your ability to see the best in people… in me… I’ve, I’ve never met someone like you.”

Kara couldn’t do much more than stare at Lena.

“And I’ve never felt like this before, for anyone.” Lena sighed. “And I don’t really know how to handle my feelings,” she added with a little laugh. “I internalize things, and I suffer in silence, but I’m tired of doing that. I’ve never had someone by my side before, you’re the first one to ever do that, and you make me want to be better. When I’m with you, I feel like I can do no wrong, like I can do anything. You make everything better just by being around, and I don’t want to not have you around. I need you in my life, Kara.”

Kara was speechless. How does one even answer to such a confession?

“I’m pretty sure you’ll be my downfall,” Lena said with a wet laugh, trying with all her strength to keep the tears at bay.

Kara frowned at that. After everything Lena just said, would it turn out the same as Mon-El’s kryptonite analogy? Saying that she’s poison and is slowly killing the one person she couldn’t stand to let down and leaving her with a bitter taste in her mouth. That person being Lena, not Mon-El, she didn’t care if she let him down, although being called deadly and damaging was hurtful in any circumstance. “What—what do you mean?”

“You’re my strength, Kara,” Lena explained and Kara gasped. “You’re my best friend. If I didn’t have you anymore… that would break me.”

Kara was shaking when she approached Lena, her eyes so intensely blue with the tears filling them. She reached for Lena’s face, cupping her jaw delicately and Lena held her breath, their eyes locked.
“I told you before, Lena Luthor,” Kara said reverently and Lena laughed, not being able to hold a tear from falling. The way Kara said her name was like nothing she’d ever heard before, there was no hate for her family name, only reverence, in a way that saying only the first name would not be enough. “You have me, always.”

Lena sighed and her shoulders sagged, like a weight being lifted off her shoulders. “That’s really good to hear.”

“And I’m definitely not dating Mike,” Kara clarified with a grimace. “At all. Like, I would definitely never go there. Like ever.”

“So if I were to kiss you right now,” Lena started.

Kara laughed. “I would really appreciate that. A lot.”

Lena carefully inched closer, but Kara stopped her.

“I just have something I need to say first,” she said taking a step away from Lena.

She should tell Lena she was Supergirl, she should, let Lena know she was off the hook if she didn’t want to date an alien her mother hated. But Kara chickened out before the words could formulate in her head.

“I… I have strong non-platonic feelings for you too,” she said instead. It was the next best thing. “They go along with some very non-platonic thoughts I’ve had lately.” She blushed a little with the confession but made sure to hold Lena’s gaze. “So if we do this… I mean, I can’t just… I want this to be a thing… for us to be a thing. Because I really like you, Lee, I like you a lot. And I don’t care about your family or mine, I don’t care what they think or what they do, I just want to be with you.”

And then Lena’s hands were on her face, holding her gently, and Lena was so close to her that Kara had trouble breathing.

“I’m going to kiss you now,” Lena informed, and Kara only had time to nod before Lena’s lips were on hers.

The kiss was slow and breathtaking, with a longing that surpassed even their own knowledge, and Kara was glad she could savor it, could finally enjoy Lena the way she’d been craving for longer than she dared admit. Kara wrapped her arms around Lena’s waist and pulled her closer as Lena leaned in to deepen the kiss.

It was like the entire world shifted on its axis. Like everything clicked into place, and for good this time. Like all their problems just faded away. Because for that moment, at least for one night, the world was safe, things were good, and there was only the two of them, together and kissing and nothing else mattered.

Chapter End Notes

__(◠‿◠)iphy

So, was it worth it?
I'm sorry for the angst, it was important, but it made me a little sad. And a little Mon-El dragging because I'm only human. Also kudos to big nerd Winn with such a solid theory, but I think it's a little unrealistic ;P

Fun Fact: I have this chapter on my computer as "In Which Mxy Shows Up And Fucks Things Over"

I've had the last scene ready for months FINALLY I can share it, I've been so excited to post this.

Well, I've said my peace, there's nothing more to say here other than I am so looking forward for all the fluff that will come now!

Oh, yes, find me on Tumblr @myheartsbro-ken.
Chapter Summary

After weeks of opposing forces acting against them, Kara and Lena finally have the conversation they needed in order to move on with their relationship.

Kara remembers her first experience at the alien bar and re-encounters a friend.

Lena tries to make a sweet gesture for Kara, it goes well.

Lena introduces Kara to a childhood friend.

Kara is bad at having secrets.

They're happy.

Chapter Notes

Took you long enough - me @ me.

This is it, people, the moment I have been waiting since I've started writing, the moment everyone has been asking for: the official end of the slowburn!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This chapter proved to be quite a challenge to write, a few scenes just wouldn't finish, and I'm just glad I managed to finish it before the new season starts (just a silly deadline I had set for myself).

Now happy things are to come! There's a flashback of a scene I wanted to work into this story since the beginning but never really found the right mood. And my second favorite alien because why not? And also me geeking out through Kara and Lena.

P.s. if you want to skip the Game of Thrones conversation, it's completely fine, I know it's boring for people who don't watch the show and it truly serves no purpose in the story, it's more of a personal service there because I wanted to write it. Also spoiler warning, cuz I have been warned that it can have those, oops.

I hope this makes up for the long wait :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena wanted nothing more than to get back to normal, get back to doing the things she and Kara used to do before the crazy week popped their nice bubble and sent their heads spinning back into the real world.

So, on Monday, after her first day back to work, she invited Kara to her penthouse with the promise of takeout from Kara’s favorite Chinese restaurant.
Falling back into their old ways was no problem, it hadn’t passed that much time since they had last hung out, but with the previous week’s events, things felt rather out of place, just trying to fit back together. And they did eventually fit back together.

With the added knowledge of their attraction towards each other and the added potential of acting on said attraction, the two of them just naturally gravitated towards each other.

Their conversation flew easily as always as they shared things about their day, about work and just random things that happened such as Lena’s new intern tripping over himself upon meeting and Lena smiling at him, to which Kara attested to be very unfair and taking pity on the poor boy as she had been on the receiving end of said smile and it was in fact very disarming. They laughed about Kara’s bad spelling and typos and Lena didn’t make any remark when Kara pouted and said English wasn’t her first language.

After eating they moved to Lena’s living room, to rest on the couch that had become Kara’s favorite spot in Lena’s penthouse when she realized she could see the entire city and the stars without having to even bother sitting.

They settled on the couch. Lena sitting down with a book perched on one leg, Kara’s head on the other, reading quietly as she carded her fingers through Kara’s hair. It was Lena’s personal heaven.

Kara was half asleep, with the combination of Lena’s comfy couch, Lena’s fingers massaging her scalp, and the soft classical music playing, all on top of her full stomach, it was hard to keep awake.

“I missed this,” she confessed.

“Huh?” Lena hummed with a question sound.


“That it does.”

“But this is nice.”

“It really is,” Lena agreed. She looked down at Kara and saw a little frown in her brow. “What is it?” she asked rubbing a thumb over Kara’s brow to get her to relax.

“I’m just tired,” Kara sighed, snuggling further against Lena.

“Of what exactly?” Lena laughed.

“Life,” Kara said simply. “Just... Things are very complicated lately and just so much happening and I’m just tired.”

“It doesn’t have to be complicated all the time, you know.”

Kara smiled up at her. “And it isn’t. Not when I’m with you. You make everything better, somehow.”

Lena grinned. “It’s my charming good looks and sparkling personality.”

“Oh yes, that must be it.”

They both smiled at each other and Lena leaned down to press her lips to Kara’s forehead, but Kara moved in the last second so that their lips met instead.
“Now this is a change I can get used to,” Kara hummed against Lena’s lips.

Lena smiled. “Me too.”

“You know, if you hadn’t shown up at my place, I would probably just lock myself in and mope thinking you hated me for what I said,” Kara told her. “Because that’s what I do.”

“And that would have been very counterproductive,” Lena quipped. She marked the page she was on and set the book aside. “I understand, you know, what you said. I don’t hold it against you or anything,” she told Kara. “I recognize I was out of line, and what you said did hurt, but it was not completely uncalled for.”

“Lena,” Kara started, sitting up swiftly and turning to look at Lena, but Lena shook her head. “Okay, fine, you don’t want to hear me saying it wasn’t your fault and that I shouldn’t have said what I said either way and that I acted like a jerk, it’s okay. But we shouldn’t be placing blame then, because clearly, I think I did worse, and you think you did worse, and we both lashed out, we both got hurt, but more importantly, we both apologized, and that’s, you know, the adult thing to do in situations like these.”

“When did you get so wise?” Lena teased.

“Oh, it was after reading my fortune cookie.” Kara grinned as she looked at Lena, waiting for her reaction.

Lena let out a rather delicious laugh, that only made Kara’s grin larger.

“But seriously, I need to say this because I think you don’t even know yourself, I mean, do you know why I understand what you said?”

Kara shook her head. “I don’t, really, but I feel like you’re going to be spot on as always.”

“Well, I am the Kara whisperer,” Lena joked. “Right, so, you’ve been through this whole mess with your sister, and I was right there and I watched you from an uninvolved, yet not neutral third party. So I know how much you hate people telling you what to do, trying to control you and telling you who to be close with,” she explained. “I knew that. But then I overreacted and I lashed out on you and I did exactly what I’ve been antagonizing your sister for doing.”

“And you’re right, as always.”

Lena sighed and reached out to touch Kara’s face. “But I made you cry, Kara, and for that I cannot forgive myself.”

Kara looked down at her lap but leaned into Lena’s touch. “You heard that?”

“I did. It hurt more than thinking you were with him.” She stroked Kara’s cheek with her thumb. “And I promise I will do my absolute best to never hurt you again, because I don’t think I can take it, being at fault for causing you pain. It was pretty fucking awful.”

Kara swallowed the lump that formed in her throat. “It wasn’t you,” Kara started, but cut herself at Lena’s disbelieving look. “It wasn’t just you. I mean, you walking away hurt a lot, and the thought that you hated me really did it,” she said. “But I think it was the payoff of the entire week, you know, so much happened, and I don’t think I had time to really register it all, so I was running on a week of anguish plus an entire day of stress and feeling like crap for avoiding you, and then feeling even worse for realizing my reasons for ignoring you were stupid, and I was a jerk to you for no good reason.”
“What happened?” Lena asked softly.

Kara sighed. “There was this guy stalking me, and he knew about you, and about Mike, and he attacked Mike because he wanted to win me over. So I thought that if I didn’t talk to you and made him believe I liked Mike instead, then he wouldn’t go after you,” she explained. “But I should have told you… I shouldn’t have ignored you. And that wasn’t even good logic because he knew about you already, but the thought of putting you in danger made me a little nonsensical.”

“Okay,” Lena said as she took it in. “Our lives sure are not boring.”

Kara laughed wetly. “That’s an understatement.”

“I would appreciate if next time you gave me a little warning beforehand.”

Kara nodded. “I will not make the same mistakes twice,” she promised.

“One last thing,” Lena said. “I don’t really know how to do this, I’m completely lost here, but I want to do this with you, and I feel like this is something I should ask now, considering what we’ve been through, before we can do this. I’ve been kind of avoiding this conversation, I’ve wanted to just be with you for a little while, but this is something that needs to be discussed.”

“What is it?”

“You said you want to be with me, that you don’t want this to be just a thing we do for fun, to act out on our attraction.”

“I meant that.”

“And all that stuff I said to you, I meant that too, and not as a way to win you over, but in the most honest way. You’re my best friend, and I need you in my life more than I want to be with you. So if we’re going to do this, I… I need to know I won’t lose you because of it.”

“What are you saying, Lena?”

Lena took a deep breath and chewed on her bottom lip. “I don’t know how to get close to people, I don’t get too close to anyone, because I’ve been hurt enough by my own family, so I usually don’t let people in. That is, until you. I never met anyone that got me to open up like you. I never wanted to open up to anyone before. You completely throw me off my game,” Lena laughed almost bitterly. “Every time I let someone in, every time I let my guard down, I ended up getting burned. Being with me is not as easy as most people would like.”

“I don’t want easy,” Kara told her. “I want you.”

Lena smiled sadly. “You know how my life is, with the media circuses, being followed and scrutinized for every decision and being the talk of the papers every time I look at someone for a little too long. You know I work a lot of hours, and that my work is important to me. And there is a very significant weight to my name, and it can be both good and bad.”

“I know that.”

“The people in my past… They haven’t really dealt with all of that very well. So I need to know you are one hundred percent in, willing to deal with all of this with me, because I would hate for that to come between us. I rather have you as a friend, than to not have you in my life at all.”

“Come here,” Kara called, gesturing for Lena to get closer and wrapping her arms around Lena
when the brunette slid towards her. “You are my best friend, and you’re not gonna get rid of me that easily. You make me better every day, Lena Luthor. You make me a better person, a better me. And if you believe for a second, that I can or even want to live without you, then you’re not as smart as you make the world believe.”

Lena turned her head and crashed her lips against Kara’s with no warning, which made Kara let out a surprised groan. Lena pulled back, blushing a little. “Sorry, I should have asked before doing that.”

Kara smiled. “It’s totally fine.”

Lena breathed in to stop the blush when a thought crossed her mind and she frowned, cocking her head to the side a little. “Did you just call me dumb?”

“And you kissed me for it,” Kara said gloating.

Lena narrowed her eyes playfully and glared at Kara. “Silly.”

“A silly you kissed.”

Lena laughed and Kara grinned.

“You know, I, I hate change,” Kara said in a more serious tone. “I don’t deal well with it. I’ve always been afraid of getting hurt if I went after what I wanted, and I’ve always put everyone else’s needs and feelings before mine.” Kara paused, making sure to meet Lena’s eyes as she continued. “I wanna be selfish for once. I want this with you, Lena. I don’t see this as a change as much as a natural progression of what we already have.” She breathed in, making a little noise as she inhaled. “We’re… inevitable.”

“You think so,” Lena’s voice was barely above a whisper, she sounded in awe.

Kara smiled and brushed a lock of Lena’s hair away from her face and behind her ear. “You said you don’t know how to do this, well I don’t either,” she said. “I’ve never had anything serious with anyone. I’ve never been in a relationship. I mean, I’ve dated a bit, just never anything serious. But we can learn together.”

Lena nodded eagerly, her eyes crinkling with her smile. “I really want to learn this with you.”

“So, do you want to officially go on a date with me?”

Lena couldn’t help but laugh, loudly. But when she saw Kara’s face fall, she covered her mouth with her hand, trying to contain herself, yet only managing to tone it down to a fit of giggles.

Lena shook her head and reached out to take Kara’s hand. “I’m sorry darling,” Lena said still trying to stop the laughter. “This shouldn’t be so funny, but after everything we’ve said...” She bit her bottom lip, finally able to stop, yet still smiling at the blonde. “Of course I want to officially go on a date with you, silly.”

Kara’s face lit up. “Really?”

“Yes, really,” Lena assured with a laugh. “But not out.”

Kara frowned. “What do you mean?”

“The press, they already got too much out of us. I don’t want them to have our first date as well, even if they don’t know it’s our first date,” Lena explained. “I want to have you all for myself.”
smiled and Kara blushed a little. “You can come over to my place, and I’ll cook for you and put some nice music, maybe some candles, it’ll be super romantic.”

Kara smiled again. “That sounds really good, actually.”

“Of course it does, I’m an amazing cook,” Lena joked, “and the way to your heart is through your stomach.”

Kara laughed. “That is also true.” She laced her fingers with Lena’s and squeezed a little, smiling at her. “Can you get off work early tomorrow?”

“Oh, you want to do it tomorrow?”

“Yes…?” Kara said unsure. “No?”

Lena smiled. “I’m so sorry, I have so much to do, this last week was very eventful and I’m just swamped. I only got off earlier today because I really wanted to see you,” she confessed, and Kara smiled. “But that is not a luxury I can give myself again, so it might have to wait.”

“Oh. Okay. It’s fine, you’re a busy woman, I understand,” Kara said, trying not to sound disappointed.

“How about Saturday?”

Kara pouted. “It’s so far away.”

Lena grinned and slid closer to Kara. “I promise I’ll make it worth the wait,” she said sliding a hand up to Kara’s neck. Kara let herself be pulled into the kiss willingly.

“Lena?” Kara whispered against Lena’s lips. Lena hummed her acknowledgment but pressed her lips to Kara’s once more. But Kara pulled back so she could talk. “Can we… I mean… Would you mind if we keep this quiet for now?” Kara asked carefully. “It’s just… I want to enjoy being with you for a while before I have to deal with my sister. We’re working on our problems, and I don’t want to know how she’ll react to you and me before I’ve worked through everything with her.”

“Of course.”

“That doesn’t mean I don’t want to tell people, I…” Kara said quickly, but Lena’s chuckle cut her off.

“I know Kara. Dealing with family can be… difficult.”

Kara laughed at that. “That’s an understatement.”

“And you know, the press… We can tone down our outings if you want,” Lena offered.

“What? No. I don’t want to stop going out with you, I like our walks, and going to restaurants, and I like walking you to work… I don’t want that to change.”

“Okay.” Lena nodded. “We could just continue to act the same and wait for them to get bored of us? I don’t know, people don’t usually hang around for long enough for the media attention to die down.”

“Because they’re all idiots, and it’s their loss.”

Kara’s tone made Lena smile. “You know, the way you talk, sometimes it makes me feel like I’ve
“I didn’t do anything wrong in my life.”

“And you haven’t,” Kara said promptly. “You’re absolutely perfect.” Kara grinned at Lena and watched as the brunette blushed all the while her smile got ever so wider.

“I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve you,” Lena confessed, brushing a lock of hair behind Kara’s ear and then cupping her cheek.

Kara leaned into the touch. “You must not have been paying attention because you’ve been nothing but amazing since we’ve met,” she told her softly. “Excluding a few instances where you choose to put your life in danger to do these crazy plans that end up always working and saving everyone, but without trusting anyone for you to have a backup.”

“Well, a true hero is one who sacrifices one’s life and or happiness for the greater good,” Lena said with forced pompousness, ending with a wink at Kara.

“Are you saying you’re a hero?” Kara teased.

“I am not not saying it,” Lena joked.

“Ugh, you’re so full of yourself,” Kara said with fake exasperation. Lena giggled. Kara’s hands twitched to touch Lena, she felt like tickling her for some reason, but she didn’t dare, afraid she’d hurt Lena in the process. She settled for pressing a kiss to the corner of Lena’s lips, and Lena seemed to enjoy that very much if the curling of her lips was anything to go by. “You’re my hero,” she told Lena, her voice serious and solemn.

Lena’s heart skipped a bit, her breath caught in her throat and her smile spread even wider than before, so much so Kara felt herself getting out of breath.

“And you’re mine,” Lena whispered back.

She then pressed her lips to Kara’s cheek for a few seconds before she buried her face on Kara’s neck, breathing in her favorite scent, her arms wrapping around the blonde. Kara didn’t hesitate, wrapping her arms around Lena as well, and adjusting both of them so Lena would be more comfortable snuggling into her.

It didn’t take long before Kara heard the shift in Lena’s breathing, indicating she had fallen asleep against Kara. She could only smile.

“You had a long day, didn’t you, Lena?” she whispered, stroking Lena’s hair. “You deserve to rest. Let’s get you into bed.”

Kara picked Lena up effortlessly, and her chest bubbled with warmth at the way Lena curled up against her, in her arms. She flew to Lena’s room, careful not to wake the woman in her arms, and placed her on the bed. Kara tucked Lena in, pulling the covers over the curling form on the bed, and smiled at the result.

“Goodnight, princess, see you tomorrow,” Kara whispered then and placed a kiss to Lena’s temple before leaving the penthouse without making much sound.
It was game night. Or at least the day that would have been game night.

But James and Kara were taking a time apart, and game night with only two people would be weird.

If it was to invite more people, Alex and her were still a little tense, and she was not really into the idea of hanging out with Maggie after what she did to Lena, and she would eat Kryptonite before she let Maggie into her apartment for a game night without Lena being invited too, and Lena being there with Alex and Maggie would not work great.

At least Lena and Winn seemed to get along well.

So game nights hadn’t happened in a while, and Kara really missed them.

She also missed going with Winn to Below 52, she could really use some music therapy with an all in the open conversation with her best friend… her best friend that was not Lena. Although she supposed Lena had been promoted, or was about to, in the relationship status, so Winn could still be her best friend.

And that in itself was the reason why she needed to talk.

She really needed to tell someone about Lena and her. She wanted someone to be happy for her. She wanted to gush to her best friend about her crush and about how they were going on a date. But she couldn’t. She had been the one to ask Lena to keep quiet about them. And it was not that she didn’t want to tell people, she just didn’t want Alex and James to know, not after how they acted about Lena during the trial.

Kara sighed loudly and dropped her head into her crossed arms resting on the bar.

She had found herself more and more at the alien dive bar.

At first it was cool, J’onn, Mon-El and her, all hanging out at a place that was made for them, for people like them. A place where they didn’t need to hide and could just be themselves without fear. It was like the equivalent of a gay bar, but for aliens. Alex was there too because Alex went where Kara and J’onn did. But then they started bringing people there, and suddenly it became their designed hangout place, but there were more humans in their group than aliens and Kara felt a little uncomfortable with that sometimes, she felt like she was enabling her friends to invade what was supposed to be a safe space to aliens, especially the aliens who were outcast of society because they looked alien.

It was not that they couldn’t go there, and hang out with her and J’onn and whatever other friends they made there. It was just weird sometimes. She felt guilty because she liked there, and she liked hanging out there with her friends.

Kara could still remember the first time Alex had taken her there. It was right after the attack on the president, after Alex met Maggie. Lucy was with them.

-  

When Alex had called Kara to tell her sister night had been relocated, this was definitely not what Kara had in mind.

“Alex, whatever I did to you, I’m so sorry, please don’t kill me,” Lucy begged, shaking Alex’s arm.
“Alex! I’m your sister, you can’t murder me. I’ll tell mom,” Kara cried on the other side of Alex.

Alex rolled her eyes and huffed. “I hate you two. You guys are jerks.”

Lucy and Kara shared grins and fist bumped behind Alex’s back.

“So why exactly did you bring us to murder alley?” Lucy asked, throwing her arm ‘casually’ over Alex’s shoulder, which ended up being awkward with their height difference.

“Because I hate the two of you and I am going to murder you.”

Lucy looked over at Kara. “Fair enough.”

Kara pressed her lips together and nodded.

“No! I wanted to show you something,” Alex said and looked at Kara. “And Lucy followed me here.” She pointed to her other side where said woman stood.

“Hey! Did not,” Lucy protested. “I simply placed your coordinates into my phone and went where it sent me.” Alex and Kara stared at her with matching faces, scrunching their eyes at her. “You guys kept excluding me from sister night. My feelings were hurt.”

“Why are we friends with her?” Alex asked Kara in exaggerated fake exasperation, and the blonde shrugged, playing along.

“Because I am awesome!”

“So,” Kara broke their bickering. “We’re here, in the corner of homicide with manslaughter, because…?”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Just... come.” She shrugged away from both women and walked in front of them.

“That’s what she said.”

“LUCY!”

Alex walked to a rusty metal door and knocked on it. A little hatch opened and Alex said something neither of the other two understood, the door opened and Alex stepped in, leaving Lucy and Kara no other choice than to follow her. The inside was even worse. It was the definition of an underground dive bar, with unpainted walls, exhausters, and harsh incandescent lights. There were a few pool tables, a jukebox that was probably there for longer than Kara had been alive and a few scattered tables.

“Oh my god. This is where cheap alcohol comes die,” Lucy said in shock.

“I think I smell something rotting by the bar.” Kara scrunched her nose in disgust.

“Just look around and tell me what you see,” Alex instructed them.

“The place I’ll get my first STD,” Lucy deadpanned. “Can you get tetanus from looking at stuff? Because I think I might need a vaccine.”

Alex sighed exasperatedly. “Stop judging and pay attention.” She led the other two to a high table in the back.
“Alex, this looks like a place demons would hang out in Buffy,” Kara said with a deep frown on her face.

Alex didn’t say anything, she just watched as Kara looked around and started noticing things, Lucy was quick to follow. The guy with the scale like skin, the girl with soft blue skin, the guy with pointy ears, several people with weird colored and shaped eyes.

Kara took it all in with wide sparkling eyes of recognition, her face stamped with the relief of someone who thought they would never see a place like this and the nostalgia of someone who missed it.

“They… they’re…” Kara stammered, unable to form a comprehensive English thought.

Alex didn’t say anything, she just watched her sister carefully, the blonde seemed on the verge of tears.

Lucy was starring stupefied at everyone she could see.

“Kara,” Alex called softly, stepping closer to her sister and placing a hand on Kara’s arm. “You cool?”

Kara didn’t look like she was breathing, she was staring straight ahead with unfocused, red-rimmed eyes, her mouth fallen in a silent gasp and lips trembling just a little.

Alex rubbed her hand up and down Kara’s arm and directed her to sit on one of the stools. “Breathe, baby girl,” she whispered to Kara. “Just breathe.” Kara did as she was told, taking in a deep shaky gulp of air.

“Alex, that’s a Tamaranean,” she whispered, looking at a girl with orange skin, fiery auburn curls and glowing green eyes who was sitting by the bar.

“Her hair is on fire,” Lucy stated incredulously.

“My father took me to Tamaran when I was young, before its destruction,” Kara’s voice was a bit dazed and it broke on the last word.

Alex waited as Kara blinked back her tears a few times before talking. “Are you okay?”

Kara nodded, taking in another shaky breath.

It was only when Alex was sure Kara wasn’t going to break that she turned to Lucy. “How you’re hanging on, Lane.”

“That girl’s hair is on fire!”

Alex laughed. “For someone who works at the DEO, you’re not very familiar with aliens.”

“This is just… wow.”

“In her defense, not all aliens look like me,” Kara offered with a sweet smile as she fidgeted with her glasses.

“Yeah, not all of them are blonde,” Alex joked along.

“Like that girl who has fire in her hair!” Lucy insisted.
Kara shook her head laughing. “She’s a Tamaranean Lucy. Her race converts ultraviolet radiation into energy so they can fly and as a result, the females produce a distinctive contrail that seems to flow from their hair,” she explained as one talks about the weather.

Alex was used to Kara going into full alien geek mode, but Lucy just stared blankly at the blonde.

“Meaning she’s powered by the sun just like you and her hair is on fire,” Lucy said.

“No! She can absorb any radiation, and can convert ultraviolet radiation into flight energy, but doesn’t have to be from the sun, it can be from any object. She could absorb your energy, she could absorb my energy if she wanted to, and I’d be powerless.” Kara paused and took a small breath. “I get my powers from solar radiation absorption, meaning I can hyper metabolize specific wavelengths of radiation as fuel to enable living functions and, under certain circumstances such as that of earth’s atmosphere and yellow sun, that can be transformed into super abilities.”

Lucy blinked a few times and tried to pick her chin up off the floor.

“So what you are saying is,” Lucy tried to process. “you can only fly on earth and she can fly anywhere?” She concluded as a question.

Kara nodded. “Something like that.”

“Wow,” Lucy whispered.

Alex shrugged. “Sometimes she exceeds herself.”

“It’s like having an alien encyclopedia,” Lucy said.

Alex shook her head. “Nah, our alien encyclopedia is considerably lacking compared to her.”

Kara smiled proudly. “I liked school.”

“Good for you honey,” Lucy praised stroking Kara’s head. She turned to Alex. “Danvers, I think Kara here is too pure for a place like this.”

“I have been in places like this before, you know,” Kara protested.

“That was like 40 years ago Kara, it was the space equivalent to the 60’s,” Alex told her.

Kara glared at them. “Well, Lucy hates aliens,” she rebutted.

“No, I don’t!” Lucy protested. “Don’t say that kind of thing here Kara, I might not make it out alive.” Alex rolled her eyes at her friend. “And how can you say that? I can’t hate aliens because I love you.”

Kara smiled brightly. She looked again at the bar, where the orange girl still sat. “I’m gonna say hi!” She announced before using superspeed to cross the floor in a blink. “Hi, I’m Kara!”

They both watched affectionately as Kara excitedly talked to the orange girl.

“Kara is so sociable,” Lucy commented and then turned to Alex with a smile. “What happened to you?”

Alex narrowed her eyes. “I’m still not totally opposed to murdering you, Lane, just so you know.”

“Aw, Alex, don’t be mean.”
Alex snorted. “Pot meets kettle.”

Lucy grinned. “That’s why we get on so well, we’re both hot, badasses who don’t take people’s shit.”

Alex grumbled noncommittally. “Did you see the look in her eyes?” she said, glancing at her sister by the bar. “I can’t believe I’ve deprived her of things like this for all this time.”

“Yeah, she looked like she was walking down a physical memory lane, like the equivalent of walking inside an old picture.”

Alex nodded. “She doesn’t have any pictures, you know, she only has that hologram of her mother. And the fortress, but that’s Clark’s. She should have this, more of this, she deserves to be around people who can maybe understand her more than I can, who don’t make her feel like an outsider. Feeling like an outsider in your own life is the worst feeling.”

Lucy shot Alex a sympathetic look. “How did you find this place?”

Alex was about to say something when Lucy interrupted her.

“Wow! Kara has game!” Lucy whispered.

Alex turned to see the orange girl cradling Kara’s face and kissing her on the lips.

Alex tensed up, gaping. “That’s the same girl who sang the secret tunnel song from The Last Airbender for a whole week when she started working at the DEO.”

“The what now?” Lucy asked puzzled.

“It’s about a secret tunnel, through a mountain. The base is a cave inside a mountain. She thought it was hilarious,” Alex explained rolling her eyes.

The two aliens broke the kiss and the orange girl grabbed Kara’s phone to type in what was probably her own number.

“She talked to the girl for like 5 seconds. I’m impressed,” Lucy mumbled.

The bartender gave Kara three beers and she said goodbye to the girl, who kissed her on the cheek before she left.

The two women on the table pretended to not be watching her when she turned to them.

“Super hearing guys,” Kara reminded them as she placed a beer in front of each one of them. “Her name is Kori, she works as a model, she’s super sweet and very touchy, and we totally became friends in like 2 minutes of talking.”

“And a bit more, I suppose,” Lucy said suggestively.

Kara frowned. “Wha- OH!” A deep blush tinged her cheeks as understanding dawned on her. “No. Uhm, Tamaraneans assimilate languages and knowledge through touch, since language is spoken the connection is stronger by kissing,” Kara explained and Alex seemed to relax at that. “She didn’t speak Kryptahniuo. Or sarcasm.” She ended with a little cute frown.

“Neither do you,” Alex teased.

“Is that so?” Lucy teased.
Kara glared at them. “First of all, rude.” Alex laughed. “And Tamaraneans don’t see physical, uh, ‘Intimacy’ as humans do.”

“So you were just helping a friend out,” Lucy asked cynically.

“Yup!” Kara nodded. “She was very thankful to learn French and Italian along with Kryptahniuo. It’s weird that she never met anyone who spoke them.” Kara frowned a little but shrugged and looked at the two women, who were still looking at her as if she was, well, an alien. “What?”

“You just kissed a hot orange chick,” Alex said.

“With fire hair,” Lucy added.

“And it’s nothing?” Alex finished.

Kara shrugged. “It was a kiss,” she said slowly as if speaking too fast would confuse them. “It’s not like it had feelings.”

“Who said anything about feelings?” Lucy asked with a little smirk.

Kara sighed. “You guys know nothing about aliens.” She took a sip of her beer but the girls were still staring at her. “And at least something was gained out of it, it’s not like that time Winn kissed me and it screwed our friendship for like a month.”

“So you gained a friend, and taught a girl three languages,” Alex said slowly.

“By kissing,” Lucy finished.

“It was a nice kiss,” Kara joked.

“But you’re not… you know?” Alex tried asking awkwardly.

“Not what?” Kara asked confused.

“Oh, come on, Danvers,” Lucy said. “Who has never kissed a girl?”

“Have you?” Alex asked a little surprised.

Lucy laughed. “I went to boarding school in Europe, and it was as amazing as it sounds. Also like, haven’t you ever practiced kissing with a friend?”

“No!” Alex answered quickly.

“My first kiss was with a girl on the base we were staying, she was the daughter of a Sergeant that worked with the General,” Lucy continued as if she hadn’t even heard Alex. “She wanted to be sure she knew what she was doing when she kissed the boy she liked.”

“My first kiss was not good,” Kara said with a grimace.

“Ugh, Gabe,” Alex groaned. “I hated that guy.”

“Yeah.”

Lucy frowned. “What happened?”

“The guy basically wore Kara down by asking her to date him like nearly every day, until he finally
“He literally wouldn’t leave me alone until I agreed to go out with him, and then when I did he got all possessive, being all over me and like we had been in one sort of date and not even talked about what we were doing, yet he said to everyone we were dating. He followed me around all day, he even waited for me by the door when I went to the bathroom. And he kept insisting the entire day that we had to kiss because we were dating, but I wasn’t comfortable with it, and I told him.”

“I hate him already,” Lucy commented.

“Don’t worry, he got what he deserved,” Alex told her.

“Shh,” Kara chastised. “So, when the day was over, he got me to stay behind with him because we were talking, and I didn’t notice the hallway was empty until he shoved me against the wall and kissed me by force. The worst part is that I’ve been taught to not use my strength in school not to hurt anyone or break things, so I just had to let it happen, but it felt so wrong.”

“Oh god, that’s terrible, Kar,” Lucy said, placing a hand on Kara’s arm.

“Yeah, well, it went on for the rest of the week Alex was away, he kept forcing me to hang out with him, and taking me to places we could be alone, and kissing me without even caring if I wanted to or not, and when it seemed like I didn’t, he would complain that I was being ungrateful because he was being patient to not try anything else, and make me feel guilty by asking if I didn’t like him in a very specific way that you either know is very forced or believe he’s insecure, which he wasn’t. The whole thing just felt wrong, and everyone said it was great and it was what I should like and want, and I wanted to fit in, you know, I wasn’t totally integrated on Earth’s culture so I just went with it because I didn’t know I could even strive for better.

“The day before Alex came back, he took me to lunch with some of his friends, and he kept his hand so far up my leg the entire time, and I… I couldn’t move, I had never been more disgusted. His hand was touching more than my leg, you know? Not full on touching, but I could definitely feel it. Like all the while talking to his friends and eating. My culture didn’t have that kind of contact, not with people who weren’t together, and certainly not without both parties being okay with it. Kryptonians mate for life, there was no divorce or anything like that, and that kind of contact was exclusive for people who were mated. So I was very not okay with that, I felt very guilty for letting it go that far, and for not liking it because apparently it was what normal earth girls liked. I went home and cried myself to sleep because of that.”

“When I got home she was still crying, and she told me what happened,” Alex continued. “That little punk couldn’t walk, or see straight for a month after I was done with him. I broke his nose.”

Lucy laughed. “Oh, at least there was a happy ending.”

“Yeah, no one else ever messed with my sister after that. He never even looked at Kara again,” Alex said proudly and Kara smiled at her.

“And I avoided dating until college because I did not want to repeat such a terrible situation,” Kara added.

“That’s a lot worse than any story I have,” Lucy said. “What about you, Alex?”

Alex shrugged. “Nothing worth mentioning,” she said evasively.

“Okay…this calls for a subject change,” Lucy announced and then turned to Kara. “So how was meeting the president, Kara?”
Kara immediately perked up. “She was so cool! And pretty, and smart, and inspiring, and she speaks so well, like, she gave a legit quote about hope while we were just talking, and she smelled great and she called me Supergirl!” Kara went off.

Alex rolled her. “Apparently the way she said ‘Supergirl’ was more special than the way literally everyone else says Supergirl.”

“That’s because Kara has a thing for women in power,” Lucy said offhandedly.

Kara gasped. “No, I don’t,” she denied.

“Yes, you do.”

“Do not!” she protested.

“Do too!” Lucy argued. Alex rolled her eyes again.

“Do not,” Kara repeated.

“Okay, let’s see,” Lucy said leaning forward. “President Marsdin.”

Kara looked like she wanted to protest but she couldn’t.

“Cat Grant.”

“I….” Again Kara couldn’t deny.

“Lucy Lane.”

“I, uhm… Wait a minute!” Kara narrowed her eyes at Lucy. “I do not have a thing for you!”

“Everyone has a thing for me,” Lucy said offhandedly.

“’She’s gorgeous, she’s smart smells nice. Hell, I want to date her’,” Alex said in a mock imitation of Kara.

Kara gasped again as Lucy grinned.

“The betrayal,” Kara said dramatically. “Et tu, Brute?”

“Aaawww, Kar, you totally have a thing for me,” Lucy teased as Kara’s cheeks turned red.

“Shut up,” Kara said back softly.

All three women laughed.

“Speaking of women of power,” Lucy continued. “How is Lena Luthor? Is she still hot as fuck with tons of daddy AND mommy issues and a stick up her ass?”

Kara frowned. “You know her?”

Lucy hummed and nodded. “We went to boarding school together,” she explained. “She was my number one competition there, always beating me by just a little, that bitch,” she said with a resentful voice. “I really miss her,” she added then.

“You are something else, Lucy Lane,” Alex laughed, shaking her head.
Lucy smiled. “I know.”

Kara laughed. “She seemed very nice, a little defensive though, which is to be expected with her brother.”

“Yeah, we all know what it is to have the shadow of a more famous family member lurking over our heads,” Lucy sighed.

“Yeah,” both Kara and Alex sighed together.

Kara glanced at Alex with a confused little frown and Alex avoided her eyes.

“You said you’ve been to a place like this before?” Lucy asked Kara, again determined to change the subject when the conversation stirred to something awkward.

“Oh, yes,” Kara said beaming again. “My father took me to an intergalactic cantina once. He made me promise not to tell my mother because she didn’t think it was the kind of place for a young heir. Father didn’t care, he said it would be best to eat in ‘such place’ - as mother pointed out - than him trying to cook for us.” She smiled fondly at the memory. “He was a terrible cook.”

Alex smirked. “Like someone I know.”

Kara’s smile was bright. “I took his talent for the arts as well,” She said proudly.

The three women spent the rest of the night chatting, drinking, teasing each other and laughing. Lucy tried to convince Kara to give her the full name of the Gabe dude she talked about, and that they should find his house and egg it, at that exact moment, but Alex informed her that the guy lived in Minnesota and that Kara could not fly them there just to egg his house. Lucy was not happy with that information.

Lucy ended up going a little overboard with the drinking and Kara had to carry her home. She curled up in a little ball in Kara’s arms and Alex took pictures for bribing purposes.

Kara really missed Lucy. They hadn’t seen each other in more than a few months and she didn’t love that.

Despite the initial drama of their relationship, Lucy was a good friend. She was funny and smart and loyal, and it was nice to have a girl to hang out with so they didn’t get outnumbered by the boys. Now that Winn worked at the DEO and he and Alex were closer than Kara ever imagined could be possible, she’d hang out with them a lot more often, and Kara loved her sister more than life, but it wasn’t the same thing.

And their jobs were the reason why Kara was currently alone at the bar. Both Winn and Alex had to stay over later at the DEO for a prisoner transfer, and it wasn’t Supergirl related so Kara didn’t need to be there. And Lena was crammed with work too, as she had told Kara, she could only get away on Saturday when they were set to have their date, so it was either stay alone at home or go to the bar.

And at the bar Kara was.

She was thankful that it happened to be Mon-El’s day off, Kara was more than happy to not have to run into the Daxamite so soon after their conversation. She gestured for the bartender to refill her fruity drink, but he was busy with a line of patrons, so she waited.
“Kara,” A warm voice next to her called and she turned around to find a tall woman wearing a loose and short dress leaving a lot of her orange skin uncovered, auburn hair knotted in an intricate braid falling to her back, bright glowing green eyes and a kind smile. She looked both like she belonged there, and like she belonged nowhere near such a place.

“Kori!” Kara squealed and threw herself into the arms of the Tamaranean girl. “Oh, it’s so good to see you,” she said, squeezing the girl as tight as she could, and the girl squeezed back just as hard. Kara pulled back, holding Kori by the shoulders. “When did you get back?”

“Two days ago,” Kori informed. “It is very pleasant to see you too, Kara.”

Kara hugged her again. “How is everything? How is modeling doing? When will I see you in the magazines?” Kara asked excitedly.

Kori smiled. “Everything is good. Modeling is doing great. After the Alien Amnesty, I have been getting lots of jobs. With this last trip, I believe my career is going to be even better. I got a few proposals for good brands and I have been negotiating. Perhaps we will even share a page one day.”

“That’d be so great, Kori.”

“And you? How is journalism doing?”

“Journalism is doing good too,” Kara laughed.

“I have been reading your articles on Alien rights. They are very good. It is important to have one of us writing for the magazines, even if they do not know who you are, we know who you are, Kara Danvers. You are speaking for us, it helps the humans notice we are here and have some empathy for us.”

Kara felt herself choking up, but she swallowed her emotions the best she could. “Thank you so much, Kori, that’s really good to hear. You know, that’s all I want. For them to see us as people too, as part of this country, this planet, as much as them. Show them our struggles, so that maybe one day we won’t have to hide in fear.”

Kori nodded. “You are doing good work, Kara. Do not hide your emotions, they are part of you.”

Kara let out a wet laugh. “That they are.” She wiped at her eyes. “You’re doing good work too, Kori,” Kara said to her. “Not all of us can hide, and it’s very brave of you to expose yourself the way you are.”

Kori shrugged. “They only want me for my attractiveness. Humans do not really want to see aliens that they consider ugly in their magazines. This all shields people from the bad things happening to us, having good looking aliens be the face of false progressiveness and acceptance. But you tell them what is really happening.”

“Let’s just agree that we’re both doing equally important work,” Kara laughed.

The smile Kori gave her was nearly blinding, with her bright white teeth, eyes glowing a bit brighter and the tips of her hair flaming strongly for a few seconds before it all deemed down again. “That is an agreement I am happy to make.” She nodded. Kori’s hand found its way to Kara’s arm, tracing her fingers up and down the skin. “Would you like to come have sex with me?” Kori asked simply, her voice lower than before, very seductive.

Kara nearly choked on her tongue, her cheeks and ears burning nearly as much as Kori’s hair. “I-I-I…”
“Was it the wording? I have learned some people like a more subtle approach,” Kori told Kara. She frowned, cocking her head to the side. “I am not good at being subtle.”

“No, no, sorry, Kori, it’s just me,” Kara said, trying not to sound awkward. She shouldn’t be surprised with the request, she knew how forward Kori was, sexually, and how Tamaraneans viewed intimacy. But Kara was still her own awkward self sometimes.

“It does not need to be just about sex,” Kori clarified. “I also like to cuddle. And you know I like to talk.”

“I actually am involved with someone. It’s a recent thing, we’re sort of, like, getting started. And it wouldn’t be right. It’s... it’s not you.”

“Oh, well. My loss,” she said with a shrug. “Just tell me it is not the Daxamite.”

Kara grimaced. “Oh, Rao no. I’d never, ugh. No.” Kara shook her head as she spoke with her face scrunched up in disgust. “He wanted to, but I wouldn’t.”

“I know. I heard him telling some male costumers about how he was trying to make you jealous so you would be his mate,” Kori said. “Which seems very counterproductive if you ask me. If you want someone to be your mate you should impress them, not enrage them.”

“Oh, yes,” Kara sighed. “He told me about that right before he tried to kiss me. But I told him afterward that I did not like him like that, I just empathize with him because of our similar situation that led us to earth.”

Kori scoffed. “I could never empathize with a Daxamite. They had slaves, Kara. The royal family kept their subjects distracted with mind-numbing substances so they would not oppose to the monarchy. And they had slaves!” The Tamaranean emphasized. “As a princess and a former slave, and just a generally decent creature with a conscience, those are the two things I cannot excuse. Ever.”

“Yeah, that really was a terrible society.”

“So who is it?” Kori asked, changing the subject abruptly.

“Who?”

“Your mate. Is it a human?”

“Yes. She is a human.”

Kori hummed. “Is she attractive?”

Kara smiled bashfully and her fingers went to the frame of her glasses. “Very,” she confirmed, nodding. “She’s… breathtaking.”

“Breathtaking?”

“Like, she’s so beautiful every time I see her I forget to breathe, and my heart feels almost like it’s trying to get out through my mouth,” Kara explained.

Kori frowned. “That cannot be healthy, you need your heart to live. It should not leave your body.”

Kara burst out a laugh. Quickly reminding her manners and covering her mouth. “I’m sorry,” she apologized. “It’s an expression, Kori. How my body reacts to her. My heart beats so fast that it feels
like my chest isn’t enough to contain it.”

“Humans have such weird expressions.”

Kara giggled. “They do.”

“I miss having a mate,” Kori sighed. “You know, Dick is a big part of the reason I moved to the west coast, when we broke up I just could not stay near him, it hurt too much.”

“So you moved all the way across the country,” Kara said.

“Yes, well, leaving the planet seemed exaggerated,” Kori grinned.

Kara laughed. “It would have been.”

Kori’s phone rang twice with an incoming message and she looked down at it. “I have to go, Kara,” she announced. “I enjoyed seeing you.”

“It was great seeing you too, Kori.” Kara smiled at her and pulled her into a hug. “Don’t be a stranger,” she said when she pulled away. Kori frowned at her and she giggled. “It means we should meet more often,” she explained.

Kori smiled and nodded. “Definitely.” She kissed Kara on both cheeks. “I wish you happiness with your mate,” Kori told her with a smile.

“Thank you.” Kara smiled back.

Kara was not nervous. She was definitely not nervous, at all.

Why would she be nervous?

She was just going to have her first date with Lena Luthor, the youngest CEO of a fortunate 500 company, certified genius, gorgeous and overall amazing woman that happened to be her best friend whom she had very, very strong feelings for.

Her mind kept going back and forward from ‘it’s fine, don’t worry, it’s Lena’ to ‘oh my god, it’s LENA’. It wasn’t great for her sanity.

The worst part was getting ready for a date without Alex’s help, well, without Alex even knowing she had a date. It was weird.

But Kara shouldn’t worry because she knew Lena liked her, Lena had said so.

Or perhaps that was the reason for the worry. Because they both liked each other and Kara wanted nothing more than for everything to be perfect. She didn’t want their friendship to be affected because she ruined their date or something.
After changing her outfit for the fifth time, Kara got a text. She checked her phone as she continued getting ready.

It was from Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≈ Dizzy)(Microscope).

**Lena:** Hey!

**Lena:** Just wanted to tell you to stop freaking out

**Kara:** How do you know I’m freaking out?

**Lena:** I know you.

**Kara:** Are you saying you’re not freaking out?

**Lena:** No. I totally am.

**Kara:** That doesn’t help

**Lena:** Should I lie?

**Kara:** Yes

**Lena:** I’m totally not nervous at all because I don’t care about you or the outcomes of tonight.

**Kara:** LENA!

**Lena:** You told me to lie.

**Kara:** Okay, no lies

**Lena:** I’m not worried because I know everything will be great but I am nervous

**Kara:** That helps a little

**Lena:** Good

**Lena:** Now stop freaking out and get your butt here so I can stop freaking out.

**Kara:** Yes ma'am

They exchanged a few silly emojis that left Kara smiling at her phone like the goof she knew she was and it didn’t take long after that for Kara to finish getting ready. She decided to just stay with the dress she was wearing, a light blue short dress she thought Lena would like, and let her hair down, adding extra curls and a clip on each side to keep it away from her face.

Kara forced herself not to stare at herself in the mirror for too long, and leave her apartment before she could think about changing again.

-------
Lena was going out of her mind with nerves.

She had never cared so much about a date in her entire life. She had never wanted something to work out more than that night.

After spending an entire week trying to decide what she was going to cook for Kara, Lena finally came up with a solution that was both lazy and brilliant in her opinion so she decided to go for it.

Her evening on Saturday resumed in rolling dough and over stressing about how she wanted everything to be perfect, although the cooking did help with her nerves. And then she took entirely too long to pick an outfit, settling for a very expensive pencil skirt dress that she would have worn to a five-star restaurant.

Looking at herself in the mirror, with her hair and make-up done and the gorgeous dress, Lena couldn’t help but cringe at herself.

“This isn’t right,” she sighed. “It’s Kara. I shouldn’t have to try so hard, she already knows me, she thought. She gave herself a once-over one more time. “Ugh, no.” She doesn’t want a date with some pretentious billionaire.

With that, Lena changed into something more casual.

She was done getting ready, the food was all set up, and there was still a few minutes left so naturally, Lena started to get restless with nothing to do. Her music was doing nothing to help. And then she thought, if she was this nervous, Kara was bound to be as well.

So nearing 6 pm she sent Kara a text.

A quick exchange of texts later and Lena was left smiling at her phone for entirely too much time and forget her nerves until her doorman, Marcus, announced Kara was coming up.

Her heart was going crazy, beating so fast she could hear the blood pumping in her ears. Her breathing was coming harder, her mouth was dry, and her mind was running one single thought on a loop: ‘Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god.’

When the elevator dinged, Lena could have sworn time stopped for a moment.

And then there was Kara, stepping out of the elevator, looking even better than Lena could hope for, with a cute short dress allowing a great display of her toned legs, golden hair was down in ringlets, and that adorable nervous smile Lena adored so much.

“Hi,” Kara greeted, sounding as breathless as Lena felt at the sight of her. “You look… wow.”

Lena could feel herself flushing with Kara’s words and the way blue eyes raked over her.

She didn’t think she looked all that impressive, she had just put on black skinny jeans and a see-through navy-blue button up shirt, with little stars on it. She thought it was a hilarious joke, star print for a date with an alien. Her make-up was also a lot simpler than usual, which admittedly gave a bit more emphasis on her red painted lips, because she knew she looked amazing in red lipstick and that Kara would appreciate it. Her hair was also not as composed as normal, in a slightly messy bun with flyaway hairs and everything. But Kara looked at her like it was the most beautiful she had ever seen Lena look, and Lena’s chest tightened pleasantly at that, her heart still beating fast and her breath still coming hard.
She reckoned she might have been looking at Kara the same way, if Kara’s bashful smile was anything to go by.

“You too.”

Kara grinned at that. “I got these for you,” she said offering Lena a small bouquet of yellow, red and white flowers. “I know they’re not as impressive as the many many flowers you covered my office with,” she joked and Lena laughed, “but they made me think of you.”

Lena smiled, accepting the flowers. “Thank you, darling, I love them.” She placed a kiss on Kara’s cheek, and when she pulled back the skin almost matched the lipstick stain. She grinned at that. “Come on, let’s get these in water.”

Kicking her shoes off in the foyer, Kara followed Lena to the kitchen. The penthouse had a nice smell of food cooking, with all the lights turned down to a minimum and soft music playing, though not classical music this time, it was recent blues-folksy music with acoustic guitar and people singing and everything.

Kara leaned against the kitchen counter as Lena went about putting the flowers in a crystal vase with water, taking the wrapper off and making a diagonal cut in each stem first.

“This way it lasts longer,” she explained.

“I was going to buy a vase to put them in, but I didn’t like the ones they had.”

“No, no, don’t worry, I prefer it like this. This way it doesn’t clash with my decor,” Lena joked, smiling at Kara over her shoulder.

Kara laughed. “You know, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in jeans,” she commented.

Lena hummed and turned around, still smiling. “So what’s the verdict?” she asked taking the few steps necessary to stand right in front of Kara.

The blonde grinned, enjoying the over three inches she had on Lena that was almost exclusively reserved for when they were alone. “You know, I like this very much.” Kara placed her hands delicately on Lena’s hips and tugged Lena one step forward. Lena grinned as she took another step forward, having to look up to meet Kara’s eyes. “Can I kiss you?” Kara whispered without taking her eyes off of Lena’s.

“Please,” was Lena’s only response before Kara’s lips were on hers.

Kara’s lips were as soft as she remembered, as gentle as her hands, and Lena felt like a porcelain doll that Kara was afraid to break. Lena’s hands found their way up to Kara’s shoulder and she leaned into Kara, rising to her toes so she could get a better angle of Kara’s lips. Lena parted her lips just enough to pull Kara’s bottom lip between them and give it a light suck. Kara made a soft groaning noise and pressed forward, pulling Lena closer to her by the waist.

When the timer on Lena’s phone went off, Kara jolted backwards, taking Lena stumbling with her due to their position. Kara managed to steady Lena with a firm grip on her waist, and then pulled her hands away, placing them behind her back.

Lena slumped against Kara, resting her forehead on Kara’s shoulder for a second as she took a steadying breath. She could feel Kara’s heart going crazy against her palm that had slid to Kara’s sternum.
“I have to check on the food,” Lena announced unnecessarily as she took a step back.

Kara nodded, swallowing hard. “What are…” Kara’s voice came out weak, she cleared her throat and tried again. “What are we having?”

Lena turned the oven off and turned to look at Kara again. “Okay, so, I spent a very long time trying to figure out what to cook. I was going for something fancy to impress you,” she confessed. “But then I realized that the best way to impress you would be by making your favorite.”

Kara frowned a little. “My favorite?”

Lena nodded. She grabbed an oven mitten, opened the oven and pulled what was inside. “Pizza,” she announced, placing it on the counter and moving to the stove, pulling up the lid of a pan, “and pot stickers.”

Kara squealed. “YES!” She launched forward and tried to grab a pot sticker before Lena slapped her hands away and put the lid back on the pan. “Mean,” Kara mumbled.

“Wait until I set the table,” Lena said. “I’m trying to woo you.”

Kara pouted and Lena glared at her.

“No! Do not pout at me,” Lena warned, pointing her finger at Kara. “You know how I feel about the pout.”

Kara managed to somehow pout harder, completing it with puppy eyes, and it took all of Lena’s self-control not to cave in.

“It won’t work.”

“But it always does.”

Lena groaned and slapped Kara lightly on the arm. “Stop it.”

Kara giggled and took a step back, her pout turning into a grin.

“Help me set the table so you can shove them all in your mouth at once,” Lena joked.

Kara laughed. “You know that saying that will only make me want to do it, right?”

Lena rolled her eyes with a laugh and handed Kara the plates.

It wasn’t long before they were sitting at Lena’s dining room table, which was decorated with candles and the flowers Kara had brought, with Kara moaning at every bite she took.

“This is amazing Lena!” Kara said as her third compliment in just as many minutes. “I can’t believe you made this all from scratch.”

Lena laughed. “You make it sound like it’s some impossible task when actually they are pretty easy to make.” She put a small piece of pizza on her mouth with her fork and washed it down with wine.

“Next time I’ll make you something more elaborate. I didn’t want to scare you off right away with something you could not like so we’d end up ordering pizza anyways. I just skipped the steps,” she joked.

“Next time, huh?” Kara asked with a teasing lilt in her voice.
“Unless you’re planning on ghosting me after tonight, I have every intention of having many other dates with you, Kara,” Lena answered without missing a beat.

Kara grinned. “Many others,” she repeated.

Lena nodded and hummed her affirmative answer.

“Well, I do like the prospect of you cooking for me more often.”

Lena laughed. “I told you the way to your heart was through your stomach.”

“Nah, that’s just an added bonus.” Kara shrugged. “And you’ve been doing well enough without it so far.”

“Yeah?”

Kara nodded and they both smiled.

“You never told me where you learned to cook,” Kara said after a while, trying to sound casual and not like she was prying.

“We had a house staff.”

“A what?”

“At the manor,” Lena explained. “There were a lot of people who worked in the house. Cleaning, cooking, gardening… I spent a lot of time in the kitchen growing up, I liked avoiding mother, especially when she got a mood, and the cooks were nice to me and gave me dessert before dinner.”

Lena smiled. “Eventually I started asking to learn, and they taught me. Mother hated it. She never really liked me doing anything that we could hire people to do. Said somethings were below us Luthors.”

“So she’s always been a piece of work,” Kara joked.

Lena laughed. “You could say that,” she agreed. “I took some lessons when I got older, like professional stuff, but most of what I know came from Carina and the other cooks from the manor.”

“My father was a terrible cook,” Kara told her. “Like, the worst. But I liked when he would cook for us, when mother would come home later, because he’d let me help him, and honestly, I can’t tell you who was worse, me helping or him in general.” A fond smile spread on Kara’s lips at the memories of Krypton and her father. “He’d always ask me about school and he liked to teach me more deeply about the things I’d learn in school, and he’d also encouraged me with my drawings and sculptures.”

“He sounds great.”

Kara nodded. “He really was.”

“I’m sure he’d be proud of you,” Lena said, reaching out to touch Kara’s hand.

Kara smiled brightly at that. “Thank you.”

“Speaking of family,” Lena started, not unlike Kara had asked her about the cooking. “How are things with Alex?”

Kara frowned a little, shoving an entire pot sticker on her mouth to stall her answering. “It’s still a little tense, I guess. We’re talking about doing a sisters’ night next week, which is a thing we used to
do a lot before Maggie. But I’m still very not okay with Maggie. Alex said she wanted to apologize to you for the awful things she said to you, but then Maggie refuses to do so, it’s ridiculous.”

“I hope things get better between the two of you,” Lena offered instead of going into the Maggie subject, which she knew would lead to her mother eventually. “You two seemed to have such a strong relationship. I’d hate for you to go through what I’ve been through with my brother… you know, minus the mass murdering.”

“Yeah,” Kara sighed.

Lena chewed on her bottom lip. “I’m sorry for bringing it up.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Kara assured. “It’s just so weird to fight with Alex like this.”

“Okay, new subject,” Lena announced, making Kara laugh. “What are your thoughts on the new season of Game of Thrones?”

“Ah! That mess.” Kara grimaced. “I think the show stopped being good like three seasons ago and we’re all just going around pretending we like it just so we can see the expensive CGI dragons. But now that Margaery is gone and everyone left is completely out of character, all five of them, what is even the point?”

Lena laughed loudly.

“What? You don’t agree?”

“No, I totally do. I think a big part of what made Game of Thrones actually good was all the characters it had and how well they all fit into the story, I mean, that’s what George RR Martin created, but the show slowly became more and more just medieval porn with a side of sword fighting and some cool CGI here and there.” Kara giggled. “And the show is losing itself because now that it surpassed the books they don’t really know what to do with it, they are turning into what they think the fans want, and yeah, a lot of fans want more Jon and Daenerys and them meeting and fuck everything else, but that makes for poor storytelling. They had this massive universe and they didn’t want to deal with a little bit of thinking to make it work so they started sidelining important characters and killing characters for no reason, which is not actually what the story was about.”

“Right?” Kara agreed. “A lot of people think that in Game of Thrones they just kill off characters for the sake of it because ‘hashtag no one is safe’, but people who say that are completely missing the point of the story.”

“Yeah. People die because it is a war, or because of politics. In the books, I can’t think of a single death that was meaningless, just for the sake of shock value, whilst in the show they started killing only for shock value and that just lessens the importance of the previous deaths.”

“Exactly! Like, Ned, Robb, Catelyn, Tywin, Lysa, the Frey boys,” Kara listed, “They all were killed for a purpose, and all those deaths served to move the story forward. But then the show comes around and kills Shireen, Ser Barristan, Mance Ryder, the Martells, Tommen and Myrcella… those were all for shock value.”

“And they not only make zero sense, but they take away a big part of the story,” Lena continued. “Like, all of them still had a big part to play, and the show killed them off so they didn’t have to deal with them, and that just erases huge chunks of story that happens or will happen on the books. They killed off the Martells, the Tyrells, the Baratheons, all so they could focus more on Cersei, Jon, Tyrion, and Daenerys. They sidelined Bran and even Arya who were major characters in the books,
and completely changed Sansa’s story, just so they could focus more on ‘fan favorite’ Jon Snow, when in reality, yeah Jon is important, but he is not more or less important than his siblings. They cut off Lady Stoneheart, they only added the two younger Tyrells when there were another two older brothers.”

“Right! Just so they could erase the house entirely. And that trial for Loras was so stupid, like them having him abdicate claim to Highgarden was just ridiculous, cuz not only was he a Kingsguard like Jaime, which means he cannot own land or father children, but he was the third son, which means his claim to Highgarden shouldn’t even exist. And if you take away the two older brothers, it just makes House Tyrell be very dumb, because that means they allowed their only heir to become a Kingsguard, ending their lineage there, when they are in fact one of the most cunning and politically savvy houses. And truly, it feels like they are not even paying attention to whatever it is they are writing.” Kara stopped her ranting to see Lena looking at her with a curious look on her face.

“What?”

Lena smiled softly at her. “Nothing, you’re just amazing.” Kara blushed but smiled brightly at Lena. “And you have a little bit of sauce, here, let me get it for you,” Lena said, leaning forward to wipe the drop of sauce from Kara’s chin with her thumb. “And you’re right, the show really did an big disservice to House Tyrell in general, and from the start, not only in the end. One of my favorite things in the books is how Olenna was planning to marry Sansa to Willas, and when Tywin found out he married Sansa to Tyrion and offered Cersei to Willas but the Tyrells refused her. Like, that is freaking hilarious, I don’t understand why they cut it from the show, it would have been so funny to see the proud Cersei Lannister being refused, instead of just forcing her and Loras to get married for no freaking reason even though he is a White Cloak.”

“They really didn’t make sense from the start, isn’t it?”

Lena laughed and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Okay, you’re brilliant as always,” Kara laughed. “Thanks for the distraction. You really need to have a talk with Winn about these things.”

“I’m sure it’d be a very fun conversation,” Lena said grinning. “And you’re the one who surprised me, I didn’t peg you for an ‘A Song of Ice and Fire’ fan.”

“What? Don’t I look smart or nerdy enough? I have glasses and everything,” Kara joked.

“You’re brilliant, darling.”

“A friend in college was a fan, and he told me about the story and I decided to try it,” Kara explained. “I read the first book in like three weeks, and got addicted.”

“It’s really well written, and the world building is genius.”

“Yeah, and they have dragons!” Kara joked, making them both laugh.

Their conversation gravitated to Kara’s job as they continued eating. In between praising Lena for the food, Kara told her about all the work she had been doing in the last week, the articles she had to revise and research for, the interviews she had to transcribe, everything Snapper was sending her off to do.

“I swear, it’s like he’s testing me to see when I’ll break,” Kara complained. “With all the insults and the overworking, and he didn’t let me get one single thing of my own. I’ve only been backing other people’s writing, it’s the worst.”
“You know, I could have someone go after him,” Lena offered jokingly. “Scare him off a bit, maybe he could go missing…”

“Oh my god,” Kara laughed. “Lena, no!”

Lena shrugged. “What? I am a Luthor. I have the means to make him disappear.”

“Do you want the media going after you? During Lillian’s trial you asked me to remind you how much you hate the whole media circus BS if you ever considered going evil,” Kara pointed out.

Sending Kara a smirk, Lena took a sip of her wine before continuing. “It’s not like I would have made it easy to connect it to me.”

“Lena!” Kara chastised and Lena laughed.

“Okay, so that’s a no for murder.” Lena nodded to herself, faking seriousness. “How do you feel about mild threatening? Just a good old conversation.”

“Nooo,” Kara laughed.

“Well, either way, Kara,” Lena said more serious now, with no humorous lilt. “You’re a really good writer and I’m sure even he can see that. He’d be a fool to waste you.”

The smile Kara sent her was nearly blinding. “Thank you, Lena.”

“I only say the truth,” Lena said with a wink.

“Okay, so we’ve been talking about me for a while, I feel a little bit narcissistic right now. Let’s talk about you.”

Lena shrugged. “There really isn’t all that much to talk. My life isn’t exciting as yours.” She raised an eyebrow at that and Kara laughed. “And I’ve reached my limit of talking about my family, so unless you want to talk about business transactions and failed science experiments…”

“Let’s!” Kara said excitedly.

And so they did.

Laughing and chatting the entire night.

After stuffing herself with pizza and pot sticker, Kara was more than delighted when Lena presented her with Petit Gâteau with Stracciatella ice cream, which Kara found out was Lena’s favorite, for dessert.

“And you say I’m the one fattening you up,” Kara teased.

“I can teach you how to eat vegetables if you want.”

Kara only glared at Lena and proceeded to shove chocolate and ice cream in her mouth. It didn’t go unnoticed by Kara how modest were the portions of anything Lena ate, but she didn’t comment on that.

Dessert was finished and dishes were put in the kitchen to be dealt with later. And then Lena was tugging Kara by the hands towards the living room.

“Are we dancing?” Kara asked as Lena grabbed her by the hips and started swaying them.
Lena smirked. “We’re dancing.”

Kara let herself be led but took a step closer and lowered her head so she could whisper in Lena’s ear. “I can think of something better.” Hearing Lena’s heartbeat pick up sent her own heart speeding and Kara grinned, it was impressive how composed Lena managed to still look while her heart was going crazy.

“And what would that be?” Lena asked with a sultry lilt in her voice.

“Do you want me to show you?”

“Please,” Lena whispered, not unlike she had before.

Lena’s lips were cold and she could taste the lingering traces of chocolate on the lipstick. Kara’s hands found their way under Lena’s shirt, thumbs stroking lightly on the skin just above the waistband of the jeans as she settled them gently on Lena’s hips. She liked the way Lena’s arms looped around her neck, pulling her closer.

_Definitely better than dancing_, she thought as Lena sucked on her bottom lip.

They stayed like that for the rest of the night.

A kiss following the other, giggles being shared between them, close enough so they wouldn’t get lost. And they both wondered how could they be such fools, torturing themselves when they could have been doing that for so long now.

When it started getting late and Kara suggested she should start thinking about going home, Lena walked her to the foyer but decided not to let her go just yet.

Kara said at least five times she had to get home and at least five times she continued to kiss Lena.

“I’m serious now, I really have to go,” Kara whispered against Lena’s lips. In a display of self-control, Kara took a step back to meet Lena’s eyes. “Thank you for tonight, I had a really great time.”

Lena shot her a charming smile. “I told you there was nothing to worry about.”

“That’s because you’re amazing,” Kara said back.

“I really am.” They both laughed. “I had a great time as well.”

“That’s good.” Kara was almost forgetting her shoes when Lena slid them towards her with a foot, grinning. “Thank you.”

“Let me know when you get home?”

Kara nodded. “I will.” One last time she leaned forward to kiss Lena, her hands finding their way to Lena’s hips and fingers hooking on the belt loops of Lena’s jeans. “You really should wear jeans more often.”

Lena chuckled. “I’ll keep that in mind.” She pressed another kiss on Kara’s lips and stepped back. “Good night, darling.”

Grinning, Kara stepped backward into the elevator. “Good night, princess.”
Talking came so easy to them. It was like second nature. They could talk for hours and never run out of things to say.

Which is how they found themselves on Lena’s living room couch at 1 am on Wednesday, after a question of how Kara’s dinner with Alex the previous night went became a six-hour conversation about anything they could think about.

“Oh, oh my,” Kara gasped when she looked at her phone. “Oh gosh, I didn’t even notice it was so late.” She jumped to her feet and started looking around frantically as if trying to gather her stuff even though there was nothing. “I gotta go.”

“Kara, darling,” Lena said in a soothing voice, placing a hand on Kara’s arm and all but forcing her to stop. “Calm down.” Kara took a few deep breaths that looked in no way calming before she actually started to relax. “You can stay. If you want.”

“Here?” Kara squealed.

“Yes here,” Lena confirmed. Upon noticing how nervous Kara looked she elaborated, “just sleeping, Kara.”


“Hey!” Lena said, making Kara look at her. “It’s okay if you don’t want to. I want you to be comfortable.”

“No, no,” Kara was quick to say. “I do. I want to. I’m just… I’m not ready…”

“We’re just going to sleep,” Lena assured. “We’ve done it before, right?”

“Right.”

“It’s okay if you’re not ready for anything more.”

Kara nodded, still looking a little bashful. “Okay. I’m really not.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that. Thank you for telling me.” With just one smile, Lena managed to ease all of Kara’s nerves. Kara nodded once more, this time smiling at Lena as she breathed more normally. “Now come on, I’m tired and I would really like to sleep next to you.” Lena offered Kara her hand and yet another disarming smile.

Lena’s hand was soft inside hers and Kara was acutely aware of how fragile it was compared to hers, how just one wrong squeeze could crush all the little bones in there. She tried to shake the thought, but it kept creeping back into her mind.

“Kara?” Lena called softly, pulling Kara from her thoughts. Lena had tried to tug Kara with her to her bedroom, but Kara didn’t budge an inch. “Are you okay?” Lena asked and Kara nodded. “If you’re not comfortable staying, I promise you I won’t be disappointed.”

“No, I’m fine,” Kara insisted. “Just thinking. Sorry.”
Hand in hand they made their way to Lena’s bedroom, Kara taking the time to gather her thoughts as they walked.

Surely she wouldn’t hurt Lena, she could control herself, she wouldn’t crush Lena, in the many times she shared a bed with Alex, Alex’s only complaint was how hot Kara seemed to run all the time, and Kara knew that would not be a problem to Lena, besides they had shared a bed before, that wouldn’t be any different. There was nothing to worry about.

The first thing Kara noticed when she entered Lena’s bedroom, was the stuffed lioness perched on the bed amidst the pillows. She walked closer to the bed to get a better look. Lena, noticing her line of vision, lunged herself towards it before Kara could get any closer, grabbing the toy and putting it behind her back.

“This is… this is nothing,” Lena tried lamely. “You didn’t see anything.”

Grinning, Kara took another step closer to Lena who now sat on the edge of her mattress. “I knew it,” Kara said smugly. “You’re such a cuddler, there was no way you slept without anything in your bed.”

Lena blushed a little bit but met Kara’s eyes firmly. “Well, I have you now, to cuddle with.”

The way she said it made Kara’s heart tighten in her chest as it beat faster.

“You do,” Kara agreed. She took another step closer so that her legs were brushing against Lena’s knees. “I’m a really good cuddler.” She leaned forward, her hand planting in the mattress, right next to Lena’s leg, and brushed her lips against Lena’s, not close enough to actually touch, but enough to have Lena’s eyes closing and her arms wrapping around Kara’s neck to pull her closer. But Kara’s plan was another, and she pulled the toy from behind Lena’s back before stepping away. “But I’d hate to put this one out of commission,” she said throwing Lena a grin.

Lena groaned and threw herself backward on the bed. “Her name is Leia,” she informed almost reluctant. “Lex gave her to me when I went off to boarding school.”

“She’s adorable.” It was the size of a regular teddy, maybe even bigger, old and clearly well-loved, but also well cared for, there was no tear or damage aside from the fading color and too soft body and fur. “How come I’ve never seen her before?”

“I usually take her to the closet with me when I go get ready.”

“She’s staying,” Kara announced before placing the lioness on Lena’s stomach.

Lena sighed and pushed herself up and off the bed. “I’ll get you some clothes and a toothbrush.”

“Oh, thank you.”

Not long after, teeth brushed, hair loose, make-up off, and pajamas on, they both settled on the bed side by side. Lena scooted closer to Kara and nudged the blonde to lay on her side, positioning herself behind Kara and wrapping her arms around Kara’s middle.

“See,” she said as she placed a kiss on Kara’s shoulder. “This isn’t so bad.”

“Not at all,” Kara said, leaning further into the soft body behind her, her fingers tangled with Lena’s over her stomach and she could feel Lena smiling against her shoulder.
Kara lasted exactly ten days.

The nerves and the need to tell someone about Lena and her were consuming her.


She needed to tell Winn.

She wanted to tell everyone and their dog that Lena Luthor liked her, that Lena Luthor wanted to be with her in a serious relationship, it was an exhilarating feeling. But she needed to tell Winn.

Winn who was the only person who knew about the true nature of her feelings for Lena. Winn who had been her soundboard for so long. Winn who had been rooting for them since she realized her crush, even before she told him about her feelings. Winn who had been the only one remaining on her side after everything.

“Hey Kar,” Winn’s voice broke Kara out of her thoughts right before his hand touched her shoulder and he placed a kiss on the side of her head. “Your hair smells nice.”

Kara smiled at him as he sat next to her. “Thanks.”

She had asked him to meet her at the Below 52, not only because she missed it and needed to hang out with just him, but because she didn’t want her night to get ruined by Mon-El.

“I see you ordered already,” Winn commented, looking at the plate that had been full of fries before but was currently near empty and the two beers at the table. “And you ate all the fries already. Which means there’s something big you want to tell me.” He grinned, poking a finger to her side. “What is it? Do I have to sing for it?”

Kara shook her head. “No, no, there’s nothing, I just missed this. It’s been months since the last time we’ve been here.”

Winn shot her an incredulous look that slowly turned into a grin. “Oh! So this is good!” He said excitedly.

“I told you there’s nothing,” she insisted.

“You’re a terrible liar you know.”

Kara scoffed at him. “I am not!”

“Tell meeee!” He relentlessly poked her side until she squirmed.

“I’ll tell you, stooop,” Kara giggled, moving away from his hands and slapping them away when he tried to start again.

Winn smiled proudly. “Always works.”

Kara took a series of deep breaths, trying to gather herself. “I’m… I’m dating Lena.”

“WHAT?” he all but screeched.
Kara looked down, avoiding his eyes. “Yeah. We’re dating.”

“When did this happen?”

“Well, technically we had our first date ten days ago, but I asked her out, right the day after the whole Mxy thing… which was also the day she told me she liked me and we kissed,” Kara confessed.

Winn shook his head, looking at Kara perplexed. “I can’t believe I’m just hearing about this now.”

“Yeah, I wanted to keep it a secret for now, you know, after James last year and with this thing with Alex, I just figured it was best to just take a little time to enjoy being with her before telling everyone and facing the certain judgment that will come. But I had to tell you.”

“Of course you had to tell me, I’m your best friend. And like, the number one shipper of you guys.”

Kara laughed, rolling her eyes affectionately. “Yeah, sure.”

“How is everything with Alex, though?”

Kara shrugged. “We’re getting better, I guess. There was a bit of non-passive-aggressive conversation for a change, but yeah, we’re working on things. Though I’m still not happy with the Maggie thing.”

“Yeah, well, I love you both, so I’m not going to get in the middle of this particular one, I can’t take sides anymore.”

“You’re such a great mediator, buddy,” Kara joked.

He grinned. “I try my best.”

“So I hear you went on a date and didn’t tell me.”

“Like you didn’t tell me you were dating Lena,” Winn counteracted.

Kara winced. “Fair enough.”

“And how is dating your crush?” He teased.

Kara grinned. “It’s great. She’s… she’s amazing.”

“I’m happy for you, Kar,” Winn told her smiling.

And that was really all Kara needed.

-------

After parting with Winn, Kara went straight to Lena’s place feeling a little guilty about telling him without talking to Lena first.

Lena looked up from the book she was reading and a smile spread on her lips when she saw Kara. “Hey,” she greeted happily, setting her book aside and getting up. “I didn’t know you were coming by, I thought you were hanging out with Winn.” Lena reached Kara and pressed a kiss to her cheek.
“Yeah, I…” Kara took a step back, hesitantly. “There’s something I need to tell you,” she said while fidgeting with her glasses.

Lena frowned. “What is it?”

“I know we agreed not to tell anyone, and I know it was my idea,” Kara started, talking fast. “But I just couldn’t, you know, I like sharing stuff, and I’m so happy to be with you and I wanted someone to be happy for me…”

“Kara?”

“I told Winn,” Kara blurted out. “About us. I’m so sorry.”

Lena couldn’t hold back the laugh, which only got stronger when Kara looked at her slightly affronted. “It’s fine, darling. I don’t mind.”

“You don’t?”

“Like you said, you were the one who offered to keep it quiet.”

It was Kara’s turn to frown. “You don’t like keeping it quiet?”

“I want you to be happy.”

“That’s not a good answer.”

Lena smiled kindly at Kara and grabbed Kara’s hand. “I don’t mind, Kara, I’m not exactly as close to my friends as you are to yours. I don’t have people to tell.”

“Oh! That’s…”

“It’s fine, Kara. We’re just starting this, I truly don’t mind taking the time to figure it all out before going around telling people, and I do appreciate a little bit of privacy in my personal life, but I also don’t mind that you have a friend to confide to.”

“You said you don’t mind many times, as a professional writer I should inform you that in order to make words more meaningful, you should refrain from repeating them too much,” Kara said with mock seriousness.

Lena giggled. “Dork.”

“Yes, but I’m your dork.”

The wink Kara sent her only made Lena laugh more. “Yes, you are.”

“Oh! Now that Winn knows, we could hang out with him!” Kara exclaimed excitedly.

“What?”

“Come on, you like him, don’t you?”

Lena shrugged. “I guess?”

“And he’s my best friend, as you are. It’s only fair that my two best friends get along and get to know each other better,” Kara reasoned. “We could have a game night or something.”
“Yeah, okay.” Lena nodded.

Kara squealed. “Thank you, you’re the best girlfriend!”

Lena smirked and raised one eyebrow at Kara, an action that never failed to get Kara weak at the knees. “Girlfriend, huh?”

Kara’s eyes went wide when she realized what she’d done. “Oh gosh.” Her hands went up to cover her mouth. “I… I know we, uhm, we haven’t d-discussed this yet, and, and that it’s kinda soon,” she stammered. “But... do you... would... will you? Be my girlfriend, I mean.”

Lena could never understand how Kara could be so charming when absolutely not trying. She smiled widely at Kara, a disarming smile that made Kara gasp. “I would love nothing more, darli-”

Lena’s words were interrupted by Kara’s lips on hers.

“Sorry,” Kara mumbled, pulling back just a little.

“No, no. By all means, proceed.”

Kara giggled and kissed Lena again.

The weeks passed fast. Almost too fast, but Kara could not be happier.

She and Alex were making progress in solving their problems, even though the Maggie situation hadn’t been resolved, and James and her were taking baby steps, at work at first before they could hang out again outside, which they did eventually.

But the best part, what really did it for her at the end of the day, was her girlfriend.

Her girlfriend, she liked saying that. Her girlfriend Lena.

They had lunch together almost every day, trying out new restaurants whenever possible, or Kara would bring food at Lena’s office when Lena was too busy and couldn’t leave. They went to parks, just because the day was nice and they had a few hours to spare, having fun with their little game of how affectionate they could be in public without being too obvious, brushing their hands together while walking side by side sharing secret smiles, waving at the paparazzi, walking very close together with their arms linked under the pretense of being cold. They visited museums and art galleries and the theatre…

But what Kara really liked was when they stayed in, because that’s when they could really be themselves, and kiss as much as they wanted, without fear of being caught, be it on camera or by Kara’s friends or coworkers.

They spent a lot more time on Lena’s penthouse over Kara’s apartment just the be on the safer side and not risk getting caught by Alex. Or at least that was the excuse they told themselves, but they both knew it wasn’t totally true.
They played a lot of chess and scrabble, both of which Lena always won, and other games sometimes that Kara had more chances of winning. Not to mention the tv shows. Kara had gotten Lena addicted to most of her favorite shows. Quickly they made their way through all the new shows with few episodes out, and Kara was considering what was next for them to watch, preferably something longer they both could get invested on.

And though everything was great, it wasn’t perfect for Kara. Not just yet.

There were two things she needed for it to be perfect.

To tell her sister about them and have Alex be okay with Lena.

And to tell Lena about Supergirl.

Not necessarily on that order.

The last one being the one that hung over her head quite a bit, but she just couldn’t bring herself to do it, whenever she thought she got the courage to, she couldn’t bring herself to say it.

It was selfish of her and she knew it. But Lena liked her for her, Lena liked Kara, was dating Kara, wanted to be with Kara, didn’t care about Supergirl, or anyone for that matter, the way she cared for Kara. And Kara liked that, being important, feeling adored without it being related to her alien identity, without having to doubt if maybe it wasn’t actually Supergirl that Lena wanted. She knew Lena wanted her for her.

But she also knew she’d have to come clean eventually. And not chicken out.

-------

Spending time with Kara was always the highlight of Lena’s day.

Any day.

Lena was pretty sure if she ever managed to successfully invent time travel, and the same day Kara smiled at her that cute smile she loved, crinkling her nose and everything, Lena would have doubt as to what was the best thing of her day.

Lena didn’t think she ever had this much fun just by being with someone, but Kara just brought joy to her life. All she wanted was a chance to give back that joy. And she thought she was doing quite a good job at that. Kara seemed happy.

“Hey,” Kara said, nudging Lena’s side with her toes to get her attention. “What are you thinking about? You seem so…” Kara trailed off, not able to put into words. Concentrated, happy, far away? All seemed to fit but not enough.

“You,” Lena stated simply, smiling down at her girlfriend who was sprawled on the couch, her head resting on the arm of the couch and her feet tucked under Lena’s leg. Well, foot, now that the other one rested on Lena’s side carefully.

Kara giggled and nudged Lena again with her foot, this time pressing it just in the right spot to make Lena squirm. “You’re such a flirt.”

Lena laughed and slapped Kara’s foot away. “I’m serious.” She turned on the couch so that she was
facing Kara, hooked both her hands under Kara’s knees and dragged the blonde closer to her, not doubting for a second that Kara was making it easier for her. Lena pulled until Kara’s knees were framing her hips, her own legs around Kara, her ankles crossing behind Kara’s back, their fronts were very close when Kara effortlessly sat up, faces inches apart. Lena moved her hands from Kara’s legs to her arms, sliding them up towards the shoulders and settling on the shoulders, where she started twisting her fingers in the edge of Kara’s sweater. Kara’s hands were on her hips. “I was really thinking about you,” Lena told Kara with a smile. “About how happy you make me.” She leaned forward just a little, her lips brushing against Kara’s cheek before pulling away.

Kara’s face lit up, and it was the most beautiful sight Lena had ever seen. “Yeah?”

Lena’s eyes crinkled as her smile widened. “Yeah.” She nodded. She slid her fingers down to Kara’s chest. “And about how I hope I make you as happy as you make me.”

“You do,” Kara whispered, eyes meeting hers with a look that took her breath away. Lena didn’t dare name what she saw in Kara’s eyes, but she knew it reflected her own, of how she felt for Kara. “So much.”

Lena wrapped her arms around Kara’s neck loosely, bringing their bodies closer. “Good.”

Lena sighed happily against Kara’s lips, tangling her fingers in the soft hair on the back of Kara’s head.

The noise Kara made when Lena deepened the kiss all the while tightening the grip on her hair had the brunette smirking triumphantly.

Of course, not everything could be a bed of roses all the time, and reality had to come crashing down on them soon enough.

---

**THE DAILY STAR**

*Big scoop: Lena Luthor dating CatCo reporter.*

Chapter End Notes
They're girlfriends now!!!!

Love of my life Lucy Lane finally made an appearance. And of course I would find a way to add everyone's favorite Tamaranean into my story. I feel like Kara really needs more alien friends. If you don't get the reference, perhaps you'll know princess Koriand'r by her human name of Starfire, member of the Teen Titans. And if you want to know how she looks like, I based her mostly on the new stuff, appearance-wise, a mix of both:

https://68.media.tumblr.com/12bfd975811ec675f94c34ef1d04e5cb/tumblr_nu6d4mQwIZ1racfl1o1_.t
and also
https://i.pinimg.com/originals/51/4c/b4/514cb41c44da29924ef07f152fbcc255.jpg (one day I will learn how to add links properly here, mark my words)

BTW before anyone makes a comparison, the story of Kara's first kiss is not based on any fictional character or with any intention of making a nod to any character, it's a personal experience (minus the alien part, obviously) and I would appreciate it if the obvious comparison was left out (which starts with M and ends with all the character development of the lead)

P.s. The article will come next chapter

As always, comments are much appreciated and my tumblr is @myheartisbro-ken in case you want to chat.
In Which Secrets Come To Light

Chapter Summary

As their relationship progresses, Kara and Lena start realizing that getting together was the easy part, and being in a serious relationship takes work. But it's also worth the extra effort.

Chapter Notes

I haven't abandoned this yet, I promise.

I had two very long months, college is crazy and the semester is ending, and I need to transfer but I don't qualify for a transfer so I have to essentially get in another college, which involved lots of stress and two days of standardized tests of 180 questions total plus an essay (aka four hours of hell followed by another four hours of math the next day, which honestly is the same thing as hell) and I had a bit of a block, and I really wanted this chapter to be good, so the writing itself took longer than I would have liked. But it's the biggest chapter yet, it's really huge, so it makes it up for the wait. See, double the wait, but double the reading, yay!

Important things happen in this chapter. A lot of them. Lots of drama, some angst... FUN!

Quick thing before reading though, I'm not Jewish, I'm not even religious, in fact, I usually say I hate religion (but to be honest I mostly hate Christianity, but whatever, I like learning about religions), but the Danvers are Jewish, they just are. It's a fact, because the Supers were created by two Jewish guys, and Helen Slater is Jewish which makes both Supergirl AND Eliza Danvers Jewish, and if your mom is Jewish, then you're Jewish. Sorry, I don't make the rules. @CW fucking fight me bitch, I dare you, I'm seriously just waiting to snap here. But anyways, I had to do some research, and bother some people, because I had no clue what Passover even was, and I hope I didn't mess it up too big, but if you notice something weird, please tell me, I'll be more than happy to fix it. If you're not Jewish, Passover is an important holiday where for 8 days they celebrate the fact that they're not slaves anymore (which is a very nice thing to celebrate, imo) and can't eat a bunch of stuff on top of the other stuff that they already can't eat, it's in April, which is why it's important to this story, because I'm neurotic with timeline, and that's about all I can say with conviction. I didn't go into much details as to not mess it up. BTW, Winn is also Jewish, because I said so.

Also, for those of you who have been following the story for a while now, I actually changed Kara's line about this subject back in chapter 3 today, so if you want to check that out just go there and type Eliza in search and you'll see. It's not essential, but I think it's important to Kara's characterization, in a way, so you should read it, it's like two sentences and this new chapter will still be here waiting for you. Go!

Also spoiler warning for season 3 of How To Get Away With Murder, but just a little bit, and it's mostly speculation during mid-season-ish, specifically somewhere before episode 9 and after episode 4, like around ep 6 or 7, but spoilers for episode 9 just to be safe.
Lena thought she was doing a good job at keeping a lie.

She thought.

She told Kara that since Alex had a key to her apartment, they shouldn’t sleep at her place in case Alex decided to show up unannounced. It wouldn’t do anyone any good if Alex caught them in bed together.

Kara believed that. She didn’t really have any motive not to. It was technically true after all. And why would Lena lie about her motives to Kara?

The truth was, while Lena enjoyed Kara’s apartment, she hated sleeping there. As she had discovered the first night she fell asleep there, it was loud and bright and way too cold. Kara didn’t notice the cold because she was a Kryptonian, but Lena did, Lena was always too cold there. Which wasn’t all bad because it gave her an excuse to cuddle with Kara even more, but for sleeping it was the worse. For one she’d always notice when Kara was gone, and then she couldn’t sleep until Kara came back, and then she ended up sneezing all night and morning.

So yeah, she avoided staying over at Kara’s.

Whenever they found themselves at Kara’s late at night and Kara suggested they’d go to sleep, Lena came up with an excuse as to why she should leave, backed up with the Alex excuse, and called Jackson, most times even saying Jackson was waiting for her already.

She didn’t think Kara had any reason to doubt that.

And yet.

“What do you hate my apartment?”

Lena stared blankly at Kara, gaping, her mouth opening and closing like a fish.

“W-what?”

Kara looked at her defiantly. “You heard me. Is it because it is not as fancy as your penthouse? Or as big or…”

“Kara,” Lena said softly, interrupting Kara’s rant. “I don’t hate your apartment.”

“Then why do you never want to stay over?” Kara asked. “Is it a power thing?”

Lena’s eyebrows shot up as she looked at Kara with surprise. “Is that what you think of me?”

Kara sighed. “I don’t know what to think, Lena,” she said with a frown. “I can only think of two reasons why you never want to stay over. You either hate my apartment or you don’t like sleeping with me.” Kara was pouting, and Lena thought it was too adorable, she wanted to kiss it off, but she knew that wasn’t the time.

“Darling, no,” Lena said firmly, holding Kara’s face with both hands. “I love sleeping with you.
Really. You’re better to cuddle with than Leia, even.”

Kara’s lips turned in a small smile. “Then you hate my apartment,” she concluded. “We’ve slept here like six, seven times and only two at my place. You always come up with something not to stay there. And it can’t be because of the paparazzi because if I can stay over, then you can stay over, it’s the same thing.”

“I don’t hate it, I promise.”

Kara didn’t buy it. “Okay, then let’s go.”

“Go?”

“To my apartment,” Kara told her. “We’re sleeping there tonight.”

“But we’re already here, darling.”

Kara’s stubbornness won out, with Lena’s inability to say no to Kara helping.

So, at 11:35 pm on a Tuesday, Kara and Lena were climbing into Lena’s car in their sweats and overcoats, and a bag with clothes for Lena to sleep in and to go to work with in the morning. It was rare for Lena to drive, but she didn’t like to bother her driver past business hours without a previous warning.

Parking was definitely not something Lena enjoyed doing, or leaving her car on the street, especially in a street with no security cameras, but that was part of the list of things she’d do without complaining if it was for Kara.

“See,” Lena said when Kara unlocked the door, shedding her coat off. “We’re here. Do you believe me now?”

Kara narrowed her eyes at Lena. “Ask me again in the morning.”

“Oh, but can we sleep now?” Lena whined, tugging Kara by the sleeve of her sweatshirt.

A smile finally spread on Kara’s lips. “Come on, princess.”

-------

Lena buried herself in the feeling of all things Kara.

Kara’s smell, Kara’s warmth, Kara’s soft skin, how Kara’s body fitted perfectly against hers, how being in Kara’s arms made her feel. It had been a little over a month and they had slept together about a dozen times yet every time she laid next to Kara on a bed and ready to sleep, their bodies touching one way or another, Lena couldn’t believe how lucky she had been that Kara liked her back, that she could be with Kara the way she wanted to be with Kara. Before, sleeping next to Kara, although really good, gave her a deep ache in her chest, a longing painful enough to balance out the good of it. But now.

Now it only filled with joy, because she had something good. She had Kara. Being Kara’s friend was great, but being her girlfriend was beyond anything Lena could have imagined.

Kara’s slightly overheated body, solid but soft, pressed against hers, wrapped around her. Kara’s silly pajamas with colorful prints and patterns. Kara’s soft snores and even breathing. Kara’s hair that
smelt like the children’s shampoo she used - now strawberry scented - and the way Kara mumbled in her sleep, sometimes speaking more clearly than others, usually not in English, sighing her name every once in a while. The way Kara’s lips would curl up if Lena talked to her or pressed a kiss to her face, the way Kara’s fingers more often than not would curl around Lena’s shirt… Lena loved everything about it, about sleeping next to Kara.

Or rather, sharing the bed in which Kara was sleeping and she was painfully not sleeping.

Sure it was easier to sleep when Kara was with her, and normally she would follow Kara’s cue and fall asleep not all that long after Kara, which for her was already a victory. But at Kara’s apartment she was painfully aware of the fact that she could not fall asleep. All the street noises, the cars, the alarms, the animals in the block seemed like they were heightened, the flashing lights of the passing cars, the colorful flashes of ambulances, the bright flashes of the billboards around apartment, it all seemed like they were provoking her somehow, that they were all specifically to make it harder for her to sleep. She was overtly aware of the cold around her where Kara’s warmth wouldn’t reach.

But even though she hadn’t achieved sleep yet, it annoyed her to no end when a phone started ringing from the bedside table.

“Fuck,” Lena groaned, peeking an eye open and feeling for the ringing phone, she grabbed it and answered it without really looking at it, her brain a little hazy from almost-sleep. “Hello?”

“Where the fuck are you, glasses?” a grumpy male voice all but yelled.

“Who?” Lena asked confused. Next to her Kara still slept, untroubled by the noises from both the street and the phone.

There was an exasperated sigh from the other end of the line before the voice continued. “Ponytail, we don’t have time for you to be picky about monikers.”

“Excuse me?” Lena asked offended, raising her voice’s pitch. “Who is this?”

“What are you playing at,” the voice barked. “It’s your boss. There’s a situation you need to cover.”

“Oh,” Lena let out, finally understanding what was happening.

“Is this not Danvers?” the man asked, softer this time.

“Hold on,” Lena said, too bothered to be polite. She pulled the phone away from her face and shook Kara gently on the shoulder. “Kara, your boss is on the phone for you,” she said softly.

Kara groaned and shifted away from Lena’s hand.

“Kara!” Lena insisted, taking a hold of Kara’s shirt before trying to shake her again. “Darling, Snapper needs to talk to you.”

“Lena,” Kara sighed with the dreamy voice she always would when she said Lena’s name in her sleep.

“Yes, darling, it’s Lena. Can you wake up for me, please?”

A few more seconds and Kara was opening her eyes slowly, she saw Lena and frowned. “What’s wrong?” she asked groggily.

“Snapper wants to talk to you,” Lena explained, holding out the phone to Kara.
The blonde sat up with a jump, eyes wide in alert, suddenly fully awake, and took the phone from Lena’s hand. “Sir? At home, sleeping, sir.”

Lena heard only Kara’s end of the conversation, sitting up against the headboard and rubbing her face, yawning as she watched Kara get more and more alarmed. She checked time, this time actually picking up her own phone. 2:36 am. How lovely.

“Yes sir, yes. Yes, I can be there in 20 minutes,” Kara said on the phone as she got up, shoving her glasses on her face. “Yes, thank you, I’ll have it on your desk by morning.” She balanced the phone between her shoulder and her ear and yanked a drawer open, pulling a bra from inside before slamming it closed. She started unbuttoning her pajama shirt. “Of course. Good night sir.” Kara dropped the phone on the bed and started to change quickly, with her back to Lena, not really paying Lena any mind. She pulled the first shirt and pants she saw from her rack and put them on hastily.

“Kara?” Lena called and Kara jumped up like a frightened cat.

She turned around as if she had just remembered Lena was there, in the middle of buttoning her shirt. “Right, sorry,” she said smiling at Lena apologetically, even in the low light Lena could see Kara’s deep blush as she glanced down at herself and then back at Lena; they hadn’t exactly seen each other undress yet and Kara was slightly self-conscious of that fact. “There’s this thing Snapper wants me to cover, apparently some landlords are kicking alien residents out of their buildings a few blocks from here,” Kara explained finishing buttoning her shirt and tucking it inside her pants. “Like, right this moment. So I have to go.” Kara pulled her hair into a ponytail and rounded the bed.

Lena nodded. “Of course.”

Kara leaned down to kiss Lena quickly, finally calming down a little bit, seeming to melt as her lips touched Lena’s, her body relaxing under Lena’s hands placed gently on her hips. “I promise I’ll be back.” She kissed Lena again and smiled. “Hopefully before the sun is up.”

“Be safe,” Lena told her, fixing Kara’s shirt collar.

Kara grinned. “Always am.”

Lena frowned slightly. “Kara, I’m serious.”

Kara nodded, Lena’s tone sobering her. “I will, I promise.”

That made Lena relax a little bit and she pulled Kara for another kiss.

“I really gotta go,” Kara said reluctantly. She kissed Lena’s forehead before stepping away. “Get some sleep.”

Lena didn’t answer to that, she just let herself fall back on the bed when Kara let go.

And then Lena was alone.

She sighed loudly when she heard the door closing.

She felt as if the empty apartment was taunting her, which was as crazy as it sounded. Now that Kara was gone she definitely would not be getting any sleep.

-------
The minutes dragged on for ages. Lena didn’t even know how long it had passed but it felt like an eternity before she gave up on pretending like she was trying to sleep and got up from the bed.

Bringing the stuffed BB-8 with her for company, Lena went to get a glass of water and then dropped herself on the couch, wrapping the blanket Kara left there around herself, she buried her nose in it, sniffing the undoubtful Kara scent there, and smiled.

She considered going back home to see if she could try to get some sleep, but she knew it would upset Kara to come back and find her gone, so she just turned the tv on Netflix and put on a random episode of Crazy Ex-Girlfriend. She had picked up a habit of watching episodes of the comedies Kara got her into whenever she couldn’t sleep, they were light and fun and she could enjoy them even if she didn’t pay full attention.

Kara didn’t come back until almost 5 am, and Lena had managed to doze off a few times on the couch, achieving a total of maybe 15 minutes of almost-sleep.

Hearing the telltale noise of keys jiggling made Lena’s mood increase exponentially, so when the door opened, Lena was already looking towards it. When she saw Kara, her exact emotion was that of several exclamation points going around in her head.

Kara looked exhausted, and not exactly physically, but she perked up when she saw Lena.

“Hey,” Kara greeted with a smile as she dropped her things on the table.

“How was it?”

Kara groaned. “It was awful, Lena,” she whined dropping next to Lena on the couch and throwing her head back. “These assholes decided to do a ‘species cleanse’, you know, like a social cleanse, but with aliens.”

“That’s terrible!”

“Yeah, there were entire families, with little kids and everything, being thrown out, in the middle of the night. They just woke everyone up and gave them a few minutes to gather their stuff and leave. And like, not every alien looks different from humans so clearly they were singling people out by their appearance.”

“Stuff like these makes me glad I stopped the detector’s production before it could go anywhere,” Lena said. “Some people really do go the extra length to be cruel.”

Kara sighed. “Yeah, they really do.”

“Are they okay? Where are they going?”

“Shelters for now. I don’t know what’ll happen in the long run, but I’ll definitely be writing about it.”

“You’re doing good work, darling,” Lena told her with a smile. “Come here.” She pulled the blanket away from her and scooted closer to Kara, throwing the blanket over the both of them while she cuddled into Kara’s side. “Did you finish everything you needed to do?”

Kara hummed contently and wrapped one arm around Lena’s waist and with her free hand pulled Lena’s legs into her lap. “Not really. I have to transcribe the interviews and my notes and then write the article. But actually writing the article should be the quickest, transcribing interviews is the real boring part.” Kara grimaced, even though Lena couldn’t see it. “You didn’t have to wait up for me,
though.”

Lena winced, took a deep breath and confessed: “I can’t sleep.”

Kara frowned and leaned away so she could look at Lena. “What?”

“That’s why I avoided staying over,” Lena explained. “I don’t hate it here. I like it, actually. It’s comfortable and homey and it smells like you, and I love that. But I can’t sleep here. It’s just so bright and noisy all the time, and it’s always freezing. Your heater doesn’t work and your windows are always opened… It’s a nightmare for me. The three times I stayed over- I just couldn’t sleep, I spent the entire night staring at the ceiling and I was a mess the next day at work.”

“Why didn’t you tell me, Lena?”

“I didn’t want to offend you,” Lena said almost hesitantly.

Kara laughed. “You didn’t want to offend me by telling me you’re such a princess that you can’t sleep anywhere that’s not your castle.”

Lena sighed. “This isn’t some cute joke, Kara.”

“No, I know. It’s just that... I was thinking the worse when all that it is, is that you have insomnia, which is definitely not a new information.”

“How do you...?”

“I notice things, Lena. You have trouble sleeping. All the nights I stayed over I noticed how long it takes for you to fall asleep, how hard it can be. How you never seem fully comfortable until you’re actually sleeping.”

“And you never said anything?”

Kara grinned. “I was afraid it would offend you.”

“So we’ve both been walking on eggshells around each other over this.”

“I guess,” Kara laughed.

“Can we not do that?” Lena asked with a cute little frown that indicated how silly she thought was the situation they put themselves in. “I don’t want that to be us.”

“Yeah, I want us to talk about these things. I want you to know, Lena, that you can tell me anything you want, and I will never judge you.” She held Lena’s eyes in a way so intense Lena almost looked away, but she managed to hold it back.

“I know that. And the same goes for you. You can tell me anything, I won’t judge you. You can trust me.”

Kara nodded. “I do.”

“I do have trouble sleeping,” Lena admitted. “But you help.”

“Me?”

“Yes. Sleeping next to you... It makes me feel safe. It makes it easier for me to sleep.”
“Are you saying you can’t sleep without me?” Kara asked with a slightly teasing lilt in her voice.

Lena blushed and looked down into her lap. “I sleep better when you’re with me.”

Kara’s face lit up with one of her bright smiles. “I’m really glad. And it’s okay that we’re still learning these things, right? The talking, I mean.”

“Yeah,” Lena said and settled back against Kara.

“Do you want to try to sleep now that I’m here?”

“You have to work on your article,” Lena pointed out.

“Right.” Kara rubbed her eyes from under her glasses. “I won’t take all that long, and then we can both get some sleep. I’m really tired.” She yawned to illustrate.

“Don’t you have to be at work before Snapper?”

Kara shrugged. “I’ll send the article to Eve, James’ assistant, and ask her to print it and deliver it to Snapper, he won’t even notice I’m not there. I told you I don’t actually have to be there all the time, technically I’m a stringer. Plus, he owes me like 4 hours of sleep.”

“Okay.”

But they didn’t move from their position, just letting themselves enjoy each other’s comfort. The tv was still on, but neither paid attention to it.

“I’m sorry I answered your phone earlier,” Lena said softly on Kara’s shoulder. “I wasn’t looking, I just wanted it to stop ringing so I could not-sleep in peace.”

“It’s okay.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I would have done the same thing.”

“But it could have been your sister. She shouldn’t find out about us like that.”

“I’ll tell her,” Kara sighed. “I just… I need a little more time to be happy.” She poked Lena’s thigh until the brunette wiggled on her lap.

“That’s not what I meant.”

“I know, I know. I’ll remember not to leave my phone next to yours. But I do need to tell her, she shouldn’t find out any other way than me telling her.”

“Uhum,” Lena hummed. “But you can take your time.”

Kara took a deep breath and rested her cheek on Lena’s head. “I wish I didn’t have to, though. I wish I could talk to my sister about you and be sure she would be happy for me instead of afraid she’s going to lash out like she did before.”

“I know,” Lena sighed. She craned her neck to look at Kara, hand reaching out to cup Kara’s face. “I’m really sorry.” Kara nodded and Lena placed a kiss on her cheek. “Now get your cute butt to work so we can sleep,” she mockingly ordered, making Kara laugh. “You have a little over three hours before Jess starts freaking out that I’m not at work.”
“Sure thing, princess.”

Lena couldn’t say she remembered the last time catchy pop songs had been played loudly at her home, if ever. Yet there she was watching Kara dance around in her living room to a random playlist that had the catchiest pop songs from the 1980’s all the way to 2010’s, and she had to admit, like all things Kara, it was extremely delightful.

She loved watching Kara having mindless fun and not be worried about how complicated life could get outside of the penthouse.

It was late in the evening of a Saturday and they had met up for lunch and spent all the rest of the day in Lena’s living room, just relaxing, Lena had been reading until Kara announced it was too quiet and connected her phone to Lena’s sound system.

“Wake me up before you go go, Don’t leave me hanging on like a yo-yo,” Kara sang. “Come on Lena, dance with me,” she called laughing.

Lena would swear she was reluctant to do so, but all Kara had to do was raise her hands and smile and Lena was convinced.

“Wake me up before you go go, ‘Cause I’m not planning on going solo,” Kara continued, dancing towards Lena, thrusting her hips and shaking her shoulders playfully, which had Lena burst out laughing. “Wake me up before you go go, Take me dancing tonight.”

Kara laced their fingers together and tugged Lena around to the rhythm of the song, twisting around in the living room in their socks, giggling all the way, Kara made Lena twirl and Lena squealed as she was spun by the arm. Lena slipped more than once and Kara easily caught her by the waist each time, steadying her up, smile never wavering.

Around two or three songs later, Lena dropped her head on Kara’s shoulder trying to catch her breath, her hands finding their way inside Kara’s sweater as she hugged her. Kara wrapped her arms around Lena’s shoulder and pressed her lips to her hairline.

“You’re already tired?” Kara giggled.

“I work over 58 hours a week, usually behind a desk, I don’t exactly have all that much time to exercise. Especially now that I have a girlfriend, and she takes up all of my free time,” Lena said, dragging the last sentence teasingly.

“Oh,” Kara said playing along. “She sounds annoying.”

“Hey!” Lena protested, slapping Kara lightly on the arm. “Don’t talk about my girlfriend like that.”

A delicious laugh bubbled out of Kara. But it didn’t last.

Lena watched Kara’s face as it started, freezing mid-laugh as the drumroll like sound rang from the sky, turning sickishly pale in a way Lena never imagined she could see on Kara.

She frowned.
“Hey, are you okay?” Lena asked concerned.

Pulling the most forced smile Lena had ever seen, Kara nodded. “Great.”

“You sure?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Kara deflected, but it came out weak as the noise continued and Kara clenched her jaw, swallowing hard.

“Kara?”

“I’m fine.”

And then the first thunder sounded, cracking the air like nature’s whip and then grumbling loudly like the earth was coming apart with it, and Kara winced. She took a step back and turned around.

“It’s fine,” Kara insisted without even looking at Lena.

Lena followed her, placing a hand gently on Kara’s arm, feeling the body shaking against her fingers, and when the second thunder cracked, Kara whimpered.

Kara usually got uncomfortable with loud noises, but this was more than just the sensorial issue.

“Let’s get you seated, okay?” Lena instructed softly and Kara could only nod. She guided the blonde towards the couch and crouched in front of her. “Please tell me what’s wrong so I can help you.”

Kara still avoided Lena’s eyes, shaking her head vehemently. “It’s… it’s noth-” She was interrupted midsentence by another thunder followed by the violent instant fall of the heavy rain.

Lena watched helplessly as Kara placed her hands over her ears and squeezed her eyes shut, her jaw still clenched tight, whimpering as the thunders kept cracking louder and louder.

So Lena did the only thing she could.

She sat next to Kara and pulled the blonde to her, and Kara reacted instantly, curling against Lena, arms wrapped tightly, her head rested against Lena’s chest, listening to her heartbeat.

Lena’s heart clenched painfully as Kara cried against her chest, she stroked Kara’s hair and back trying to soothe her, but she knew it wasn’t enough.

“So loud, Lena,” Kara whimpered.

“I know, darling, I know.” Lena pressed kisses on Kara’s hair. It took all of her strength not to wince when another thunder made Kara tighten her hold a little bit stronger than it was comfortable.

“I d-d-do-don’t like t-t-thunders,” Kara sobbed.

Lena didn’t say anything, she just kept stroking Kara’s hair, placing kisses on her hair, hoping she was giving Kara at least a little bit of comfort. It completely broke her heart to see the hero, the woman the entire city – the entire planet – worshiped like a goddess, the strongest person she’d ever met inside and out, curled up and crying like a scared little girl, and she had no idea how to help her.

Sure Lena admitted that the thunders and the rain were stronger and louder than usual, it sounded like the world was coming apart…

*Oh, fuck,* Lena thought, *Kara said she remembered the day her parents died, the day her planet*
“It reminds you of your parents, doesn’t it? Of that day?” Lena asked and Kara nodded.

Another loud crack.

Kara cried.

“Shh, I know darling. You’re safe here, okay? Nothing bad is going to happen. You’re safe.”

Lena was so focused on calming Kara she almost missed Kara’s phone ringing. She stretched her arm to reach for the phone, managing to grab it by the tip of her fingers.

“Your sister is calling you,” she warned Kara in a soft voice.

Kara untangled herself from Lena, leaving behind a damp spot on Lena’s sweater where her face had been. She took a shaky breath, not even really trying to calm herself down and accepted the call.

“Alex!” she gasped into the phone.

“Hey, baby girl,” Alex said softly.

Kara broke again at her sister’s voice. “It’s so loud, Alex,” she whined just as another thunder sounder and she recoiled to Lena’s side again.

“I know, honey. I’m on my way, okay?”

“I’m n-n-not home.” Kara sniffed against Lena’s shoulder, Lena’s hand running through her hair helping her calm down.

“Where are you?”

“Lena’s.”

“Oh.” Alex sounded almost disappointed. “Is she helping you? Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’ll be f-fine.”

“Okay. I’m glad you have a friend to take care of you right now. But I’m here if you need me, only one call away.”

“I know.”

“I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Kara turned her phone off and dropped it somewhere she didn’t pay attention, going back to burying her face on Lena’s sweater.

“You’re staying, right?” Lena asked after a while.

Kara only nodded.

“Okay, darling, let’s get to bed. I know it won’t change much but we’ll be more comfortable there.”

“Yeah.”
Kara let Lena pull her up and guide her to the bedroom, wincing at every loud noise from outside.

“Hey, Lena?” Kara said once they were settled on Lena’s bed, her head over Lena’s heart again and Lena’s arms protectively around her.

“Yes, darling.”

“Thank you for taking care of me.”

“Always.”

Two more claps of thunder in quick succession.

“C-can you talk?”

“About what?”

“Anything. Your voice helps.”

Lena’s chest filled with warmth.

They spent the next few hours like that, on top of Lena’s covers in the clothes they were wearing for the day, Kara curled up on Lena and Lena talking about all kinds of things she could think about to calm Kara. Eventually, the skies calmed down a bit and Lena’s voice and the scratch of her short nails on Kara’s scalp lulled Kara to sleep. Even in her sleep, Kara kept flinching at every thunder, her hands gripping Lena’s sweater so hard it would probably be ruined in the morning.

Lena kept talking to Kara, running her fingers through blonde hair and making calming noises every time there was a thunder until she fell asleep herself.

It was clear to everyone with eyes that Lena Luthor had a very light skin. What with the Irish genes from her mother side and the Scottish genes from the Luthor side it made for a very light complexion, nearly unable to tan, and sensitive enough to get sunburns even with several coats of sunscreen and sometimes even with a shirt on.

So Lena bruised very easily. It was something she didn’t exactly like about herself, how just a little bump or a stronger hold could sprout new purple markings all over her skin. Lillian didn’t like it either because it led to Lena’s legs being constantly marred with spots of all stages of bruising, which didn’t exactly make for the pristine look Lillian demanded of her, especially when there was a social event they were required to attend.

It wasn’t exactly great during her college years either, not the first few when she was barely a teenager but in her late teens and early twenties, this little factor proved to be highly inconvenient. Evidences of her latest hookups were constantly left in her body, her classmates were privy to a lot more than she would have liked to share, and all because of her light, sensitive skin. A harder squeeze or bite, while pleasurable in the moment, caused Lena several days of exposure and embarrassment depending on its location.

Which brought her to Kara.
In retrospect, Lena should probably have told Kara about that, and about other things regarding the same subject, but they hadn’t exactly talked about it, at all.

They were actually taking things slow, Lena letting Kara dictate their rhythm when it came to the physical stuff. Because she didn’t want Kara to be uncomfortable, yes, but also because she didn’t want to ruin things by trying to move too fast.

And it wasn’t for lack of attraction.

She wanted Kara, maybe too much even. She thought about Kara constantly, even before she admitted her feelings for her, dreamed about her. About Kara’s body against her own, about Kara’s hands on her body, about both of them surrendering themselves completely to each other, getting lost in each other.

But in her experience whenever the relationship got to the sex part, it became only about sex. And she really didn’t want that for them, Kara meant too much to her for that.

So when she noticed how Kara kept her distracted from that aspect, she decided to play along and not press it.

Kara tried to be sneaky a lot of the time, and a lot of the time Kara wasn’t even aware of what she was doing, but Lena noticed anyways. Once she realized it, she couldn’t not notice.

It wasn’t always subtle, but it was a very consistent pattern.

They were having a moment, and that moment started to become more charged, longing looks and lingering touches that explicitly said they wanted more, and all they had to do was go for it because it was theirs to take. And suddenly Kara was backpedaling, shifting the mood completely with a distraction and Lena was left buzzing with desire for something that had just been close enough to touch and was being yanked away.

It was often awkward, but Kara managed to be smooth about it sometimes. Her go-to excuse was food. One moment she was looking at Lena like she was a snack, staring at her mouth so intently that Lena could hardly breathe afraid to disturb her, like the only thing she could think of was kissing Lena hard enough to make Lena forget her own name, like if she didn’t kiss Lena right that instant she was going to go insane, like Lena was the air she needed to breathe and she was drowning. And then Kara was swallowing hard, looking away, pulling an overexaggerated smile and announcing she was hungry.

There were also the times her excuse was just to awkwardly start blabbing about something, usually random, about movies or a tv show or about something that happened that day, pulling their attention back to the tv or whatever else they had been doing first.

And the blatant non-evasive interruptions. The gasped out and stuttered, almost reluctant ‘can we stop?’ that came between their lips in the oft moments that they got carried away with each other, when innocent kisses turned into more and hands pulled at hips, arms, legs, fingers tangled into hair and clothes, anything to get their bodies closer. When Kara’s entire body shook as she fought the want deep within her, trying her best not to get too lost, not to touch Lena too hard. When Kara pulled back firmly but still gentle, and put some space between them, her jaw tightening and her eyes closing as she tried to gather herself, she’d apologize, almost ashamed, and Lena would tell her it was okay, that there was nothing to apologize, that they didn’t need to do anything. She’d approach Kara like one would a skittish animal, carefully, with a soft voice and a gentle touch, reassuring Kara that she did nothing wrong, she’d get closer as Kara started to relax and press a kiss to Kara’s cheek, wrap her arms around Kara’s waist and snuggle close to her.
Those were Lena’s favorite moments, when she could see how much Kara was affected by her, when Kara wasn’t afraid to tell her what she needed, tell her she was uncomfortable or afraid or just not ready, that it was too much. When her desire wasn’t just there running through her body frustratingly while deprived of its fuel, but instead shifted into something softer, into caring for Kara, making sure Kara was okay and not uncomfortable, that made her chest almost ache with how deeply her feelings for the woman ran, resonating all through her body. She had never felt anything like it for anyone, never cared so selflessly, nor so strongly about another person. Her own desire, her emotions taking a second place over Kara’s. Her happiness almost entirely dependent on Kara’s. It scared her, but it was exhilarating. Feeling so much for Kara, and knowing Kara felt for her as well, it was the best feeling she had ever known.

For that reason, Lena was a little surprised when Kara asked with almost complete composure and without her voice wavering:

“Would you sit on my lap?”

A little surprised was an understatement. Lena almost choked on her saliva. Before her short-circuited brain could rewire to think of an answer, Kara was speaking again.

“It’s just- this thing I wanted to try. It’s okay if you don’t want to.”

“You mean like…” Lena started, looking at Kara carefully. “Are you sure?”

Kara nodded, a little bashfully now.

“Okay.” Lena stood up from the couch they were sitting side by side and walked until she was in front of Kara, Kara followed her with her eyes the entire time. When Lena was in front of her, Kara looked up, their eyes meeting, and she gave Lena a little nod. Lena placed her hands carefully on Kara’s shoulder and, never breaking eye contact, eased herself into Kara’s lap, knees on each side of Kara, she slid them forward until she was satisfied with her position, so she lowered her body the rest of the way to rest on Kara’s legs, fully sitting on her thighs. “Is this okay?”

Kara inhaled carefully, swallowed visibly, and nodded. “Y-yes. It’s good.”

“What else did you have in mind?” Lena asked gently, making sure to not sound too suggestive as to not pressure Kara.

“Kissing,” Kara whispered, but added a little smile at the end, almost a smirk, and it made Lena laugh.

“I’m liking this already,” Lena said with a smile. She moved her hands from Kara’s shoulders up to cup Kara’s face gently. “Do you want me to start?”

Kara sighed, practically melting into Lena’s hands. “Yes, please.”

Lena let out a little laugh as she lowered her head to kiss Kara. Kara responded immediately, seeking Lena’s lips eagerly. Lena smirked against Kara’s lips and leaned forward with her entire body to deepen the kiss.

“Where are your hands?” Lena whispered before pulling Kara’s bottom lip into her mouth.

Kara whimpered and placed her hands carefully on Lena’s waist. Lena had other plans, she placed her hands on top of Kara’s and dragged them lower, not exactly on her butt yet not on her back either. Just as she was dragging her teeth over Kara’s bottom lip she squeezed her hands and then pulled them away, leaving Kara’s to hold her by themselves.
“I really like kissing you.”

Lena smiled. “I like when you kiss me.”

“I’ve been thinking about kissing you on the neck a lot lately,” Kara blurted out.

Lena laughed softly and put a hand on Kara’s cheek, bringing her back to a quick kiss. “Do you want to do it now?” Kara bit her lip and nodded. “You can, if you want to.”

“Would you like me to?”

Lena smiled fondly. “I would like it very much.”

“Okay.” Kara took a deep breath and started kissing Lena again, on her jaw at first, slowly working her way down to Lena’s neck.

When Kara’s warm lips made contact with the skin over her pulse point, Lena couldn’t help but moan. She half expected Kara to stop, to freeze and try to deviate the situation somehow, but it only fueled Kara further, making her way lower, following the tendons of Lena’s neck.

“I’ve always loved this little spot you have right here,” Kara whispered, kissing said spot a little harder, and Lena moaned again.

Kara got more confident then, parting her lips more, placing wet kisses carefully across Lena’s neck. The sensation was amazing, Lena could feel every kiss in her entire body, sending sharp jolts of pleasure down her spine. She gasped when Kara decided to use her teeth, nipping the most sensitive spot on Lena’s neck, if it was intentional or just a lucky coincidence Lena didn’t know nor did she care as the liquid pleasure flooded through her body. She dug her nails into the back of Kara’s neck, throwing her head back to give Kara more access.

As her teeth left, Kara was already using her lips to suck on the exact same spot and Lena felt it all the way down to her core, thrusting her hips forward just a little, not really getting the friction she wanted. Kara seemed to be enjoying the reaction she was getting from Lena, if the grin against her neck was any indication. But Lena knew she was reaching her limit, which meant she had to stop Kara before her arousal got too uncomfortable for her.

“Kara,” Lena tried to say in a firm voice but it came out in a moan, and it did the contrary of making Kara stop. Kara sucked harder on Lena’s neck and Lena considered just keeping quiet and letting it go on, hissing at the sensation. “Kar-ah,” she gasped with a particularly good nip. “We have to-to stop,” she managed to say.

Kara pulled back immediately, flushed face, yanking her hands away from Lena and looking at her with alarm. “Have I done something wrong? Did I hurt you?” she asked quickly.

“No,” Lena gasped, catching her breath. “No,” she repeated, slightly more composed, in her ever sort voice, “you’re perfect.” She smiled fondly at Kara, stroking her cheek. “Which is the problem.” At Kara’s puzzled face, Lena laughed. “I was enjoying it too much, Kara,” she explained, and it took a while for Kara to understand, but Lena saw the moment she did.

“Oh!” Kara all but squeaked.

Kara pulled back immediately, flushed face, yanking her hands away from Lena and looking at her with alarm. “Have I done something wrong? Did I hurt you?” she asked quickly.

“No,” Lena gasped, catching her breath. “No,” she repeated, slightly more composed, in her ever sort voice, “you’re perfect.” She smiled fondly at Kara, stroking her cheek. “Which is the problem.” At Kara’s puzzled face, Lena laughed. “I was enjoying it too much, Kara,” she explained, and it took a while for Kara to understand, but Lena saw the moment she did.

“Oh!” Kara all but squeaked.

Yeah.” Lena nodded, laughing again. “I figured you’d want a little break. Because I certainly could use some.” She kept stroking Kara’s cheek, trying to calm both Kara and herself a little bit. “Unless you’d like to keep going.”
Kara inhaled sharply, making a noise between a gasp and a squeal. “N-no, you’re right, we should- we should, uhm, stop,” she scrambled to say, squirming a little under Lena.

The unintentional friction Kara’s thigh caused against Lena’s core sent a jolt of pleasure all through Lena’s body. “D-don’t,” Lena stuttered, “please don’t move like that,” she gasped.

Kara’s eyes widened and her face flushed again. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine.” Lena dropped her head to Kara’s shoulder. “It’s just… it’s been a while. And you’re wonderful,” she explained.

“I am?”

Lena chuckled. “Don’t sound so pleased with yourself.”

Kara laughed.

“We need to talk,” Lena said after a while, “about this.” Kara groaned. “I know, you’ve been avoiding it this entire time.”

“You noticed?”

“You’re kidding, right?” Lena laughed, sitting back to look at Kara, Kara’s hands automatically went to her hips, gently holding her in place. “It’s only extremely obvious.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, darling.”

“It’s not that I don’t want you,” Kara told her. “I do, I want you so much.” She sighed deeply, glancing at Lena’s body for a second. “I’m just not ready.”

Lena smiled at Kara. “It’s alright, darling. It’s perfectly fine. I’m not going to pressure you into doing anything you’re not comfortable with.”

Kara nodded, with a little frown. “It’s just that, we’ve been together for a while now, most people start expecting certain things after a while.”

“I’m not most people,” Lena answered without missing a beat, without losing the softness in her voice.

“You’re not,” Kara agreed with a smile.

“I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want to,” Lena insisted. “I’m happy, and you’re happy, right?” Kara nodded. “Then I don’t need anything else.” She smiled and kissed Kara’s cheek. “Except for you to talk to me about it. Tell me when you’re not comfortable, instead of shouting in my face that you need food.”

Kara blushed deeply. “Sorry. I’ll… I’ll do that.” Kara nodded, mostly to herself, and Lena thought it was adorable. “What about…?” Kara couldn’t finish the sentence but she gestured with her head to Lena’s body.

“I’m a big girl, I can take care of myself.”

“Oh,” Kara said dumbly, her eyes going wide and her cheeks burning even redder.
Lena winced at her choice of words. “I didn’t mean it like that.” She raised an eyebrow and pondered for a second. “Well, that too,” she added with a wink. Kara gasped a little. “I don’t want you to worry about going at anyone’s pace but your own, okay?”

Kara nodded. “Okay.”

“We’ll work on you getting more comfortable,” Lena said. “But it doesn’t have to lead to anything. It’s just nice to be comfortable with each other.”

“Yeah, I think so too.”

“Great,” Lena sighed. “Now I’m hungry,” she announced and Kara laughed. “And you ruined my underwear. So you stay here and order us something, while I go freshen up.” She patted Kara on her shoulder and then used the shoulder to help her stand up, smirking at herself when Kara looked like she was going to faint.

Hours later, they were back on the same couch, splayed over the soft cushions, Lena’s legs across Kara’s lap which had quickly become her favorite way to rest, with takeout boxes all over the coffee table.

“Lena?” Kara called softly.

“Hm?”

“You said you don’t have experience with relationships,” Kara started. “But you were so great earlier…”

“I’m just naturally amazing at everything I do,” Lena joked. Kara giggled and poked her in the leg. “I don’t need to have experience with relationships to know how to treat you well. I care about you, Kara,” she said seriously. “And I care about what you are feeling. That’s all there is to it.”

Kara seemed to accept that because she nodded and smiled. “I care about you too. And about what you’re feeling.”

“That’s good. I’ve heard it’s a good thing in a relationship,” Lena teased.

Kara narrowed her eyes at her, trying not to laugh. “Smart ass.”

Lena smirked. “I am,” she agreed. “Also great ass.” She winked at Kara and the blonde rolled her eyes.

“You’re so full of yourself,” Kara teased.

Lena laughed. “I mean, have you seen me?”

Kara giggled. “That’s fair.”

Lena grinned widely, meeting Kara’s eyes for a while before she decided to get up. “I’m going to get a glass of water. Do you want something from the kitchen?” she asked as she stretched, raising her arms up and feeling her joints pop pleasantly, her shirt riding up just slightly. When Kara didn’t answer, she looked down. “Kara?”

Kara was staring hard at Lena’s hips, a look of horror on her face.

“Kara?” Lena repeated.
“Why didn’t you tell me?” Kara whispered, sounding almost eerie.

Lena frowned. “Didn’t tell you what, darling?”

Kara’s hands were shaking when she reached for Lena, touching only Lena’s sweater and lifting it up, careful not to actually touch Lena. “That I-I hurt you.”

“Because you didn’t hurt me, Kara,” Lena said simply.

“Then what am I looking at?” Kara’s fingers hovered over Lena’s skin, her face pained, eyes fixated where her fingers were almost touching.

Lena didn’t have to look to know what Kara was talking about. She sighed in resignation. “I didn’t want you to worry.”

Kara gulped. “So it was me.”

“Yes,” Lena whispered, even though they both knew it wasn’t necessary.

“When?”

“Last night,” Lena said, it sounded like a confession.

“Last night?” Kara repeated. Lena nodded, Kara wasn’t looking at her face, but she did see the movement. “When I…”

“Kara, look at me,” Lena asked.

But Kara ignored her, lifting the sweater higher. Lena could see her jaw trembling. “Oh Rao, what have I done,” Kara whispered terrified, her eyes stung with tears.

The large purple bruises that were on Lena’s sides were all exposed now, one on her waist, and on the other side another closer to her ribs, the result of the loud thunders the night before that brought Kara to tears.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Lena told her. “You were scared.”

It really hadn’t been Kara’s fault. Not really. Kara just happened to squeeze Lena tighter every time a thunder was too loud as she cried herself to sleep, and even after she was asleep. Lena didn’t complain once, just let Kara hug her as tight as she needed, because Kara’s comfort was more important to her than a little pressure against her skin. Maybe it was a little careless of her to simply let the strongest being on the planet clutch to her body, so close to her bones, but Kara was terrified and the last thing Lena thought of at that moment was herself.

Kara shook her head, squeezing her eyes closed, tears running down her cheeks. “I’m so sorry.”

Lena crouched in front of Kara and put a hand gently on her face. “Kara, please!”

Kara did look this time, her eyes landing on the side of Lena’s neck, where a bright red spot had sprouted. And then she met Lena’s eyes, her own eyes pleading and full of tears. “Lena, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you, I’m so sorry. I can’t believe I’ve done that. I-”

“Kara!” Lena interrupted Kara’s babblings with a firm voice. “Hey! You didn’t hurt me, darling,” she told her softly.

“I didn’t?”
“You didn’t. This is normal.”

“This is normal?”

Lena nodded, rubbing Kara’s tears away with her thumbs. “It is. I have very light skin, I bruise easily. I promise you didn’t hurt me.”

“Yo-you promise?”

“I promise, darling,” Lena assured, wrapping her arms around Kara’s shoulders and pulling her into a hug. It wasn’t exactly a lie, it didn’t hurt, sure it was a little tender, as all bruises are, but it didn’t hurt. She pressed a kiss to the side of Kara’s head and the blonde choked on a sob but didn’t dare hug Lena back. “Shh, it’s okay, darling, you didn’t hurt me, I’m okay.”

“You’ll tell me if I hurt you?”

“You won’t,” Lena said certain.

“But you’ll tell me,” Kara insisted.

“I will.”

“I’m sorry,” Kara repeated.

Lena shook her head. “You don’t have to be sorry, darling. You didn’t do anything wrong.” But it was clear in the way Kara shook her head that she didn’t believe it. Lena pulled away and held Kara’s face gently, forcing Kara to look at her. “Can you tell me?” Kara looked confused. “Tell me you didn’t hurt me.”

“Lena.”

“Say it,” Lena insisted. “Say it to me. You didn’t hurt me.”

“I didn’t hurt you,” Kara repeated, but it sounded empty.

Lena didn’t press further, she pressed a kiss on Kara’s forehead and stood up, intent on going to the kitchen again.

“I’ll… I’ll go home,” Kara said barely above a whisper.

Lena turned around fast. “You don’t have to.” Kara was already up.

“No, I, I need a little space.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.” Kara took a deep breath. “And Eliza is coming over tomorrow, so…”

Lena nodded. “Okay. I just need you to tell me.”

Kara didn’t hesitate. “I didn’t hurt you.” She still didn’t sound so sure.

“I need you to believe that, Kara.”

Kara nodded but didn’t meet Lena’s eyes.

“I’ll talk to you later?” Lena asked, and Kara only nodded and hummed her response, not even
bothering to take anything with her as she made her way towards the elevator. “Kara?” Lena called and Kara stopped. “Can I get a goodbye kiss?” Lena asked timidly, she needed to know they were okay.

Kara looked up then, meeting Lena’s apprehensive eyes, so very green at that moment it almost pained her. She tried a small smile as she walked back to Lena, shaky hands almost touching Lena’s waist when she was close enough but she restrained herself. She leaned her head down and kissed Lena softly, and the touch of those soft lips against hers made her entire body relax for a little while, and all she wanted was to stay, stay with Lena, stay in Lena’s arms all night as she let herself cry and Lena comfort her, but she didn’t feel like she deserved that. “I’ll talk to you later,” she told Lena assuring when she pulled back, and Lena smiled.

-------

“I got pizza!” Alex announced walking into Kara’s apartment carrying 3 boxes of pizza and closing the door with her foot.

“I knew there was a reason I loved you,” Kara joked, but without her usual cheerfulness.

“Yes,” Alex agreed, “me bringing you food is the only reason you accepted me as your sister.”

Kara nodded as she tried to open the top box, but Alex pulled it out of her reach. “Hey!”

“Hug first, pizza later,” Alex demanded, settling the pizzas on the table and turning back to Kara with her arms open. Kara seemed to hesitate for a second, which Alex knew that for a Kryptonian was a long time, before allowing herself to fall into Alex’s arms. But she didn’t hug back. Alex frowned at that. “You okay?” she asked.

“Yeah, sure, I’m great!” Kara said quickly and then stepped away from Alex, seeming to move very carefully. “I’m just so hungry!” she added with forced chipperness. She used super speed to open a box, stack two slices together, and sit down on the couch, nibbling on her pizza(s) with a far off look, frowning a little.

Alex recognized it as Kara stewing over something and decided to press just a little bit. She took the pizza boxes from the table and walked to the couch to join Kara, placing the boxes on the coffee table.

“C’mon, Kar, you can tell me,” Alex said, trying to get Kara to look at her. “What’s bothering you?”

“Nothing is bothering me,” Kara deflected.

Alex raised her eyebrows at that, disbelievingly, and leaned forward with a knowing look to tap one finger lightly over Kara’s crinkle.

Kara scoffed. “I hate that thing.”

“What’s going on?” Alex insisted.

Kara sighed. With super speed or just overall grossness, she shoved the rest of her pizza in her mouth and swallowed it in less than a second, wiping her hands on a napkin before turning to Alex. Fidgeting almost violently with her fingers on her lap she tried. “It’s just that I… I mean… it’s, uhm… ugh,” she sighed exasperatedly when she couldn’t form a sentence. “Have I ever… was there ever a time where I… where I hurt you, you know, by accident, and you hid it from me?”
“No,” Alex denied coolly.


Alex raised one eyebrow at Kara but didn’t retaliate. “What’s this about, Kara?”

There it was, Kara thought, she had to tell Alex, she knew Lena wasn’t Alex’s favorite subject, but she needed to tell her sister what happened. Alex was the only person she could really talk about this, no one else but her sister would understand.

“Last night, with the thunders and all,” she started, speaking slowly, word for word, looking at Alex carefully. “I, uhm, I hugged Lena, when I was… not okay,” Alex nodded, to show Kara she was following, “and I ended up hurting her, because I squeezed too hard, while I was…”

“Not okay?” Alex finished when Kara took too long to do so.

Kara nodded. “Yes.” She looked desolated almost. “And she didn’t tell me, but I found out today. She swears I didn’t hurt her, but I saw it, Alex, the bruises.”

“So that’s why you didn’t hug me,” Alex concluded. Kara nodded, looking very small. “Did you tell her about Supergirl?” Alex tried not to sound judgmental, but she knew it came off anyway.

“No,” Kara denied. “No.” She frowned. Maybe that was the reason this was bothering her so much because she knew she had to tell Lena sooner rather than later, but she was terrified of doing so.

“I know how deeply you feel things, and how overwhelming the bad things can be,” Alex started. “Sometimes you get carried away by an emotion, and you forget to check yourself, and yes, it can leave a mark and it can be uncomfortable, but it’s not as bad as you think.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Alex sighed. “Look, Kar, I know it can’t be easy for you. But you shouldn’t be so hard on yourself. You care too much to actually hurt someone.”

“I’m not always in control.”

“Even subconsciously, you could never hurt someone.”

“I hurt you,” Kara insisted.

Alex shook her head. “That wasn’t your fault.”

“But that’s what I mean!”

“Accidents do happen, yes. But you can’t focus on what could go wrong and stop yourself from living your life.”

And so Kara laughed. “What’s that? Generic wisdom,” she teased.

“Yes,” Alex agreed, laughing as well. “But it’s also true, and you know it.”

Kara sighed and gave Alex a small smile. “You always know what to say to make me feel better.”

Alex smirked. “That’s because I’m the older sister, I’m the smart one.”

“And what am I?”
“The weird and annoying one,” Alex said without missing a beat.

Kara faked an offended face. “Oh, I see how it is.”

They both laughed for a few seconds, and as the laughter died down, Alex got serious again. “If…” Alex hesitated for a second. “If Lena says you didn’t hurt her, just believe her. Even if she’s lying to protect your feelings. She’s your friend, it’s normal that she’ll want you to not be upset.”

The warm feeling that had been building up inside of Kara died the second she heard the word friend, replaced by a sharp stab of guilt in her chest. “Yeah,” she said forcing a smile. “That’s what friends do.” She hated lying about her and Lena, hated having her relationship to Lena being classified as ‘friends’. It felt wrong. Denying their relationship felt wrong. Even if it wasn’t a denial, by a technicality, referring to Lena as just her ‘friend’ felt diminishing of what they had.

Even if she knew she would have to lie about them at some point if she intended to keep their relationship a secret, she hadn’t calculated how doing so would make her feel. And it was in that moment that she decided she didn’t want to lie about them anymore. She wanted to tell everyone. Not only everyone that mattered to her, but everyone else as well. She wanted to tell the world that Lena Luthor was her girlfriend.

She just had to tell Lena first.

“Hey Kar,” Alex’s voice pulled Kara out of her thoughts. “You okay?”

Kara turned to her sister and smiled. “I am.” Alex smiled back. “Now enough talking, we have pizza to eat and a show to catch up on.”

“Oh, yes!” Alex perked up, moving to get her first slice of pizza. “I’ve been dying to find out who died in the fire. I vote Wes, god I hate Wes.”

“Me too! But I think it’ll be Nate, because it’d be worse for Annalise, make her look more guilty, you know? Killing her ex and all.”

“Yeah, but that’s too predictable, you know, not shocking enough. No one would be expecting Wes to be killed.”

“True,” Kara agreed. “And Wes being killed would make everyone sad, as opposed to any other death. Especially now that he and Laurel are dating, which makes no sense, but okay.”

Alex snorted. “Ha! Yes, that’s the kind of hetero bullshit you’d expect from the CW, not Shondaland.”

Kara laughed loudly.

“What?”

“Nothing. Is just... That’s something Lena would say.”

Alex smiled, to Kara’s surprise. “Smart woman.”

“Yeah, she is,” Kara said with a big smile. “Okay, I’m starting now.”

“Yes!” Alex said sitting back on the couch. “Can you heat up my pizza?” She asked offering her slice to Kara.

Kara rolled her eyes, unable to hide the smile on her lips. “You’re always using me like this.”
Alex shrugged. “What good is it to have an alien sister if I don’t take advantage of your powers.” She winked at Kara, who laughed and used her heat vision to heat up Alex’s pizza. “Thank you, I love you.”

“Yeah yeah. Now shush.”

Alex smiled and snuggled closer to her sister, smiling when Kara relaxed against her.

---

Kara was not avoiding Lena. Not really.

After her talk with Alex, she accepted that maybe she should relax a little bit, stop thinking about the negative side of her powers, but it was a little hard, and the guilt she felt from hurting Lena was too strong.

Eliza visiting for Passover was just an extremely well-timed and convenient excuse.

Eliza stayed at Kara’s for all eight days of it, and Kara didn’t mind, after everything Eliza had done for her, the least she could do was accommodate her adoptive mother in her house, even if it meant she’d be sleeping on the couch. It was a rather comfortable couch.

Obviously, Eliza knew that Supergirl’s job required a certain flexibility, but Kara managed to get Monday and Tuesday off from CatCo, to which Snapper wasn’t pleased, and on top of that she was making excuses to not talk to Lena and wallow in her guilt, so she turned off her personal phone on Monday, which normally she wouldn’t, she’d just keep it on silent and not check it around Eliza. Winn joined them early on Monday, a while after Eliza arrived letting the woman spoil him with the affection he didn’t have growing up, he brought with him a huge bag of kosher candy that he and Kara wasted no time in devouring. Winn liked to watch Kara using her heat vision to light candles, and he reasoned with Alex that it was to help Kara with her accuracy, but it was entirely for his own amusement that he kept blowing the candles and asking Kara to do it again.

J’onn and Maggie joined them for dinner on Monday but only J’onn came back on Tuesday and Kara and Winn shared a look and giggles when Alex announced that Maggie had to work that night. They had a feeling Eliza purposely prolonged the seder to test Maggie, as they had tried to do as well, but to mess with her. There were only two reasons Kara and Winn would ever wait over two hours to eat, religious rituals and messing with Alex, and messing with Maggie was indirectly messing with Alex too, so it was double the fun. James joined them on Tuesday, making a lot of questions that Eliza was more than happy to answer.

Kara only turned her phone back on when she woke up on Wednesday. She had explained to Lena that she was turning off her phone, but she was still a little disappointed to not have any messages from Lena to wake up to. Further into the morning, Lena did text, asking how she was and Kara felt her heart swelling for a little while.

“So what about that girl of yours,” Eliza asked on Thursday with a hint of teasing. “Is she not coming over to try to impress me like Maggie? Never thought I would find out who you were dating through the news, I expected at least a phone call.”

“I-I... Uh, Lena’s a... She’s a friend,” Kara stuttered. She didn’t feel right denying her relationship
with Lena, but she still hadn’t discussed with Lena about them telling people. “You know how sensationalist the media is these days,” she added awkward, with an even more awkward laugh.

“Right.” Eliza was not convinced. “Do you go on dates with all of your friends? Fancy restaurants, brunch, late-night walks through the park, sleepovers?”

“No. No. Lena’s... Lena’s... special.”

“Do you kiss all your friends?”

Kara blushed bright red. “That was... That... Wait,” Kara frowned. “Have you been keeping tabs on me?”

Eliza smiled. “Of course I have. It’s not every day your daughter is the talk of the tabloids. I mean, without it being the alter ego.”

“Yeah, well we’re not...” Kara trailed off. She couldn’t finish that. Not what? Not together? Not in love? Not the best thing she’s ever had in her life? Not lying to everyone they know because Kara was afraid of Alex’s reaction? “Lena’s my best friend,” she said instead. It was the truth, truth enough so Kara didn’t feel that guilty stab in her chest for denying Lena.

“Well, can’t I meet your best friend, then?”

“She’s a busy woman,” Kara said quickly.

Eliza didn’t push more, but she told Kara that she would love to meet Lena, even if she was just a friend.

Eliza left Monday night.

But her guilt wasn’t gone yet.

So Kara kept making excuses. Excuses not to see Lena. And it was killing her.

When Eliza was there, she didn’t have to elaborate much, but now she still felt a stab in her stomach at every lie.

She said Snapper was keeping her too busy to make up for the days she took off. She said she was out with her friends. She said she didn’t want to bother Lena at work because Lena is very important. She said she had plans with Alex. And Lena accepted all of them.

Until she didn’t.

Thursday night, Lena texted her.

And Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy)❤ did not beat around the bush.

**Lena:** Are we okay?

**Kara:** Of course. Why wouldn’t we be?

**Lena:** Well, I mean, you’ve been kind of avoiding me.
Kara: No I’m not

Lena: Kara, please don’t deny it, it’s rather insulting.

Lena: I’d say for two weeks, but I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt for the days your mom was staying over.

Kara: I’m sorry

Lena: If this is about the bruises, they’re completely gone now.

Kara: I just

Kara: I wasn’t feeling very well. I didn’t want to take it out on you

Kara: I’m sorry it came out that way

Kara: I didn’t mean to make you feel bad

Kara: I’m really sorry

Lena: It’s okay.

Lena: I really miss you, though.

Lena: Like, a lot.

Kara: yeah, I miss you too

Lena: Can you come over tomorrow? I’m updating my elevator’s security, putting biometric scans. So it’d be nice if you could come to get scanned.

Kara: sure

Lena: Can it be before I’m off to work? So I can start my day well with your kisses.

Kara: Of course! (Smiling Face With Open Mouth And Smiling Eyes )

Kara: kisses always make everything better

Lena: Great! I see you tomorrow.

Kara: yeah. Sleep well, princess

Lena: You too, darling (Face Throwing A Kiss )
Kara felt silly.

Not seeing Lena for almost twelve days was the single most stupid thing she had done all... all year. She couldn’t claim higher than that, she’d done some pretty stupid things in her life, and also recently. Although maybe ignoring Lena during the time Mxy was around was also very bad. But not as bad as going 275 hours and 45 minutes without seeing Lena, yes, she counted.

Her feeling so nervous, with butterflies in her stomach and a mild anxiety running up her throat, changing her outfit seven times just to see Lena before work, felt really silly.

Except she hadn’t seen Lena in two weeks and she really, really missed her.

So when she arrived at Lena’s building, her heart was going a mile a minute, every step seemingly making it easier to breathe again.

She was nearing Lena’s room when she called “Lena? I’m here!” and even her Kryptonian senses were too slow to register Lena sprinting towards her from the walk-in closet until Lena was throwing herself at Kara, arms wrapped tightly around Kara’s neck, face buried in her neck and feet inches from the ground.

“I missed you,” Lena all but gasped. “I missed you so much,” she confessed, hugging Kara a little bit tighter.

And suddenly Kara didn’t feel silly anymore because Lena felt the same way, Lena missed her as well. She hugged Lena back and sighed in relief, pressing a kiss against the side of Lena’s head.

“I missed you too. Like crazy,” Kara whispered back.

Lena pressed a kiss to Kara’s neck, before pulling away a little bit to look at Kara, the action causing her slide to the floor, and she would have fallen if it weren’t for Kara’s arms around her waist. Lena grabbed Kara’s face with both hands, it was a thing she had a habit of doing and Kara loved it, looking at Kara searchingly before meeting her eyes.

“I know it’s silly, and it’s only been eleven and a half days-”

Kara shook her head, holding Lena’s eyes. “It’s not silly,” she assured. “Definitely not silly.”

And then Lena’s lips were on hers, taking her breath away, literally, while giving her breath back metaphorically. She sighed into the kiss, parting her lips when Lena’s hands slid to her neck knowing it as a sign that Lena would deepen the kiss, which she did, and Kara’s knees got weak at the feeling of the tip of Lena’s tongue brushing lighting against the roof of her mouth.

They parted with a wet pop before either of them could really get worked up.

“I told you I was getting co-dependent,” Lena breathed out, resting her forehead against Kara’s.

“Well, maybe I am too.”

Lena smiled lazily and dropped her head to Kara’s shoulder again.

“I’ve been a bit of a jerk though,” Kara continued.

Lena shook her head no. “No, you just needed a little space, everyone needs some space from time to time. We can’t be fine all the time. And you had your mom over. I can’t blame you for spending a
holiday with your mother.”

“But I shut you out,” Kara insisted. “And I used Passover as an excuse for that. And I’m sorry.”

Lena pulled away to look at Kara. “It’s okay,” she said with a small smile. “I would just like you to tell me what’s going on, next time. I can help you, Kara, that’s why I’m here, I want to help you. But I can’t if you don’t share things with me.”

Kara sighed, sagging her shoulders. “Why was it easier to talk before we were dating. I mean, not all the time, but sometimes it feels harder.”

“That’s because when you’re just best friends, you don’t have to worry about saying something wrong that could lead to a breakup.”

Kara nodded, agreeing. “And a break up could ruin our friendship and I don’t want to lose my best friend.”

“You won’t lose me,” Lena said firmly. “You’ll always be my best friend.”

Kara sighed. “I’m not used to the, uhm, the hard stuff.”

“Me neither. But we promised we’d figure this out together.”

“Yeah.” Kara nodded again. “You think I’m doing a terrible job of communicating? I’m being a terrible girlfriend.”

“No,” Lena told her. “No, you’re doing great.” She pressed a kiss to Kara’s cheek. “You’re just afraid to say the wrong thing, and that’s normal.”

“You’re not afraid of saying the wrong thing,” Kara pointed out.

“I’m never afraid when I’m with you.”

Kara laughed as she blushed. “Smooth.”

Lena smiled widely, scrunching her nose a little. “I like to think so.”

Kara continued to laugh until her eyes traveled down below Lena’s chin. Her laughter died down when she realized Lena’s state of undress.

“You-you’re not wearing a shirt,” she stammered.

“Aren’t you perceptive,” Lena teased. Kara didn’t seem to notice Lena’s teasing, or anything, for that matter, her eyes fixed on Lena’s torso, slightly glossed over as if she didn’t believe what was in front of her. Lena smirked. “Like what you see?”

“Oh my gosh,” Kara gasped, her eyes going wide. “I’m so sorry Lena.” She spun around quickly, turning on her back so she couldn’t see Lena, but not making a move to leave. The few seconds ran like minutes for her Kryptonian brain and she knew the image of Lena in only her bra and tight skirt would join the other two glimpses she got and never leave her brain.

“You have quite the habit of showing up when I’m getting dressed,” Lena laughed with a hint of huskiness in her voice.

“I’m really sorry, Lena,” Kara repeated.
“There’s nothing to be sorry, Kara,” Lena assured her. “You can look if you want.” Her tone was light a jokingly, but she meant it. There was a sharp intake of breath coming from Kara at that, and Lena decided to press, softer this time. “Do you want to?”

Blushing furiously, Kara nodded.

Lena took a step forward and with a hand on Kara’s hips and then another on Kara’s jaw, turned the blonde gently. “Look at me,” she whispered, and Kara did. She held Kara’s eyes for a few seconds before pressing a light kiss to Kara’s lips, her thumb rubbing Kara’s cheek affectionately. And then she took a step back to give Kara a better view.

Lena watched as Kara gulped and let her eyes wander down almost reluctantly.

She let Kara take her time, let Kara take in every inch of her torso. The sharp lines of her collarbones, the soft lines of her breasts, the stark contrast of the deep blue lace of her bra against her pale skin, the soft plane of her stomach, and all the dots forming constellations on her skin.

Kara drank everything in, every detail.

But it wasn’t enough.

Almost as if sensing Kara’s need for more, Lena took a hold of the zipper on her skirt and pulled it down, letting the skirt fall, pooling around in her ankles. And so she stood there, exposed and bare in front of Kara, cover only in matching lace underwear, showing off more skin than Kara knew what to do with.

Kara gulped again, her hands twitching nervously on each side of her.

Lena took notice of that and smiled. “You can touch me, Kara.”

“I’m afraid I’ll hurt you.”

“I trust you,” Lena told her, holding her gaze. “Do you trust me?”

Kara nodded, confidently. If there was one thing she knew was that she trusted Lena wholeheartedly.

Lena held out both hands and waited for Kara to take them. She led Kara’s shaky hands to her lips, pressing a kiss on each palm before placing them on her hips and holding them there. “Good?” Lena asked and Kara nodded, eyes fixed on her hands.

“Yes,” Kara whispered.

“You still think you’re going to hurt me, don’t you?”

“I already did.”

Lena removed her hands from Kara’s to place them on the blonde’s face, gently directing Kara to look at her. “That was an entirely different situation,” she said firmly.

“I should have had better control over myself,” Kara said with a sigh.

“Okay. Why don’t we work on it?” Lena asked.

Kara frowned. “What do you mean?”
“This is another area in which we need to learn to communicate, that is different from just being friends. I know it’s scary, but we need to open up more,” Lena told Kara. “As I said the other day, I need you to talk to me about this, we need to trust each other.”

“I do trust you, Lena,” Kara insisted.

“Then trust me to tell you when something doesn’t feel good. You keep treating me like I’m made of glass and it’s agonizing sometimes. I’m not going to break, Kara. I need you to understand that. You’re not going to break me.”

Kara nodded along with Lena’s words, small, but enough to let Lena know she at least took in what she said.

“I know you don’t trust yourself all the time, so just leave that to me, okay? I trust you.”

“Okay.”

“Great.” Lena pushes up on her toes to kiss Kara’s cheek. “So how about we continue this some other time,” she suggested. “Because I have to get dressed for work, and we have to get you scanned.”

Kara nodded, relaxing a little bit as she pulled her hands from Lena’s body. “Yeah, definitely going back to that later.”

Lena bent down to pull her skirt back on and zipped it before noticing how Kara’s shoulder sagged and she breathed more easily. “Hey,” she said softly. “No pressure, okay?”

“Yeah,” Kara said back.

Lena smiled one last time at Kara and turned around, to go back to her closet. “I won’t take long,” she threw over her shoulder.

And she didn’t.

Not long after, Lena was stepping out of the closet looking as flawless as ever.

“You ready?” she asked Kara. Kara nodded her answer. “Okay, let’s go, we could stop for breakfast on the way, I’m starving.” Kara laughed as Lena grabbed her hand and led them out.

Before they could leave, Lena had to add Kara to her elevator system.

“So what exactly is this?” Kara asked as Lena gestured for her to press her palm against the screen.

“Just a biometric scan, but with a skin test, so it’s harder to trick,” Lena explained without taking her eyes off the screen. “It’s still in development, I mean, I’m still doing some tests on it, but soon enough it’s going to be put on the market by L-Corp.”

“You’re doing it, like by yourself? I thought you had hired someone to do it.”

Lena shrugged. “Why hire someone to do something when I can do a better job?” She added, throwing a smirk over her shoulder at Kara.


“Yes, I did. But this is not exactly that, it will not expose anyone. Think less alien detector and more
the scan my brother used to lock his vaults. Completely harmless.”

“Oh, right, yeah, that makes sense.”

-------

“I wanted to talk to you about something,” Kara said when they were back into Lena’s town car after eating.

Lena frowned. “Is something wrong?”


“What?”

“Yeah. We were talking the other day, and she kept referring to you as my friend and it just felt wrong. And then Eliza asked about you and I had to lie. I hate it. I hate lying to them, and I hate lying about us. To anyone, really. I don’t want to do it anymore.”

“Are you sure?”

“You make me so happy, and I want everyone to know it,” Kara said with conviction, but then she faltered. “Do you… do you not want to-”

“I’m going to have to stop you right there before you finish that sentence. I’m not embarrassed or ashamed of being with you,” Lena said firmly. “I absolutely love being your girlfriend, so if you want to tell everyone, let’s do that. But I need to know if you’re sure. If you’re ready to tell your sister, and… publicly date a Luthor, officially.”

“I am. I’m sure.” Kara nodded vehemently. “I want to tell everyone that Lena Luthor is my girlfriend.

“Then let’s tell everyone.” Lena grinned.

Kara smiled and lunged forward to kiss Lena, making Lena laugh.

“Let’s just start with Alex, okay? I need to be the one to tell her,” Kara said as she pulled away. “She needs to hear it from me.”

“Yeah,” Lena agreed, nodding. “Let’s focus on her, and we can worry about the rest later.” She touched Kara’s cheek gently, stroking her thumb over the little dip she was so fond of. “Do you want help? Even if it’s just to hold your hand?”

Kara smiled brightly. “I always want you to hold my hand.”

Lena smiled back at her, then kissed her cheek. “I’m always here to hold your hand.”

“I know.”
Kara had a plan to tell Alex. She was going to invite Alex to have dinner at her place on Saturday night, and Lena would be there. Lena would cook, there would be wine to loosen Alex up a little, and then she’d tell Alex, after a few glasses of wine and a few servings of Lena’s heavenly béchamel sauce with the homemade pasta. She was sure after amazing food and lots of wine, Alex would be more acceptable to the news. And Alex wouldn’t just burst out in front of Lena, Eliza had raised her better than that.

“You know buttering her up is kind of manipulating, right?” Lena had told her laughing when Kara told her the plan.

But Kara didn’t care.

She felt lighter now that she had a plan.

But there was also something else on her mind. Something that had been cooking since the previous morning.

Lena had said they needed to communicate more, that Kara needed to trust her, and Kara wanted to show Lena that she did, in fact, trust her. She had done her homework and was ready to impress Lena.

Kara had asked if Lena wanted to stay over, or better, wanted Kara to stay over at hers, but Lena had to be at the office early for a meeting, and she told Kara that if she woke up next to her, she wouldn’t want to leave for work.

So Kara was a little bit surprised when Lena showed up at her place around 10 am.

“Hi!” Kara greeted, face lighting up.

Lena smiled back, her eyes crinkling, and she whispered “hey” almost as if out of breath.

Kara stood there, looking at Lena for a few seconds, she knew Lena for almost 8 months now, but it still never seized to impress her just how beautiful Lena was, it seemed like every time she saw Lena the brunette looked more beautiful than before.

When Kara didn’t move, Lena cocked her head to the side, waiting, a pleased smile on her lips, amused at the way Kara was looking at her.

Kara giggled, blushing a little at the knowing smile Lena sent her. Lena was wearing jeans, tight black jeans that could pass for business wear with the expensive heels and the nice dress shirt she had on, but jeans no less, and Kara loved it. She hooked her fingers in the belt loops of said jeans and tugged Lena inside slowly. “I thought you had to work today.” She nudged the door closed with her foot but didn’t move aside from it.

Lena smiled, resting her hands on Kara’s shoulders and leaning into her. “I only had that one meeting,” she told her. “I wanted to surprise you.”

“Well I am surprised,” Kara smiled. She pulled Lena to her by the jeans, coaxing her into taking a step forward. “It was a really nice surprise,” she added, leaning forward and capturing Lena’s lips.

Lena hummed in contentment. “I’m glad you like it too.”

“Are you free for the rest of the day, then?” Kara asked.
Lena nodded, grinning. “I’m all yours,” she said, dropping her purse unceremoniously. “For the rest of the weekend.”

Kara’s smile turned to something a little sharper than before and it sent a thrill down Lena’s spine. “I can work with that.”

“You want me to get a head start on the cooking?” Lena asked, and Kara saw what Lena was trying to do: give her an out if she wanted, without having to make a big deal about it.

But Kara didn’t want it.

She shook her head no. “There’s something else I had in mind first,” Kara said suggestively. She took a step forward, prompting Lena to take a step back.

“Are you sure?”

Kara grinned. “If you let me.”

Another step and Lena’s back pressed against the door, her mouth going dry. “Let you do what?” Lena whispered hotly.

Kara leaned forward, her nose touching Lena’s, and when she spoke, her warm breath brushed Lena’s lips in a way that made the brunette shiver. “Kiss you,” Kara answered in a tone very similar to Lena’s.

“Just kiss me?”

Kara’s lips twisted up. “Maybe more.”

“What if I say no?” Lena asked, playing the blonde.

Kara froze for a second, trying to figure out if Lena was serious or not, she leaned back an inch or so, but Lena didn’t let her go far.

Grabbing Kara by the t-shirt, she pulled Kara to her. “Kiss me!”

Kara was inches away from touching Lena’s lips when she stopped, biting her lip apprehensively. “You’ll tell me?” she asked in a small voice. “If I’m, if I’m too rough?”

Lena smiled softly, bringing her hand up to stroke Kara’s cheek. “If you really think I’m not going to tell you when I don’t like something, physical at least, then you don’t know me well enough,” she told her with a hint of teasing.

“Well, then maybe I should get to know you,” Kara said back, smiling at the surprise rise of Lena’s eyebrows.

“Who would have thought, nice little Ms. Danvers.”

Kara grinned. “I just can’t seem to behave myself around you, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena pulled in a sharp breath. “Now’s the time you kiss me,” she said breathily.

Kara nodded and did as she was told, kissing Lena softly. Lena sighed into the kiss, relaxing against the door, her hand going up to Kara’s head, cradling the back of her head to pull her closer, the other on Kara’s shoulder.
Kara placed her hands flat on the door, one right on Lena’s shoulder, the other closer to her waist, the heat of Kara’s forearms touching her skin made Lena’s skin burn.

They kissed slowly, languidly, with no care or pressure, just enjoying each other.

When Kara deepened the kiss, angling her head slightly and pressing her body closer against Lena’s, Lena gasped against her lips.

Kara stopped, pulling back just slightly, searching Lena’s face. “You okay?” her voice wasn’t more than a whisper.

Lena smiled. “I’m okay.” She pressed a kiss to the corner of Kara’s lips. “What about you?”

“Yeah,” Kara grinned as she leaned forward again. Kara grazed her bottom lip gently against Lena’s lips, with just a little tilt of her head up, her hand left its place by Lena’s shoulder and she brushed the back of her fingers gently against Lena’s cheek. “Rao, you’re beautiful,” she breathed.

Lena parted her lips to pull in a sharp breath, and Kara took advantage of it, kissing Lena deeply, searching Lena’s tongue at the same time her hand took a hold of Lena’s face, fingers buried into soft dark hair, thumb brushing the shell of her ear. Lena sighed and gripped Kara’s shoulder. It was everything. It was magic, at every second Lena could feel as Kara got more confident and it made her entire body hum, pressed against Kara and the door, heat flooding her body in more ways than one.

Gently, hesitantly, Kara touched Lena’s waist, and at the smallest touch, the smallest pressure, Lena was already hissing. But Kara didn’t stop at there, taking a firm hold of Lena’s hip like she never had before, still delicate but not as if she was touching porcelain. Lena moaned against her lips.

“Is this okay?” Kara pulled away to ask, and Lena was already blindingly searching for her lips, the hand on her shoulder letting go to grip her forearm.

“Yes,” Lena breathed, rubbing her thumb against the skin of Kara’s forearm. “You?”

Kara nodded and hummed and kissed Lena again.

Lena was lost, lost on Kara, lost on her soft lips that tasted like sugar and kissed her like nothing else mattered, lost on the warm hands that touched her so affectionately it made her heart flutter, lost on the perfume that she couldn’t get too much of, and the warmth that Kara gave her that had nothing to do with body temperature.

Slowly, searchingly almost, Kara’s hand started to slip down from Lena’s waist, with the gentleness that only came with deep feelings of affection. Lena sighed when Kara’s hand slid down her leg. Fingers hooking at the back of the knee, Kara pulled Lena’s leg up to her waist, and Lena moaned louder than before.

“Is this too much?” Kara asked.

But Lena shook her head, hooking her leg behind Kara’s thigh. “Not at all.” With her leg, she pulled Kara’s hips closer, and sighed at the contact, the feeling of Kara’s heat between her legs.

With her hand still firmly on Lena’s thigh, Kara pressed forward, pinning Lena against the door. She took her hand from Lena’s face to slide down Lena’s other leg, taking a hold at the back of her thigh, gripping just a little bit, coaxing it up, and Lena took the hint, easily wrapping both legs around Kara’s waist, her body entirely supported by Kara’s hands and the door.
Lena let go of Kara’s lips with a pop. “Are you…” she gasped for air. “Is this not too much for you? Kara smiled and kissed her jaw. “I’m handling.”

Lena melted.

Kara took advantage of the new angle to place open-mouthed kisses all the way down from Lena’s jaw to her neck and Lena let her head drop back to give her more access, her fingers tangling on Kara’s hair. Lena felt one of Kara’s hands on her ribcage, irradiating heat through her skin.

As much as Lena was enjoying the attention, deep down she knew she had to make sure Kara was ready for all of that.

“Kara,” Lena gasped after a Kara found the spot on her neck that made her knees go weak. “You don’t, oh god, you don’t have to do this,” she managed to get out. “I don’t want you to, to feel like you have to.”

Kara paused and pulled back to look at Lena.

Lena cupped Kara’s face and rubbed her thumb over Kara’s cheek. “When I said to work on you being more comfortable, I didn’t mean just to do this. You know that, right? I just don’t want you to be afraid to talk to me or touch me. Like I said, it doesn’t have to lead to anything.”

“I know,” Kara said with a tiny little nod. “I want to do this.”

“Are you sure?”

Kara frowned a little. “Unless you don’t want me to.”

Lena shook her head. “No, no, that’s not it. I just want to make sure you’re okay and don’t feel pressured. Because I feel like I might have come off too strong yesterday.”

“You say I treat you like you’re made of glass, physically,” Kara started, bringing a hand up to Lena’s face and whipping her thumb at the mess she made of Lena’s lipstick, “yet you do the same to me, emotionally.”

“That’s because I care about you, so much, and I want you to be happy.”

“I am happy!” Kara insisted. “And I appreciate the concern, really, but I’m a big girl, I can handle,” she said throwing Lena a rather charming smile.

Lena rolled her eyes playfully. “Oh, don’t you do that,” she complained, turning Kara’s face like a slow-motion slap.

“Don’t pretend,” Kara said, narrowing her eyes jokingly. “You can’t resist my smile,” she teased.

“Can you just shut up and kiss me?” Lena asked, feigning annoyance.

Kara kissed Lena’s cheek. “Can I open your shirt?” she asked softly.

Lena raised her eyebrows. “What?”

“I just, I, uhm, I really liked… I would like to, uhm, to see you,” Kara stammered, cheeks getting redder by the second.

Lena smiled and squished Kara’s face with one hand under the chin and fingers and thumb
squeezing both cheeks simultaneously, making Kara’s lips pout. “You’re too cute for your own
good,” she told Kara, pecking Kara’s lips before letting go of her face. “Yes, you can open my shirt,
darling. You can even take it off if you’d like.”

Kara nodded eagerly, cheeks still flushed. Painfully slowly, in Lena’s opinion, and watching her
fingers all the way, Kara unbuttoned Lena’s shirt, and then carefully slipped it off creamy white
shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. “See?” Kara said as she leaned in to kiss Lena’s bare shoulder.
“I’m talking. Telling you what I want.” She smiled proudly.

Lena nodded. “And what else would you want, Ms. Danvers?” she asked in a flirty tone, passing her
arms around Kara’s neck, her hands burying in Kara’s hair.

“Hmm,” Kara hummed in thought. “I would really like to carry you away from this door, to
somewhere more comfortable.”

“That sounds great,” Lena agreed. And she kissed Kara, it wasn’t soft like Kara’s, it was firm and
sure, and she tried to pass everything she felt for the woman against her through her lips.

Kara didn’t even break the kiss, securely placing both hands underneath Lena’s suspended thighs,
almost at her butt, she smoothly stepped away from the door. Now Lena was being held up entirely
by her hands, and Lena loved the idea, as much as the display of strength, and couldn’t hold back the
whimper. Kara smirked against Lena’s lips and turned around, to take Lena somewhere. The bed
was too presumptuous, and maybe too much for her yet, so Kara settled for the couch. She walked
all the way to her couch and placed Lena gently against the cushions.

Kara carefully settled on top of Lena, Lena’s thighs still framing her hips, she held her weight on her
elbows trying not to squish Lena, but a significant part on her body was pining Lena to the couch,
face above Lena’s, noses almost touching.

“Hi,” she whispered, and Lena smiled.

“Hi,” Lena said back, brushing Kara’s hair away from her face. “You doing okay?”

“I think so.” Kara leaned forward and captured Lena’s lips once more, smiling when Lena seemed to
melt underneath her. From her lips, Kara moved to her jaw and then neck again. When she kissed a
little harder, Lena hissed, and Kara froze. “I’m not hurting you, am I?”

“You’re doing great,” Lena said, tugging on Kara’s hair involuntarily when Kara reached her
collarbone. Lena was so ready for Kara to kiss her anywhere below the hemline that she was
buzzing with expectation, almost feeling like a moan was forming inside her, only waiting for Kara
to dip lower.

But Kara never reached it.

The door slammed open, followed by Winn’s voice loudly announcing “Kara, you have to see this!”

The noise and the interruption startled Kara, causing her to jump up and fall to the ground with a
loud thump.

Lena gasped, bending a little to see if Kara was okay, and the shriek coming from their interruption
cased them both to raise their heads and look at him, Lena from the couch and Kara from the floor.

Poor Winn looked about ready to pass out, red as the super’s cape, eyes as wide as tennis balls, with
shock written all over his face.
Lena sighed and dropped herself back on the couch. “Knock much?” she groaned

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t know, I, uhm, I… sor- SHIRT! You’re not wearing a shirt!” Winn interrupted his own ramble with a sudden scream that startled both women, and he whipped around, covering his eyes even though he had his back to them. “I promise I didn’t see anything.”

Lena rolled her eyes. As if he hadn’t been one of the many who watched her tape. She stood up, pulling Kara up with her, and made her way to Kara’s bedroom-area, where she grabbed the first thing she saw and put it on. It just happened to be Kara’s NCU’s sweatshirt.

“How do you have a key to my apartment?” Kara asked.

“First of all, it was open,” Winn argued. “But I had one made after that time you… uhm, you got sick,” he lied, remembering Lena was listening, “last year, and Alex had to break in and we found you blacked out on the floor. Had that parasite thing.”

Kara understood what he was saying, ‘when she was attacked by the Black Mercy’, although he could have tried to be more subtle. He was a terrible liar.

Lena went back to Kara who was still staring at Winn’s back and hugged her from behind, placing her chin on Kara’s shoulder. “Right when it was getting good,” she whispered, and Kara giggled.

“You can turn around now, Winn,” Lena informed as she stepped away from Kara and went to the fridge.

Winn’s cheeks were still very red, and he wasn’t meeting their eyes.

“What do I have to see?” Kara asked.

“Oh, yeah. Well… there have been a few developments in the Lena Luthor’s mystery blonde, case.”

Lena groaned as she walked back to them. “That is nothing new. The other day I smiled at an employee while leaving L-Corp and they thought I was cheating on the ‘mystery blonde’,” she said annoyed. “As if I would be dumb enough to be caught cheating,” she joked, placing a kiss on Kara’s cheek, who rolled her eyes giggling. She handed Kara a bottle of water and sat on the couch. “You want some water, Winn? You look a little flustered,” Lena teased.

Winn blushed a little more. “No, no, I’m, uhm, I’m good,” he stuttered, moving awkwardly in front of them and then deciding to just sit at the edge of the coffee table in front of the couch. He waited until Kara sat down next to Lena, legs pressed together, and they both took sips of their waters before he continued. “The thing is… they found out who she is.”

“What?” both women said together.

“Yeah. There’s, there’re articles,” he said shyly, pulling his tablet from his bag and handed it to them.

THE DAILY STAR

Big scoop: Lena Luthor dating CatCo reporter.

After months of suspense, L-Corp’s CEO, Lena Luthor’s mystery blonde has been revealed to be CatCo’s very own cub reporter, Kara Danvers.
Formerly the personal assistant of Cat Grant herself, Ms. Danvers started getting noticed by her articles on the youngest Luthor and connection to the Girl of Steel. In fact, the reporter’s first byline was on an article about no other than our favorite Luthor. However, the blonde’s recognition came along when she found her footing with her articles on alien rights and lifestyle, and she quickly became the go-to reporter for all things aliens.

The pair has been linked with each other dating back to October with Danvers’s first article on the Luthor’s take on the Alien Amnesty Act, and had been getting closer, with lunch dates, brunches, late night visits and walks around the city, but it was only early February that the two beauties were first spotted holding hands and kissing after a sleepover. Also in February, during Lillian Luthor’s trial and subsequent escape and framing and kidnapping of her adoptive daughter, the pair was seen together in the courthouse and going to a nightclub the night before the kidnapping, and the blonde was spotted arriving at the hospital full of worry, in the middle of the night, after the Girl of Steel rescued the young Luthor, leaving only in the morning with a discharged Lena and taking her home.

Sources say that since the re-branding of her company, the young CEO has refused to talk to any other reporter aside from the CatCo rookie.

Both the Luthor team and CatCo Magazine have refused to give any statements for the time being.

-------------

Kara sighed as she finished reading, next to her Lena had turned stiff and Kara could practically feel the tension on her girlfriend’s shoulders.

“That’s… that’s great. Awesome,” Kara said emotionless.

“There are also pictures in the other tab,” Winn pointed out. “I could try to take it down but it’s already on Twitter. And it might also be on a… printed magazine.”

“We’ve had pictures since February.”

“Just look, will you?”

Kara nodded and changed the tab.

“Fuck,” Lena breathed out.

It was grainy and far and the lighting wasn’t great, but there was no denying it was them, in the garage of the fancy nightclub Lena liked, where cameras were forbidden.

Kara remembered that day, it was the third time Lena took her there. Lena had tried to get Kara to loosen up and she actually succeeded, they danced and drunk fruity cocktails, and by the time they left they were both feeling lightheaded. They walked to the closed garage to wait for Jackson, never letting go of each other’s hands, giggling like they didn’t have a care in the world, like they could really act like the young women they were for a change. As they waited for the car, laughing and twirling, poking each other to get another laugh, Lena tugged Kara closer by the shirt and Kara kissed her. It was a series of simple chaste kisses, mostly because they couldn’t stop smiling long enough to properly kiss, and they didn’t let go of each other until the car came around. Kara had really liked that night and so had Lena, but now watching the entire interaction on the garage captured in the poor-quality photos, Kara felt a bitter taste in her mouth.
Even if it weren’t for the kisses, the way they were looking at each other told anyone who saw it everything they needed to know. The adoration in their eyes as they looked at each other could only be described as heart eyes, and it was both impressive and disturbing that it could be caught on camera from several feet away.

“It’s not that bad, right?” Kara tried, but even she felt wrong. “We were talking about telling people anyways.”

“Telling people,” Lena pointed out, “not being outed with no say in the matter.”

Lena didn’t sound right. She sounded bitter and hollow and Kara frowned, looking at her with concern.

“It’s not all that different from what they’ve been saying before,” Kara tried again, to see if she could better Lena’s mood.

“Yeah, except now there’s no denying it, is there? Before it could be passed off as a sensationalistic gossip media thing, like they do with everyone that even so much as looks at Harry Styles. But now there’s nothing more to say.”

Winn stood up abruptly. “I shouldn’t be here for this,” he announced and started walking away.

“No, Winn,” Lena called, “you don’t have to go.”

And so he didn’t, he just stood awkwardly near Kara’s door.

And Lena looked up to see Kara’s hurt face.

“You want to deny us?” Kara asked in a small voice.

Lena sighed, rubbing her face stressfully. “That’s not what I meant.” She placed a hand on Kara’s arm gently. “I don’t want to deny us, darling, it’s just… they take so much. They’ve taken so much. This was supposed to be our choice.”

Kara grimaced, but she relaxed visibly. “Yeah.” They looked at each other for a while, holding each other’s eyes, but Lena’s face was completely neutral, and for the first time, Kara could not read her. And then she remembered Winn was still there. “Winn,” she said, looking up at the man still awkwardly standing in her living room, “thank you for showing us this.”

“You want to deny us?” Lena asked, making Kara frown at her. “Can we not talk about this now?” She asked almost enthusiastically.


“Can we not talk about this now?” Lena asked, making Kara frown at her. “We could have lunch
and think about this after. Winn, would you like to stay for lunch?”

Lena didn’t wait for an answer and was already up and moving around Kara’s kitchen.

“Uhm, yes?” Winn tried, looking at Kara for a confirmation that it was okay. Kara nodded. “I would love to. Are you cooking? What are you cooking?”

------

Even though Lena cooked a delicious meal, as always, the entire thing was awkward.

Lena stayed mostly silent during the almost hour that took her to cook, only talking to ask for help or direct Winn and Kara on the help she needed. Winn tried to lighten the mood, but not even him teasing Kara about stocking up food for Lena in her apartment or his comments on the last Resident Evil movie was enough to help with the heaviness in the air. It didn’t help that Kara kept throwing ‘sad puppy looks’ at Lena’s back.

The lunch itself was even more awkward. Winn felt like he was intruding, or that he was a child whose parents were having a strange argument. Although Lena didn’t look mad, she looked apathic, almost sad, and it was all the weirdest. But it was obvious that Lena only asked him to stay because she didn’t want to deal with things, and knowing Kara she would try to get it out of her if Winn wasn’t there.

And then came the time to talk about the elephant in the room, discuss damage control, as Winn put it.

It was too early in the evening for that amount of drama, Winn decided.

Lena was absentmindedly chewing on her thumbnail while Kara was babbling on about how it wasn’t all that bad because the outside world already thought they were together, and only their friends who thought it wasn’t real were the ones they should care about telling, and maybe her boss at CatCo, who was technically James, though technically-technically Cat, though she also did have to answer to Snapper directly. At some point Winn got lost, and maybe even Kara did as well, but Lena hadn’t really been listening from the beginning.

And as if a big ironic joke of the universe, Alex yanked the door open in that moment. Looking very displeased. Unpleased was an understatement, Alex was mad.

Kara jumped up to look at her sister, taking a step forward to be between Alex and Lena. Winn tensing up in his place next to Lena.

“Alex!” Kara said, but Alex didn’t give her the time.

“Tell me this isn’t true,” Alex said with barely contained anger, throwing a gossip magazine at Kara. Kara managed to catch it only after it hit her in the chest. It had one of the photos from the garage on the cover, with a similar headline from the article Winn showed: **Lena Luthor’s Mystery Blonde Revealed**. “Tell me that it’s just made up to sell stories and those photos are fake!”

“Alex,” Kara tried shakily, “I can explain.”

“How long?”

“Alex.”
“HOW LONG, Kara?” Alex insisted. “How long have you been lying to my face?”

“Two months,” Kara whispered.

“TWO MONTHS? You’ve been… for two months. You’ve been lying to me for two freaking months, because of her?”

“Hey, Alex, that’s not coo-” Winn tried to intervene, but one look from Alex and he was backing away.

“You knew?” Alex asked him, and he nodded his answer. For a second, Alex looked like she was going to scream, or laugh, but she did neither. “Leave!” she hissed, and the man cowered in fear, scurrying away as fast as he could.

Kara crossed her arms and stepped forward. “Hey! You can’t order people around in my house,” she protested.

“I think I should go too,” Lena said, and Kara turned around to look at her, shocked. She got up, avoiding really looking at Kara. “You need to talk to your sister.”

“You don’t have to,” Kara told her, but Lena was already stepping around Alex, who hardly acknowledged her to get to the door. “Lena, wait,” she called, following Lena.

Kara caught up to Lena in the hallway, the brunette shaking her head as if to answer Kara. “I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“You don’t have to go,” Kara repeated.

“I should.” Her voice was as weird as it had been before, when she saw the pictures.

“But you promised,” Kara whispered sadly.

Lena swallowed down hard. “I know, but I can’t. It’s different, I can’t…”

“Lena,” Kara pleaded.

“I’m sorry,” Lena said again and walked away.

Kara wanted to run after her, but Alex was waiting to confront her in her apartment. Kara couldn’t even cry, as she also wanted to do, because she knew it would make Alex even more angry at Lena. So she just took a deep breath, swallowed the lump in her throat, and went back to her apartment with her head high.

“I can’t believe you’ve been hiding this from me, Kara,” Alex said as soon as Kara was back. “From me! I had to find out through a fucking gossip magazine that my sister is kissing, no, dating, another woman.”

“I… I didn’t want you to find out like this,” Kara sighed. “I wanted to tell you. I was going to tell you today, Alex, I swear. That’s why I invited you over for dinner, I was going to tell you.”

“But you didn’t, did you?” Alex said bitterly. “You had weeks to tell me, Kara.”

“I know. But I just didn’t… well, I didn’t want you to react the way you are right now.”

“Oh, so it’s my fault you lied to me!”
“I didn’t mean it like that, Alex, just... We weren’t in a good place, I wanted to make sure we were okay before I told you about Lena, because I didn’t want to ruin all the progress we were making.”

“It’s too late for that.”

“I’m happy. Can’t you just accept that? Can’t you be happy for me?”

“You lied to me, Kara. How can I be happy for that? And, what? You like girls now?”

“I always have,” Kara confessed.

Alex laughed, disbelieving. “That is just awesome, Kara. Another thing you lied to me about.”

“No, Alex, I didn’t. I didn’t lie. Kryptonians had a different view on sexuality…”

“So, what you’re saying is, you’re not gay, you’re just an alien?” Alex asked with sarcasm.

“That’s not what I said. I just didn’t know it was a big thing here on earth when I arrived, and when I found out, I was afraid to tell you, I didn’t want you to treat me the way I saw people treating gay people. I felt so bad when you came out, Alex, because if I had told you before, then maybe you wouldn’t have kept that inside of you for so long, maybe you would have felt more comfortable to talk about it sooner, and you wouldn’t have suffered.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me this when I came out to you?”

“That was your moment, and you needed that, I couldn’t take it away from you to make it about me. I already felt guilty enough for having our whole childhood being about me.”

Alex shook her head, sighing. “You should have told me sooner. You should have told me about her.”

“Can you tell me you wouldn’t have been mad? Can you tell me it wouldn’t set back all the reconciling we were working on? Can you tell me you would have been happy for me when I told you that Lena Luthor is my girlfriend? A month ago, would you have liked it?”

Alex was silent.

“Thought so,” Kara said. “I wanted to tell you, Alex, I really did, I’ve been working up my courage to tell you for weeks.”

“And you told Winn?”

“Winn wasn’t blaming Lena for our fighting, claiming Lena was stealing me from him. Winn wasn’t mad at me for being friends with her in the first place.”

“You have a great way to twist things against me.”

“Alex,” Kara sighed.

“No, save it, Kara,” Alex said, raising her hand to Kara. “I’m just gonna go.”

Kara sighed loudly when the door slammed closed and dropped herself on the couch. The second person she let walk out on her, superspeed be damned, she thought bitterly.

Alex would need her space before Kara could try and talk to her again. Kara herself needed a bit of time to process everything. She groaned and buried her face on a pillow.
Guilt ate her away. Had she told Alex sooner, none of this would have happened. Maybe Alex wouldn’t be this mad at her when she told her, even without the dinner and the wine. And she would have Lena to hold her hand if things went bad, but now she was alone. She should have been more careful, but she was so happy, Lena made her happy, happiness had clouded her judgment. It was an addictive thing, happiness, the more you have it the more you want it, and when something happens to disturb it, it’s not pleasant.

She flew too close to the sun, certainly, and now was bound to fall into the sea, but she wouldn’t let herself drown.

-------

It was a few hours later when Kara arrived at Lena’s, and she could smell the alcohol all the way from the entrance foyer.

*Oh, that’s not good*, she thought.

“Lena?” she called, trying not to get worried. Her ears picked up on the accelerated heart rate as she walked further inside, and then she saw Lena.

She was sitting on her pristine couch, legs curled up under her, still in Kara’s sweatshirt and skinny jeans, staring blankly into the distance, with a glass of whiskey in hand.

“Oh hey, it’s my girlfriend,” Lena cheered sarcastically, her words slurred.

“I brought your purse, you left it at my place,” Kara told her, swaying awkwardly in place.

“My hero,” Lena said in the same tone as before.

“Lena,” Kara breathed out sadly, making her way to the couch and sitting next to Lena.

Lena sighed almost exasperated. “Stop giving me the sad puppy look, please,” she asked. “I already feel bad enough as it is.”

Kara gently took the glass from Lena’s hand and placed it next to the half empty bottle on the floor. “What can I do to help you feel better?” she asked, pulling Lena’s legs to her lap.

Lena frowned at her as if she was crazy. “You should be mad at me,” she said confused.

“No, I shouldn’t,” Kara said back quickly. She looked at Lena carefully. “Why should I be mad at you?”

“Because you should,” Lena insisted. “Because it’s my fault.”

“What is?”

“Everything.”

“Lena?”

Lena shook her head.

“Tell me?” Kara asked gently.
Lena shook her head again, tears glistening in her eyes before rolling down her face slowly. She wrapped her arms around Kara’s middle and buried her face on Kara’s shoulder, tears soaking her sweater. Kara held Lena, feeling Lena’s body shaking in her arms.

“I’m sorry I ruined your life;” was muffled against Kara’s sweater.

“What?” Kara had to pull Lena away from her, holding her by the shoulders to look at her face. “Lena, you didn’t ruin my life. In fact, you made it better.”

Lena dried her face with the sleeves of Kara’s sweatshirt that she was wearing, her expression hardening. “Yeah, by making you fight with your sister and lie to your friends,” she said bitterly, “putting you in the spotlight… they know your name now, Kara, there’s no telling what they can do.”

“You’re not making me fight with Alex, that is on Alex and me. You didn’t make me lie to anyone, that was my choice,” Kara told her. “And the reporters are not your fault, plus I knew what I was signing up for.”

“God, I don’t deserve you,” Lena whispered as if she hadn’t heard Kara.

“Lena, don’t talk like that. Of course you do, you’re amazing.”

Lena shook her head. “No, I don’t. I ruin everything. I, I wasn’t meant to have good things. Every time I think I can be happy I just…”

“Hey! Listen to me,” Kara pleaded. “You are amazing, Lena. You are so, so good, and kind and caring and smart, and just wonderful. You deserve good. You deserve a lot of good.”

“Then why does everybody leave me?”

“I’m not leaving,” Kara said without missing a beat. “I’m here, and I’m not going anywhere.”

“I don’t deserve you, you’re too good for me. All I do is bring pain and misery to anyone that comes near me.”

“That is not true.” Lena shook her head, not hearing Kara. “Hey! That is not true,” she repeated firmly. Kara pulled Lena back to her, Lena immediately curling around her, arms gripping her tightly, hands clenching the back of her sweater as she sobbed on Kara’s shoulder.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so, so sorry,” Lena said over and over again.

“It’s okay,” Kara whispered, stroking Lena’s hair. “It’s okay. Everything is okay.” She placed kisses on Lena’s head as she whispered soft reassurances to her. “You’re okay. We’re okay.”

Lena whimpered and tightened her grip on Kara.

“Come on,” Kara whispered before getting up with Lena in her arms, she made sure Lena was comfortable and then started to walk. “It’s my time to take care of you,” she told Lena as she climbed up the stairs.

Kara ran Lena a bath, and with all the alcohol in her system on top of her breakdown and Kara’s softness, Lena didn’t even think to question when Kara helped her out of her clothes and into the bathtub.

Kara sat at the edge of the tub and watched Lena’s face as she started relaxing.
“Are you feeling any better?”

Lena hummed, not even bothering to open her eye. “So much better,” she said. “You’re an angel.”

“Just trying my best,” Kara said and leaned down to press a kiss to the side of Lena’s head.

“Can I keep the sweatshirt?” Lena asked after a moment of silence.

Kara smiled. “It’s yours.”

Kara scrubbed Lena’s back with a luffa, massaged the tension from her shoulders, and washed her hair while talking in a soft voice about random nothings and placing as many kisses on Lena’s shoulders, face, and hair as possible. When Kara was done, Lena was so relaxed she could barely move her limbs. Kara helped her out of the tub and towed dry her body and hair before helping her into yoga pants and Kara’s sweatshirt, which Lena insisted on wearing. Kara changed into sweatpants and Lena’s MIT T-shirt with the hoodie she thought she lost months before, teasing Lena for never giving it back to her before they started dating.

Lena liked being cared for, and Kara was being so gentle, yet so sure of every move it was hard to believe it was the same girl who wouldn’t even touch her the day before for fear of hurting her. When Kara started walking out of the closet, Lena tugged her by the shirt.

“You’re gonna have to carry me,” Lena said in a joking tone, but she meant it. “And I know you can.”

Kara laughed. “Alright. Come on, princess.” She bent down to pick Lena up and Lena smiled triumphantly.

“I’m so taking advantage of this new information,” Lena said as Kara took her to the lounge. “Why walk anywhere, when your girlfriend can carry you?”

“Yeah, don’t get used to it,” Kara teased halfheartedly.

Kara set Lena down on the lounge couch that was roughly the size of her bed, and left, coming back a few minutes later with a bottle of water and two capsules of ibuprofen for Lena. And then she sat, sprawled on the couch, Lena immediately curling against her once she settled down.

“Thank you,” Lena whispered to her.

“Anything for you,” Kara answered.

“You mean that?” Lena asked unsure.

“I do,” Kara told her. “I really do.” She placed her lips on Lena’s forehead. “When I said you made my life better, Lena, I wasn’t just saying it. You did, you know? My life is so much better now that I have you in it. You’re my best friend, and I love every second that I spend with you. And that’s not going to change. No one can change that, not the paparazzi, not Alex or my friends… no one. You’re stuck with me.”

“I can’t think of a better person to be stuck with.”

“Not even Supergirl,” Kara asked with a hint of teasing.

Lena smiled against Kara’s shoulder before lifting her head. “She’s got nothing on my girlfriend.”

Kara smiled at her, bright and beautiful and Lena felt her words deep within her, there was no one
better than Kara Danvers, in her eyes.

Kara’s smile slowly dropped, and she rubbed her thumb over Lena’s eyebrow caringly. “What was that all about today?” she asked softly. “I’ve never seen you like that.”

Lena grimaced and sighed deeply.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Kara assured quickly. “I was just worried.”

“No, it’s okay,” Lena told her. “I almost had a girlfriend when I was in college, Erica,” she started. “I was halfway through my second Ph.D. and she was trying to get to law school. It wasn’t serious, we met at a party and I took her home, but then we continued meeting. It was just about sex, and it was a lot of sex, but I wanted to ask her to be my girlfriend and all that mush because I really liked her, and we were good together.” Kara listened to her attentively, and it made her want to finish the story she never told anyone before. Lena took a deep breath before she continued. “But then… I still don’t know how it happened, but somehow, we were filmed, and Linda Lake leaked it on her blog. She wasn’t out to her family yet, they were very conservative, and she took it as well as any other closeted person would take if their brother found their sex tape while looking for porn. So she broke up with me, because she couldn’t handle being outed, started dating one of her brother’s friends, I think. Broke my heart. She didn’t care that I had been outed too, I hadn’t even told Lex, even if I knew he was going to be okay with it, and he really was great about it, I wasn’t ready to tell. Mother was horrible as one can imagine. And I had to handle it all alone, while heartbroken.”

“Lena,” Kara gasped when Lena finished. “I’m sorry you had to go through that.”

“It was a long time ago, but I just, I guess seeing those photos, and Alex’s reaction it just… it brought back bad memories,” Lena confessed. “I’m really sorry I left you alone to deal with your sister. I felt horrible, I wish I could go back and hold your hand like I promised.”

“No, it’s fine,” Kara assured. “Alex would probably be angrier if you were there.”

“I’m sorry,” Lena repeated.

“You don’t have to apologize for having a bad experience,” Kara said. “We’re good, right?” Lena nodded, and Kara took her hand, lacing their fingers together before bringing it to her lips. “We’re holding hands now. And we’ll get through this. Together.”

“Yeah,” Lena whispered, burrowing deeper into Kara’s arms.

“You know,” Kara started after a while, “usually I’m the one who does this.” Lena frowned up at her. “Pulls away and then you have to get me to open up,” she explained.

“Oh,” Lena exclaimed amused. “Yes. We have come full circle,” she laughed. “I must really like you, Kara Danvers,” she teased, nudging Kara.

Kara smiled brightly. “Well, I really like you, Lena Luthor.”

But when Lena smiled back at her, a wave of guilt washed over Kara, something that, if Kara was being honest, she had been feeling for a very long time, and she couldn’t ignore it anymore. Her face fell slowly, and she tensed against Lena.

And Lena noticed it.

“What’s wrong?”
Kara shook her head. “Nothing’s wrong,” she denied.

Lena made a little noise at the back of her throat, almost a hum. “You’re a terrible liar, you know.”

Kara disentangled herself from Lena and sat up, sliding to the edge of the couch.

“Who’s pulling away now?” Lena teased as she sat up behind Kara.

Kara laughed humorlessly. “Yeah, the funny thing about circles is that when you finish it, it’s back at the start again.”

“Yes, that’s geometry,” Lena tried joking again.

But Kara was serious. “There’s something I have to tell you.”

“Okay.”

“One thing I’ve learned the last two years, and what this thing with Alex reminded me of,” Kara said, “is that the truth never hurts as much as secrets.” She paused, looking at Lena. “I’ve been keeping a secret from you. A big one.”

Lena waited, but she had a feeling she knew where this was going.

“It’s something I’ve only ever told two other people, although more than two people know, and one of those two wasn’t really my choice to tell,” Kara rambled. “The point is,” Kara snapped at herself, getting up. She started pacing. “It’s something that is part of me, a big part of myself, of who I am, but it’s not everything about me,” she paused and took a deep breath. “And-and you know everything else about me, that matters, that is, and I think… you, uhm, you really deserve to know this.”

“Kara, Kara!” Lena called, and Kara stopped to look at her. “Breathe, darling.”

Kara nodded and took a gulp of air, calming down slowly.


“I’m not really good at this,” Kara mumbled. “The truth is… I,” Kara stopped, took a deep breath again and continued, “I’m not human,” she all but blurted out. “I’m, I’m, I’m a… I’m an alien,” Kara confessed, glancing at Lena nervously, but the brunette was still looking at her with the same softness as before. “My parents sent me to earth when my planet was dying, to look after my cousin.” Another pause and Kara stood straight, puffing her chest and squaring her shoulders much like she’d used to in the suit, though she felt a little silly in her sweats. “My name is Kara Zor-El. I’m the true heir of the great House of El,” she said proudly. “Of Krypton.”

Lena was at lost for words. The pride in Kara’s voice, in her whole body, was something she’d never heard or seen before coming from the blonde, not even with the suit. And although it was not exactly new information, though the details were unknown before, Lena gasped when Kara said it, looking deep into her eyes.

“I’m Supergirl,” Kara added.

“Rao,” Kara breathed, “this would be easier if I were wearing my suit,” she gestured at her chest, “but you know…” Kara flailed her arms around her weirdly before she started floating up, two feet
in the air. “I’m Supergirl,” she repeated.

Lena chuckled. “I believe you, Kara.”

“Oh,” Kara exclaimed. “Okay.” She lowered herself, her socked feet touching the hardwood floor softly. “You probably hate me right now,” she said swaying awkwardly in place. “And I understand if you want me to go…”

Lena shook her head. “I told you before, Kara, there’s no way I can hate you.”

“But I lied to you,” Kara insisted. “I-I... I let you start a relationship with me without telling you who I really was.”

“Okay, you did lie. But I knew, and I don’t hold it against you. If anything, you should be mad at me for not telling you I knew.”

“I have no reason to be mad at you. It was my secret, my responsibility. I’m the one who kept it from you.” Kara chewed on her lip, kneading the back of her neck with her fingers. “You knew the whole time?”

Lena nodded.

“Since when?”

Lena sighed. “I had my doubts. But I can’t say for sure when I knew. I don’t think there was a specific moment, more like a combination of things. You showed up with Clark Kent at my office, you looked terrified when I asked you to test my alien detector, you weren’t shy about your opinion on alien rights... and then we started getting closer and you started sharing with me things about yourself, things that were just on the edge of being normal. One day I just knew, as simple as that.”

“Was it before we started…”

Lena nodded. “It was before your birthday.”

“Oh.”

“I know what is like to keep a side of yourself a secret, even from the people you care about the most. And I know how hard it is when that secret is exposed before you’re ready. I wasn’t trying to deceive you or get closer to Supergirl or anything like that, I just really liked you and I couldn’t stay away from you even if I wanted. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want to force it out of you, I wanted you to feel comfortable telling me.”

They were silent for a moment, both just taking it all in. Kara paced a bit in front of Lena, fidgeting with her fingers. Until she couldn’t take it anymore and turned around to face Lena.

“I can be strong,” Kara said almost abruptly, “and stand my ground when I’m protecting someone else, but when that someone is me it’s a lot harder. ‘Cause I don’t like being vulnerable,” she told Lena, not looking her right in the eye. “Last year I thought I could have it all, and then I thought I couldn’t. That I had to pick. So, I chose being Supergirl over having a relationship. But then I met you, and I tried, I really tried not to fall for you. I tried to stay away, told myself that getting close to people could never end up with anything good, that I would just put you in danger and I shouldn’t do it.”

“What changed your mind?”
“You.” Kara looked up and smiled at Lena, holding her eyes. “You waltzed in with that whole speech about how you needed me in your life and how you never had anyone on your side before me and I realized that I couldn’t just push you away. That I needed you as much as you needed me and trying to stay away from you with the pretense of keeping you safe would just hurt the both of us. But it’s been so hard not telling you about me, not letting you know all of me.”

Lena let Kara say what she needed, smiling encouragingly at her.

“I’ve been driving myself crazy thinking about how I was going to tell you. Every day that I didn’t tell you made it harder to tell, and I was afraid that you would be mad when I did because maybe I should have said something sooner.” Kara sighed. “My whole life here I hid who I was, I’ve always been afraid of people knowing the truth about me, afraid of them rejecting me, of losing them. I’ve seen how cruel people can be to those who are different, I’ve seen what happens, and I was terrified of that happening to me.”

“Kara, I would never do that to you.”

“I know. I trust you, Lena, I have always trusted you, I wouldn’t be with you if I didn’t. Who I didn’t trust was myself. I was afraid you wouldn’t want me anymore when you found out. It was selfish of me, really. The people who know about me... they stop seeing me and they see Supergirl, they see the symbol, the hero, the alien. But you saw me. You saw Kara, and you liked Kara. You made me feel like I was enough, like I didn’t need to be Supergirl for someone to like me, just being Kara Danvers was enough.”

“It is enough, Kara,” Lena assure her. “You are enough. You have always been enough for me, Kara. You have been amazing to me since we first met, so I don’t care if you can fly and shoot lasers out of your eyes, or if you’re from whatever galaxy far away from here. I care about what you’ve done for me, how you’ve treated me, and how you make me feel. I see you, Kara Danvers.”

Kara swallowed the lump that started to form in her throat. “I just wanted to be liked for something other than what I can do with my powers,” she confessed.

Lena got up from the couch and stood in front of Kara, looking her in the eye before talking. “Your powers are not the most important thing about you, nor the most impressive. What really matters is your heart. You have a beautiful heart, Kara, and I admire you so much for that. That’s what I mean when I say you’re my hero.”

“Can I…” Kara choked. “Can I hug you?” she asked timidly, almost as if she was afraid Lena would say no.

Instead, Lena took a step towards Kara, and then another. “I’m not afraid of you, Kara.”

And Kara collapsed into Lena’s open arms, wrapping hers tightly around Lena’s body.

“I’m so sorry I lied,” Kara said, words slurred again Lena’s sweatshirt.

“Shhh, it’s okay, darling, it’s okay. It’s all out now.”

“I’ve lost so much,” Kara whispered.

“You won’t lose me,” Lena assured. “I’m not going anywhere,” she added, repeating Kara’s words from earlier.

“You promise?”
“I promise.”

Kara sniffed and pulled away from Lena after a long time.

“I’m sorry,” she laughed. “I’m sorry I didn’t mean to get like this.” She wiped at her eyes.

“It’s okay,” Lena told her, rubbing her thumbs under Kara’s eyes. “It’s more than okay,” she said, and leaned forward, pressing a kiss on each cheek, and then on Kara’s lips. “Thank you for telling me.”

Kara nodded. “I had to.”

Lena smiled. “I know.”

“I should have told you sooner.”

“Don’t worry about that.”

“You’re really not mad?”


Kara screeched and tackled Lena with a hug, making them fall on the couch behind them.

“Best girlfriend ever!”

-------

It was several hours later, when the two of them were already in bed, that Kara grabbed Lena’s hand and whispered:

“I’m glad I told you.”

“Me too.”

“Can I tell you something?”

“Anything.”

“You make me vulnerable,” she said in a soft voice, as if she was thinking aloud. “But not in a bad way. In the best possible way, like I don’t have to be strong all the time. When I’m with you, I can just be myself. In a way that I can’t with anybody else.”

Lena smiled brightly at Kara, her hand going up to stroke Kara’s cheek. “I get it. It’s like I don’t have to put up a mask for you.”

Kara leaned into Lena’s touch even while she nodded. “I’ve never had that before, with anyone. It scared me.”

“It scared me too,” Lena confessed.

“But good scared, right?”
“Definitely good scared.”

They smiled at each other for a while, until Lena remembered something.

“I never really asked how it was with Alex.”

Kara shook her head. “It wasn’t great.”

“I’m really sorry.”

“Yeah, it’s… I mean, it’s not okay, but it’s mostly my fault, so don’t blame yourself.”

“I don’t. I mean, I do. In a way,” Lena said. “It's just, I hate not being in control of my own life. They just strip away my control, my choices, I just feel so… I don’t know, like they don’t see me as a person. Just a character in whatever narrative they want to tell.”

“I can understand that,” Kara said, pulling Lena closer to her.

Lena put her head on Kara’s shoulder and snuggled against the solid warm body. “We’ll get through this, right?”

“We’ll get through this,” Kara assured, kissing Lena’s forehead. “We’re stronger together.”

Chapter End Notes

It's all out in the open now, TADAH!
The history of the sex tape is finally revealed, for those (Vanessa) who asked for it, a lot more dramatic than previously intended. Also dammit, Alex, can't you just be happy for your sister? (We'll have to get back on that)
If you want to know the timeline for the whole story, ask me in the comments and I'll see if I can make it more clear because since chapter 2 we've moved only 4 months, and that is freaking me out a little bit but it'll start moving faster from now on.

Edit: I just wanted to say that this is not an Alex hating story. In fact, Alex Danvers is my favorite character, she's the one I identify the most with, and I love her very much. I understand some people don't like Alex hating Lena or not accepting Lena, and to be honest, I would love to have them be friends, and I love when they are in fics, it's just that this story needed a conflict between the sister for plot reasons, first so that I could explain why Alex would tell Kara to be with Mon-El like in canon, and second because future plots depend on that. I know in canon they don't hate each other, but I started plotting this back in March, when Alex was mostly neutral about Lena and they had interacted twice and very shortly, and honestly, it was really just to explain what Alex said to Kara in her earth birthday about mon-el, which for me made no sense, so...

Anyways, as always, thank you for reading, I live for the comments so tell me whatever you want to tell me about this, and if you wanna chat, I'm @myheartisbro-ken on Tumblr. Anyways, see you someday? It could be this year, it could be next, it's a mystery to all of us.
Byeee! xoxo
In Which There's The Fallout

Chapter Summary

Kara and Lena deal with the aftermaths of the articles that outed them, and try to get back to their normal lives. Lena learns about Kara's powers and culture. Winn finds his nerd-match.

Chapter Notes

'Ello!

I knew it would take a while to get this chapter done, but I didn't think it would take this long. Holidays were shit and I couldn't get myself in the headspace to write anything, and then last week I sat down and I wrote like half of this in five days. I'm not completely satisfied with how the full thing turned out, but I do have a few scenes I'm very much in love.

It's again a little slow and mostly filler, but as I said, I wasn't getting in the right mindset to write this, and I just really wanted to post already, so I'm doing it now instead of trying to fit in some plot.

So that's it. Enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sleep didn’t come easily to either of them that night. And they both laid in bed trying to shut off their minds and rest, Kara staring blankly at the ceiling and Lena shifting next to her every few minutes.

Kara thought about what was going to happen now. With her name all over the papers and magazines. A name to the face of Lena’s mystery woman, a face that could very easily be compared to Supergirl, a name already linked to Supergirl. Kara hadn’t given much thought to that particular aspect before, focusing more on how she felt and how Lena felt, and the reaction Alex and her friends would have to even remember the part where she was supposed to keep a secret identity.

And after what Lena had told her, Kara had been too worried to care about herself. Lena didn’t exactly have the healthiest copying mechanisms.

She’d have to come up with something with Winn. Maybe have J’onn take over for her at some point when she and Lena were together, with the press around them. With all three of them in the same place, no one would think to connect the dots.

Lena shifted again next to Kara, and Kara could feel the tenseness of her body, practically emanating stress.
Kara hated seeing Lena in such a state.

“Are you okay?” Kara asked, reaching out to touch Lena, finding her elbow.

“Yeah,” Lena said strained. “Just can’t seem to fall asleep.”

“Is it about the articles?”

Lena sighed, her shoulders sagging. “Maybe,” she confessed.

Kara shifted closer to Lena, wrapping an arm around her waist and bringing Lena’s body to her, her front pressing against Lena’s back. Kara placed a kiss on Lena’s shoulder and felt the woman relax against her. “You know I’m not going to leave, right?”

“I know.” Lena sighed and slid her hand into Kara’s over her stomach. Kara held her tighter and nuzzled her nose against the cold, pale neck.

“How is it that you’re always so cold?” Kara asked softly against Lena’s skin.

“Maybe so that you’ll warm me up,” Lena said back, a small smile playing on her lips as she craned her neck to look at Kara.

Kara smiled back, brightly, and even brighter when she heard Lena’s heart fluttering in her chest. “Gladly,” she whispered, leaning forward to take Lena’s lips with her own.

Kara finished reading the article and looked up at Lena with a frown. It was the seventh article she read about their relationship that morning. After Kara assured Lena that it was okay and that they’d figure it out as they went, they decided to read what people were saying about them. They tried Twitter, but that was not smart, and they tried Tumblr after Kara remembered Winn mention it, and Kara was sure she could never un-see the drawings of them, so they stuck with the articles. “Did you have a birthday?” she asked.

“What? No.”

“It’s just that it says here you’re 30, but the last article I read it said you were 29, so I just thought… but then another article said you were 31 and… Why are you laughing?”

Lena had covered her mouth with one hand to suppress her sniggering. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she said raising both hands. “It’s just… No one has ever managed to get a hold of my birth certificate or the legal documents involving my adoption, my parents made sure of that… now it makes a lot more sense why, and I’ve never been caught doing anything criminal. So the press has no idea how old I really am, or when my birthday is.”

“So what? They just put a random different age each article?”

“Something like that, yeah.”

Kara frowned. “That makes no sense.”
Lena just laughed and shrugged. “Particularly, I think it’s hilarious.”

“At least you can see a bright side in this.”

“They stipulated that I’m between 29 and 32.”

“And which one are you?” Kara asked cutely.

Lena raised an eyebrow and cocked her head slightly to the side. “I’m not telling you.”


“No!” Lena shook her head, smiling.

“But I’m your girlfriend,” Kara protested, almost laughing.

“Um, allegedly,” Lena joked.

“Then I guess we’ll have to allegedly break up,” Kara said, theatrically shrugging and crossing her arms.

“Do you want to hold a press conference?”

Kara gasped. “You’re the worst.”

Lena smirked. “I have my moments.”

Kara narrowed her eyes at Lena. “Oh, come on!” she insisted. “You know my earth birthday.”

“Earth birthday, huh?”

“You know, my adoption birthday.”

“Fine. I was adopted on May 13th.”

“That’s... that’s not what I meant.”

Lena shrugged. “When’s your birthday?”

“I don’t have a birthday.”

“What, were you created in a lab or something?” Lena teased.

*Technically,* Kara thought, *but we already had this conversation.* “I mean, obviously I do have a birthday. But it wasn’t all that important.” After seeing Lena’s inquisitive look, she elaborated. “Back on… on Krypton,” she started, it was weird talking about Krypton so openly as Kara and not Supergirl, but she liked it, “we celebrated name-days over birthdays, the threvzeht, which is basically a naming ceremony. The day a child receives their name and is officially recognized as a new member of a house... uhm, family,” Kara explained. “It’s usually within two or three weeks of the birth.”

“When is yours?”

Kara smiled at the thought of her threvzeht, and how Eliza and Jeremiah had spent days helping her do the calculations to find out when it was in earth’s orbital period. Her aunt Astra always gave the best gifts, and on her last one, she even let Kara had a sip of her drink when her parents weren’t
“I’ll make sure to remember it then,” Lena said, already planning on adding to her work calendar so Jess could clear her agenda for the day. “How do you determine the date of birth if you didn’t have natural births?”

“It’s not that we didn’t have it, exactly, like, I’m pretty sure that it could happen, maybe,” Kara said frowning. “I mean aunt Lara was pregnant with Kal-El, so he was a natural birth, but that was the first I had ever heard of, personally... Anyways, the date of the birth would be the day the parents receive the child. I mean, you’d have the birthing matrixes in the gestation chambers, as I told you,” she paused to look at Lena and Lena nodded, “and the child would be growing in there and all until it was ready to be out, so the parents would be informed, and a robot would deliver the child to them.”

“Like take-out for babies,” Lena laughed.

Kara glared at her. “Funny,” she said humorlessly.

“Baby delivery.”

“I hate you.”

“I’m sorry. Please continue,” Lena said battling her eyelashes.

Kara shrugged. “That’s it. We’d count that day. The day the child left the gestation chambers. The parents would receive the birthing matrix, and there would be this, you know, this ritual. Prayers of thanks for the child were made, and then the chamber is open, and you’d pray for the child’s life and protection. And then a few days later, depending on the position of all three moons, the family would celebrate the threvzeht, where the parents would announce the child’s name and the family would celebrate the new member.” She shrugged as she finished.

“That is fascinating,” Lena said impressed.

Kara nodded. “Now you have to tell me yours.”

“I don’t remember making any agreements.”

Kara gasped. “That’s it. We are allegedly breaking up.”

“Okay. I guess I’ll have to cancel the pot stickers I ordered, then,” Lena said with a shrug.

“NOOOOO!”

-------

That Sunday dragged on more than any day they’ve spent together, and they already did normally spend Sunday’s together. Maybe it was because neither wanted to face reality outside the penthouse, they usually did that too, but it was stronger than normal. Or maybe it was because they both felt a little awkward, not really knowing what to do to occupy their time for the first time in the many months they knew each other, their unwillingness to leave the penthouse, and the knowledge that they were both aware of this, but refused to bring it up, put a slight discomfort to hang in the air.

There was also the heated, passionate moment they had shared the day before and the uncertainty of
what could have happened if Winn hadn’t interrupted them. Kara didn’t know how to approach that
either, the mere memory of how Lena felt pressed against her body, the moans she made, how soft
her skin was and how ready she was to let Kara do as desired to her sent a jolt of pleasure down
Kara’s spine, a healthy blush blooming up from her chest all the way to her ears, her cheeks burning
hot. Yet she didn’t know how to express herself, and she felt silly going from the confident woman
who pressed Lena against the door and asked to take her shirt off to a blushing girl in less than 24
hours.

It wasn’t exactly an awkward day, per se, but it dragged boringly slow, the minutes going on for
hours and the hours dragging for days, and had Lena wanting to pull at her hairs even when they
were trying to do something. She couldn’t even read, when she tried, with Kara’s head on her lap as
customary, she got antsy within the first few pages and had the urge of tossing the book far away if
only to illustrate her frustration.

Eventually, they managed to occupy themselves. Much to Lena’s dismay.

“Nu-uh! I do not accept that,” Lena denied. “That’s not fair.”

Kara shrugged. “Just accept it, Lena. It’ll hurt less.”

“Okay, first of, that’s terrible phrasing,” Lena argued. “Second, no way I’m accepting it. You
cheated, Kara!”

“It wasn’t on purpose!”

“How can you say that?”

“Because it wasn’t.”

“I can’t even look at you right now.”

“Oh, come on Lena. It’s not a big deal.”

“It is to me!”

“Lena.”

“I have never lost in my entire life. Ever! Not even when I was learning. I will not accept this. No, I
cannot live in a world where you beat me at chess. That is not right. It doesn’t count because you
cheated.”

“I just smiled.”

“YOU DISTRACTED ME!”

“You got distracted because a pretty girl smiled at you,” Kara teased with an easy smile.

“You’re doing it again,” Lena protested. “Stop it! You’re making it hard for me to think in anything
that doesn’t involve kissing you.”

Kara shrugged. “Maybe that’s what I want.”

Lena narrowed her eyes at the blonde. “You are an evil genius, Kara Danvers.”

“And to think people have this image of you being so composed and cool under pressure, but you
can’t handle a simple smile.”
“There’s nothing simple about your smile,” Lena breathed out. “Hell, there’s nothing simple about anything that composes you. You’re delectable, extraordinary, breathtaking, brilliant, wonderful…”

“Easily manipulated by nice words,” Kara said as if adding to Lena’s thought.

“A dork,” Lena continued with a small smile.

Kara crinkled her nose. “Although true, it kind of breaks down the momentum it was building.”

Lena giggled. “You’re my dork.”

“I’m your dork,” Kara agreed, nodding, she leaned closer to Lena, making it seem like she was planning to kiss her, and Lena watched her for the first few inches but closed her eyes when she felt Kara’s warm breath on her skin, waiting for the contact that never came. “Do you forgive me?” Kara asked instead.

Lena peaked one eye open and used it to glare at Kara, who was smiling expectantly, although exaggeratedly so. “No,” she said flatly, putting a hand on Kara’s chest and shoving her lightly.

They both knew the action wouldn’t do anything to Kara, but she threw herself back as if it not only had an effect but a strong one, giggling as her torso fell and her back hit the floor.

“Argh, you’re so strong,” Kara said dramatically between giggles.

Lena rolled her eyes affectionately and was about to say something back when she felt Kara’s hand on her arm, tugging her forward, making her fall on top of Kara.

“Hi,” Kara whispered, her laughter had died down and she looked at Lena with an intensity that stole Lena’s breath away. Blue eyes watching her with more affection than Lena had ever felt in her entire life; as if Lena was the most incredible thing she had ever seen. Kara placed her hand on Lena’s face reverently, caressing her cheek, her thumb brushing over Lena’s lips. “You are so beautiful,” Kara said breathlessly, almost like she didn’t believe Lena was real, was there with her, even after all the time they’ve been together.

Lena had been called beautiful before, many times, in fact. But no one had ever said it the way Kara did. As if she was trying to make sure she wasn’t dreaming, like experiencing a miracle. It made her feel wanted in a way she never felt before, cherished, so much so that her chest hurt with all the feelings swirling inside, trying to burst it open. It made her believe Kara felt for her the same things she felt for Kara.

Kara’s hand on her face slid just enough for warm fingers to touch her neck, dipping into thick hair, and she was being directed to the warm lips she was so addicted to.

The kiss was soft, sweet, making Lena melt on top of Kara, and halfway through Kara couldn’t hold back the smile that made it hard to keep kissing, but they didn’t stop. Lena adjusted her body over Kara’s, getting into a more comfortable position without ever separating their lips. She felt Kara’s hand on her elbow, fingers touching her skin so softly, tracing up the length of her forearm until reaching her hand, Kara laced their fingers together and Lena squeezed her hand as they both still kissed through their smiles.

Lena pulled away with a sigh, grinning down at Kara. Kara whined at the lost and Lena placed a gentle kiss on her lips before resting her head on Kara’s chest.

“I want a rematch,” Lena said after a long moment of silence, smiling at the laugh that bubbled out of Kara’s lips, vibrating in her chest. She kissed Kara on the chest then, right above the heart, as if
claiming ownership, wishing she knew how to tell Kara all that she felt. Instead, she pressed her lips harder against the warm skin and kissed again and again.

“Anything for you,” Kara told her, combing her fingers through Lena’s hair. “I promise to lose this time,” she teased.

Lena smiled and kissed Kara’s chest one last time. “You better,” she said against Kara’s skin, before raising her head to flash Kara a grin and then kiss her lips.

“And they say romance is dead,” Kara joked.

Lena laughed softly. “It really isn’t,” she said as she proceeded to kiss Kara’s cheeks, not making any mention of moving.

“Are you comfortable there?” Kara asked faking annoyance.

“I actually am,” Lena said exaggeratedly, grinning. “You are extremely comfortable.”

Kara chuckled. “Only the best for you.”

“Oh, so chivalrous,” Lena teased.

“I’ll show you chivalrous,” Kara said mock threateningly, she leaned forward to capture Lena’s lips and then flip them on the floor so that she was on top of Lena.

Lena squealed lowly at the movement and when her head fell back, they weren’t on the floor anymore, but on her couch instead. Kara straddling Lena’s hips, her hands on the couch on each side of Lena’s head, essentially trapping Lena underneath her.

“How about now,” Kara asked huskily, looking down at Lena with hungry blue eyes.

Instead of answering, Lena lunged forward, grabbing Kara’s hair and pulling her down to meet her halfway, kissing Kara with no restraint. When Lena dragged her teeth along Kara’s bottom lip, the blonde whined.

Lena grinned, sighing when Kara placed a hand on her ribs and slid it to her back to pull her closer, connecting their lips again.

Lena let her hands drag lower, slowly, make their way down Kara’s back, feeling the muscles through the soft shirt. Her fingers toyed with the hem of the shirt, dipping a little inside, the backs of her fingers reaching warm skin.

Kara pulled back to grin at her and Lena tugged on the shirt in her hands.

“Can this go?” Lena asked, managing to sound effortlessly composed despite the lack of air in her lungs. The easy smile on her lips releasing Kara of the air in her own lungs.

Kara nodded, settling back on her knees. Looking down at Lena, never breaking eye contact, Kara pulled her shirt off.

Slowly, bit by bit Kara’s torso was revealed to Lena. Her well-defined stomach had Lena all but salivating and she bit her lip as the shirt continued to go up. Then Kara’s bra covered breasts, and her shoulders, and then Kara’s arms were free again, and Lena ached to touch, all of it, all of her.

Kara let out a little disgruntled noise when the long sleeves got stuck around her wrists before she managed to get herself free, and Lena thought it was the most adorable thing she’d ever seen.
Despite it all, all sculptured lines and lean muscles, literally oozing strength, Kara was sweet and caring and adorable, and that’s what made Lena swoon, what made Lena fall for her, that’s what Lena was so enamored of. She felt warm inside, in more ways than one, and smiled widely at Kara, who smiled back.

Lena reached out, completely fascinated by how Kara’s abdominal muscles contracted under her touch, right in front of her eyes. Kara allowed her to take her time, getting acquainted with the almost familiar muscles that she had only got a few quick glances off and never dared to let her hands explore. The hard muscles under her fingertips hardening even more as she slid her hands up ever so slowly, not wanting to miss out on a single inch, combined with the way Kara was looking at her with dark hooded blue eyes, had Lena squirming under the blonde.

She couldn’t take it anymore. She took Kara’s hand and led her back down. And when Kara’s lips were back on hers, Lena’s hand were back to exploring.

Kara’s back muscles were a personal preference, as were her arms, and Lena got lost in the feeling of them, her hands traveling down of their own accord. She let her hands on Kara’s midback for a few moments, urging Kara closer to her. Lena scratched her nails lightly, from the base of Kara’s spine, outwards towards her hips, and Kara groaned in both pleasure and surprise. Her hips grounding against Lena’s without her control, pinning Lena on the couch and making them both moan.

Lena’s fingers had dipped past the waistband of Kara’s pants, feeling the soft skin, her nails involuntarily scratched there, but when Kara sighed, she grinned and deliberately scratched a line across, right above the elastic of Kara’s underwear and the blonde’s hips jolted again. Lena felt a certain smugness flood over her.

However, Kara’s next reaction was anything but enthusiastic.

When she felt Kara freezing, Lena froze as well.

Kara let out a strangled sound in the back of her throat. “I’m-I’m sorry,” she said as Lena pulled her hands away. “I’m not ready.” Kara let her head fall to Lena’s shoulder for a few moments. “I’m sorry I crossed the line.”

“Just reached it.” She smiled, eyeing Lena bashfully, informing that was a joke.

Lena laughed, and Kara’s smile got a bit more confident. However, it didn’t last, as Kara seemed to notice the next second that she was shirtless, and her posture changed to self-conscious.

“Here,” Lena said, reaching for the shirt and handing it back to Kara. She sat up, getting her legs out from under Kara and Kara pulled her legs from under herself as well, crisscrossing them on the couch.

“It was me too. My, er, my reaction,” Kara confessed with a blush, fidgeting with the shirt in her hands as she untangled it.

Lena frowned a little and cocked her head to the side. “You mean… because you enjoyed it?”

Kara nodded, still looking down at her shirt, her face growing a few shades redder. “Is it gonna be awkward now?” she asked, finally managing to untangle the sleeves and pulling the shirt back on.
“It doesn’t have to be awkward,” Lena told her. “A situation is only as awkward as you make it out to be.”

“Hum?”

Lena laughed. “There’s nothing awkward about it.”

“Okay.”

“On the contrary,” Lena continued. “I’m glad you’re telling me when you’re not comfortable. Like we talked about.”

“Really? Even if we’re… that far?”

“Really,” Lena assured, brushing a lock of golden hair behind Kara’s ear. “Would you like to talk about it? Why you’re not comfortable?” she suggested. “I guess we never really talked about it before. It might help.”

Kara nodded.

“Okay. First of all, have you ever had sex?” Lena asked carefully.

Kara inhaled deeply, trying hard not to blush, but the slight tinge of her cheeks was still present. “Y-yes. Sort of…”

“How so?”

“I’ve done things, with, you know, with… humans,” Kara stuttered. “But having to always be so careful took away the enjoyment, and I didn’t, like, go all the way.” She scratched the back of her neck a bit awkwardly. “And I had an experience with a fellow… superpowered… person, in which I didn’t have to… be so careful, and I did more things, like the whole thing.”

Lena nodded. “Alright.” She found it weirdly endearing the way Kara stumbled over her words, and the contrast from the day before and how confident Kara had been to the bashful innocence in the way Kara’s cheeks colored more with each pause. “Can you breathe for me?”

Kara nodded and took a few deep breaths.

Lena waited to see Kara relax a little before asking the next question. “Are you still afraid you’re going to hurt me?”

“A little. But not like that. It takes a while to adjust my powers to new situations like this,” Kara explained. “But what you said helped. A lot, actually. And I talked it through with a friend who has been in the same situation, so that’s not exactly what worries me.”

“And what is it?”

“I’m afraid I’ll lose control. If I’m… enjoying myself.”

“OH!”

Kara blushed again. “Yeah. And that wouldn’t be great. But, I mean, I’ll get there, I guess.”

“You don’t have to force yourself, Kara,” Lena told her. “Sure I would like to have sex with you, but only when and if you want to.”

Lena laughed.

“And you make me feel all these kinds of things I never felt before. And I- I care about you, so much, I’m-I’m crazy about you, Lena, I just… I hate that I’m not ready.”

“Hey,” Lena said softly, placing a hand on Kara’s cheek and directing Kara’s face to look at her, “you don’t have to worry, okay? I’ll wait. There’s no hurry. I’ll wait for you for as long as it takes for you to be ready. Sex is about feeling good and making each other feel good, it shouldn’t be an obligation.”

Kara nodded, her crinkle making an appearance between her brows. “Are you sure?”

Lena raised an eyebrow at Kara.

“Are you sure you’ll still feel this way if it takes too long for me to be ready?”

Lena smiled softly at her, grabbing Kara’s warm hands and bringing them to her lips. “I value our relationship, Kara,” she told her. “And I value the emotional connection we have, more than a physical need. I wouldn’t want to lose what we have for something that’s so meaningless to me.”

“Meaningless?”

“I’ve had sex. I’m not gonna gloss it over, I had a lot of sex, with a number of different people. But I never had this,” she gestured between the two of them, “the level of intimacy that we have, this openness… even before we started dating. I never had this with anyone. And that is important to me.”

“It’s important to me too,” Kara said, looking at Lena fondly.

“I told you, darling, I don’t want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable,” Lena added. “I can live without sex, and whilst I could live without you,” she smiled at Kara, “I don’t really want to.”


“What?”


Lena wasn’t convinced, she remembered that sentence, it was the same thing Kara had said in her sleep, she needed to find out what it meant, but she didn’t press. “I try my best.”

Kara laughed a little. “Thank you.”

Lena smiled. “There’s nothing to thank me for, darling.”

Kara shrugged. “Still.” She fidgeted with her sleeves for a while before she looked up at Lena again. “Do you want that rematch?”

Lena chuckled. “I’m sorry, Kara, but I think you officially distracted me for good.”

That got a giggle out of Kara and she relaxed.
“Oh,” Kara exclaimed as if she had just had the most brilliant idea. “Can you teach me how to bake cookies?”

Lena frowned a little. “What?”

“Yeah,” Kara said with a smile. “Let’s bake cookies.” She got up and held her hands out to Lena. “Come on,” she said softly.

Lena took Kara’s hands and was helped to her feet, following Kara to the kitchen.

“I don’t think I have all the ingredients,” Lena said. “I’m pretty sure I’m out of baking soda.”

“Okay, hold on,” Kara said before disappearing from Lena’s view, leaving only air behind. She was back in literal two seconds, chewing on a red vine, which Lena was sure had never been on her grocery list. “Yup, you’re definitely out of baking soda, and also brown sugar and chocolate chips and the only flour you have is that weird one that makes cookies sad,” Kara informed mid-chew.

Lena blinked a few times, trying to seem unfazed, but the blatant demonstration of power had definitely been a surprise, and so was the rush of emotions in knowing Kara was comfortable enough around her to do so. “You mean whole wheat?” she asked finally.

“I mean sad cookie flour,” Kara insisted.

“Of course,” Lena said with a mock eye roll.

“I could run to the store and get it real quick,” Kara offered.

Lena raised one eyebrow at Kara. “I’m assuming you mean running in the literal sense.”

Kara turned red. “Yeah, I uhm, I, I… I’m sorry, was that weird?” she spluttered.

Lena laughed. “No, it was fine. But I prefer going to the store at normal speed,” she teased.

“Oh, okay.”

“There are a few things I have to buy, we could both go to the store if you desperately need the cookies.”

Kara smiled and jumped a little excitedly. “I doo!”

In a few minutes, they were in Lena’s car, staring at the garage door as if it had offended them, Lena frozen and tensed next to Kara.

“Hey,” Kara said softly next to her. “We don’t need to go. We can just go back up.”

Lena took a shivering breath and shook her head. “No. I need to. I can’t let them take this away from me. I can’t ruin my life because of these bloodsuckers,” she said sounding a little annoyed. “I just need a moment.”

Kara nodded. “Okay. Take your time.”

“Is this not affecting you?” Lena asked.

“It is,” Kara said. “But it’s affecting you more.”

Kara offered her hand, which Lena took, lacing their fingers together. She swallowed the lump
forming in her throat and took a deep breath, and bringing Kara’s hand to her lips. “Okay,” she said with a nod, “I’m ready.”

Kara placed her hand on Lena’s thigh, the warmth was comforting and helped Lena ground herself. Lena turned on the car and they left the garage.

It took a while for them to actually see a paparazzi, by then they had already crossed two streets and had stopped at the headlight. When Lena noticed the man with the camera following them from across the street she tensed, squeezing Kara’s hand hard.

“Are you alright?” Kara asked with concern. Lena nodded. “Okay. Kiss me!”

“What?” Lena asked with a frown.

“You said you wanted to take back control of your life,” Kara said calmly. “So, let’s do it. We can be in control of what they’re saying about us.”

Lena considered it for a few seconds, furrowing her brows a little bit, and Kara could almost see the engines working inside Lena’s head. And then Lena was gripping the back of Kara’s neck, pulling Kara closer as she leaned forward to kiss Kara. It was a quick kiss, mostly chaste, but for the duration of time Lena’s lips were against hers, Kara forgot where they were and the situation they were in, all thoughts dimmed down to irrelevance at the taste of Lena’s lips.

When Lena pulled away, Kara could barely restrain the whine at the lost, and followed, her hand going to Lena’s hip to pull her closer, a little awkwardly over the center console, and connected their lips again. Lena smiled and actually relaxed against Kara, allowing them a few more seconds to enjoy the kiss before pulling away again, resting her forehead against Kara’s.

The light turned green but Kara didn’t move.

“Cookies,” Lena whispered to Kara as a reminder and Kara’s eyes shot open.

“Yes! Cookies!” Kara exclaimed excitedly, perking up on her seat.

Lena could only laugh at her girlfriend’s antics, paparazzi completely forgotten for a few blissful minutes. Sure enough, before they reached the store, more photographers made themselves noticeable, but they didn’t give them any attention, only squeezing their hands comfortingly every now and then.

-------

“Can’t I just use my heat vision to make them ready faster?” Kara asked with a tone of impatience.

“No,” Lena answered curtly as she placed small balls of cookie dough on the tray with the help of two spoons. “This is why you can’t cook.”

Kara pouted. She had flour and two types of sugar in her hair, blending in with her roots, and in her cheeks, as well as cookie dough on the corner of her lips.

Lena narrowed her eyes at her. “This won’t work this time, I will not let you screw my recipe because you can’t wait the normal and totally plausible time of twelve minutes for a tray of cookies.”

“Mean.” Kara dipped her finger into the bowl when Lena turned to drop another ball on the tray,
scoping cookie dough on her finger, making sure to get a chocolate chip, and sneakily brought it to her lips with a cheeky smile. When she went in for a second time, Lena slapped her hand away. “What is the point of baking cookies if you can’t eat from the bowl?”

“The point, I would assume, is eating the cookies.”

“Not good enough,” Kara said and used a burst of super speed to scoop more dough into her finger. Instead of licking it off though, she offered it to Lena with a smile.

Lena rolled her eyes, but she wasn’t able to contain the smile for too long. She accepted the offered finger, wrapping her lips around it carefully while making eye contact with Kara, who realized what an amazing and terrible idea it was when Lena started sucking on her finger, stroking it with her tongue, all the while her intense green eyes were locked in with Kara’s. It made Kara’s mouth go dry and her knees get weak and her brain to short circuit and she stumbled a little until she caught herself on the countertop. It was apparently what Lena had planned, as the brunette grinned wickedly and let go of Kara’s finger with a pop.

She stepped aside and placed the two trays of cookies in the oven before turning back at Kara. She laughed when she finally noticed the state Kara was in.

“Come here,” she called softly, stepping in front of Kara and rubbing the sugar and flour from her face with gentle fingers. “How did you manage to get brown sugar in your hair?” she asked as she tried to comb it out.

Kara shrugged. “I guess I tried to brush it back when I had sugar in my hand?”

Lena chuckled, and Kara couldn’t even bother enough to be embarrassed when that was the reaction she got, the soft sound coaxing a smile out of her as the deep green eyes looked at her fondly. “You are something else, Kara Danvers.” Lena leaned in, placing her lips carefully on the corner of Kara’s lips to both clean the cookie dough and kiss Kara at the same time. She kissed Kara again a few times before wrapping her arms around Kara’s waist in a loose hug and resting her head on Kara’s shoulder. “Thank you for this. I know you’re trying to cheer me up and distract me the whole day, and I admit you’re doing an amazing job so far.”

“I’m glad,” Kara said simply and kissed Lena’s hair. “But admittedly, I’m also distracting myself,” she confessed after a few seconds.

Lena laughed softly.

It took around an hour for them to finish baking all the cookies, and in the end, they had more cookies than Lena had ever seen in one place, she had made three times the usual recipe she used, and she was sure Kara could have eaten them all in one sitting. After putting the colder ones in jars for safekeeping, they filled the still warm last round in a large plate and took it with them back to the lounge, where Kara sat on the floor and tugged Lena to sit with her. Lena sat in front of Kara on the plushy carpet that Kara liked to joke was more comfortable than her own bed, between Kara’s outstretched legs, with Kara’s arms around her, hugging her closer. Lena smiled when Kara pressed a kiss on her shoulder and dropped her head back to rest against Kara’s shoulder, letting Kara rearrange them comfortably.

“Don’t you have any questions?” Kara asked as she reached for the cookies, handing one to Lena before grabbing one for herself. Her tenth or fifteenth of the day, Lena couldn’t really keep track.

“Questions?” Lena frowned, looking at Kara over her shoulder.
“Yeah, you know,” Kara started with her mouth full, pausing to swallow, “about me and my powers and everything else?”

“Oh,” Lena exclaimed softly. “I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable,” she confessed. “As if I was studying you or something. I didn’t know if it was okay to ask things.”

“It’s always okay to ask me things, Lena. I’m more than happy to share things with you.”

“I may have a mental list of things I wanted to know,” Lena admits with a little smile, adjusting herself on the floor so she could look at Kara better, still between Kara’s legs, but facing the blonde, with each leg on top of each of Kara’s thighs.

“Oh Rao,” Kara sighed. The words coming out of her mouth before she could really think “I love,” she panicked, “when you geek out,” she corrected, but her heart was racing inside her chest. Lena didn’t seem to notice her slip up, chewing casually on her cookie.

“Why do you wear glasses?” Lena asked. “I mean, you don’t need them, do you?”

“I do,” Kara said. “But not for impaired vision, clearly. When I arrived on earth, everything was just so overwhelming, I could see so much, hear so much, I didn’t really know how to handle it. I didn’t handle it well. I didn’t have powers on Krypton, so on top of a new planet, new language, new culture, new family… new grief, I had to deal with crazily enhanced senses. So Jeremiah, Alex’s dad, he gave me the glasses, the frames are lined with lead so they help dampen my senses a bit. Not much though, and it does nothing for the strength. But it helps life not be so overwhelming all the time. Not so loud.”

“Oh!” Lena exclaimed. “So it has nothing to do with the disguise?”

“What? No! They’re made of lead, not magic. It’s not all that great of a disguise. I mean, they help a little, but no.”

“Actually, you can hide it pretty well, and it’s less about what you look like, it’s just that people don’t think that someone so powerful would choose to do something so normal, to be normal. Most people think Supergirl is super all the time, probably live in some secret hideout and spend the days floating around waiting for something to save. You manage to hide in plain sight because no one really looks at people they deem ordinary. To think Supergirl was actually a personal assistant is almost ludicrous.”

“You looked,” Kara pointed out, her voice barely above a whisper.

“You’re anything but ordinary to me,” Lena said, holding Kara’s eyes.

Kara smiled, blushing a little. “Okay, what else?”

“How does it feel to get hit by a bullet?”

Kara made a little noise, a mix between a chuckle and a contemplation, and then she flicked her finger against Lena’s arm, wincing when Lena flinched.

“Sorry, did I hurt you?”

“No, no,” Lena assured. “No more than a regular flick on the arm,” she joked, Kara laughed relieved. “I can still feel it, though.”

Kara looked down at Lena’s arm to see a red spot where her finger had hit. “Oh! I’m really sorry,
“Hum?”

“It’s really red,” Kara explained. “Oh. Is this what you meant when you said your skin marked easily?”

“Yeah. Doesn’t really hurt though, so it’ll probably go away in a few minutes.”

Kara leaned down and kissed the red spot ever so softly.

“Now it might go away faster,” Lena said smiling.

Kara beamed at her. “Glad I could help.”

“You know, despite all the attempts on my life,” Lena started, with a thoughtful tone, “I’ve never really been shot. I’ve been shot at… but they always missed.”

“Maybe you got a guardian angel protecting you.”

“Or a superhero,” Lena said teasingly.

Kara blushed and smiled bashfully. “Yeah.”

“Does it hurt when you use heat vision?”

Kara scrunched up her face, twisting her lips. “Depends,” she said finally. “Just regular everyday use, like heating things up, drinks and food and the likes, no. But when I really push it, like in a fight or something, it starts stinging a little bit. And when I reach over the limit, then it burns. But it’s only when it reaches close to a gigajoule that it starts bothering.”

Lena choked on her saliva. “You say that as if you weren’t talking about one billion joules of energy coming from your eyes.”

Kara shrugged noncommittally. “It happened a few times. I went over that as well.”

Lena could only look at Kara with surprise painted on her face. “I can’t even… formulate how to go from there.”

Kara giggled. “Do you want to go back to the more normal questions? Like the ones that won’t make you freak your nerdy mind when I answer?” Kara tapped Lena’s temple jokingly with two fingers.

“Oh yeah. Yeah. I feel like we should totally get to the science part of the whole super thing, but I might need a solid week to recover from the gigajoule eyes information.”

Kara laughed harder. “Okay. I promise to answer all your nerdy questions when you have them. But yeah, what else you got?”

“Who else knows?” Lena asked.

“About me?” Kara asked just to be sure. Lena nodded. “Well, obviously Alex and Eliza, and my cousin and his parents. James also knows, he actually knew before we met, my cousin told him about me when he decided to move to Nacional City… which is kind of rude and invasive of him to do so without telling me, but whatever.” She shrugged. “And Winn. Winn was the first person I’ve ever told, actually. Right after I saved the plane, Alex was not very happy about the whole thing and I
needed someone to, I don’t know, to be excited for me, to share it with, and Winn was my best friend.”

Lena nodded and grabbed Kara’s hand. “And why the plane?” She started playing with Kara’s fingers. “For your first save, I mean.”

“Alex,” Kara answered. “Alex was on that plane. The only reason I saved that plane was to save my sister.” She chuckled and looked down at their hands. “Not very heroic, right?”

“But you kept doing it,” Lena pointed out. “You kept helping people, saving people. That’s heroic.”

“Yeah,” Kara agreed softly, nodding her head a bit.

Lena reached for another cookie and handed it to Kara, watching enchanted as Kara’s face lit up with delight. The cookie was gone in less than three seconds.

“Who made the suits?”

“Well, mine was Winn,” Kara said. “He’s really good at sewing and everything, you should see his cosplays, they look amazing. Like a professional.”

“And your cousin’s?”

“His mom.”

Lena choked on a laugh. “Seriously?”

Kara laughed as she nodded.

“Superman’s costume was made by his mom,” Lena laughed.

“Hey!” Kara protested. “It’s a superhero suit. His super hero suit was made by his mom.”

Lena laughed even harder, Kara following her. “The symbol you both wear. What is it? I mean, it’s not really an ‘S’ is it?”

“No. It’s a glyph. My family’s coat of arms. The House of El. It stands for a Kryptonian phrase which is our family motto, ‘El Mayarah’. It means Stronger Together.”


“Ehl means star, and sun. It’s the same word. Kryptonian religion, Raoism, worshiped our sun, Rao, as our god of light and life. It was said, mostly by my family, that the House of El were descendants of Rao himself.”

“I always knew you were divine.”

“Nooo0000,” Kara laughed as she cringed, scrunching up her face and covering it in her hand. “That was so bad,” she said after she finally recovered.

Lena laughed a little, smiling at Kara. “Made you laugh,” Lena shrugged, as if that fact made up for the worst joke she’d ever told. And it did.

Kara’s laughs and giggles were, in Lena’s opinion, what stars were made of.

“So aliens can be superstitious too,” Lena asked.
“Are you kidding me? Earth is nothing compared to other planets. Krypton was crazy superstitious, even though we were a knowledge-based culture. Why do you think I can’t eat chicken?”

“Seriously?”

Kara nodded. “Yes. It was considered unlucky to kill a bird because a man once accidentally killed a sacred Winged One while sky-sledding and then died of a heart attack during the funeral. It was the only ever recorded heart attack in the history of Krypton.”

Lena sniggered. “Oh my,” she covered her mouth to stop her giggles. “That raises so many questions, but more importantly, why was there a funeral for a bird?”

“It wasn’t exactly a bird as we know here on earth,” Kara told her. “It was a gigantic sacred and beloved flying feathered animal. More like a dragon than a canary. It was Kryptonian custom to give a funeral to a Winged One when it died. Our birds were very important to us, Krypton had a strong connection with them. They were part of our religion and our sacred symbols. The animal that represented the planet was a bird. And they went extinct long before I was born.”

“Okay.” Lena nodded as she took it in. “Sky-sledding?” she asked after a while and Kara laughed.

“It was really fun.”

“I bet.”

“Any more questions?”

“Do you think,” Lena started seriously, “that there’s life on other planets?” she ended in a whisper, grinning when Kara started laughing so hard she snorted.

Lena watched as Kara laughed. It was the most beautiful thing Lena had ever seen. Lena always thought that when Kara laughed. Kara laughed with her entire body and soul, her laugh was contagious, it made Lena’s heart burst with affection and joy.

Kara’s laughter dimmed down to simply giggles after a while and she smiled at Lena, both hands framing Lena’s face gently, leaning forward to kiss her.

When Kara arrived at CatCo on Monday, she noticed people giving her weird looks, as if she was the only one who didn’t get an important memo or something, or as if said memo had been about her.

But of course, she knew what that was about. They had seen the photos with Lena, now linked to her name and the company’s name. How could they not? Not only did they work for the biggest media empire in the country, but everyone had seen it. Everywhere. The photos and articles were in at least four national gossip magazines and all over the internet. It was pretty hard to miss that.

“Hey, Kara,” Eve greeted her as soon as she stepped out of the elevator, lacking her usual perkiness.

“Good morning Eve.”

“Snapper wants to see you,” she said in a warning voice.
Kara winced. “It’s because of the articles, right?”

Eve gave her a sympathetic smile. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s fine,” Kara told her with a shrug. “I was kind of expecting it.”

“It must be awful, to be in that situation where people invade your privacy and speculate about your life.”

Kara chuckled. “You’re certainly not working in the right place, Eve.”

Eve laughed. “Right.”

“I get it,” Kara said. “I’ve been where you are. With Ms. Grant. But she cares, a lot more than others in her position.” Kara sighed then. “I really miss her. She’d know what to do now. She’d probably yell at me for letting myself get caught, and then say something about harvesting my connections, ask me if it was worth it, probably some comment about Lena’s attractiveness and how she’s out of my league or something,” she added with a laugh.

Eve frowned at Kara. “I think I’ve met a completely different person to who you’re talking about.”

Kara only smiled. Eve didn’t know Cat like she did. She’d suppose no one knew Cat like she did.

“Well, good luck in there.”

“Thanks.”

“Oh, and Kara?”

“Yeah?”

“You have lipstick…” Eve finished by gesturing to her own face, widely, implying the lipstick was not limited to Kara’s lips.

Kara frowned and pulled her phone from her jacket, using the blank screen to look at herself. Kara let out a small when she saw the smudge of red lipstick on the corner of her lips and covering what should be her lipstick, blushing till the tips of her ears. She ducked her head in embarrassment.

“Thank you, Eve,” she said weakly and made a beeline to the bathroom.

And there it was, Kara blushed even harder when she looked in the mirror, finally getting a good assessment of the damage. Lena’s lipstick was very dark and irrefutably not hers, going as far as a whole inch outside of her lips. How did she not see it before?

Well, she knew how.

When Lena dropped her off at work, they had a hard time separating, realizing they didn’t have to hide or be careful anymore they threw all caution into the wind and proceeded to have a five-minute-long make out section in the back of Lena’s town car. Kara couldn’t even bring herself to feel sorry for Lena’s driver. Luckily Lena had had the courtesy of not touching Kara’s hair, but by the time they were done, Kara was too busy fixing her clothes as fast as she could and trying to avoid looking at Lena as to not get coaxed into a second round, that she completely forgot to check her face. And with the elevator full she couldn’t really check the mirror.

As she thought of all the people that must have seen her face like that, Kara blushed even harder.

Kara snapped a quick picture of her face, looking very displeased, and sent it to Lena as she set
about wiping her face and trying to fix her makeup, obviously stalling, she could have managed it all in less than a second with her super-speed, but she needed time to gather herself.

To Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy)(Smiling Face With Heart-Shaped Eyes):

**Kara:** Look at this

**Kara:** I hope you’re proud of yourself

**Lena:** I am, actually

**Lena:** That’s quite the work of art

**Kara:** You could have warned me

**Lena:** You were in a hurry

**Kara:** You are evil

**Lena:** I AM a Luthor

**Kara:** so, Snapper wants to see me

**Lena:** Oh

**Kara:** yeah

**Lena:** Are you okay?

**Kara:** yeah. I will be, I guess

**Lena:** Are you hiding in the bathroom?

**Kara:** I’m not hiding

**Kara:** I’m fixing my make up

**Lena:** sure thing, honey

**Kara:** are you at L-Corp yet?

**Lena:** Almost

**Kara:** ah. Do you think there are too many reporters there?

**Lena:** Probably, yeah

**Kara:** ugh, this is all so dumb
Lena: it is

Lena: I’m sorry for all this

Kara: not your fault, Lena

Lena: Either way, I can still feel sorry

Kara: I guess

Kara: I should go

Kara: face the beast

Lena: good luck

Kara: yeah. See you at lunch?

Lena: Yes. Bye. (Face Throwing A Kiss )

Kara: Bye (Face Throwing A Kiss )(Face Throwing A Kiss )

She knew it couldn’t last long. Once done with her makeup, she faced herself in the mirror, meeting her own eyes, and sighed. She would have to face Snapper, she should just do it. She checked to make sure her make up was okay and braced herself to leave the bathroom.

She didn’t have to guess why people were looking at her with that amount of pity: she was walking to her execution, and everyone knew.

The pity was well deserved. When Kara stepped inside Snapper’s office, the look he gave her made the hair on her neck stand up, followed by every single hair in the rest of her body.

The loud scolding voice could be heard resonating through the bullpen.

“DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU’VE DONE TO THE INTEGRITY OF THIS PUBLICATION? TO THE CREDIBILITY OF YOUR NAME?” was the first thing out of his mouth.

Kara tried to argue at first, but she reckoned it was pointless, she clasped her hands behind her back, kept her eyes straight forward and let him go on with his rants.

The things that came out of that office were so harsh it made a young intern call his mom to pick him up.

In the end, Kara left with her head down and biting her lips from trembling, not quite close to tears but not far either. Snapper had put her on probation until further notice, not allowed to write her own pieces, only fact-check and edit other people’s works, and she was banned from writing anything related to the Luthor name ever again, even when she was allowed to write again, if an article could have the slightest connection to anything Luthor or L-Corp or Lena, she was to hand it over to someone else.
Without even looking, her feet took her to her office, the one Cat gifted her with, which she considered lucky the fact that Snapper didn’t know about in case he wanted to take that from her. She liked having a space where she could have a bit of peace, away from the craziness of the bullpen. It could get overwhelming.

Kara opened the door and smiled instantly. Right on her desk was a beautiful bouquet of plumerias. She made sure to close the door before walking further in.

There was a note stuck to the vase.

‘I thought you could use a pick me up – L’ written with the most beautiful cursive handwriting and signed with a red lipstick kiss stain.

She texted Lena a thank you for the flowers, to which Lena replied simply with a red heart.

Kara sighed happily. No matter how bad things would get, she knew Lena would be there for her always.

-------

It took a while for Kara to decide to stop hiding in her secret office. But she did eventually, she had to actually work after all, even if she was essentially grounded.

The moment she stepped off a large body collided with her and she had to hold the person by the arms to make sure the person didn’t end up on their ass.

“Ow, Kara!” James gasped. She helped him steady up and he looked a bit disturbed, frowning a bit. “I really should have gotten used to that by now,” he said rubbing his chest where it hit Kara. “Clark is even clumsier than you.”

“That’s an act,” Kara pointed out.

“Yeah, but the pain is real.”

Kara giggled. “Sorry.”

“But it’s nice that I ran into you,” he started.

“Ha.”

“Because I wanted to talk to you.”

Kara groaned. “Oh, not you too.”

James frowned.

“I already had a fight with Alex, and now Snapper has me on probation, and I do not have the energy to have an argument with you too,” Kara explained.

“But you’re powered by the sun,” James joked, and it actually managed to get a smile out of Kara. “No, I don’t want to fight either,” he assured. “I just wanted to say that I’m sorry for what is happening, it can’t be easy to be exposed like that, I can’t begin to understand what you’re going through, but I’m here for you for whatever you need.”

“Also, I wanted to say that I understand why you didn’t tell me first. After the way I acted when she was kidnapped, it’s natural that you didn’t feel like telling me that you were together. And we sort of have a history.”

Kara didn’t know what to say to that. “Yeah, well… yeah,” she stuttered, scratching the back of her neck awkwardly. “I just wanted to allow myself to be happy for a while, stay in that happy bubble of a new relationship, before everyone found out and started commenting. You know, last year, with,” she gestured between the two of them, “everyone watched and commented on it, it was quite the entertainment for them,” she scoffed and continued, “I didn’t want that. For us, for, for Lena and me.”

“That’s understandable,” James said with sympathy.

“Thanks.” Kara fiddled with her glasses, a bit unsure. “So… we’re good?”

James smiled at her, that big beautiful smile that she had once fallen for. “We’re good.”

Kara beamed and threw herself at him, hugging him a little too tight and making him groan. “Sorry,” she said as she stepped back.

“No, it’s cool,” he assured. “I’m used to that one.”

Kara laughed.

“Listen, I have to go now,” James said gesturing around to the bullpen of which he was the acting boss. “But we have to get together and catch up, alright?”

Kara nodded. “Totally.”

“I’m glad we got to talk.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“See you around.”

James walked away, and Kara was left smiling behind. She did miss James a lot, it was good that things seem to start getting better between them. The anger and hurt of his behavior weren’t erased, but she got over it and she mostly missed her friend. He truly was a good friend despite his occasional burst of self-righteousness and need to see the world as black and white. When they clashed, they clashed. But he was loyal and caring and an amazing hugger and terrible at game-night without Lucy, which was great for Kara because she got to win all the time, even if not all-around, she always won from him.

She just wished Alex could have seen things the way James did.

-------

Kara didn’t have anything to do at work. At all.

She couldn’t even edit other people’s work due to her track record with spelling, and no one needed fact-checking.
So she just sat at her desk in the bullpen and checked her emails. Though even that got boring, a lot of fidget toys and chair spinning were involved.

Her lunch hour was very close when Snapper stepped out of his office and snapped his fingers loudly.

“Danvers,” he all but barked. “Get the hell out of here.”

Kara’s eyes went wide and she stood up in a jump, her back ramrod straight. “Sir? Something wrong?”

He threw her a grumpy look. “You’re giving everyone anxieties by sitting there with your toys. Go home.”

Kara blushed and nodded, grabbing her purse and stumbling her way out. She wasn’t about to deny a day off.

She flew all the way to Metropolis before going to L-Corp, to get food from a place Lena said was her favorite, and that she happened to own as well because of Lex. He had bought the Big Belly Burger franchise when she turned 16 as a birthday present. Kara choked for probably the first time in her earth life when Lena mentioned it casually one time while they ate.

She knocked on the door, but Lena didn’t notice and just continued to work.

Kara liked watching Lena work, the brunette got a cute little frown when she concentrated, as she read something on her laptop, her feet crossed at the ankles, one tapping away to a rhythm only she knew about, fingers drumming on her pristine desk at a totally different rhythm, and she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth every now and then, only to let it go a few seconds later. Kara thought Lena always looked amazing, but something about concentrated working Lena that made Kara smile. Though to be fair, the sight of Lena always made Kara smile. She stood there for a few minutes, waiting for her lunch hour to officially start.

Lena mumbled to herself as she tipped and made scribbles with the stylus. It looked very important by the look of it, Lena hardly blinked, never taking her eyes from the screen. Kara gathered she was planning to build something. An emitter of some kind?

But Kara’s stomach grumbled, and she couldn’t take it anymore.

“Hey beautiful,” she greeted, and she heard Lena’s heart skipping a bit.

The brunette’s face lit up in the most beautiful way and she looked up at Kara with a dimpled smile and sparkling eyes. “Kara,” Lena breathed out, so full of affection that Kara felt her own heart quickening.

“I brought your favorite,” Kara announced, raising the bag for Lena to see. “You said it was your comfort food when you lived in Metropolis, and it’s been a crappy day already for me so at least I could use it, and also I wanted to thank you for the flowers.”

Lena laughed and got up, making her way to Kara. “You’re wonderful, darling. I could really use a greasy meal right about now.” She placed a quick kiss on Kara’s lips and smiled. “Hi,” she giggled and went for another kiss.

“Not that I don’t love the kissing,” Kara said, pulling back a little. “Because I really do,” she insisted. “But I’m kind of hungry and flying that far burns too many calories.”
Lena frowned. “That far… Kara, did you… did you…?”

“Fly to Metropolis to buy you food?” Kara finished for her with an exaggerated smile. “I did.”

“Fuck,” Lena laughed. “How are you real?”

Kara only smiled and set their food on the coffee table.

At Lena’s first bite she moaned, loudly.

“Fuuuuuck,” she groaned with her mouth still full, “I missed this so much.”

Kara’s bite was swallowed involuntarily, without even chewing. She shifted in her seat a little. The circumstances to which she heard that sound the evening before were considerably different, when her hips had ground against Lena’s, igniting every cell of her body on fire, a burn not different from the high the sun gave her.

“You’re the best girlfriend ever,” Lena said after chewing and swallowing her burger, her voice completely ecstatic. “I might just keep you,” she joked.

Kara laughed, trying to regain control of her breathing. “G-good.”

“Because no one else is going to physically fly across the country to get me a burger,” Lena continued around another bite.

“You know, last time I brought you Chinese food? That was actually from China.”

“We can’t ever break up now. You set the bar too high for everyone else.”

Kara giggled.

“So how did it go with Snapper?” Lena asked, dipping a french-fry inside her milkshake before bringing it to her mouth. If Kara wasn’t already completely crazy for Lena, she would have fallen right there.

“I’m on probation,” Kara groaned, “until he decides I’m not ‘a liability to the company,” she made air quotes and then grumpily shoved a handful of fries in her mouth.

“Aw, that sucks babe,” Lena said. “Do you want me to off him?”

Kara narrowed her eyes and looked at Lena. “Don’t tempt me.” Lena laughed. “Babe?”

Lena only shrugged and continued to eat.

“He even sent me home early because apparently, me being bored is annoying.”

“It’s hardly one pm.”

“Exactly!” Kara sighed and took a big bite. “I’ll just use the time to go check on things with Winn, and I have to settle some things at the DEO as well.”

Lena didn’t ask what the DEO was, nor did Kara notice her slip up.

“Hey, do you want to get off early? We could have a date tonight,” Kara suggested after a while.

“We have nearly all our meals together,” Lena pointed out. “Including right now.”
“Wow, and who said romance as dead?” Kara rolled her eyes. “No, silly. Not just dinner. Something fun, like the arcade.”

“The arcade?”

Kara nodded as she bit into her burger, and Lena laughed at the image. “We could play a bunch of silly games, get a lot of tickets, eat tons of crap, and by the end, I’ll exchange the tickets for something really cool for you that you totally can’t live without, like the good girlfriend that I am. Like a neon plastic ring, or a kazoo, or a glowing yo-yo, a water gun, a sword that glows and makes swishing noises when you shake it, a ridiculously huge teddy bear that makes it difficult for us to hold hands for the rest of the night…” Kara listed, and Lena laughed more and more at each mention. “The useh.”

“Okay, that sounds fun.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

They smiled at each other and Kara couldn’t help but lunge forward to kiss Lena, greasy lips and everything. Lena really could make her feel better just by being there.

-------

Kara knew J’onn would want to talk to her, probably scold her even, though she trusted him to not rip into her like Snapper did.

J’onn did not disappoint her.

“What happened to you is really unfortunate, Kara,” he told her as they talked in the training room for some privacy. “And I understand it’s not totally your fault, but you should have been more careful.”

Kara nodded. “You’re right. I got careless. We were having fun and I forgot to pay attention,” she explained. “But I just like her so much, J’onn, it’s hard to think about anything like that when I’m with her.” Her voice got dreamier and giddier as she spoke, and she couldn’t contain her smile. She even saw a smiling creeping up J’onn’s face as well before he forced it out. “And at least now we don’t have to hide anymore.”

“You still have a secret identity to maintain,” he said in a tone that made her feel like she was seconds away from a timeout.

“Yeah, but people have already seen me with her, and found out my name… those things are out of our hands now.” When he only looked at her sternly, she continued, “we just have to do some… damage control. To keep Supergirl and Kara separate.”

He narrowed his eyes at her. “What do you have in mind?”

Kara shrugged, or more like tried to shrink herself. “I was kind of hoping I could maybe brainstorm with Winn a little bit…”

J’onn simply stared her down.
“Oooor I could just tell you now,” she said quickly. “I was thinking something like, while Lena and I are together, out in public, on a date maybe, we stage something to have you as Supergirl save us?”

“We cannot endanger civilians.”

“Yeah, no, I know that,” Kara agreed, with a tone that implied it was obvious. And it was. “But something that would not hurt anyone?” She shook her head as she dismissed the idea and J’onn did the same. “What if we just wait it out until it actually happens, like needing Supergirl while her and I are together somewhere and you show up as Supergirl while I just stay with her? Or maybe have Supergirl be seen doing small things around the city while I’m with her? Have you as Supergirl and I be seen together at an event or doing an interview or something? OH! Walking rescue dogs together!!” She excitedly looked up at him, only to be bet with the same indifferent stare as always. “Okay, no to the last one, but the rest are really good ideas.”

J’onn nodded and seemed to really consider it without any grumpiness apparent. “Maybe one of those could work.”

Kara beamed at him, bouncing happily on her feet. “Does that mean I can go annoy Winn now?”

J’onn rolled his eyes, but this time he did smile. “Go.”

Kara hugged him quickly and thanked him before flying out of the room, over the ledge of the second floor and into the bullpen, landing next to Winn gracefully.

“How’s the girlfriend?” Winn asked teasingly without even looking away from his computer.

Kara made a happy little sound as she crossed her legs in the air, floating at the same level as his chair. “She’s amazing, Winn. She’s like so great, and awesome and I just… I like her so much. And she’s so understanding and nice and sweet, and so, so cute,” Kara gushed.

Winn chuckled as he looked at Kara amused. “I meant more in the sense of her current state,” he explained. “But it’s nice to know you’re happy.”

“I really am!” Kara said smiling in that way that made her nose scrunch up. “And she’s fine. She had to do a last minute-ish meeting with her PR team, and on her part, it’s all mostly managed. She’s not a big fan of all the stalking and invasion of privacy, as… normal, but she has decided that she won’t let that interfere with our lives. And we have a date tonight,” Kara added the end excitedly.

“That’s great buddy,” Winn said sincerely. “What about Papa bear over there? How’d it go?”

“A lot better than with Snapper,” she said, and he frowned. “I’m on probation,” she explained with an eye roll. “But J’onn was cool. I didn’t think he’d be so cool with it. We just have to figure out a way to keep Kara Danvers and Supergirl as two separate people, make sure people don’t make the connection.”

“Yeah, that’s not all that hard, I mean, we do have a shapeshifter.” Winn shrugged.

“Yeah, it’s what I said.”

“Oh, hey!” he exclaimed, waving his hands in her direction. “Remember that bar we used to go to trivia night? I was feeling like going this week, would you guys like to come with? We make a great team already, but I figured Lena would be great at nerd trivia.”

“Yes!” Kara exclaimed excitedly. “I’ll talk to her, I think she’ll like it.”
Winn smiled and then sighed deeply. “James doesn’t appreciate my interests like you do,” he said dramatically.

Kara chuckled. “That’s because James doesn’t love you like I do,” she joked. “You and James are bros. But you and I,” she gestured between the two of them, “we’re buddies!” she finished as if that answered everything, grinning.

Winn laughed and Kara offered her fist for him to bump.

“Buddies,” he agreed fist-bumping her.

Winn went back to his work… not work, he was playing video games. Winn went back to his computer and Kara kept floating next to him, spinning around as if she was sitting in a chair, occasionally talking, but mostly sharing the comfortable silence of two best friends who enjoyed spending time together, Kara giving Winn suggestions for his game once in a while. They stayed like that for over an hour before an alarm went off on Winn’s computer, reminding him that he had to actually do work.

Just as Kara was about to go wander around to try and find food, she spotted Alex crossing the bullpen. Kara groaned and spun around so that her back was to where Alex was, and then floated to stay behind Winn.

“You do know she saw you, right?” Winn pointed out.

“I’m choosing to ignore that.”

“Well, it might be hard, she’s coming here.”

“If I use super speed, do you think I’d damage the computers too much?”

“You do make a bit of a pressure in the air when you fly… maybe just some fallen or cracked monitors. And while that wouldn’t affect the data or anything cuz it’s just the screen… they are kinda expensive and essential for the use of the computers.”

Kara groaned.

“All this time, you could have used to get away without breaking shit cuz we both know you can control your speed pretty well, and yet you just sat there and whined… metaphorically, I know you’re not actually sitting. Anyways, you’ll have to confront her now cuz she’s here.”

“I could still ignore her,” Kara insisted.

“You could, but I’d prefer we talked,” Alex’s voice said.

Kara turned to her with her arms crossed and a cold stare. She made a subtle gesture with her head as if to say Alex should have started talking already.

Alex looked around a little awkwardly. “Could we go somewhere more private?”

Kara rolled her eyes and got to her feet, walking away towards the training room, never looking away to see if Alex was following, not even as a courtesy, since they both knew she could hear.

When she got to the middle of the room, and hear Alex close the door, she turned around.

“Talk,” Kara said curtly.
“I was a bit harsh with you the other day,” Alex started.

“You think?” Kara said back with bite.

“I understand everyone has their own time coming out, and I shouldn’t have exploded at you because you took longer than me, that was shitty of me.” Kara only nodded, with an almost self-righteous look on her face as she agreed with Alex. “I was upset because I thought you didn’t trust me enough to tell me... you never lied to me before, you never hid anything from me before.”

“Unlike you,” Kara grumbled.

“Look, I’m trying to apologize here, Kar.”

“Are you?”

“I’m sorry I acted like a jerk.”

“You really did,” Kara agreed. “But you don’t sound very sorry.”

“I don’t know what you want from me here, Kara.”

“You don’t?” Kara asked incredulously. “How about apologizing for how you treated Winn and Lena? How you just marched in and started yelling at me because you don’t like Lena, and how you didn’t even let me talk because you were pissed I didn’t tell you sooner, and when I said I didn’t because I was afraid you’d react badly, you got angry and said I was blaming you for my lie?”

Alex tightened her jaw but said nothing.

“I’m waiting,” Kara insisted.

“I said I’m sorry.”

Kara laughed dryly. “You said you were sorry for acting like a jerk. But you didn’t apologize for what you did. It was a lot more than just ‘acting like a jerk’, Alex, and you know it.”

“Kara, can you stop being silly and—”

“Oh, I’m being silly?” Kara all but snapped. “You came into my home,” Kara started, but stopped herself and took a deep breath, calming the irritation bubbling inside of her. “You were rude to Lena, who is above anything else my best friend—”

“She is my best friend,” Kara repeated forcefully, raising her voice, “and my girlfriend,” she continued. “And I won’t accept you treating her like that.” They were both taken aback by Kara’s boldness. “You hurt me, Alex,” she said softer then. “In a moment that was very hard for me. A moment that I needed your support and not your anger.” She ran a hand through her hair and almost started pacing. “You think I wanted to be outed like that? And to the entire country? Hell, to the entire world? Before I even had time to tell the one person I wanted to tell the most? You know, when I decided I couldn’t keep it a secret anymore, you were the first person I thought about. I actually realized it when we were talking, and the only reason I didn’t tell you right then, was because I needed to talk about it with Lena first, and we weren’t talking... You know how hard it is to spend two weeks without talking to your girlfriend because you’re afraid to face her after almost crushing her bones with a hug, every day hurting you a bit more, and you can’t even tell your sister about it because you know she won’t approve of your relationship? And you went and proved me
right,” Kara unloaded. “So I’m sorry, but I can’t forgive you right now.”

“Kara,” Alex tried.

“Actually, no. I’m not sorry. You deserve it after what you did,” Kara continued. “You know, Alex, you were afraid Lena was pushing me away from you, but in the end, you were the one who accomplished that.”

And with that, Kara stormed off, flipping her cape as she went.

Lena was used to waking up alone, generally. Even when Kara slept over sometimes she’d still wake up alone to a note of what Supergirl had to do. Though Kara usually came back soon and buried herself in Lena’s arms and blankets for as long as they could before they had to work.

Yet that bright Sunday morning, when she woke up to an empty bed, Lena could feel there was something different. The lack of note was the first clue, but she felt a certain peace in the air, and she could tell the city was quiet and in no urgent need of Supergirl’s services.

She decided to get up, maybe get breakfast going, see if she could find Kara.

It wasn’t all that hard.

Lena found Kara on the terrace, right at the edge of the pool, crisscrossed legs, eyes closed, and face turned up towards the sun, hovering at least three feet above the ground. Kara mumbled foreign words fast in a serene voice, and Lena recognized it as Kryptahniuo, as Kara had called it, Kara’s mother tongue. So she hung back, waiting for Kara to be over, not wanting to interrupt whatever it was Kara was doing. Amidst the mumblings, Lena caught some random words, lost on the meaning but the sound of them in Kara’s voice caught to Lena.

“Zehdh… Shokh… Urkish… Tahrao… Shahrrehth…”

Lena wanted to hear more, so she took a step closer, and that’s when the floorboards of the deck squeaked and Kara turned around to face her.

Lena blushed a little. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to disturb you.”

“It’s okay. You never disturb me,” Kara told her with a smile, uncrossing her legs to touch the floor. “Did you sleep okay?”

Lena smiled back and nodded as Kara approached her and placed a hand gently on her hip. “Yeah, really great.”

“I’m glad,” Kara said, still smiling, and lowered her head to touch her forehead to Lena’s temple. Lena placed a hand gently on Kara’s chest, right above her heart and closed her eyes.

“What were you… what were you doing?” Lena asked carefully.

“I was thanking Rao for his gifts, his blessings,” Kara said simply, without moving.
“Rao, that’s your sun god, right?” She could practically feel Kara’s smile.

“Yeah. Our god of light and life,” Kara added. She raised her head to look at Lena as she continued talking. “I know I haven’t felt his light for 13 years now, and I never will again, but I still feel him in my heart. He gives me strength of mind and body. He keeps you safe for me.”

“You keep me safe,” Lena said a little dumbly.

Kara’s smile didn’t waver. “I know, I know how religion sounds to non-religious people, especially the intellectual ones,” she said nudging Lena on the ribs. “But it gives me comfort knowing there’s a power greater than myself, than anything else, that the things beyond my control are being taken care of by something larger than life. Although sometimes the last one is a little hard to remember. It brings me peace knowing that when I die I will be reunited with my parents in Rao’s light, and the rest of my family, and the planet,” Kara explained. “When you were in the hospital, after that Metallo mess, I prayed to Rao for him to keep you safe, to bring you back to me, and you woke up and you were okay. Now, I know there’s a medical explanation, but I also know religion helps, it’s scientifically proven, even. And I know Rao is still up there watching over me and the people I care about. I know this,” she repeated firmly. “And just because I know this, doesn’t mean that what you know, or everyone else knows, is wrong and not true. There are many truths in this universe. Mine is only one of them.”

“That’s… that’s beautiful,” Lena stammered, trying to grasp for words.

Kara smiled at her but said nothing.

“I was never taught to believe in anything other than science. My family… we were wasps. Sort of. I mean, mother was, in a way, and Lex too, ‘but scientists first’, Lex always said. Father kept some of his family’s Scottish superstition, but he said he was Catholic. I never… It never really did anything for me.” She shrugged. Kara nodded, understanding. “What were you saying?”

Kara shrugged. “There are just a few prayers I like to say sometimes. And things I ask for.”

“What kind of things?”

“Girod, virtues,” she said. “There were eleven virtues that were important to Kryptonians. We learned them at a very early age. We were to hold these virtues in high esteem and seek to reflect them in our lives. Family, truth, justice, peace, restraint, hope,” Kara listed. “I could teach you about them, sometime.”

Lena smiled. “I would like that.” She loved to learn any and everything Kara had to offer and wanted to share with her. “Do you do that often? I’ve never seen before.”

“Only when I’m happy and have something to thank for,” she said softly, smiling as radiant as the sun above them, leaning forward to kiss Lena. “And when the day is beautiful like today. Or when I need… clarity.”

Lena nodded, understanding.

“Now I don’t want to bother you with all this religion talk,” Kara said with a dismissive laugh. “Are you hungry? Do you want to go out for breakfast? Or I could go get something for us and we can eat in bed?”

“Oh, definitely in bed. I want to cuddle with you in bed for as long as we can today,” she informed, burring her face on Kara’s shoulder. “I’m feeling lazy.”
“I like it when you’re feeling lazy,” Kara said back with a little laugh. “I’ll be right back,” she whispered and kissed Lena’s cheek before she disappeared.

One thing Lena had noticed, even before they started dating, was that despite Kara’s overall bubbly mood, and the common belief that in a normal day that was her default, Kara was in fact pretty whiny when she woke up.

Lena found it cute whenever she got to see it, when she got to wake up next to Kara.

Baring any super emergencies, when Kara’s alarm went off, she’d turn it off without even looking at it, make some cute grumbling noises and pull Lena closer which usually lead to her falling asleep again and maybe drooling a bit on Lena’s shirt, and then blushing about it, which Lena also found cute.

Maybe she should be concerned about how many things Kara did she found endearing, all the habits and mannerism, she couldn’t really think about anything Kara did that annoyed her in any way, and that was something that she normally would have a problem with, with the previous people she had gotten close to. With Erica it started like that and Lena ended up picking the pieces of herself when Erica ran, with Jack was the opposite and Lena was the one who ran, and she never really let anyone else close enough to her to get to a point where she actually noticed those things about people, but when she did, she was running out the door before the person even knew what hit them. But with Kara, she couldn’t bring herself to care. Everything that composed Kara, every little detail that made Kara the woman that she was, was something Lena adored.

Lena felt like the luckiest woman whenever she was with Kara. She was lucky Kara had chosen her, as a friend and as a girlfriend. She was lucky Kara didn’t run when she had that pathetic spur of jealousy over the bland looking Mike and threw all her feelings onto Kara in a verbal vomit that would have her jumping out the window had the roles been reversal, and that Kara still stood next to her despite her mess of a life and emotional state. She hoped she made Kara feel even a fraction of the happiness Kara made her feel, she thought she did, though her anxieties tended to make her doubt herself every now and then.

As Lena watched Kara sleep next to her, using the very same pillow because a sleeping or sleepy Kara had no sense of personal space, not that she minded, Lena tried to tell herself to slow down, to not fall too hard or too fast, to maybe try to guard herself even just a little bit, but she knew it was a lost battle already.

Kara’s alarm went off, and just like Lena knew she would, she groaned and stretched to turn it off without looking, and then shifted closer, pulling Lena to her and resting her head on Lena’s stomach, making little sleepy happy noises as she settled in.

Yup. A lost battle indeed.

Lena smiled and started carding her fingers through Kara’s slightly tangled hair. Kara sighed contently at each stroke. Those where Lena’s favorite mornings, they didn’t happen too often, but when they did, they made her entire day.

“Kara,” Lena said softly, “honey. We need to get up.”
Kara groaned and tightened her grip on Lena, though not enough to hurt, she was getting better at controlling her powers even while half asleep. “Don’t wanna,” Kara mumbled against Lena’s sleep shirt.

“Unfortunately, your desire to do so or not is not exactly important in this situation.”

“Why do I have to work?” Kara whined.

“I’m guessing to live a normal life as a contributing member of the society,” Lena pondered teasingly. “And to pay your bills.”

Kara’s only answer was to groan again.

“Didn’t Snapper lift your suspension yesterday? Do you think he’ll be happy if you arrive late?”

“He doesn’t do happy.” Kara sighed and let go of Lena, shifting up so she could properly look at her. She smiled at Lena, still sleepily but with nothing but adoration in her eyes. “We could call in sick,” she suggested.

Lena laughed breathily. “Sorry. I have a conference meeting in an hour with the Japan office.”

Kara pouted.

“But I can do Friday,” Lena offered.

Kara’s pout stayed in place. “It’s Wednesday.”

Lena smiled and raised a hand to touch Kara’s cheek, stroking her thumb over her favorite spot, the little dip over Kara’s cheekbone. “I know, honey. But I have a lot to do today. And so do you.”

Kara sighed dramatically. “I hate when you’re right.” Lena pressed her lips in an apologetic smile. “We won’t skip work on Friday, will we?”

Lena pressed a kiss to Kara’s cheek, if only to placate Kara. “I’m sorry,” she whispered before pulling away to get up.

“Sometimes I wish you were one of those rich people who doesn’t care about their work,” Kara said without really meaning it.

“Ah,” Lena exclaimed from her closet, not really bothering to raise her voice because she knew Kara could hear her, “you mean more like the Lena Luthor the media knows and loves to trash?”

“Yes, she’d be a fun girlfriend,” Kara said back, raising her voice so Lena could hear her.

“She doesn’t do ‘girlfriend’,” Lena said back, her voice lowering a little as she considered what to wear. “Or second dates… or even first dates.”

“That just means I would have to pursue her,” Kara said showing up right next to Lena. “The blue one,” she offered, pointing at one of the shirts Lena was looking at, “I like you in blue,” she added, pressing a kiss to Lena’s shoulder.

Lena hummed and pulled the shirt from the hanger. “What makes you think you would have a chance with her?”

“I happen to know I’m her type,” Kara said matter-of-factly, with a shrug for good measure as she started to unbutton her pajama shirt, revealing the tight tank top underneath.
Lena looked Kara over, as if checking her out for the first time, her bottom lip trapped between her teeth, dragging her fingers over Kara’s taut stomach, stopping just as the tank top ended. “Only physically.”

When Kara gapped, not knowing what to say, her mouth opening and closing like a fish, her cheeks tingling, trying to swallow as her mouth went dry, Lena smirked.

“I don’t think you could handle her,” Lena told her smugly and turned around, swinging her hips as she walked the few steps to where her skirts were. She pulled a black skirt, one that she knew made her legs and ass look great, and turned to Kara. “What do you think of this one?”

Kara was still looking at her a little dumbly, she nodded and breathed deeply, her neck muscles contracting in that way Lena liked.

Kara wasn’t the only one who wished they didn’t have to work.

Lena continued to pick her outfit for the day and Kara started doing the same. Lena had set aside a space in her enormous closet for Kara’s clothes, and while her work clothes remained untouched, Kara often found herself missing a sweatshirt or another.

Just as Lena turned to ask Kara if she wanted to use the bathroom first, Kara got that distant look on her face she often did right before…

“I have to go,” Kara announced. “Bank robbery, I’ll be quick.”

Suddenly she was next to Lena, pressing a kiss to her cheek and leaving a light breeze when she disappeared.

Lena sighed.

“I guess I’ll shower first then.”

“I’m so glad you guys could come,” Winn said excitedly as Kara and Lena sat at the table he had been waiting at. “I’m really looking forward to winning that punch card for five nights of free tab.”

“Me too!” Kara agreed even more excitedly.

“I’m sorry we couldn’t come last week, there was a lot going on,” Lena told Winn.

Kara nodded. “Snapper enslaved me for an entire week, I had piles and piles of articles to proofread and edit and give him comments only for him to call me snobbish for them…” She sighed.

“No, it’s fine,” Winn assured with a wave. “We’re here now and we’re gonna win this!” He high-fived Kara and then tried to high-five Lena and she hesitated for a second but slapped his hand as well, laughing a bit awkwardly.

Kara smiled at Lena, almost teasingly, and Lena narrowed her eyes at Kara playfully.

A gush of wind blew by them and Lena noticed they were right under the air conditioner. That’s
when she realized she was getting cold, and she felt a shiver run through her body, she tried to cover it up, crossing her arms tightly over her chest, but Winn noticed and frowned.

“Hey, are you okay?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just... a little bit cold,” Lena confessed. “I forgot to bring a jacket.”

Kara put a hand on Lena’s arm and felt the Goosebumps there. “A bit cold? Lena, you’re freezing.”

“No, it’s fine. I’m okay.”

“No, you’re not,” Kara insisted. “Here, take mine...” Her words died in her throat when she realized she wasn’t wearing a jacket or cardigan.

“It’s fine, darling, don’t worry.” Lena gave her a reassuring smile.

“You can have mine,” Winn offered.

They both turned to look at him.

“You don’t have to,” Lena tried to refuse but Winn was already taking his hoodie off.

“It’s okay, you need it more than me. I’m not really cold,” he said shaking the hoodie in front of Lena. “Take it.”

Lena conceded and took it, putting it on over her business clothes and zipping it. “Thank you, Winn,” she said with a smile towards him. She caught a whiff of something and dug her nose in the soft material on her shoulder. She hummed appreciatively. “You smell nice.”

Winn smiled proudly and puffed his chest. “Thank you.”

Lena turned to Kara with a smile, only to find the blonde looking at the jacket with a little frown, as if it had offended her;

“Kara?” Lena asked. “Are you okay?”

Kara shrugged and avoided Lena’s eyes. “I’m fine.”

“Kara?” Lena tried again. When Kara continued to avoid her, Lena laughed. “Are you jealous?”

Kara looked at Lena then, looking like she had just been slapped. “I am not,” she hissed. “Why would I be jealous of Winn?”

“Hey!” Winn protested, but they didn’t notice him.

“Because,” Lena said with a smile. “You wish you were the one making me feel better.”

Kara’s shoulders sagged. “You’re right,” she agreed.

Lena smiled. “Don’t worry,” she leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Kara’s cheek. “You make me feel better all the time.”

Kara smiled bashfully, cheeks tingling pink.

“Aaaww, you guys,” Winn cooed next to them. Kara blushed again and she looked at Winn, smile still in place, and then back at Lena
“You look really cute,” Kara told Lena.

Lena smiled brightly. “Thank you.”

“We should order because Kara’s probably hungry,” Winn joked.


Lena laughed a little and place her hand on Kara’s leg, a little bit over the knee, and Kara smiled up at her, touching Lena’s forearm gently.

Kara and Winn launched into a discussion about what they should order and how last time they ordered something and regretted and trying to decide if that was the bar that had the good fried mozzarella balls or the gross one.

“No, the gross one was that bar near CatCo that closed,” Winn argued.

“And the good one is from M’gann’s bar,” Kara said back.

Winn frowned. “I thought the good one was from Below 52.”

Kara shook her head. “That’s the great one.”

It went on for a while until they decided to order it anyways, and several other appetizers that they all knew were mostly for Kara.

And then it was time for drinks.

Lena settled on an Irish red ale, which she said worked well with cheese.

“I think you’ll like this one, Kara,” Lena said without looking up from. “It’s kind of bitter but it has a sweet caramel flavor, so it masks it and doesn’t really taste bitter.”

“It’s not like that last one, right?” Kara asked with a grimace.

Lena laughed. “No. Nothing like the Dunkel.”

“Good, cuz that was gross.”

Winn eyed them curiously. “Didn’t peg you for a beer drinker, Lena.”

Lena raised an eyebrow at him. “What kind of drink did you think I like?”

Winn shrugged. “Like, some fancy wines and expensive scotch?”

“You thought I was a snob,” she accused.

Winn gasped. “N-no, no, it’s not that, no. I didn’t, I…”

Kara giggled. “She’s messing with you.”

“Right. I totally knew that.”

The conversation flew easily between them. Kara was so happy Lena and Winn got along so well. The two were excitedly talking about how lightsabers worked, and how they could build one in real life, as they waited for their orders and Kara just stood back, thinking about how cool it was that her two favorite nerds liked each other.
Even though Kara was paying attention to both of them talk, Kara couldn’t take her eyes off of Lena as the brunette talked so passionately about her two favorite subjects at the same time (Star Wars and physics) gesturing wildly and smiling brightly, her eyes sparkling, she looked mesmerizing to Kara, absolutely fascinating.

Eventually Kara managed to snap herself out of it and tried to contribute to the conversation, but she didn’t have the same passion as the other two.

Their food and drinks arrived around ten minutes before the game was set to start, and Kara latched on to the fries as soon as they touched the table.

Winn’s eyes nearly budged out of his head when he saw Lena reach for a fry and Kara not only let her, but silently push the plate a bit closer to Lena. He gaped at Lena as she chewed on the fry.

“What?” she asked a little weirded out.

“She just… let you… take her food,” Winn said dumbly.

Kara blushed a little.

“Kara always shared her food with me,” Lena told him with a shrug.

“YOU WHAT?” Winn screeched.

A few people around glared at him and Kara shushed him.

“Can you lower your voice?” Kara warned.

Lena frowned. “What’s the big deal?”

“What’s the…?” Winn stopped himself to shake his head as if Lena was asking the most ridiculous question in the world. “Kara doesn’t share food,” he explained as if it was a fact. And it was, for everyone else. “One time I tried to take a chip from her and she bit me,” he recounted dramatically.

Lena looked at Kara and Kara scratched the back of her neck awkwardly.

“Aww, you like me,” Lena teased, grinning.

Kara pouted as she blushed to the tip of her ears, crossing her arms over her chest and trying to disappear into her chair. “I hate you,” she mumbled.

Lena and Winn laughed.

And then Kara got that distant look that they both knew well, and they looked at her concerned.

“Everything okay?” Lena asked, leaning closer to Kara, her hand going back to Kara’s thigh comfortingly.

Kara nodded, her eyes still distant. “Yeah. I have to….” she stopped and focused back, looking at both Lena and then Winn with apologetic eyes.

“Go,” Lena told her. “We’ll be okay here, right Winn?”

Winn nodded. “Yeah, totally okay, we got this… wait.”

“I’ll try to be back to take you home,” Kara promised Lena as she slid from her chair before kissing
“Be careful.”

“I will.”

“She knows?” Winn hissed.

Lena didn’t turn to him right away, still watching Kara for a bit.

“Yes. Shut up. Don’t say anything. We’ll talk later,” Kara told Winn in a warning tone. She pulled her glasses from her face and handed them to Lena, who took them without question. She gave Lena another kiss, this time on the temple, and said a quick ‘bye’ before disappearing.

Lena sighed once she was sure Kara was gone, sounding almost defeated.

“Hey, we can still win without her,” Winn tried to cheer her up. “We’re certified geniuses.”

Lena could only muster a weak smile.

There was an awkward silence, both avoiding conversation, eating their appetizers uncomfortably.

“Without Kara, we might never finish these,” Winn joked, but it felt flat. When Lena didn’t say anything or even acknowledged it, he gave up trying.

It took a little longer for either of them to say something else again.

“I hate that,” Lena confessed in a low voice. “When she has to go like that,” she continued once Winn looked back at her.

“Yes, it ruined quite a few game nights,” Winn said.

“Every time, I just can’t turn my brain off. I know, logically, that she will be fine, that she can take it, but I worry so much.”

“You’re good for her.”

Lena blushed a little but looked him in the eye.

“Kara is… she’s pretty special, she needs someone who appreciates that. She deserves to be happy, more than anyone else I know.”

“Yeah, she does,” Lena agreed, smiling sweetly. “I’m glad Kara has you too.”

Winn smiled at her, bright and boyish.

The game started a little while after that. And as predicted Lena and Winn were more than just good at it, they were great. Aside from their obvious strong points in science and the science fiction and fantasy genres, both of them had a very impressive knowledge of music, they both spoke over six languages and were interested in literature and history, Winn made up for Lena’s lack of knowledge of video games and popular shows and movies she never go into and she had better knowledge of the arts and philosophy and Greek mythology. They made a great team, though they both knew they would have been even better with Kara.

Winn could see how Lena was still tense most of the time, though when he tried to distract her and
keep a conversation with her, she let him.

“Winn,” Lena said softly after a few rounds, “be discreet, but Han Solo over there is totally checking you out.” Lena regretted the words as soon as she said them.

Winn turned around so fast he nearly fell back with his chair and everything. The guy in question, sat a few tables away, didn’t even bother to pretend he wasn’t looking, openly laughing at Winn’s antics. He was indeed dressed in Han Solo’s Empire costume, blue jacket and sided flap shirt and everything. His hair was a bit better though.

Lena closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Of course you’re Kara’s friend. You’re about as discreet as a neon sign.”

Winn turned around, pink in the face. “He’s, uhm, he’s not looking at me,” he denied.

Lena snorted. “He totally is. I literally just saw him winking at you.”

“He was winking at you, and he only looked because I made a fool of myself,” Winn argued.

“You did. But he didn’t wink at me.”

“He’s not looking at me, he’s looking at you,” he insisted.

“Winn,” Lena said calmly, “I know when someone is interested in me. And that guy? Definitely not.”

Winn still didn’t believe her. That was, until the third time he looked, and the guy met his eyes for the third time. He turned back and sunk into his chair. “He’s looking at me,” he admitted, trying to force himself to stop blushing.

Lena raised a single eyebrow at him. “Told you.”

“Is he still looking?”

“He’s been looking at you since you got that question about Hoth right.”

“Cool,” he said in a high-pitched voice. Lena glared at him. “That wasn’t a pun,” he defended himself. “He’s kind of cute, but not really my type.”

Lena cocked her head and leaned forward on the table, suddenly interested. “And what is your type?”

Winn sunk even lower into his chair. He seemed like he wasn’t going to answer for a while, but then he did. “Taller,” he told her, with not much confidence. “And… and stronger.”

“Hmm,” Lena hummed as she considered. “Taller and stronger like Superman?” she asked moving her hands around in a random pattern.

His face turned into the color of a Super’s cape. “NO,” he screeched. “Did… did Kara tell you that?”

Lena raised both of her eyebrows, very pleased, and tried not to laugh. She failed. “No, no. She didn’t,” she assured waving her hands. “She didn’t. I was just trying to get an image here, I didn’t think you’d…” she interrupted herself with a laughter. “You have a crush on Superman,” she laughed delighted.

Winn tried to glare at her, but he was blushing too hard to be threatening and it just made Lena laugh.
“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she said as she forced herself to stop laughing. “That’s just great.”

“Oh yeah, you and Kara totally deserve each other,” Winn said grumpily. “You’re both jerks.”

It only made Lena laugh harder.

After that, Lena’s tension dissipated a bit.

Halfway through the game, during a break, Kara came back.

“Hey,” she said sounding a little breathless, kissing Lena on the cheek and reaching for her glasses back.

“You smell like smoke,” Lena whispered to her.

“An apartment building caught on fire,” Kara whispered back. She flashed a cute exaggerated smile to Lena and then straightened up. “What did I miss?” she asked in a normal voice.

“Winn knows way too much about Mean Girls,” Lena informed.

“Lena has never watched High School Musical,” Winn said almost accusingly.

Kara gasped loudly. “WHAT?” she screeched as if it was the worst thing she could find out about Lena. “Why?”

Lena shrugged. “Not a big fan of teen dramas.”

Kara was shaking her head. “No, no. This is so wrong. We have to make you watch it. It’s… it’s… gosh.”

Winn nodded. “My reaction exactly.”

“Can I Have This Dance? is like, the most romantic song ever,” Kara continued.

“RIGHT?” Winn agreed.

“I’ve always wanted to remake that scene,” Kara said dreamily. “And everything Sharpay sang was just…”

“Fabulous!” Winn said with a grin.

“Yes!”

“Theater kids,” Lena scoffed.

The two turned to her, offended.

“Rude,” Kara and Winn said together.

They started harmonizing to ‘Just Wanna Be With You’ and Lena laughed as they made funny faces at each other.

And the game started again. The three of them spent the rest of the game having fun and drinking and answering nerdy questions before anyone else. Winn noticed how much more relaxed and comfortable Lena was with Kara back, and how her hand never left Kara’s leg again, almost as if she
needed the contact to anchor herself and make sure Kara was okay.

They won the game, much to Winn’s delight, and decided to stay around for longer to take advantage of the free tab prize. By the time they called it a night, Lena and Winn were more than a little buzzed, Winn more so than Lena.

Kara pulled Lena closer to her as they walked, passing an arm around her shoulder to keep her from stumbling, and Winn shamelessly gushed about how cute they were.

“Come on, I’ll drive you two home,” Kara said reaching for Lena’s purse to get her car keys.

Lena frowned up at her. “I thought you couldn’t drive.”

“She can’t,” Winn said quickly.

Kara scoffed at him. “Yeeeeeaaah, ‘can’t’ more in the sense of ‘not allowed to’,” Kara told Lena. “Alex forbade me from driving because she thinks I’m a bad driver.”

“She’s right,” Winn informed.

Kara turned to him and glared. “I’m leaving you on the street,” she threatened.

“Better than dying,” he mumbled dramatically.

Kara rolled her eyes and got the car opened. “Just get inside.”

Winn didn’t argue. He also might have passed out in the back seat for a few minutes.

After dropping Winn off, Kara turned to Lena instead of starting the car again.

“I’m sorry for leaving,” Kara said softly, grabbing Lena’s hand.

“Don’t apologize for saving people.”

“I’m apologizing for leaving you,” Kara insisted. “I’m sorry that I keep bailing on our time together. I know it’s not totally great.”

“You’re saving lives, Kara,” Lena insisted. “What kind of person would I be if I complained about that?”

“The neglected girlfriend kind,” Kara joked.

Lena laughed. “I don’t feel neglected. I just worry about you.” She reached to touch Kara’s face and Kara leaned into the touch. “And you’re right, it’s not awesome to have our dates interrupted… and our lunches, and dinners, and mornings and nights, and that time you fell asleep in the tub,” she said teasingly, making Kara giggle. “But, to quote a very wise woman I know ‘I knew what I was signing up to’.” Kara laughed even harder. “And I know a thing or two about having an important and demanding job,” she added theatrically.

“You definitely do,” Kara agreed, still laughing. “So you’re not mad?”

Lena chuckled. “How can I be mad at Supergirl for saving the world?”

Kara grinned.

“Though I am curious about how you managed before you told me.”
Kara shrugged. “Luck, I guess. I don’t remember having many urgent things when we were together. Though a lot of things happened before and after I met up with you.”

“That is lucky,” Lena agreed. “Though not so lucky that now we’re getting interrupted all the time.”

“Maybe I should have kept the secret.”

Lena laughed.

Kara started the car again and Lena settled back in her seat, watching Kara as she drove. She started dozing off, the alcohol and the gentle shaking of the car making her sleepy.

“Kara?” Lena said a few streets later.

“Yeah?”

“December 16.”

Kara frowned and glanced at Lena, confused. “What?”

“My birthday,” Lena explained.

Kara smiled and grabbed Lena’s hand, tangling their fingers and bringing it to her lips.

Lena didn’t last the ride, and she fell asleep watching Kara drive.

It had been raining hard for nine consecutive days in National City. And the city was a mess.

Floods, blackouts, landslides, drownings, roadblocks, potholes, drivers losing control of their cars, houses getting submerged in muddy water... Supergirl’s job didn’t stop.

Kara hardly had time to take a breath.

However, she did manage to sneak in quick lunches with Lena because she knew that if she didn’t, Lena wouldn’t be eating. And she thanked Rao that Lena knew about her because that meant she could fly in through Lena’s terrace, that Lena had started leaving the door open, and slip into bed with her any time of the night. Most times Lena would be awake or waking up upon feeling the bed shift and would ask her how it’d gone, but Kara’s favorite moments were when Lena didn’t wake up and she would just shift in her sleep to curl up against her.

Sadly for both of them, Supergirl was needed a lot through that week, especially at night, and it did neither of them any good when Kara had to leave five minutes after she arrived, waking Lena up in the process, in the oft chance that she managed to sleep. So as much as Kara felt better sleeping next to Lena after a save, she decided to stop flying there for the remainder of the rain after the third day, so that Lena could try to actually sleep.

Lena had been worried at first, about how Kara would be if a thunderstorm happened, but it never happened.
The last day of rain, Kara didn’t have time to go for lunch, all she had time for was a quick text asking for a raincheck and then a few laughing emojis because of her pun. That night when J’onn gave her strict orders to stop superheroing until business hours the next morning, Kara decided to go see how her girlfriend was doing. She loved using that word, girlfriend.

Because of Lena’s orders, and her constant visits, Kara wasn’t stopped once as she made her way to the CEO’s office, though she wasn’t sure she could handle if she had, she was just so tired she would probably cry if someone stalled her. Jess wasn’t at her desk so Kara just walked to Lena’s office and knocked on the door, she heard Lena saying to go in and opened the door.

“I thought I told you to go home hours ago,” Lena said without looking up from her work, and wow, she looked so beautiful. Kara was sure it was because she was so tired but the sight of Lena in tailored slacks and a button up shirt, with her hair up in a bun made her knees a little weak.

“I mean, I could go if you insist, but I wanted to check on you,” Kara joked with a smile.

Lena looked up then, her face lighting up from the concentrated frown to the beautiful smile Kara was so used to seeing. “Kara!” Lena exclaimed delighted. They smiled at each other for a few seconds until Lena continued. “Forgive my rudeness, Jess was refusing to leave at the end of her shift and I had to practically order her to.”

“It’s fine. I remember what being the assistant to a CEO is like. I’ve never felt very comfortable leaving Ms. Grant alone at night, she had a propensity for drinking and overworking.”

“Sounds familiar.” Lena smiled tiredly.

Kara nodded. “Which is why I’m here.” She couldn’t stay on her feet anymore, she moved towards Lena’s desk but her pace was sluggish and Lena frowned in concern. “To make sure you don’t work yourself too hard.” She reached the side of Lena’s desk and Lena turned the chair so Kara could fit in front of her, their knees touching as Kara inched closer, Lena grabbed both her hands. “Also, to give you a kiss because I missed you,” Kara added, leaning down to capture Lena’s lips.

Lena smiled into the kiss, when she pulled back she was still smiling. She squeezed Kara’s hands. “While the intention is definitely appreciated and very touching, I’m afraid I do have a lot of work to finish today, with all the preparations for the fundraiser and the shelters and all, but you look tired, you should go home.”

Kara shook her head and stumped her foot stubbornly, her eyes were drooping but she didn’t even care. “No way. I’m staying.” She walked to Lena’s sofa and sat down, crossing her arms over her chest as she tried to stare at Lena. “I’m going to sit here until you go home, and because I’m really tired, you’ll have to see me being deprived of sleep because of you. You have to finish your work, knowing I’m here and not sleeping in my bed, and all because of you, and you’ll feel guilty.”

Lena let out a chuckle. “That’s an impeccable negotiation strategy… if you’re five.”

Kara didn’t say a word, just stubbornly sat there with her arms crossed and her ‘I just won the discussion’ face. Lena found this irritatingly cute.

“Okay!” Lena sighed. “I am not going to drop what I’m doing, but I will try to be quick.” Kara smiled triumphantly. “Definitely less than an hour,” Lena said seriously, biting the inside of her lips as not to smirk.

Kara groaned loudly, a noise resembling that of a sad dog. “Leenaaaa, come on!”

Lena laughed. “Don’t be such a child, Kara,” she teased fondly.
“But I’m tired,” Kara whined.

“You do realize you just walked in and said you weren’t going to leave? Like… I’m not stopping you.”

“But…” Kara pouted, looking up at Lena with her big blue eyes. “I want to be sure you’re taking care of yourself. And I really missed you these last few days.”

“Oh dear lord. Stop with the puppy face, please,” Lena sighed. Kara only pouted harder. “And you do realize that the longer you distract me by arguing, the longer it’ll take for me to finish, right?”

Kara opened her mouth a few times to talk, but nothing came out. She just gave up and went back to crossing her arms and frowning.

“I promise I won’t take long,” Lena said softly after a pause.

Kara smiled gratefully and leaned back on the sofa. “Thank you,” she whispered.

By the time Lena finished her work, a few minutes later, Kara was a breath away from snoring on Lena’s sofa. Lena smiled fondly at her.

“Come on, darling, let’s get you home,” Lena whispered as she shook Kara’s shoulder to wake her. Kara only sighed deeply and adjusted herself a little. “Kara!” She tried a little more forcefully and Kara opened her eyes. “Hey, come on, Jackson is waiting for us.”

Kara smiled and let Lena pull her up, helping only slightly as she could barely stay awake. “You’re so nice, Lena.” She dropped her head to Lena’s shoulder and hummed. “And you smell really good.”

“Thank you, darling,” Lena smiled as she dragged Kara towards the elevator, her arms around Kara’s waist and Kara’s arm around her shoulder, helping her stay up.

By the time the elevator stopped, Kara was significantly more awake and managed to walk to the car and get in by herself, though she used her sleepiness as an excuse to keep her arm tangled in Lena’s. Not that she needed an excuse.

“Where to, Ms. Luthor?”

Lena eyed Kara as she settled in the back seat next to her. “My place, please Jackson,” she told him, and Kara nodded as she pulled her closer.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Although she had woken up a little bit, Kara was tired. Kara was super tired, pun intended. She had never been more tired in her entire life, and the fact that it was night and she couldn’t use the sunlight to recharge only made it even worse, not to mention the seven days without direct natural sunlight.

Kara’s head dropped loosely back in the seat, her eyes closed at their own accord. She felt hazy, her eyes were heavy, her head was foggy, she could only think about how tired she was and how good the heat emanating from Lena felt against her. Without her even noticing, Kara’s head was on Lena’s shoulder.

“How about I run us a bath when we get to the penthouse, and maybe heat up those pot stickers I made last week? I’ll even let you eat in bed,” Lena suggested. But she could only hear Kara’s deep breathing as a response. “Oh no,” Lena sighed. “You are not allowed to sleep on me, Kara. I cannot
carry you up to the penthouse, you gotta stay awake.”

“So tired,” Kara whispered.

“I know darling, but try to stay awake please, think about my bed and how it will be warm and comfy waiting for you and it will feel so good and worth the wait.”

“So tired now.”

“Kara, don’t you think it’s uncomfortable to sleep in your work clothes?”

“Yes.”

“But if you’re sleeping you can’t put your PJs.”

“Lena will help, she’s so nice.”

“Ugh, I can’t believe you, you silly alien.”

“I’m not an alien.”

“Sure you’re not, darling. And I’m straight.”

“I’m bi.”

“Oh my god,” Lena groaned.

“Which one?”

Lena snorted. “Jesus,” she exclaimed under her breath.

“I’m Jewish.”

Lena covered her face with both hands and sighed deeply, this was going to be hard.

She kept talking to Kara during the ride to help keep her awake, but they were both fighting a losing battle.

“Kara, baby, I need you to wake up,” Lena called when they arrived at her garage, but Kara only mumbled and reached out for Lena. Lena stepped away and groaned, placing her forehead on the window of the car.

“I can help, ma’am,” Jackson offered. Lena straightened up and looked at him. “I could carry Ms. Danvers for you,” he continued.

Lena pondered, could he really? Kara wasn’t all that heavy when she slept on top of Lena, just mostly unmovable, and she had managed to drag Kara into the car on the way in. It was worth a shot. She nodded and let Jackson pick Kara up, she looked almost fragile in that moment, cradled in the arms of a big man, looking like a regular girl of her age, thin frame and innocent face.

Jackson carried Kara to the elevator and all the way up to Lena’s floor, never once complaining. Lena set about taking Kara’s shoes off and held them the rest of the way up.

When the elevator opened, Jackson looked unsure what to do until Lena gesture for him to go in. She asked for him to kick his shoes off and placed her own shoes and Kara’s in the closet along with their purses and her coat before leading Jackson to her bedroom.
“You can put her here,” she said gesturing to her bed. Jackson placed Kara on the bed and the blonde immediately fell back, sprawled on the duvet like a rag doll. “Thank you for the help, Jackson, I don’t know what I would have done without you.”

“It was no problem, ma’am.” He nodded his head cordially and left.

Lena waited a few moments, watching Kara’s peaceful face before setting about getting Kara off her work clothes and into her pajamas.

“Okay darling, let’s get you in your pajamas.”

“Lena,” Kara sighed contently, a smile curling her lips.

“Yes, Kara. It’s Lena. Lena needs help to get you into bed.”

Kara’s smile widened but her eyes didn’t open. “You’re pretty.”

“And you’re sleep talking. That’s amazing.” Lena sighed trying to contain her exasperation.

“Your voice is nice.”

Lena couldn’t be angry, not when Kara was so cute, sleeping and talking like that.

Lena carefully peeled Kara’s coat off, and then her cardigan before she remembered something.

“Oh please don’t be wearing the suit. Please don’t be wearing the suit. Please don’t be wearing the suit,” Lena chanted under her breath as she unbuttoned Kara’s shirt. When the deep blue started peeking out, Lena scoffed. “Dammit, you silly superhero.”

“I’m not Supergirl,” Kara mumbled.

“Sure you’re not darling.”

Lena successfully removed Kara’s work clothes and put them away before worrying about the more pressing matter. How to take the suit off without waking Kara.

“Kara, darling. I might need your guidance on your suit here.”

“I’m not Supergirl.”

“I got that. How do I take the suit off?”

“Zipper on the back,” Kara mumbled.

“Okay, will you help me?”

Kara hummed an affirmative answer.

Taking the skintight suit was as hard as Lena imagined it would be, even more so with Kara being a heavy weighted ragdoll. Kara helped, mumbling instructions and allowing Lena to move her when needed.

When she managed to successfully get Kara’s arms free from the suit, Lena felt like it had been a small victory. She put Kara’s pajama top and buttoned it before taking her bra off through the shirt, out of respect. The tights were the easiest part, and Lena couldn’t help but laugh at Kara’s Supergirl underwear, she was so teasing Kara for that later. She pulled Kara’s pants on and turned back to the
suit. Carefully folding it, she laughed at the idea of what her mother would think, a Luthor caring for a Super, dating, sleeping with, folding the suit and cape.

“Okay darling, let’s get you comfortable,” Lena told Kara softly, as she pulled the covers down and maneuvered Kara under them.

Tucking a peacefully sleeping Kara in her bed, made a warm feeling bloom in Lena’s chest. It was such a soft sight. National City’s most powerful hero, the Maid of Might, the Girl of Steel, comfortably snuggling on her extra soft pillow, in her colorful polka dot pajamas, hugging Lena’s stuffed lioness close to her chest. Lena felt the warmth spread and burn in the best way and her tongue got heavy with words she didn’t know how to say.

As Lena straightened up, Kara’s hand found her arm.

“Lena,” she mumbled, hand already pulling Lena in.

Lena pried Kara’s hand away gently. “I’ll be right back to sleep with you, love,” she said leaning in to press a kiss to Kara’s forehead. “Don’t worry.”

In her walk-in closet, Lena found an empty drawer to store the suit and then changed into her pajamas. She brushed her teeth and her hair before going back to the bedroom.

Kara reached out for Lena as soon as she touched the bed, and then she was being used as a body pillow, Kara’s head in her chest, both arms wrapped around her waist and a leg thrown over her thigh and in-between her legs. Lena didn’t try to fix it, she kissed Kara’s hair and let the warm feeling wash over her, take over her entire body until every cell in her body was consumed by it.

“Zhao w rrip eh, Lena,” Kara mumbled against her chest and the feeling burned hotter. Lena couldn’t understand the words, but she knew what they meant.

She kissed Kara again and let her cheek rest there.

She could feel the tiresome week catch up to her, feeling her eyes drooping and sleep winning out.

“Me too,” she whispered against Kara’s hair.

Chapter End Notes

(秦皇)

We already know what sleepy Kara said, right?

Before anyone gets the wrong idea IT WAS NOT MON-EL!!!! There’s not even a way that it could have been Mon-EL. And ‘superpowered person’ doesn’t necessarily stand for man and alien.

Okay, please don’t hit me. I knooow the Alex/Kara fight is not great, but you know, plot. Also what’s fanfic without angst? It’s just not relationship angst. Also, no hate for Alex, please.
For those of you who don't know Star Wars, Hoth is a very very cold, ice planet, so that's the accidental pun Winn made.

The words Kara said in Krypthaniou when she was praying are essentially what she told Lena later, though she added a few but mostly because Lena couldn't catch all the words.

I planned the silly little joke about Lena's birthday obviously because of Katie's own birthday, and I was really disappointed that it leaked before I could post this chapter and really benefit from the joke.
Edit: I changed Lena's birthday, yes. I'll get into why on the notes of next chapter, as well as why the previous date (November 26) was important.

Also shout out to Clark Kent, that big nerd whose costume was made by his mom. Ma Kent has some mad sewing skills.

Anyways, thanks for reading, I love hearing your thoughts so... *wink wink* my tumblr is @myheartisbro-ken and I'm always open to questions and chatting and plotting to take over the world so hit me up.
In Which Kara Needs To Say It

Chapter Summary

As Kara and Lena settle into each other's lives, fitting seamlessly, feelings come rushing to the surface.

Kara and Lena take care of each other. Everyone teases Kara about Lena, but she doesn't really mind. A surprise visitor makes Kara's night at the bar all the more fun. Drunk history gets an outer space special. Winn is everyone's annoying little brother and he ends up having a lot more fun than anticipated. And Kara really has something to say. But can she say it?

Chapter Notes

What up mah duuudes.

It is time for my usual oversharing as a way of apologizing for the long wait, even though I know I don't totally need to apologize. These last months have been crazy. I went to the concert of my favorite childhood girl group (the brazilian equivalent of Spice Girls) that has recently reunited, just a side note it was the most amazing night of my life, 99% of the people there were gay, I have never felt more at home, and also all five of them are like super extra hotter than they already were before and I'm super gay. I went traveling with my grandma the next day (never schedule a trip for the day after a concert, because taking the bus at 8 am while hungover, after you went to bed at 3 am is not fun) I had to tolerate two homophobic christian ladies for a week, I had parties to help organize, I had dogs to dogsit, I started going to the gym, I had major shit to deal with, I got into the college I wanted, so yay for me and yay for fewer expenses (my mom cried, it was weird), I started school and I have to wake up at 5:30 am every day so less yay, and on top of all that I managed to put down 21k words for this story that is my baby. It was intense. And that's it, I'm back to school, and full time, which I wasn't before, and I'm trying to actually take it seriously, so I'll have less time to write, but I absolutely adore this story more than I can put into words so I promise I will continue it just as I planned (I might take another year to finish, but I swear I will finish).

About Lena's birthday. I had originally chosen November 26, because I love drama, you can judge me, I accept it. However, I'm a complete idiot who had never thought of checking to see if Lena's birthday already existed in comic canon. Newsflash, it did. Two dates, actually (there's a calendar I found a few years ago, which is where I got Kara's birthday from, and where I also found I have the same birthday as my favorite dude Barry Allen❤️). And I'm all about implementing comic elements here, although sometimes very loosely, so I decided to change her birthday to the latest canon date we have. So if you check now, you'll see that Lena's birthday is changed to December 16, so ignore my silly date. Now for the answer to the question I put on everyone's heads only to completely cut it out: November 26 of 2016, happened to be two days after Thanksgiving, which is when the season 2 mid-season finale took place, from November 24, Thanksgiving day, to November 26, when most of Lena's part of the
I love this one. It has a lot of fluff, just our two favorite dorks being disgustingly adorable and in love. Alex makes a quick appearance, as well as another favorite lady of mine, Winn being Winn, and a lot of nerdiness.

**WARNING!**

Two things, actually.

FIRST - there's a passage there where Krypton's history is explained, as well as Daxam's, it's long, and I understand it might be a bit exhausting for those who don't care, so you can skip it, but it's just my own way of world building that I wrote a few months ago and turned it into a dialogue because it does fit a purpose in the story. Not everything is important, but just make sure, that if you skip it, you don't miss the ending of it, which is more or less relevant for the future (yes, more plot, not totally a surprise cuz we've seen it on the show, but I'm adding my own little twist) so while I would recommend reading all the boring fake history, if you skip it, pick it up at 'And we reach my time', cuz that's where urgently relevant things are said. (side not on that: that is actually like 90% legit Krypton and Daxam history from the comics, and I did a lot of research on that, like A LOT, with a little twist to fit the show's narrative, and also my own. So... I love it, but most people might not, idk, I'll stop now :D )

SECOND - although the chapter IS rated M, I just wanted to give a quick heads up for mild sexual content ahead. It's not very explicit or anything because I'm not totally comfortable writing full-on smut but it's not only implied either, so here's your warning. Not totally unrelated, there's a quick mention of guy on guy action, but it's not too much, like, less than a hundred words, so if you're not comfortable with that, you've been warned.

Fyi spoilers for the last ep of GoT.

I guess I already said too much. You can proceed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara had always thought being in a relationship, a real committed relationship, would be hard.

Not because of the commitment part, that was never a problem, but because of all it involved. How much work she'd have to put on it. And especially after becoming Supergirl, she thought it would be too much for her, that she couldn’t have it, that it wasn’t for her.

But being with Lena was easy.

They were good together. So good. It almost made Kara feel silly for having thought it wasn’t for her. Because being with Lena was just so right, it felt like it was meant to be. Like they were made to
be together. They just fit so well. Lena made her better, Lena helped her see things from an entire
different perspective that she would probably never thought of. Lena helped with work, Lena helped
with her conflicts with her friends and she even helped with Alex before the articles blew it up,
whenever Kara was stressed, or angry or overwhelmed Lena managed to calm her down like magic,
Lena even helped with her own personal conflicts and her troubles with her powers. And Lena had
been so patient and understanding and simply great with Kara’s fears regarding her powers.

In Kara’s eyes, Lena Luthor was perfect.

Which is why it didn’t come as a surprise to Kara when she started feeling it. Or rather noticing she
had been feeling it. She had probably been feeling it for a lot longer than she could put her finger on.
It wasn’t like suddenly it was there, it was more like it had always been there, and she somehow
knew it was there and just didn’t pay attention to it.

But she started feeling it more, and more frequently lately.

She could feel it as she walked from the elevator to her door one night, and her ears were filled by
the sound of Lena’s laughter, loud and rich and carefree like she never would have thought she
would hear it six or seven months ago, but Lena had come a long way opening up since then, and
not only for Kara.

Kara didn’t need to open the door to know that the source of the laughter was whatever dumb thing
Winn was doing. Winn was a funny guy, she’d experienced it firsthand. Lena and Winn had been
spending more time together ever since that trivia night, and they had been spending a lot of time
together without Kara, which was actually something Kara was more than happy about.

Having superhearing had always been something she’d considered very useful, unlike her strength
that she often resented, but she never liked it more than when she could pick up Lena’s voice before
she got to Lena, or Lena’s heartbeat.

The moment Kara’s keys fit into the lock, making a soft but distinguishable noise, Kara heard Lena’s
heart picking up and Lena letting out a small sigh, and Kara could feel it, she could feel it in her
bones, and inside her lungs, spreading it across her chest and tightening around her heart, she could
feel it like the air she breathed. Kara felt her own heart skip a beat, flipping inside her chest, as if
trying to mimic Lena’s, trying to match it. And when she opened the door and saw Lena smiling
brightly at her, hair tied up in a bun on top of her head, wearing Kara’s NCU sweatshirt, looking like
she couldn’t be more comfortable or happy than right then, Kara felt it pulsate in her veins, spreading
through her entire body as her heart fluttered in her chest. She heard Lena’s heart doing a similar
thing, and it made it all that much better.

“Hey babe,” Kara greeted, dropping her purse and pulling her coat off.

Winn answered first though.

“Heeey,” he said a little exaggeratedly, making both women chuckle.

Lena walked to Kara, smile in place, and kissed Kara firmly like she had been waiting to do that all
day, and perhaps she really had, they both had.

“Hi,” Lena whispered against Kara’s lips before kissing her again.

“Have you been waiting long?”

“Not much,” Lena told her. “Winn showed up right after I arrived, said there’s a tradition.”
“Oh!” Kara exclaimed when she remembered what day it was. “Yes, we always watch the blind auditions of The Voice together.”

“And we trash talk the auditionees,” Winn added from the couch.

Lena laughed. “Nerds,” she said softly to Kara.

Kara made a confronted face. “Says the girl with chess trophies in her game room,” she hissed, and Lena only laughed even more.

“Come on, you dork,” Lena said, poking Kara on the side before pulling her to the couch.

Kara followed Lena to the couch so they could watch the silly talent show. Unfortunately, Kara wasn’t really in the mood for watching The Voice, she wasn’t even in the mood for having people over. She was in the mood for being alone with her girlfriend and doing stuff she’d rather not have an audience for.

During the entire first part of the show, as much as Kara tried, she couldn’t keep her eyes off of Lena. Though, Admittedly, she didn’t try it all that hard. Watching her girlfriend wasn’t bad, and the smile Lena gave her when she caught her didn’t exactly prompt her to stop.

The third time Lena caught Kara staring at her, she laughed quietly and mouthed ‘what’, to which Kara only smiled and shook her head, before scooting closer to Lena and kissing her cheek lingeringly. Lena placed her hand gently on Kara’s knee and squeezed once.

Winn seemed oblivious to this exchange, or maybe he just didn’t care, as he continued to drink his beer and yell at the singer on tv to “relax your jaw, you loser, or you’re not gonna able to hit those high notes,” and mumbling “It’s like they never learned how to sing properly, for fuck’s sake.”

Lena laughed louder this time and pulled Kara’s hand to her lap.

“I told you to relax,” Winn groaned as the singer butchered a note, throwing popcorn at the TV.

“Hey,” Kara warned, “stop making a mess.”

“Sir, yes sir,” Winn joked in a funny voice.

During the second commercial break, Lena got up to go to the bathroom, and Kara decided to act.

“Hey, Winn,” she said, getting the attention of the man who had just shoved a handful of popcorn in his mouth and was having trouble chewing it, “don’t take this the wrong way but I need you to leave.”

“Whuwd?”

“It’s just that I kind of wanted to be alone with Lena, she’s been working so much lately, even the weekend, and we haven’t seen much of each other and you know I love you but could you just… go?”

Kara didn’t know if Winn looked offended or guilty, but after a few tries, he managed to swallow the popcorn, making a pained face as it scratched his throat.

“I’m so sorry, Kara. I didn’t really think of this, it’s just, it was you know, blind auditions and all, but I’m gonna go.” He got up and started grabbing his things around the living room.

“Thank you. Also, don’t worry about it, Winn, it’s fine,” Kara assured with a smile.
“Yeah. I’ll text next time,” Winn said as he leaned in to kiss Kara’s head. Kara made a kissing sound at the same time Winn pulled away. “Have fun,” he added teasingly, purposefully making Kara blush a little, and then he left.

By the time Lena walked out of the bathroom, the apartment was clean of any mess Winn had made, the TV was off, and the lights had been mostly turned off, leaving the apartment with a dim cozy glow.

Lena frowned, looking at Kara who was sitting on the bed waiting for her. “Where did Winn go?”

Kara just smiled and shrugged noncommittally.

With slow, deliberate movements, Kara stood up and walked to Lena, fitting her hands on Lena’s waist. “I’d made plans,” Kara said barely above a whisper as she got closer to Lena’s face, “so I had to kick him out.”

Yet Lena couldn’t bring herself to care as Kara’s lips made contact with her neck.

Lena hummed in appreciation as Kara proceeded to kiss up her neck and her jaw. “What would these plans be?”

Kara pulled back and grinned at Lena. “Well there’s more of these,” she said before kissing Lena’s lips three times and then smiling.

“I like where this is going,” Lena smiled, looping her arms around Kara’s neck. “What else?”

“Maybe some of these,” Kara said, pulling Lena’s body against her firmly by the waist.

Lena smirked and hummed.

“Followed by…” Kara leaned in, forcing Lena to tip her head back, and kissed Lena again, deeply this time, making Lena see stars.

Lena gasped when Kara broke the kiss. “Go-good plan,” Lena cleared her throat.

“But I have a surprise for you first.” Kara smiled brightly, and she heard Lena’s heart flutter. Using superspeed, Kara went to her purse and back as Lena blinked, standing in front of Lena holding a thin and long box wrapped in blue paper with a silver bow on top and an expectant look on her face. She placed the box on Lena’s hands.

“Okay, so, back in February I wrote an article about the different days to celebrate relationships and affection around the world and galaxies, for Valentine’s Day,” Kara started explaining. “And I did a lot of research, like, a lot. And I found that in Brazil, they have what they called ‘couple’s day’, though if you google it, it’ll translate to lover’s day, but that’s wrong. It’s celebrated on June 12, which is today, and it’s kind of like Valentine’s Day but only for couples. The other day I checked the calendar and I remembered it, and I thought that since we didn’t get to spend Valentine’s Day together, we could do this day instead. And I wanted to do something nicer, like trying to cook or something, but we both know I suck, and I’ve been so busy with Snapper still running all over me, and apparently it’s crime month on National City,” she rolled her eyes, “so I didn’t have time to truly plan it, and I’m hoping you’ll be okay with take out and a movie with the possibility of some couch making out, because I know it’s not much, and it’s not super romantic and we already do it normally, but they are honestly my favorite nights, because I get to spend time with you without having to worry about anything else.” Kara blushed but didn’t give herself much time to breathe before she
continued. “Also I got you this,” she drummed a finger over the box Lena was holding, “and I understand the symbolism of it all would have been better had you known about the day beforehand…”

Lena kissed Kara to make her stop talking, smiling when she pulled back, with a little dazed Kara looking at her. “It was very sweet of you, Kara,” Lena said. “And you know those moments are my favorite too, right?”

Kara smiled. “Okay, open it,” she said excitedly. Lena started unwrapping the box. “After we first kissed, you know that week before we had our first date, I saw this and I just had to get it for you,” Kara recounted, “but I wanted to give it to you in the right moment, so I waited until today.”

Lena looked up at Kara with a look full of adoration. “You waited?” She sounded almost confused.

“And it was very hard, too,” Kara giggled.

“You know you’re amazing, right?”

Kara lowered her head a little, looking at Lena through her eyelashes as she smiled shyly. Her heart beating so fast she felt like she was going to faint with the anticipation, the nerves, a wave of uncertainty washing over her, afraid of not getting a good reaction, even though she knew Lena wouldn’t react badly.

Lena opened the box and gasped “Kara!” her heart fluttering for a few beats and then slamming fast and loudly on Kara’s ears.

In rested a delicate silver chain with a hoop-like pendant like a thin piece of silver wrought in a round-ish little heart fitting inside a palm easily, the open shape allowed the chain to be looped inside the pendant.

“I know it’s not much, but I thought you’d like it,” Kara added, cheeks flushing.

“I love it,” Lena exclaimed kissing Kara’s cheek and hugging Kara.

“Really?”

“Really,” Lena assured, kissing Kara’s cheek again. “It’s officially my favorite gift.”

Kara’s cheeks tinged brighter and she smiled proudly.

“Can you put it on for me?” Lena asked turning around and pulling her hair up.

The way the necklace sat on Lena’s neck, the heart-shaped pendant resting just a couple inches above Lena’s actual heart, and the sparkle in Lena’s green eyes as she smiled brightly at Kara, made Kara feel it again. Strongly.

---

Kara felt it again and again as the month continued, as if her own body, her own heart, was taunting her for not having said it before.
She felt it when Lena fell asleep on her leg while reading a book, and when Lena brought her lunch at work and suggested they eat on the balcony at CatCo not caring who would see them because she was proud of dating Kara. She felt it when Lena called her late at night with a groggy voice telling Kara she couldn’t sleep without hearing her voice, and when Lena took her hand while they walked down the street and kissed her. She felt it when she ranted about Alex to Lena and Lena talked to her calmly and softly, not taking sides but trying to find a way to end the fight, even though at this point Kara would admit that it was all on their stubbornness and unwillingness to be the first one to break. And she felt it when Lena took care of her on the second time ever she got drunk.

Kara blamed Winn.

It was totally Winn’s fault.

The entire situation was his doing.

Lena was working, as it was the norm, and Wednesdays Lena almost always worked late. Kara never understood why exactly Wednesday, Lena told her it was something about the middle of the week, but it was still strange for her.

That Wednesday was the day Winn pulled her aside at the DEO and told her to meet him at the alien bar because he had a surprise for her, and he wouldn’t accept a refusal.

So to the alien bar, she went, smiling and waving at the familiar faces as she passed them, most of them being greeted by name. She had just greeted her friend Rokk, a Braalian, when she saw her.

The shriek that came out of Kara’s mouth had many heads turning to her, but she didn’t care as she sprinted across the bar taking the small woman in her arms and hugging her as hard as she’d allow herself with a human. Or maybe a little stronger, she heard a soft pop coming from what she assumed was the spine, but sounding like cracking a knuckle, and pulled back immediately.

“Lucy! I’m so glad to see you, I missed you soooo much.”

“Not enough since you haven’t been visiting,” Lucy quipped. “Though I supposed you’re super busy now that you have a hot girlfriend to worry about,” she teased.

Kara smiled as a blush tinged her cheeks. “I don’t have to do much worrying, she’s amazing.”

Lucy smiled at the fondness in Kara’s smile and eyes and her voice. “Someone’s smitten, I see.”

“Oh, you’ve seen nothing,” Winn said as they all sat down. “You have to see when they are together, it’s almost annoyingly cute.”

Kara shrugged. “You’re the one who keeps invading my loft to hang out with my girlfriend.”

“We have a lot to complain about Game of Thrones, okay!” Winn defended, high pitched. “Can’t believe they… ugh… they know nothing about marriage laws, you can’t even get married today without witnesses, IT’S WHY PEOPLE GET MARRIED IN FRONT OF SO MANY PEOPLE. And you can’t annul a marriage that generated TWO heirs, an annulment is for a marriage that hasn’t been consummated, nor could a crown prince ever do that in secret. And who names their child the same name of their already existing child?” Winn rambled angrily. “Pfft, Aegon Targaryen, what a fucking joke,” he grumbled under his breath.

Lucy watched him amusedly, trying to control her laugh.

“Yeah, you should see when he and Lena are together,” Kara told to Lucy. “It’s an overload of nerd,
even for me.”

“And you’re the alien encyclopedia,” Lucy joked.

“Exactly!” Kara laughed. “So what are you doing here, Luce?”

“Winn wanted to get the whole gang back together, buuut Alex wouldn’t come because of… reasons, and James has been promoted from art director to CEO slash editor-in-chief, which, I love him and I always thought he’s brilliant at what he does… did, but I feel like Cat has skipped more than a few steps there for him. What, did she fire all her editors and her entire executive staff or something?”

Kara shrugged at that as well. “He’s doing pretty well, considering.”

“Yeah, but it’s so weird of him to accept a glorified desk job that he did not have the qualification or experience for when he had been complaining about not being in the field with his camera enough,” Lucy pointed out, remembering that was part of why their conflicts before they broke up, well, that and Supergirl.

“He did have the whole vigilante discovery personal arch,” Winn pointed out.

“Which I have already told you I think it was more about him being stuck behind a desk and the Superman idolatry than anything else,” Lucy added.

Winn shrugged.

Kara frowned at the two. “I didn’t know you two were all buddies.”

“Hey,” Winn protested defensively, “we talk! We have an ongoing chat where we talk about… you know, life, friends, you and Alex and James…”

Kara didn’t manage to even form a thought before Lucy was talking.

“We mostly share memes and make comments about RuPaul’s drag race,” she all but corrected him.

“Yeah, that,” Winn admitted.

Kara laughed.

“You know what we need?” Lucy announced. “Drinks.”

“Yes!” Winn agreed, pointing at her for emphasis.

“Go ahead,” Kara chuckled.

“No way,” Lucy said disapprovingly. “You’re drinking too.”

Kara groaned. “But I don’t wanna.”

“What, are you scared?” Winn challenged.

Kara narrowed her eyes at him, and he held her glare until she gave up.

“Fine, but nothing too strong. No Aldebaran rum.”

“I’ll take it.” Winn shrugged and got up to head to the bar.
“So where’s the girlfriend?” Lucy asked as they waited for Winn.

“Working.”

“I thought it was the bar. Because we could go somewhere else if that’s the problem.”

Kara shook her head with a little smile. “She usually works later on Wednesdays, stays in the lab all night. But she already works pretty late normally, I have to go over there and drag her home most days.”

Lucy laughed softly.

“But, uhm,” Kara started, clearing her throat. “I haven’t brought her here yet.”

“Why not? Are you afraid of how she’s going to react to this? To everyone?”

“No, no, Lena’s not like that. I just,” Kara shrugged, “I’m afraid of how everyone might treat her. Like, worst case scenarios and all. I don’t want to upset her with more people judging her for her family, I know how that sucks, and I know how it affects her.”

“I get that, but, don’t you think this is something you should share with your girlfriend. A place you should be able to feel safe bringing your girlfriend. Or haven’t you told her?”

“Are you asking me as my friend or as my superior?”

Lucy rolled her eyes. “As your most fabulous friend slash future cousin in law, of course.”

Kara laughed. “Okay, I have told her,” she admitted. “And I do wish a lot of times that I could share all of this with her. I know it’s silly of me, but,” Kara sighed, “I don’t want to throw more shit on her, you know? Not if I can help it.”

“It’s nice that you want to protect her, Kara,” Lucy told her. “But I think she can handle herself, she’s a big girl.”

Kara nodded. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Of course, I’m right,” Lucy said with a forced conceited tone, she framed her face with one hand and looked at Kara with a grin.

Kara laughed loudly. “I really missed you.”

Winn came back shortly after with their drinks, tequila shots and beers for him and Lucy, and what was essentially alien beer, according to him, for Kara, and a shot of something she was scared to ask about, but he didn’t really force her to try it as she wrinkled her nose to it.

Lucy and Winn started with a shot each before going for their beers, and Kara watched as their faces contorted at the taste and the alcohol, and she wished more than once that she could drink like a human, without having to rely on Alien bars and ugly looking liquids that could kill humans.

Kara and Lucy teased Winn over the blue girl who sent him a drink and waved when he looked, making him blush more than the alcohol did.

“I just wish we could all hang out like we used to,” Winn grumbled during his third beer and after the also third shot. “I wanted to have like a reunion with everyone because we never hang out all of us anymore, but then no one else could, as always.”
“What are we, chopped liver?” Lucy said to Kara, who dramatically sighed.

“Okay,” Winn sighed, “not everyone, just the ones who never hang out with all of us anymore.”

“Okay, yeah, you got a point,” Kara admitted. “But sadly, that’s how it is. James is super extra busy being a CEO and a vigilante, and I have a little experience with both those things, so I know how both of his jobs are demanding and exhausting. And Alex just, I can’t deal with her right now.”

“What exactly happened between you and Alex?” Lucy asked.

Kara groaned. “She’s… she’s being difficult. I love her, but she’s been so unfair towards Lena since even before we started dating, and Lena has been nothing but calm and understanding, which she totally did not need to be, she has every right to be mad at this, but she never opened her mouth to say one bad thing about Alex.”

Lucy nodded. “She’s always been like that, I never understood the image of her that the media had of being this cold and cruel ‘evil Luthor,’” she made air quotes to emphasize. “She’s always been nothing but sweet to others unless provoked, but when she was provoked though, she was scary.”

Kara cocked her head to the side.

“Wait, you know Lena?” Winn asked shocked.

Lucy nodded. “We went to boarding school together.”

“Why am I only hearing about this now?”

Lucy shrugged.

“You knew her when she was 12,” Kara pointed out.

“Yeah, she was already scary back then,” Lucy laughed. “But she was also a good person, she never looked down on anyone no matter how below her they were in social status or academically or anything. Though she didn’t like people who were rude, or dickheads, like Veronica Sinclair. That bitch. She and Lena were always butting heads, which considering they were four years apart and Lena was a pre-teen is rather impressive.”

Kara smiled. “She is an impressive woman.”

“Aaawww,” Lucy and Winn cooed together.

“So, Alex,” Kara started again.

“Yeah?”

“Just, the way Alex has been acting… if it was the other way around, if it was Lena treating Alex the way Alex is treating Lena, I’d break up with her,” Kara said. “I’m not kidding, as much as I like Lena, I would not tolerate her disrespecting my sister like that. But when it’s my sister doing that… she didn’t even try to give Lena a chance.” Kara finished with a sigh and dropped her head to her hand, elbow propped on the table.

“I’m sorry, Kara,” Lucy said, rubbing her hand on Kara’s arm. “I know how hard the relationship of sisters can be. Though you and Alex have always been better than Lois and me at that.”

“Not always,” Kara grumbled.
“I hate when people fight,” Winn complained with a little pout. “Oh!” he exclaimed out of nowhere. “Speaking of fights.”

Kara and Lucy laughed at how quickly he changed his line of thought, all of them already a little buzzed, especially Kara who wasn’t used to being drunk and was starting to feel a pleasant tingling sensation in her lips.

“Will you please tell me what’s up with Krypton and Daxam?”

Kara laughed. “I don’t think this is the best moment to tell this story,” she said, looking around to make sure Mon-El wasn’t there, even though she already knew he wasn’t working.

“Why not?” Lucy questioned. “Seems like the perfect time for me.”

“I love learning when I’m drunk,” Winn informed, hoping it would help.

“Come on, I’m interested in alien conflicts,” Lucy offered.

“Stop saying alien here,” Winn chastised her with a light slap on the arm. “We’re also aliens to the aliens.”

“Oh, by Rao, shut up!” Kara pleaded.

“Will you tell us?”

Kara rolled her eyes and sighed. “Okay, fine, but it’s a long story and you can’t interrupt me,” she said pointing to Winn, as she knew he was the only one who would.

He saluted her, sloppily and with the wrong hand, all but slapping his forehead, and tried to straighten his posture. “Yes, sir!”

Kara groaned and shook her head.

“Alien history,” Lucy whispered to Winn, who glared at her as she laughed.

“Many eons ago,” Kara started.

“Oh shit, you’re starting this like, from the beginning,” Winn contemplated.

“You want me to tell you?”

“Yes.”

“Many eons ago,” Kara started again, “a dying race created these containment devices where they would preserve their culture. They sent them into space with contact teams with the intention of meeting other civilizations. When a small group of this race arrived on Krypton, they were met by the militant Kem-L, yes, L as in my ancestral. Kem-L killed them and corrupted one of the devices. Changing its mission to preserving his ideal of Kryptonian culture by eradicating all others.”

“Cool dude. No offense, but your planet was a bit over… patrio-”

“You can say xenophobic, Winn.”

“Right, yeah, that.”

“That’s very nice, coming from the human American.”
Winn blinked a few times then nodded. “… You are right. Sorry. Please proceed.”

“So, because of all that, the device was called ‘the Eradicator’.”

“Cool name. Fitting.”

“Will you shut up?”

“Sorry.”

“Okay. The Eradicator did all that it could over the years to protect Kryptonians, even from ourselves, according to Kem-L’s program. But there was a group of Kryptonians that didn’t agree with the way Krypton was led, didn’t like the guild system and all of that, so they rebelled. They decided to go off to explore other planets to see if they could find a place to colonize.” Kara looked at the two who were watching her carefully. “The Eradicator altered the birthing matrices they took with them so that all future children born from there would be fatally allergic to lead, kind of like Kryptonians with Kryptonite, and it wasn’t like a random modification, it was an enhancement of Kryptonians’ already existing mild aversion to lead, which is the reason why lead blocks my powers.”

“I didn’t know that!” Winn exclaimed a bit louder than necessary, pointing a finger at Kara, with a happy little smile on his lips.

Kara smiled at his antics. “To ensure nobody else left Krypton, the Eradicator altered Kryptonians as well, by encoding to our birthing matrices a genetic defect so that anyone who left Krypton would instantly perish.”

“Just say die,” Lucy whispered.

Kara chuckled. “Okay, any Kryptonian who left Krypton would die.

Lucy nodded approvingly. “There you go.”

“As Krypton’s technology evolved, so did the need to travel to other planets, so our best scientists were tasked with finding a cure for that genetic defect.”

“Let me guess, one of your ancestral found it?” Winn asked.

“Yes! Zim-El did it.”

“What hasn’t your family done?”

“I can give you a full history of my family’s great achievements and importance to the planet if you’d prefer,” Kara said with a rather dangerous smile.

“Okay, sorry.”

“So back to those explorers who now are deadly allergic to lead. The Kryptonian explorer, Dax-Am, discovered a planet inhabited by a peaceful native population and decided to take residence there and merge with the natives. Then, as the first of many arrogant snagriffs, he named the planet, which was already populated before mind you, after himself, and thus Daxam was born.”

“Wow, talk about full of yourself,” Lucy commented.

“Daxam was a large mixed race, they traveled through the stars in the many years that took Kryptonians to be able to leave Krypton again, so they bred with other similar races, which lead to a
very large mixed-race population living on Daxam, always traveling and seeking new planets. Even though they chose to consider themselves only Daxamites, losing track of their Kryptonian origins, the descendants of the last pureblood Kryptonians kept alive their ideals of isolation and xenophobia, from the early ages of Krypton. And those were the Daxamites in power.” Kara paused and took a sip of her drink before continuing. “Back on Krypton, while Kryptonians were still trying to recover from the Eradicator, we were invaded by a warlike race known as the Vrangs. The council asked for the help of Daxam, our sister world, and former kin, but they refused us. The Vrangs took control of the continent of Lurvan and enslaved the Kryptonian populace, putting everyone to work in the mines of the Crystal Mountains.”

“The Crystal Mountains sound awesome, though,” Winn whispered to Lucy, who nodded.

“It was really bad and eventually spread through the rest of the continents until the entire Krypton was taken under the ruling of the terrible Vrangs. For many, many decades the Vrangs controlled the population of Krypton, not only stopping our advances but setting them back many years with the murder of our best scientists. Eventually one of my ancestors, Hatu-El, led a big revolt that drove the Vrangs off the planet, never to return again.

“And thus our sworn rivalry to Daxam started. The remaining Kryptonians swore to never forget how Daxam turned their back on us when we needed the most. Our planet’s most brilliant minds spurred from this tragedy, though, and Krypton raised itself back up from the ashes in no time. We developed a genetic treatment to cure our DNA of the Eradicator's defect, we started developing scientifically and commercially, and broadening our horizons and everything, intergalactic connections… things started looking up for us.

“But Daxam wasn’t doing so great. Eventually, the social unrest stirred by the isolationists, who were the people in power, and the explorers, who were kind of like the opposition, exploded in a full-blown civil war. The isolationists won, founding the Cult of Sorrows, and rewriting history to blame other races for the ruins of the war, including Krypton, and hide the presence of ‘half-breeds' in Daxam. But the problem was, they didn’t just banish and hid them, no, they enslaved them. The winning side then formed a monarchy, basing most of their oppressive laws on religion they started alienating their people. No joke here.

“Spacefaring for non-members of the noble houses, for purposes other than conquest, was denounced and several pieces of technology were outlawed. Their xenophobia reached an extreme when they started taking slaves from other planets, and then it stopped being a symbol of punishment so people knew better than to rebel against the monarchy and it started being a thing they did. They became the top buyers of the universal slave trade, like the Royal family had a populace of slaves, with several personal slaves for each member. I remember my aunt telling me that one of the Royal princes before the big war, Dev-Em, had 37 personal slaves. They collected them like Winn does toys.”

“ACTION FIGURES!”

“So back to Krypton, when it came to the knowledge of the council that Daxam was enslaving people, they were definitely not happy. So there was communication between the planets, Krypton’s high council with Daxam’s Royals, but apparently, the Daxamites didn’t care and ignored the high council's concerns, sending attacks as the answer of what they took as a hostile intervention.

“No one truly knows exactly what started the war, but it was said to be Daxam’s inability for civil negotiation. For many years both planets fought, Daxam for their rights to own slaves, and Krypton to free those slaves. It was more than that, of course. Krypton was a world of explorers, philosophers, scientists, innovators in general and Daxam was a corrupt monarchy, with kings and
queens who ruled a population of hoodlums. Thousands of lives were lost on both sides, and it eventually came to a stalemate. Neither side could afford to continue the war, the council gave up trying to meddle with Daxam business, realizing how terrible that could be, and Daxamites did what they did best which means the Royal family lied, pretending they won once more.

“Yet they realized that if they let their people to just go about their lives like they had before, there could be another war and they didn’t want that, so they started throwing big parties, keeping their people drunk and distracted so they wouldn’t realize how oppressed they really were. And that went on for hundreds of years, under the rule of House of Gand, the worse of the worse, the family that took over after the war.

“And we reach my time. The King Kel Gand and Queen Rhea, were the rulers when Krypton exploded, they were said to be very cruel and ruthless. Their son, Lar Gand, was a terrible guy as well, and for a 12-year-old to have heard of his reputation, says a lot. He was, as I said before, the frat boy of the galaxies. He was always partying and drinking and whoring… it was said he even had sex slaves and that he had his servants kill anyone who bothered him.”

“That’s why you were so obstinate about hating Mon-El, right? Because he was a royal guard, meaning he did the prince’s bidding,” Winn asked.

“No, that has to do with the fact that he is lying about who he is.”

“What?!”

Lucy just looked between the two of them, with an impartial face that said ‘I don’t really know who you’re talking about’.

“You think I’m that stupid, Winn?” Kara asked rhetorically. “First of all, Mon, is not a real name. Like, legit not a name. No one is called Mon. And there’s only one family named El. I’m the last true heir of the House of El. My father and my uncle and many generations of El’s before them were members of the science council, and my mother was a judicator for the high council, literally everyone in Fort Rozz is there because of my mother. El isn’t just a simple name for random aliens, like Smith or Johnson or something, the House of El was an important family, one of the most important families on Krypton. There has never been an El on Daxam, at least not permanently.”

“So what you’re saying is…”

“What I’m saying, is that Mon-El is the dumbest fake name I’ve ever heard. I’m not sure if he is that stupid or he just thought we were. But yeah. At first, I thought that maybe he was running away from something, or maybe he didn’t trust us yet, but it’s been almost a year and Daxam is gone, so there must be a reason why he’s still lying.”

“You think he’s hiding something big?” Winn offered.

Kara shrugged. “I mean, for someone who claims he was a bodyguard for the royal family, he really sucks at bodyguarding.”

“I’ve said that a lot,” Winn said contemplatively. “I even had a theory.” He paused for a long moment and both girls looked at him expectantly. “But I forgot right now.”

“And Mxy called him Del,” Kara remembered. “When Mxy showed up at my loft, he said ‘Bye bye, Del’ right before sending him away and he looked very alarmed.”

“Do you think that might be his real name?” Winn asked.
Kara shrugged. “I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and I gave him plenty of time to come clean on his own and he didn’t. I don’t trust him. I can’t trust him. Not while he’s not being honest.”

“Did you bring your concerns to director J’onnz?” Lucy asked, her agent side coming back for a moment.

“I did, back before I tried to train him, yeah, but J’onn said that it wasn’t enough to do anything about it,” Kara shrugged. “What matters is that he doesn’t work for the DEO anymore.”

“Okay, so enough about pod boy,” Winn declared. “Let’s return to the getting smashed part of the evening.”

“I support that decision,” Lucy said.

Kara laughed but didn’t argue when Winn ordered a drink that was slightly stronger than what she had been drinking.

-------

“You know,” Kara said slurred, tongue heavy from all the drinks she had, “I’ve been to thirteen planets, and Lena is the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen.”

“You should tell her that,” Lucy suggested.

“Yes, you should totally do that,” Winn agreed excitedly. “Can I come too?”

“I will do that,” Kara decided with a nod. She stood up on slightly wobbly legs, holding herself steady on the chair, then she turned to Winn, who was also standing up. “You stay,” she told him and he pouted as he sunk back into his chair.

Standing in the alley right in front of the bar’s heavy door, Kara fished out her phone and pressed the last used number.

It didn’t take her long to pick it up.

“Hey,” came Lena’s melodic voice sounding relieved. “You just saved me from an R&D assistant trying to pitch his dating app algorithm to me even though L-Corp does not develop apps, let alone dating ones.”

“I’d app date you,” Kara said.

Lena laughed. “Thanks, dork.”

“You’re so beautiful, Lena,” Kara continued, “sooooo beautiful. You’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.” Kara’s voice was dreamy and dragged by the alcohol. “I’ve never seen anyone so beautiful, and I’ve been to 13 planets.” She giggled in the end.

“Kara, are you drunk?” Lena asked, voice edging on concern and amusement at the same time.

“Yeah,” Kara giggled. “Your heart is going suuuper crazy right now, do you like it when I compliment you?”

“I do,” Lena confessed.
“I should do it more, then,” Kara decided.

“Where are you?”

“At the alien bar,” Kara whispered on the phone and then giggled. “Because I’m an alien,” she added and giggled even more.

Lena sighed, she wanted something more palpable. “Are you alone? Where’s Winn?”

“He’s inside drinking, he wanted to say hi but I didn’t let him… actually, he wanted to watch me talking to you, that’s creepy, isn’t it?”

“Maybe he’s just drunk,” Lena offered.

“Oh!” Kara exclaimed as if she hadn’t thought of that. “Do you think Winn is drunk? I’m drunk!”

“So I’ve heard,” Lena said amused. “Do you want me to pick you up?”

“YEEESSS!” Kara hissed excitedly. “I really want to see you because you’re so beautiful and you make my heart go super crazy and I miss you!”

Lena’s heart thumped louder through the line. “Can you send me your location?”

“It’s in a really ugly alley that looks like where people do bad stuff in movies and you need a password to get in.”

“I meant text me the address, Kara. Like on a map.”

“Oh! Okay, I’ll go back inside and ask someone to do that cuz things are spinning right now. Are walls supposed to spin, Lee?”

“They are not. Why don’t you try to hold it?”

“But it’s spinning really fast.”

“You have superspeed.”

“I do!”

Lena laughed.

“But I think I’ll let it spin for a while, while I go ask someone to send you how to get to me cuz I miss you.”

“You do that, then. I’ll be waiting.”

Kara turned off without saying anything else and sprinted inside.

“Luuuuucy!” Kara dragged the name as she sat next to her friend. “Tell Lena where I am, please,” she asked handing the phone to Lucy.

“Sure, kiddo.” Lucy was significantly less drunk than Kara, she had a lot more experience with drinking, obviously. She grew up on military bases, after all, the one thing Lois and her liked to do together was drink grown men under the table, it was how they bonded.

“Whers Winn?” Kara asked with a little frown.
Lucy silently pointed to the end of the bar, where Winn was balancing precariously on a stool while being pinned against the isle by a tall muscular blond man in a tank top who seemed obstinate to suck the air out of Winn’s lungs, his arms were almost thicker than Winn’s legs and Kara feared for a second that Winn was going to break with the way the man’s large hands gripped Winn’s hips. “Winn said he was going to say hi to ‘sexy Thor’ right after you left,” Lucy explained, typing on Kara’s phone. “Done. Tell Luthor I said hi,” she said as she gave the phone back to Kara.

“Do you think I could wait here?” Kara asked, resting her head on her crossed arms over the table. “The walls outside are spinning.”

“Yeah, just let me give her the password,” Lucy said, reaching out for Kara’s phone again.

“You’re such a good friend Luce.”

“Yeah, I am, kid.”

Less than 15 minutes later, Kara’s head raised, and she straightened herself up in attention, like a dog hearing a loved one arriving. “She’s here!” she announced, mostly to herself, but loud enough that the people around them heard. “Her heart sounds nice,” she said dreamily. “I think she’s nervous,” she told Lucy, “it’s going really fast.”

“Wonder why,” Lucy quipped, glancing at the table in front of them, all five of its occupants were from a different race but all looked equally mean looking with their spiky or scaly colorful skins and bulky biker jackets.

As soon as the brunette was within sight, Kara stretched herself up on the chair, nearly falling back but staying up in the air as the chair thumped. “LENA! HERE LENA!” Kara yelled, shaking her arms to get her attention.

Lena looked mortified, paler than usual. She lowered her head and walked to where Kara was, avoiding looking anyone in the eye. She heard the whispers, but she blocked them out, she was there for Kara. Kara who was still happily waving at her, floating four feet up in the air as casually as one would sit back in a chair.

“Lena!” Kara exclaimed when Lena reached them, and she threw herself into her girlfriend’s arms. “I’m floating,” Kara whispered loudly as if telling a secret and then giggled.

“I can see that,” Lena told her amused. “Are you sure it’s safe?”

“Yeah. They’re all my friends!”

“Oh.”

“They are saying bad things about you, Lena. I’m really sorry, I didn’t want you to hear mean things.”

Lena smiled sadly. “It’s fine, darling. I’m used to it.” Lena finally looked to the person who was sitting at the table next to Kara and smiled. “Lucy Lane,” she said with a pleasantly surprised lilt in her voice, Kara draped over her shoulders, still floating.

“Little Luthor,” Lucy greeted back with a wink.

Lena laughed. “Gosh, I haven’t been called that in years,” she said with a large smile, crinkling her nose. “At least not personally, the articles do it all the time to diminish my image.”
Lucy laughed as well. “It's nice seeing you again. You look good.”

“Oh yeah, you too.” Lena smiled that charming smile of hers and Lucy could see how Kara was so smitten.

“Yeah, we both got hot,” Lucy joked, but she was totally serious.

“We did,” Lena agreed.

“Lucy’s my cousin-in-law,” Kara giggled in Lena’s ear.

“I know,” Lena laughed.

“She is also really glad you’re here, Lena,” Lucy said jokingly, “because this one has been blabbing nonstop about you for the last thirteen minutes.”

“I guess that means you’ll go home with me,” Lena joked, smiling at Kara.

Kara nodded vigorously.

“Where’s Winn?”

Lucy pointed to the same spot he was when Kara asked. “They’ve been at it for the last 20 minutes. I'm impressed with their lung capacity.”

“Wow, get it, Winn,” Lena laughed. “Is he…?”

“No idea,” Lucy answered before Lena could finish the question. “He does seem bigger than the average human.”

“Yeah, he’s into hunks,” Lena commented with a shrug.

Lucy snorted. “Explains a lot. Could he be any more of a bi mess? He’s such a bottom.”

Lena laughed louder than intended. “The other day he talked about Superman for almost 30 minutes, and not his personality,” Lena mentioned. “He was completely sober.”

“Oh boy,” Lucy laughed.

Lena shrugged. “He does have those large farm boy shoulders, and the killer baby blues.”

Lucy grimaced but laughed all the same.

“That’s my cousin you’re talking about,” Kara hissed.

“Don’t worry, darling, your shoulders are much better, and I prefer your eyes.” Lena craned her neck a little to kiss Kara’s cheek and the blonde smiled brightly. “I should take her home,” she told Lucy. “Thanks for taking care of her.”

“I’d say I do it for free, but my payment was seeing this one drunk,” Lucy joked. “High-quality entertainment.”

“Oh,” Lena said as if remembering something. She pulled from her pocket a few neatly folded bills
and set them on the table without even counting. “Do you think this covers for it?”

Lucy choked on her saliva, coughing to clear her airways. “Yeah, yeah, that should do it.”

“You don’t need to pay, Lee,” Kara said against Lena’s shoulder. “I have a tab.”

Lena shrugged. “I don’t mind.”

“Always generous, I see,” Lucy quipped.

A faint blushed bloomed on Lena’s cheek. “Have a good night, Lucy.”

“You too, Lena.”

“We should meet up sometime.”

“You, we should.” Lucy smiled.

“Bye Lucy!” Kara said throwing herself at Lucy, and Lena immediately missed the warmth on her shoulders.

“Bye, Kara.”

“I love you.”

“Love you too, kid.” Lucy pinched Kara’s cheek jokingly and Kara grinned.

Kara finally stood properly, feet on the ground, and turned to where her other friend was, still preoccupied with the other man. “BYE WINN!” Kara said loudly, waving in his direction. Winn pulled back from the man, looking as if he needed to cough, and looked over at them, his face almost entirely red.

Lena grinned and waved at him, throwing a wink, and he waved back timidly.

“Come on, dork, let’s get you home,” Lena said, grabbing Kara’s hand and tugging her towards the entrance.

“You’re driving!” Kara exclaimed delightedly as she saw Lena’s personal car.

“I am.” Lena nodded. “Thought it’d be safer.”

“You’re so smart.”

“I seem to have quite a few qualities.”

Kara nodded. “Lots.”

A drunk Kara was much like a sleepy Kara, only louder and chattier. Though handling a drunk Kara was a lot easier. When Lena opened the door for Kara, the Kryptonian latched herself onto Lena’s shoulders as she had at the bar, letting Lena drag her to the elevator as she floated, feet scratching the floor a little bit.

Lena had passed by the only Big Belly Burger in the city to get them dinner, so Kara’s possible hangover would not be as strong, but also because she hadn’t eaten all evening. She had doubled Kara’s already large usual order, just in case, and she was glad she did because Kara practically inhaled the food faster than Lena could get around half her burger and fries, the only casualty being
Kara’s entire face covered in crumbs and grease and salt.

Getting ready for bed was also easier. Kara even indulged Lena in letting her help her with a quick shower because Lena refused to sleep next to her while smelling like a distillery merged with a food truck. Drunk Kara was also very enthusiastic about helping Lena get her dressed, but she constantly got distracted trying to kiss Lena or touch Lena’s freckles.

Freshly showered, with their teeth brushed, fed and in their pajamas, the two of them set to go to bed. Kara curling up around Lena with her head on Lena’s shoulder, legs tangled, and breathing ghosting on Lena’s neck.

Kara looped a finger on Lena’s necklace and tugged at it very gently. “I gave you that!”

Lena smiled. “I know, I was there.”

“You remember it?”

Lena nodded. “I do.”

“You like it?”

“Very much.”

Kara smiled brightly. “I gave you a heart,” she said airily. “Nooooo. That sounds bad,” she said with a frown. “Like you didn’t have one before. You had a heart already, just not mine. I gave you mine.” She cocked her head to the side, something Lena came to associate with her using her super hearing. “Now your heart is going really fast again.”

Lena didn’t know how to recover from that, she knew Kara was drunk, but the implication hung heavy in the air around her. She swallowed hard.

“Lena?” Kara asked concerned, raising her head to properly look at Lena.

“My heart is going fast because it’s happy,” Lena whispered, kissing Kara’s cheek.

“My heart is going fast too.”

They looked at each other for a long moment, both with heavy tongues and fast beating hearts. Lena bit her lip hard, she looked like she was about to say something, like she wanted to say something, but gave up with a sigh and kissed Kara’s cheek again.

“Good night, darling.”

Kara breathed deeply, still looking at Lena. She was feeling it again, strong, slamming against her ribcage as her heart raced. She realized she had been feeling it for a long time, but she couldn’t pinpoint when exactly. Maybe in the car, or in the elevator, in the shower when Lena scrubbed her back softly with a sponge and occasionally pressed a kiss to the back of her neck, or even at the bar, when as nervous as Lena was in a place that she wasn’t totally welcomed she still went to Kara to make sure she was safe.

Kara smiled and pecked Lena’s lips. “Good night, beautiful.” She settled back against Lena’s shoulder, sliding her head a little, her cheek pressing against Lena’s chest.

She fell asleep lulled by Lena’s heartbeat thumping against her skin and in her ears.
Winn woke up with the sun on his face and a heavy arm on his waist pinning him down to the bed. His head was pounding like never before and his mouth tasted as if he’d ate the underside of an old dirty carpet. From what he could access he was naked, safe from the tie that was for some reason tied loosely around his neck, it wasn’t his.

He searched his mind for… for something, anything of the night before that would have led him to his current situation, but everything after the fourth shot was a blank.

He turned to face his bedmate, hoping it would help trigger a memory, but the largely muscular blond man with chiseled body and slightly pointy ears and marked cheek that signaled he was either not totally human or a very avid cosplayer was as good as a complete stranger to Winn.

Fuck.

He needed to get out of there. Fast.

He managed to wiggle his body out of the strong hold, immediately missing the warmth as the cold morning air hit him.

Winn started to awkwardly look for his clothes, mentally preparing himself for the walk of shame. He found his underwear over a lamp on the bedside table, a single sock tangled with the sheets on the floor, pants by the door, his shoes on the corridor leading to the bedroom and his shirt and jacket on the living room, which just like the bedroom was a mess of thrown pillows and knocked over decorations.

“That looks like it was a lot of fun,” Winn mumbled to himself as he went back to the bedroom to look for his phone and missing sock dressed only in his boxers and with the rest of his clothes in his hands.

Phone located, Winn was nearly out of the room, all his belongings still in rumpled in his arms, when an alarm went off in the room.

“Fuck.” Winn’s ringing phone almost fell to the floor as he fumbled to turn it off. Alas, he managed, though his clothes fell out of his arms and into the ground, and everything was quiet again.

“Were you planning to leave without saying goodbye?” a booming voice asked amused, the sentence could have sounded douchey but somehow he made it charming.

Winn froze and slowly turned to face the man, who was now sitting on the bed still naked with an air of careless confidence that wasn’t totally fair but a glance at him explained it. His eyes changed color slightly as he blinked, getting used to the light, greens and blues and greys and purple, each blink was a slightly different shade than blended into another color until settling on a bright blue hue matching the clear morning sky and his pupils went from very large and round to wide vertical slits still rounded but with tips on the edges, as his eyes adapted to the light. His jaw was strong and his cheekbones shapely, his beard wasn’t long but very full. His smile was cute, almost childlike, pushing his cheeks slightly up, making the markings on his cheek even more pronounced, looking somewhere between a freshly healed scar and a tattoo the reddish lines on the left side of his face, starting right on his cheekbone and disappearing into his beard, looked like they could mean something important.
His front is even better than his back, Winn thought. If he had thought the back muscles were impressive, the front was magnificent. Winn had never seen such well-defined muscles and in such soft looking skin, nor had he seen so many abs in his life. The man used his hands to slide closer to the edge of the bed and Winn felt a little faint as his arm, chest and abdominal muscles contracted with the movement.

Winn blinked a few times, trying to swallow on his suddenly dry throat.

Oh fuck, that's definitely the highlight of my week.

“Thank you,” the man said, his voice was hoarse, raspy and Winn was still confused about what had happened the night before but the more he saw the less he could blame his drunk self for ending up here.

“Can you… can you read minds?” Winn gasped.

The man smiled even bigger showing off pearly white teeth, a laugh in his eyes. “No, but,” he gestured at Winn, at his lower half, “that speaks for itself.”

Winn glanced down and a blush crept up his neck, he shifted, slightly awkward, covering his crotch with his hands.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” the man said in a soft assuring voice. “That’s quite the compliment.”

Winn didn’t know how to respond to that, he just gapped at the man, trying to get his brain to function normally.

“On that note,” the man started again, “would you like to at least properly say goodbye?”

His smile was too charming, his voice too seductive, Winn was having a hard time processing thoughts. “Work,” he croaked. “I have to, to get to work.”

“Would you be in too much trouble if you got a little late?” As if sensing his hesitation, the man softened his face. “I promise I’ll be gentle.”

Winn wanted to ask him to stop smiling like that, because how could he say no to that? How could he say no to ALL of that?

As he was pressed face down onto the mattress, his underwear being pulled down carefully, Winn started reconsidering the choices he made because of nice words and pretty smiles.

Winn gasped at the first thrust. At least he would remember this time.

-------

“You’re late,” Alex said curtly as Winn walked out of the elevator.

“I need to talk to you,” Winn hissed quickly, grabbing Alex’s arm mostly to ground himself as he hushed to the locker room.

“Hey! Don’t grab me,” Alex tried to protest, but he wasn’t listening and she wasn’t all that bothered by it so she just let him take her.

Winn let go of Alex as they got in and went to lock the door, then remembered to check and see if
there was someone there.

“Why are you walking like that?” Alex asked suspiciously. Winn was walking a little stiff as if his muscles weren’t totally collaborating with the action.

Winn grimaced and walked closer to Alex. “I had sex,” he told her.

She frowned. “And you’re telling me this because…?”

“Because I’m freaking out a little bit, Alex.”

“Why?”

“Because I just met him last night.”

Alex’s face relaxed as realization dawned on her. “Oh!”

“Yes, oh,” Winn said, thinking Alex had caught up on his problem. “And I—”

“Is this the first time you’ve slept with a man?” Alex asked carefully, thinking what Winn wanted was to sort out his feelings or something.

He frowned. “What? No, I've had a boyfriends,” Winn said dismissively, waving a hand at her.

“You what?” Alex asked shocked.

“I’m… bi,” Winn said slowly.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Winn looked at her as if she was asking her if she was joking with him. “You never asked.”

Alex glared at him. “What, you expected me to just come to you and ask if you liked men?”

Winn shrugged. “Couldn’t hurt, I guess.”

“Couldn’t it? Besides, you were so into Kara when I met you, I never considered anything else.”

“Oh, so now a dude can’t like other dudes just because he was in love with his girl best friend, who happened to be an alien superhero, for two years, that’s good to know. I didn’t peg you as one to dismiss the ‘b’ in LGBT, Alex.” Winn waited for Alex to start apologizing before grinning and saying “kidding.”

Alex rolled her eyes. “You’re an idiot.”

“I am,” he agreed. “But so not the point here. The point here is: I met him last night. And I went home with him. And I don’t remember anything from last night, like I don’t even remember meeting him, but this morning I had the best sex of my life, and I know nothing about him. NOTHING. I don’t do this!”

“One-night stands, drunk hookups or have good sex?” Alex asked with a little smile.

“Hey! Rude,” Winn protested. “And yeah. I don’t do drunken one-night stands. This is just so weird to me. And I mean, I don’t even know his name, or what race he is. Not that it really matters, but it’s nice to know what I’m putting in my body.”
Alex sighed. “Sometimes I wonder why I still let you talk to me.”

“Because I’m your honorary little brother and you love me.”

Alex laughed, almost sarcastically. “What do you want from me?”

“Love and support?” Winn tried with a forced smile. Alex rolled her eyes. “Nah, I just wanted to use you as a soundboard, so I could freak out, you know.” He shrugged.

“Okay, are you freaking out because you regret it, or because you don’t?”

Winn narrowed his eyes at her.

“What? I’m contributing to the conversation.”

“I think it’s a bit of both. I don’t regret what happened this morning, and subsequently what probably happened the night before that made this morning possible,” Winn said. “But, I do regret not remembering anything about last night past Kara saying she’s been suspicious of Mon-El this whole time.”

“She has?”

Winn nodded. “Yeah. She also thinks he’s been lying about who he is. And she said Mon-El is a bad fake name, but definitely a fake one.”

Alex frowned. “Why has she never come talk to me about that?”

Winn rolled his eyes, not in the mood for more of this drama.

“What?”

“Nothing, you already know my thoughts about you and Kara.”

“It was her that didn’t want to accept my apologies,” Alex defended.

“And it’s you who’s being stubborn and refusing to apologize again,” Winn said back. “And also the one who said the terrible things to her.”

Alex crossed her arms over her chest and huffed.

“But enough about your drama,” Winn insisted. “It’s always about your drama all the time. Let’s focus on my drama for a change.”

Alex shrugged. “Not my fault you’re boring.”

“Hey!” Winn protested.

“Though this information has made you considerably more interesting.”

“I feel objectified,” Winn joked.

“Tell me about him,” Alex asked.

“There’s not much to tell, we didn’t exactly talk much this morning.” He tried to contain his smirk, but it was stronger than him. Besides, he never had anything to gloat about, he’d might as well enjoy it while it’d last.
“Okay, then how does he look?"

Winn sighed deeply. “Dreamy.” Alex rolled her eyes. “He’s just… he’s gorgeous, and so hot. His body was just…” Winn paused, searching for words, but couldn’t find any that really fit, so he settled for another sigh to illustrate. “Oh, and his eyes literally changed color as I was looking at them, it was awesome.”

Alex watched with amusement as Winn went on. “So do you want to see him again?” she asked when he was done.

“It might be hard considering I don’t even know his name,” Winn said, his voice going a little louder as if he was explaining a point that has been tired already and Alex didn’t understand.

“No, I got that the first time,” Alex dismissed him. “It’s just that, if he’s an alien, and I don’t think many humans have color changing eyes, he might just pop up by the bar again,” she told him. “So if you want to find him, that could be the first step.”

“Hmm,” Winn hummed as he considered her words. “You got a point there.”

-------

“Good morning Supergirl,” the small woman greeted the caped superhero, with an amused smile plastered on her face.

Kara smiled cheerfully back. “Hey Lucy, good morning,” she greeted. “What are you doing here? I’ve never seen you at this base.”

“Alex promised me breakfast and some catching up to make up for not coming last night,” Lucy told her.

Kara frowned. “More like refusing to face me again,” she said grumpily.

Lucy smiled sadly at her. “Yeah, that.”

“Well, regardless, I’m glad you’re here.” Kara put on her perky smile and if Lucy didn’t know any better she wouldn’t even notice the whole subject affected Kara so much. “You should stick around. Or at least visit more.”

“I might.” Lucy raised her hands and shrugged. “But I’m glad you’re okay after last night,” she said with a little teasing lilt to her voice. “No hungover at all?”

“No, I had it,” Kara told her. “Worst 8 minutes of my life,” she said dramatically.

“I hate you a little bit right now.”

Kara laughed. “Yeah, Lena said the same thing.”

“Yeah, any human who has ever drunk alcohol will hate you if they hear that.”

“More than the fact that I can fly and light things on fire with my eyes?”

Lucy nodded. “Definitely, yeah.”

“So Lena asked me to tell you the next time I saw you, which I did not know was going to be so
soon, that she was serious about hanging out and we should totally do it.”

Lucy laughed kindheartedly. “I'll take her up on that. Promise.” When Kara looked not convinced, Lucy smiled. “You know where I live.”


“I got it, Kara,” Lucy chuckled. “We should get together sometime,” she agreed. Right then Alex and Winn walked out of a corridor and into the bullpen together. “But right now, your sister owes me food.”

Kara looked hesitant, and Lucy noticed that.

“I promise I won’t meddle,” Lucy told Kara. “I’m not Winn,” she joked.

Kara didn’t have anything to say to that, so she stayed quiet.

“I’m gonna go because I’m hungry,” Lucy said, leaning in for a hug, which Kara gratefully accepted. “Take care of yourself, honey, and that gorgeous girlfriend of yours.”

Kara smiled cutely and nodded. “You too, Lucy.”

Kara watched as Lucy walked away from her and towards Alex, not really paying too much attention to Winn who was approaching her.

“Hey Kar,” he said softly, almost as if he was still thinking over what he was going to say. “Do you know anything about aliens who can change the color of their eyes?”

Kara turned to look at him with suspicion. “Has this got anything to do with that guy who was trying to remove your tongue last night at the bar?”

Winn flushed. “Maybe…”

“I know there’s a race that does it but involuntarily, the Xanshians,” she told him. “It’s kind of like a mood ring, but in their eyes.”

“That is so freaking cool!”

“Yeah. Their history isn’t, though. They were nearly extinct after they lost a war and slave traders decided to make a business out of capturing and selling them to the likes of Daxam royals and stuff. Xanshi was destroyed a couple years before Krypton.”

“Ouch.”

“Yeah.”

“So… you remember last night?”

“I remember everything about last night. Including how I essentially told Lena that I gave her my heart.”

“WHAT?!”

“Yeah, I gave her a necklace with a heart-shaped pendant, it’s no Le Cœur de la Mer, but she said she liked it.” Kara paused to smile, more than a little proud of the fact that Lena liked her gift, that it made Lena smile so beautifully. “Last night after she put me in bed, I saw it and started babbling
about how I gave her a heart, my heart.”

“Wow, you got it bad,” Winn laughed.

Kara blushed. “Yes, Winn, I like my girlfriend. That’s kind of the point of having a girlfriend.” She tried to sound annoyed but her smile betrayed her.

“Ha, touché,” he said with a laugh. After a moment he scratched the back of his head, in the way he always did when he wanted to ask something but was trying to act casual. “So about that alien thing…”

Kara rolled her eyes and laughed.

Getting to a point where she was totally comfortable and not at all nervous with making out and touching had taken Kara a long time.

But Lena helped. A lot.

She had been very patient and willing to help Kara feel confident and control her powers. Of course, it took a lot of practice, which both of them were more than happy to partake.

It was more or less a trial and error situation. One that Kara had no intention of erring but was getting more and more enthusiastic about trying. They talked a lot about it, especially while doing it, and it helped Kara with her nerves and insecurities.

Kara was getting bolder, a lot less skittish and more prone to asking what she wanted or needed, especially when what she needed was a break. Even after they talked about it, it still took Kara a while to not feel bad when she asked Lena to stop, but she managed to get there, and Lena never once complained or looked disappointed, which was Kara’s fear. That’s not to say Kara was entirely unaffected by things Lena said, or even herself, she’d still blush a lot when more explicit things were said.

Kara’s boldness manifested in initiating contact more and more. Which Lena wasn’t complaining in the slightest.

Lena was in her office one evening, too deep in thought to notice anything happening around her, finger hooked in the heart-shaped pendant that hadn’t left her neck since Kara gave it to her, sliding the pendant from side to side on the chain.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Her favorite voice said.

Lena smiled. “I’m afraid they’re worth a little more than that.”

Kara laughed. “That they do.”

“What are you doing here?” Lena asked softly as Kara crossed her office, hands behind her back.

Kara made her way next to Lena and leaned in to give her a kiss. “You’ve been working so hard on your new project, I thought I’d drop by and make sure you had a little break.”
Lena smiled and reached for Kara’s chin to pull her back for another kiss. “You’re amazing,” Lena hummed, pulling Kara in again.

“So you keep telling me,” Kara whispered against Lena’s lips, which granted her a playful shove from the brunette. Kara laughed as she let herself be pushed back. “I got you this,” she said, producing a single red rose from behind her back. The smile she received from Lena, bright and dimpled, was something Kara had become addicted to. Painted lips pulled tight over bright teeth, cheeks dimpling, nose scrunching, green eyes sparkling with glee, it was Kara’s favorite sight, it made her heart race pleasantly. “And look, it matches your lipstick,” Kara added, lifting the rose to Lena’s skin, resting it right next to Lena’s lips.

Words didn’t come to Lena. She could only smile and look at Kara. Amazed at her sweet girlfriend and how a simple gesture could make her genius self speechless.

“Thank you,” Lena managed to say. Kara beamed and moved aside when Lena made to stand up taking the rose from her hands.

“It’s clean, there are no thorns in it,” Kara mentioned as Lena walked to the bar.

“I should hope not,” Lena said amused, grabbing the water jar and pouring some into a glass. “Since roses don’t have thorns.”


“Thorns are modified stem. What roses do have are prickles, which are an outgrowth of the epidermis. Actual thorns can hurt the plant if you remove it since they are vascular, while prickles don’t because they are superficial,” Lena explained without looking away from the rose that now sat in the water glass.

“And you say I’m the nerd.” Kara was closer than Lena expected. A lot closer. So close she could feel Kara’s breath when she spoke.

“We can both be the nerds,” Lena managed to say before Kara brushed her hair to the side and she felt Kara’s lips pressing to her shoulder.

“I like when you nerd out,” Kara husked against Lena’s skin. “It’s hot.” Kara nipped at Lena’s neck and smirked when Lena gasped.

Lena wasn’t sure if she turned around on her own or if Kara’s hands on her hips had anything to do with it, but in a second she was facing Kara, a hand buried in golden curls leading Kara’s head so she could kiss her.

Kara was eager, hungry, Lena didn’t know where that came from, but she was enjoying it. Kara lifted Lena with her hands under Lena’s arm, like a dance move, and Lena immediately wrapped her legs around Kara’s waist, making her skirt slide up her thighs, Kara’s hands moving to secure Lena in place, one on Lena’s thighs and the other on the small of her back. And then they were moving, and Lena attached her lips to Kara’s neck.

Kara placed Lena carefully on the edge of her desk, just enough for Lena to be propped on it but not enough that she didn’t need Kara to stay in place. Lena pulled back to look at Kara, an amused expression on her lipstick stained face. And then Kara attached their lips again, in a bruising kiss.

By then, Lena already knew Kara’s boundaries, until where she could push without making Kara uncomfortable, and she never pushed more, often letting Kara lead her, enjoying the burst of confidence Kara got from her that led Kara to direct her to what she wanted.
In this instance it was when Kara took Lena’s hand and placed it over her own breast, urging Lena to squeeze a little. They both moaned, and Kara used that to her advantage to further the kiss, pushing her tongue past Lena’s lips and brushing the tip of it against the roof of Lena’s mouth. Lena moaned again and whined when Kara pulled away, grabbing a fistful of Kara’s hair and bringing her back to her lips. Kara’s fingers inched higher on Lena’s thigh, until she reached the edge of the skirt, slipping under it just a little bit, just a knuckle.

This time, when Kara tried to pull away, Lena let her, but only because she needed to breathe, dragging her teeth on Kara’s bottom lip as she did so.

But Kara didn’t give Lena time to recover, drawing a path up Lena’s jawline and down the pale neck with her lips. When Kara reached her favorite spot on Lena’s neck, the one that always got a reaction, it didn’t disappoint, Lena whimpered, her hand tightening on Kara’s neck on its own accord, her nails dug on Kara’s scalp, pulling her closer. Kara smirked and traced her lips lower, she grazed her teeth over Lena’s collarbone and Lena hissed.

Kara stopped then, pulled back, dark eyes searching Lena’s almost desperately. She kissed Lena’s lips once and then pulled back again.

Looking into Lena’s eyes, Kara dared drag her fingers higher, bringing Lena’s skirt along with them. She could see the rise and fall of Lena’s chest, the mess they made of their lipsticks all over Lena’s face and neck, the awry shirt, she could feel her glasses askew on her face, and Lena’s eye burning into her own.

“Can I,” Kara started, and Lena was already nodding softly, but Kara needed to finish it. “Can I touch you, even if I’m not ready for you to touch me?” she asked, having a hard time maintaining eye contact and averting her eyes to Lena’s heaving chest.

“You can do anything you want to me, darling,” Lena whispered, her voice husky, dripping with desire. Kara took a sharp breath, tightening her jaw, and swallowed hard. “Hey,” Lena said softly, taking Kara’s chin with her thumb and forefinger and lifting Kara’s head. “Breathe.”

Kara did, taking two deep breaths.

“Look at me,” she instructed gently.

Kara nodded, barely noticeable, and let her eyes meet Lena’s again.

Lena leaned forward, placing a soft kiss on the corner of Kara’s lips. “Do you trust me?”

Kara nodded again. “I do.”

With her right hand still holding Kara’s chin, Lena placed her left hand over Kara’s right hand, the one that rested on her leg. Slowly, without taking her eyes away from Kara’s, Lena guided Kara’s hand up on the inside of her legs, stopping when her thumb reached her underwear. She waited for Kara’s nod to continue.

Lena could feel the shakiness of Kara’s breath as she placed Kara’s hand above her already wet underwear. Kara tensed for a second before pressing gently, and Lena bit her lip. Still a little tense, Kara applied more pressure and Lena sighed, removing her hand and letting Kara navigate by herself.

Kara tentatively stroked up once and Lena could feel her wetness spreading in her underwear, she inhaled softly, and it seemed to encourage Kara because she repeated the movement, again and again, carefully applying pressure. With a particularly good flick of Kara’s fingers, Lena dropped her
head to Kara’s shoulder.

But when Kara’s fingers moved to the edge of Lena’s underwear, Lena grabbed her wrist to stop her. She lifted her head and looked at Kara again.

“Not here,” Lena said softly, her voice was breathy, but her eyes were gentle, and she stroked Kara’s cheek in the way she knew helped Kara calm down.

As if glass shattered inside her mind, Kara remembered where they were. She swallowed on her dry throat and nodded.

Lena dropped her head to Kara’s shoulder again and sighed. “That was a good break,” Lena said, her voice still breathy, “but I have to get back to work.”

“Of course,” Kara said shakily.

Lena tugged on Kara’s lapels. “I’m sorry.”

Kara shrugged it off. “No, no, it’s fine. I shouldn’t want to take you away from your duties.”

“My duties are boring, I would prefer spending time with you,” Lena said softly, still fidgeting with Kara’s blazer.

Kara smiled, her cheeks flushing again.

“I’ll see you tonight?” Lena asked.

“See you tonight,” Kara agreed, giving Lena one last kiss before stepping away from the desk, helping Lena stand up.

-------

It was getting out of hand.

Kara couldn’t concentrate properly on her day to day activities. Her body was punishing her for the words her mouth wouldn’t say. Her heart beat loudly at the mere thought of Lena, her mind wandered even when she was busy, her ears sought out for the steady calming rhythm of Lena’s heartbeat. It was all she could hear when she was around Lena, the simple short sentence with a meaning that consumed her entire body singing in her head at the tune of Lena’s heart.

She knew there was only one way to stop it. She needed to say it. She also knew Lena needed to hear it, needed to know. But she wasn’t ready. Not just yet. She’d just had to try her best at showing it to Lena without having to say it for now.

The minute Lena walked into the penthouse that night, Kara was all over her.

Hands on her hips, pulling her close, lips seeking for skin, any skin, not even waiting for Lena to fully exit the elevator.

Once Lena managed to get her brain to function, she placed a hand on Kara’s chest and pushed her away.

Kara stepped away with a little frown, looking at Lena with confusion, trying to find out what she did wrong, but Lena only smiled at her.
“Let me get in first,” Lena teased. “Maybe breathe a little.” It made Kara blush. But Lena just looked Kara over with a raise of her eyebrow. “But keep that mindset,” she said as she passed Kara.

Kara followed Lena as she dropped her things and entered her home properly, trying to calm herself a little bit, think clearly, but she couldn’t anymore, and to be honest she never truly could think clearly around Lena anyways.

Lena grabbed Kara’s hand, without even looking at her, and led her up the stairs and into the bedroom.

Putting both hands on Kara’s shoulders, and with a sweet smile, Lena spoke for the first time since stepping out of the elevator.

“Hey,” she said softly. “You okay?”

Kara swallowed hard and nodded. “I’m okay.”

Lena hummed to herself and stepped closer, lifting on her tip toes to kiss Kara’s jaw. “We can take it slow,” she offered.

Kara shook her head. “I don’t want slow. I want you.”

Lena raised an eyebrow at her. “Smooth,” she said before pulling Kara in for a kiss.

Kara’s hands were steady, her lips greedy, she expected to be nervous or frantic when the time came but she had never been more sure, her movements were slow and deliberate, using up all the knowledge about Lena’s body she had been collecting up until then. Clothes were discarded, mostly Lena’s, but Kara removed her pants as well, leaving her in a half-buttoned shirt while Lena only had her underwear.

Lena smiled at her while she settled back in her bed, encouraging Kara to follow her, to crawl on top of her. Kara removed Lena’s underwear carefully, she took her time to appreciate the beauty of Lena Luthor, mapping every inch of the soft body with her eyes until she couldn’t wait anymore and used her hand, her lips. Lena was writhing underneath her in no time. And then Kara’s fingers reached the inside of Lena’s thighs, waiting there until Lena held her hand. After a short nod from Kara, Lena guided her hand to where they both wanted, but she left it up to Kara what to do, moving her own hand to Kara’s arm as if she needed something tangible to hold on to.

Looking into Lena’s eyes, Kara circled one finger on Lena’s clit, earning a whimper, she repeated the action curiously, again and again, and Lena seemed to enjoy it but with the way Lena’s hips moved up she felt like that was not what Lena needed.

Lena breathed in deep when Kara entered her with two fingers, her mouth falling open in an ‘o’ shape. Kara watched Lena the entire time, the soft little noises she made with every thrust, the way her hips chased Kara’s finger when she pulled out, how she tried to hold Kara’s eyes even when it looked like they were about to close, how her face relaxed with pleasure, Kara was addicted. And she started feeling it again. She was too lost in her own head in Lena’s reaction, her noises, the grip of Lena’s hand on her arm, to notice how Lena was smiling at her.

“You’re shaking,” Lena whispered to her, a hand on Kara’s cheek, voice breathy, on the edge of a moan, her eyes boring into Kara’s, those deep thoughtful eyes that could see into Kara’s soul.

It was too strong, threatening to fall out of her mouth, but Kara couldn’t let that happen, it wouldn’t be fair to Lena or to herself. So Kara buried it in Lena’s lips, kissing Lena hard and bruising so no words could leave her without her meaning to.
Kara was mesmerized when Lena came on her fingers, panting on her ear, nails digging into her skin, body shaking in spasms. She wanted more of it, she wanted to get that reaction again and again until Lena couldn’t take it anymore. And so she did. Three times before Lena pulled her and asked to be held.

It didn’t take long for Lena to fall asleep. Satiated and loose in Kara’s arms like never before, a smile on her lips.

They had been riding a high for quite a few days, since that night, and Lena didn’t think she could be happier than she already was, but she was proven wrong. More than ever the two of them were living in a pink bubble of happiness. A bubble full of glitter and heart confetti, of bright smiles and sleepy kisses and lingering looks that said what their lips wouldn’t.

Which made it all the worse when the bubble was popped.

Lena got the alert on her phone about the minor earthquake, not that she needed though, she felt it well enough from her office. It was a weird feeling, Lena wasn’t used to earthquakes, they weren’t common in Metropolis, and she somehow managed to go most of her life without experiencing one. The entire building shook like an old washing machine for a few seconds, followed by Jess running into her office desperately to know if Lena was okay. Her office came out intact, for the most part, the only casualty being the rose Kara had given her, which the glass had slid from her desk and crash on the floor with the tremors.

Supergirl showed up on her balcony, hovering just outside as soon as Jess left. A little panicky look on her face, searching Lena for any indication of damage, physical or otherwise. Something far away made Kara look away, and then look back at Lena with apprehension. Lena walked to her, placing a hand on her chest and a kiss on her jaw she assured the blonde she was alright, that she could go. Kara squeezed her hand, looking at her with bright blue eyes that tried to tell her something, before she disappeared, leaving behind only the ghost of her touch.

Right away Lena knew Kara would be around late and tired and possibly hungry.

And she wasn’t wrong. Except she didn’t foresee how shaken Kara would be.

It was past eleven when Kara walked in Lena’s bedroom, dressed in black sweatpants and a black t-shirt with a grey hoodie over it, all of which had a logo Lena didn’t quite recognize but assumed was the agency Supergirl worked for, her hair flat like she’d got it wet during the evening and never had time to care about it and it dried sticking to her head, her glasses perched on her nose and defeat plastered on her face and on the slump of her shoulders.

The second she saw her, Lena dropped her tablet to the side and opened her arms, and Kara immediately collapsed on Lena’s arms.

Kara’s entire body was shaking, and Lena wasn’t surprised when she felt the wetness in her shirt.

Lena waited, stroking Kara’s hair and rubbing soothing circles on Kara’s back. Kara would talk when she was ready.
It took a while for Kara to stop quietly crying on Lena’s shirt, but then she moved a bit, resting her head on Lena’s chest as she laid on her side, partially on top of Lena.

“I c-couldn’t save them, Lena,” Kara’s voice was small, “I couldn’t. I wasn’t f-fast enough.”

Lena tightened her hold on Kara and pressed her lips to Kara’s hair.

“He was s-so sm-small… he…” Kara sobbed, not able to finish the sentence.

Lena’s heart ached for her. She was usually good at comforting Kara, but she had nothing for that situation. She settled for holding Kara until her sobs stopped.

“I’m sorry, darling,” Lena whispered, placing kisses on Kara’s head. “I’m so sorry.”

When Kara’s sobs subsided, Lena tugged her up to remove her jacket and pants and wiggle her under the covers, where Kara curled up against Lena again.

Kara didn’t speak much the entire night, but Lena could tell it took her forever to get some sleep.

Kara explained in the morning all the things that she had to do in the aftermaths of the earthquake, all the wrecked buildings and bridges, the traffic accidents, the people who were hit by debris or fell from high places, and all the people she couldn’t save.

There was one particular boy that affected Kara the most. Erik. He was four.

“T’s fine,” Kara said when she noticed the way Lena was looking at her, a mix of sympathy and sadness etched on her face.

“You’re not,” Lena said simply, and Kara didn’t insist. “I wish I could take your pain away.” She brushed a lock of hair away from Kara’s face. “You have such a big heart, Kara, and it’s what makes you so wonderfully you, but it makes that much worse when you hurt. And I’m really sorry that you can’t save everyone.”

Kara nodded, her bottom lip trembling, and dropped her head to Lena’s shoulder, letting Lena hug her again as hard as she could.

Kara felt it blooming in her chest, overcoming the hollow pain the evening before had left.

------

“It’s really sad when I can’t solve a problem with my amazing dance skills,” Lena said in a light, joking tone the next day when Kara was feeling a little better.

“Amazing dancing skills?” Kara asked after a while.

Lena grinned. “Yup. I’m like Fred Astaire, but in heels.”

“Shouldn’t it be Ginger Rogers?”

“No. because I lead. Ginger Rogers did everything backward. And she had to trust him to not drop her or anything. That’s too much for me, I have trust issues.”
“But you trust me,” Kara said. It wasn’t a question.

Lena smiled and placed a kiss on the corner of Kara’s lips. “I trust you,” she whispered. She pulled back to look at Kara, a smirk playing at her lips, her eyes sparkling in that way that made Kara’s heart beat faster. “I mean, I let you see my chess trophies,” she joked.

Kara laughed, the tension of the past two days making the silly jab funnier than it was.

As Lena smiled at her, proud of herself for making her laugh for the first time since the earthquake, there was only one thing going through Kara’s mind. One simple sentence. Three words repeating themselves in Kara’s mind over and over again like a mantra.

(Hearth With Arrow ) (Smiling Face With Heart-Shaped Eyes ) Lena (Dizzy Symbol ≊ Dizzy) (Smiling Face With Heart-Shaped Eyes ).

Lena: I have a surprise for you.

Kara: What is it?

Lena: A SURPRISE!

Kara: Yeah, but like, can’t you tell me what it is?

Lena: Do you understand the concept of surprise?

Kara: Please?

Lena: Sorry, darling, you’ll have to wait.

Kara: (Disappointed Face )

Kara: Mean

Lena: Not mean. Come over after work and you’ll find out.

Kara: !!!!!

Kara: Can’t wait!!!

Kara truly couldn’t wait, she spent the entire day at work thinking about it, about what it could be. Both works, actually, as Supergirl she had to stop an armed robbery at a candy shop – seriously, who robs a candy shop? – and she couldn’t help but wonder if whatever Lena had planned had anything to do with candy.
Kara: Is it candy?

Lena: Are you hungry?

Lena: Why would it be candy?

Lena: Why would it be food at all?

Kara: Because you’re an amazing girlfriend and knows how much I love food?

Lena: I AM an amazing girlfriend.

Lena: But if I wanted to give you food I’d just give you food, I wouldn’t make it a big deal about it.

Kara: So it is a big deal?

Lena: It’s a surprise.

Kara: What kind of surprise?

Lena: I’m not telling you.

Lena: You’ll have to wait and see.

Kara thought she could hold it together, but she wasn’t kidding anyone, she was terrible at waiting. When her anxious state propped her to finish everything she had to do for the day over an hour before she could leave work, all Kara could do was think about it. On the other side of town, Lena was torn between finding Kara’s behavior adorable as she usually did and being annoyed at Kara’s lack of control.

Kara: If it’s not food, what could it be?

Lena: Is food really your answer to everything?

Lena: You don’t need to answer that, I realize how dumb of a question that was.

Kara: Haha
Kara: But seriously, what is it?

Lena: A surprise is when you have something planned for someone, but they’ll only find out after both of you finish work and get to Lena’s place.

Kara: Come on Leeeeenaaaaaaaaaaa

Lena: I’m seriously regretting telling you about it.

Lena: I thought you’d be excited.

Kara: I am excited!

Lena: No. You’re annoying me while I work.

Kara: *gasp* HOW DARE

Kara: I mean, if you tell me, I will leave you alone

Kara: Probably

Kara: Actually, I can’t promise anything

Kara: I’m finished with work, you know, but Snapper won’t let me leave

Kara: So I’m really bored

Kara: Lena, are you still there?

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena

Kara: Please tell me??????

Kara: Lena

Kara: Lena
Kara: Lena
Kara: Lena
Kara: Lena

Lena: OH MY GOD, WOMAN

Lena: I am working!

Lena: If you ask me one more time I’m breaking up with you.

Kara: (Fearful Face )

Kara: You’re not serious, are you?

Lena: Do you want to find out?

Kara: No

Kara: Definitely not

Kara: Nope

Kara: But could you like

Kara: Give me a hint?

Lena: I’m going to turn off my phone now

Kara: See you tonight (Face Throwing A Kiss )(Face Throwing A Kiss )❤️❤️❤️

Lena rolled her eyes as she turned her phone off, but she could not keep the affectionate smile off her face. She only hoped Kara would enjoy the surprise as much as she was enjoying driving Lena mad.

At exactly 8 pm, to the dot, there was a knock on Lena’s door, and she didn’t even have time to answer it before it was already opening to reveal a slightly sheepish Kara.

“Heey,” Kara greeted carefully. “Are you ready to go?”

Lena actually laughed. A loud, full body chuckle that she couldn’t hold back.

“Yes, Kara,” she sighed, a smile playing on her lips. “I am ready to go.”

Kara’s reaction was instantaneous, lighting up so brightly she could have passed for the sun. “YAY! I’d be here sooner but I had some super important things to handle.”

Lena smiled fondly at that and didn’t waste another moment. She closed her laptop and gathered her things before joining Kara at the door.
Kara was already grabbing Lena’s hand before Lena even reached her, lacing their fingers together in that way that never ceased to warm Lena’s insides to melted mushy goo that reminded her how ridiculously happy she was with Kara, and how glad she was that they did not need to hide anymore, and they could just be openly a couple all the time.

Kara pressed a quick kiss to her lips and they both smiled at each other.

“Hi!” Kara whispered, grinning.

“Hi,” Lena whispered back, kissing Kara again.

“Let’s go! I want to know what’s this surprise!”

Lena laughed again and let Kara drag her towards the elevator, and then the town car.

Lena noticed how hard Kara was concentrating not to ask more questions, but she managed. When they got to Lena’s home, Kara was practically buzzing next to her.

“Okay, please take a breath, you’re making me afflict.”

Kara blushed a little. “Sorry.”

Lena just kissed Kara’s cheek instead. “So, I know you’ve had a tough week,” she started as she tugged Kara by the hand towards the terrace. “With… with everything,” Lena didn’t want to mention the boy and ruin the mood before she even managed to show Kara what she had planned. “Close your eyes, please,” she asked, making sure Kara did so before pulling her the rest of the way. “And I wanted to make something special to cheer you up, to make you happy, and as I was trying to come up with ideas, I remembered you mentioned a particular moment you always wanted to recreate.” Lena opened the door and they both stepped outside, Kara still with her eyes closed and her hand securely tangled with Lena. “Okay, no peaking,” Lena said, placing both hands on Kara’s shoulders and guiding her. “Just stand right,” She moved Kara until she was satisfied, “here.” She pulled her hands away from Kara and took a step back, looking at Kara expectantly. “I hope you like it,” she whispered, running to turn the lights on and plug her phone into the sound system.

Kara frowned but didn’t open her eyes. “Lena? What…?”

Kara’s words died in her throat when she heard the first notes of the familiar song. Her eyes opened then, and she was met with more flowers than she’d ever seen in her life surrounding them, fairy lights all around and paper lanterns hanging above, decorating Lena’s terrace. Colors everywhere, and soft lights, it was so beautiful Kara could almost cry. She was pretty sure she would never see anything as beautiful as Lena Luthor in a flowy dress, surrounded by hundreds of flowers and illuminated by paper lanterns, extending a hand to her and smiling expectantly.

“Lena,” Kara gasped.

“I’m not going to sing, but you know,” Lena said, stopping just as the words started, making a gesture with her head as to indicate that she meant what the music said.

Kara looked at Lena almost dumbly, taking Lena’s hand and letting Lena pull her, adjusting her into position.

*Take my hand, take a breath*

*Pull me close and take one step*
“Does this means you’re letting me lead?” Kara whispered.

*Keep your eyes locked on mine*

*And let the music be your guide*

Lena laughed and nodded as they started following the song. Waltzing around the open space they had.

*Won't you promise me?*

*(Now won't you promise me?)*

*(That you'll never forget)*

*We'll keep dancing*

*(To keep dancing)*

*Wherever we go next*

“Lifts and everything?” Kara asked, grinning as she danced to the song she dreamed of dancing for years, with the only person she could ever want to dance with.

Lena nodded. “Go for it, Supergirl.”

*It's like catching lightning, the chances of finding*

*Someone like you*

With all the care in the world, in a way that made Lena feel cherished and cared for instead of the porcelain doll she felt like before, without taking her eyes from Lena’s, Kara slid her hand, securing it under Lena’s arm, the other holding Lena’s other hand firmly, and she lifted Lena, watching her almost reverently as she turned with Lena in the air. She brought Lena down gently and repeated it, before spinning Lena by the arm twice, smiling all the way.

*It's one in a million, the chances of feeling*

*The way we do*

They continued it through the chorus, spinning and lifting until Kara slipped both hands to Lena’s waist and lifted her high in the air without warning, making Lena yelp and then giggle along with Kara.

*And with every step together*

*We just keep on getting better*

Lena’s laugh died down when she met Kara’s eyes again, charged with a kind of awe she’d never seen directed at her before, as if Kara couldn’t believe she was real. She let her hands fall to Kara’s hair, nails scraping against Kara’s scalp as they slipped to take a hold of Kara’s shoulder, which was when Kara decided to put her down, slowly. Lips brushing and then pressing forward against each other as Lena came down. Kara pulled away to dip Lena, with a gentle hand on her back, taking advantage of the position to loop her other arm under Lena’s knees and lift her, ‘bridal style’. Their lips met again as Kara spun around with Lena in her arms.
"So can I have this dance?"

(Can I have this dance?)

Can I have this dance?

Kara placed Lena back on her feet again, smiling so bright it could replace all the lights on the terrace. She took a step back and offered her hand to Lena as she started singing along with the music. The way her eyes held Lena’s telling the brunette that Kara meant every word.

“Take my hand, I'll take the lead
And every turn will be safe with me”

She twisted Lena by the arm slowly, and pulled Lena closer to her, leading Lena’s hands to her neck.

“Don't be afraid, afraid to fall
You know I'll catch you through it all”

With one hand on Lena’s back, Kara dipped her, low. Even with both hands around her neck, Kara could feel Lena completely relinquishing control to her, almost as if she was saying ‘I’m all yours, I’m on your hands’ with her body, unlike she had ever before, dancing or not.

Kara kept softly singing along with the song, too busy looking at Lena and smiling at her, to bother really singing it.

And you can't keep us apart

(Even a thousand miles can't keep us apart)

’Cause my heart is wherever you are

“Was this worth the waiting?” Lena asked softly as they went back to waltzing.

Kara beamed. “So much.”

“Good. Maybe you’ll learn to be more patient now,” Lena teased.

Smiling at the jab, Kara spun Lena again, and then dipped her, this time with a kiss, and Lena tangled her fingers in blonde hair.

“I've always wanted to do that,” Kara confessed with a grin, which made Lena laugh.

Lena buried her head on Kara’s shoulder, arms around her neck, letting Kara worry about both of them. Kara’s smell filled her lungs wonderfully and her chest clenched, but all Lena did was smile and press her lips to the spot where neck met shoulder. Enjoying the feeling of Kara’s arms around her waist as their bodies moved in syntony.

It's like catching lightning, the chances of finding

Someone like you

It's one in a million, the chances of feeling

The way we do
“Step on my feet,” Kara whispered against Lena’s ear.

“What?”

“Do you trust me?”

“Always,” Lena breathed out. She stepped forward, putting each foot over Kara’s. At first, it seemed like Kara was just going to keep dancing, that maybe she asked Lena to step on her feet just as a precaution as to not accidentally step on Lena’s own feet and hurt her while Lena wasn’t paying attention. But then Lena felt it. She could feel it deep inside her stomach, and she tightened her arms around Kara’s neck as they rose into the air. It wasn’t much, just a few feet, but enough to hurt in the fall.

“I got you,” Kara told her, and Lena nodded.

Smiling she pulled back just enough to look Kara in the eyes. “I know you do.” And she took a hold of Kara’s hair and leaned in to press their lips firmly together. They continued kissing, as Kara spun them around in the air, a good 3 feet from the ground, in time with the music.

And with every step together

We just keep on getting better

So can I have this dance?

(Can I have this dance?)

Can I have this dance?

“I’ve always wanted to do this too,” Kara confessed in a whisper.

Lena laughed. “I can see why.”

Oh, no mountain's too high and no ocean's too wide

’Cause together or not, our dance won't stop

Let it rain, let it pour, what we have is worth fighting for

You know I believe that we were meant to be! Oh!

Kara didn’t know if it was the music, or the flowers and the light, or the dancing under the stars and doing the four most romantic things she could think of – dancing to Can I Have This Dance, dancing under the stars, doing the dip and kiss move and every superhero movie trope of dancing while flying – but when Lena smiled at her she forgot how to breathe and how to think and she was pretty sure her heart and brain stopped. All that existed was Lena Luthor, in her arms, and those eyes that could look into her soul. Without even realizing, Kara raised higher in the air until her head hit one of the lamps.

Lena giggled while Kara blushed. “Careful there, Supergirl.”

The words were out of her mouth before she could even register. “I love…” Kara managed to cut herself as she chickened out. “I love dancing with you,” she said instead.

“I love dancing with you, too,” Lena said back with her ever bright smile.
It's like catching lightning, the chances of finding
Someone like you
It's one in a million, the chances of feeling
The way we do
And with every step together
We just keep on getting better
So can I have this dance?
(Can I have this dance?)
Can I have this dance?
Can I have this dance?
Can I have this dance?

“This is the most romantic thing anyone has ever done to me,” Kara whispered.
“It’s the most romantic thing I’ve ever done for anyone,” Lena said grinning.

Kara laughed softly. “Thank you.”

Lena smiled. “It was my pleasure. I’m just glad you’re enjoying yourself.”

“I am! What about you?”

“Very much,” Lena agreed. She let her head fall to Kara’s shoulder again, tightening her arms around Kara a little just to feel her closer, if that was possible. They stayed like that for the entirety of another song, and then some. “Would you mind putting me down now?” she whispered against Kara’s skin after a while.

Kara laughed. “Sure, princess.”

Lena hummed happily when Kara landed back on the ground softly, allowing her feet to touch the ground again. “I like when you call me that.”

“I know,” Kara said softly.

“You haven’t called me like that in a while,” Lena pointed out.

“I haven’t?” Kara asked, but she didn’t wait for an answer. “What a terrible girlfriend I am.”

“Awful,” Lena agreed. But she smiled against Kara’s skin and pressed a kiss there, and Kara squeezed her tighter.
When she found Lena in her loft, curled up on the sofa, brows furrowed and jaw clenched as she read something on her phone, green eyes filled with unshed tears as her body shook with the effort to keep them at bay, Kara didn’t need super senses to know Lena had found another thread on a website or another talking about how evil and untrustworthy she truly was.

“Kara, they’re… they’re…” Lena stuttered, not finding the words amidst the overwhelm all the comments made her feel. It was so frustrating, no matter what she did people still attacked her and questioned her motives.

“Hey,” she said softly, crouching in front of Lena. She placed one hand gently on Lena’s knee and the other picked the phone up from limp hands and set it behind herself and then turned back to take Lena’s hand. “Don’t pay attention to all that. Whatever crap they’re saying this time… It doesn’t matter, it’s just bullshit.”

Lena’s lips quivered and she sniffed, looking at Kara with her eyes so clear it was almost as if the tears diluted the color in them. “You just cursed,” Lena said in a small voice, a tiny hint that she would be teasing if she wasn’t so affected.

Kara smiled at her. “That’s how serious I am.”

Lena smiled back.

“They don’t know you, okay, I know you. You’re the best person I know, Lena. I just wish you could see yourself the way I see you.” Kara reached over and wiped the tears that managed to slip from Lena’s eyes.

“You could always help me,” Lena suggesting, using the words Kara had used once, so long ago.

Kara smiled at her and nodded, leaning closer. She placed a kiss on Lena’s cheek. “Yeah, I could,” she agreed.

When Kara sat on the sofa next to Lena, the brunette curled up against her and let out a little sigh, it made Kara’s heart clench pleasantly and she kissed Lena’s head as they settled against each other, Kara’s arms around Lena’s shoulders, Lena’s around Kara’s middle, head resting on Kara’s shoulder.

“How was your day?” Lena asked quietly.

“It’s better now,” Kara answered.

“Yeah. Mine too.”

Kara knew she needed to get herself together. She needed to say it. Lena needed to know it.

Kara felt it, deep in her chest and on the tip of her tongue, when she arrived at Lena’s penthouse, late for the dinner they had planned for all week only to find Lena fast asleep on the couch.

The tablet on Lena’s lap was still flashing the news, the purpose of it clearly being to inform Lena that Supergirl had been fine after her fight with a scary giant angry alien that was terrorizing near the
elementary school near L-Corp.

At some point Lena had given up on the hope that Kara would make it at a reasonable time for dinner and changed into her pajamas, throwing one of Kara’s hoodies over it for comfort as she usually did when she was worried about Kara. But she hadn’t given up on Kara completely, the fact that she was sleeping on the couch, in a position that indicated she’d fallen asleep without planning, the tablet on her lap, and the plate of food Kara could smell from there that was bound to be near the electric oven waiting for Kara, all told her that.

Kara smiled at the sight of CEO Lena Luthor in tiny pajama shorts and a huge maroon hoodie, sprawled on the couch with her mouth slightly open, glasses falling from her nose, one hand on the tablet on her lap the other curled around a certain stuffed giraffe that did not belong to the brunette. It was her favorite sight of all.

She picked Lena up, careful not to wake her, and Lena curled up against her, letting out a content sigh as soon as Kara held her close. The action made it bloom in Kara’s chest. She couldn’t even try to hide it anymore. She felt it too strong, too deep. Her tongue itched to say it.

After placing Lena on her bed, Kara ran downstairs and inhaled the food the fastest she could, so she could get back to Lena soon.

In twenty minutes from arriving at Lena’s penthouse, Kara had put Lena to bed, ate, put her clothes all to wash, showered, dressed into her pajamas and was currently in bed with Lena. As always, the moment Lena felt her presence she’s scooted closer to Kara, sinking into the safety and comfort of Kara’s arms.

Kara absolutely loved sleeping with Lena. It was her favorite part of the day, when she’d get to lay in bed and cuddle with Lena, listening to her girlfriend’s breathing and heartbeat as they both fought with consciousness. Sometimes Kara didn’t even want to fall asleep, so she could enjoy the moment longer, enjoy Lena.

Lying in bed with Lena’s body against her, so close she could practically feel the blood pumping in her veins, her arm thrown over Lena protectively, the back of Lena’s head pressing hard against her jaw, her perfume invading her senses, Kara prayed to Rao that she could keep that forever. Kara couldn’t hold her tongue anymore.

“.Zhaoodh khap w rrip,” Kara whispered against Lena’s hair. Sighing in relief at finally letting it go, finally saying it. She knew it wasn’t enough, but for now, it would do. “Awuhkhu zhadif khap w rrip.”

Lena let out a cute little noise between a groan and a sigh and leaned further into Kara’s embrace, turning her head a little so that her temple was now pressed against Kara’s cheek instead.

“.Nahn rrip w :zrhueiao,” Kara said, her lips brushing against Lena’s skin. Lena opened her eyes, blinking drowsily at Kara. Kara smiled. “Go back to sleep, beautiful,” she told her softly, pressing a kiss to Lena’s temple.

With another cute little sleepy noise, Lena turned in Kara’s arms, burying her face on Kara’s chest and wrapping her arms around Kara’s waist, and was back asleep within a couple of seconds.
And finally, it happened.

It wasn’t a big life-changing moment. It wasn’t because of something extraordinary or magical that felt like the world shifting on its axis or something melodramatic like that.

It was a regular day, mostly normal, it started like any other day.

Kara arrived at Lena’s with breakfast, that was normal enough.

But Lena wasn’t already waiting for Kara in the kitchen or in the living room while reading the morning news on her phone as she normally would. That was weird.

Kara dropped the bags on the kitchen counter and made her way upstairs, maybe Lena was just finishing getting ready.

Carefully opening the bedroom door, Kara spotted the mass of black curls peeking out from under the white comforter. Kara smiled despite the little hint of worry at the back of her mind.

She glided towards the bed as to make the least noise possible and deposited herself next to Lena but on top of the comforter.

“Lena,” she whispered softly. “Lena. You need to wake up.”

Lena grumbled a little bit and shifted closer to Kara, her face appearing from between the pillow and the comforter.

Kara called a few more times before Lena opened her eyes.

Green eyes blinked up at her and a lazy smile curled up on pink lips.

“Morning beautiful,” Kara said smiling widely at her.

“Hey,” Lena said hoarsely. She looked tired, way too tired for someone who’d just woke up, and paler than usual.

But what had Kara really worried was the heat beneath her lips when she kissed Lena’s forehead.

“Are you okay?” Kara asked frowning. And Lena only answered with a grunt, getting closer to Kara so she could rest her head on Kara’s chest. “Are you sick?”

“I don’t get sick,” Lena mumbled against Kara’s shirt.

“Well, tell that to your body, because you’re really hot.”

“I’m always hot.”

Kara laughed. “You sure are. But you’re burning up, babe. I think you have a fever.”

“Nooo.”

“Yeees.” Kara poked Lena’s shoulder. “Just go back to sleep.”

“What? No,” Lena said trying to get up. “I have work to do, I can’t just not go because I have a fever,” she argued stubbornly, but she felt dizzy as soon as she managed to sit up, and slowly
dropped herself back down next to Kara.

“I’m not letting you go to work with a fever. You know a fever means there’s something wrong in your body, Lena.”

“Let me work,” Lena scoffed. “I’m the owner and CEO of one of the largest multinational conglomerate. I employ millions of people all over the world, I don’t need your permission to work.”

“Wow, real mature, throwing rank around. Did they teach you that in your fancy boarding school?”

Kara’s voice had a mix of teasing and sarcasm, but it was way too early for Lena to pick up on that, and the slight nausea settling in her stomach certainly didn’t help.

“No, actually my brother taught me that before he went homicidal,” Lena bit back.

Kara snorted then. “You need rest, Lena. One off day won’t hurt.”

“You don’t know that.”


“You don’t know that,” Lena insisted.

“Fever means infection or inflammation.”

“Or drugs, or too much exercise, or insolation,” Lena listed.

“You don’t do drugs, you were sleeping right now and it’s pretty chilly in this room.”

Lena huffed.

“Come on, one day,” Kara insisted. “You can work from home if you think L-Corp will crumble without you.”

“You’re really annoying.”

Kara shrugged. “I prefer the term persistent.”

“Fine!” Lena succumbed. “But only because this arguing made me dizzy and I didn’t sleep well.”

Kara grinned. “Whatever you say.” She pulled her glasses off. “Let me just change into some sweats and we can cuddle all morning.”

But Lena held her by the forearm before she could superspeed into the closet.

“No,” Lena told Kara. “You don’t have to stay. I don’t want you to lose work over something so trivial.”

“Trivial?” Kara asked in disbelief. “Lena, you’re well being isn’t anything trivial. And I want to stay with you.”

“Yes, but you’re still on Snapper’s wrong side, I’d hate for him to have something more to punish you because of me.”

“I don’t care, it’s worth it. You’re worth it.”

“Kara, please,” Lena insisted, looking at Kara with her bright green eyes, in that way that Kara
couldn’t say no to. “I’ll stay here, I promise, just go to work, I’ll be fine. Just a shower and a nap and I’ll be good.”

Kara sighed and nodded. She knew there was a conversation they needed to have about Lena allowing herself to be taken care of and how she deserved it and wouldn’t be a burden in any way, but for now, she’d just do what Lena wanted. “Okay. But I’m bringing you lunch.”

Lena relaxed. “I can live with that.”

Placing a kiss on Lena’s forehead, Kara told Lena to call her if she needed anything, even if she knew Lena would only do it if she was desperate. She left the penthouse after taking Lena’s breakfast to her.

But Kara didn’t go to work that morning.

Instead, she went home.

And not her loft.

Kara flew all the way up to Midvale.

Eliza was surprised, but when Kara told her what she needed Eliza gave her a knowing look and a smile that made Kara blush, and helped Kara without too much teasing. Too much.

-------

When Kara came back around noon as she promised, Lena was still in bed, curled up under more comforter than before, but so was her laptop.

Lena’s broody little frown disappeared and her entire face lit up when she saw Kara.

“Hi,” she rasped with a weak voice.

“Hey,” Kara greeted back. “I brought you something.”

“I hope it’s food, I’m starving. Who knew being sick made you so hungry?”

Kara only shrugged.

Then Lena really looked at Kara. At the crinkle between her eyebrows and the matching pout.

“Why do you look so guilty?”

Kara swayed a little awkwardly, biting her lip apprehensively. “I wanted to do something nice for you, to make you feel better, even if you didn’t want me to stay and take care of you,” Kara explained.

“Okay?” Lena said slowly.

“So I asked Eliza to help me make you her special soup recipe that she always did when Alex was sick.”

“You cooked,” Lena said a little incredulous.
Kara nodded. “Chicken soup.”

“Did something bad happen?”

Kara took a deep breath. “I… I… I was making it so I had to taste it because I had to make sure it was cooking properly and if it was ready and I just… I ate it, Lena, I ate the…”

“You had chicken?” Lena asked.

Kara looked mortified. “I had to, I wasn’t going to give you something that tasted bad. You’re already sick I couldn’t make it worse by giving you bad food,” she defended herself.

“You ate chicken,” Lena repeated.

“I KNOW! AND I LIKED IT,” Kara cried. “I feel so guilty Lena. I feel terrible, something bad is going to happen. What if I have a heart attack?”

“You’re not having a heart attack,” Lena told her.

“You don’t know that!”

“Kara, calm down,” Lena said softly, trying to appease her.

“How can I calm down, Lena?” Kara asked perplexed. “Every Kryptonian that ever killed a bird has died, Lena. They died!” Then she stopped, her eyes widening as she thought of what looked like the answer to the meaning of life. “What if Krypton’s destruction was a punishment for all the birds that died,” she gasped.

“You didn’t kill the chicken, it was already dead,” Lena reasoned.

“But I benefitted from it!”

Lena sighed. “Okay, I’m not saying I don’t respect your faith,” she said. “But could I please respect your faith while eating my lunch? I wasn’t kidding when I said I was starving.”

Kara nodded and disappeared for a few seconds, only to come back with a tray with a bowl of soup and a glass of orange juice.

Lena accepted the tray on her lap gratefully. “Thank you.”

Kara sat next to Lena, waiting impatiently.

Lena eyed the soup suspiciously, it looked good, it smelled good, there was no reason to not eat it. She carefully spooned a little bit of it and brought it to her lips, bracing herself she put it in her mouth.

“Hmm!” Lena hummed loudly.

“What? Did you burn yourself?” Kara asked alarmed. “I knew it! I shouldn’t have eaten the chicken!”

Lena shook her head. “No, no. I’m fine, it’s just… this is good!”

Kara smiled but narrowed her eyes at Lena.

“You sound surprised,” Kara accused. “Did you think I wasn’t going to manage to make something
“I did,” Lena said, not even embarrassed. She started eating then, her stomach clenching almost painfully.

Kara gasped. “Wow, let a girl down easy.”

Lena shrugged. “Can you blame me?”

Kara laughed. “I guess I can’t. I have a track record.”

“You do,” Lena agreed.

They fell into silence as Lena ate, a little bit faster than she normally would, messier. But she was too hungry to care.

“What if I die?” Kara said dramatically after Lena finished the second bowl (yes, she repeated.)

Lena bit her laugh. “You’re not gonna die.”

“Why is it so easy to believe in karma but not that bad things will happen to me because I ate chicken?”

“Does your cousin eat chicken?”

Kara deflated. “Yes. Kal loves chicken.” She rolled her eyes.

“Has he ever had a heart attack?”

“No,” she answered grumpily.

“Then isn’t that the proof that nothing will happen?” Lena reasoned.

“Maybe he is the exception,” Kara argued. “He’s more human than Kryptonian. When Myriad happened, he fell under its control just like every other human, unlike a Kryptonian would.”

“Okay, let’s say you do have a heart attack,” Lena said, humoring Kara. “You’re under a yellow sun now, wouldn’t you just… heal?”

Kara paused, a deep frown of concentration on her face. “Okay, that does make sense.”

“There you go.”

Kara looked at Lena, a lot less anxious now. “Did you really like it?” She asked. “You didn’t just eat it to make me feel better?”

Lena chuckled. “I really liked it, Kara. It was delicious.” She leaned over and kissed Kara on the cheek. “Thank you so much.”

Kara smiled. “Maybe eating the chicken was worth it.”

Lena’s loud laugh was definitely worth it.

-------
Kara did go to work in the afternoon. And Snapper did yell at her. But she didn’t care too much.

She happily worked the extra hours he assigned to her without complaining, because she knew that it had been worth it. Taking care of Lena, making sure Lena felt wanted and not alone while she was sick, it was worth a few hours revising other people’s work.

And when she finally left the office, she was ready to spend the rest of the night curled up with Lena in her bed binging something on Netflix. She was feeling maybe Jane the Virgin was the right option.

And then she walked into the penthouse. And just like that morning, she was met with the opposite of what she was expecting.

She was expecting Lena to be curled up in her bed or in one of the many many sofas in the house, maybe with a cup of tea, waiting for her with a tired smile.

She was met with Lena Luthor, pacing around the living room wearing only an oversized hoodie that definitely had belonged to Kara once, no pants, a pair of high heels that looked like they cost at least two of Kara’s rents, her hair gathered up in a bun on the top of her head, talking in German through a Bluetooth earpiece, from what Kara could tell she was berating someone for their unprofessional behavior and misusage of the company’s money.

Kara was frozen in the spot.

Lena noticed her and smiled, stalking towards her with a grace that no one should have while wearing a hoodie or heels, separately or together. “Hi,” Lena whispered to her, kissing her lips quickly. “There’s been some trouble with the Frankfurt office, but it won’t be long,” she explained. She grinned and shrugged when Kara looked down at her feet. “Figured I’d use the time to break in my new shoes, better than suffer at an event or another.”

And then she was back to the phone conversation, seamlessly shifting back into business boss mode better than Kara could turn into Supergirl, barking insults so effortlessly that Cat Grant would have been impressed.

And that was the moment Kara knew she couldn’t hide behind sleep or language barriers anymore. She couldn’t hold her tongue, gag on an absurd amount of food or any other way she could think of to stop the words from spilling from her mouth.

She couldn’t hold them in anymore.

She didn’t want to.

She wanted to shout it out to the entire city.

“I love you,” she gasped out. “I love you, Lena.”

From across the living room, Lena stopped her pacing and turned to look at her. “Did you say something?” she asked with the cutest frown.

Kara smiled. Just then, just her luck, something exploded somewhere in the city, duty called. To answer Lena, Kara shook her head. “Gotta go,” she mouthed, gesturing to the window.

Lena nodded and told her to be safe. And Kara flew away, cursing the idiot who crashed a chemical truck on the freeway in every curse word she knew in both Kryptonian and Interlac.
Lena's heart clenched on her chest as she watched Kara fly away. She thought she heard something. She thought she heard a very specific something. But that couldn't be right, could it? It had to be her mind playing tricks on her.

Kara ended up the entire night flying around the city, crimes and accidents apparently deciding it was the best night to happen all at once. Of course, she knew it was no one's actual fault that every time she was on her way to Lena's something else happened before she reached the building. It was not like the jewel thieves and the stupid college students who managed to blow up a deep fryer knew she had finally said the words that had hunted her for an entire month, actually, at least five months if she was being honest, and that her girlfriend hadn't heard her so she needed to say them again.

She blamed the chicken.

By the time she managed to get away to get some much-needed rest, Lena was already fast asleep, and she could do nothing more than curl up in bed with her and sleep herself.

Only to be awakened a few hours later by her DEO phone. Kara groaned as she grabbed it before the noise could wake Lena.

Of course she was being requested at the DEO, of course she couldn’t have the conversation with Lena. It was no big deal. At all. She was definitely not upset.

J’onn explained to her that they were receiving a new prisoner, not their usual kind, he had said, and they needed her as their contingency plan.

Fun!

Kara didn’t mean to snap at Winn when he greeted her, but she was getting grumpy.

It all happened too fast for Kara to even react. Or maybe it wasn’t really fast, but just how powerful it was.

The guy came in, he looked like a generic bad actor with an ego bigger than his dumb greased hair, he smiled at Kara all sleazy and said, ‘there you are’, and the moment his eyes met Kara, she was gone. She felt herself falling in slow motion, but she was out before she hit the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't be mad :P

Just a shitload of domestic fluff, it's what this is.
And Hey look, our three favorite bis got laid!
You can pry Bi!Winn from my cold dead hands. Cash me outside, how bout that. So I
totally based Winn's hunky hookup on Thor/Chris Hemsworth, specifically from
Ragnarok, so that's him, plus pointy ears and multicolored eyes. It's what Winn
deserves. The race I gave to him is an actual DC alien race, I just made everything about
him up before searching for a race just to have something to say when Winn asked, so
it's partially mine, but with a name that already exists. I don't have a name for him yet,
nor have I decided if I'm going to keep him, it's just a little side plot for fun anyways.

Check me out shoving a self-indulgent scene of these nerds waltzing to HSM 3. I love
romance. And yes, Kara is obnoxious with those hearts (it's the only emoji I can add)

P.s. the necklace Kara gave Lena was based on Callie's and Arizona's necklaces on
Grey's Anatomy, the closest I could find to it is aTiffany's necklace called 'open heart
pendant' by Elsa Peretti.

Kryptonian sentences:

.:Zhaoodh khap w rrip – I love you

Awuhkhu zhadif khap w rrip – I will never leave you (I’m pretty proud of myself for
this one, I made it by myself and creator dude said it was correct ^_^)

.Nahn rrip w :zrhueiao – you’re beautiful

I don't know when I'll be able to write the next chapter, it might take a lot longer than
two months to update, asking for an update will not change the fact that I have a shitload
of stuff to do for college, unfortunatelly. I too would love instantaneous updates.

Well, you know the drill, untill next time, whenever that will be, tell me what you think
in the comments, or not, it's your call, I'm not your mother. My tumblr is
@myheartisbro-ken if you wanna reach me.

Love you awesome nerds ❤️  Bye!
In Which They Are In a Musical

Chapter Summary

A magical creep puts Supergirl in a coma and goes after the fastest man alive. Now Kara and Barry have to work together to get out of their personal nightmare that relates so much to their real lives and problems. Alex works with Team Flash to get the two heroes back, but will it be enough to save them?

And old acquaintance makes an appearance, and some big revelations are made.

Chapter Notes

It is here!!!!!!!!

As a birthday gift to myself, I managed to finish this chapter today, I'm actually crying (I say as I type this with a completely stoic face).

It took a while. Re-writing an episode you hated and trying to change basically everything about it because the whole thing was just a mess takes a lot of work. Admittedly I stalled a little bit because my brain would shut off every time I remembered I had to watch the episode again to work things out. But alas, it's here.

My own twist of the musical crossover. There's not a lot of Lena in here, but I think the little she shows up is totally worth the wait, maybe? I mean, you'll just have to see for yourself.

Also I hope I didn't fuck up Team Flash too much, I never wrote for them, but I love them all.

I wanted to thank everyone who followed this story till here, it means so much to me, thanks for all the comments and the love, you guys are awesome.

Now I won't talk too much here as to not spoil anything, but I hope it's not too confusing for people who didn't watch the crossover (or even for people who did), and that you enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One never knows when a day is going to turn out into a disaster before things start happening.

What started out as a normal morning for Winn, quickly spiraled into a chain of bad events that would spark his blood pressure to heights it had never reached before.

Winn's terrible horrible very bad no good day, was what he was calling it in his head by the time he arrived at work.
“You look like crap,” Alex informed him in lieu of a greeting.

“Thank you, I was afraid the mirror had got it wrong,” he said back sourly, still trying to fix his shirt to a more professional way.

“Okay, I don’t want you to think I care, but why do you look like you were spat out by a blender?”

“Ah, yeah, you’re doing such a good job pretending you care.” He rolled his eyes. “I got a leak in my apartment. It was like the Niagara Falls in the bathroom. By the time I woke up, at like two, it had already flooded the entire place, a lot of my clothes are unusable at the moment, and I had to run around like a madman trying to clean up as best as I could, and I couldn’t shower because I had to turn off the water, I spent three hours drying my floors trying to contain it,” Winn explained as he re-did his tie. “And I was running late, so I had to literally run out, this was everything I could save.” He gestured to himself, his jeans and converse shoes with a plaid shirt, his hair a mess worse than anything he could ever dream of, looking very much like he’d bolted out of bed in a hurry, his tie didn’t match his shirt at all.

“Yeah, that sounds like shit.”

“There’s more,” Winn groaned.

“Oh god.”

“Yeah. My coffee machine short-circuited and I almost got shocked by it, my bike broke off at the wheel and the coffee truck I always pass by was closed. And I ran into my ex, looking like… well, this.”

“Yikes.”

“I just wished that for once I could show off, you know. Say I’m better off.”

“You mean lie and say you’re not a fucking mess.”

“Deep down, I know you love me.”

“Not a chance, nerd.”

“I mean, I can’t even tell people I’m a secret government agent, because that would kind of clash with the secret part.”

“Do what I do,” Alex started.

“What?”

“Ignore real life outside and only hang out with the people you work with and the losers your sister introduced you to.”

“Well, I’m your coworker now, so you can’t hurt me,” Winn said with a shrug.

Alex gave him an annoyed look, but he could tell it was fake. “No, you’re my annoying little brother and I’m legally required to give you shit.”

“And you’re so good at it.”

They both shot each other fake forced smiles.
And then Kara arrived at the bullpen, and as it was usual, Alex stepped away from Winn without saying a word, going to stand up next to Lucy on the other side. Winn wasn’t sure how it happened, just that Alex always kept her distance when Kara showed up as if she was allowing Kara to still hang out with Winn instead of alienating her from her best friend. Somehow Winn thought it was rather mature of Alex, or as mature as a woman avoiding her sister and sulking in the corner about it could be.

Winn went to Kara, tried to start a conversation, ask how she was doing with the intent of being asked in return and ranting about his crappy morning, but Kara bit his head off and Winn was left confused and a little hurt.

When J’onn showed up at the top of the stairs, addressing all the agents gathering on the bullpen, explaining about this new prisoner they were receiving, a dangerous man that they should be careful with, Winn got a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

But nothing could have prepared him for the strange and arrogant looking man giving Kara a sleazy smile and saying “there you are.” Which made Kara walk to him almost mechanically.

“Who, me?” Kara asked, but her voice didn’t sound right.

“Yes, you, why else would I be here?” the guy talked as if he was reconnecting with an old friend.

From the corner of his eyes Winn noticed Alex pull out her gun at the prisoner, he knew she noticed the weirdness of it all just like he did.

“Don’t move!” Alex ordered. But the man didn’t mind her, he just smiled at her as if it was an entertaining sight.

“She’s funny,” he commented, to no one in particular, and then turned back at Kara. “Now come on, we don’t have time to lose, love.”

And Kara was falling.

“Supergirl?”

Winn was right behind her, and he somehow got to her before she hit the floor. He felt as if that would be one of those moments that happened in slow motion, but only because way too much was happening way too fast.

He could see every single agent on the bullpen drawing their weapons and pointing it towards the extravagantly dressed prisoner, barking orders for him to stand down as he broke his cuffs and walked leisurely away from his guards who were apparently suddenly unable to move.

Winn managed to catch Kara, in a way that reminded him of the trust exercises he used to do in theater. It took all of his strength to hold her, and even then he really couldn’t, he fell to his knees with the force of her fall, but at least ended with her head on his lap. Cushioning her fall was good enough on his book.

Alex and her medical team started approaching them, weapons still aimed at the man that was slowly stepping away from the agents, hands up in the air as if trying to appear less threatening.

Winn could hardly think straight as he tried to check on Kara though his eyes kept being dragged to the scene unraveling in front of him.

Maybe the direction he was walking to hadn’t been coincidental, Winn thought as the guy sprinted
towards the workstations and jumped, reaching over Winn’s computer, catching the intra-dimension extrapolator Kara had given him, before the agents could do anything. The tension in the bullpen got worse, taunt like a piano string, Winn could feel his ears ringing, from the tension or the noise he couldn’t be sure.

The prisoner waved the small silver object in the air towards Winn proudly, as if sharing a joke that Winn didn’t quite catch.

Several high ranked agents ordered him to drop it, more than one referring to ‘it’ as a weapon.

The man smiled pleased, he seemed to be having way too much fun with the situation and that made Winn’s hairs stand on end.

“Oh, this isn’t a weapon. This is part of my master plan that I have been perfecting for the last 90 days,” he explained with mirth, the same way a child would talk about their favorite game. “Ladies and gentlemen of the audience and all those in between, this dimension has been so much fun,” he said theatrically. “I’ve had a blast! But now we all have work to do, you need to figure out what happened to dear old Supergirl and I need to catch a speedster with a pension for messing with the timeline. I hope you all enjoyed the show!”

He pressed a button and a portal opened and he threw himself at it, the extrapolator being thrown at Winn.

There was a moment of calm the second the man disappeared, only for reality to come crashing down like being propelled out of the water after almost drowning.

Supergirl was down.

The medical team worked fast, getting her on a gurney and rushing her to the med bay quickly.

Everyone on the bullpen had something to do while Winn was still standing there a little dazed watching his best friend get dragged away unconscious.

“Agent Schott,” J’onn’s booming voice broke him out of a trance. “I trust you can track where the prisoner has gone using your device.”

Winn blinked a few times before mentally slapping himself to start working. “Yes sir,” he agreed, suddenly on alert, rushing to his monitors. “I’m on it.”

Alex wasn’t sure what to expect.

Visiting a new dimension was uncharted territory for her.

But when she saw what looked like a pretty basic lab with four ordinary looking men staring at them, as she and J’onn stepped out of the portal with Kara on J’onn’s arms, she had to admit she was a little disappointed.

After the prisoner disappeared into a portal leaving behind an unconscious Kryptonian, Alex and her medical team worked for hours trying to find what was wrong with Kara and get her to wake up, but
they came up empty. After every exam possible being done twice, nothing was found. She was seemingly stable, her brain activity told them merely that she was in deep REM sleep. That’s when Alex and J’onn, after Winn successfully tracked the man to the dimension called Earth-1, decided to follow after him and bring Kara along in case they managed to get help, leaving Lucy in charge of the DEO.

“Supergirl,” the older man said.

And then a lean blond man stepped in front of the other three.

“Kara?” he said in a whisper full of concern, walking up the stairs towards them to get a better look at the unconscious woman. Alex was taken aback by the emotions this strange man was showing, and the evident care for her sister. He looked from Alex to J’onn and then back again, before going back to looking at Kara. “What happened to her?”

“We don’t know,” J’onn said in his director’s voice. “But whoever did it, has come to this world.”

Before anything else could be said, a bolt of lightning replaced the man, a shout of ‘be right back’ hanging in the air as the yellow lightning disappeared taking Kara with it.

Alex blinked and looked at the other three men who looked absolutely unfazed by the situation, if not a little puzzled with their appearance.

“I’m guessing that’s the speedster,” she said to no one in particular.

The man came back before Alex managed to finish down the stairs.

“Sorry,” he said as he stopped in front of her, like someone who had been sliding on the floor in their socks. “I just thought to get her more comfortable,” he explained with a shrug. “She’s in the medical… I’ll take you to her.”

Alex looked at J’onn and he nodded at her, a look on his face Alex knew well, meaning he had read their minds and it was all clear.

“You’re DEO, right? I recognize the uniforms,” the man, Flash, said as he led them down a hall.

“Yes. This is director J’onnz and I’m agent Danvers.”

“Danvers?” he exclaimed, spinning around to look at her. “You’re Kara’s sister,” he concluded, and she nodded. He extended a hand to her. “I’m Barry, I’m Kara’s friend. It’s nice meeting you. Well, not nice… I mean, not that it’s not nice, it’s just the circumstance is not great, but I’ve heard a lot about you,” he rambled.

Alex managed a small smile as she shook his hand. Of course, this man would be Kara’s friend.

“Alex,” she introduced herself.

He turned to J’onn and extended his hand as well. “Director,” he said cordially.

“Mr. Allen,” J’onn said back with a nod.

“Okay, come on, let’s get you to Kara and the rest of the team.”

The rest of the team consisted of two women. A beautiful black woman with a striking resemblance to the younger of the three men that had greeted them by the portal, Iris, she said, and a blonde one in a lab coat who introduced herself as Dr. Caitlin Snow.
Dr. Snow was already working on checking up Kara, with sensors glued to Kara’s chest and forehead and a tablet in hand.

Iris looked equally as concerned as Barry, a clear hint of fondness as she looked at Kara’s sleeping face, stroking her cheek gently.

The others showed the same concern, that of a person who is seeing their friend hurt. Alex was a little intrigued by all those strangers who seemed to not only know but care for Kara.

“Her vitals are low,” Dr. Snow said. “How long has she been this way?”

“A few hours,” J’onn answered.

“We need to find the man who did this to Kara and…” Alex tried to say something threatening, but her voice broke.

Iris was the one who spoke. “Seeing your sister like this must not be easy,” she said sympathetically.

“No, it’s not,” Alex agreed. “Kara and I… we’re not in the best of terms, I can’t have anything happen to her while we’re fighting, so if you can help us… you have to help us. I need to get her back.”

“We will, I promise,” Barry said firmly, with a confidence only someone pushed into a position of guardianship by life and morals really had, a confidence Alex saw constantly in Kara. They both nodded at each other, and right then, Alex finally felt like she could trust him, she could tell he knew what it was to lose someone, and that he, like Kara, would do anything in his power to prevent that happening to someone else.

“So what happened to her?” Iris asked intrigued. Drawing Alex’s and Barry’s attention away from their tense understanding with each other.

“An alien prisoner escaped our custody,” J’onn explained. “He did something to her, put her in some kind of a coma.”

“And then he disappeared,” Alex continued. “We tracked him here and followed.”

“Okay, but why would he come to this Earth?” Iris again asked.

“Well, we believe for you, Mr. Allen,” J’onn said, looking at Barry with his ever-serious gaze.

Barry frowned. “Me? Why?”

“We don’t know. But his last words before he disappeared were about catching a speedster with a history of messing with the timeline,” Alex informed.

Barry’s ears turned bright red with embarrassment and Alex watched as he and Iris shared a look, tense and serious.

Until Cisco broke the silence.

“Okay, well, clearly, we’re talking about a breacher here,” he announced, a cocky smile forming on his face. “And if there’s one thing I can do, is find breachers.”

They followed him to what looked like the main thinking spot of the whole lab.

“So what else can you tell us about this guy?” Barry asked as Cisco positioned himself in front of the
computers.

“Not much. It's like he just materialized out of thin air,” J’onn said.

“And then left just about the same way,” Alex added.

“You mean like this clown just did?” Cisco asked, pointing at something on his monitor.

They all moved to see what he was talking about. And there he was, the same sleazy faced douche that did that to Kara was standing right there, in the security camera for a room inside that very lab, waving at them irritantly, as if he knew they were looking at him at that very moment.

“I’m gonna go,” Barry said before disappearing, leaving behind the same yellow lightning as before.

Alex and J’onn couldn’t do much more than watch on the monitors as it happened, same as everyone else there.

The guy had positioned himself lazily on a chair as if he owned the place, his feet kicked up on the handrail. He grinned when, apparently, Barry showed up, wearing a bright red full-body leather suit with a mask built in that made him look like one of the characters of the movies Winn liked so much.

“Hello, Barry Allen,” he greeted casually.

“How do you know who I am?” Barry accused.

The man shrugged. “I know a lot of things. And I can do a lot of things too.”

“What do you want with Supergirl?” Barry asked firmly.

The man got up and walked with deliberate steps around the space between himself and Barry.

“Same thing that I want with you,” he said conversationally. “To teach you all a lesson.”

Barry tried to run towards the guy, using his superspeed, but the guy snapped his fingers and was on the other side of the room. “Now that’s just rude,” he chastised. Barry tried again, three more times, but he popped on the other side of Barry every time. “Too slow, Flash,” he teased. Barry tried a last time, and this time instead of moving away, the guy snapped his fingers and Barry froze. “You know, I could do this all day, but we all have places to be,” he said almost irritated. Another snap and Barry was on the ground, and he was gone, leaving only a purple cloud behind him.

A loud banging on the door startled Kara awake, slipping from the stool she was sitting on and falling on the floor.

“Linda?” a voice called loudly from the other side. “Linda?”

Kara frowned. “Linda? Who is Linda?”

She looked around confused. Why wasn’t she in her bed? Where was Lena? Where was she? And what on earth was she wearing?
All the questions ran through Kara’s head as the door continued to be banged on.

Somehow she found herself in some sort of dressing room, wearing a really tight and heavy dress and gloves all the way up to her elbows. How did that happen?

Kara was barely just standing up when the door burst open and in walked a frantic man, who looked a lot like Dave from sports, who’s desk was across from Kara’s at CatCo, but he was dressed in very weird clothes.

“You’re on!” he said desperately.

“On? On what?”

“Come on, come on, come on!” he told her as he grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the room. Kara could barely understand what was going on, but the fact that the frail-looking man was able to grip her arm so tightly and force her to move was one of the strangest things so far. “We can’t find Jay anywhere,” he told her as he led her down some stairs. “You got the bump.” They were in what looked like a backstage, but not like anything she’s ever seen, it all looked very glamorous but not very… current. “You’re the opening act, kid!”

“I’m the what?” Kara asked confused as he pushed her towards some curtains.

“Go on, go on, go on!” he insisted, waving his hands to indicate for her to move.

“Alright,” Kara hissed as she walked wobbly through the curtains, she wasn’t used to such a tight long dress. A bright spotlight shown in her eyes, but she could still see the 1950’s themed club in front of the stage she stood on. Except, it didn’t really look like a theme.

On the piano, a man cleared his throat, and Kara realized music was playing.

She suddenly felt very exposed, standing on a spotlight in front of a crowded club that apparently was there to watch her sing. She shrunk into herself as many faces watched her expectantly, the person on the piano nodding every few notes to signalize for her to start, but she didn’t really get the cue for a while.

She recognized the song easily, and that gave her a little bit of comfort, and she figured she could make the most out of this before finding out what the actual hell was going on. She always loved Audrey Hepburn after all.

Singing Moon River had a rather calming effect on Kara, and she let herself enjoy the moment, almost forgetting her current mystery of a situation. That is, until she spotted another familiar face in the crowd.

Barry.

Her friend Barry.

From Earth-1.

Barry Allen.

The Flash.

Standing there in the middle of the crowd. Looking at her astonished, utterly confused, as confused as she felt.
“Hey, Alex, right?” Caitlin asked as she walked back to the lab.

Alex nodded, barely glancing up from watching Kara’s breathing attentively. “Dr. Snow.”

“Call me Caitlin,” the woman corrected with a gentle smile. She placed her hand carefully on Alex’s shoulder. “She talks a lot about you, you know, you’re like her hero.”

Alex sighed deeply but didn’t try to shrug the hand off. “My whole life’s been about protecting her,” Alex started, voice empty and pained. She laughed sarcastically. “Lately I’ve been doing a crap job at it.”

“We’ll do everything to get them back,” Caitlin said solemnly.

“I hope to god it works, because I don’t know how to live without her.”

Caitlin didn’t have an answer to that, she just stood there, with her hand still on Alex’s shoulder, hoping she was at least helping the woman with some comfort.

“I know I’m a little off,” Alex said when Caitlin stepped away, “and I promise I’m not usually this aloof, although my sister and her friends will argue that I try to scare people off on purpose, but I truly appreciate what you’re doing for her.”

“You don’t have to apologize for being worried about your sister,” Caitlin told her. “That’s completely understandable. We all know what it is to see family like that, superhuman or not, it hurts all the same. And we’re all worried about her as well, she helped us save the world, that creates a bond, you know,” she ended with a little lilt of humor.

It did manage to get a small laugh from Alex.

“Don’t I know it.”

“That suit looks a bit restricting, doesn’t it?”

“She’s very comfortable in it,” Alex said with a shrug. “Go figure.”

“Well, we took the top part of Barry’s suit, so we could have more liberty to treat him. We have some sweats if you want to change her into something more comfortable,” Caitlin offered.

And Alex actually considered it. It’s not like she would let Kara go around fighting the second she woke up, if anything happened J’onn could handle it. So trying to give her sister a little bit of comfort was all she could do at the moment, it helped her feel less useless than just watching Kara be unconscious without being able to anything.
Kara finished the song, the crowd was clapping, standing up to cheer her, but she couldn’t really focus on anything. Instead, she just met Barry’s eyes and made a gesture with her head for him to follow her. She saw him nodding and stepped behind the curtain before running backstage.

“Barry?” she called. And Barry’s head poked from the curtain door that led to the salon.

“Hey!” he said back, stepping inside.

“Barry, it’s you!” Kara exclaimed relieved as she climbed down the stairs towards him. “Thank Rao!” She threw her arms around him and he hugged her back, squeezing more than she was used to when humans hugged her. “It’s so good to see you, you have no idea,” she told him as they pulled away.

Barry looked around, still confused. “What is… where the hell are we?” he asked walking around, trying to check the place, but not going much far. “What’s going on?”

“I was hoping you could tell me,” Kara said, displeased. “Or maybe explain to me why I just pulled an Audrey Hepburn and sang in a nightclub.”

“Maybe we’re dreaming?” Barry suggested.

Kara looked at him skeptically. “The same dream?”

Barry’s face fell. “Yeah, that’s not… What’s the last thing you remember before you got here?”

Kara frowned. “I was at the DEO.” She started walking in a circle as she thought. “They had just brought in an alien prisoner. He got loose,” she recounted, gesticulating wildly as she talked, scrunching up her face even more as she looked back at Barry, “and it was really weird, he looked like a-”

“Decaying actor with a bad taste for hair products?” Barry finished.

“Yes!”

Barry looked even more serious. “I saw you,” he told her, “on my Earth. You were in a coma. Your sister and your boss brought you to us.”

Kara grimaced. “Did she just barge in and start demanding things? She has that habit,” she said grumpily.

Barry looked at her weird. “No, she just asked for help. She said this guy whammied you and then escaped to my Earth. He showed up at STAR Labs, I went after him to try to get you to wake you up,” he explained, speaking really fast, but Kara had no problem following.

“And then you got whammied,” she finished for him.

“Yeah.”

“So where are we?”

Barry shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, it could be a parallel dimension… or maybe just some elaborate illusion. We just need to figure a way out.”

“I guess I could… click my heels together three times,” Kara laughed softly.
“Yeah, why n-” Barry said, completely serious.

“I was kidding,” Kara cut him off.

His face fell again. “Okay. All right, well… come on, let’s just,” he trailed off and turned around, walking out of the door he had gone in before.

Kara followed him into the salon.

“You’re a really good singer, by the way,” Barry complimented as they walked towards the bar.

“Thanks. Winn and I know this secret open mic bar that we go at least once a month together, we were both theatre kids growing up.”

“Did you have music on your planet?”

Kara laughed. “Of course we had music in my planet, Barry, Earth isn’t the only place with music on the universe,” she told him.

“Sorry,” he said, his ears turning pink. “I’m not really well versed in the whole alien thing yet.” He shrugged, a little embarrassed.

“It’s fine,” Kara brushed it off. “Earth has weird views on other species. Even my Earth where we are out in the open for a while. But yeah, we did have music on my planet. My mother had a beautiful voice.” She smiled at the memory.

“Did she teach you how to sing?” Barry asked, smiling at her.

Kara nodded. “Yes, she did.”

“Well, I bet she’d be proud,” he told her, “because you are amazing.”

Kara blushed a little bit as her smile got bigger. “Thank you, Barry.”

“Hey, isn’t that your sister?” Barry exclaimed as he spotted a tall woman stalking towards them from across the club.

Kara looked over and spotted the woman in question. It was definitely Alex, alright. But dressed in a way that was nothing like Alex. The cut of the blazer, typical 1950’s cut, large on the shoulders and chest and accentuating her cinched waist was not something Kara would ever imagine her sister wearing, and the loose white shirt underneath with the lapels out, with the dress pants that looked like a very long skirt, with the almost cute heels, and the perfectly coifed hair. Alex looked like a mix between a housewife and a mob boss.

Kara had to hold back a laugh and remember she was mad at her sister, but it was funny.

Still, seeing that Alex looking all high and mighty as she made her way towards them stirred something ugly in Kara’s gut that made her scoff.

“Great,” she said grumpily.

“Hey, you two,” Alex barked at them. “I don’t pay you to chit chat around the club, you lazy rats.”

Kara’s eyebrows shot to her hairline. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me, and I hope you got something better in your songbook than what you were belting
“Hey! Don’t call me blondie,” Kara argued.

“I’ll call you whatever I want to call you, you work for me.”

“We what now?” they both asked shocked.

She looked at them irritated. “I don’t have time for this,” she huffed.

Kara knew her sister, and this woman was definitely not her sister. But Kara still knew Alex’s face well enough to know that there was something deeper behind the woman’s anger.

“Hey, look,” Barry started, stepping towards not-Alex, “I don’t know who you are bu-” His sentence was cut short by the quick movement of the woman pulling out a switchblade from her pocket and holding it in front of his face. “Obviously you’re someone who’s quick with a knife,” he said fast, taking a step back.

Kara stepped in front of Barry as quick as she could, putting an arm out protectively, her eyes fixed at the blade near their faces, she was too distracted by the blade to consider what it meant that she wasn’t faster than the woman’s hand. “You’ll have to excuse my friend, he doesn’t think before he,” she looked up at not-Alex, pausing for half a second at the emptiness in the eyes staring back at her, “talks.”

“Your friend better be careful,” not-Alex warned looking at Kara, “that kind of thing can get his throat slit.”

Barry swallowed hard, and Kara gapped.

“Oh,” was all Kara could say. The woman put her knife away but still stared challengingly at Kara. “We’re really sorry, we’re both having an off day,” Kara apologized. “We’ll do whatever you want.”

Barry nodded behind her.

“What I want,” the woman said frighteningly cold, “is for the two of you to do your jobs!”

“Got it,” Barry said with a nod.


The woman rolled her eyes. “Talk to Grady, he’ll get you two set up,” she told them as she started to walk away, but then she stopped and looked back at Kara. “And Linda?”

Kara looked at her questioningly, controlling the urge to ask if the woman was talking to her.

“You know where my sister is?”

“Your,” Kara cleared her throat, “your sister?”

“Yes, my sister, Nia,” not-Alex was back to being irritated.

“Nia…?”

The woman huffed. “What are you, a parrot?”

“Sorry,” Kara mumbled.
“Have you seen her or not?”

“Why would I have seen your sister?”

“Because you are her friend?” not-Alex said slowly as if she was talking to someone very unintelligent.

“Yeeeah, right, sure,” Kara stuttered. “I have not seen her, but if I do, I’ll tell her you are looking for her… ma’am.”

Not-Alex huffed one last time and walked away.

“Do you have any idea how this sister looks like if it’s not you?” Barry whispered to Kara.

Kara shook her head. “Not a clue.”

“Awesome.”

“You know what else is awesome?” Kara asked, and Barry raised his eyebrows waiting. “I don’t have my powers.”

“Me neither.”

Kara sighed. “This is great.”

“What is the matter with you two? Why you trying to anger Cutter like that?”

They both turned to look at the new voice and Kara’s face lit up. “Winn!”

It was Winn’s face, surely, but the man looked confused.

“Win what?”


“Boss wants you to come up with something new,” the man informed, he had a thick and weird accent.

“Grady,” Barry guessed.

He frowned at Barry. “Yes, the one who has been playing with you since you started here.”

“Right, I knew that,” Barry laughed awkwardly.

“The boss seems a little… stressed, doesn’t she?” Kara tried.

Grady snorted. “Does she ever,” he joked. “Say, you realize how she got the nickname ‘cutter’, don’t you?” he asked seriously, leaning closer to them, conspiratorially.

“No,” Barry said shaking his head and looking at the man as if he was telling him the most interesting thing.

“Because she likes to cut people,” Grady finished dryly.

“Oh,” Barry exclaimed. “Lovely.”

Kara nodded.
A laugh came from behind Grady, from the bar.

“You ask me, I think she’s all talk,” said the man that was wiping glasses dry. Wearing a waiter suit, the man walked to them with an easy smile.

“James!” Barry exclaimed, but corrected himself quickly, “not James. Hello.”

Not-James frowned at him.

“I pray that one day you do not find how very, very wrong you are, Thomas,” Grady told him ominously. “Now go do your job,” he added, patting Thomas in the chest.

“All right,” Thomas huffed and whipped his drying cloth at Grady before Grady walked away.
When Grady left, Thomas turned to look at Kara and Barry. “You see, Jay, Grady doesn’t know this, but one day, I’m gonna be somebody,” he told them. “I’m gonna be somebody, and it’s gonna happen right there on that stage.” His voice was distant and dreamy, and his eyes were not focused on them anymore. “You’ll see. I just need my one shot.”

Thomas retreated back to the bar, leaving a confused Kara and Barry looking after him.

“It’s just curiouser and curiouser,” Barry mumbled.

“Yeah,” Kara agreed, nodding. “Yeah, it’s like The Wizard of Oz.”

“Yeah.”

“And you were there, and you were there,” Kara mimicked.

“Except it’s not really them,” Barry said, still frowning. “They’re all playing characters in a-

“Musical,” they both whispered together, looking at each other as realization dawned.

“Barry, where are we?” Kara asked, getting seriously worried now.

“I don’t know.”

“Well, you know what they say,” a voice came from behind them and they turned to the stage to see a man standing right in the middle of it. The entire club was empty now, leaving just the three of them, except it had been full a few seconds before when Kara and Barry were talking to the fake versions of their friends. The spotlight was turned on and the stage illuminated, and the man turned to them. It was the guy who had whammied them. “The show must go on!” he said dramatically.

Barry looked around confused, trying to understand what happened to the rest of the people there had been there before they turned around.

“Ah!” Kara gasped, pointing at the man. She walked down the stairs and to the middle of the floor. Barry followed her.

“Kara, my love, I loved your rendition of Moon River, such a beautiful song, for a beautiful voice,” he said cheekily. “You were a little flat in places, but I think the little imperfections are what makes the magic of performing. Besides, you are just so cute!” He hopped down the stage and started walking towards them.

“Hold on,” Barry said, still suspicious. “What did you do to us?”

The man shrugged as he passed between Kara and Barry and then turned around to face them. “Oh,
nothing much. Just gave you a little sand in your eyes.”

“You… what?” Kara asked frowning. “Who are you?”

“You don’t recognize me, sugarplum?” he asked smiling. “Oh, I supposed I do look a little bit different, don’t I?” He raised his hands, as if telling her to wait. “How about this?” The man snapped his fingers and with a puff of purple smoke, an old acquaintance was standing in front of Kara.

“Surprise!” the man said grinning widely.

“Mxy?” Kara asked surprised.

Barry frowned at her. “You know this guy?” He asked her.

Kara sighed. “It’s a long story.”

“We were engaged,” Mxy said.

“We weren’t,” Kara said back.

“She left me at the altar,” Mxy added.

“I banned him to the fifth dimension after he tried to murder me for not marrying him,” she told Barry.

Mxy clicked his tongue. “Semantics. You are so hooked on details, dear.”

Kara sighed, annoyed. She looked over at Barry, who was just staring back at her blankly, he shrugged and Kara looked back at Mxy, cocky smirk still firmly in place.

With all his swag, Mxy walked closer to them. “Did you miss me, buttercup?”

“To be completely honest, I totally forgot about you,” Kara told him with a cock of her head.

Mxy placed a hand on his chest dramatically. “Ouch. You wound me. I told you I would be back in 90 days.”

“It’s been five months.”

“Oh.” Mxy paused and seemed to think it over for a second. After a beat, he shrugged. “Well, Earth’s rotation has always been confusing to me.” He smiled again. “The important thing is that I’m here now.”

“I’m not going to marry you,” Kara deadpanned.

“Me neither,” Barry quipped over Kara’s shoulder.

“Pfft, please,” Mxy said, waving a hand dismissively. “Like I was going to marry you after the way you treated me last time. I have self-respect.”

Kara scoffed, and Barry looked at him with a little grimace that indicated he did not believe that statement.

“No no, darling,” Mxy started.

“Don’t call me that!” Kara cut him off.
He looked at her and smiled. “Right. That’s your lady’s word.” He sounded almost malicious in the way he said it, winking at her. “Anyways, no hard feelings Dandelion.”

“Dandelion?” Barry repeated with a grimace as if saying ‘seriously?’.

“I’m here to show you that despite our differences in the past,” Mxy continued, “we can still be friends.”

Kara scoffed. “By kidnapping me?”

“Oh no, pumpkin, I didn’t kidnap you. I just put you in a dream dimension,” Mxy explained, smiling as if he thought that was so much better.

“Ugh, I hate those,” Kara groaned.

“Really? I’ve never been in one before,” Barry said. “I’ve been in the speed force, but I don’t think that really counts…”

“It’s the worse,” Kara said to Barry. “You see your dead family, lose your will to live for a while, probably almost die, leave a little bit more emotionally scarred than before, and usually someone has to rescue you or you’ll just stay there forever and… and die.”

“Oh, so the speed force definitely counts,” Barry corrected himself. “It’s no fun.”

“No,” Kara agreed, shaking her head.

“I also created an alternative timeline where my parents weren’t dead, after my father was murdered.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, but then I didn’t have any friends, or my powers, and I realized I couldn’t just run away from my own reality,” Barry told her, his voice getting a bit sadder. “Some people died because of that.”

“Yeah, I know the feeling,” Kara said.

“You do?”

“Yeah, that’s what happened to me, except it was a dream created by a parasite that was killing my body and trapping me in my own mind, and I couldn’t escape unless I accepted that that was all gone and I couldn’t have that anymore but despite the pain my own reality is better because it’s real, and it’s not so bad when you have the family you found by your side.”

Barry laughed. “That’s so inspirational,” he mocked. “Like an after-school special for dealing with grief.”

Kara laughed as well. “While being a superhero,” she added.

Their laughter stopped when a clearing of a throat made them look back to an irritated Mxy.

“Oh, don’t mind me, I’m just trying to explain to you the rules of this dimension and how to leave,” he said sarcastically.

“Sorry dude,” Barry said with a wince.

“But since you mentioned your previous experiences, this is nothing like that,” Mxy started again.
“No, you won’t see your dead parents and be forced to leave them in the end, that would just be cruel.”

“It would,” Barry agreed in a whisper to Kara, and she nodded to him.

“The good news is: this is just like a movie!” Mxy said getting back to his excited state. “You just follow the script, and you’ll be out of here in no time. Though I have to add: if you die in here you die in real life too.”

“Oy vey,” Kara sighed.

Barry raised his hand from behind Kara’s shoulder, to get the magical imp’s attention like a school kid calling the teacher.

“Yes, Barrold?” Mxy called, pointing at the man.

“It’s… Bartholomew…” Barry corrected. “Yeah, I just wanted to ask, like… why? Why are you doing this? And also, why am I here? Because we don’t know each other, like her I understand,” he said pointing at Kara.

“Hey!” Kara protested.

“Not agree with, just, you know, in general,” Barry explained to her. “But why me?”

“Because it’s FUN!”

“We really have very different ideas of what that word means,” Kara quipped.

“And because I always wanted to see the two of you sing a duet together,” Mxy said and laughed. He then stopped and looked at them as if waiting for a reaction, but they only stared at him blankly. “Trust me, where I come from this would be a hilarious reference.”

“Are you joking?” Kara accused.

“Yes. This entire dimension is a joke. It’s what I do!” He said with an insistent lilt on his voice of who can’t understand people aren’t following his line of thought. “Haven’t you been paying attention, carebear?”

“Not by choice.”

“You’re always so mean to me.”

Barry and Kara eyed each other, and Kara rolled her eyes.

“But regardless, I’m such a charitable guy. I have a bit of a soft spot for things that are broken, I like to fix things,” Mxy continued. “So maybe in here the two of you can contemplate what is wrong in your lives that needs fixing.”

“The first thing I can think of is being in a magical coma, but sure,” Barry said with a shrug and Kara nodded her agreement.

“That sounds like an oversimplification of things,” Mxy pondered.

“So what is the script here? Like, do we get a copy or something?” Kara asked.

Mxy smiled, like he was about to laugh, until he realized Kara was serious. His expression then
changed, no dissimilar of someone about to sneeze, and he inhaled sharply. “A five six seven eight,” he exclaimed and started tap dancing in front of them.

“Would you mind not doing that?” Barry tried.

“Yeah, just don’t,” Kara asked as well.

Mxy stopped dancing and looked at them with glee, like a child who just got the most fantastic idea of all times.

“Why don’t we all do one little fun opening number,” he started.

“No,” Kara said quickly.

“just to kick things off!” Mxy continued as if he didn’t hear her.

“We’re not singing for you,” Kara insisted.

“No way,” Barry quipped.

“Oh, any… anymore, I mean,” Kara added.

“Aww, don’t be like that, sweet cheeks,” Mxy said as he started to take his jacket off.

“Leave your jacket on,” Barry told him, but he was already throwing it away. Barry tried to follow it with his eyes but it just disappeared. “Where’d it go?” he whispered to himself confused.

“You’ll love it, I promise,” Mxy told them, and winked.

“Mxy!” Kara warned.

“Think of a fellow man,” he started singing.

“Stop that,” Kara said annoyed.

“It’s not happening,” Barry said shaking his hand as if to wave him off.

“Lend him a helping hand,” Mxy continued, offering his hand to Kara.

She just shook her head. “It’s not gonna work,” she insisted as he passed between them and towards the piano.

“Yeah, we’re not singing,” Barry reinforced.

Somehow fake Winn, Grady, was already waiting at the piano.

“Put a little love in your heart.” He touched the piano with one finger and Grady started playing it. And singing too. Mxy smiled at him and held his shoulders gently, like a mentor watching his protégé.

When Grady finished his own three lines, another voice came along, James’, or Thomas to be more exact. Kara and Barry looked over to the side to see several people coming into the floor, dancing as Thomas sang. He got closer to Grady and they started singing together, and Mxy just looked absolutely delighted. Mxy raised his hand in the air, as if getting another idea, and snapped his fingers, and he was a different man again.
Kara and Barry looked at each other startled.

“Is that…”

“Neil Patrick Harris?”

“Okay, that is impressive.”

The surprisingly large group of people were all dancing around Kara and Barry and they couldn’t do more than watch. Everyone was singing together, in perfect unison, as they danced, and it truly felt like watching a movie musical happening right in front of them.

It went on for a lot longer than it should have, getting more and more exaggerated every few bars, ending with too many people twirling and confetti explosions.

Mxy smiled and looked at them, panting. “See you later, my friends,” he said excitedly, waving at them.

And just like he appeared, he was gone, and Kara and Barry were left in the middle of the floor as all the people who had been dancing reverted back to their regular duties as if nothing happened.

They eyed each other.

“He’s gone,” Barry said.

Kara sighed tiredly. “Yeah, he does that.”

“I feel like we don’t totally deserve this kind of torture.”

“No one deserves this kind of torture.”

“This is gonna be fun,” Barry deadpanned.

Kara snorted. “Oh, super.”

The music of the club started again, just the band having fun, and the patrons laughing and chatting, making the entire salon way too loud for their liking.

“We need to find a quiet place, so we can think things through,” Barry said.

“The dressing room I woke up in, it should be empty now.”

“Great. Lead the way.”

As they walked to the back of the club, Kara huffed. “This has gotta be because I ate the chicken.”

“The what now?”

“It’s an alien thing,” Kara waved it off.

Barry didn’t pry.

-------

“Okay, so what do we know so far?” Kara asked as she walked back and forward in the middle of
the dressing room. Her dressing room, apparently.

“We’re singers?” Barry started.

“And apparently we work for a… gangster?”

“Yes, who wants us to perform for her. I mean, honestly, it’s pretty straightforward.”

“Right?”

“Did you hear fake James called me Jay?”

“Yeah, and when I woke up, this guy called me Linda… repeatedly.”

“So we know our names.”

“And that fake Alex-”

“Cutter,” Barry offered.

“is looking for her sister.”

“Who is not you.”

“And is called Nia.”

“So we should find this Nia, maybe,” Barry offered.

Kara shrugged. “Or maybe she will just, I don’t know, show up later? She could… not be part of the plot.”

“But do you really think she’d ask you directly if it wasn’t?” Barry asked.

Kara hummed. “Probably not. So we find Nia and go from there.”

“You think maybe Winn, uhm, Grady knows where she is?”

“I don’t know, but he came off as a bit of a stuck up, to me,” Kara shrugged again.

“We could ask not-James, he seems nicer.”

“Thomas.”

“Right.”

“Okay then, let’s go find Nia.”

They left the dressing room, but they didn’t make it to the salon. Because right there waiting outside the door, leaning on the wall with his arms crossed and a foot against the wall, was Wally.

Wally could have very well gone after Mxy after he whammed Barry, so it could be possible that he was there with them, right? At least that’s what Barry thought.

He was dressed in a very expensive looking three-piece suit, dark grey, with a black shirt and a maroon tie underneath, hair slicked back with grease and all. That kind of suit didn’t seem like it belonged to a singer or a waiter.
“You need to come with me,” he told them gloomily. He too spoke in a thick accent that the real Wally didn’t have.

“Uhm, why?”

Not-Wally stared them hard, his face serious. “Because the boss is waiting.”

Iris was the next person to talk to Alex, and clearly, the only one who shared Alex’s level of affliction at that moment. The reckless kind, the one Alex could feel bubbling up inside of her, knew that if the guy with the bad haircut showed up in front of her right then she would have to be held back or she’d kill the man, and somehow she knew Iris would be right beside her trying to murder him as well.

At first, Iris didn’t say anything, she just sat there, opposite to Alex, holding Barry’s hand, just like Alex was holding Kara’s, listening to the beeps of the machines that were checking their vitals.

Alex had changed Kara into sweats with the help of Iris and Caitlin, and neither had said a word since. Without the suit, Alex couldn’t associate her sister with the larger than life superhero; the suit didn’t change her, Alex knew that, and she still worried when she wore the suit, but without the suit, the woman lying in that gurney, wearing STAR Labs logoed sweats was just her dorky little sister who liked to steal all the cake pieces of the ice cream before giving the tub back and who thought potstickers and pizza were the best culinary inventions of all times and who got nervous at loud noises and people screaming and was scared of sharks and thunders and could never tell when people were flirting with her, the little sister Alex failed to protect.

“You know, my brother Wally is a speedster like Barry,” Iris said after a long time of silence. “The city calls him Kid Flash, which he doesn’t totally love,” she added with a small laugh.

“Kara didn’t exactly like being called Supergirl at first either,” Alex commented but didn’t look away from Kara’s face. “She thought she should be called Superwoman or something. But she loves it now.”

“I guess you don’t always get to choose your superhero name.”

Alex’s response was only a small huff of acknowledgment.

Iris brushed her thumb over Barry’s knuckles as she thought about what to say. “Wally was in a... somewhat similar situation to these two, recently,” she started. “Someone who is trying to hurt us got to him...” she trailed off and shook her head. “I just wanted you to know that I know how you feel, having a younger sibling who launches headfirst into danger because they have this huge heart that can’t contain itself if not helping people, so you stay and watch from the sidelines as they fight huge dangerous monsters and get themselves into life-threatening situations without being able to do anything to effectively protect them. I know what it’s like to wait patiently at the bedside, with half your heart in your throat and the other half in your hand,” they both instinctively tightened their grips at the hands they were holding, “just waiting for a sign of life,” Iris told her, calmly. “So believe me when I say that we’re gonna get them back. We’re gonna find who did this and he’s gonna regret ever coming near us. You mess if one of us, you mess with all of us.”
Alex finally looked up from Kara and looked at the woman dead in the eye. The woman was beautiful, yes, but it was the fire in her eyes, burning next to the pain and grief that got her, the utter determination that she forced to overcome the pain, because if she let the pain come it would consume her.

“She’s one of us,” Iris continued. “And so are you, Alex. We take care of our own.”

Alex nodded and they shared a smile, and then both went back to watching their respective superheroes.

“Where are you taking us, exactly?” Kara asked as they followed fake Wally through the streets. He had led them to the back door of the club, without running into any of the many people who worked there, that opened to a poorly lit alley, which was where they had been just before they turned the corner to an even darker and more abandoned street.

The boy rolled his eyes. “I told you, the boss is waiting.”

“What does that mean?” Barry asked. “Why would Cutter want to see us outside of the club, we just talked to her.”

Not-Wally scoffed. “The other boss.”

Kara frowned, but kept her mouth shut, she saw Barry was about to ask about it and she slapped him on the arm for him to stop.

They finally stopped in front of a vintage car, or just a regular car for the 1950’s, and the boy urged them in hastily and climbed into the front seat.

“Will this take long?” Barry inquired. “We’re kind of on a tight schedule here.”

The boy didn’t answer him.

“I guess we’ll find out,” Kara mumbled to him.

Barry laughed softly. They were quiet for a few minutes before Barry decided to fill the silence.

“So what happened between you and your sister?” he asked. Kara frowned at him and he elaborated. “She mentioned you guys were fighting, and the way you reacted to me mentioning her earlier was…”

Kara sighed. “Yes, we’re fighting,” Kara said. “But only because of Alex’s stubbornness.” She crossed her arms over her chest petulantly.

Barry raised his eyebrow at her and curled his lips a little amused. “Uhum.”

“It’s just… I have a girlfriend.”

“You do? That’s great!”
Kara smiled at the thought of Lena. “Yeah. Lena is… she’s amazing, the best person I know. But Alex doesn’t like her, doesn’t trust her. We were friends before, for a few months, and Alex wasn’t too happy about it, so when Lena and I started dating… It was all so new and I was so happy, I didn’t want to have to fight for it just yet, so I didn’t tell Alex, and she found out on her own. She came into my loft and just started yelling at me, she was rude to Lena and to Winn, and I just… I haven’t been able to forgive her since.”

“Ouch.”

“Yeah,” Kara chuckled humorlessly. “I just wish she could have been happy for me, you know.” She looked at Barry and sighed happily. “I found something special, like what you have with Iris.”

Barry winced. “That is… off track.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I asked her to marry me.”

“You did? That’s great,” Kara said smiling, but then frowned. “Did she not say yes?”

“Oh, she said yes,” he said, not very happy. “But I guess I did it for the wrong reason, and, I mean, I love her, but I was trying to change the future. Then I pushed her away so I could focus on saving her, and it’s just a mess now.” Barry shook his head with displeasure of the situation as he spoke. He sighed, discontent. “Everything is so simple when I’m running.”

“Or flying,” Kara added, with a sigh of her own.

“Shut up! Both of you,” fake Wally yelled at them from the driver’s seat.

Kara and Barry looked at each other and winced.

The rest of the ride was silent, though it didn’t take all that long. Soon enough the car was stopping, and Wally’s doppelganger was turning around to look at them.

“We’re here,” he informed, and gesture for them to get out. They do, but not knowing what to do next, just stand next to the car until the boy groans and gets out of the car muttering some words that sound like curses by the tone he says them. “Follow me, you nitwits.”

“He’s so nice,” Kara said exaggeratedly, and Barry laughed.

“And this is totally a not creepy place to meet a gangster boss,” Barry said back in the same tone as they followed the boy into the docs.

“Oh, yeah, I feel so safe,” Kara snorted. “Now might be a good time to mention I never really learned how to swim, I just fly inside the water, so I might drown without my powers.”

“Can you even function without your powers?”

“One time I tried to take a tray of cookies out of the oven without the mittens and only realized halfway to the table that my skin had melted off.”

“That seems about right.”

“But it’s more of a habit kind of thing, you know, I didn’t have any powers before I got to earth, so my normal growing up was without any powers, I had to learn how to get by with them when I arrived. But then, yeah, I got too used to them and use them for literally everything.”
“Wow. How did heat vision feel like for the first time?”

“Like my eyeballs were going to melt.”

“Lovely.”

“You two done chit-chatting?”

They looked towards the imposing voice only to find Martin Stein looking at them with a not very happy face, suit even fancier than fake Wally’s.

Kara tugged at Barry’s sleeve as they both stiffened in their place, neither daring to speak again under such authoritarian figure. They both guessed that was the boss fake Wally was talking about.

Except.

The boy walked to him with a smile, a smile one gives to family, not an employer.

“Is pops in?” he asked, and the old man nodded, gesturing for one of the suited men behind him. There were three total, one looked like Cisco, the other like Oliver Queen and the last one like Jax, Martin Stein’s Firestorm partner. They didn’t really look like they’d be in the same gang, it was an odd match, but somehow it worked. The one who looked like Jax nodded and disappeared promptly, only to come back a few moments later with a man with the face of Joe West, a glass of whiskey in his hand, the big hat and the scarf he had over his overcoat indicated that he was the big boss. Or at least that was what Barry thought.

“This them?” he asked nodding towards Kara and Barry.

Fake Wally nodded. “Yes, pops.”

“Were you followed?”

“No, sir,” the boy said obediently, but then his lips were pulled into a grin. “Never,” he added.

Fake Joe smiled at him for a second. “That’s my boy,” he said proudly, giving a slight slap to the boy’s shoulders. “Good job, Jesse.”

Jesse seemed proud of himself, he grinned and stood back to stand next to fake Stein.

“Jay and Linda, right?” fake Joe asked, sounding a lot calmer than they expected.

They both nodded.

“Yes,” Kara agreed promptly.

“Yes sir,” Barry agreed.

“Yes, those are definitely our names,” Kara said, and Barry nodded emphatically.

“You know who I am?” the man asked.

“You are the boss,” Barry said slowly.


“It’s nice to make your acquaintance,” Kara said serious, and Barry had to bite his tongue not to
laugh.

“What you got for me?” Digsy asked.

“What we… What we got?” Barry asked.

“What we pay you for, boy,” Digsy insisted. “What’s the dirty on Cutter? What is she planning? What are her weaknesses?”

“We, uhm, we might need a bit more time to… gather the information,” Barry stuttered.

“More time? You’ve been at it for months,” Digsy hissed. But then he took a breath and seemingly calmed himself. “But this is not why I called you here.”

“It’s not?” Barry asked with confusion.

“I got a situation that you two are gonna help me with,” Digsy said firmly.

“We would love to help you with it,” Kara said promptly.

“Really love to,” Barry agreed.

“My daughter, Millie, she’s missing,” the man said, and turned around, to fake Stein, who reached inside his suit and produced a wallet, from it a picture, he removes it from the wallet with care and hands it to Digsy. The gesture is curious, like a father with a picture of his child. “Last she was seen, she was heading into Cutter’s place,” Digsy told them as he handed the picture to Barry.

Barry shouldn’t be surprised, really, with Joe and Wally there, it should be expected that the woman on the photo was Iris. But he still couldn’t mask the shock from his face when he sees it. He showed it to Kara, who had just as bad of a poker face as him.

“Have you seen her in there?”

“Millie, did you say?” Barry asked trying to sound casual as he looked at the picture.


“We haven’t seen her… I haven’t seen her,” Barry stuttered.

“I haven’t seen her,” Kara denied as well, shaking her head.

“Yeah, we haven’t seen her,” Barry repeated.

“She’s the only thing that is good and decent about my life,” Digsy said darkly. “If anything happens to her, this town will run red with blood.”

“Starting with yours,” fake Stein quipped from behind Digsy.

“We wouldn’t want that, now, right?” Barry said quickly, with a forced smile and cheerfulness, and Kara forced a chuckle next to him. “So how can we help you?”

That seemed to irritate the man a little. “You two work for me, getting information from Cutter,” he said as if explaining to annoying children.

“Weeeeee sure do,” Kara dragged, plastering an awkward fake smile on her face.
“Yes, we do,” Barry agreed.

“So you just do your job and get the information,” Digsy ordered, his voice straining with stress in the last words.

Kara chuckled again, as awkward as before, and turned to Barry, with a look that urged him to take action.

“We’re gonna find her,” Barry told Digsy. And then added “sir.”

“Yes, we are,” Kara agreed.

Digsy glared at them. “Good,” he said grumpily.

-------

“So apparently we don’t work for one gangster, we work for two,” Kara said as soon as they were back to her dressing room. Digsy had told Jesse to take them back to Cutter’s after the conversation at the docks ended.

“And we’re not simply singers, we are also spies,” Barry added.

“The plot thickens,” Kara joked. “And now there are two girls missing. And one of them looks like Iris…”

“So now we have to find Nia and Milli,” Barry said, even though it wasn’t needed. “But who do we look for first?”

“Whoever has the scariest family?” Kara tried, half joking.

“I guess we could split up…” Barry shrugged.

“When has that ever worked in a movie?”

Barry grimaced and nodded. “You’re right.”

“We can start by asking around… stick with our original plan, maybe Thomas knows something,” Kara offered.

“Yeah, we should go ask him now.”

They both went to the door, but when they crossed it, they weren’t in the backstage of the club anymore, instead they were in the hallway of an apartment building. It was morning. Their clothes were different. Kara had to admit she liked the dark pink skirt and the white shirt and the way they fit in her body. They looked around confused, trying to get their bearings again when they heard James. Well, Thomas.

“Now you listen to me,” he said firmly. But it was just his voice, coming from somewhere within the walls towards them, he was nowhere to be found. “Don’t go telling anyone I gave you this. Nia doesn’t like people up in her business, and I don’t like what she would do to me if she found out I was the one who helped you.”

“Yeah, that’s not creepy at all,” Barry mumbled.
“I mean, movies have cuts, right?” Kara shrugged.

“I guess. Hey! Look,” Barry showed Kara the slip of paper that he had just realized was on his hand.

“Apartment 4B,” Kara read. She looked around and found the door. “It’s that one.” She pointed to the closest to her right.

“Who do you think Nia looks like?” Barry asked as Kara walked to the door.

Kara turned around with a frown.

“What you mean?” she asked him.

“Well, you know, everyone we’ve met in this dream thing has been someone we know in real life,” Barry explained. “Cutter and Grady and Thomas, and Jesse and Digsy, and now Millie…” he listed. “All look like someone we know. So who do you think it is? Maybe Caitlin, or Felicity, or Sara…”

“No,” Kara said shaking her head. It had finally hit her. She knew who Nia was, and she really wanted to have a word with Mr. Mxyzptlk, that imp was in big trouble. “No, no, Nia is for me,” she told him.

It was Barry’s time to frown and ask, “What do you mean?”

“You see, when I woke up, it was to a coworker, Dave, whose desk is across from mine. And then we met Alex, and Winn and James, and I had this, this feeling that I knew the people at the club, the staff and the clients… they were all people I know. From CatCo and the DEO and even Noonan’s, the place I where used to have breakfast with Alex every morning before work. Everyone at Cutter’s place was from my life. And everyone at the docs was probably from yours too, I mean, Wally and Joe and Stein, Cisco and Oliver, Iris…”

“Oh damn,” Barry all but gasped. “You’re right. I think I saw a few guys from CCPD at the docs.”

Kara nodded, Barry was just making her point. “We were tasked to find two girls, one at my place, by my people, and one at your place, by your people. And since yours, Millie, is Iris,” Kara paused and sighed. “Nia can only be one person.”

“Who?”

“My girlfriend,” Kara told him. “Nia is Lena.”

Barry took a deep breath, his eyebrows raising up on his forehead. “Oh boy,” he sighed. “This is gonna be weird.”

Kara chuckled. “Yeah, tell me about it. Next time I see Mxy I’m gonna punch him really hard in the face for making us do this. Or just ban him again, maybe this time it sticks.”

“Are you ready to do this?” Barry asked.

Kara shrugged. “I don’t have a choice.”

Barry couldn’t argue with that. “Okay, just remember that it’s not really her.”

“Yeah, I know. Let’s just get this over with.”

Kara went back to the door again, was trying to decide if she should knock when she heard a scream.
It was Lena’s voice. Kara would know that voice anywhere, Kara would know that tone anywhere. She felt her cheeks grow hotter along with the tips of her ears. Several cries and whimpers followed, those were definitely not Lena’s. Kara froze.

“Sounds like she’s in trouble,” Barry said misinterpreting the screams. “Here, stand back, I’m gonna kick the door in,” he told her, puffing his chest.

“Barry, no, wait” Kara tried, but he was already pushing her aside and bringing his foot hard against the door.

The door yanked open, and just as Kara had guessed, no one was in danger. But the sight in front of her still shocked her.

On the dark couch by the window of the small apartment, Iris, well Millie, sat with her head thrown back, eyes closed, mouth falling open, and legs tight around the shoulders of the pale, black-haired woman that had her head between her thighs.

Even knowing it wasn’t real, seeing it made Kara’s stomach sink.

Startled by the sudden interruption, the two women jolted apart. The one kneeling on the floor got up quick, to try and protect the other’s dignity, standing between her and the intruders. Bright green eyes found Kara’s, widened in fear and shock.

A sharp pain on Kara’s chest overcame her, she felt faint and nauseated, like she was going to throw up. Maybe this is what it feels to have a heart attack, she thought. Oh yes, this was definitely because of the chicken.

With the exception of Kara, who was in stomach-churning pains, everyone in the room gasped.

“What the hell is going on?” Barry inquired.

Both women were more than a little ruffled, curly dark hairs messy on their heads, lipsticks stained all over their faces, clothes askew. There was no denying what was going on. Barry’s question was almost laughable.

Except no one was laughing.

Lena, well, Nia, got a dark look on her face that made Barry take a step back in fear.

“What the hell is going on?” she barked back in a thick Irish accent. “I should fucking ask that. You just broke into my fucking apartment you arse.”

“Hey,” Millie called in a soft voice behind her, placing a hand on her back and Nia relaxed at the touch.

Kara couldn’t bear the sight of it.

This was why Kryptonians didn’t eat chicken. Kara stumbled back a little, managing to grip the doorway before she hurt herself.
When Lena woke up that morning, she was extremely disappointed to not be greeted by Kara’s warmth, and find instead a little note on Kara’s pillow, and her side of the bed cold.

Babe, duty called.

I got you some Nyquil for you to take after breakfast

Make sure you eat

See you at lunch

I’ll miss you.

- Kara

It read in Kara’s nice handwriting. There was a drawing of a heart right after her name, and it made Lena smile. Kara had started using ‘babe’ as a joke, after Lena said it for the first time, but she started growing fond of the word and using it unironically, so she couldn’t keep the joke going, but it made Lena’s heart flutter every time she used it, so she really wasn’t bothered by the loss of her silly joke.

Lena felt a lot worse that morning, her body was sorer, and her headache was worse, it did feel like she might have the flu, as Kara had guessed by her choice in medication, and it made her regret immensely telling Kara not to skip work to stay with her. She wanted nothing more than to stay in bed all day cuddling with her girlfriend, talking about nothing, just letting Kara’s voice and gentle touch comfort her. But she couldn’t just call Kara and ask her to throw everything to the air and go be with her.

First, because she knew Kara would do it. And she would feel really uncomfortable knowing Kara could be putting her job at risk because of her again. The truth was that Lena never had anyone to take care of her the way Kara did. With the exception of that one time Lex stayed with her watching movies when she was six, she never really had someone throw everything aside to be with her and make sure she was well. Growing up, the people who took care of her were always the house staff, and even though for a few years she thought they did care for her she realized at some point that they were paid to do so. She overheard one time two maids, the ones she really liked, talking about her, about how they pitied her for not having anyone who cared for her; she cried for a full hour and after that day she never let anyone in, never showed any sign of weakness, never let anyone see her being vulnerable.

That is, until Kara came along.

Kara was a first for many things, truly. The first to look at her and not see just her last name or her money or beauty. The first to understand her. The first one to need her, like really need her. The first one to stay even when things got though. But mostly, Kara was the first person to really care for her, make her feel wanted, believe she deserved to be cared for, and the first one Lena let in completely, maybe at all. But it was still hard for Lena to admit vulnerability. To seek out for her with the purpose of it. She wasn’t taught to ask for help, in fact, she was taught specifically not to.

But how she wanted to be able to just pick up the phone and bemoan like a spoiled and petulant child, like those irritating girls who called their boyfriends sickeningly silly nicknames and spoke in baby voices to them all the time, until Kara showed up in her penthouse. Needed Kara’s body heat against her skin, Kara’s calm and steady presence that could make her feel better just by being close.

She didn’t though, she patiently waited for noon to come, working on the calculations of her latest project and the blueprints just because she could do it outside of the harsh light of a screen that made
her eyes burn and her head pound.

Yet noon came and went but Kara did not.

Kara’s phone was also radio silent. No text was visualized nor answered, no calls were completed, no sign of Kara contacting her at all, or way to reach her. Which in itself was weird, Kara always let her know when she couldn’t make it or would be late.

Lena didn’t let herself worry in the first hour, nor the second, because she could be busy doing some superheroeing around the city.

At 3 pm she tried to convince herself that even if Supergirl hadn’t been on the news all day, she could be on some super-secret mission for the government agency she worked with, or doing some obscure task for Snapper like scout through the archives of CatCo for the hardcopy of some old edition that he felt like quoting from.

4 pm was when she tried to call Winn, but after 4 unanswered calls, he finally picked up and all he said was that he couldn’t talk, in a hushed whisper, followed by a loud explosion noise in the background that made him hang up. That didn’t help.

At 4:23 pm was when Lena finally let all the doubt and anguish she had been shoving down for the past 4 hours finally take over her.

What the hell had happened with Kara?

“Guys, we have a problem,” Caitlin announced as she walked back into the medical bay. “Well, another problem,” she said with a shrug. She glanced at the two heroes lying unconscious with wires attached to their chests and heads and sighed. “The Speed Force levels in Barry’s cells have been severely depleted, as has the amount of solar radiation in Kara’s body.”

“What exactly does that mean?” Iris asked.

“They're being drained,” Alex said emotionlessly.

“Exactly,” Caitlin agreed. “The guy who did this to them… I think he's stealing their powers.”

Alex sighed, irritated. “As if we didn’t have enough to worry about.”

Cisco busted in the lab a few minutes later, frantically. “We found him,” he announced before running away again.

The girls eyed each other and followed, across the lab into the control room. Wally, Cisco, and J’onn were getting ready to take off, the monitor on the wall showed security footage of the guy who whammed them as he broke into the bank.

Caitlin and Iris both took a pause as they saw J’onn in his original Martian form, and Alex smirked at that.

“Oh, hello,” Caitlin all but squealed. Her tablet beeped and she looked down, groaning. “Barry and
Kara’s vitals are all over the place,” she announced.

“Let’s go,” Wally said to the other two.

Alex, Iris, and Caitlin stayed behind and monitored the fight, Alex managing to get around just fine in the unknown control room, they didn’t have visuals to the fight, the only communication being the ear coms.

Not long after, a cheerful Wally and a satisfied J’onn were pulling the unconscious suited man through the portal Cisco opened.

“We’re gonna put him in a cell,” Cisco said as he stepped from the portal. “When he wakes up, he’ll have some explaining to do.”

They dragged him out of the room and Alex looked around and her eyes met Iris, both sharing a little smile and a sigh of relief. Kara and Barry were not out of the woods yet, but they were getting closer.

Alex went back to Kara, the other girls stayed back, doing something or another, maybe mission report, she didn’t care enough to stick around. She sat in her spot next to Kara and brushed her hair back gently, watching Kara’s unusually pale face contort in pain.

“Hang in there, Kar,” she whispered to her sister. She grabbed Kara’s hand and squeezed it. “We’re closer now. I’m gonna get you out. I always do,” she promised and placed a kiss on the back of Kara’s hand.

Barry reached out as Kara stumbled and placed a hand on her back, helping her steady.

All she wanted to do was cry, she wanted her Lena, she wanted to get out of this twisted dream, that was shaping more and more into a nightmare by the second.

Barry had a better poker face than she did, but she could tell he was in pain as well.

“Linda, what are you doing here?” Nia asked with a frown.

Kara gripped the doorway tight, taking a deep breath to help her through it, she still stuttered when she tried to speak. “Y-your, your, uhm, your sister is looking for you.”

“Olive?”

Kara nodded, she had no idea Cutter’s name was Olive.

“Yeah, and, uh, Millie,” Barry said, “your dad thinks you’ve been kidnapped.”

“Well, clearly he’s mistaken,” Millie all but snapped, a hand resting on her lower back as she slouched a little bit to the side.

If the circumstances were different, both Kara and Barry would have found her accent funny.
“He really wants you to come home,” Kara said.

“Listen, I ain’t never going back there.”

“Mm-mm,” Nia reinforced with a hum.

“Why not?” Kara asked, her voice getting higher. “There’s no place like home.” She could feel Barry’s glare on her and she shook her head at her own cliché line.

“Nia Moran is my home,” Millie said, hugging Nia from the side and placing her chin on her shoulder.

Barry grimaced at that.

“Besides, if our families ever caught wind of this, they’d go to war,” Nia said, nestling against Millie, an arm wrapped around her waist and holding Millie’s hands over her shoulder with her free hand. “It’d be the end of more than just us. Lot’s of people would die over this.”

“Nia’s right,” Millie agreed. “Our families hate each other. Our love is forbidden.”

They both looked off into the distance dramatically and Kara and Barry sighed.

“This is just like West Side Story,” Barry mumbled from the corner of his mouth to Kara.

Kara cocked her head to the side and shrugged. “I was thinking more ‘Fantasticks’ but…” In truth, it did sound like a dramatic version of her and Lena’s relationship, although Alex was only mildly angry, she was sure Lillian and Lex would act out if they found out Lena was dating a Super.

“Look, the point here is, we ain’t telling nobody nothing,” Millie said, and she sounded like a woman one would not mess with. Nia quietly shook her head to emphasize. “And neither are you, ‘capish’?”

“‘Capish’,” Kara parroted back in a mocking tone. That was certainly not the right pronunciation of the word.

“Can you give us a second, here?” Barry asked as he pulled Kara aside.

“Oh, uh,” Kara stammered, with a little awkward laugh, gesturing for both girls not to move, and turned her back to them.

“Sure!”

“Okay, look,” Barry started. “Mxy said we need to follow the script. Right? We’re in a musical.” Kara nodded as he spoke. “So I’m thinking if we convince them to tell their families that they’re in love, maybe that’ll get us out of here.”

“Aaaaand back home,” Kara said, starting to get hopeful. “to Lena!” Her smile dropped when she remembered herself. She winced and looked at Barry. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s okay, you’re happy, that’s nice. Don’t worry,” he deflected with a shrug.

Kara groaned. “I’ll also have to deal with Alex, though.”

Barry laughed.

They turned back around, to look at the two girls, who were now facing each other, wrapped in each
other’s arms, sharing soft kisses.

Kara tried to ignore the sharp pain in her chest, gripping Barry’s arm tight, and he didn’t even complain.

Kara cleared her throat, slightly annoyed, to get them to stop.

“Okay, so look,” Barry started. “Your families aren’t perfect, right?”

“Love isn’t perfect,” Kara said emphatic, a little dramatic. But then she sighed. “Listen,” she said more seriously, “I know it’s not easy. It’s not a good situation to be in, knowing your family won’t approve of who you love. But it’s always better to tell the truth, because the truth never hurts as much as a lie. And you know, maybe, when your families see how happy you are together, they might accept it,” she told them. “And even if not, you can’t live in fear. Hiding who you love, and because you’re afraid of what other people might think, that’s not really living.”

“Wow,” Barry whispered behind her.

Nia and Millie looked stunned by Kara’s words, the fight completely gone from Millie, and they looked at each other, really considering it.

“I guess we could give it a shot,” Millie said tentatively.

Nia nodded. “Yeah, you were very convincing there, Linda.”

“We’ll do it,” Millie said happily. “We’ll tell them about us, right?”

“Yeah,” Nia agreed. “But only if you come with us.”

“What?” Kara asked.

“Well, you really got a way with words. We might need a backup,” Nia explained.

“Follow the script,” Barry whispered behind her.

Kara sighed. “Okay, fine.”

“We should go, then,” Millie said as the happy couple grabbed their coats and walked out of the apartment, without a second thought.

“Wow,” Barry repeated when they were outside.

“Okay, uh, convincing people in musicals is… really easy,” Kara laughed.

Barry raised an eyebrow at her. “Are you kidding me?” he asked. “What you just said… that was, well, it was kind of deep, and beautiful.”

Kara shrugged, nonchalant. “Yeah, well, personal experience.”

“Really?”

“Let’s just say Lena’s family and mine have some… bad history together.”

“You’re joking right?”

“I wish I was.”
“You mean…”

Kara sighed, a small smile playing on her lips. “She’s the Juliet to my Romeo,” she compared.

“You’re killing me.”

Nia came back, poking her head through the door. “Hey, you coming or what?”

“Yes, yes, sorry,” Kara said and followed the woman.

“Let’s just hope getting out of a musical is this easy,” Barry joked to Kara, who laughed softly.

-------

Back at the docs, Barry could finally confirm that Kara was indeed right about the people, and everyone there was someone he knew.

Fake Stein was playing cards with fake Oliver and fake Jax, the guy who looked like Barry’s boss was cleaning a shotgun like it was the most delicate thing, and Digsy was playing the piano.

When he saw them, fake Stein got up immediately. “Digsy,” he called. “She’s back!” there was joy and relief in his voice.

Millie smiled as she walked to him, and he pulled her into a tight hug.

“Thank god you’re safe,” Digsy said when she pulled away to hug him as well.

Barry stood awkwardly in the back. They had decided to split off, after all. Barry going back to the docs with Millie and Kara going to the club with Nia.

“Of course I’m safe,” Millie said. “Barry and Kara told me that you sent them to find me.”

“We were concerned,” fake Stein said.

“Dads, there’s no reason to be concerned,” Millie insisted.

“Dadz?” Barry asked.

Millie snapped around fast to look at him with her eyebrows raised.

Both men glared at him. “You got a problem with that?” they said together.

“No,” he said quickly. “No, no, just, you know, making sure I heard right,” he said awkwardly.

“You make a lovely family.”

Millie rolled her eyes at him and went back to her fathers.

“Look, dads, there’s something that I need to tell you both,” Millie started.

“Mm-hmm?” Digsy hummed cautiously.

Her face broke into a huge grin and she exclaimed “I’m in love!” giggling when she said it.

They both eyed each other, not very happy. And then Digsy turned back to her, with a forced smile.
“Who is the, uh the boy?”

At that, Millie’s demeanor dimed down, and she looked over her shoulder at Barry for help, she looked sheepishly. Barry gave her an encouraging wink and nod, and she turned back around again.

Millie took a deep breath. “Nia Moran.”

“You-you mean Cutter Moran’s sister?” fake Stein asked, confronted.

“Dad, look, we’re in love,” Millie argued.

“The hell you are,” Digsy said.

“She’s a… a…” fake Stein tried to say but didn’t seem to come up with anything decent to say, this emphasized by the fake that Digsy reprimanded him.

“Hey, not in front of the girl.” He turned to Millie. “And you’re not loving that girl,” he ordered her.

“She isn’t your little girl anymore,” Barry defended. Everyone looked at him, and he felt a little self-conscious, but he pushed through. “Well, she isn’t. She’s an incredibly brave young woman. One look and you can see that.” Millie smiled at him, thankful, and it encouraged him to go on. “And she wasn’t to be with her,” he continued. “No matter how scared she was to tell you, no matter how dangerous it is to be with her, all that matters is, they’re together. And when you find a love like that, well you gotta hold on to it. No matter who’s trying to stop you.” He smiled, thinking of Iris. “That’s clear to me now.”

“Baby doll, it's just you'll never understand what it means to be a father,” Digsy said.

“Millie, my darling, we've always taken care of you. We just want you to be happy,” dad number two said.

And they started singing. Barry looked around and sighed, he should have expected it.

He swayed awkwardly in place, waiting for the private and emotional moment, made it worse by a Paul McCartney song, to be over.

It ended with the three of them hugging, and Barry started clapping until fake Oliver glared at him and he stopped.

“Thanks for telling us the truth, baby,” Digsy said, kissing Millie’s hair.

“I love you both so much,” she said, pulling them closer.

“We love you,” they said together and kissed her head, one on each side.

Millie squealed happily and walked away.

Digsy looked at Barry and nodded. “Thanks,” he said simply.

Barry dug his hands into his pant pockets awkwardly and nodded as well. “Okay,” he sighed and scurried away after Millie.

He just hoped Kara was having luck.

-------
“Have you lost your mind?” Olive exclaimed angrily, pacing in front of Nia. “She is the daughter of our enemy. Digsy Foss is a dirty, rotten scoundrel, and the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree,” she ranted.

Kara saw Nia’s shoulders sag as she deflated, and it took all of her self-control not to close the distance between them to hug her, it was hard for her seeing Lena like that, even if she knew this wasn’t really Lena.

“Oli, if you just let me explain,” Nia tried.

“There is nothing to explain, Nia,” Olive snapped. Kara could not help but remember, with a bitter taste in her mouth, when she was in that position, being yelled at by her sister. Olive sighed, still pacing around in front of her sister. “I knew you were keeping something from me. I never imagined it was something like this!”

Nia looked devastated, and Kara couldn’t take it any longer.

“I think you’re being a little too tough on your sister,” she interrupted.

“How dare you?” Olive said, throwing what was supposed to be an intimidating look, but after growing up with Alex, she was immune to that look.

“Well, it’s obvious why she didn’t tell you right away. I mean, look at the way you’re reacting,” she said, finally moving to get closer to the two women. “Maybe if you just listen and-”

“And nothing,” Olive cut her off. “You don’t get to have a say here, you’re no one. You don’t know what we’ve been through, and I will not accept this, Nia,” she said, giving one hard look at her sister. “I don’t have to remind you what her father did, do I?”

“Oli,” Nia tried to argue.

“They killed your parents, Nia,” Olive yelled. “How can you be okay with that?”

“She’s not like that,” Nia said firmly. “Oli, she’s not.”

“I’m not able to gamble with your life like that,” Olive said, in a way that was definitive. “I’m sorry, Nia, but you can’t see her.” And with that, she walked away.

Kara sighed. “Well, that didn’t go as planned,” she commented. But then Nia turned to her, full Lena Luthor pout, trembling lower lip and everything, and she couldn’t resist. “Aw, honey,” she cooed as she moved to the woman. “Come here,” she pulled her into a hug and Nia gripped her tight, which makes Kara think this woman is just as touch starve as her original version. “I’m really sorry.”

“Why, Linda? Why can’t she be happy for me? Why must she be so difficult?”

Kara sighed again, a bit sadder this time, and pulled back to look Nia in the eyes. “You’re her little sister, she loves you very much, and she only wants what’s best for you,” she told her.

“Millie is what’s best for me,” Nia insisted.

Kara smiled sadly at her. “Olive doesn’t see it like that. All she sees is someone from a family that has already hurt you before.”

“She’s not like her family!” Nia argued.
Kara nodded, the irony of it all not lost on her. “I know. And you know that. But your sister doesn’t
know that. She doesn’t know Millie, not like you do. She doesn’t know her enough to trust her yet,
especially not around you. All she wants is to protect you.”

“She doesn’t have to protect me from Millie.”

“But Olive thinks she does. She thinks that Millie is dangerous, that she will do something to you
because of her family.”

Nia shook her head vehemently. “She would never hurt me.”

Kara bit her lip. “Sometimes it’s hard for people to get rid of preconceived notions about others.”

“But I love her,” Nia insisted. “Shouldn’t that be enough?”

“I should hope so.” Kara swallowed the lump in her throat before speaking again. “You just wait for
her to calm down and try again. She could come around,” she forced a happy smile. “Just try not to
unload it on her, don’t be angry and stubborn just because she is, that will get you both nowhere.”
Without even thinking about it, she wiped a tear that slipped away from Nia’s eyes with her thumb,
but the woman didn’t seem to mind.

Nia sniffed and nodded. “Thank you, Linda.”

Kara smiled at her. “What are friends for?”

Nia laughed wetly.

Iris heels clicking across the platform were a striking contrast to the thud of Alex’s combat boots as
they made their way to talk to the guy they were calling ‘doucheface’, mostly because no one was in
any state of mind to give him a proper name.

The door at the end of the tunnel-like corridor slid up when Iris touched a panel, to reveal a small
cubicle-like glass cell, that looked like it was moveable.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t the two people I was hoping would visit me the most,” the guy said with
a pleased smile. He was slouched down on the floor and didn’t even bother to move.

“Fix them,” Iris ordered drily. “Now!”

“I’m sorry,” the guy shrugged, he didn’t really look it. “I can’t.”

“If you ever want to get out of that cell, that’s exactly what you’ll do,” Alex said firmly.

The guy laughed. “You don’t get it,” he told them. “You don’t understand, my dears.” He leaned
forward and started to get up. “That’s just not how it works. My powers don’t work that way.”

“You did this to them,” Alex hissed, poking a finger against the glass, imagining it was his school
that she was trying to pierce through.
“Yes, but they are the only ones that are in control of what happens to them now,” he explained, “as are the two of you.”

Alex looked at Iris, who frowned.

“Us? What does that mean?” Iris asked.

“How much do you love him, Iris?” he asked, and then looked up at Alex. “And you, Alex, how much do you love your sister?” He twirled in place once and pointed at them. “So the question is: is that strong enough to save them?” He shrugged. “You want Kara and Barry back from the world they’re in, you can go get them yourselves. You have that power.”

“How?” both Alex and Iris asked together.

He clicked his tongue. “Ah, I can’t tell you. Sorry, you gotta figure it out yourself. Aren’t you the smart one, Alex?” Alex slammed a hand against the glass in frustration, but he barely blinked. “Wow, so aggressive,” he teased. “Now, if you don’t mind, I’m gonna just chill in this wonderfully decorated little cell of yours.”

Iris sighed and tugged Alex with her.

“Bye, guys! Good luck,” he called out as they walked away. “Love will find a way. You can do it. Power of love and all that.”

When they were far enough from him, and the door was closed, Alex slammed her fist against a wall.

“Ugh!” she grunted. “I wanted to smash his head in,” she said with gritted teeth.

Iris sighed, rubbing at her brow in frustration. “I know. I did too,” she admitted. “But right now, we can’t let him get in our heads. We gotta find a way to get them out.” She glanced down and added: “And check on that hand.”

Alex agreed, opening and closing her now sore hand.

“What do we do now?” Barry asked. They were in the backstage lounge, where Nia had left Kara to go find Millie, Barry had arrived shortly after, slightly confused as to how he got there. “We got Millie and Nia to tell their families that they’re in love.”

“Which, I know we're in a musical and everything, but seeing Lena in love with someone else was…” Kara drifted off, not sure how to express it.

“It was hard to watch, I know,” Barry agreed.

Kara exhaled. “Understatement.”

“Speaking off,” Barry started, with a little smile. “That was Lena…”

Kara couldn’t hold back the bashful smile. “Yeah.”
“She’s, wow, well done.”

Kara giggled, a little blush tinging her cheeks. “As if Iris wasn’t,” she said back.

“Yeah, no, Iris is perfect,” Barry agreed. “But we’re talking about your girlfriend now,” he said with a hint of teasing. “How is she, in real life? Is she a reporter as well? A model?”

Kara laughed. “No, no, she’s a scientist,” she said, her lips splitting into a large smile. “And a businesswoman.”

“Really?”

“Yes, she’s the youngest woman CEO in the world, actually,” Kara said proudly. “She has quite a few successful companies. And in my earth, she’s one of the biggest names in technology.”

“Wow,” Barry said impressed.

Kara laughed again. “Yeah, she’s… she’s amazing. She’s brilliant. She’s…” Kara sighed, happily.

Barry smiled at her. “I’m happy for you,” he said honestly.

“Thank you,” Kara said with a smile. “It’s nice to be able to just, you know, gush about my girlfriend without having to worry about people second-guessing her, her motives, if I’m really telling the truth or not.”

Barry frowned a little. “Why’s that?”

“Well, her family name is a bit… tainted at the moment,” Kara explained. “Her family was never very well loved before, but her brother tried to kill my cousin, managed to kill a lot of people in the process, her mother wasn’t very far behind. They are very notoriously alien haters, and she inherited the company that aided quite a lot of wrongdoings.”

“That’s why your sister doesn’t like her,” Barry concluded.

Kara nodded. “Yeah. But she’s not like them, she’s good and kind and she just wants to help people.”

“Sounds like she’s perfect for you,” he said with a hint of teasing.

Kara smiled even brighter now. “Yeah, she is.”

Barry let Kara soak in the moment for a little while before he had to pop the bubble.

“Okay, so back to the script,” he announced.

“Back to the script,” she agreed.

“I mean, what are we supposed to do? What do you think this Mxy needs us to do now?” he asked.

Kara simply shrugged. She may have known Mxy, but she didn’t know how his fucked-up mind worked.

“Ah, there you are!” Grady exclaimed, walking into the room. “You two ready?”

They both frowned, and Barry took a step closer.
“Ready for…”

“For rehearsal, you dolt,” Grady said, looking at him as if he was stupid. “Ms. Moran told me that you got more songs in your repertoire.”

“Ah,” Barry exclaimed.

Kara got up from where she was sitting and into Barry’s space. “We have to finish the musical,” she said, and he agreed. “Uh, do you,” she turned to Grady. “Do you happen to know anything original?”

Grady’s face lit up as if he had been waiting his whole life to be asked for that. “As a matter of fact, I’ve been working on something all day,” he told them excitedly as he sat down in front of the piano that Barry just realized was there. Or maybe it wasn’t before.

“Wow. Things are really easier in musicals,” Barry commented.

“Yeah.”

They had a lot of fun coming up with the song about friendship, and tapdancing as they went, and before they were finished, they blinked and were dancing in front of the entire club, in completely different clothes, Barry in a smoking and Kara in a golden dress.

Just as they finished singing the song, they heard gunfire coming from outside.

“Come on,” Barry said and pulled Kara by the hand towards the door.

Barry was faster though, and while Kara stopped to get a jacket to cover her exposed shoulders from the cold night air, he was already out the door.

She opened the door, still trying to wiggle into the jacket, and saw him on the floor.

“Barry!” she screamed, running towards him. “Oh my god,” she gasped when she saw the blood coming from his white shirt.

And then she was shot too, and she fell down next to Barry, and there they were, the two of them, bleeding on the street of a dream dimension, with no way of getting home to the women they loved.

Alex and Iris walked back to the medical bay just in time to see Kara and Barry contorting in their gurneys, grunting in pain, as the monitors attached to them beeped wildly. Everyone else ran into the room as well.

“What’s wrong?” Iris asked, running to stand next to Barry.

“We’re losing them,” Alex said as she read the monitors, gripping Kara’s hand.

“Can you stop it?” J’onn asked, looking at Caitlin.

“Not if I don’t know why,” Caitlin said, searching through her drawers for something, anything to
“We need to go to whatever world they’re in,” Iris stated, sounding a lot more sure than she actually was.

“How are we going to do that?” H.R. asked.

Iris looked up, meeting Alex’s eyes, Alex nodded to her. “He said, if we loved them enough that could save them, wherever they are,” she said. “Cisco, you can vibe us there.”

“I don’t think it works that way,” Cisco said.

“You sent me into the Speed Force. You sent Barry and Wally into the future,” Iris told him. “You can do this too.” Her voice was firm and confident, and it made Cisco believe her.

“What she’s saying can work,” J’onn said, and Cisco paused to look at him, as did Iris. He shrugged. “Mind reader.”

“Wow,” Cisco said as he got his glasses. “Time to freak out about that later. Come on, you two, grab on to my shoulders,” he instructed Iris and Alex as he grabbed the shoulders of Kara and Barry with each hand. Iris and Alex did the same, and then his too. “Let’s hope this works,” he sighed.

They were both transported to a street, with old cars and several bodies on the ground.

“Barry!” Iris shrieked as she spotted him and sprinted towards him.

Alex followed to where she was looking and everything stopped.

Kara was lying on the floor, bleeding, and that was Alex’s greatest fears coming to life. She didn’t protect her sister, she couldn’t protect her. And everything else, everything happening to them, seemed silly in comparison. So insignificant, because her sister was about to die.

She ran towards her screaming her name and dropped to her knees next to Kara’s limp body.

“Alex,” Kara gasped with a pained smile, a hand reaching out for her.

“I’m sorry Kara,” Alex sobbed. “I’m so sorry. I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you. I’m sorry I’ve been a jerk. I’m just, I love you so much, I’m so sorry.”

Despite the pain and the blood and her life fading away, Kara grinned. “I forgive you,” she coughed.

Alex laughed through her tears. “You can’t leave me. I can’t lose you.”

Kara’s face was wet, and she coughed weakly. “Thank you,” Kara said, and it almost seemed like she hadn’t heard Alex. “For taking care of me.”

“What are sisters for?” Alex forced a smile.

Kara smiled back. “Take care of her for me.” Kara’s voice was weaker, more strained.

“Kara?”


“You tell her. You’re not dying on me.”
“Please. Take care of her for me.”

“Kara, please.”

“Promise me,” Kara insisted with the last of her strengths, stubborn till the very end.

Alex finally conceded. “I promise.”

“Thank you. I love you,” she choked out, barely above a whisper before going limp in Alex’s arms.

“KARA!”

Alex’s tears fell on Kara’s face, and she pressed her lips to Kara’s forehead as she sobbed. And suddenly a bright and warm yellow light took over everything, and they were back to the lab, Alex over Kara’s bed, crying into her hair.

“Alex?” Kara gasped, and Alex sobbed even louder and latched onto Kara, who was still a little bit disoriented, but hugged her sister back as strong as she could.

“They’re back!” Wally yelled happily.

“Bravo!” an extra voice said loudly, and Mxy came in through the door, in the face he had when he whammied Kara and Barry, clapping. “Round of applause. Standing O. That was so good!” Kara and Barry sat up in their beds to look at him, way past done with him, and everyone just frowned at him. “I loved it. That was a hell of a show,” he said excitedly. “And you two I guess your love really was strong enough after all,” he told Iris and Alex. “Beautiful.”

“Man, how did you get out of the cell?” Cisco yelled at him.

Mxy just smiled. “Cisco, do you really think that cell is gonna just, like, hold me?”

Cisco nodded, because of course he did, it’s why he put him there in the first place.

Kara sighed, leaning into Alex, who was still firmly pressed against her. “Mxy, for once can you please just leave us alone.”

“Always so mean to me,” he sighed. “But you two learned the lesson! Did you get it?”

Kara rolled her eyes. “Yes, Mxy.”

“I’m sorry that I had to mess with you a little bit,” Mxy apologized, and he didn’t sound as complacent as before. “I was just trying to get you to play the game, do the song and dance. ’Cause I see everything, and I saw two people with two broken hearts.”

“So the lesson was…” Barry drifted off, waiting for him to complete.

“Love, Barney. Love is about communication, listening to each other, trying to understand different points of view.”

Kara had to smile even as she shook her head. “I would appreciate if you didn’t do that again, Mxy.”

He grinned. “Noted, my beautiful sunflower.”

Barry looked at Kara and they both laughed, fully aware that everyone else in the room was completely confused, with the exception of Alex and J’onn who were only a little confused.
“You know, I prefer your other face better,” she told him.

He grinned. “My seducing face.” He snapped his fingers and in a puff of smoke changed back to looking like how Kara had first met him. Everyone but Alex and J’onn gasped and took a step back. “I’m gonna leave you now,” he told Kara. “No 90 days anymore.”

“Bye, Mxy.”

“Bye bye friends,” he said excitedly, waving at everyone. “I’ll miss you daffodil, and you Barty, it was fun.”

He snapped his fingers again and he was gone. Hopefully for good this time.

Kara laughed when they started making questions, but Caitlin shut everyone down, saying the questions could wait until after Kara and Barry were cleared.

Caitlin checked Barry, and Alex checked Kara, the familiarity of it gave them comfort.

“We need to talk,” Kara whispered to Alex when she announced it was all good, with the exception of Kara’s powers being drained for the time being.

Alex nodded and helped Kara to her feet.

“Where’s my suit?” Kara questioned as she limped against Alex towards the hallway.

Alex chuckled. “It’s safe, we just had to take it off to better treat you.”

Kara nodded.

Alex came to a stop after a while.

“Do you want me to start or…?”

“I’ll go,” Kara said.

“Okay.”

“I understand where you were coming from,” Kara said. “You were trying to protect me, you always had, and you don’t trust Lena because you don’t know her, the image you have of her is not favorable, especially after the whole arrest thing and what she said to Maggie, I’m sure Maggie told you,” Kara paused and Alex nodded, “so you didn’t want her around me because you thought she could hurt me.”

“Out of all the new people you had in your life in the past few years, she’s the one I could see doing more damage. Not only because of her family, but just how much faith you put in her, how hard you’ve fought for her from day one.”

“She has never let me down, Alex, not once in the entire year I’ve known her.”

“That’s my problem, Kara, you’ve known her for only a year. Six months in and you were fighting everyone for her already.”

“Yeah, but I was right and if I hadn’t fought for her Rao knows what would have happened to her, in the hands of the woman who left her own daughter for dead.”

“Okay, but that’s my point,” Alex insisted. “You’ve always believed in the best of people and
you always fought for what and whom you believe, but never like this, like her. Which is why I was afraid of the damaged she’d do if she hurt you. You’ve been through so much already, I just don’t want you to hurt anymore. It’s my job as your sister to protect you from the world. Even if you don’t need my protection.”

“I know,” Kara said with a nod. “And you were jealous,” she added cheekily.

“Yes, we established that already, don’t need to reinforce it. But yes, I was jealous. And when I found out about you two dating, I just…”

“I get it, I’d never lied to you before, I shared everything with you, and then I didn’t share something so important with you.”

“It hurt,” Alex admitted. “And you know how I deal well with pain.” They both laughed. “So I turned that into anger, which was not very nice of me.”

“I couldn’t accept that, I never once complained about you dating Maggie, even though it made you drift away from me, made me feel abandoned. I still supported you, but then you didn’t do the same thing for me. You got angry and you yelled and we fought even more, while I was trying to stop the fighting. That was just so unfair to me, and I didn’t want to let you apologize afterwards because I didn’t think you deserved that.”

“Yes, I deserved it. The anger, I mean. And I was angry, yeah, but Kara, when I saw you lying there on the floor, bleeding, none of that mattered anymore. I just felt like the biggest idiot for being mad at you, and the thought of you… of you dying… while being mad at me… I couldn’t bear it.” Alex sobbed, lowering her head to try to compose herself, but Kara was already standing closer to her, taking her into her arms.

“You don’t have to,” Kara assured. “I’m not mad anymore.”

“I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

“I hate fighting with you.”

“We’re not fighting anymore.”

“I’m so sorry for everything I’ve said.”

“I forgive you.”

“I’ll apologize to Lena.”

“You better,” Kara said teasingly, and Alex let out a wet laugh against her shoulder.

After a few more seconds of crying, Alex sniffed and straightened herself back up, wiping her tears and gathering herself, face back to the impassive Agent Danvers look.

“Come on, we have people to face,” Alex said, and Kara laughed.

“Have you met everyone? Aren’t they great?”

“They helped save your life, so they are the best people ever in my book,” Alex told her.

J’onn pulled the two of them into a hug as soon as they stepped back, the warm fatherly hug felt like
a good reward for not dying and finally allowing herself to talk to her sister in Kara’s opinion, but he quickly got back to his stoic persona, not wanting to expose himself as the biggest softy that he was in front of the new people. He liked having people afraid of him.

They did a quick debriefing for the rest of the group, telling only what was essentially necessary, there were somethings that didn’t need to be said.

Kara noticed Barry and Iris attached to each other, like the recently reconnected lovers they were, and she smiled, she truly hoped she and Lena could have what those two had, they were tied as her favorite couple along with Lois and Clark.

Kara herself couldn’t let go of her sister, reveling in the tightness of Alex’s hug, something she didn’t usually get to feel but was probably the only good thing she could think of about losing her powers.

“Well, we better be getting going,” J’onn announced after everyone was caught up. “We have a government agency to run, and a city to protect. And I’m sure there’s someone Kara wants to get back to,” he added the last part with a little grin towards Kara.

Kara smiled bashfully. “There is,” she agreed, enjoying how Alex’s smile to her didn’t falter, nor did her grip loosen.

J’onn walked to Barry and shook his hand. “We couldn’t have done it without you,” he told him. “Thank you.”

“Thank you,” Barry said back with a polite nod, and then he turned to Kara.

Kara stepped away from Alex and towards Barry.

“How are things going there?” he asked.

Kara smiled. “I think we’ll be okay.” She looked over her shoulder at her sister. “Right?”

Alex cocked her head, a smile playing on her lips. “Yeah, although if you ever scare me like that again, I’m going to kill you myself.” Kara chuckled. “And next time you’re dying, your last words to me better not be about your girlfriend.”

Kara fully belly laughed at that. “We’ll be okay,” she told Barry. “What about you two?” she asked trying to discreetly gesture to Iris with her head, but she couldn’t really do discreet very well.

Barry smiled, looked over his shoulder and then back at Kara. “We’ll see.”

“I hope it goes well,” Kara told him.

“Yeah, me too.”

“See you around?” she said forcing a cute smile.

Barry laughed. “Definitely.”

“Superfriend,” Kara said cutely, the smile crinkling her entire face, and Barry mimicked her.

“Superfriend,” he said back, pulling her into a hug. “We should totally record that,” he joked.

“We should, it’s amazing,” Kara replied seriously. “I know some people.”

He laughed. “Well, for what is worth, I wouldn’t choose anyone else to be stuck in a musical with.”
“Me neither. Despite the circumstances, I had quite a lot of fun.”

“Yeah, so did I.”

“You got quite a voice, by the way. We should do that again,” she told him, poking him in the ribs, making him blush a little. “I mean the singing and dancing together part, not the getting whammied by a psycho part.”

Barry laughed. “Yeah. Totally.”

“Well, take care of yourself, Barry Allen.”

“You too, Kara Danvers.”

They both smiled at each other, brightly.

Kara turned to Iris then.

“Iris!” she said as she opened her arms and walked to the woman.

“Kara!” Iris said back, pulling Kara into a tight hug. Kara was loving this, so many good hugs without her powers. “Thanks for keeping him safe for me,” Iris whispered in Kara’s ear.

Kara smiled into her shoulder. “Yeah. Thanks for keeping an eye on Alex.”

They pulled away and smiled at each other.


Kara chuckled. “Sure. I’ll call.”

“You better,” Iris warned with a laugh.

“Cisco,” Kara said as she turned to him, and he pulled her into an even tighter hug, which she reciprocated gladly. “Thank you so much for your help.”

“It was my pleasure, Supergirl,” he told her.

Kara laughed. “You know, I know a couple of people who would love to pick your brain.”

“Always great to share knowledge,” he said smugly, but then he paused. “Unless you are talking about the brain eating kind of way.”

Kara all but snorted, hearing everyone else laughing as well. “The knowledge sharing kind,” she assured.

He let out a relieved whistle. “Well, in that case, I’m more than happy to oblige.”

“Don’t be a stranger,” Caitlin said to Kara as they hugged.

“Well, you guys could come to my earth too,” Kara shrugged. “We got aliens,” she said in a joking tone, but they all knew it was true.

Cisco made a little choking sound of excitement, and everyone laughed.

-------
The minute they stepped out of the portal, Winn was throwing himself at Kara. His usual strength though didn’t quite match with her lack of powers and she stumbled back, luckily J’onn was behind her, helping her up before she could fall.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “I’m just so glad to see you okay. What happened to your powers?”

Kara smiled and shook her head. “I’ll be fine. It’s all good.”

“Good!” He glanced at Alex over Kara’s shoulder, she was smiling, in a way she hadn’t in a while, a hand protectively on Kara’s back. “Aaawwww, you guys made up!” he gushed, pulling Alex into the hug as well. “We can finally all be a family again.”

Alex groaned, and Kara laughed.

“Please never leave again,” he whispered to both of them. “This place is not fun without you.” His voice sounded almost haunted, and they had to wonder what happened while they were gone.

“Agent Schott,” J’onn called from behind Kara. “I’ll need you for debriefing.”

“Yes, sir,” Winn said obediently, giving one last squeeze to Kara and Alex before following the director.

Finally getting the space to assimilate being back, Kara couldn’t wait to get to Lena, she felt like she would suffocate without her, she needed to see her, to touch her. After everything that happened, she needed to be with Lena.

She didn’t need to say anything, one look at Alex and her sister already knew.

Alex nodded with a small smile. “Go,” she said. “Go be with her, I can handle things here.”

Kara breathed out a relieved sigh and hugged her sister tightly.

“Too tight,” Alex gasped, but they both knew it was just for shows.

Kara pulled away with a giggle.

“I want a sister’s night,” Alex informed. “Tomorrow. I’ll bring pizza.”

Kara nodded. “I missed you.”

“Yeah, I missed you too. Now go before I change my mind.”

“Okay, bye,” Kara said as before she took off toward the elevator. “I love you,” she yelled.

“I know,” Alex yelled back and Kara laughed.

-------

Kara took an Uber back to the penthouse, it was already late and she guessed Lena would be getting ready for bed, at least.

After a little bit of searching, she got to Lena’s home office, where Lena was hunched over her desk,
typing mindlessly on her laptop.

“Hey,” she said softly from the doorway.

Lena’s head snapped up. She looked tired, more tired than Kara remembered seeing her before, and on the verge of tears.

“Kara,” Lena gasped, pushing away from her desk to get up and go to Kara, throwing herself into Kara’s arms. Kara stumbled back a little but managed to catch her, and she buried her face against Kara’s neck. “Oh thank god, I was so worried about you. You didn’t show up to lunch and you didn’t answer when I called, I was afraid.” She trailed off, not able to finish.

Kara pulled away to look Lena in the eyes, holding her face gently. “I’m okay. Everything’s okay now,” Kara assured. She kissed Lena’s temple, a gesture to comfort both Lena and herself.

“What happened?”

“Let’s get you to bed first,” Kara said instead, “you look exhausted.”

“I couldn’t rest, not without knowing... You... God, Kara, I was so worried,” Lena said hugging Kara again, tight.

“I’ll make sure Winn lets you know next time. Keep you informed.”

Lena nodded, breathing shakily, and allowed Kara to drag her to her room.

She hugged Kara again when they reached the bedroom, burying her face back in the crook of Kara’s neck, letting Kara’s smell give her comfort.

Lena sat down on her bed and Kara started pacing in front of her.

Lena noticed Kara needed a little nudge, so she pressed on. “Now can you tell me what happened?”

“Oh, you know, the uzhe,” Kara said nonchalantly.

Lena raised an eyebrow and eyed her suspiciously.

Kara shrugged. “I was just mentally kidnapped by a villain that put me in a magically induced coma that drained my powers. And Alex and J’onn took me with them when they followed him to a parallel dimension where he also got my friend Barry and the two of us got trapped in a dream world that was like a 1950’s movie musical where we had to follow the script to get out of and we worked in a jazz club and I sang Audrey Hepburn and we both sang a song about friendship while tap-dancing -I really miss tap-dancing- and then we faced off against the mob,” she ranted.

Lena blinked a few times, opening her mouth to speak and then deciding against it, pressing her lips together until Kara finished talking. “You’re right, that is the usual.”

Kara laughed and scratched the back of her neck. “Totally.”

“But everything turned out fine?”

Kara nodded and hummed. “My powers are gone for an undetermined time, but I fixed things with my sister. Well, it wasn’t much my doing, I guess. I should probably give her more credit for it. But the important thing is, Alex and I are good again. We worked things out.”

Lena smiled. “Kara, that’s great!” Lena exclaimed excitedly.
“Yeah,” Kara mumbled, her expression wasn’t as gleeful as it should be, she looked like she was debating something.


“I almost died today, Lena,” Kara confessed.

“Kara,” Lena gasped.

“And all I could think of was how I haven’t told you I love you.”

Lena gasped again.

“And you couldn’t know that I love you because I didn’t say it,” Kara choked on a sob. “How would you know?”

Lena felt the tears running down her cheeks. “You... Love me,” Lena repeated almost dumbly, disbelieving.

Kara nodded, a smile spreading on her face along with the tears. “I do.” She pulled in a breath. “I love you. And I’m in love with you, Lena Kieran Luthor.” She tried to use Lena’s middle name as a way to lighten it a bit, but it just made it more serious and affected Lena even more.

Lena felt the air leaving her lungs, her tears flooding her vision. She felt like her knees would give away if she was standing up.

“I’m not saying it because I want to hear it back. You don’t have to, I don’t want to pressure you or anything. I just,” she sighed, “I needed to say it. I needed to tell you because I think you deserve to know. And I tried to say it before, last night, but you were on the phone and then I had to go and I just... I needed to tell you.”

Lena smiled and held a hand out to Kara. “Come here,” she asked softly. Kara took her hand and approached her on the bed, Lena pulled her to stand between her legs and Kara crouched in front of Lena, which forced her to look up at the brunette. Once more Lena was breathless seeing all the adoration and love in Kara’s eyes. “You are the most amazing girlfriend, and friend, I could have ever asked for, and I’m very grateful for everything you’ve done for me,” Lena said trying to convey her feelings and how much she meant it through her voice, she knew she looked at Kara the same way Kara looked at her, and she hoped that was enough for the time being. “But I’m not ready to say it back just yet.”

Kara gave Lena a reassuring smile. “It’s okay, there’s no hurry. We have all the time in the world, right? I just really wanted you to know.”

Lena nodded. “Thank you for telling me.” She leaned down and placed a kiss on Kara’s cheek. “You know how much it means to me.”


Leaning just the little left, Lena pressed her lips to Kara’s, soft and sweet and no short of intense, as she felt her chest about to burst with how much she felt for the woman.

“You’re amazing.”

“You already said that.”
“It’s still true.”
Kara smiled and kissed Lena again.

“I hope you know that it doesn’t mean I don’t have those feelings for you,” Lena continued after a while, running her thumb along Kara’s cheek, on that little dip she loved so much. “The feelings are there. I just, can’t say it right now.”
Kara nodded. “It’s okay, I know.”

“I don’t... I’m not used to being...”

“Loved?” Kara offered.
Lena nodded.

“You don’t have to explain, Lena, I know you, remember?”

“Yeah. You know me better than anyone else ever has. You’re the most important person in my life, Kara. You deserve more than a ‘me too’ or just saying it because you said it.” She paused and swallowed hard before adding. “I have never said it before, I… I don’t even think I know how.” Lena felt silly, like a little kid confessing she didn’t know how to pronounce a simple four-letter word that she’s heard so many times, just not directed at her. But Kara understood.

“It’s okay,” she kissed Lena’s cheek softly. “Take your time. You’ve been... So patient with me, it’s only fair that I do the same to you.”

“We both know you’d react the same either way.”

“I would,” Kara agreed. “But it was a nice sentence to show how I’m not the only one who’s awesome in this relationship.”
Lena let out a short laugh. “You dork.”

Kara grinned. “A dork who loves you.”

Lena smiled at her, wide and bright, her heart fluttering wildly inside her chest.
Kara leaned forward and caught Lena’s lips, and the kiss had their heads spinning. Kara gripped Lena’s thighs for leverage and raised herself up a bit to deepen the kiss. It was a different experience without Kara’s powers, for both of them. Not bad, just different. And Lena couldn’t help but feel a little proud of herself when Kara had to pull away, out of breath for the first time.

“So how about a shower?” Kara asked with a little smile.
Lena raised that one perfect eyebrow at her, the corner of her lips curling just slightly. “Are you saying I stink, or...?”

“My mother used to say that after something bad happened, whether you were recovering from sickness or from a hard day or finally done grieving, you should get clean, let the water wash all the bad things away, so you can start again fresh.”

“That’s nice,” Lena said with a soft smile. “Was this Eliza or-?”


Kara chuckled. “It’s the formal word for mother.”

“What’s the informal one?”

“Jeje.”

Lena’s smiled was even bigger, crinkling her nose and dimpling her cheeks, and as it normally would, it made Kara’s heart skip a beat.

“That’s even cuter.”

Kara smiled as well, letting the blush tinge her cheeks, appreciating the way Lena’s eyes sparkled with glee.

“So,” she started again, “I need a shower,” she stated. “Will you join me?”

Lena draped her arms around Kara’s shoulder, pulling her closer, her face so close to Kara her breath brushed Kara’s lips when she spoke. “Gladly.”

“I have to say, I’m kind of curious about how different things feel without my powers,” Kara confessed.

Lena grinned dangerously. “I’m happy to help you with that. You know, for science.”


“Ms. Luthor, I have a Mr. Schott here for you,” Lena’s doorman said on the intercom.

“Oh?” Lena exclaimed confused.

“Should I see him out, ma’am?”

“No, no. You can send him up, please Marcus.”

“Right away Ms. Luthor.”

“Thank you, Marcus.”

Lena waited in the foyer, feeling a little weird about having to receive someone at her door. People didn’t go to her penthouse. Kara had access to the residents’ elevator, and the people who worked at the penthouse had a key to the door. In the oft change Kara and her ordered food, Kara was the one who received it so she could sneak out food before setting everything down, she thought Lena didn’t know about this.

At the funny little knock, Lena opened the door to reveal a casually dressed Winn, in jeans and a hoodie, caring a duffle bag over his shoulder and three takeout bags in his hands.
Lena crossed her arms and leaned against the doorway, raising an eyebrow at him. “What’s all this?” she asked, nodding at him. “Home invasion?”

“This,” he said, raising his arms, “is all we going to need this evening.”

“I’m sorry, am I missing something?”

He walked past her, without bothering with an invitation, entering the penthouse like he knew he was welcomed. And he was, but it still threw Lena off a bit.

“We’re hanging out,” he announced, nonchalantly. “Kara and Alex are having sisters’ night, figured we could have our own.”

“Take off your shoes,” she ordered softly, and he quickly kicked his sneakers off. “We’re not sisters,” Lena pointed out, closing the door and turning back to him.

“Yeah, I know that,” he said, entering further into the penthouse. He let out a whistle of appreciation as he saw the place. “Where’s your kitchen?” he asked, but then turned the corner and spot it. “Never mind, found it,” he called out.

Lena chuckled and followed him.

“I meant like, having our own version of sisters’ night, you know,” he explained, placing the take-out bags over the kitchen counter. “Like nerd night.”

“That’s a terrible name.”

“Yeah, it’s a working title.” He shrugged.

“What do you have in mind, exactly?”

“Trashy food,” he said, pointing out to the food bags, “and awesome games.” He pointed to the bag on his hip.

Lena hummed, it actually sounded nice.

“What are your thoughts on Resident Evil?”

“The movies are a bit trashy, I was into the books when I was in college, but I never played the games,” Lena said with a shrug.

“Great!” he exclaimed. “Where do you have a TV so I can set this up?” he asked, tapping the bag.

“You can set it up on the game room,” she told him. “Come on.”

Lena let herself smile as she led Winn through her house, she wasn’t used to having a friend demand to spend time with her like that, with the exception of Kara, though Kara it was different, gentler. But she liked this. She liked being friends with Winn. He was refreshing.

“I like your socks, by the way,” she mentioned.

“Oh, thanks.” He wiggled his toes, looking down at his Star Wars socks. “They’re my lucky socks.”

“You need luck to play video games?” she asked teasingly. “Just how bad are you?”

Winn gasped, affronted. “Oh, you are gonna regret that, Luthor.”
“Bring it, Schott.”

-------

“Pizza is here!” Alex announced as she yanked Kara’s door open. “And the biggest order of pot
stickers the restaurant made.”

“Oh, Rao, you’re the best sister!” Kara exclaimed, grabbing the bag from Alex’s hand and shoving a
pot sticker in her mouth.

“Yes, I am,” Alex agreed, taking the pizza boxes to the couch. Kara had already set up the plates and
the drinks at the coffee table and was only waiting for her. “What are we watching?”

“I figure we could finally get around to watching Person of Interest’s last season,” Kara said. “I am
done with fantasy and musicals for now.”

Alex laughed. “Never thought I’d hear those words coming from you,” she teased.

“Oh yeah? Try to get stuck in a musical where you have to watch your girlfriend kiss someone else
and then die.”

Alex dropped herself on the couch next to Kara. “I’ll pass.”

“How are things at the DEO?” Kara asked. “Is it true Winn set a computer on fire?”

“Oh! He actually managed to fire a prototype gun that blew a hole in the wall and burned the
monitor closest to it. Last I heard of Lucy she said she would drink an entire bottle of Scott in the
bathtub and try to forget about yesterday.”

Kara snorted. “Poor Lucy.”

“Yeah,” Alex laughed. “So, are your powers back yet?”

Kara hummed and heated up a plate of pot stickers to demonstrate. “Heat vision is back, and senses
in general, but strength isn’t fully back yet, and flying is off the table for at least another day,” she
explained with a shrug.

“Well, at least you got some time off,” she joked.

“Yeah, there’s that.”

They filled up their plates and started the show, but less than ten minutes in, Alex reached for the
remote to pause it.

“So, about Lena,” she started.

“You don’t have to do this, Alex.”

“No, no, I want to,” Alex insisted. “I wanted to apologize again, for how badly I reacted when I
found out about you two.” Kara let her talk. “And I would also like to get to know my sister’s
girlfriend.”

“Are you serious?” Kara asked suspiciously.
Alex nodded. “I am. I feel really bad that we missed so much time because of this silly fight of ours, and I wanted to make it up to you. If that’s okay.”

“Of course that’s okay, Alex,” Kara said, tackling Alex in a hug.

“I figured the woman who got your heart is worth getting to know, at least. I promise I won’t be a jerk again.”

“Thank you, Alex. This means a lot to me.”

“Of course.” Alex smiled. “Can we get back to the show now? We’re already two years late.”

Kara laughed and let go of Alex.

“Hey,” Alex protested. “I didn’t say no cuddling. Get back in here.”

Kara smiled brightly and snuggled up against Alex. She kissed Alex’s shoulder. “I love you!”

“I love you too,” Alex said back, kissing Kara’s head.

Chapter End Notes

Are we good now?

No more sisters fighting!!!! Kara said what she had to say! Everything is fine again, the angst is resolved!!!!

Did anyone catch my references???

Quick side note: I was going to say this in the chapter but it never fit anywhere, but Nia, or Musical!Lena was supposed to be an Irish immigrant who arrived in the US as a child and was adopted by Olive’s (Musical!Alex) parents when her own parents were murdered by Digsy. So that’s the backstory there. Also, from what I’ve found, Nia is a nickname for the Irish name Niamh (read like Nyeef, possibly) and Niamh was the wife of Oisin in the legends, so I thought it was a fun nod to Katie and her dog. :D

This feels like an ending, and I think in a way it kind of is, I've been planning this for over a year now, it's probably the only true plot I built up, not only for this story, but ever, and managed to finish. This story has been a series of firsts for me, and I'm loving every second of it. I've literally been waiting an entire year to write and post this chapter because I had the scene between Kara and Alex inside the musical (you know, the painful one) written since like a month after the crossover aired, so I'm super happy to finally be able to post this, but at the same time, it'll take some time getting used to writing this story without this specific plot point looming ahead. I just hope it was worth the wait. Well, my wait, you didn't know I was planning this.

Let's call this a mid-season finale, since I closed almost all the things I had left open before.
Now we'll just have to see if the plot of the second half of this story is gonna be as fun as it has been so far.

No, but seriously, I just have so much fun doing this story, and I love seeing what you guys think, so thank you for indulging me.

In this mother's day, let's celebrate what truly matters
Mine and Barry Allen's birthday.
I accept my birthday gifts in the form of comments ;*
As always, my tumblr is @myheartisbro-ken if you want to plot a murder, or just chat.

Until next time.
In Which They Recover

Chapter Summary

After Kara's near brush with death, Kara and Lena need to soak up on their time together as much as they can. Alex makes an effort for Kara. An invitation is made. And the Superfriends 2.0 get together.

Chapter Notes

Hello again

First of all, I have to say: thank you so much to everyone who bookmarked and subscribed to this story, when I started this I never thought it'd get as far as it did, and the reception it got, so I'm immensely flattered. ❤️❤️❤️

I'm trying this new thing where I don't rant about my life in here. But just you know, I got caught up with my other wip, and didn't give this much attention for a while... oops.

I was originally gonna have this chapter be much bigger, but I decided to break it down for two reasons:
   a) I love where it ended
   b) it's been a while and I wanted to make sure you lovely people know I haven't abandoned this.

Mostly filler fluff, but after all they've been through they needed some time to unwind.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The days following Kara's mental kidnapping, with the lack of a better term, had Lena practically glued to Kara during every second they were together. The reality of Kara's brush with death filled Lena with dread an anxiety every time they parted. She only went to work that week because she already felt like she wasn’t doing much at L-Corp, and they parted the evening after Kara came back for Kara to have sisters’ night with Alex, but as soon as Alex left, Kara was flying back to Lena. The weekend following the occurred found then curled up on each other in bed and then on the couch all day, neither wanting to let go.

Kara felt it too, it wasn’t anything new to her, not such a big scare, just the same as waking up from the Black Mercy or from lifting Fort Rozz, but she felt the need to be close to Lena, to soak up in every second they had together. And she knew what Lena was feeling, she felt it too after Lillian kidnapped Lena, when she stayed by Lena’s bedside waiting for her to wake up, only that time they weren’t together yet and she didn’t have the opportunity to spend so much time with Lena afterwards. So, if Lena needed to make sure she was real, okay and alive, Kara wasn’t about to complain.
Kara had to admit she quite liked needy Lena. She regretted the reason, but she enjoyed the gentleness and clinginess of Lena in the following days, not that Lena wasn’t already naturally gentle, but there was a certain quality to her softness that made Kara fall in love with her all over again at every touch and curl of fingers on her shirt. There was also a desperation in every kiss that Kara wasn’t about to complain either, it made her see stars, and without her powers at full strength and with the high of almost dying and finally voicing her feelings to Lena, Kara let, no, Kara asked Lena to touch her in the way she had wanted to be touched in so long.

Another thing Kara had to admit was that when she was with Lena, she enjoyed not having her powers. Outside the bedroom she got frustrated, she was too dependent on then, she didn’t like not being able to heat up her drink or food halfway through, or the pain in her skin when she forgot and tried to hold something that was too hot. She missed flying and her speed and being able to see things clearly from a mile away. But with Lena, laying naked in bed with her, she had nothing negative to say, sure she missed hearing Lena’s heartbeat so clearly and the minuscule little noises Lena made, but she loved every second of it. The slight ache of fatigue in her muscles, contracting muscles she didn’t know she had, the way she couldn’t quite catch her breath properly as her lungs worked faster to try to keep up, the way her limbs trembled with her own weight and the sweat stuck to her skin, soaking her hair and giving her goosebumps as the cold air hit her, but above all, her favorite thing was not having to be in constant control of her entire body, not having the constant fear in the back of her mind of hurting Lena if she wasn’t careful enough, not being afraid of letting Lena touch her, and she was going to enjoy every second she had.

Which is why on Sunday morning, when her powers still hadn’t come back, Kara announced she wasn’t going to let Lena out of bed the entire day, with a mischievous smile that had Lena’s pupils dilating until almost all the green was gone, and what was left was a deep dark hue that Kara had grown obsessed with in the past month.

Kara reveled in the feeling of their sweaty bodies pressed together, in the way her arms shook as she held herself up above Lena, their legs tangled together, in the way Lena’s face relaxed with bliss and how she looked up at Kara with eyes full of adoration, the same way she knew she was looking at Lena, the lazy smiles as their lips brushed together carelessly.

When Kara tried to make her way down Lena’s body for the 4th time that morning, Lena tugged her up. “You’re insatiable,” she teased.

Kara smiled, rather pleased with herself. “And you’re delicious.” She pressed a wet kiss on Lena’s stomach as the brunette laughed.

“Who knew losing her powers would make Supergirl so tireless,” Lena grinned. “I like it, you know?”


Kara rolled her eyes, but her smile didn’t falter. “No, I mean... Not having to worry about my powers, not having to be so careful all the time. Being able to just let go and enjoy being with you. Without being afraid I’ll hurt you.”

“I’ve noticed you’ve been holding out on me,” Lena teased again, but then her face got more serious. “I like it too,” she said, brushing the damp blonde hair away from Kara’s face. “I’ve never seen you so relaxed, you’re always so tense.” Lena rubbed her thumb over Kara’s brow, right where her crinkle would normally be. “Keeping your powers in check, I suppose.”
Kara nodded her response.

“I’m not saying I like it better without the powers or that I don’t want them ever, because they are a part of you, and I appreciate every part of you, Kara. But I really like seeing you let go, not having to be in control every second. Hopefully, we’ll get there with your powers eventually, being able to just enjoy yourself, I want that for you... And for me too, because honestly seven orgasms before breakfast,” she trailed off with a deep sigh that had Kara giggling as she crawled the rest of the way up Lena’s body.

“You wanna push for eight?” Kara asked and dropped a sloppy kiss at the corner of Lena’s mouth.

Lena laughed. “Maybe later, darling,” she said pressing forward to kiss Kara’s lips. “Right now, I need to put some carbs and proteins in my body, so I can keep going. You wore me out already.”

Kara grinned, proudly.

“Don’t look so pleased with yourself,” Lena said with a playful shove at Kara’s shoulder that actually made Kara lose balance and collapse on top of her. “Argh, get off me, you’re too heavy,” Lena said dramatically, trying to wiggle out from under Kara.

Kara simply ignored her and started kissing her chest slowly, nipping at her skin, grazing her teeth over Lena’s collarbones. How she loved Lena’s collarbones.

“You know,” Kara said between kisses, “part of me doesn’t want them to come back.” She made her way up, kissing Lena’s jaw before hovering above her lips, her face serious, vulnerable. “I just want to be here with you. No worries, no responsibilities. No clothes,” she added with a little smile, making Lena laugh. “Just us. I don’t even want to leave the bed.”

Lena smiled affectionately at her, tracking her fingers up Kara’s cheek. Kara leaned against her touch. “We’d both grow bored of not working after a while.”

“I’d never grow bored of you,” Kara said solemnly.

Lena could only smile at Kara. “Aren’t you a charmer,” she whispered, pulling Kara for another kiss. “We need to leave the bed eventually. It’s like the old adage says: absence makes the heart grow fonder. Some time away is healthy, even.”

“Are you saying you don’t want to spend more time with me?” Kara joked.

“I’m saying,” Lena pressed a kiss to Kara’s cheek, “that I miss you when you’re gone, and that makes me want to be with you more.”

“Do you always miss me?”

“Every second that I’m not with you.”

Kara smiled. “Good. That’s good, right?”

Lena chuckled. “It’s good. It means I must like you.”

“Wow. Then I must like you too. Because I also miss you a lot.”

They smiled at each other, not moving, just looking at each other, Lena stroking Kara’s face as Kara rested almost her entire bodyweight on Lena, her fingertips twisting dark curls. They just stood there, basking in the feeling of each other, in the blissful morning together, until Kara’s stomach growled.
Lena smiled at the way Kara’s cheeks grew hotter against her touch, and bright pink.

“How about we go get some lunch, so we can come back for round two?” Lena offered.

Kara frowned. “You just said we didn’t have breakfast.”

Lena raised her eyebrows in a way that had the same effect as a shrug. “It’s nearly noon, darling. Besides, I’m pretty sure you already ate.”

“No, I didn’t, I...” Kara paused when it hit her, and then she gasped as Lena laughed. “Lena!” She screeched.

Lena’s face was the picture of innocence. “What is it, darling?”

“You’re the worst,” Kara grumbled.

Lena hummed. “That’s not what you were saying before orgasm number six.”

“Oh, Rao,” Kara sighed.

“That’s more what you were saying,” Lena teased. “Repeatedly.”

Kara scrunched up her face and hid it on Lena’s neck. “Stooooop,” she whined.

“Oh, that one you didn’t say,” Lena quipped. When Kara groaned she laughed again. “Come on, let’s get some food, we need the energy to continue this.”

Lena pushed Kara away with more effort than she’d normally need, as Kara could not float away as she usually did, and started making her way out of the bedroom, grabbing the shirt Kara left on the floor the night before and dressing it.

“Lena?” Kara called softly from the bed, still in the same place, and waited until Lena stopped and looked back at her. “I love you.”

Lena’s smile was radiant, and Kara almost felt like she didn’t need the yellow sun to get her strength back, just that smile.

Kara didn’t hear Lena whisper of “me too” as the woman walked out of the bedroom.

A few minutes later Kara made her way to the kitchen, wearing tiny shorts and a tank top. She looped an arm around Lena as the woman cooked and pressed a kiss to her temple. “Lost something?” She asked, a pair of underwear hooked on one finger hanging in from of Lena’s face.

Lena snorted. “That’s not what I was wearing last night,” she commented as she took the offered garment and dressed it.

“Oh no,” Kara told her with a little laugh, “those were ruined.”

Lena grabbed Kara’s face gently by the jaw and pulled her closer. “Thank you,” she said with a smirk, and then pressed her lips to Kara’s.

-------

A little past 2pm, Kara’s phone rang. She still hadn’t recovered from her latest orgasm, so Lena
reached for it, intent on reading it to Kara if it was anything important. But when she saw the simple question from Winn, she grinned evilly.

Winn (Nerd Face ) (Personal Computer ≡ Laptop Computer).

Winn: Hey Can I come over?

Winn: There's this new game I want to try and your tv is better than mine

Kara: No

Kara: We're naked

Kara: And very busy

Winn: Ugh, gross. I didn't need to know that

Winn: Thanks a lot Lena

Kara: You're welcome, babe

Kara: I'm gonna go back to my naked girlfriend, now Bye (Face Throwing A Kiss )

Winn: I HATE YOU!

Lena laughed as she read Winn’s last text and set the phone aside again.

“What’s so funny?” Kara asked groggily, eyeing her with only one eye open.

Lena grinned and crawled the length of Kara’s body until she was hovering with her face right above Kara’s.

“Nothing important,” Lena dismissed. “How are you feeling?”

Kara smiled lazily up at Lena, a hand reaching up to twist those dark curls in her fingers.

“Amazing,” Kara said. “You’re amazing.” Lena laughed. “I can’t believe I’m missing out on this when I have my powers.”

“You don’t have to,” Lena told her.

“Leeeee,” Kara dragged, and Lena grinned, she hadn’t heard that nickname in quite a while. “I told you, I don’t want to risk hurting you.”

“I know,” Lena breathed out. “But as I said this morning, we can find a way around it. I’m sure your cousin isn’t completely celibate with his fiancée.”

Kara made a face and groaned. “I don’t want to think about Kal and Lois right now,” she complained.

Lena laughed at her. “I’m sorry, darling. But you get my point.”
“I guess.”

“If it’s something you want, we can figure it out.”

“How?”

Lena grinned and leaned down to kiss Kara fully, pulling back with a pop, but not moving too much. “Science,” she whispered, her lips moving to Kara’s ear. “Practice,” she added, and she felt Kara shiver beneath her.

“I don’t t-,” Kara tried, but her voice came out weak and hoarse. She cleared her throat and tried again. “I don’t think I can practice anymore.”

Lena smirked. “But I’m the one doing all the work,” she said with a nip of Kara’s earlobe that made the blonde whimper. “Don’t worry, I promise I won’t wear you out too much.” A gentle suck and a scrape of teeth to Kara’s pulse point elicited another whimper. “Just tell me to stop,” Lena whispered.

But Kara didn’t.

It wasn’t until much later in the day that they left the bed.

Lena had made it her mission to kiss every single inch of Kara’s body, marking her favorites with a bite or a hickey, delighted that she could actually mark Kara for the first time however long it would last; and Kara responded positively to it, groaning in pleasure when Lena worked on her neck and chest and stomach and her thighs, and giggling when Lena took a more playful approach, because one particular gentle bite on her stomach tickled, so Lena decided to see what else would. The hips made her giggle, and the ribs, and the shoulder blades, the small playful bite on one butt cheek made her squeal, but the tongue running up her spine turned their game around to something more heated, ending in a deep purple mark on the side of her neck and over her jaw and a few screams that weren’t of pain.

Kara ended up falling asleep on top of Lena, her head on Lena’s chest, her arms wrapped around Lena’s waist, her leg heavily over Lena’s hip, hands gripping Lena’s shirt. Lena could only smile at her adorable and extremely tired girlfriend. Eventually Lena fell asleep as well, to the sound of Kara’s soft snores against her chest.

When Lena came to again, Kara wasn’t in bed with her anymore. She turned to the side and found her.

Kara was standing in front of Lena’s large window that looked over the city, wearing only a pair of boxers and a tight tank top that slid up her torso and exposed her midriff, and she was just watching. The sky almost completely pink as the sun got ready to set.

She heard Lena waking up and getting off the bed, but didn’t move until Lena was right behind her, uncrossing her arms so that she could grab Lena’s hands, the hands that were sliding across her stomach as Lena hugged her. Lena placed a kiss on Kara’s shoulder blade, on the warm skin, right where the shirt didn’t cover anymore, and then rested her chin there, nuzzling Kara’s shoulder.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Lena asked softly against Kara’s skin. Kara simply hummed her response. “The view is the reason I chose this place. Best view in the city, the realtor said.” Lena wanted to make a silly joke about Kara being the best view of the city instead, but she sensed Kara wasn’t in the mood for that.

They stayed silent for a while, the only sound that of Kara’s hand rubbing on Lena’s forearm. When Kara spoke, Lena could feel the vibrations against her face.
“It reminds me of Krypton, of the view from my bedroom in Argo,” Kara all but confessed in a whisper, and that was not what Lena was expecting, even if she wasn’t expecting anything, that still took her out of the loop. “And the sky, I love it when it gets this color, it’s the closer from Rao that it gets on Earth.”

Lena didn’t know what to say. So she didn’t say anything. Simply squeezed Kara, hugged her tighter.

After a while, Kara spoke again. “My hearing is back.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, when I woke up, I felt like there was a pressure releasing from it, and then this pop and I could hear it all again. All around the city.”

“Is that all that’s back?” Lena asked gently.

In lieu of an answer, Kara held Lena’s arms tighter around herself and lifted from the floor, simply hovering a couple of inches from the floor for a few seconds to demonstrate it.

“That’s good,” Lena said, not able to sound much happy about it.

“Don’t sound too excited,” Kara teased as she touched the floor again, but her voice was still distant.

“I just,” Lena started, pressing her face against Kara’s shoulder as she thought of what to say. “I just wanted to be selfish for a little while.”

“What does me not having my powers have to do with you being selfish?”

“Because I get to have you all to myself,” Lena confessed. “I usually have to share you with the world, and I get that, I knew what I was getting myself into. But these past few days when you didn’t have your powers… you were just mine.”

“I am,” Kara said solemnly, turning around in Lena’s arms and taking the brunette’s face in her hands. “Just yours. Always,” she promised, holding Lena’s eyes with hers.

Lena could barely breathe, she swallowed down on the emotional lump forming in her throat threatening to spill out in the form of tears, though she could still feel her eyes getting wet. No one had ever loved her like Kara, no one had ever loved her at all, not truly, not completely. Before she did anything stupid, like start crying in front of Kara over five words, Lena leaned forward, lifting herself up on her toes, and pressed her lips to Kara’s. The kiss was greedy, hungry, and Kara was more than happy to oblige.

When they parted a few minutes later, Kara rested her forehead against Lena’s.

“You don’t have to share me today, though,” she told her. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Lena smiled up at Kara, her green eyes shining brightly with the unshed tears and the joy she felt of being able to call Kara hers. She hugged Kara tighter, hiding her face in the crook of Kara’s neck, enjoying the feeling of safety she always got when she was in Kara’s arms.
“Supergirl! Supergirl!” The two young girls called excitedly, trying to get the hero’s attention, pointing a camera to her. “Supergirl!”

She cocked her head, like a dog catching a sound from far away, and swirls around with a massive grin on her face, gliding in the air towards them.

“Hey girls!” she greeted cheerfully.

“Can we ask you some questions?” One of the girls asked.

“It’s for our school news site,” the other added.

The hero’s grin widened. “Oh, you guys are journalists? That’s a really cool job,” she said with a little lilt to her voice as if laughing at her own inside joke. “What are your names?”

“I’m Chris,” the tallest of the two said.

“And I’m Elena,” said the one with the camera.

“Those are beautiful names. What would you like to know, Chris and Elena?”

“How many people that you saved… have you saved?” Chris asked with a stutter.

Supergirl frowned. “I think all of them?”

“No,” Elena argued. “It’s ‘how many people would you say that you saved’,’” she corrected.


“Do you remember the people that you save?” Elena asked.

She smiled. “I remember everyone,” she said as if reminiscing. “Every time I save someone, they become part of my life, every single one of them is important to me.”

“Have you ever saved someone more than once?” Chris asked as soon as Supergirl had finished her answer.

“Oh, yeah, there were a few.”

“Who was the person you’ve saved the most?” Elena pressed.

Supergirl grinned. “Definitely Lena Luthor,” she laughed. “She’s been in danger a lot.”

“What does the S means?” Chris again asked just as Supergirl finished talking. She was too nervous to really reflect on the answers, and she wanted to make sure she’d get to ask everything.

“It means you should always help and be kind to others and having help makes you stronger, a team is stronger together,” she explained.

“That’s a lot for just one S,” Elena commented.

Supergirl laughed. “It is, yeah,” she agreed.

After a pause, Elena spoke again. “Are you friends with the president?”
“I’d like to *think* I am. She’s really cool, probably too cool for me. I’m a big fan though.”

“Are you friends with Jimmy Olsen?” Chris asked.

Supergirl laughed again. “More like Jimmy Olsen is friends with me,” she joked. “I think Jimmy Olsen is friends with all the superheroes. And he prefers James.” She finished with a wink.

From then on, the girls alternated with the questions, starting with Chris. “Are you ever jealous of Superman?”

Supergirl made a joking grimace. “Pfft. No. I’m a lot cooler than him, he’s not cool at all, he’s a big nerd and he names his powers the silliest names, like Arctic Breath. Plus I’m faster than him.”

“Does heat vision hurt?”

“It does not. But it did at first, it burned a bit, it was not great.”

“What is your favorite ice cream flavor?”

“Uhm, a friend of mine introduced me to ‘the supergirl’ from Mr. Jackson’s ice cream truck on the lovers’ park, and it is delicious.”

“Do you get vacation time from being a superhero?” Elena asked.

Supergirl laughed. “It’s quite tricky, actually, in my line of work,” she said as if a joke, but then got a bit more serious. “It’s hard, you know, because you never know when bad things are going to happen and when people are going to need help. It’s a good thing we have Guardian now helping the city. Makes my job easier. But it’s hard to take time off like that, though I must admit to have taken a few sick days quite recently.”

“Do you get sick?” the little girl asked surprised.

“I wasn’t really sick, as in having the flu or anything,” Supergirl assured. “I just had a… let’s say work accident from which I had to recover, so I took advantage of it a little bit to slack off,” she finished with a wink that made the girls giggle.

“What’s the best thing about earth?”

“Ice cream!” Supergirl said confidently. “And pizza, and pot stickers.”

“Do they have pizza in space?”

“They do not, it’s very sad. The milk we know, and dairy in general only exists on earth, so only earth has ice cream and pizza and *cheese*…”

“What is your favorite place in the whole universe?”

“I’d say National City is my favorite city in the whole universe.”

When the girls got quiet and didn’t ask any more questions, Supergirl smiled kindly at them.

“Is that it?” she asked.

The girls nodded.

“Those were all the questions we had,” Chris said checking her notes.
“Thank you so much for talking to us,” Elena said professionally.

“It was my pleasure. That was a really good interview.” She smiled and the girls smiled too. “Can I give you guys a hug?” she asked, and the girls widened their eyes and nodded wildly. She hugged them both gently, but using enough force to give them the feeling of a tight hug, like a human adult would give. When she hugged Elena, the camera got flushed against her cape. When the girl pulled back, Supergirl stepped away, and smiled at them one last time. “Bye girls.”

“Bye!”

-------

“You are too nice for your own good,” Lena said with a chuckle when Kara flew in from the window.

“What?” Kara asked, landing in her loft’s living room and walking towards Lena. “Hi,” she whispered, kissing Lena on the lips before walking past her towards the kitchen.

“The interview,” Lena explained, raising her voice a little even though she knew well enough Kara could still hear her just fine.

“Ah. You saw that?” Kara asked coming back, munching on the left-over slice of pizza from the night before.

“Everyone saw that, Kara,” Lena told her. “It’s all over the internet. They posted on their school’s Facebook.”

Kara shrugged. “Well, it was a nice interview.” She shoved the rest of the pizza in her mouth and all swallowed it almost instantly, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and then her hands with the tip of her cape.

“I do not need saving all that much,” Lena said as if arguing a point.

“Yeah you do,” Kara laughed. “But don’t worry, I love saving you.” She leaned in and kissed Lena’s cheek.

“Dork,” Lena said pushing Kara away.

“It’s part of my chaaarm.” Kara laughed as she stumbled backward dramatically.

Lena smiled. “You certainly are charming, darling.”

“You think so?” Kara asked coyly, placing her arms on each side of Lena on the couch as to hover over her.

Lena chuckled. “I’m dating you, aren’t I?”

Kara grinned. “So I’ve heard,” she joked and leaned down to kiss Lena.

Lena pulled back before their lips could touch with a devious little grin that sent tingles down Kara’s spine. “Hold on, Supergirl, I have a girlfriend; we can’t do this,” Lena said in an exaggerated way, trying her best to keep a serious voice, but the laugh bubbling in her throat was threatening to spill out.
“I’m sure she doesn’t mind,” Kara joked, ready to brush it off and just kiss Lena already, but when she tried to kiss Lena again, the brunette placed a finger on her lips. “What?” she asked frowning.

“I’m serious,” Lena insisted. “I’m not making out with Supergirl.”

“Why?” Kara asked confused, dropping her head to the side like a puppy. “Don’t you have, like, a fantasy or something?”

Lena raised an eyebrow at her. “No. Do you?”

Kara shrugged. “Not really. I just thought you did. I mean, you did mention having a crush on Supergirl, many times. I remember very detailed strings of texts about her arms and her legs, and just generally how hot she is,” she said with flushed cheeks.

Lena giggled. “Why are you talking about Supergirl in the third person while wearing the suit?”

And Kara’s cheeks only reddened.

“I was messing with you, darling,” Lena explained, her voice softening as she stroked Kara’s heated cheek, a little smile playing on her lips. “All those times; I did it because I knew you were Supergirl and I like making you flustered.”

“Oh,” Kara exclaimed softly.

“And I couldn’t just come out and say I thought my best friend was really hot and I wouldn’t mind if she held me in her strong, strong arms and ravished me.”

They both laughed at Lena’s words and the theatrical lilt she used in her voice.

“But why,” Lena continued, tugging the collar of the suit lightly with two fingers, “would I want Supergirl, when I have Kara?” She smiled genuinely up at Kara, her green eyes clear as a lake, shining with adoration. “I have the part of you that the rest of the world doesn’t; I don’t care about the cape. And honestly, I’d prefer to keep it out of the bedroom, or so to speak.”

Kara swallowed hard, her eyes stinging just a little, not enough to have tears, but just on the edge of it. “I love you,” she husked out.

Lena’s smile brightened up even more and she pulled Kara down for a kiss.

When they pulled apart, Lena tugged on her suit again before pushing her away.

“But now get your cute butt off this cape so I can make out with my girlfriend properly,” she demanded jokingly. “Preferably with less clothes and easier access to the good parts.”

Kara giggled and straightened herself up. “Yes, ma’am.”

Despite all the talk of them meeting, Lena and Alex would only face each other about a week after Kara and Alex made up, and even after deep discussions about it from both women and Kara, separately, it was completely accidental and unplanned.
Kara woke up with the noise of a car door slamming hard somewhere on her street. She groaned softly and buried her face on Lena’s neck, her arms wrapping tighter around Lena’s waist and pulling her closer, their naked bodies pressed together intimately. Their legs were tangled, Kara’s front practically plastered to Lena’s back, Lena’s hands were on Kara’s, fingers laced together, and Kara could smell herself on Lena’s skin, could smell both of them on her pillow and on her sheets; she liked how their scent mixed together.

Kara nuzzled her nose on the soft skin of Lena’s neck and pressed a kiss there. And then another, and another. She was making her way down Lena’s shoulder, planning to wake her girlfriend gently, sweetly, peppering kisses all over her, when a knock on the door made her cringe.

It was loud enough for human ears at this range, but not loud enough to wake the heavy sleeper that was Lena Luthor.

Kara sighed thankfully and kissed Lena’s cheek before getting up. A quick glance at her alarm clock told her it wasn’t quite seven am yet. She used a burst of superspeed to get dressed into her cute rainbow polka dotted pajamas and close the curtains that divided her bedroom from the rest of the loft and went to open the door.

They already tried to spend as much of their free time together as possible, but since the whole Mxy Drama 2.0, they had spent every night of the week together, and Kara wasn’t complaining, but she noticed it. She loved sleeping with Lena, nothing could make her day start well like waking up next to the woman she loved; she even knew that she couldn’t sleep as well without Lena next to her.

Had she been more awake, Kara would have realized that the only two people that would come to her home so early in the morning were her girlfriend and her sister, and Lena was currently sleeping in her bed.

Alex stood at her door with a hopeful smile and a pink bakery box in hand. “There’s a cruller in there,” she announced as Kara leaned against the door, not quite opening it too much. But Alex didn’t care, she pushed pass Kara and into the loft, pressing a quick kiss to Kara’s cheek as she went.

“An offering of donuts,” Kara said as she followed Alex to her kitchen. “What have you done?” she accused, pulling the cruller out of the box and taking a large bite of it.

Alex frowned, almost offended, but didn’t quite look at Kara. “Why do you think I’ve done something?” she asked defensively.

“Bribery box.” Kara shoved the rest of the donut in her mouth and wiped at her face as she chewed. Alex rolled her eyes. “Can’t I just want to make sure my beloved sister has breakfast?”

Kara raised her eyebrows and stared Alex down.

Alex tried to hold Kara’s gaze, but she failed, groaning as she looked away. “Okay, fine. It’s mom. She’s been pestering me about my relationship and I need you to get her to back off a little.”

Kara sighed. Glancing discreetly at her bed through the curtains where Lena slept, and then back at her sister, who would probably leave after she humored her. “What kind of pestering?”

“She’s just, you know, excited that I ‘finally have a serious relationship’ and she wants me to gush about Maggie all the time, and she keeps making all these questions and it’s getting annoying, but I don’t want to tell her to stop because it would offend her and we’re finally in a good place where I
can talk to her about my life and everything, but she just wants too much of me,” Alex explained in all but a breath.

“And what do you want me to do about it?” Kara asked.

Alex shrugged. “I don’t know, if you could just… talk to her about your girlfriend, maybe she’ll back off from me and latch onto you, and you loooove to talk to her on the phone.”

Kara nodded. “I do,” she agreed. “Which is why I talk to her about my girlfriend on our weekly phone calls,” Kara said with a little smug smile. “She’s always delighted to hear it.”

“Ugh, you’re useless,” Alex groaned. She then turned around and started opening cabinets.

Kara frowned. “Uhm, what’re you doing?”

“Breakfast,” Alex said simply, with an insisted tone as if she was just repeating herself, as she grabbed the coffee powder. “I haven’t had the chance to try out this fancy new coffee maker you have.” She opened another cabinet and scoffed. “Why are things so much lower than they used to be?” she complained.

Because of Lena, Kara thought, but didn’t say it; Lena was shorter than her, and Lena couldn’t fly like she could, so she had to make things easier for Lena. It was a simple gesture, but one that Lena appreciated very much and earned her one of those bright smiles that Lena would only give to her and that she loved so much.

Alex started rambling about ways to get Eliza to stop asking her about her relationship without having to confront her as she went about making the coffee.

And it was then that Kara heard the soft whimper coming from her bed as Lena woke up; the sound so precious and dear to her that she momentarily forgot she should start freaking out about this. Alex was still talking and moving around in the kitchen as she got things ready, but Kara wasn’t listening. Instead, Kara was listening to Lena sighing in her bed as she woke up. Lena sitting up on the bed and stretching moaning slightly as her joints popped in that way she loved, Lena pulling her underwear on, the elastic snapping against Lena’s skin, Lena putting a shirt on, Lena padding barefoot around the bedroom, and then Lena tugging the curtains open.

“Babe, I think I pulled a muscle last night,” Lena announced as she left the bedroom, her leg a little stiff. Kara froze, a chill of dread running through her spine, she saw Alex freeze as well, but she didn’t know what to do. “Not that I’m complaining, your tongue is actually magical, but I could use a massag- Oh!”

Lena’s words died in her throat when she saw that they weren’t alone, her previously sultry tone broke down and turned into a surprised exclamation. She winced, shooting a panicked look at Kara, but Kara was still too shocked.

Lena’s cheeks flushed as she swayed awkwardly in place, looking self-conscious about her body for probably the first time in as long as Kara knew her. Kara looked down at her and saw the lacy underwear from the night before and a thin blue tank top, thin enough for her nipples to be very much visible.

Kara was pretty sure she was going to pass out. Not from lack of air, although she hadn’t been breathing in a while, but from the whole situation, mortification filling her up.

Alex on her part was completely shocked, eyebrows in her hairline, jaw on the floor, eyes wide, hands dropping the, luckily, bag of napkins she was holding.
“I better go put some decent clothes on,” Lena announced as she disappeared towards the bedroom. Kara and Alex looked at each other for a second, after Lena was gone, unsure of how to proceed.

“So, uhm,” Kara started, with a clear of her throat. “I’ll, uhm, I’ll talk to Eliza for you.” Alex nodded, stiffly. “Thank you.”

With the need to do something to try and salvage the situation, by ignoring the awkwardness, Kara decided to get started on breakfast herself. She walked around Alex, and grabbed the ingredients from her fridge, putting all she needed in the countertop before using a burst of superspeed to get all the fruits cut into cubes and the omelets in the muffin pans and into the oven, and then started on the pancakes, using normal speed to fry them because experience taught her superspeed didn’t really work well for that.

The coffee started brewing in the machine, the strong smell filling Kara’s loft deliciously.

Alex was setting the table, with three places, and it put a little sliver of hope in Kara’s heart that they could have a civil meal together, the three of them. Alex still looked to be in a little shock, but it was a start.

Kara passed by Alex with a bowl of fruit while plopping a raspberry in her mouth and Alex frowned at her. Kara noticed and frowned back.

“What?” she asked confused.

“Nothing; is just… it’s nothing,” Alex brushed it off, and Kara just shrugged.

Lena emerged from the bedroom the second time as the coffee maker was beeping its finish, dressed in her work clothes, fitted pencil skirt, and a nice flowy blouse, but barefooted, without makeup, pulling her still messy and wavy hair into a knot, with a pair of glasses on her face.

Lena frowned a little, squinting as she looked at the table. “Why can’t I see anything?”

Kara chuckled and grabbed the black framed glasses and the tablet on the coffee table and walked to Lena. “Because those are mine,” she told her handing her the glasses and kissing the side of her head. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, I did. As always,” Lena said softly, and she heard a soft humming from Kara, both knowing that what she meant wasn’t that she always slept well, but that she always slept well when she was with Kara. “Thank you, darling,” she said as she took her glasses from Kara. She switched the glasses and gave Kara’s back to the blonde.

Kara was smiling right in front of her, glasses in place, when Lena’s vision cleared. “Better?”

The smile crept over Lena’s face as she looked at her girlfriend, her dimples popping. “Much.”

“Good. Sit down, I’ll finish setting the table,” Kara said gently, handing Lena the tablet as well. Lena nodded and did just that, and Kara went back to the oven, passing her sister on the way. She held Alex gently on the shoulders and leaned in close to her ear. “Be nice,” she whispered and giggled when Alex swatted at her.

Alex and Kara finished setting the table as Lena flipped through her work email. When Kara took a plate full of small fluffy omelets to the table, Alex perched up on her seat, getting a better look.
“What’s this?” she asked, both parts curious and suspicious.

“Oh, it’s, uhm, egg muffins, which is just a fancy name for omelets in a muffin pan, with bacon, white cheese, spinach and cherry tomatoes,” Kara explained, her cheeks tingling slightly as she placed the place down. “They’re really good,” she added meekly with a shrug.

Alex coughed, looking at Kara with even more surprise than when Lena showed up half naked in front of her. “Since when do you have spinach in your house?”

The blush on Kara’s cheeks grew darker, until Lena’s hand found her thigh and rubbed gently. Kara visibly relaxed at the touch, and Alex could only watch with interest.

“You should try one,” Kara said, with a little more conviction than before.

“So, uhm, Lena,” Alex started as she pulled some pancakes into her plate and reluctantly added the tiny omelet.

Kara tensed a bit, but Lena was impassive, unfazed.

“Yes?” Lena asked politely, as she served coffee for herself.

Alex cleared her throat and locked eyes with Kara for a second before continuing. “I should apologize to you about the way I treated you when I found out about the two of you…”

Lena wanted to make a sarcastic comment, but she bit her tongue because this was important to Kara. She did, however, nod and wait for Alex to continue, without a word, as she watched the woman.

“Well, I apologize,” Alex said slightly awkward, trying to lighten the mood, but then cleared her throat and spoke more seriously. “Erm, I’m really sorry about my reaction. It was very childish of me, I was a jerk, and I regretted it the second I got home afterwards. And I should have apologized sooner.”

“I accept your apology,” Lena said with her professional tone, cool and detached, and Kara could tell she was uncomfortable with the situation from that and the stiffness in her body.

Alex nodded, looking a little relieved to get it over with. “I hope we can put this behind us and try to, I don’t know, have at least a civil relationship.”

Lena considered what Alex said with a controlled expression, nodding as she went.

“I’m going to be honest with you, agent Danvers,” Lena said, her voice still serious. “Alex,” she added before continuing, “you haven’t been my favorite person so far.” She paused and looked at Kara’s expectant face, she gave her a reassuring smile and reached for the blonde’s warm hand, giving it a light squeeze. “But you’re Kara’s, and she is mine,” she gave another squeeze to Kara’s hand, “so I’m whiling to try to… have a civil relationship with you,” she said, repeating Alex’s words in a tone that wasn’t quite teasing, but had Kara having to hide her laugh.

“See,” Kara said pointedly, “that wasn’t so hard, was it?”

Both women smiled at Kara’s antics.

Important conversation out of the way, they started to eat. Well, Lena and Alex started, Kara had been eating the entire time, the plate of omelets nearly empty by then; she made sure to set two aside for Lena and went about devouring the rest, she also quickly dug into a tall pile of pancakes with
syrup and some fruits. Lena settled for her two omelets and a bowl of fruits with Greek yogurt, eating happily as she and Kara stole glances and smiles every now and then. Alex wanted to be annoyed by that, but her sister was too happy for her to really have a reason to.

Eventually, Alex decided to try the omelet she had put on her plate and the small bite made her gasp.

“What’s wrong?” Kara asked concerned.

“This is actually good!” Alex said, a bit shocked.

Kara glared at her. “You thought I was lying?”

Alex scrunched up her face, in a very similar way to how Kara did it. “No, I just didn’t believe you could cook.”

Lena sniggered as she sipped her coffee. “I wouldn’t go as far as to call putting chopped stuff on whipped eggs cooking,” she said teasingly, nudging Kara’s foot with her own, and Kara smiled.

Alex cocked her head to the side with a half shrug. “I mean, coming from the girl who didn’t know butter was flammable and managed to nearly burn off her own eyebrows while trying to fry an egg at the age of 20, it is quite impressive.”

Kara scoffed, offended. “Yeah, well you burned noodles that one time,” she accused.

“Yes, but I know what things make boom when mixed with fire,” said back, childishly.

“I made the pancakes, and you ate them,” Kara defended herself.

“Pancakes don’t count,” Alex said quickly. “Anyone can make pancakes. You live on breakfast food and sugar, you’re bound to know how to make at least that.”

Lena laughed. “She’s right, you know,” she told Kara who looked at her trying to look offended but failing.

“Omelets are easier to make than pancakes,” Kara argued.

Alex hummed. “Did you know how to make omelets six months ago?”

Kara glared at her and huffed. “That’s not the point,” she grumbled. “I’m learning,” Kara said and shoved an entire omelet in her mouth.

Lena smiled at her girlfriend. “Yeah, she actually made soup last week,” she told Alex, without actually looking at the woman. “And it was delicious.”

Alex froze. “You’re kidding.”

Kara shook her head seriously. “You can ask Eliza if you want. She helped.”

“Wow. Never thought this day would have come.”

“Yes, well, it did,” Kara said with finality, putting yet more food in her mouth.

“So, speaking of mom,” Alex started, completely changing the focus of the conversation.

“I said I’ll talk to her,” Kara told her, in a tone that indicated she didn’t want to start that discussion again.
“No, I got that,” Alex said dismissively. “I was going to ask about your plans for the 4th of July.”

“You mean how I plan to spend the worst commemorative date of the entire year?” Kara asked with irony.

“Yes. Barbecue and sensory overload,” Alex joked. “What’s not to love?”

Kara shrugged.

“Darling,” Lena called softly before anything else was said. “I need to get going.”

Kara looked at her, pouting. “Already?”

Lena nodded, an apologetic smile on her face and pointed at her tablet. “I’m sorry, duty calls.” She got up, a hand rubbing Kara’s shoulder, and she leaned in to kiss her hair. “I’m just gonna finish getting dressed.”

“Okay,” Kara said softly. She watched as Lena made her way to the bathroom, to get her makeup done, before turning back to her sister. Alex was looking at her curiously, but she ignored it. “To be completely honest I totally forgot about the 4th of July until just now,” she confessed. “Eliza didn’t mention anything, but I’m assuming she’s going to be expecting us to go home.”

Alex grimaced. “I feared you’d say that.”

“You don’t wanna go?” Kara asked.

Alex scrunched up her face as if the thought of it didn’t please her one bit. “Well, I mean, you know it’s complicated with me and mom.”

“Well, yeah, but you said it yourself, the two of you are getting better lately.”

“Exactly why I’m dreading the holiday and going home.”

Kara gave her a sympathetic look. “Well, I’ll be there, I can play mediator, as I always do.”

Alex sighed, relieved. “You’re the best and I love you.”

Kara smiled and flipped her hair over her shoulder. “I know.”

Alex laughed.

They started cleaning up then.

“Hey, you coming to the DEO?” Alex asked. “We could carpool.”

“Oh, I actually have a meeting at CatCo this morning,” Kara told her absentmindedly, as she opened the box of donuts. “I’ll come by later.”

“I can give you a ride anyways,” Alex offered.

Kara considered and nodded. “Yeah, okay.”

Lena left the bathroom a while later, makeup done, lips bright red, hair up in a ponytail but still wavy, she smiled at Kara’s dazed expression; she knew how much Kara loved her in red lipstick.

“Hey,” she said softly when she approached Kara. “I’m leaving.” Kara nodded, still distracted by the
lipstick and the hair, and the face… Lena smirked and took Kara’s chin with her fingers, directing Kara’s face to her and pressed a kiss to her lips. “See you tonight?”

Kara nodded again, and Lena laughed. She wiped the little bit of sugar from the corner of Kara’s face and kissed her again, this time Kara responded more to her liking, though not the way both of them wanted to say goodbye, highly aware of Alex’s presence.

“No lunch?” Kara asked as she pulled away.

“I’ll be on the lab all day,” Lena told her.

“I can still pick something up for you,” Kara offered. “I know your assistant can do it, but it makes me feel better when I know you’re really eating and not just drinking a healthy shake on the go. You know they’re not healthy if they’re all you’re consuming.”

Lena smiled at her. “I love when you get me lunch, darling, but have my assistant pay for it, I am a billionaire after all.”

Kara giggled. “Show off.” Lena poked her tongue out to her and she giggled again. “Chinese or Italian?”

“Surprise me,” Lena said before walking to the door to get her shoes and put them on. She then walked back to Kara, stole her donut and kissed her cheek, and sprinted out, grabbing her purse on the way and throwing a quick goodbye to Alex over her shoulder.

“Oh, I’m still not her biggest fan, but I have to admit, she cleans up nice,” Alex said after Lena closed the door behind her.

Kara made an affronted noise and threw the bag of napkins at Alex’s face, which only made Alex laugh.

“And you have lipstick on your face,” Alex added teasingly, already ducking from the dishtowel Kara chucked at her.

As soon as she stepped out of the door, Lena was pulling her phone out and typing.

A message to (Rainbow ) Nerd (Alien Monster ).

**Lena:** Hey, can you come over my labs sometime today?

**Winn:** No. I’m a very busy man

**Winn:** and I’m naked

**Lena:** Don’t even try it. I know your nerd ass isn’t getting laid.

**Winn:** Hey! Rude!

**Lena:** You should just talk to him.
Winn: I don’t know who you’re talking about. There is no one I’m in need of having a conversation at the current moment

Lena: (Unamused Face )

Lena: you’re an idiot.

Lena: But also I need your help with a project.

Winn: Yes, calling me an idiot and saying I don’t get laid is the way to get me to help you with my amazing intellect

Lena: It’s important.

Lena: I’ll give you a blueprint of one of Lex’s projects of my choosing and you’ll be working in my private L-Corp lab.

Winn: (Smiling Face With Heart-Shaped Eyes )

Winn: I love you and I will gladly help you, never denied you for a second

Lena: Great, thank you. Just text me when you’re arriving. My assistant will know I’m expecting you.

Winn: Can I get the exo-suit?

Lena: don’t push it

Winn: It was worth the try. See you in a few. (Face Throwing A Kiss )

A couple of hours later, Winn arrived at L-Corp and Lena’s latest assistant, Jarred, a young man with tattoos spilling out of his shirtsleeves, took him to her office; there she led them through halls and secret doors and a hidden elevator, to get to her private lab.

“Why are you limping?” Winn questioned halfway through.

“You don’t wanna know,” she answered quickly. She didn’t need to look at him to know he was grimacing in disgust, but he made sure to gag just for the sake of it.

-------

“Kara,” Lena gasped as soon as Kara opened the door to her office, already throwing herself into Kara’s open arms.

Kara smiled as Lena snuggled into her. “Hey,” she said softly against Lena’s hair. “How was your day?”

“Oh, it was great,” Lena mumbled into Kara’s neck. “I got to spend all of it in the lab.”
Kara knew how much Lena loved working in the labs, and how much she missed being able to dedicate her time to it.

“I’m glad.” Kara smiled at Lena as the woman stepped back. They both walked to Lena’s desk, resting against the material, almost sitting on it, shoulders pressed against each other. “Did you eat?”

“Yes, thank you, it was all delicious,” Lena said. “Where did you find chow mein with so many vegetables? I didn’t think it was possible in the city.”

Kara ducked her head and scratched her neck. “Well…”

“Kara,” Lena chastised, “did you fly to another continent to buy me food again?”

Kara’s cheeks flushed. “Maybe,” she confessed.

“You’re impossible,” Lena said with a laugh.

“In my defense, I ate as well, so it wasn’t exclusively for you.”

“Whatever you say, darling.”

“So,” Kara started after a little pause, a tiny hint of uncertainty. “There’s something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh,” Lena said softly, but her heart started pounding in her chest at its own accord.

But Kara picked up on the sound and ran a hand down her forearm soothingly until it reached her hand, where long fingers laced against hers. “Don’t worry, it’s nothing bad. I promise.”

“Then why are you nervous?” Lena accused.

Kara gave her hand a light squeeze. “It’s about the holiday,” she said instead.

“The one you hate?”

“Yes, the worst holiday known to man… or woman,” she added in the end, and it made Lena laugh.

“What about it?”

“Well, you see,” Kara said as she played with Lena’s fingers. “Alex and I are going home, I mean, to Midvale, to spend it with Eliza. We’ll make an extended weekend out of it, leave here on Saturday and stay there until Wednesday morning.”

“Okay,” Lena said slowly. She’d have to spend five days away from Kara and her heart was already tightening in her chest with longing beforehand.

“And I would hate the holiday a bit less if you were there with me,” Kara finished, smiling hopefully at her.

“What?” Lena asked surprised.

“I mean, it’s fine if you don’t want to go,” Kara said, but with a lilt of sadness in her tone. “I know you don’t like holidays much, and I don’t know how you feel about spending four days stuck with my sister and probably her girlfriend who has arrested you and said horrible things to you on the past,” she rambled. “But I would really miss you and Eliza is dying to meet you because I talk to her about you so much, so it would be really great if you came… I mean, if you want.”
Lena smiled and raised Kara’s face to her with her free hand. She pressed a kiss softly to Kara’s lips before talking. “I would love to.”

“Really?” Kara asked, her nervousness gone, her entire face lighting up.

Lena’s smile only grew brighter. “Yes, really.”

“Oh, thank you!” Kara gasped and lunged forward to kiss Lena hard. “I didn’t want to stay all that long away from you,” she confessed when she pulled away. “I would probably just fly back every night to sleep with you.”

Lena laughed and pulled Kara to her again.

When Kara’s hands found Lena’s hips and pulled her body closer to hers, Lena moaned.

“Wi… Winn invited… us to the… to the bar tonight,” she informed between kisses, Kara refusing to let go of her lips for long enough for her to finish the sentence uninterrupted.

“He can wait,” Kara said, her voice hoarse with desire as she flipped them over, pressing Lena against her desk; Lena’s lower back digging into the marble.

Lena didn’t care enough to contest.

-------

“So Little Luthor, Alex tells me she’s seen your underwear,” Lucy announced as soon as Lena reached the table.

“Oh, god,” Lena sighed, dropping to her seat. Across from her, Winn shot her an apologetic smile.

“Lucy,” Kara hissed next to Lena as her face turned bright red.

“Whaaaaat?” Lucy asked innocently. “I’m just making conversation.”

“Yeah, right,” Kara grumbled.

“It’s fine, Kara,” Lena assured, placing a hand on Kara’s thigh and squeezing a little. “You know,” Lena said then, turning to Lucy, “I’m lucky I decided to even put underwear before I walked out of the bedroom, it could have been worse.”

Lucy grinned. “She could see your nipples through your shirt.”

“Please stop,” Winn begged.

“Can we not talk about this?” Kara insisted. “It was an awkward situation for all of us. Hahaha, funny, my sister saw my girlfriend half naked and talking about sex with me. It happened, let’s move on.”

Lucy raised her hands in defeat and Kara relaxed, but she also sent a wink at Lena that made the brunette roll her eyes.

“Winn!” Kara said forcefully, desperately trying to change the subject. “Do you have anything to talk about?”
“Good save there, babe,” Lena chuckled leaning into Kara and pressing a kiss to her shoulder; Kara’s cheeks reddened again.

“No. I don’t think so.” Winn shrugged. “Oh!” he exclaimed almost as soon as he had finished the previous sentence. “What are your plans for the 4th of July?”

“I’m glad you asked, Winn,” Kara said excitedly, but Lena knew it was mostly because the attention had shifted. “We’re going to Midvale on Saturday,” Kara announced. “And by we, I mean you too Winn, you’re the honorary son now, you have to,” she said matter-of-factly, and Winn nodded his agreement. “You can come too, Lucy, it would be fun.”

“Ah, sorry sunshine but I already have plans,” Lucy said. “Not great plans, though. I always spend it with the General at wherever he is stationed. Kansas this time,” she added. “I truly hate Smallville.”

Kara sniggered.

Lena shrugged. “Yeah, it’s not for everyone.”

“Wait,” Kara said, slowly looking at Lena. “You’ve been to Smallville?”

Lena frowned at Kara. “You do know I’m a Luthor, right?”

“What does that have to do with anything?” Kara asked confused.

“Honey, the Luthors own most of Smallville,” Lucy told her.

“Most of what?”

Winn widened his eyes at Kara’s question as if he couldn’t believe she was really asking that.

“Smallville!”

But Kara still looked confused.

“The town,” Lena said simply. “Lands and industries and business in general…” she added. “One of the family homes is there.”

“How did I not know of that?” Kara asked, frowning.

Lena shrugged. “I assumed you did. I mean, where do you think your cousin met my brother?”

“Never gave much thought to it, to be honest.”

Lena smiled at Kara, in a way that Kara couldn’t quite pinpoint.

“What?” Kara asked.

Lena just shook her head, the smile never wavering, and placed a kiss on Kara’s cheek. “You’re something else, darling.”

Kara grinned at that, her cheeks flushing at the praise.

“Oh, okay, so we should order,” Lucy announced after a while. “I need a drink.”

-------
“You know what we should do,” Winn said out of nowhere as Lucy finished her story about how Vasquez adopted a bat from the DEO caves. “We should have a game night after the holiday.”

All three women grimaced at the thought, each differently, but none all too pleased.

“I mean, now that Kara and Alex aren’t fighting anymore, and that Lena flashed Alex,” he said.

“Winn!” Kara hissed, but Lena chuckled next to her.

“We can get the whole gang together,” Winn finished.

“I don’t think that’s a great idea, buddy,” Lucy told him with a pat on the back.

“Why not?”

“Well, for starters, Alex did just recently see my nipples, so that’s gotta be awkward,” Lena said with a little shrug, enjoying the tinge of Kara’s cheeks at her words. “Not to mention her girlfriend arrested me and said I was not only a criminal, but a manipulative bitch who was using Kara to get away with evil Luthor things.”

“Ah, babe, you’ll have to deal with that during the holidays, I’m pretty sure you’ll already be best friends by the time you leave Midvale,” Lucy teased.

Lena frowned at that, she hadn’t really considered that until then.

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you,” Kara joked, taking the hand that was still on her thigh and bringing it to her lips.

“Aaawww,” Winn and Lucy cooed together.

“There’s also James,” Lucy pointed out once Kara and Lena stopped smiling at each other.

“What’s wrong with James?” Kara asked. “He’s great! We’re good. I want my revenge at charades.”

“I’m really sorry, Kara, I wish things were different,” Lena said, sounding genuinely upset, “but James Olsen hates me. He always has. And I have to say, the feeling is mutual.”

“You knew each other before?”

Lena nodded. “He and my brother have history together, we’ve met a few times. He’s never been very nice to me.” She shrugged. “Never really cared what he thought, though.”

“Yeah, James is a great guy and all, but he did leave me for Kara,” Lucy added with a shrug.

Lena’s eyebrows shot up. Kara froze next to her.

“Technically you left him,” Winn pointed out.

Lucy scoffed at him and placed a hand on her chest. “He left me emotionally, Winn,” she said dramatically, placing a hand over her sternum.

When Lena finally found her voice, there was only one thing she could say. “What?”

Lucy winced and looked apologetically at Kara. “Sorry,” she whispered.
“You and James Olsen?” Lena asked incredulously, looking at Kara with surprise.

Lucy and Winn exchanged uncomfortable looks and got up fast.

“We’re just gonna go over… not here for a while,” Winn said quickly.

“Great idea!” Lucy agreed. “Right after you.”

And they all but ran away.

Once they were gone Lena’s expression softened, some of the tension leaving her body. “You dated James Olsen,” she started calmly. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t think it was important,” Kara said with a shrug. “And there wasn’t much to tell. We didn’t exactly date.”

“But you don’t deny what Lucy said,” it wasn’t exactly a question.

Kara bit on her lip before saying “it’s not that simple.”

Lena nodded, reaching out for Kara’s hand. “Then help me understand.”

Kara sighed. “You’re not mad at me?”

Lena laughed. “I’m not mad at you, Kara,” she assured. “It’d be quite ridiculous for me to be mad at you for having dated a person before me. As much as I dislike said person.”

“We didn’t date,” Kara insisted. She sighed again, deeper this time. “The truth of it all is that when he came to work at CatCo I had a crush on him. A massive one. And it was ridiculous, I embarrassed myself a lot. Everyone noticed. Alex especially. But Lucy showed up and they got back together, and I backed away, obviously, but feelings don’t just go away that easy. I was jealous, not only of them, but what they had. They were such a good match, and I wanted that, I wanted to have someone who knew everything about me. My perfect partner at a game night,” she laughed softly, remembering her outburst at James. “But I love Lucy, so I just pushed everything down, but then James also had feelings, and we ‘danced around each other’ according to Cat Grant. Everyone knew, and everyone commented on it, which I hated, by the way. It was a mess. And then he and Lucy broke up, and he and I had a fight so we kind of distanced from each other. I move on, tried dating Ms. Grant’s son, Adam—”

“I thought Cat Grant’s son was a teenager,” Lena interrupted, frowning curiously.

Kara hummed. “Yeah, no, she has an older one that she didn’t have contact with until I… well, until I butted in.” Her cheeks tinged as she thought of it and Lena laughed. “But it didn’t work with Adam, because of Supergirl,” she sighed when she said it, “and I had to put an end to things before it got serious in order to protect him. And James was jealous the entire time, which didn’t help. Then he got jealous of Barry, I told you about Barry, right?” Kara waited for Lena to nod before she continued with her rant. “Anyways, after James got jealous of me and Barry, I decided to kiss him— James him, not Barry, and then he became a zombie,” she joked. “Typical Supergirl stuff.” Kara shrugged. At Lena’s frown, Kara elaborated, “That whole thing that happened last year with the entire city losing consciousness and walking out into the streets?”

“Oh,” Lena said as she understood. “All pied piper style, right?”

Kara nodded. “So James and I tried to date, after everything was solved, and I had just been promoted so I was on cloud nine. We were on a date, sort of, and then someone tried to murder a
certain CEO,” She teased, which made Lena laugh. “And I thought I couldn’t handle a relationship, and that I needed some time to figure out what I wanted for my life, so I ended things, before even really starting, again. I thought it wasn’t worth mentioning because nothing really came out of it,” Kara explained, shrugging again.

“Oh,” Lena said after Kara finished. “You said you thought you had to choose between being Supergirl and having a relationship,” she remembered.

Kara nodded. “Yeah. Because of all of that. Kidnapping, mind-control, bombs in innovative means of transportation…”

“Well, just remember that I’m constantly being threatened and in danger, so chances are you’ll have to keep saving me, so it’s just more practical for you to date me,” Lena joked.

Kara laughed. “Yes. The only thing better than having to leave a date to save other people, is having to save your date.”

Lena grinned. “That’s gotta make the date exciting.”

“I’m definitely not looking forward to that kind of excitement in a date.”

Lena raised an eyebrow at her suggestively. “Are you looking forward to other kinds of excitements, then?”

Kara’s cheeks flushed and she gulped as she remembered their previous night. Lena laughed and leaned in to press a kiss to Kara’s heated cheek, making Kara smile.

“If you want,” Lena started, wiping the lipstick mark from Kara’s cheek with her thumb, “I’m not sure about perfect, but I can be your partner at game night,” she said softly.

Kara looked up at her, blue eyes shining with adoration when they met hers, and something else that had Lena’s heart beating faster and her breath caught in her throat. Lena saw Kara’s lips trembling as if she was trying to open her mouth to say something but the words weren’t coming. But then they did.

“Zhao...w rrip,” Kara breathed out, and if Lena hadn’t been so close she would have missed it.

Lena new those words, she heard Kara say those words to her a few times now, usually unaware she was doing so, she had a feeling she knew what they meant, and she didn’t know what to say in response, not with Kara conscious and right in front of her; she settled to just smiling at her.

“So are we good here?” Lucy’s voice broke them out of their bubble.

They broke eye contact and looked up at the two friends eyeing them expectantly as if they had been caught doing something wrong, Kara blushing a nice shade of pink.

Lena cleared her throat, not even trying to be subtle, before talking. “Yeah. We’re good.” She smiled at them.

“Great,” Winn said as they both sat back in their seats. “Because we ordered more drinks and that fried cheese ball thingy.”
Saturday could not arrive quick enough, Kara was very excited for it despite her distaste for the actual holiday; she was looking forward to soaking up on Eliza’s motherly love and amazing cooking.

For Lena though, the week dragged dreadfully. She was slightly terrified of meeting Eliza; she was not good with parents, didn’t have a good relationship with her own mother and never really had to meet a partner’s parents since she avoided committed relationships throughout her entire life. But this was Kara, Kara who made her heart sing, Kara who understood Lena, Kara who loved her, Kara who was the best thing that had ever came across Lena’s life; Lena wanted to make a good impression on Kara’s mother.

So she was nervous.

Kara, bless her heart, didn’t notice. Granted, due to Lena’s decision to leave everything in the office ready for her absence, they would only see each other at night, to sleep, and early in the morning when they woke up, and they weren’t exactly talking about Eliza during that time.

That was, until Friday, when Kara asked Lena during breakfast if she could leave work early so they could get things ready for the trip.

Kara had a list ready and everything, she had set it all up on her planner, a planner she had bought specifically for the purpose of organizing hers and Lena’s first trip together, and possibly future trips as well. As she filled up the planner Kara couldn’t help but daydream about all the places they could go together, all the romantic getaways, sipping cocktails in a stretcher by the beach while Lena wears a mouthwatering bikini and an oversized hat, wrapped up in thick blankets in a recluse cabin by the lake, visiting famous art museums and getting to see pieces like the birth of Venus from up close and having dinner at the Eifel tower, walking around Rome doing silly over the top tourist things just for the sake of it, Kara wanted it all, Kara wanted to see the world with Lena, wanted to experience the beauty of things through Lena’s eyes, wanted to be with Lena all around the world, loving her for as long as she would let her.

“What are you doing?” Lena’s voice rose her out of her daydream with a startle that made her hit her knees on her desk and make everything on it shake.

When Kara turned around in her chair to look at Lena, heart racing in her chest, the brunette had a huge grin on her face, showing how pleased she was to manage to catch Kara unprepared for once. When Kara looked at Lena, though, her heart started racing for an entirely different reason than the scare of a few seconds before. Lena was just so freaking beautiful, and every time Kara looked at her she was a little taken aback by how beautiful Lena was, as if she looked more beautiful than Kara remembered her looking from the last time she saw her, as if she had gotten more beautiful somehow. Kara was also taken aback by how much she loved the woman right in front of her; ever since she finally admitted it to herself, and then told Lena how she felt, Kara caught herself feeling more and more each day, like the very beat of her heart. She would often get overwhelmed just by looking at Lena, or thinking about Lena.

“I-I, uhm… planner,” Kara stuttered weakly, trying to gay back control of her brain and her body following the wave of emotions that overtook her.

Lena only smirked and walked around Kara to lean against her desk. “I can see that,” she said in a lighthearted tone.

Lena was wearing one of the tight pencil skirts dresses that Kara loved so much, black, short sleeved,
going up to her knees, a thin belt accentuating her waist showing off her curves, the sharp angled cleavage straining a little against her breast, the high heels in combination with the clinging fabric doing things with Lena’s legs and butt that should be illegal, Lena’s hair was down in loose waves not unlike Supergirl’s signature hair, and the only piece of jewelry she was wearing was the heart pendant necklace Kara gave her sitting right above the tops of her breasts; it wasn’t unprofessional in any way, it was tasteful and sophisticated and almost chaste even, but it made Lena look ethereal, like she had just stepped out of one of Kara’s dream. Kara ache to touch her, struggling to breathe, aware of her surroundings. Lena leaned over to peak at the planner, granting Kara a privileged view of her cleavage; she could even see a peak of the dark blue lace of Lena’s bra.

A sharp strangled sound let itself out of Kara’s throat and Lena leaned back to look at her.

“Are you okay, darling?” she asked, with a hint of concern that dissipated when she saw the look on Kara’s face, a smirk spreading on her lips as she realized the reason why Kara wasn’t breathing properly.

“You look… really good,” Kara breathed out.

The smirk turned into a soft smile and a nice blush spread itself out on Lena’s pale cheeks; she really appreciated Kara’s reactions and compliments to her looks, she was used to people being affected by her looks, but it was usually with lust and nothing more. Kara looked at Lena as if she didn’t quite believe Lena was real and standing right in front of her, softly and reverent, as if looking at an angel, as if she was the most important person in the world and there was nowhere else she’d rather be, it made Lena feel loved and desired in ways she never had before.

“Thank you,” Lena whispered, lifting a hand to brush a lock of Kara’s hair away from her face.

Kara couldn’t help herself from leaning against the touch and turning her head just a little and pressing a kiss to the inside of Lena’s wrist. “What are you doing here?” she asked softly; she could feel eyes everywhere around the bullpen on them, burning the back of her head and making her hairs stand on ends, but she couldn’t care less about it all.

“You asked me to get off early so we could prep for the trip,” Lena explained calmly. “Are you ready to go?”

“Oh!” Kara gasped. “Oh,” she repeated. “I asked you to get off work earlier and then I got caught up on work and lost track of time,” she lamented.

But Lena only smiled at her, as gentle as she ever did with Kara and Kara only. “It’s fine, darling,” she assured. “Not everyone has an amazing boss like I do who allows them to leave work at comfortable times,” she added with humor, throwing a little wink at Kara for good measure.

Kara laughed softly. “I can be done in a flash if you want,” she whispered at Lena, and Lena smiled, aware of what Kara meant by that.

“Take your time, darling, I can wait.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t want to wait,” Kara mumbled as she went back to what she should have been doing before instead of writing on her planner and thinking about her girlfriend.

If asked, Kara would not disclose whether or not she used her superspeed to finish proofreading all the interviews that had to go for print by the end of the day for the magazine, but she was pulling Lena by the hand towards the elevator not ten minutes later, thanking Rao that no one else got in the elevator with them.
“I was going crazy not being able to touch you in there,” Kara confessed as she pulled Lena close to her by the hips.

“Aren’t there cameras in the elevator?” Lena asked amusedly, letting herself be pulled towards Kara’s body, her hands resting on Kara’s shoulders for balance.

Kara seemed like she was going to give a flippant response, but then paused and really thought about it. “I never actually considered it,” she admitted, making Lena laugh.

“What an observant reporter you are,” Lena teased.

“Don’t be mean, you look too good, I can’t process things properly.”

Lena grinned. “So I take it you like the dress. It’s new.”

Kara hummed and nodded. “One hundred percent approved.”

“Good,” Lena whispered, hand going up unthinkingly to stroke Kara’s cheek; it was automatic by then.

“Cameras or not,” Kara started, “I’m going to kiss you now.” Her voice was light and gentle, and she didn’t move as she said so, giving Lena the chance to opt out of possibly making a scene.

Lena, however, raised an eyebrow daringly. “What’s taking you so long?”

Kara’s response was to press their lips together. It wasn’t a steamy kiss or anything too explicitly inappropriate, but Lena could feel the neediness of Kara, how Kara kissed her like she was starving for it, as if that was the best part of her day and she had been waiting for that moment for hours.

Almost as if reading Lena’s mind, when Kara pulled away with that easy smile she’d always got after they kissed, she said:

“I’ve been waiting the whole day to do that,” breathily. “Especially those last ten minutes. Seriously, Lena, this dress is just wow. And with your hair like this, I mean, I’m this close to ignoring all travel planning for today.”

Lena chuckled. “If only you were a little bit more reckless and a little less control freak.”

Kara gasped. “Am not!”

“Prove it,” Lena challenged. “Let’s go on this trip without using your planner to prep, let’s go on the trip without prepping; just fill up a bag and get in the car.”

“But, but, we need snacks for the, for the road, and, and, like, all types of,” Kara stuttered. “And the bags, just…”

“It’s just four days, it’s not like we’re going to stay an entire month away.” Lena shrugged. “Besides, I do have food at home.”

“But,” Kara said meekly.

Lena leaned close to Kara’s ear, a mischievous smirk tugging at her lips like the true Luthor she was, going in for the kill. “Instead of packing, you could just focus on getting me out of this dress.”

Kara gulped, eyes widening, and she nodded vehemently, earning a pleased grin from Lena as the brunette stepped away from her just in time for the elevators doors to open.
Smiling at the woman waiting for the elevator on the ground floor, Lena took Kara’s hand and laced their fingers as she pulled the blonde into the lobby.

“Come on, it’s early, we’re young, we have time; let’s go get ice cream and make out in the park in front of the paparazzi like teenagers,” Lena said jokingly, but she truly meant it.

And that’s exactly they spent that evening before going home, holding hands in the park, stealing kisses, licking sticky sugary dairy products off each other’s lips, occasionally looking directly at the same three paparazzi that tended to follow them sometimes, sometimes even waving at them, making up ridiculous backstories and plans for the future for the men snapping photos of them.

Lena knew that anyone else wouldn’t have appreciated the goofing around in the park with ice cream as detour from going home and ripping each other’s clothes off, or would be more upset about the photographers following them around and invading their privacy, but Kara genuinely enjoyed taking a longer way to Lena’s penthouse, and she never acted out about the paparazzi or effectively complained unless they made Lena uncomfortable or became too much. Sometimes Lena couldn’t believe someone so… Kara, was actually real.

“Thank you,” Lena whispered to Kara once they were inside her private elevator.

Kara looked down at her, the smile stuck on her face since arriving at the park, a little frown made itself known at her brows and she cocked her head to the side. “For what?”

Lena bit her lip, grasping for words. “Just… being you,” she said softly, feeling just a little bit silly.

Kara’s smile widened, making her eyes crinkle, and she reached to pull Lena to her. “Anytime, princess,” she said, pressing her lips to Lena’s forehead.

“You’re levitating,” Lena accused halfheartedly.

Kara giggled. “Just a little bit,” she admitted.

“Dork,” Lena laughed.

Kara shrugged. “A dork who’s gonna have her way with you in a few minutes.”

Lena raised an eyebrow at Kara, with a smirk to match. “Is that so?”

“Yup,” Kara said simply, popping the ‘p’ with her lips, and grinning widely.

When the elevator door opened, Lena’s attempt to step out was stopped by a gentle hand on her hip, and she squealed when Kara picked her up from the floor like lifting a doll; Kara giggled, her lips were still stained blue from her ice cream and she grinned at Lena with childish glee, and it made Lena’s heart melt.

“Wait, wait,” Lena said as Kara passed the foyer. “Let me take off my shoes.” She tried to reach for her heels, but Kara didn’t stop, and shook her head.

“No, leave them on,” Kara said, her voice slightly husky, and when Lena looked up at her Kara’s gleeful expression had changed, her eyes dark with desire. The contrast of the deeper voice and the near hunger on Kara’s face with her previous dorkiness and her stain lips had Lena swooning.

“Really?” she asked with a pleased smirk, and Kara’s cheeks flushed even as she nodded confidently. “Alright then,” she whispered against Kara’s skin, pressing her lips to Kara’s jaw. “Take me to bed, darling.”
“Kara?” Lena called out as she padded barefooted out of her bedroom. “Ka-” She cut herself off when she heard a crash coming from the kitchen. She made her way down the stairs quickly and paused just as she turned the corner.

Right over the island that separated the kitchen from the living room, sat bags and more bags of grocery, that upon further inspection had probably been in the large boxes that lay discarded on the floor. Food pilled over the kitchen island like Lena had never seen before and the pantry door was open and with the light on.

Right then, Kara stepped out of the pantry with a bowl full of quail eggs on one hand and a trash bag in the other. The crash Lena heard had probably been Kara dropping the jar. Before noticing Lena, Kara set the trash bag aside and started making her way through the bowl, and then she stopped dead in her tracks, her back straightened like standing attention, like a dear hearing a noise in the woods; Kara swallowed her mouthful in one swift motion and then turned around to find Lena looking at her with raised eyebrows.

“Heeeey, Lena, baby,” Kara greeted exaggeratedly, with an awkward laugh ringing in her voice. “What are you doing here?”

“I woke up and you weren’t in bed,” Lena said a little dryly, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Yeah, yeah.” Kara nodded, trying to force a serious look on her face, but acting wasn’t really her strong suit. “I had a big emergency.”

“Is that so?”

“Yup! Super emergency, you know how it is.”

“And what’s with all the bags?”

“You see,” Kara started, getting up and placing her fists on her hips in the classic superhero pose, “I happened upon a grocery store robbery, and I stopped it, as I do, and the owner was so grateful that he gave me all this as a thank you. I couldn’t say no, now, could I?”

“No, I suppose not.”

Kara nodded satisfied, as if she thought she got away with it.

“And what kind of grocery store, I wonder, is open at 3:30 am? And getting robbed no less?”

Kara’s face fell, and her shoulders drooped. “The kind that is in the Brazilian time zone at 7:30 am…” she mumbled.

“I can’t believe you, you silly alien,” Lena sighed exasperated, yet amused at the same time. “You woke up to pack and get snacks.”

“Hey!” Kara protested, raising a finger. “In my defense, I woke up because of a shooting downtown. I just took a detour on my way back.”

“A detour through South America,” Lena sighed.

“They have good snacks.”
Lena shook her head and clasped her hands together in front of her face. “Darling, you didn’t have to do this in secret.”

Kara pulled a face, pouting harder than normal. “But you told me not to.”

Lena chuckled and took a step forward, but Kara shook her head.

“No, no, don’t come here, there’s glass all over the floor, you’re barefoot, I’ll go to you,” Kara said quickly, and in a blink, she was next to Lena, and Lena wasted no time to lean against her.

Lena slid her hands up Kara’s shoulders and up her neck until her fingers found wet hair. “Did you shower?”

Kara nodded, circling her arms around Lena’s waist to pull her closer. “Gunpowder is not all that good for the hair, as it turns out.”

“Who would have known?” Lena joked.

Kara giggled.

“If packing was something you really needed to do, so strongly that you woke up at 3 am to do it,” Lena started.

“1:45,” Kara corrected, and Lena smiled.

“Than why didn’t you just say something?”

Kara shrugged. “You said it was silly…”

“Aaaww,” Lena half cooed half laughed. “I was messing with you, silly.” She leaned up on her tiptoes to kiss Kara’s lips. “If you told me you really wanted it, I would’ve gladly spent the entire evening folding t-shirts into suitcases.”

“I’m sorry I was silly,” Kara mumbled.

Lena only smiled at her, rubbing her thumb over Kara’s cheek and then brushing a strand of hair away from her face. “I like silly.”

Kara smiled a little shyly. “Yeah?”

Lena nodded, exaggeratedly, and pressed her lips to Kara’s jaw. “A lot.”

Kara’s face split into a grin, a blush creeping up her cheeks. “I just wanted to be perfect.”

“Wanted what to be perfect, darling?” Lena asked with a little frown.

Kara sighed. “Our first trip together,” she confessed. “I mean, I know it’s just to Midvale to spend the weekend with my family, but…”

“Hey!” Lena cut her off, soft but insisted. “No, no, no, darling. I’m sorry I didn’t realize it was important to you. It doesn’t matter where we go, okay, it’ll be perfect no matter what because we’ll be together.”

Kara’s grin was back in place. “You think so?”

“I know so!”
“Even if Alex and Maggie are jerks again?”

Lena laughed. “Well, short of trying to arrest me, there’s nothing they can do that will affect me. I got a pretty thick skin.” She winked at the end for good measure.

Kara leaned her head down and bit Lena’s neck gently.

Lena pulled in a breath, waiting.

Kara looked back at Lena with a ridiculously large grin, proud of the joke she was about to make. “I think it’s pretty soft.”

Lena groaned and dropped her head on Kara’s shoulder, as Kara giggled.

“Did you already pack then?” Lena asked after a while.

“Maaaaybe.”

“Can you clean the kitchen, so we can go to bed? We’ll deal with the rest of it when it’s not nearly 4 am.”

Kara stepped away from Lena and disappeared into thin air, and with a gust of wind, all the bags on the counter were gone.

“Come on, let’s get you to bed, princess,” Kara said as she bent her knees in front of Lena.

In a blink they were back in bed; Kara on her back with Lena laying almost completely on top of her, her head on Kara’s chest, listening to Kara’s steady heartbeat as Kara’s hands ran up and down her arms and back, tracing random patterns with her fingers, content in just feeling the warmth of Lena’s skin against her fingertips.

“Can I tell you a something?” Kara mumbled.

Lena lifted her head from Kara’s chest and looked at the woman. “You know you can tell me anything, darling.”

“Before you showed up today at Catco, I was… I was kind of dreaming about traveling with you,” Kara confessed. “I know it’s silly, but I don’t know, I couldn’t help but think about all the places we could go together, the romantic trips, and the trashy ones… I just want to see the world with you, Lena.”

Lena had to take a moment to compose herself, her face splitting into a smile as her eyes watered. “That’s not silly at all, Kara.” She stretched the rest of the way to kiss Kara. “That is really sweet, darling. Truly.” Lena held Kara’s face with both hands, squeezing her cheeks just a little bit and made sure Kara was looking at her as she gave her girlfriend her best possible smile, and then kissed her again. “I can’t wait to experience that with you. I’m just sorry I potentially ruined the experience of our first trip together for you.”

Kara shook her head a little, as much as she could while Lena still held her face. “You didn’t. I love you, there’s nothing you can ever ruin for me… except maybe anything you add coconut.” She finished with a little teasing smile that made Lena laugh.

“I’m glad.” Lena placed the softest of kisses on Kara’s nose, making the blonde beam up at her before she dropped her eyes, gnawing on her bottom lip and twisting a curl on blonde hair in her fingers. “Though I have to admit, if you’re opening up about this,” she started slowly, “that I am a
little scared of this trip.”

“You are?”

“Yes. I’m just… I’m not good with parents, and I want to make a good impression on your mother, but I’m just really afraid that she’ll hate me, it’s so easy to hate the Luthors.”

“No, Lena, don’t think like that. She’s gonna love you. She already loves you, she asked you to come, actually, she really wants to meet you because I talk so much about you.”

“She did?”

“Yeah!”

“Oh god, that’s even worse,” Lena whined, hiding her face on Kara’s neck.

“Hey, look at me,” Kara asked softly, waiting for Lena to lift her head up to hold her jaw with a gentle hand. “You are amazing, and I love you,” she said still soft but firm. “Everything will be okay.”

Lena could feel her heart beating a little irregularly, speeding up for a few seconds, and she knew Kara could hear it. “Okay,” she whispered.

Kara was slowly pulled from consciousness with the early morning summer sun filling the room, bringing life to the city, making her skin tingle as her body bubbled with energy, her powers simmering inside her.

The heartbeat slamming in her ears as familiar as her own, and she focused on it to filter the sounds of the city away; it was steady and strong and she could tell the owner of it was awake by the rhythm.

Kara smiled, not opening her eyes yet. “How long have you been watching me sleep?” she asked in a soft sleepy voice.

The laugh she got in response continued to that day being her favorite sound in the entire world. “Not long enough for it to be creepy.”

Kara laughed as well, finally opening her eyes; the sight of her beautiful girlfriend watching her with those gorgeous clear green eyes was what greeted her, with her raven curls tangled around her face and splayed around her like a halo of messy curly hair, her cheek still marked from the pillow, and the sleepy smile on her soft, pink lips. It was breathtaking. It was, in Kara’s opinion, the best way to wake up.

“Morning.”

“Good morning,” Lena said back, her smile popping a dimple in the cheek that wasn’t resting on the pillow.

Kara couldn’t help but stare, Lena was too beautiful in the morning. She was always beautiful,
really, but as the first sight of the day, fresh-faced and bed haired with sleep still covering her eyes, it really was a special look. She guessed the way she looked at Lena could be described as heart eyes, as they say, though for her it was just how she always looked at Lena, like she took her breath away and gave it back all at once, but she saw when Lena noticed it; the brunette’s nose crinkling cutely.

“What?” Lena asked amused.

Kara sighed contently, her eyes never leaving Lena’s. “I just love you so much,” she said in a breathy tone that wasn’t quite a whisper but not too loud either.

Lena smiled at that, her cheeks coloring a bit, but Kara could hear her heart fastening almost dangerously, and the way her breath hitched.

“Does it make you uncomfortable when I tell you I love you?” Kara asked carefully.

Lena shook her head lightly, her face softening. “No, darling. Not at all,” she said reaching over to touch Kara’s face, and Kara leaned into the touch, her skin responding to it much like it did to the sun. “Quite the opposite, really. But I feel like I’m letting you down by not saying it back, hurting you,” she confessed. “And that is the last thing I want to do.”

“You’re not hurting me,” Kara said promptly. “You could never hurt me, Lena,” she promised, placing her hand over Lena’s and turning her head enough to kiss Lena’s palm. “I don’t say it because I want something in return, I’m just telling you how I feel. Every day I look at you and I can’t believe I got so lucky to have you in my life, and maybe you’ll do something or say something, or just be you, and it’ll make me go ‘wow, I really love this woman’ and I have to tell you, because it’s something that needs to be let out.”

Lena took a deep breath as she took Kara’s words in. “I’m just not… I don’t think I… I never felt it before,” she said. “I thought I did, for a while, with Erica, I thought that had been it. And with everything that happened with Lex and… I thought I would never feel it again, that it was just not for me.” She smiled at Kara and rubbed her thumb over the freckled skin of Kara’s cheek. “And then I met you, and what I feel for you, Kara… god, it doesn’t even compare. I just wish I could be more like you with this, that I could express my feelings better for you.”

“I don’t need you to say it. I can feel it. I can see it. I can hear it,” she said tapping Lena’s sternum. “I don’t need words to know.”

“Then why do you say it so much?”

“Because you need it,” Kara said softly. “You spent your whole life without hearing it, without feeling it, and I can’t erase all the years of pain and loneliness you’ve been through, but I can make sure you know you’re loved and appreciated, and, honestly, the best person I know.”

Lena’s sharp intake of breath was clear as day, as was the little furrow of her brows she did when she tried to concentrate, her jaw clenched, and she swallowed hard, avoiding looking Kara in the eyes. “I, uhm, I think we should… we should start getting ready,” she stuttered, her voice weak as she got up and headed to the closet.

Kara was on her feet half a second later, her own jaw clenching at the sniffs coming from the closet as Lena walked in, she didn’t need superhearing for that, nor did she need super senses to recognize how her girlfriend was affected by her words.

“Hey,” she said softly, entering the closet; Lena’s back was to her, and she could see her shoulders shaking.
And then Lena turned to her, her green eyes clearer than they'd ever been as tears run down her face fast, her bottom lip trembling and her jaw still tightly clenched, as if she was trying to contain it all, but one look at Kara and it was gone and she threw herself at her, burring her face in Kara’s neck and wrapping her arms tightly around her waist.

Kara didn’t say anything for a while, just hugged Lena back, arms around her shoulders with a hand stroking her back and the other buried on her hair, and kissed the top of her head. Eventually, after a few minutes of Lena shaking and Kara’s pajama shirt soaking up, Kara did a little cooing noise that only made Lena grip tighter into her shirt.

“You okay?” Kara asked and Lena nodded against her neck, the tears still falling, Kara nodded as well, and pressed her cheek against Lena’s head, breathing in. A moment passed in silence before Kara broke it. “I love you,” Kara whispered, and Lena nodded again, almost aggressively, and Kara could tell she was somehow crying harder.

Kara let Lena cry for a few minutes, until Lena pulled away, sniffing and wiping at her eyes.

“I’m going, I’m going to get in the shower,” Lena said between her last soft sobs.

But Kara caught her hand before she could turn around. “Hey,” Kara said softly, stepping in front of Lena again and holding her face with both hands. “You don’t have to hide from me, you know.”

Lena nodded. “I know.”

“Good.” Kara kissed Lena’s forehead, earning a soft little sigh from the brunette, and then followed Lena into the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will have their road trip!

Also I don't really know how American holidays work, so let's just pretend everyone would get a long weekend if the holiday is on Thursday.

(also check me out, finally got the emojis to work (Smiling Face With Sunglasses ))

(and I did go over the rest of the chapters to change the emojis accordingly, so if you want to check it out)

As you know, comments and kudos are how I know you're liking the story, and believe it or not, what motivates me to continue it, so (Winking Face )

If you find any typos or any spelling mistakes or stuff, let me know so I can fix it. And if you want to chat about the story, or about the show, or about life, or the new sick DC content we're getting, or about how amazing Katie and Mel look showing their midriffs at comic con, my tumblr is @myheartisbro-ken (yeah, it's an emo thing, it's from an Evanescence song, we all have our things)

Thank you for reading, lots of love ❤️
In Which They're on Holiday

Chapter Summary

Kara's and Lena's 4th of July weekend on Midvale; They're happy, they're on the beach, Lena finally meets Eliza, all is good.

Chapter Notes

IT'S FINALLY HERE!!!

I'd like to apologize for taking so long, but you know, life happens. This long hiatus should have been after chapter 16 but I got ahead of myself and posted 17 before I should.

I just tried to post this 3 times only for my computer to freeze up and having to do it all over again. I have to say, it didn't make me very happy.

But it's here, it's fluffy, enjoy 😊

P.s. I don't know the first thing about poker and it shows.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Lena, have you seen my sunglasses?” Kara called out from the hallway, loud enough for Lena to hear it in the bedroom.

“Just get another one here,” came Lena’s answer.

“But yours are all so fancy and expensive I'm always afraid to even touch them,” Kara said, walking back in the bedroom.

“Don’t be silly, I have dozens of them, just pick one,” Lena said dismissively.

“Alright,” Kara sighed, stepping inside the closet. “Have you decided where you want to-” Kara’s question was lost in her throat as she saw Lena. “Wow!” she gasped.

Lena turned around to look at her with a big grin on her face.

“You like?”

And Kara could only nod as her eyes raked over Lena’s form. The back was her favorite, but Kara couldn’t say the front wasn’t just as good. Lena was wearing a summer dress! A rather see-through, floral printed dark blue backless wrap dress, with a deep v neck and thin straps crossed over her
shoulder blades holding the front together, the skirt fell just by her knees, her hair loose and wavy the way Kara liked, and Kara couldn’t breathe.

Lena smiled even wider and walked to Kara, placing a hand on Kara’s.

“Well, I’d say that’s a rather encouraging reaction,” she joked. “And you’re not so bad yourself, darling.” She tugged on Kara’s shirt to make her point, hands sliding down Kara’s chest to pop a button open.

Kara was wearing a new shirt, her new favorite shirt, a white short sleeved button up, printed with tropical birds in pastel colors, tucked into high waisted denim shorts; and as much as Kara was obsessed with Lena’s backside, Lena was obsessed with Kara’s arms, and when the sleeve tightened dangerously around Kara’s bicep as Kara lifted a hand to touch the glasses that weren’t on her face, it was Lena’s time to be breathless.

“Maybe just another,” Lena pondered as she popped another button of Kara’s shirt.

Kara batted her hands away.

“Are you trying to get me naked, woman?” she accused as she redid the button.

Lena lifted an eyebrow at her.

“I wouldn’t be opposed, dear,” she said with a wink.

Kara blushed but rolled her eyes fondly at Lena.

“I’m not sure it’d be too appropriate to walk around like that,” she said shrugging, shoving her hands in her back pockets.

“Shame,” Lena sighed. She turned around back to her closet and pulled a drawer, revealing part of her collection of sunglasses. “Here, I think these will do,” she said plucking a pair of roundish square tortoise frames with brown lenses. “They’re not designer, just regular Ray-Bans,” she teased, presenting the glasses to Kara.

“Oh! I like those,” Kara exclaimed as she accepted the glasses and placed them on top of her head, looking expectantly at Lena.

“Gorgeous,” Lena told her, making Kara beam at her. She grabbed a pair of aviators and placed them on her face before posing exaggeratedly for Kara.

Kara giggled. “Stunning.”

Lena sighed dramatically as if saying she was relieved Kara liked her glasses and closed the drawer again.

“Are we ready to go?”

“Did you put on sunscreen?”

Lena rolled her eyes at that.

“Yes, mother, I have.”

Kara crinkled her nose at Lena.
“Don’t call me that, it’s weird.” She took a step towards Lena and placed both hands on Lena’s shoulders. “And I’m just looking out for your beautiful skin,” she said softly, and leaned down to kiss Lena’s shoulder, gently making her way up her neck; Lena moved her head to give Kara better access. “The car is loaded, snacks are ready, even the healthy ones you insisted on, phones are at full battery, playlists are updated, you look amazing,” Kara listed with each kiss, “I think we are ready to go.”

“Good,” Lena breathed out. “Do you think we could spare a few minutes?”

Kara grinned against Lena’s neck but leaned back to look at Lena properly.

“What for?” she asked innocently.

Lena smirked, looping her arms around Kara’s neck.

“You want me to show you?”

“By all means,” Kara said, her hands sliding down to fit on Lena’s waist. “You always have such good ideas.”

“I do, don’t I?” Lena said suggestively. “Let’s see,” she started, allowing her eyes to rank over Kara’s body shamelessly. “Well, my point still stands that you definitely did too many buttons.”

Kara looked down at Lena slowly undid her buttons, acting as if each one took a lot of thought to decide.

“Are you just trying to rate my outfit? Or is this your way of saying I need fashion advice?”

Lena trapped her lower lip between her pearly white teeth, looking Kara down all smirks and hooded eyes. “My fashion advice for you is that you need fewer clothes.”

“So this is you trying to get me naked.”

“You say as if it’s a bad thing,” Lena teased, still working Kara’s buttons.

Kara gulped. “No, not bad at all,” she managed to say, even though her tongue felt too heavy for words.

As Lena undid the last button, she stepped closer to Kara, getting on her tiptoes to reach her lips to Kara’s ear.

“As if you hadn’t been undressing me in your head since you’ve seen this dress,” she whispered hotly, taking advantage of her position to slide her hands up Kara’s torso.

It was all too much for Kara, all her senses were on edge, everything that was Lena surrounded her, scorching her skin and melting her bones, and she needed to get her composure back; that dress, Lena’s proximity, her smell, her husky voice and hot breath ghosting over the skin of her neck, and now her slightly cold hands on her stomach, going up to her ribs, and further, until they stopped at her chest and Lena gasped.

“You’re not wearing a bra,” Lena stated dazed.

That was the upper hand Kara needed. Lena stuttered, and Kara took advantage of that, surging forward, and before Lena could register she was being pinned against some shelf of her closet, her legs around Kara’s waist, Kara’s strong hands on her thighs, holding her, sliding upwards, sneaking
under the skirt of her dress, and all Lena could do was grip Kara’s forearms to try and ground herself.

“I think we might be late for lunch,” Lena gasped, her throat dry as Kara attacked it.

“We should focus on breakfast first,” Kara told her wickedly, with a tiny thrust of her hips, pining Lena further against the shelf as she nipped at Lena’s neck.

“Yes,” Lena hissed.

She slid her hands over Kara’s shoulders and down her back, taking the shirt as she went, and Kara let go of her legs for a second to let the shirt drop. Lena whimpered when Kara grabbed her thighs again, firmly, and pulled her closer; she dug her nails into Kara’s soft steely skin.

“Fuck, Kara,” she gasped.

“I would hate to wrinkle up your dress,” Kara said as if answering Lena’s gasp as a serious request.

“Screw the dress,” Lena all but begged.

“But it’s such a pretty dress, we can’t let it get ruined,” Kara insisted.

Kara ran her hands up Lena’s sides, caressing her skin as she traveled the length of the dress until she reached the pale shoulders; she carefully slid Lena’s dress straps down Lena’s shoulder, putting Lena down for a moment for the dress to fall softly to the ground.

“Now can we get over it already?”

Kara only grinned at her impatient girlfriend.

-------

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Kara exclaimed as Lena was starting the SUV. “Winn and Alex are not gonna be able to leave today because they are both dummies who forgot to put in a request for the day off and now they have to work.”

“Hm, okay,” Lena shrugged, “It’s just the two of us, then,” she said, grinning at Kara.

Kara narrowed her eyes at Lena.

“We’re not having sex in the car,” she said adamantly.

And Lena only looked at her mischievously.

---

“Okay, we’re not having sex in the car, again.”

Lena smirked at her, smoothing her dress down.

“That’s what you said fifteen minutes ago, darling.” She looked way too pleased with herself. “For the third time,” she added.

Kara huffed and settled against her seat, crossing her arms.
“This time I mean it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Lena,” Kara said almost irritated, “we need to leave at some point, Eliza is waiting for us and I really want to show you around Midvale.”

“Okay, I’m sorry, darling, no more seducing,” Lena promised. “But in my defense, you’re the one who decided to wear that shirt, and not wear a bra underneath.”

“You’re the one who came down not wearing any underwear,” Kara argued.

“Yes, because you ripped them off in the elevator ride down.”

“Well, you looked me down and you bit your lip, what was I supposed to do?”

Lena grinned.

“Exactly what you did, darling.”

“Okay, come on, we have to get there before dinner, at least,” Kara said impatiently.

Lena chuckled as she started the car.

“As you wish.” But then she turned it off.

Kara frowned.

“What is it?”

“If we’re going alone,” Lena started, “We could go with the Aston Martin instead.”

“Which one is the Aston Martin?”

Lena bent over Kara to point out of the passage window. “The black one over there. It’s faster.”

“It’s gorgeous!”

Lena smirked. “You want a ride?”

“Is it too small?” Kara asked, trying not to sound too anxious.

Lena’s smile faded.

“Never mind.”

“What? No! I totally want to ride in that car,” Kara tried quickly.

But Lena shook her head and cupped Kara’s cheek, with a sweet smile.

“It’s too small, darling, I know you don’t like tight spaces, you freak out in your building’s elevator. I won’t have you stuck in that tight car for so long. Your comfort is my priority.”

Kara blushed gently and smiled at Lena.

“Have I told you I love you?”
Lena blushed as well but tried to play it cool.

“Once or twice.”

They had barely left the garage, and Kara was already kicking her shoes off and pulling her colorful socks up on the large leather seat.

“You know, that’s not very safe,” Lena told her with a slightly stern voice.

“I’m made of steel, remember?”

Lena glared at Kara for a second before turning her attention back to the road.

“Could you please put them down?” she asked calmly. “It freaks me out.”

Kara signed dramatically but crisscrossed her legs.

“Better?”

“About 45 percent.”

Kara giggled. She felt Lena’s cold hand rest on her thigh and looked over to see Lena grinning.

“Now it’s up to a hundred.”

Kara’s face broke into a giggle and she lunged forward to kiss Lena’s cheek, making the car sway a little.

“Kara!” Lena screeched as she straightened the car on the road. “Not all of us are made of steel.”

Kara winced as her cheeks flushed. “Sorry.”

But Lena didn’t give Kara enough time to really feel bad about it, her right hand was already finding its place back on Kara’s leg, her pinky brushing the hem of Kara’s shorts, and the bright smile Kara gave her erased the memory of the little stress from Lena’s mind.

“You wanna listen to music?” Kara asked, already connecting her phone to the car and selecting one of the playlists she made for the trip, filled with cheesy pop songs.

Lena looked at her amused.

“What if I didn’t want to play music?”

Kara shrugged. “Then I’d just fly to Midvale by myself.”

Lena laughed loudly.

“So dramatic.”

“What can I say? Kara literally translates to ‘drama queen’ in Kryptaniuo,” Kara joked.

“You think you’re so funny, don’t you?”

Kara grinned.
“I know I’m funny. I make you laugh all the time, and really that’s all I care in the world… that and
the political climate, but only one of those brings me joy.”

“You’re such a dork,” Lena laughed.

“Yeah, but you’re dating me anyways,” Kara said back with a shrug.

Lena grinned.

“I like dorks… well, just the one, really.”

“Good. Cuz I don’t like to share.”

“So selfish,” Lena teased.

“Very much,” Kara agreed.

They smiled at each other for a second before Lena turned back to the road.

It took about three songs for Kara to speak again.

“You know, I don’t understand how a self-proclaimed loner with supposedly no friends would have
a minivan.”

Lena hit the breaks hard.

“If you say that again I’m kicking you out of my car.”

“What? It fits like 12 people here.”

“It’s a Lexus!”

“It’s ginormous.”

“Yes, because it’s an SUV.”

“Why do you even own this car?”

“If I say I bought it for the trip, will you freak out?”

“You did WHAT?”

Lena shrugged.

“I told you, Kara, your comfort is my priority. I wanted us to be comfortable on the trip, didn’t think
the sedan would do it.”

“So you bought a luxury car.”

“First of all, all my cars are luxury,” Lena told her. “Plus it’s a Lexus LX, I thought it’d be funny.”

“Ugh, I’m in love with a doofus billionaire,” Kara said exasperatedly.

“Hey!” Lena protested, but her words had no real strength when she couldn’t fight the grin off her
face. “Winn will appreciate the joke,” she added with a shrug.

“Right, of course. Winn. Cuz he’s your new best friend now.”
Lena let out a chuckle.

“Is it jealousy I hear, Ms. Danvers?” she asked teasingly.

Kara scoffed. “Pfff. No!” she said vehemently. “Why would I be jealous at all? I love that you two are friends! Two of my favorite people.”

“Kara?” Lena asked gently. “Are you feeling left out because we have inside jokes without you?”

Kara blushed and pouted slightly. “Maybe.”

Lena laughed. “You’re adorable, you know that?”

“Yeah,” Kara answered in a defeated sigh that made Lena laugh a bit harder. “I also don’t love that you shared some personal things with him.”

Lena frowned. “In general, or specific?”

“Specific.”

“What kind of stuff?”

Kara’s pout got deeper, grumpier.

“About our sex life.”

“What? Kara, when?” Lena asked confused.

“The other week. You told him we were having sex when he texted me,” Kara explained.

Lena wanted to laugh, but she thought Kara wouldn’t appreciate that, instead, she placed a hand on Kara’s knee and rubbed it.

“Kara, I was joking, he knows that it’s a thing we do. Besides, I was just trying to get rid of him, so he wouldn’t interrupt our weekend to play video games.”

“But we actually were having sex,” Kara argued.

“Yeah, but he doesn’t know that,” Lena insisted. “It was just a little joke, which I’m sure he didn’t take seriously. But if it made you uncomfortable, I’m sorry and I promise not to do it again.”

“Okay, thank you,” Kara said, less pouty now.

“If it makes you feel better,” Lena told her, and she stole a look away from the road and towards Kara, “I mock him over his lack of someone he can get naked with like 90% of the time we talk.”

Kara laughed then.

“Just a little bit,” she admitted.

A couple of songs later Lena asked Kara to grab her a bottle of water.

“Where is it?”

“There’s a cool box in the console,” Lena said offhandedly.

Kara lifted the padded leathered console to reveal a cool box integrated into the console, with six
water bottles inside.

“This is just so pretentious,” Kara complained as she twisted one bottle opened and handed it to Lena.

Lena simply shrugged as she drank.

“Do you want warm water?” she asked handing the bottle back.

“I HAVE FREEZE BREATH,” Kara argued.

Lena laughed.

“What was I supposed to say to the dealer? ‘I don’t need a cool box, my girlfriend has freeze breath, yup, I’m dating Supergirl’.”

Kara glared at Lena when the brunette grinned smugly.

“Don’t think you won this argument. This is still the most pretentious car I’ve ever seen. I mean, look at this,” Kara said, gesturing to the wireless phone charger on the panel.

“I mean, if I’m already paying for the car, what difference does it make to add a few accessories? These are practically pocket change compared to the full price of the car.”

Kara simply huffed and crossed her arms.

Lena glanced at Kara and smiled.

“You’re really cute when you pout,” she said, placing her hand back on Kara’s leg.

From the corner of her eye, she could see Kara struggling to keep her pout in place and not start to smile, but it was a losing battle.

It didn’t take long for Kara to get tired of the playlist she chose and start another, and to start singing along. It was cute at first, and Kara’s voice was amazing, Lena loved when she sang, but there was only so much one could take.

“Kara,” Lena said softly, without taking her eyes off the road, “your voice is really beautiful,” she paused, just for Kara to take it as a compliment and smile before continuing, “but if you sing one more Carole King song, I will actually strangle you.” It was currently the seventh Carole King song in a roll.

Kara gasped affronted.

“And how would you manage that?” Kara asked childishly.

Lena shrugged, sending just a glance at Kara.

“Lex had a Kryptonite ring,” she told her. “I could put it on and then strangle you as you’re weakened.”

“Wow,” Kara said, nodding as she took it in. “You’ve put some thought into how you’re gonna kill me…”

Lena grinned and looked fully at Kara for a second.
“What can I say? I’m a Luthor. I’m secretly evil. I’m only dating you so I can get close to Superman and get revenge for my family,” she said evenly, with the most serious voice that even gave Kara chills.

All Kara could do was stare blankly at the woman, the voice had shaken her too much.

Until Lena’s face broke into Kara’s favorite scrunchy grin and she let out a laugh.

Kara blushed but followed Lena in her laughter.

“You scared me for a second there,” she confessed.

“You wound me,” Lena said exaggeratedly. “Don’t you trust me?”

Kara didn’t have time to answer that, of course, she trusted Lena with her life, because Lena was already talking again.

“I mean, if I wanted to hurt you, wouldn’t I have done it already? Like the other week when you had your powers blown?”

Kara shrugged.

“Maybe you’re playing the long game. Like Han… ooooof the southern islands…”

“He took two days,” Lena argued.

“Yeeaaah, but like, it was only at the end of the movie and no one suspected him so…”

Lena rolled her eyes.

“Just please stop listening to middle-aged moms’ music.”

“You’re so mean to me.”

“But you love it,” Lena teased, throwing a wink at Kara.

Kara shrugged. “I love you, so,” she said matter-of-factly.

Lena melted, a bashful scrunchy smile creeping up on her until she was full on grinning.

Kara couldn’t resist it.

“I’m gonna have to kiss you now,” she warned before leaning over and pressing a kiss to Lena’s cheek.

---

It was a 5-hour drive from National City to Midvale, and by the second hour, Lena was already in need of a break to stretch her legs. She pulled over on the side of the road and they sat on the edge of the very large trunk with snacks.

“I could drive,” Kara offered, “I won’t get tired.”

“Oh no, you’re not driving my car,” Lena said, shaking her head.

Kara frowned.
“Why not?”

Lena raised an eyebrow at her.

“Do you really need to ask?”

“You let me drive your other car,” Kara pointed out.

“I was drunk at the time.”

“So?”

“This was a hundred thousand dollars.”

Kara actually and genuinely spat out her drink.

“What?”

“It’s much cheaper than the Aston Martin, really,” Lena said with a shrug.

“I don’t even wanna ask.”

“But so far it’s a great car for a road trip,” she defended. “There’s lots of space and it’s very comfortable, you’d be so anxious by now in the Aston Martin because you wouldn’t have enough space to move, and we both know you can’t sit too still for long periods of time.”

“This is absolutely the most pretentious thing you’ve ever done.”

“I’m so glad you didn’t know me in my college years.”

“Worse than this?”

“Like I can’t even begin to describe.”

“You’re lucky you’re cute.”

Lena smiled and pulled Kara in for a kiss.

“I’m lucky you’re cute,” she said against Kara’s lips.

---

“Lena,” Kara said softly, catching Lena’s attention with a hand on her leg.

“Hm?” Lena hummed, without looking away from the road.

Kara rubbed a gentle circle on Lena’s leg, her hand warm through the delicate fabric of Lena’s dress.

“I need you to relax a little bit.”

“I am relaxed,” Lena said back, but Kara could hear the slight hilt to her voice and the spike in her heartbeat.

“Your heart is going so fast it’s freaking me out,” Kara told her, remind Lena that she could hear her heartbeat. “And not to make this about me, but being stuck in a car for so long isn’t a great
experience for me already, and this is kinda making it worse.”

Lena took a deep breath, gripping the steering wheel tightly, she closed her eyes for a second and nodded.

“I’m sorry.”

“Hey, no. You don’t need to be sorry,” Kara assured her, squeezing her leg a little bit, and Lena actually relaxed a little bit at the pressure. “And you don’t need to be nervous, okay? Eliza is great.”

Lena nodded and tried concentrating on her breathing to get her heartbeat to a normal rate. Once she was calmer, she took Kara’s hand from her leg and brought it to her lips, kissing the blonde’s knuckles before placing the hand back on her leg.

“You know, it’s kinda cute that you’re nervous about meeting Eliza.”

“She’s your mother, Kara. I’m not good with mothers,” Lena insisted.

“You’re all worried that she’s not gonna like you, like that could happen,” Kara laughed. “And even if it did, it’s not like I’m going to break up with you because Eliza didn’t like you.”

Lena glared at her, but Kara could tell from the softness in her face, that she wasn’t really mad.

“Are you making fun of my insecurities?”

“Maybe a little bit?” Kara joked. “I’m just saying they are unnecessary, cuz there’s nothing to worry about.”

“You do know how insecurities work, right?”

Kara could only laugh.

-------

Kara may have teased Lena for being nervous before, but when she saw the house as they turned the corner, she reached for Lena’s hand, squeezing it lightly to get her attention.

“Can you pull over here for a moment?” she asked softly, and Lena frowned but did so.

“What is it?” Lena asked turning the face Kara fully.

“It’s right there,” Kara said, pointing in the general direction of the house, “over the ledge.”

“Oh?” Lena all but gasped, eyeing the house suspiciously. “But why stop?”

Kara smiled gently and took both of Lena’s hands, bringing each one to her lips for a kiss.

“I just wanted you to have a moment to prepare yourself,” Kara told her. “And assure you that everything is going to be fine. You know, the last person you should fear is Eliza, she loves everyone, and she has a knack for adopting people; within only a few hours of knowing him, she decided she was going to be Winn’s new mother and ‘give him the proper Jewish upbringing’ that he didn’t get when he went into foster care,” Kara said with a laugh. “You’ve faced the worst already with Alex.”
“Well, hopefully, your mother won’t see me naked,” Lena tried to joke, but it came off a little stiff, awkward, being accentuated by the fast and loud slamming of her heartbeat that filled Kara’s ears.

“It’ll be okay,” Kara repeated firmly, her face still gentle. “I promise you. I’ll hold your hand the entire time if you want.”

Lena laughed then, it was no more than an exhale of air, but Kara could see the tension easing up from the woman.

“What have I done to deserve you, Kara Danvers?”

“Oh, you didn’t do anything, actually, it’s all genetics,” Kara said with feigned seriousness. “To be completely honest I’m only with you for your body. Though your money doesn’t hurt.”

Lena snorted then.

“I should have known.”

Kara grinned. “Really, I mean, have you seen you?”

Lena laughed again, a healthy blush blooming on her cheeks.

“I do own a mirror,” she said cheekily.

Kara chuckled.

“There she is.”

They smiled at each other until Kara leaned over, grabbing Lena’s face with both hands and pulling her for a kiss.

“Now stop being silly, there’s only room for one silly in this relationship and it is clearly me.”

Lena laughed and leaned in for another kiss. She pressed her forehead to Kara’s and took a deep breath.

“Oh, okay,” she whispered, looking at Kara’s beautiful blue eyes, “no more silliness.”

“Good.”

Kara kissed Lena’s cheek and settled back in her seat.

“Let’s go meet your mother, then.”

Eliza had a sweet motherly smile when she opened the door as Lena parked on the driveway, and Kara squealed and all but propelled herself out of the car and towards the older woman’s arm.

Lena watched from the car as the two hugged tightly, the love the two had for each other was very clear. That kind of hug, or any kind of hug, really, was something Lena never really had before Kara, and she smiled as she saw it, it made her feel warm; she liked knowing Kara had so much affection in her life, Kara more than anyone deserved that.

Kara broke the hug, and suddenly both blondes were looking over at Lena and she felt awkward for a second, but then Kara was walking towards her with that bright smile of hers, and Lena forgot
what she had been thinking before. Her feelings for Kara were so strong and so new to her, foreign emotions that she never thought she’d get to experience, and it overwhelmed her sometimes, how much Kara made her feel, sometimes even with just a simple smile like that. Lena felt herself choking up, and she had to take a deep breath before letting herself look at the grinning face of Kara on the window, tapping lightly on the glass to get her to open.

“Eliza told me to let you know that she doesn’t bite,” Kara said cheekily.

“Funny,” Lena said with an eye-roll.

“Come on,” Kara insisted. “It’ll be fine. I promise.”

Lena stared into those honest bright blue eyes for a second before opening the door to exit the car. Once she was upright in front of Kara, the blonde grabbed her hand, entwining their fingers, and brought it to her lips to press a kiss to the knuckles.

“You trust me, right?”

Lena didn’t even need to think about it before nodding.

“Oh, she knows you know about me and my ‘side job,’” Kara added as she opened the car door for Lena.

Lena followed Kara towards the front porch, to the blonde woman with the motherly smile and kind blue eyes; it was hard to believe that she was only Alex’s biological mother instead of Kara’s, the two looked so much alike.

“Lena, dear,” Eliza said once they reached her. “It’s so nice to finally meet you,” she told her, already opening her arms for a hug.

Lena hesitated for a second, but Kara gave her an encouraging nod and she stepped reluctantly into Eliza’s arms. She was immediately engulfed by such a warm, comforting embrace, that she saw herself hugging back before she even registered it. The foreign sensation made her almost want to cry, this strange woman that she was only meeting for the first time was already showing her more affection that her own mother ever did.

“Kara speaks so much about you,” Eliza continued. “I’m glad you came, dear.”

Lena stepped away awkwardly, not really sure what to do with herself after such a comforting hug.

“Yes. It’s nice to meet you as well. Thank you for welcoming me into your home, Dr. Danvers.”

“Oh, none of those formalities here,” Eliza said dismissively. “Call me Eliza.”

“I’m sorry, Eliza,” Lena corrected herself.

“Don’t worry, dear. Come, you girls must be hungry after that long drive.”

Lena smiled. “Kara definitely is,” she joked.

“I’m letting that go only because I’m starving,” Kara said glaring at Lena. “I’m gonna get our bags, be right back.”

Within seconds, Kara was standing next to Lena, holding all their bags in both hands. And as soon as Eliza opened the door for them Kara was off to drop their bags.
“No powers in the house,” Eliza called out after her, and they heard Kara grumbled and land heavily on the stairs, stomping the rest of the way up. She turned to Lena with a smile. “She always liked to take the easy way out,” she joked.

“She can be so lazy sometimes. Which is funny, because she’s the most determined and hardworking person I know.”

It was impossible to deny the pride in Eliza’s face as she smiled back at Lena.

“She’s a very special girl, that one.”

“Yeah,” Lena agreed with a happy sigh.

“So there’s lunch,” Eliza started, but before she could say anything else, Kara all but materialized right next to her.

“Lunch?” she asked eagerly, making both women laugh.

“Yes, Kara, food,” Eliza told her teasingly. “Just a snack, really, since I didn’t have time to cook anything yesterday.”

Kara frowned at that, it wasn’t like Eliza to forget to cook before Shabbat, but Eliza assured she had just lost track of time during a visit to a friend’s house.

They had a comfortable enough lunch, with Eliza trying to get to know Lena a little better and Lena politely answering all her questions while being more nervous than she could remember being. Kara helped a lot, she talked more than Lena and Eliza together, mostly gushing about Lena to Eliza or Midvale to Lena; one of the things Kara said, and more than once, was how much she wanted to show Lena the beach.

Which was what Eliza told her to do once they finished lunch.

“You girls should go take a walk, see the beach, enjoy the town before everyone else arrives,” she suggested, and Lena didn’t know if she meant the town people or the ones spending the weekend with them, but she liked the idea, either way; getting to know the place where Kara grew up without having to share Kara with anyone else for a while could be good.

“That sounds nice,” Lena said, looking at Kara for confirmation, knowing Kara could probably tell she liked the idea more than she was letting on.

“Yeah, sure,” Kara agreed. “You should probably change, though.”

“Why?”

“Well, the dress isn’t really beach-friendly.”

“It’s literally a beach dress.”

“Hmmmm. More like a pool party at the Hamptons.”

Lena glared at Kara jokingly.

“Fine. I’ll be right back.”

Lena brushed her hand on Kara’s arm as she got up.
“It’s the second room to the left, the door is open.”

Lena nodded and walked away.

Eliza got up as well and started taking the dishes off the table.

“Here, let me help you,” Kara said as she grabbed her and Lena’s plate.

Kara helped Eliza bring everything to the kitchen, but when she moved towards the sink to wash the dishes, Eliza slapped her arm away gently.

“Oh, yeah, sorry,” Kara said with a little wince.

“I got it all covered here, sweetie,” she told Kara. “You can go get ready.”

“I am ready.”

Eliza stared at her unwavering until Kara caved.

“Fine,” she huffed. “But I’m not putting sunscreen, I don’t care if I get a sunburn.”

She heard Eliza trying to stifle her laughter as she walked away.

When she reached the stairs, Kara glanced over her shoulder to make sure Eliza wasn’t looking and used her superspeed to climb the stairs and reach her childhood bedroom.

She leaned against the doorframe as she watched Lena, who had her back to her and was pulling down a white blouse.

“That looks good on you,” Kara whispered.

Lena turned around with a smile.

“Actually, anything looks good on you.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere, darling.”

Kara giggled.

“Did you put more sunscreen on?”

Lena nodded and Kara approached, placing her hands on Lena’s waist.

“Good,” she said and kissed Lena’s cheek. “Because I’d hate for you to get a sunburn.”

Kara leaned down and placed another kiss to Lena’s shoulder.

“I know you’re still a bit nervous, I can hear your heart,” Kara told Lena. “But there’s nothing to worry about, Eliza adored you.”

“You think?”

Kara smiled and nodded. “Just like I told you she would.”

Kara leaned down again, for a proper kiss this time, but before their lips could touch, Lena’s phone rang loudly in her sensitive ears, making her wince.
“Sorry, sorry,” Lena apologized. “I just need to—” she paused when she saw Kara’s face. “What is it?”

“I just, I thought you’d take a little break, enjoy the weekend a little,” Kara said with a shrug.

Lena frowned as she turned her phone off. “I’m sorry. I can’t disconnect the entire weekend.”

Kara sighed. “I’m sorry, I’m being silly.”

Lena smiled softly at her.

“I like silly,” she said, coaxing a smile from Kara. “How about I just leave the phone here while we go to the beach?

“Really?” Kara asked surprised.

“Really!”

Lena dropped her phone on Kara’s old dresser, then turned around and pulled Kara in for a kiss.

“Come on, show me the beach,” she told Kara when the kiss ended.

Kara nodded, with a big smile on her face. She went to her bag to grab a sweatshirt and then took Lena’s hand and pulled her out of the room.

But when they reached the end of the stairs Kara told Lena to wait for her outside.

“I’ll be right out, just gotta check on Eliza,” she said.

Lena nodded and stepped out of the house.

Eliza was curled up on the sofa with a book when Kara entered.

“Are you sure you don’t need anything?” Kara insisted as she tied the sweatshirt around her shoulders.

“Yes, dear,” Eliza replied. “I told you already. Now go show your girl around before I do find something for you to do.”

Kara smiled and nodded.

“Okay, fine, I’m going.”

She pressed a kiss to Eliza’s cheek before stepping away from her.

“And do make sure to come back before the mosquitoes start biting, her skin is too light, they like that.”

“I know, I know,” Kara called as she made her way out of the house.

Lena was waiting for her on the deck.

“Hey,” she said softly as she approached Lena, grabbing her hand. “You ready to go?”

“Yeah. Though I will admit I’m a little scared to go out without my phone.”

Kara grinned. “Don’t you trust your employees to know how to do their job without you?”
“Honestly? No.”

That made Kara giggle.

“Come on. The company will survive.”

With a little tug, she pulled Lena with her to the wooden stairs on one side of the deck. Hand in hand, they made their way to where Kara deemed to be her favorite beach in the entire country.

“You don’t have a problem with sand, do you?”

Lena let out a loud laugh.

“Kara, darling, don’t you think this was a question that should be made before we reached the shore?”

Kara squealed a little.

“Probably…” she said covering her face embarrassed.

“I don’t mind the sand, Kara,” Lena laughed, she kicked her sandals off and bent down to grab them, Kara did the same with her shoes.

“Oh, thank Rao. I almost got worried for a second there.”

Lena grinned.

“Come on, you dork.”

She tugged Kara by the hand towards the sand.

As soon as Kara’s feet touched the sand she sighed, paused for a second, wiggling her toes a bit, a big smile on her face. Lena waited for Kara to enjoy the moment, watching her carefully as if trying to commit to memory.

“We didn’t have sand much in Krypton,” Kara said finally, opening her eyes to check for Lena’s reaction. “I mean, sure there was sand, sand is a thing for most of the planets, I guess, and we did have rocks and all, but our sand was actually turned from crystals, it’s what we had the most of. But by the time I was born, most of the sand had been covered by rock and metal,” Kara explained. “I really like how it feels under my feet.”

Lena could only smile at Kara, not knowing what to say.

Kara frowned.

“Did I freak you out with the comment or something?” she asked worriedly.

“No, no,” Lena was quick to assure. “I really like when you share about your birth planet. It’s just… crystal sand, huh? How does that look?”

Kara’s frown was gone.

“That depends on where. Some places it was blue, or red or green. I remember near my house we had a park with purple sand, like not even lilac, just full-on grape colored.”

“Wow,” Lena gasped. “Sounds beautiful. I wish I could have seen it,” she said carefully, in a low
voice.

Kara gave her a tiny smile, almost sad, but not quite, and nodded as she squeezed Lena’s hand.

“I wish you could have.”

Lena leaned in and pressed a kiss on Kara’s jaw, and this time Kara’s smile shone.

“There’s this nice ice cream stand a few minutes to that side,” Kara said pointing to her right. “We could go there.”

“You’re the guide,” she joked. “Lead the way.”

Not much longer they were settling down on the sand to watch the ocean, ice cream cups in hand. Lena assured Kara she didn’t mind sitting on the ground.

“I’m not that spoiled, you know,” Lena laughed, throwing her legs over Kara’s.

“No, I know, I know. It’s just,” she shrugged, “we’ve never been to the beach together, I don’t know.”

“Well, so far so good.” Lena smiled up at Kara and Kara smiled back.

Lena found it all so relaxing, Kara’s posture was entirely different there, and Lena finally understood why the expression ‘like coming home’ existed; the sea was so calm, the people passing by without a care in the world, just enjoying the beach and the sun, no one gave a crap about who she was. She loved it.

It took Lena a few spoonfuls of ice cream to realize Kara was watching her intently.

“What?” she asked with her spoon still in her mouth.

“Do you like it?” Kara asked with a hopeful expression in her face.

Lena laughed, of course, Kara would be concerned with her thoughts on the ice cream.

“It’s good ice cream,” she told Kara, and the blonde seemed to be satisfied by the answer, nodding her agreement.

“This was my first ice cream ever,” Kara explained. “Still tastes the same.”

“First ever? Really?”

Kara nodded, and shoved a large scoop in her mouth, swallowing it all before she started talking.

“It was maybe my second month with the Danvers, Eliza insisted that we should all go out together as a family, so I could get used to it all, you know, new family, new planet… I was still a bit in shock, and not full of sunshine,” Kara paused and crinkled her nose at her memories. “I wasn’t even fluent in English yet, I kept asking Alex the name of things and it made her a little annoyed, though admittedly I couldn’t understand why so many different animals were all called ‘dog’; they introduced me to huskies and pugs too close together and I couldn’t quite absorb that. Well, we were out on the beach, and Alex was being a broody teenager because she couldn’t surf that day, so Jeremiah suggested ice cream.” Kara shrugged and took another scoop. “It was love at first bite.” She looked at Lena with a large grin over her own joke, which only got bigger when Lena laughed at it.
“And it’s still going strong after all these years,” Lena teased.

“I insisted on coming back here every day for the next week, to try every flavor, and I made a point of ordering myself to practice my English.”

“Did it take you too long to learn it?” Lena asked softly.

Kara frowned a little, biting her lip as she thought.

“And it’s still going strong after all these years,” Lena teased.

“I insisted on coming back here every day for the next week, to try every flavor, and I made a point of ordering myself to practice my English.”

“Did it take you too long to learn it?” Lena asked softly.

Kara frowned a little, biting her lip as she thought.

“About three weeks or so. But I was completely mute for the entire first month, I was just too scared of every noise I could hear, everything is just so loud all the time and it took a while to get used to it, and the way here wasn’t exactly the most fun of trips.”

Lena didn’t know what to say to that, so she said nothing. She pressed a kiss to Kara’s shoulder that made the blonde smile, and they fell into a comfortable silence for a while as they finished their ice creams. Eventually, Kara got displeased with their distance and shifted to settle herself behind Lena, legs on each side of her; she wrapped her arms around Lena and encouraged her to rest her weight back against her chest.

“You know,” Kara started casually, her eyes glued to a pregnant woman walking by the water, “when I arrived, I was just so weirded out by how many pregnant women I would see all around,” she said with a laugh in her voice, and Lena set her entire focus on Kara’s face, looking up at her over her shoulder. “It wasn’t really a thing back on Krypton.”

“What you mean it wasn’t a thing?”

Kara shrugged.

“I mean, couples mostly used the birthing matrix when they wanted a baby, it was so rare to have a woman be pregnant,” she explained. “I think aunt Lara, Kal-El’s mother, was the first pregnant woman I’ve ever seen, and I was like twelve.”

Lena hummed as she took it in.

“You mentioned that before. I wonder how it affected people’s views on sexuality,” she pondered.

“What do you mean?” Kara asked with a frown.

Lena inched forward and a bit away from Kara, almost as if she needed the space to get her thoughts straight.

“Well, if you don’t really need sex for reproduction to this degree, unlike here where we are only starting to develop this branch of science but it’s still so expensive, were the views on sex very much different from here, you know?”

Kara’s frown deepened a little.

“I don’t really know…” she said slowly. “I guess I was too young when I left to have an actual understanding of it like I do here and now as an adult. But I always felt a bit different to how everyone else my age displayed, you know, when it was the age for it. I never really got all the rave for it, never really cared about it all that much.” She paused then, bit her lip and looked down at where she was burying her feet in the sand inch by inch with her toes. “Until you,” she confessed, barely above a whisper.

Lena’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. She wasn’t expecting that, nor was she expecting the raw
honesty in Kara’s voice in those two simple words.

“Really?” the word was out of her mouth before she could stop it.

Kara blushed and tried to shrug it off at first, but then she took a deep breath and nodded.

“Yeah, I… I’ve done it before out of curiosity, to see what it was all about, or because it’s what I thought someone else wanted, you know… But I never really got it, never really felt… desire, the way people talk about and write about and everything.” She looked at Lena then, right into her eyes, her cheeks still red, but there was no hesitation or shyness in her face. “Not until I met you.”

Lena truly didn’t know what to say to that, and so she let Kara talk.

“What I do know,” she said, “is that it wasn't something done casually, back on Krypton, that is. It was supposed to be special, with the person you love. It wasn’t considered a sin or anything, the only sins on Krypton were relating to violence and oppressing others. But any type of physical affection was beyond special, because love was precious. And sexual love, it was rare, not everyone experienced it, even between married couples it wasn’t very common; which made it even more important. And that’s how I saw it,” Kara continued, and her eyes drifted off back to the sea. “For a long time, I felt guilty about it, you know, letting my curiosity get the best of me, or not being able to stick to what I believed because I didn’t want to disappoint people.” She let a moment pass, thinking of what she was going to say. “When we started dating, a part of me wished I had waited.”

“You don’t anymore?”

Kara shook her head no and looked back to Lena, who had shifted even more to face her better, legs folded under herself.

“I don't care... About anything I did before you,” Kara told her. “It doesn't matter. None of it. When we did it, as cheesy as it's going to sound, for me it felt like the first time. It was the first time I felt what I should feel, the first time I wanted it because of me and not because it was what I thought someone else wanted.” She took a deep breath and looked serious at Lena. “The first time with someone I love.”

“You should have told me, Kara,” Lena all but gasped. “I didn't know it was that important to you. I mean, I knew it was important, but not like that.”

Kara shook her head dismissively.

“No, it's... I'm glad it wasn't made a big deal, I mean, more than it already was. And you were perfect. You made me feel comfortable, you made me feel safe to talk to you about it, you made sure I didn't feel pressured to do anything before I felt ready, you were so understanding, you even reassured me when I had to ask to slow down or stop. Even without knowing how important it was you already treated it so.” She bit her lip, and considered her words for a second before sighing, her eyes never leaving Lena’s. “I wanted to tell you I loved you the entire time, but I was too overwhelmed, and I thought it might not have been the best moment to do so, it wouldn’t be fair to you to just spur that on you like that.”

Before the lump quickly forming in her throat could make her choke up, Lena leaned forward and kissed Kara’s lips, and Kara nearly fell backward with the suddenness of the movement. When she pulled back, it was just enough to rest her forehead on Kara’s, looking into the bright blue eyes that put the ocean to shame.

“You deserve to feel loved every second of every day.”
Kara’s smile was blinding, but Lena refused to look away.

“I do,” Kara told her solemnly. “You deserve that too, you know.”

Lena nodded and kissed Kara again. This time, when the kiss ended, Lena rested her head on Kara’s shoulder; Kara wrapped her arms around Lena’s shoulder and let her settle more comfortably against her.

“You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, Kara Danvers,” Lena murmured into Kara’s shirt.

Kara pressed a kiss to the top of Lena’s head.

“And you’re my favorite person, Lena Luthor,” she said, with a little hint of teasing that made Lena laugh.

It was the perfect moment, like many others they had spent together, and they just stayed there on the sand enjoying it in silence for a while.

“I gotta say, we’re very lucky that we have compatible private bits,” Kara said eventually, breaking the moment. “Because you know, a lot of species don’t… I’m talking pincers, tentacles, scales, tee-

“I will break up with you right now if you finish that sentence,” Lena deadpanned.

Kara snorted. “I’m just saying. At least we match.”

“You’re such a nerd.”

“Yeah, but I’m your nerd,” Kara laughed. “Also you’re one to speak, chess champion.”

Lena laughed.

They fell silent again, and Lena relaxed against Kara, grabbing one of Kara’s hands to play with her fingers.

“This is nice,” Lena said softly.

Kara hummed her agreement and fitted her chin on Lena’s shoulder.

“We should do this more often,” Kara mumbled, knowing full well it wasn’t something they could afford to wish for, not with their lives.

“Yeah.”

Lena let the sound of the waves and the comfort of Kara’s arms lull her into a sleepy state. She was nearly falling asleep when she started feeling inexplicably hot in specific parts of her body. It took her a while to realize that the new heat was coming from Kara, that she was feeling warmer where she was touching Kara, and that the heat was increasing.

“Kara?” she asked concerned, shifting around so she could look at Kara.

Kara’s face was contorted as Lena had never seen; her eyebrows were furrowed, very unlike her usual crinkled frown, her jaw was rigidly clenched, enough to crush steel, her lips pursed tightly, her nose flaring just slightly. But what really got Lena was her eyes.

Kara’s eyes were burning, literally and figuratively. A glossy yellow light fogged Kara’s beautiful blue eyes like the start of a heat vision burst, actually fuming with heat, anger dulling her unfocused
gaze. Lena could practically see Kara’s skin buzzing, and she had to do something before the worse happened, even though she didn’t exactly know what was happening.


But it was useless, Kara wasn’t hearing her, too focused on whatever was making her so angry. Lena had never seen Kara like that, didn’t know Kara could get like that.

“Kara?” Lena insisted, lifting a hand to touch Kara’s face gently.

The moment her skin made contact, though, she realized her mistake, Kara’s skin wasn’t only steaming, it was scorching; Lena yanked her hand as fast as she could, with a hiss of pain at her injured hand.

And that seemed to bring Kara back; blinking confusedly at Lena for a few moments, eyes coming back to normal almost instantly, before she realized what happened and she paled considerably.

“Oh my gosh, Lena, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Kara begged, near to tears.

“It’s fine, Kara,” Lena said dismissively, but she couldn’t mask her pain all that well.

“It’s not, I hurt you, I’m so sorry,” Kara insisted.

“You didn’t mean to.”

Kara nodded, her frown so deep, Lena was afraid the crinkle would have popped off. She extended her hand carefully at Lena, almost trembling and crooked out:

“Can I see it?”

Lena didn’t hesitate to put her hand in Kara’s, and she could see the relief washing over Kara’s entire body.

Kara brought Lena’s hand close to her lips, cradling it gently in hers, like she was going to kiss them, and even pursed her lips a little bit; but instead of kissing Lena, she just blew a puff of cold air into her burned fingertips, relieving Lena of the pain, even if momentarily.

“We should go.”

Lena wanted to argue, wanted to tell Kara that she could handle it, that it was just a sting and they didn’t need to end their evening because of it, but she could feel Kara needed it.

So Lena took Kara’s hand in hers, even though Kara hesitated a little, entwined their fingers together so Kara couldn’t pull away because of her guilt, and let Kara lead the way back to the Danvers’ home.

The sun was starting to set as they walked along the beach hand in hand, Kara holding both their shoes in her free hand as to spare Lena’s fingers.

Lena gasped when she saw a particularly beautiful streak of pink and orange in the sky.

“That’s so beautiful.”

Kara stopped and looked at Lena, looking considerably less anxious than a few minutes before.

“You want to watch the sunset here?” Kara asked almost hesitant. “Or we could just go home,
there’s a bench that looks over the hill, the sunset is beautiful from there too.”

Lena took a step towards Kara and wrapped her arms around her taller girlfriend, nesting her head on Kara’s shoulder.

“Let’s just stay here, this is perfect.”

Kara nodded and wrapped her own arms around Lena’s shoulder.

“I’m really sorry,” Kara said after a while.

Lena leaned back a little to smile at Kara.

“It’s okay. It doesn’t even hurt anymore,” she assured Kara.

Kara didn’t look very convinced. “Are you sure?”

“Maybe just another blow of freeze breath.”

Kara giggled and took Lena’s hand in her, she blew the cold air gently on Lena’s fingertips and then pressed a kiss to them.

“All better,” Lena told her with a smile.

“Good,” Kara whispered, looking intently into Lena’s eyes.

Kara’s gaze diverted to Lena’s shoulder for a second and she stepped away, pulling the sleeves off her shoulders.

“Here. You’re cold,” Kara said simply, handing Lena the soft sweatshirt.

Lena frowned, but took the offered item and pulled it over her head.

“How do you know?”

Kara grinned and step back closer to Lena, brushing Lena’s hair back in place with gentle fingers.

“I can see the skin raising in your neck.” Kara whispered, running a finger ever so gently on Lena’s neck, making the skin raise even more.

Lena gulped at the feelings, her breath stuttering in her throat. She could see Kara’s cocky grin getting larger at her reaction, so before she could embarrass herself further, she took Kara’s face in her hands and pulled the blonde for a kiss.

The kiss only ended when Lena’s need for air won out over her love for Kara’s lips, and she rested her head on Kara’s shoulder again.

Kara pressed a kiss to the side of Lena’s head and nuzzled her hair with a content sigh.

“Zhaoodh khap w rrip,” Kara whispered, barely audible.

“What’s that?”

But Kara didn’t answer, instead, she kissed her again.
“Hey,” Kara said softly as she stepped into the deck, hair wet from her shower.

Lena smiled up at her as she made room on the bench.

Kara hummed and sat next to Lena, looking at the darkening night sky.

“This is really nice, I don’t think I’ve ever been in a place this quiet before.”

“What about Smallville?”

Lena scrunched her face up in a grimace.

“Smallville doesn’t bring happy memories to me,” Lena told Kara. “Mostly being locked up in a cold castle and pretending to hate the world and not care about anything, while feeling completely lonely. Besides, we can hear the ocean from here. In Smallville, all you can hear is corn.”

Kara laughed.

“I don’t think you can hear corn, but I admit I’ve always preferred Midvale. It was a nice place to learn how to control my hearing.”

“Do you miss it here?”

“A little, yeah,” Kara said with a nod. “But I like the life I have now in National City.” She smiled at Lena, brushing a strand of dark hair away from her face. “Wouldn’t change it for the world.”

Lena grinned. “I quite like the life I have in National City as well.”

“What a coincidence.”

Lena laughed, and they were just smiling at each other like the dorks in love that they were.

“Totally.”

Lena scooted closer to Kara, throwing her legs over Kara’s lap, and placed a kiss to Kara’s clothed shoulder.

“Do you want to talk about what happened earlier?” she asked softly.

Kara froze for a second, but Lena’s hand slipping on her back and kneading against her muscles made her relax.

“It’s silly,” Kara whispered, almost embarrassed.

“Nothing you feel is silly, Kara,” Lena told her firmly.

And Kara nodded like she believed Lena, but it took her a moment before she spoke again.

“Some kids were mistreating a dog a few miles from where we were and I just, I lost it.” She sighed, shaking her head at herself. “If it wasn’t for you, I would probably have done something stupid.”

Lena looked at Kara as if she had never seen her before, overwhelmed by her affection for the woman.
Which was why she said between a gasp “I… I… I uhm,” but she couldn’t really make the words, didn’t know how, so she settled for the next best thing, “You’re amazing, Kara Danvers.”

Kara turned to look at her and smiled as if she knew what Lena really wanted to say; Kara didn’t say anything, just held Lena’s eyes for a moment and then leaned down to kiss her.

Lena sighed when they parted from the brief kiss.

“I’m… going to see if Eliza wants any help with dinner,” Lena said quickly as she got up.

But Kara grabbed Lena’s hand before she could walk away and tugged her closer.

“Thank you,” Kara said barely above a whisper, looking reverently at Lena.

“For what, darling?”

Kara smiled and brought Lena’s hand close to her mouth, kissing her fingertips gently and then her palm.

“For coming with me. It really means a lot.”

A smile bloomed on Lena’s face, and she leaned down and pressed a kiss to Kara’s forehead; when she pulled back, Kara’s eyes fluttered open, and the amount of love reflect in those ocean blues threaten to overwhelm her.

“Thank you for inviting me. It’s nice not having to spend a holiday alone.”

“You’ll never be alone again,” Kara promised in earnest.

Lena felt her heart squeezing in her chest, her breath stuck in her throat, tears burning the back of her eyes, but she blinked them off.

Kara seemed to sense Lena’s state because she let her off the hook.

“Go on, I’m sure Eliza could use another set of hands,” she told Lena.

Lena nodded and walked inside without another word. She paused just as she crossed the threshold, needing a moment and a few deep breaths to gather herself before facing Eliza.

“Lena,” Eliza greeted her when she walked in.

“I came to see if you needed any help with dinner.”

Eliza looked at her, with a little dubious expression.

“Can you cook, or are you just offering to get on my good graces?” But instead of accusing, Eliza’s tone was teasing.

Lena smiled at the older woman.

“Maybe both,” Lena admitted with a little smile.

Eliza seemed pleased. “Good,” she said handing Lena a knife. “If you could cut the bell peppers for me.”

Lena nodded and started working.
“What are we making?”

“Just some of Kara’s favorites. I got a brisket in the oven, and I’m finishing up the potatoes to go in as well so I can get started on the glazed carrots, and you’re making the salad.”

“You gave me the easiest part,” Lena pointed out.

“Well, if you are one of my daughters, there is no easiest part,” Eliza joked.

Lena laughed, remembering Kara’s struggles with chopping an onion the week before.

“I also have an apple kugel ready to bake as soon as everything else is done,” Eliza told her as she continued to cut the potatoes.

“Kara mentioned you keep a kosher kitchen,” Lena said carefully. “Is there anything I should know?”

“Oh, it’s pretty easy, dear. Red and left for meat, blue and right for dairy, black or white for pareve, which is Yiddish for neutral,” Eliza explained. “Just make sure to not overlap those.”

It was then that Lena realized the kitchen was more or less divided, like a mirror, two sinks with a counter on each side, two ovens, cabinets and drawers with different colored handles, the utensils that were out in the open all separated by color of handle or paint splash for those that didn’t have a color. It was subtle, in a way that didn’t even bring Lena’s attention before, could be just that Eliza liked to color coordinate things, but having been made aware, she could see it clearly, there were two, or even three, of most things; even the towels, one for each, had crochet details of a predominant color.

“Since we’re cooking with meat now, we’re only using the left side,” Eliza continued.

Lena noticed that the right side was indeed untouched, not even a knife on the sink.

“Is there any way I can mess this up?” Lena asked, with a little nervous chuckle.

“If you cut yourself, that would not be pleasant,” Eliza said casually.

“What happens if I cut myself?” Lena asked, feeling a tiny hint of tension coiling up inside her.

Eliza looked at her funny and said:

“You’ll be hurt, dear.”

Lena relaxed, with an embarrassed chuckle. “Oh, right.”

“Don’t worry about it too much,” Eliza told her in a calming voice. “There are only vegetables left.”

Lena nodded and continued to work on the bell peppers, taking a cap off, cutting out the insides, and slicing them.

Eliza finished with the potatoes and put the tray in the same oven the Brisket was in. When she straightened back up, she was already turning to Lena.

“So I’ve heard Alex isn’t your biggest fan,” Eliza said conversationally.

Lena froze.
“Oh, I, uhm…”

“Don’t worry, dear, I’m not accusing you of anything,” Eliza laughed, making Lena relax just a little. “Alex has always tasked herself with protecting Kara from the world. To be honest, a lot of that is on me, for insisting that she’d step up as the big sister since Kara arrived. But I don’t think Kara needs protecting from you, Lena.”

It took Lena a few moments to find her words, completely floored by the simple sentence coming from the woman who raised Kara during her teen years, a complete contrast to the woman’s daughter.

“I would never do anything to hurt her,” Lena said solemnly.

She’d sooner shave her own head than cause Kara harm.

“I believe that,” Eliza told her. “It’s clear Kara is happy with you; she always talks about you on our weekly calls, and the way she talks about you, Lena… I’ve never seen Kara happier, not since I’ve known her. She really loves you.”

Lena steadied herself as she felt her emotions trying to overwhelm her again for the second time that night, swallowing hard and taking a breath.

“I’ve always thought Kara needed someone to share her burdens with,” Eliza continued. “I’m glad she found you.”

Lena swallowed the lump that formed in her throat before she dared to speak.

“She was the one who found me, actually. I think she does a lot more for me than the other way around.”

“You really love my daughter, don’t you?” Eliza asked, but it was more of a statement than anything else.

Lena felt herself freeze once more, like a bucket of ice had been thrown on her, electricity running through her entire body. She had never admitted it to anyone else; she knew it with everything that she was, but she had never said it.

She didn’t manage something very strong, just a croaked out, very shaken “yes,” but the adrenaline of saying it was almost paralyzing, even if she was berating herself for almost breaking in front of a woman who was essentially a stranger.

Lena cleared her throat once she could finally breathe again.

“So, not eating meat with dairy,” she said, begging for a change in conversation.

Luckily, Eliza noticed it for what it was, and cut her some slack.

“Yes, and there’s a waiting period between them.”

“Really? I didn’t know that.”

Eliza nodded and proceeded to the carrots. By the time they were finishing dinner, Kara showed up in the kitchen.

“Hey, everything okay here?” Kara asked, pressing a kiss to Lena’s temple.
Lena glanced at Eliza nervously, afraid the woman would have a problem with Kara’s PDA, but the woman didn’t seem to mind them, paying attention to the food she was setting up.

“Yes, except for the fact that you left us to do all the work here while you were watching the stars,” Lena said teasingly.

Eliza and Kara both laughed at that.

“You see, the thing is… I’ve been kind of permanently banned from this kitchen while cooking is happening.”

“Kara set the kitchen on fire when she was younger,” Eliza explained.

“There was barely any fire, it was more smoke than anything,” Kara defended herself.

“She also exploded a pressure cooker.”

“How was I supposed to know you had to wait till all the pressure left before opening?”

“Through your advanced knowledge in physics, maybe, miss ‘in my planet we learn calculus at four’,” Eliza teased.

“She’s got a point, darling.”

“Hey!” Kara protested. “Is this Kara attack hour?”

“Just stating facts, honey,” Eliza said in a saccharine motherly tone that made Lena smile.

“What about the soup?” Lena asked.

“Extenuating circumstances can lift the ban temporarily,” Kara told her seriously, but then broke into a smile and winked at Lena.

“I Have to thank you for that, Eliza, it was great,” Lena said.

“Kara did all the work,” Eliza told her. “I just supervised it.”

“Yes, but without your help I’m sure the end result would have been anything but satisfying,” Lena joked, making Kara glare at her. “I’m kidding, you’re getting better.”

“Soon enough you’ll be able to fry an egg without setting the kitchen on fire, and I’ll lift the ban permanently,” Eliza told her teasingly. “Can you set the table, please? We’re nearly finished here.”

Kara nodded, saying a quick “sure” and started getting dishes and cutleries out of the red handled cabinets.

“Oh, honey, you’ll have to change the tablecloth,” Eliza remembered. “And get the placemats too.”

Lena frowned.

“Why change the tablecloth?” she asked before she could stop herself. “That one seemed clean to me.”

“It’s because that tablecloth is for dairy,” Kara explained to her. “We had dairy for lunch so we used the dairy tablecloth, we can’t use the same tablecloth or placemats for meat and dairy, just like we can’t use the same dishes or utensils, countertops, ovens... There can’t be any traces of one in the
other, any type of leakage can make the food non-kosher.”

“Oh,” was all Lena could say.

“It’s easier than it sounds, dear,” Eliza assured her when she didn’t say anything else.

Lena felt a blush fight its way up her neck. “I just didn’t know there were all these rules.”

“You get used to it,” Kara said.

Dinner was nice, with Kara saying her praises to Eliza’s cooking at practically every bite, and the three of them making mostly small talk. Kara ate the entire kugel practically by herself, leaving only a piece for Lena and Eliza each, and the two just watched fondly as Kara practically inhaled the food while continuing to say how good it was and how she missed Eliza’s cooking.

Later that night, after they said their goodnights to Eliza and went upstairs to get ready to bed - following an episode of Jeopardy! where Lena had a lot more fun than she expected to - Kara kept smiling widely at Lena, entirely too amused.

“What?” Lena asked when Kara didn’t stop looking at her like that.

“Eliza really liked you,” Kara told her.

“Really?”

“Yeah, I mean, she’s nice to almost everybody, but she really did like you.”

“Is she always like that?”

“Like what?”

“Well, all soft and warm and, I don’t know, motherly?”

Kara laughed. “Yes, she’s like that most of the time. But she can be really scary when giving you a scolding.”

“Must have been nice, growing up with that,” Lena said in a small voice.

Almost like a kneejerk reaction, Kara was in front of Lena in a second, holding Lena’s face gently, bright blue eyes boring into her soul.

“Hey,” said softly, “I love you.”

Lena swallowed the lump in her throat before it could form, it had been a rather emotional day for her, she wasn’t used to feeling so much in quick successions. She nodded with wet eyes.

“I know,” Lena whispered, and Kara pulled her into a hug.

“You deserve all the love in the world, okay?”

Lena pulled in a stuttered breath and Kara kissed her forehead.

Kara held Lena until her heart calmed down again, and when she stepped away, she pressed a kiss to the corner of Lena’s lips and smiled at her.

“Now help me push the beds together, I want to cuddle.”
Lena smiled, eyes still wet, and pulled the blankets from one of the beds, as Kara did the same for the other, so the beds could fit together.

“Eliza made waffles,” was the very first thing Kara said to Lena that morning.

That was what Lena woke up to, Kara’s excited face, inches away from her, as she opened her eyes for the first time; she could practically feel Kara buzzing with anticipation.

“Good morning to you too,” Lena croaked sleepily.

Kara sighed.

“Good morning I love you Eliza made waffles,” the blonde said all in one breath.

Lena had to laugh.

“Give me a moment to process wakefulness and get dressed, and I’ll be right down.”

“You don’t have to get dressed to have breakfast, silly,” Kara laughed.

“Do you want me to go have breakfast with your mother in my pajamas?”

Kara shrugged. “Why not? They’re cute.”

Lena bit her lip and considered it for a second, but then let out a sigh.

“I don’t think I’m comfortable with that.”

“Alright, it’s your call,” Kara told her. “I’ll wait for you downstairs.”

Lena nodded and pulled Kara for a quick kiss before letting her go.

Kara was practically drooling on her waffles by the time Lena walked into the kitchen wearing Kara’s sweatpants and NCU sweatshirt.

“Good morning, Lena,” Eliza greeted cheerfully.

“Good morning, Eliza,” Lena said back, and sat next to Kara, accepting the mug of coffee Kara handed her. “Thank you, darling.”

“Did you sleep well, Lena?” Eliza asked conversationally.

“Yes, very,” Lena answered with a smile, and then glanced over a Kara. *I always sleep well in Kara’s arms,* she thought to herself, and Kara smiled back at her as if knowing what she was thinking.

Lena’s barefoot found Kara’s leg under the table, and she started running it up and down Kara’s calf, making the blonde blush and then choke on a piece of waffle.
“You won’t eat anything, dear?” Eliza asked when Lena’s plate continued empty.

“I’m not big on eating early in the morning, but I guess I’ll have one of those famous waffles.”

Lena leaned over and stole Kara’s fork and knife to carefully cut a piece of one of the waffles on Kara’s plate and pop it in her mouth.

“Good, right?” Kara asked as Lena chew.

Eliza watched the scene carefully, surprised at what she was seeing; Kara not only let Lena pick food from her plate, but was happy about it and was encouraging Lena to take more. Eliza never thought she’d see the day; the girl who cried when someone took food from her plate and got into many fights with Alex over the last piece of whatever they were eating, was sharing food with a smile on her face.

“Do you know what time Alex and Winn will arrive?” Eliza asked Kara once the Kryptonian was done watching her girlfriend eat her food like it was the best thing in the world.

“Well, Alex says that definitely before lunch, unless she ends up killing Winn, in which case she’ll need to make a detour to hide the body and might take longer.”

“I have a feeling Winn is trying to listen to the worst music in the car,” Lena commented. “Like those annoying ones from musicals you both like.”

“You and Alex are so much alike,” Kara said with an eye-roll. “No wonder you can’t get along, you both are hardheaded meanies who hate fun.”

“Yeah, that and the fact that she thinks I am plotting your murder,” Lena deadpanned.

“Which you are,” Kara argued with a teasing tone.

Lena shrugged. “But I’ll only execute it if you try to sing to the entire discography of Carole King on the drive home.”

Kara laughed and Eliza smiled at the two; Kara was right, Lena really was a lot like Alex in some ways.

“I’m not really plotting her murder, Eliza,” Lena made sure to clarify. “I’m just a woman who likes to be prepared,” she said with a grin, and Eliza laughed.

Once they were done with breakfast, Lena offered to help Eliza with the dishes, but Eliza politely refused, saying she was a guest and shouldn’t feel obligated to do such things.

Just as predicted, before noon Alex’s car was coming up the driveway.

Eliza went to the door to greet the newcomers like she did with Kara and Lena.

The first thing heard once the car came to a stop, was a loud shriek of “MOM!” followed by Alex’s grumpy voice saying:

“Stop calling her that, she’s my mom.”

“Ouch. Moooom! She hit me,” Winn whined.

“Don’t fight, children, there’s room in a hug for everyone,” Eliza said more than amused.
And then Winn was popping his head inside the house, searching; when he spotted Lena, another excited noise came out of his throat and he dashed towards her, pulling her into a tight hug that had Lena tensing up in discomfort.

Lena wasn’t used to physical contact from, well, from anyone. She didn’t do hugs or any form of tactile affection when it came to people who weren’t Kara; Kara’s own tactile-ness was still new to her, and something she had taken a while to get used to when they were friends, though she’d admit craving it more and more every day.

“Lena, don’t let Alex kill me,” Winn fake cried on her shoulder.

“I’m not going to kill you, nerd,” Alex called out.

“That’s what she says now with an audience,” he whispered to Lena.

Once he stepped away from her, Lena finally relaxed.

“I thought Maggie was coming with you,” Eliza told Alex.

Lena tensed at the name.

“She’s not coming,” Winn told her quickly, and she took a deep breath.

“She had to work,” Alex said with a shrug. “Kara, can you help me with my bags?”

“Sure.”

Everyone could see it for the deflection that it was, but nobody commented on it, and Kara followed Alex outside.

“Winn, I’m not getting your bags,” Alex yelled from the driveway.

Winn sighed deeply and stumped his way out.

“It’s like they’ve known each other all their lives,” Eliza told Lena as she watched the three bickering outside.

As they watched, Winn flicked Alex’s ear and ran to hide behind Kara, literally using Kara as a body shield and sticking his tongue out at Alex from behind Kara’s shoulder.

“It’s like they are siblings,” Lena said.

Eliza smiled at her.

“Kara said you automatically adopted Winn when you first met.”

“The poor boy told me he never got to have a Bar Mitzvah because his father was arrested and he just bounced around foster homes until he came off age,” Eliza explained. “How could I not?”

“I’m starting to understand why Kara is the way she is.”

Lena bit her lip once she realized she had said it out loud, but Eliza only smiled at her.

--------
Lunch was awkward that day, mostly for Lena.

Alex and her had reached an agreement the last time they met that they were at least going to try to be civil with each other for Kara’s sake, but even then, they still hadn’t found their footing around each other.

Even with Kara’s comforting presence and Winn and Eliza seemingly oblivious to Lena’s discomfort, it was still weird.

“So, mom, I’ve heard Kara helped you make soup,” Alex said conversationally between bites.

“Oh no,” Eliza said. “As I told Lena, it was all Kara. I just gave her directions.”

“I can’t believe that.”

“Your lack of confidence in me is offensive,” Kara complained jokingly.

“Yeah, how many times have the firefighters been called to your building because you tried to cook?”

Kara tried to argue, but she didn’t have a comeback to that, instead, she just pouted.

“Mean,” Kara mumbled.

Lena placed a hand on Kara’s leg and Kara smiled at her.

The rest of the day was rather uneventful.

Winn and Alex decided to go to the beach because they had been stuck in their ‘super-secret government organization’ for way too long without getting enough direct sunlight exposure and they needed to relax. Lena could relate to that.

Lena finally understood what Eliza meant the day before about going to the beach before everyone else arrived, the beach was a lot fuller than it had been.

While Alex, Kara, and Winn had their fun near and on the sea, Lena and Eliza sat next to each other in colorful beach chairs, both with ridiculously big sunhats and a book on their lap.

Eliza asked Lena if she didn’t want to join ‘the kids’ and Lena shrugged.

“That’s really not my thing. This,” she gestured at her book, “is as relaxing as it gets for me.”

For most of the evening, Lena and Eliza just relaxed as the other three tired themselves out, reading their books with the occasional conversation. It was nice, Lena was enjoying it more than she thought she would. She expected awkward conversations and dislike from Kara’s mom, and waiting for the days to pass, but instead, she got a relaxing Sunday with a pleasant company, a nice book and the possibility of a tan… well, the last one was a hopeless dream, but it was a good day none the less.

Lena was nearly falling asleep when she felt something cold hit her knee; she opened her eyes to see Kara grinning down at her, all sculpted muscles and glistening skin, bathing suit and hair soaked from the ocean, and the droplets of water covered her skin, dripping freely into the sand. Lena wanted to drool, but the mischief in Kara’s eyes distracted her from enjoying the view.

It didn’t take a genius to guess what Kara was planning.
“No!” Lena said forcefully, but it only made Kara’s grin larger. “Kara.”

“Lena,” Kara parroted back at her, as she started leaning down, arms reaching for Lena.

“Do not get me wet,” Lena all but commanded, but she lost power in her voice the moment Kara’s hands made contact with her hips, snaking around her and pulling her closer.

“That’s a new one,” Winn quipped somewhere near them, but they were both too busy to register it.

Lena squealed when Kara’s wet bathing suit made contact with her bare heated skin.

She could hear Winn’s laughter somewhere near, she could feel eyes on her, burning the back of her head like a Kryptonian’s heat vision, but she could also feel Kara’s warm body molding against hers, like it did many times before with different levels of clothing, like they were made to fit together, and that made her not care about anything else.

Lena dropped her head on Kara’s shoulder and allowed herself to laugh.

“I hate you,” she told Kara half-heartedly.

“No, you don’t.”

“No, I don’t,” Lena agreed with a sigh.

“So,” Kara said, and Lena could practically hear the grin in her voice. “It’s swimming time.”

“It is not swimming time,” Lena said quickly, with just a little hint of nervousness in her voice.

“We’re on holiday, Zhao, you should learn how to loosen up,” Kara told her, the Kryptonian word slipping Kara’s lips so naturally that the blonde didn’t even notice it, but Lena did notice it as it sent a jolt down her spine; she wasn’t entirely sure what it meant, but Kara speaking her native language was something very pleasing to her.

Unknown to them, Lena wasn’t the only one who noticed the foreign word but kept quiet about it, just watching the two of them.

Lena was putty in Kara’s hand. She already was naturally, there wasn’t anything she’d deny Kara, physically unable to let Kara down, but after the effects of the foreign word on her, Lena felt more susceptible somehow.

Lena threw her hat on the chair and let Kara lead the way.

“I’m not a big fan of the ocean,” Lena admitted nervously as they crossed the sand strip.

Kara paused and turned to look at Lena, the easy smile Lena was practically obsessed with at this point playing on her lips; Kara took a step closer and placed both hands on Lena’s waist, bumping their noses together for a moment until she made Lena smile with her.

“I’ll protect you.”

“Promise?”

Kara nodded. “I’ll always protect you,” she said solemnly, before placing a kiss on Lena’s forehead.

Lena could feel her cheeks burning even as the smile took over her face.
“Alright,” she whispered to Kara. “Take me swimming.”

Kara walked them to the sea and slowly stepped inside, each step an inch of water on their skin, and Lena felt her entire skin cover in goosebumps by the time it reached her knees.

The truth was that was the first time Lena ever remembered entering the ocean; she didn’t remember anything before going to live with the Luthors, but since she was a child, she had been averse to the ocean. She wouldn’t call it afraid exactly, more like an extreme dislike and distrust of it. Lex had never managed to get her swimming when they went to the beach as kids, and Lillian never insisted because she never liked the beach anyways and didn’t care if Lena was having fun or not. She didn’t know why she always felt like that, it never bothered her enough for her to look into it; and it wasn’t about swimming in general because she never had a problem with pools, she was actually a really good swimmer, but she never got herself to step into the ocean.

Until Kara.

“Wait, hold on,” Kara said, and made a shell with her hand, scooping a bit of water. “Breathe in,” she instructed, and Lena did so, and she poured the cold water on Lena’s neck carefully.

The water dripped down Lena’s spine and she shivered a little, and Kara repeated the process three times until Lena didn’t shiver anymore, she then moved to Lena’s arms.

“What are you doing?” Lena asked intrigued.

“Helping your body get used to the water,” Kara said simply. “You know, warm body, cold water… Alex says this helps, she always does it. Is it helping?”

“I guess so.”

“Most people think the best way to do it is to just get in the water quickly but…” she trailed off.

“That’s how you get temperature shock.”

“Yeah. Do you think you’re ready to go further into the water?”

“Yeah, let’s do this,” Lena said. “So I can go back to my book.”

“Relaxing, Lena, it’s supposed to be relaxing; having fun.”

“Reading is relaxing to me,” Lena argued. “But if you want to help me relax and have fun, I know of a few ways much more enjoyable than cold water,” she said adding a sultry tone to her voice as she walked closer to Kara, placing her head on Kara’s shoulders.

Kara gulped, eyes falling to Lena’s lips, but when she tried to move forward, Lena stopped her with two fingers on her lips.

“Isn’t your family looking?”

Kara took Lena’s hand in hers and kissed her fingertips.

“Let them look,” she said carelessly and leaned in to capture Lena’s lips.

-------
Later that evening found everyone lounging in the living room, all freshly showered and tired from a day at the beach, bellies full from the delicious dinner Eliza and Lena made.

Lena sat cross-legged at the edge on sofa, finishing her book, while Kara’s head rested on her shoulder trying not to doze off; Alex laid on the other couch, sprawled like a cat, and Winn sat on the floor, his back against the couch right in front of Lena, playing with his portable game.

“It’s like having a house full of teenagers again,” Eliza mumbled to herself as she walked back into the living room, slapping Alex’s feet away so she could sit on the sofa, but not complaining when Alex’s feet fell on her lap.

“You know what? We should play trivia,” Winn said out of nowhere. “I found an old trivia pursuit on the guest room.”

“Kara is practically asleep,” Alex pointed out.

“‘m not,” Kara halfheartedly defended, but it had no impact since her cheek was entirely squished against Lena’s shoulder and her voice was groggy.

“Perhaps tomorrow?” Lena offered.

“We could play without Kara,” Winn tried.

“Absolutely not,” both Lena and Alex said together, and then looked awkwardly at each other.

“I mean, Kara would be upset if we played without her,” Alex reasoned.


Not much later, Kara let out a tiny little snore that made all women laugh fondly at her, Winn being too distracted by his game to notice.

“I think that’s our cue,” Lena said to no one in particular. “Kara, darling, come on, let’s get to bed.”

Kara hummed contently and let Lena guide her to a standing position.

“Goodnight everyone,” Lena wished politely, and Kara parroted with a groggy “night”, they were answered by a small chorus of ‘good night’.

“Sleep well, girls,” Eliza said.

Lena smiled at her, genuinely, and not the forced smile she was used to giving most people; it was just so easy to like Eliza, she was so warm and kind, not unlike Kara, and Lena craved that time of attention from a mother.

“You too, Eliza,” Lena answered, and then proceeded to pull a sleepy Kara up the stairs, which was actually a very easy task, as sleepy Kara was also floaty Kara.

Lena got Kara into her PJ’s and onto bed with familiar ease and slipped in next to her, and Kara immediately draped herself over Lena, using her soft girlfriend as a pillow; Kara’s favorite pillows, as she mentioned one too many sleepy nights, were Lena’s boobs because they were ‘just so soft and warm and squishy’. Lena smiled at the blonde head on her chest and started carding her fingers through the soft curls, which made Kara practically purr into her.

“Did you have fun?” Kara managed to ask even in her near sleep coma state, always worried about Lena’s comfort.
“Yes, I did, darling, thank you.”

Kara hummed in contentment. “Good.”

“Just sleep, Kara,” Lena told her with a laugh.

“Hm, g’night Zhao.”

“Goodnight, darling.”

“Isn’t it funny how this week has three Sundays?” Winn mentioned on Monday morning, during breakfast.

“Not really,” Kara said. “Yesterday was Sunday, and tomorrow will be Sunday again, but today is actually kind of Saturday.”

Winn hummed as he considered her logic. “Does this mean another Shabbat? Cuz I’ve got stuff to do in Johto, I’m not above hiding in the roof to play Pokémon.”

“Next level nerd, the both of you,” Alex scoffed at Winn and Kara, and the two stuck their tongues out at her.

Lena liked watching the three of them interact, especially Kara and Alex, it was a special kind of bond they had, something that came from a deep love and from knowing each other for many years; it made her happy to know Kara had that, and it made her miss what she had and what she didn’t have with her own brother.

“You okay?” Kara asked softly, snapping Lena out of her thoughts. When Lena looked at her inquisitively, Kara shrugged. “You seem a bit distant, that’s all.”

“I’m fine, darling,” Lena assured her, taking a sip of her coffee. “Just thinking.”

“Good things?” Kara asked with a tentative smile.

Lena couldn’t help but smile back at Kara. “Only,” she said, and Kara’s smile widened immensely.

“So what are we doing today? Are we going to the beach again?” Winn asked, pulling Kara’s attention away from Lena for a second.

“Oh no, you do not want to go to the beach today. Or tomorrow, for that matter,” Alex said with her nose scrunched up in disgust.

“Why’s that?”

“Never go to the beach on a holiday in the summer unless you want to be smothered by half-naked strangers sticky with sunscreen and sweat and covered in sand who have no fears and are willing to do anything for a nice spot,” Kara answered.
Winn frowned. “O-kay?”

“It’s just a thing you learn when you live by the beach, when to go and when not to go, for starters. Yesterday was already full, but people were still arriving in town, today is going to be packed, and you do not want that,” Alex explained.

“Having to fight for a strip of sand changes a person,” Kara added dramatically, and Alex agreed with a nod.

Winn looked at Lena and the woman just shrugged.

“Don’t look at me, I have only ever been to private beaches.”

“Brag much?” Winn mumbled loud enough for Lena to hear, she laughed and he winked at her.
“What about poker?”

“I’m not giving money to Luthor,” Alex said adamantly.

Lena raised her eyebrows a little. “That’s fair. Though you are assuming you would lose, which I don’t disagree with, but I never pegged you for one to give without a fight, Danvers.”

Alex glared at Lena, eyebrows knitting together in irritation as she stared daggers at the woman and Lena held her eyes unbothered. “Oh, it’s on, Luthor.”

Kara and Winn both could tell Alex had made a mistake when they saw the minuscule curl of Lena’s lips, but Alex was too bind by competitiveness to notice it.

They decided to not use money, something Lena herself was pretty adamant, knowing all three of them lived on rent, and instead went for the leftover snacks in their cars.

It was with a table full of gummy bears and M&M’s and all kinds of candy evenly distributed to each of them that the most important battle of their lives was fought. It looked more like Halloween than a pre 4th of July afternoon.

Kara was pretty terrible, Lena learned early on, but she didn’t seem to care about it, though she could always tell when Lena was bluffing; she ate half of her betting material instead of actually using them for betting, and they had to make a rule against eating your ‘chips’, so Kara just went and got herself the remaining bag of chips from Lena’s car to munch on.

“Lena, do you want a kiss?” Kara asked in the middle of a round, and when Lena turned to face Kara, the blonde was holding a Hershey’s Kiss on her palm with a ridiculous grin on her face.

“You dork,” Lena said, rolling her eyes fondly.

Winn was mildly decent, but only because he was good with the cards, he couldn’t bluff for shit and the girls would always call on his bluff only to have him break his face most of the time.

“Kara, that’s my leg you’re rubbing up, just so you know,” Winn mentioned casually without taking his eyes off his cards. “Call.”

Kara blushed bright pink and tried to shrink down in her seat while Lena hid her own embarrassment by clenching her teeth hard and focusing on the game, avoiding eye contact.
Alex had a very displeased look on her face as she raised Winn’s bet.

“Sorry,” Kara mouthed to Lena, but the brunette sent her a reassuring smile.

“Don’t worry,” Lena mouthed back.

Alex was good. Good enough to make things interesting for Lena. She was good with the cards and very good at bluffing, and she played with a cocky grin for most of the game, probably just to scare Winn.

“Don’t even try to pretend you have something good, Winn, you’re not a good enough bluff,” Alex accused when Winn raised Lena’s bet.

Winn shrugged but didn’t back down.

Kara folded in the next round and tried to peak at Alex’s card, but Alex pushed her away.

“I don’t want you ruining my game,” Alex said, and Kara pouted.

“You can look at my cards, darling,” Lena offered, and Kara was back to smiling.

She scooted closer to Lena, dragging her chair ungracefully, until she was very close, and then dropped her head on Lena’s shoulder. Lena smiled softly at that and showed Kara her cards, to everyone’s surprise, and the dismay of Alex and Winn who were waiting for it, Kara didn’t react, just gave a little hum and nuzzled Lena’s shoulder.

“Oh, come on,” Winn groaned. “The one time we need you to be expressive.”

Kara shrugged, fake apologetically and straightened herself on her chair, but placed her hand on Lena’s leg.

“You have to result to silly cheating tactics to win, Winslow?” Lena asked with a disappointed lilt in her voice, and the clicked her tongue.

“Ugh, I fold.”

“Just you and me, Luthor.”

Lena smirked at Alex, with a raise of her left eyebrow.

After a few tense moments of them just staring at each other and going back and forward on their bets, Kara couldn’t take it anymore.

“I’m gonna see if Eliza wants some company and not be here while you two glare at each other over candy,” Kara announced as she got up.

“It’s not about the candy,” Alex and Lena said in unison.

And Kara just rolled her eyes at them and walked away.

“Hello, sweetie,” Eliza greeted her when she stepped out into the deck. “Got tired of poker?”

Kara smiled and sat next to Eliza.

“Something like that,” Kara said. “It’s not the most fun game, I’ll tell you.”
Eliza chuckled.

“Well, I’m glad you’re here while the others are busy, I wanted to talk to you alone,” Eliza said as she marked her book and set it down.

Kara frowned. “Did I do something wrong?”

“No, sweetie, nothing like that,” Eliza reassured. “I just wanted to talk to you about Lena.”

“What about Lena?” Kara asked carefully.

“You really love that girl,” Eliza said, it wasn’t a question, just a statement.

But Kara answered anyways, with a nod she affirmed: “I do.”

“Have you told her?” Eliza’s tone was taking a more serious note. “Have you said the words? In Kryptahnio?

“I have.”

“And does she know?”

Kara frowned. “I just told you I—”

“I mean about Kryptonian traditions,” Eliza cut her off. “Specifically, the mating ones.”

Kara felt her cheek burn hot and started stuttering an incoherent answer.

“I don’t mean about the sex, Kara,” Eliza told her gently.

Kara blushed even more, dropping her head, shame creeping up around her chest to grip her heart.

“No,” she admitted.

Eliza looked at her with just the tiny hint of disappointment, along with a lot of sympathy.

“You have to tell her, Kara,” she said firmly, in the most motherly voice she could have possibly used.

Kara’s shoulders sank the slightest bit more.

“I know, but I’m afraid,” she confessed. “She has a hard time dealing with and expressing feelings, her family was, well, is messed up, and I’m the first serious relationship she’s had; if I tell her I can’t be with anyone else for the rest of my life… I don’t really know how she’ll react. I don’t want to scare her off, I don’t want to lose her.”

Eliza nodded her understanding but said nothing.

“It’s not exactly a lie, you know, I’m not deceiving her by not saying it. In fact, it’s the opposite, because that way I don’t put this burden on her. What if she feels pressured to be with me? If she thinks she can never break up with me? It’s my culture, she doesn’t have any obligations to follow it.”

“I don’t think she has any intention of breaking up with you at the moment, sweetie,” Eliza told her with a smile. “Just the fact that she’s here shows how much she’s invested. Besides, she has a right to know.”
Kara knew Eliza was right, but she didn’t know how she’d even begin to tell Lena that according to Kryptonian culture they were mated from the moment Kara professed her love to her, and Kryptonians didn’t believe in divorce.

On Krypton, romantic love was a rare thing, since marriages were arranged, previously by an algorithm that pointed out the best unions, and later by the head of the house - it was political, a merger between two houses, designed to make both houses stronger - most married couples never experienced it. And that made romantic and sexual love so important. Kryptonians believed that when two people experienced that kind of love for each other, the love they called Zhao, it meant that Rao himself wanted them to be together; for that reason, Zhao was also a word for lover, in English terms, it would be translated as soulmate.

That love was so important for Kryptonians, so precious, that it was the only way a marriage could occur aside from being arranged. When the words ‘:Zhaooodh khrup w raap’ were said out loud to one another, the couple was bonded forever.

Kara was fully aware of this when she said the words to Lena, it was a conscious act, one that she stood by and did not regret, and yet she had no idea how she would ever explain it all to Lena.

After a bit of thinking, and a warm hug from Eliza, Kara went back inside where the game was somehow still going between just Lena and Alex; Kara deposited herself back in her seat and scooted close to Lena again, placing a kiss on her girlfriend’s shoulder. Lena smiled at her, and Kara felt the grip around her heart, both from her love for Lena and from the newfound guilt of not telling her about Kryptonian customs.

Not long after, Lena won, much to Alex’s dismay. She didn’t gloat or brag, just smiled and slid all her candy wins towards Kara.

“Go crazy,” she said jokingly, smile only getting bigger at the excitement on Kara’s face at seeing all the candy that was now hers.

_Rao, :Zhaooodh khap w Lena_, Kara thought as she shoved a red vine in her mouth.

And so it was Tuesday. The 4th of July. One of the days Kara dreaded the most in the entire year.

Lena had elected herself to help Eliza in the kitchen, while Kara, Alex, and Winn set everything on the backyard.

They were going to spend the day outside because it was a very nice Summer day. The Danvers house had an entire grassy hill that looked out into the ocean for a backyard, and they made the most out of it whenever they could.

“I have something for you later,” Lena told Kara when the blonde went into the kitchen to grab a tablecloth.

Kara frowned. “You know 4th of July isn’t commonly a gift-giving holiday, right?”
“Just humor me.”

“Then why can’t you give it to me now?”

Lena shrugged. “I like making you wait.”

“You are a cruel woman, Lena Luthor,” Kara accused jokingly.

Lena smirked at her. “It’s in my genes.”

Kara rolled her eyes and walked out of the kitchen. Lena went back to her task, noticing Eliza was watching her with a smile on her face.

“Kara has never been a very patient person,” Eliza mentioned.

Lena chuckled. “One time I told her I had a surprise for her, and she spent the entire day annoying me to know what it was, she sent me about twenty texts in a span of five or so minutes.”

Eliza laughed. “That sounds like her. I’ve always had to be creative with hiding spots for presents, for anything, really, Children’s day, birthdays, Hanukkah, she wouldn’t rest until she found her presents.”

“I’ll have to keep that in mind, her birthday is getting close.”

“You’re a smart woman, I’m sure you’ll figure it out.”

-------

“Can I get my present now?” Kara asked Lena once everything was settled outside, making grabbing motions with her hands.

Lena’s heart swelled at the excitement lighting Kara’s face more than the sun itself, and she had to bite her lip to contain herself.

“It’s not really a gift,” Lena explained. “Just something I’ve been working on since that big storm three months ago.”

Kara frowned at that. “And you chose to give it to me today?”

“It’s… pertinent for the events of today.”

“The… fireworks?” Kara asked confused.

Lena grinned and leaned forward, kissing the tip of Kara’s nose. “I knew you were more than just a pretty face.”

“I thought you were with me for my muscles,” Kara joked back.

“That too, I can save up on private security.”

Kara laughed, that beautiful full laugh that made Lena fall for her, that made her heart flutter in her chest and butterflies fill her stomach, made her icy Luthor façade melt.

“Alright, come on,” Lena said, caving even though Kara wasn’t even trying anymore.
Kara squealed happily and grabbed Lena’s hand to follow her into the house.

In Kara’s childhood bedroom, Lena rummaged through one of her suitcases with a purpose, opening a compartment inside a compartment inside a compartment.

“It’s really well hidden,” Kara commented as she watched Lena.

“Well kept,” Lena corrected. “I just didn’t want anything to happen to it.”

She then pulled a small box from her bag, black and round and about the size of her palm, and turned back to face Kara, straightening herself.

“Lena?” Kara asked suspiciously. “You’re not about to propose, are you?”

Lena scoffed. “I hope you know I’d do better than a 4th of July in your old bedroom, right before my first kosher barbecue.”

Kara laughed. “I’m sorry.”

“Okay, so, do you remember that night of the thunderstorm?” Lena started. “We were dancing when it started and within seconds you were, well, a mess; terrified of the noises outside, stuck in your memories… I don’t really have to explain it to you how you react.”

Kara shook her head. “Yeah, I got the idea. But no, I don’t remember. All I remember are the bruises I left on you that night.”

Kara’s eyes turned glossy for a second, and she took a step closer to Lena and touched her waist gently as if she was seeing the bruising on Lena’s skin all over again.

“Hey,” Lena said softly, making Kara look up at her again; Lena pressed a kiss on Kara’s cheek and waited for the smile to come back to Kara’s face. “You know I hate seeing you in pain, I wish I could make it all go away. But while I can’t take all your pain away, there’s something I can do.”

Lena opened the box and handed it to Kara.

Kara cocked her head to the side, a confused small frown on her brows.

“Earplugs?”

Inside the box were two small metal plugs with black foam at the tip.

Lena chuckled at Kara’s reaction.

“Noise canceling earplugs,” Lena said. “Or rather, super noise canceling earplugs.”

“Okay…”

“Winn helped me with them. They are solid lead, which we know muffles your powers, but there’s a little extra at the tip based on the tech Winn built for you to fight that banshee woman.”

“Oh,” Kara said, starting to understand it.

“It’s not something for you too use all day every day, but,” Lena paused and took a little breath is, biting her lower lip for a second “it should help today, with the fireworks.”

“Oh!” Kara exclaimed, now that she really understood it.
Lena laughed a little bit.

“The density of the metal, along with your powers’ reaction to lead, prevent the sound waves from penetrating, and the foam helps isolate it all the better. It works like your glasses but enhanced. And then the tech comes in, to fend off all the high decibel sounds, it completely cancels out anything above 90 decibels, which means the fireworks will be muted out,” Lena explained. “You can still hear, though,” she continued as Kara plucked one of the plugs from the box to inspect it closer. “Your body still conducts sound through waves to your inner ear, and your powers, though muffled, still work, so it’s like turning the volume of the world down. You can still hear yourself, and the conversations… basically anything below 90 decibels you can hear just fine, only a little lower than you’re used to; human level.”

Lena finished her rant and chewed on her lip nervously as she watched Kara, tensely waiting for a response.

It took a moment, but soon Kara broke into a large smile and Lena’s nerves were mollified.

“You’re amazing, you know that?” Kara said to Lena before pulling her into a kiss. “How can you be this great? You created a completely new tech just so I wouldn’t be in pain,” Kara continued to gush. “Rao, I love you.”

Lena’s heart soared. No matter how many times she heard those words, it still felt like the first time; she felt them deep in her bones, and in her lungs, making it harder to breathe and so much easier at the same time, like the air was lighter; she felt it all over her body, in every cell, making her body buzz with exhilaration. She felt a warmth that she never felt in her entire life before she met Kara; she felt safe, loved.

“I would do anything for you, Kara,” Lena admitted, and Kara looked at her with an impossibly larger smile and pulled her in for another kiss.

Later in the evening, after all the food was gone, and the sun had set, the fireworks ignited the sky and Kara pulled Lena closer to her.

“I had never been able to experience Fireworks before,” she told Lena, lips brushing against Lena’s ear so she’d be heard. “Thank you.”

Lena smiled at Kara, who had a look of wonder splashed across her face that was worth all the long extra hours she had worked on the lab just to make the plugs perfect.

And when Kara kissed her, the fireworks in the sky seemed dull compared to the ones behind her eyelids.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's it, see y'all in six months.

I'm just kidding. I don't know when I'll be able to post this again, but I know it won't be very soon, since now that I updated this I have a few other fics to update, and some other things in the works, but I promise this will not be abandoned, I very much intend
to finish this story.

Also if there's any confusion, kryptonian has gendered and non-gendered words for you and me, so khuhp and rraop are non-gendered, while khap and rrip are feminine words, so that's why both were used here when talking about love.

Anyways, as always kudos and comments are literally the only thing I live for in this cold world, my tumblr is @myheartisbro-ken and you're free to come chat. Love you all, and thanks for sticking around for this story 😊

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!