SuperCorp - Through the Looking Glass

by DKGwrites

Summary

When a piece of technology of L-Corp’s that is being demonstrated is attacked by Livewire, the resulting energy pulse will rip a hole open between dimensions and transfer people from one world to the other, exchanging them for their other selves. Fitting in will be the first order of business and finding their way back home will be the second. Along the way, they’ll discover the relationships they thought they understood are dramatically different from world-to-world. Even if they can all find their way back home, none of them will do it unchanged.

Notes

This my second piece of fanfic and another work in process. I've never been good about doing one piece of writing at a time. I do appreciate feedback and am happy to work with comments to try and give interactive readers what they want, or to at least work toward a compromise with them and my own creative idea. I definitely have concepts as to where this will end up.
Kara paced back and forth in the living room of her apartment. Her shoes fell with hushed tones on the carpeted floor as one hand hugged the tan sweater she wore. Her other arm hung loosely at her side. A white button-down shirt and dark slacks finished the outfit. “Alex, hurry up. We’re going to be late.”

From the bedroom, Alex replied, “Relax, we still have plenty of time.”

“Sure, if I fly there. You expect me to fly there?”

Alex wandered out of the bedroom in jeans, a green t-shirt, and black leather jacket. Boots in hand, she looked oddly at her sister. “You okay?”

“You don’t even have your shoes on.”

Alex held up her boots then wandered over to the couch and sat as she pulled them on. “Kara, just relax. I’m ready, but Maggie isn’t even here yet.”

“Maggie’s coming with us?”

Alex nodded but didn’t look up as she pulled on her other boot.

“Why is Maggie coming with us? I don’t even know why you’re coming with me. This is a story. I don’t need a babysitter.”

“I’m going because a Luthor has made some new tech. That makes the DEO nervous. I’m investigating. Luthor tech usually leads to trouble, so Maggie is showing up before someone needs to call the police. She’s cutting out the middle man.”

“Lena isn’t like the rest of her family,” Kara argued for the… who knew how many times she’d made this argument.

“Then Maggie and I will be bored, and you get to write your story, no blood no foul. Anyway, you’ll want to wait for Maggie.”

“Why will I want to wait for—?” As the doorbell rang, Kara turned then walked over and answered the door.

Maggie stood at the door, smiling. She was wearing black pants, a gray shirt, and a black leather jacket, basically a slightly dressier version of Alex’s outfit. She raised the white bag in her hand to shoulder level. “Hey, Little Danvers. You ladies ready to go?”

“Doughnuts? You brought doughnuts? Are there crullers in there?” Kara took the bag, opening it and looking inside. Her earlier expression of annoyance verging on anger melting away as she stared at the fried goodness glazed in sugar. “I love crullers.”

“Geez, anyone who’s known you for more than a cup of coffee knows that,” Maggie said as she strolled into the room. “We going?”

“We should head out. We don’t want to be late,” Alex replied as she kissed Maggie. “It’s good to see you, sweetie.”

“You too. Hey, you coming, Little Danvers?”
“Mmmph… crullers,” Kara replied as she nodded and chewed, grabbing another cruller from the bag and following, then running back to get her briefcase before heading to the door again.

“She okay?” Maggie asked Alex.

“I think she’s hangry. You came just in time with the sweets.”

“Hey, what are cops for?”

The trio made haste over to L-Corp. The building stood tall and strong against the blue sky, its telltale L-shape iconic in National City. Kara, Alex, and Maggie weren’t here to sightsee though. Lena Luthor had some new technology to unveil. It was said to be a power source, providing ready access to inexpensive energy. Lena had hinted that it was related to a favor that Supergirl had done for her, something involving bringing solar panels into space. Of course, all of this was off the record information that Kara had before the official reveal today. Today was Kara’s opportunity to get everything on the record and get her latest Luthor-related story to print.

Security checked the trio in. It was always heavy, but today it seemed even heavier though that wasn’t surprising. They were shown to the roof which was devoid of other people. The only things there were a large screen about the size of a movie theater, some kind of machine that was maybe ten feet in any direction, and a railed-off platform with a laptop where Lena stood.

“Hey, we’re the first ones here,” Maggie said.

“And you were worried we’d be late,” Alex smirked at her sister as she said it.

“You’re getting a sneak preview.” Lena walked down the stairs from the platform and approached the group. Her hair was swept up onto her head and held back neatly. She wore a form-fitting dark blue dress that hung to her tight curves. “The others should start arriving in about an hour. Friendship does have its privileges. Hello, Kara.”

As the two women hugged, Kara said, “Hi, Lena. Thanks so much for letting us come early.”

Lena nodded, then greeted Maggie and Alex who both greeted her in return, though all in a much more subdued fashion.

“Well, since you’re here, I assume you’d like a display?”

“Absolutely!” Kara said eagerly, pulling out her notebook and pen. “On the record?”

“On the record,” Lena replied with a smile. “Come stand up front and watch that screen.” Lena pointed to the screen on the wall as she walked back up the stairs to the platform and then started to push buttons on the device. The screen lit up, and Lena moved her hands to the keyboard near the device as she clicked away. “The sun, a source of free and renewable energy. A source of incredible power.”

Kara looked up at those words. The earth’s yellow sun was the source of her power. Lena wasn’t looking at her though. The other woman kept clicking away at her keyboard as images formed on the screen. It showed the solar array in space, the panels that Supergirl had placed up there. They were open now, spread out and shining in the light of the sun like a sunflower collecting the light of the sun on an early, summer morning. Lena’s voice pulled Kara away from the screen, and she began to write again.
“Solar energy is clean, and we like to think it’s free, but it isn’t. There’s a cost to collect and store it, and that cost is negated by the limitations that go into how readily available access to the sun is. How many hours a day can you access sunlight? More during certain seasons than others, but some days not at all. Even the shadow of our planet gets in the way of collecting solar energy. No, solar may be clean, but it comes at a cost. The answer came in finding ways to mitigate that cost.” Lena paused, smiling, waiting.

Holding up her pen, Kara asked, “And how did you mitigate that cost, Miss Luthor?”

“I’m glad you asked that, Miss Danvers. The solar collectors themselves have been repurposed from a prior Luthor Corp project that was deemed no longer appropriate for this company’s goals. There was a cost in reusing them, but nowhere near as substantial as in would have been attached to creating something from scratch. Usually, a large portion of the cost of something like this is the actual launch, but Supergirl was kind enough to bring these space-bound and place them into orbit thus nulling the cost associated with the launch. This meant we were able to build and launch a full array of solar collectors for a fraction of the usual cost. Isn’t that fantastic?”

“Uh…” Kara nodded, her brow furrowed over her pad of paper as she wrote furiously, then looked up. “So you’re collecting solar energy in space? What are you going to do with it up there, fuel space ships?”

“No. Well, I suppose we could, but that wasn’t the intention. You see, on the roof of this building we’ve created a receiving station.” Lena paused, gesturing toward the machine on the platform. “We can literally beam microwave or solar power back here and store the energy. We’re collecting low cost, limitless, clean solar energy and sending it back to earth where we can store it safely for use. The more storage stations we build around the world, the more places we can store it. We could send power to remote corners of the world that currently struggle to find sources of energy. This could be life-altering, lifesaving, for some people.”

Biting at her lower lip, Kara stopped taking notes and looked up at Lena. This was more than new technology. This was more than innovation. This was what Lena had said she wanted to do when she changed Luthor Corp into L-Corp. This was making a new name for herself and proving she was more than her last name. This was showing who she really was, that the word Luthor didn’t have to equate to bad and it could be something to be proud of.

“Beam energy, down here?” Maggie looked around. “That doesn’t sound safe. Danvers, does that sound safe to you?”

“I’m… sure it’s safe. Miss Luthor, it’s safe, isn’t it?”

“Of course it’s safe,” Lena replied without hesitation. “If it wasn’t, I wouldn’t be here. Would you care to see a demonstration?”

“Yes,” Kara said without skipping a beat.

“Well, uh…” Maggie seemed much less eager.

“Oh come on, Maggie, it will be fine. Alex, tell her it will be fine,” Kara encouraged.

“Well… if Miss Luthor can be here for it, I’m sure it’s safe.”

“Excellent,” Lena said as she pushed a few more buttons on her keyboard. “Then let’s begin, shall we?”

On the screen, the solar array turned, the collectors rotating and the main body shifting. In its center,
a large pole extended looking a bit like a needle. Slowly, it slid out, stopping and locking into place. One red light on the base of the array began to slowly flash on and off and then changed to a steady glow. Lena typed again then stopped, looking up at the screen and smiling.

After about two minutes, Maggie said, “I don’t get it. First I was worried, now I’m bored. When is it going to do something?”

“It’s doing it, Detective,” Lena replied. “As soon as that red light changed to a steady glow, it began beaming energy to the receiving station. My display tells me the level of the storage unit, and we’re in the green.”

“That’s it?” Alex asked. “I mean, it doesn’t glow or anything?”

“Glow?” With a little smirk, Lena shook her head. “Agent Danvers, this isn’t a science fiction movie. We don’t have a special effects department. If you’d like, I could talk to my marketing department, see if they could jazz this part up a bit for us though. I suppose it does seem a bit humdrum. Ah well. No, ladies, though it may not be visually exciting, the reality of what it can do for the environment and for developing nations is very exciting, and L-Corp is proud to partner in bringing about a better world.”

“Can I quote you on that, Miss Luthor?” Kara asked, her pen hovering above her page once again.

“Why yes you can, Miss Danvers,” Lena replied with a growing smile. “Unfortunately, the demonstration doesn’t get any—”

There was some yelling from the passageway they had used to access the roof followed by silence. Huge black power lines ran along the ground and electricity jumped and sparked from them. Suddenly, there was a huge flash making everyone step back. The power arched and from it, a figure appeared.

“Who the hell are you?” Lena demanded.

“Livewire!” Kara said, taking a hurried step forward and only stopping when Alex's hand gripped her arm.

“Kara!” Alex shook her head vigorously at her sister. This might be a job for Supergirl, but right now Kara Danvers was in the room.

“Why hello, Kara, fancy seeing you here. I came for the power and find an old friend. Well, maybe ‘friend’ is overstating it.”

“I don’t remember you having friends,” Kara said.

Livewire shrugged. “I barely remember you. Your personality is as monochrome and boring as your outfits.”

“What do you want?” Lena called out.

“What do I want?” Disappearing into a flash of electricity, Livewire sparked in again behind Lena, making the woman jump. “What I want is what everyone wants: free energy.”

“There’s no such thing as free energy,” Lena said as she tried to back away.

Livewire grabbed Lena’s wrist, pulling the other woman back. “Sure there is. You just have to steal it. I caught sight of your last little test, the tail end of it, and I’ve been waiting for this thing to go live
again. This was my chance. Now, all we need is maximum power.” Holding her hand over the
machine on the platform caused sparks to fly as Livewire’s smile grew.

“No!” Pushing past Livewire, Lena tapped at the keyboard as she stared anxiously at a display.
“No! You increased the output past safe levels and turned off the safety protocols. The receiving
station can only contain a certain amount of power, and it’s only set to collect it at a certain rate. This
is catastrophic!”

“Relax. I’m going to drain your battery dry. You won’t have any containment concerns,” Livewire
said with a smile. “The only thing catastrophic is that hairdo.”

Slowly looking up from the screen, Lena narrowed her eyes at Livewire and mumbled, “You’re one
to talk.” Turning back to the screen, Lena began to click away again, shaking her head and
furrowing her brow as she went.

“Wait, is something going to blow up? Is this thing going to explode?” Maggie asked as she drew
her gun and pointed it at the machine.

“Yes, it will…” Lena looked over at Maggie. “Well, don’t shoot the receiving station. Shoot her!”
Lena flicked her head in Livewire’s direction but didn’t slow in her typing.

“You’re under arrest!” Maggie said, the gun pointed steadily at Livewire as Alex came along her
side, weapon also drawn.

“Kara,” Alex looked back at her sister. “Go get help. Hurry!”

Kara nodded, recognizing a job for Supergirl when she saw it. She was most of the way to the exit
when Livewire was suddenly in front of her.

“Oh, you’re not going anywhere. I’m getting my energy, then you and I are going to catch up on old
times. How’s Cat doing?”

“None of your business. I wouldn’t tell you even if… you threw me off this roof,” Kara replied as
her gaze flicked to the roof’s edge.

“Off the roof?” Livewire replied with a grin as she stepped closer to Kara. “Sounds good to me. Do
you have your pilot’s license?”

“No.”

“Too bad for you.” Livewire grabbed Kara by the arm. “You’re going to need to learn how to fly.”

“Got it!” Lena said as she stopped hitting the keys. “Everyone get down. I’m going to disperse the
energy!”

“No!” Livewire shouted.

Lena hit one key before anyone could move, even Livewire. Energy surged across the roof and
through Kara, Livewire, Maggie, and Alex. It pushed at them like a wave in the ocean, slowing as it
hit them but then moving through them. It felt like the whole world shifted around them as wave
after wave of vertigo rode them. They were all rocked to their knees and then flat to the ground.
Within seconds, consciousness slipped away, and darkness slid in.

Blinking, Kara cleared her eyes, the light of the sun on her face as she stared up at it from the roof of
the building. She sat up and looked around. To her left, Livewire lay unconscious. Behind her,
Maggie and Alex were in much the same situation. On the platform, Lena lay crumpled against the metal rails that marked off the back of the platform.

“Alex, Maggie,” Kara said, going to them and checking on her sister and friend both of whom were unconscious but seemed unhurt. When she checked on Lena, she couldn’t say the same. Lena was bleeding profusely from the head, blood running freely down and across the woman’s face. “Oh no. Lena? Lena, can you hear me?”

There was a flash of power and Kara looked up, but it was Livewire disappearing from view. She didn’t matter now though. What mattered was that Lena needed help, a doctor.

“Ugh, what happened?” Alex said as she struggled to her feet. “Maggie!”

“Don’t yell,” Maggie replied opening her eyes. “My head hurts.”

“Mine too,” Alex replied. “Where’s Livewire?”

“Gone,” Kara said. “Lena is hurt.”

Maggie and Alex both rushed up onto the platform.

“What happened to her?” Alex asked.

“I’m not sure. I found her like this when I woke up. Livewire was still unconscious next to me, so I don’t think she did it. Lena said something about the energy, about dispersing it. That was the last thing I remember.”

“More than I do,” Maggie admitted.

“Me too,” Alex agreed.

“Look, I’ve got to get Lena to a hospital. You two figure out why Livewire is running around loose. I’ll catch up with you once I know Lena’s okay.” Kara stood up, opening her shirt to reveal her costume underneath.

“Sounds like a plan,” Alex said.

“Sure, and let’s go get some aspirin too. My head hurts like a bitch.”

Lena in her arms, Kara flew to National City Hospital and landed in the emergency room. She strode in, causing the admitting nurse to do a double take.

“Supergirl?”

Supergirl nodded. “My friend’s been hurt. She needs medical attention.”

“Is that…? Oh, my God, that’s Lena Luthor! Quick, bring her this way!”

Supergirl was led to a stretcher where she placed Lena. Within moments there was a contingent of doctors and nurses all buzzing around her friend, all offering aid and asking questions. Lena’s vitals had been taken, her pupils checked, and Supergirl soon found herself on the sidelines watching professionals at work. All she could really say is she didn’t know what happened. She just found Lena like that.

“Well, thank you for your help, Supergirl, for bringing her in so quickly. We’ll call her next of kin,” the nurse said with a gentle smile.
“Well, can I—?”

“Immediate family only.” The nurse shook her head when Supergirl tried to follow past the double doors. “I’m sure if you come by later, or check in with the company, someone will tell you more. I know you’re a good friend of the family.”

Supergirl nodded. “A very good friend. I’m worried about Lena.”

“We’ll take good care of her. You can rest assured,” the nurse promised her as she turned away, but then turned back, giving Supergirl an odd up and down look. “What is it, retro week or something?”

Head shaking, Supergirl said, “What?”

“Your costume, it’s old school. It looks like Superman’s. It’s kind of like when football teams wear their throwback jerseys. This costume is… cute. I like it, but I like your normal costume better. If you’re taking a poll, go back to the blue and silver.”

As the nurse left, Kara looked down at her costume with confusion. This was her normal costume. She shook her head at the odd interaction, not being able to spend any more time on this. She had to catch up to her sister and Maggie and help track down Livewire before the villain could cause any more damage.
It was over an hour later before Kara caught up to Maggie and Alex back at the apartment.

“There you two are,” Kara said as she stepped in through the window. “I thought you were trying to ditch me. Did you track down Livewire?”

“Kara, sit down,” Alex said as she paced the room.

“Kara sit down?” Kara repeated, instantly anxious. “That’s your difficult news voice. You save that voice to tell me when pets die and when you’re coming out. You can’t come out again, and we don’t have any pets, so what’s going on?”

Maggie strolled into the living room with two bottles of water in hand. “See. Your stress is stressing her out, Danvers. You have stress, and she’ll have super stress. Just chill.”

Alex took a water bottle, eying it critically. “This isn’t beer.”

“Really?” Maggie looked at the bottle in her hand. “Hey, you’re right. Man, we could have made a detective out of you.”

Putting the water bottle down on the coffee table, Alex said, “Get me a beer. If I have to deal with this, I’m not doing it without beer.”

“There is no beer,” Maggie replied.

“What!” Alex rushed into the kitchen, rummaging through the fridge. “Who’s food is this? There’s no leftover Chinese food and no pizza. It’s all vegetables and tofu. There’s no beer, just thick juice and…” Alex’s voice petered off as she wandered back into the living room and sat on the couch. “I think a vegetarian bought that food. This is all just so… crazy.”

“Uh… what’s going on?” Kara asked.

“Are you going to tell her, or should I?” Maggie asked.

“I will, but… it’s just so crazy!” Alex repeated.

“Okay, well while this is so crazy, and Alex is freaking out about the food which is weird, I’m going to go change into something that makes me look less like a superhero. Anyway, three people have been critical of my costume today. Can you believe that? One person even called it classic.”

“Uh, Kara, you uh… you can’t because…”

Moments later, Kara wandered back into the living room. “What happened to my room?”

Alex and Maggie exchanged an uncomfortable silence and then Alex replied, “You don’t live here.”

Head pushed forward, Kara waited for the punchline and then said, “Uh… yeah, I do.”

“Oh, no, you don’t,” Maggie said, mocking Kara’s inflection. “Something major happened, Little Danvers. It doesn’t look like we’re in Kansas anymore, Toto.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Kara looked at her sister. “Alex?”
“You remember how you went so fast and you went to that other earth with those other superheroes?”

Kara nodded.

“Well, we’re not there, because you said you didn’t exist there, but we’re somewhere else.”

“Where?” Kara asked.

“I don’t know,” Alex admitted taking a sip of her water and then putting it down with an unhappy face. “When Maggie and I were leaving the roof, we grabbed your bag, but I noticed it looked weird. The color and shape were wrong. I looked inside it, and your wallet was different. I thought maybe I had the wrong purse, not that anyone else was up on that roof, but I just wanted to check the driver’s license to be sure. That’s when it got weird.” Alex paused, taking a deep breath and letting it out. “Kara, it was your picture and your first name, but your last name was Luthor.”

“Shut up!” Kara said, looking around for the bag but not finding it until Maggie pointed it out. Kara dumped the bag out, pushing the unfamiliar contents around until she found the wallet within. She hurriedly opened it and stared at the license, the one with her picture, and the name Kara Luthor. Kara gasped, looking from the license, to her sister, to Maggie, back at the license, then repeating the process twice more for good measure. “No! What…? How…? I don’t understand.”

“We have a theory,” Maggie said as Kara slid into a seat on the couch. “Superman and Lex used to be really tight back when you first came to Earth, right?”

Kara nodded.

“So we were thinking, what if on this world you were sent to live with the Luthors instead of the Danvers? You were adopted by the Luthors.”

“Wait, so Lillian Luthor is my mother?” Kara gagged, walking away. “Oh, that is just… no.”

“What if the Luthors aren’t bad here?” Maggie suggested.

“A good Lillian Luthor?” Kara asked. “Is that even possible?”

Maggie shrugged. “Well, not on my world, but we’re not on my world anymore. We checked TV listings, and the Kardashians aren’t a thing.”

“That’s the silver lining,” Alex said.

“So I’m a Luthor?” Kara asked. “I’m not your sister here, Alex?”

“Maybe we don’t even know each other,” Alex replied grabbing the water again and drinking while not making eye contact.

While the sisters both stared into space, Maggie broke the silence and said, “Hey, don’t freak out. These aren’t our lives. What matters is how we get back home. Kara, you said something about Lena dispersing energy?”

Kara nodded. “There was too much power built up, and it was going to explode, so she had to disperse the energy.”

“Imminent explosion, that part I remember,” Maggie said. “So maybe Lena can help us with all of this. Plus she’s probably as confused as we are since she’s stuck in another world. Maybe we
The cellphone Kara had dumped onto the couch when she emptied the contents of her doppelganger’s bag started to ring.

“It’s done that a few times,” Alex said. “We didn’t answer it.”

Kara picked it up, eyes growing wide as she stared at the screen and held it out for everyone else to see. “It’s Lillian Luthor. What do I do?”

“Oh, answer it I guess?” Maggie suggested.

Nervously, Kara answered the phone. “Hello?”

“Kara, where the hell are you!” Lillian snapped.

“Well, I… uh… you see…”

“Lena’s in the hospital. Supergirl dropped her off there over an hour ago. The hospital’s been calling your cellphone. Why aren’t you there?” Lillian snapped.

“Oh… well I didn’t have my cellphone. See I was on this roof and… no. My bag was on this roof and… oh, I mean… I just got my bag, and I just saw the hospital called and I was leaving now and… I’m sorry?”

Lillian sighed. “Just get over there. Lena’s awake, and she’s asking for you. She’s scared. She took a nasty hit to the head, and she needs you. I’m on my way, but my plane won’t land for nearly three hours.”

“You’re coming into National City?” Kara looked at her sister and Maggie mouthing, ‘Lillian’s coming here.’

“Of course, I’m coming. My daughter’s hurt. Where else would I be?” Lillian replied. “Tell her I’ll be there as soon as I can be. Lex is out in Asia at a major meeting, but I know he’s going to try and cancel things for tomorrow.”

“Lex!” Kara jumped to her feet. “Lex doesn’t have to show up. You don’t have to show up, Lillian.”

“Kara, don’t be ridiculous. We’re family. This is what family does. Nothing is more important to us. Now go take care of Lena until we show up. Are you sure you’re all right? You sound… stressed. You called me Lillian.”

“I… well, Lillian’s your name,” Kara replied.

“I know it’s my name dear, but you always call me mom.”

“Mom…” Kara laughed nervously. “Of course, I do because you’re my mom… Mom.”

“I’ll be there soon,” Lillian promised. “You take care of Lena until I get there. When I get there, I’ll take care of you both. By sweetie.”

“Bye… Mom.” Kara disconnected, but she was shivering. Hearing the words ‘I’ll take care of you both’ coming from Lillian Luthor sounded like a threat no matter how it was meant.

“You just called Lillian Luthor mom. You don’t even call my mom, mom,” Alex pointed out.
“I know. I want to go brush my teeth,” Kara said as she walked toward the bathroom.

“You don’t have a toothbrush in there!” Maggie yelled.

“Ugh! I hate this world!” Kara stomped back to the couch and sat down. “So Lillian—”

“You mean Mom?” Maggie said with a smirk.

While Kara glared at Maggie, Alex reminded her girlfriend. “You know she could kill you with a flick of her finger.”

“I like living dangerously,” Maggie said with a smile that showed off her dimples. “After all, I date you.”

Kara cleared her throat. “Lillian will be in National City in about three hours, and Lex might be here tomorrow.”

“Lex?” Both Alex and Maggie said at the same time.

Kara nodded. “I need to get out of this and into something less noticeable and get down to the hospital. Actually, I need to get to Lena before Lillian does. If anyone finds out we’re not from this world, it could cause major issues. At least Lena can be explained away with head trauma.”

“Good for us but not for Lena,” Alex said as she stood up. “Give me your wallet. Maggie and I will run out and buy you something that doesn’t look like it belongs in a Halloween parade.”

“Why do you need my wallet?” Kara asked, but she handed it over anyway.

Alex pulled hers from her back pocket, wiggling it in the air. “Because you’re the only one girly enough to carry a bag and leave it on the roof. Maggie and I brought our wallets on this little inter-dimensional trip. That means if we traded places with ourselves, they did the same. We don’t have credit cards that work, and I’ve seen the money here. It looks Canadian. It’s all different colors. You’re the only one with any money.”

“Yeah, Miss Luthor,” Maggie said with a smirk.

Alex shoved her. “Stop it. You’re going to get yourself hurt. We’ll be right back, Kara. Don’t leave the apartment.”

Kara nodded but called out before the other women left. “Hey, Alex. If you don’t have a wallet or keys for this world, how did you get in here?”

“Oh, I used the keys I found in that purse, the one that belongs to other you. You had a key.”

“Oh, so we must still be friends,” Kara said.

“Guess so. Maybe we work together at the DEO.”

Kara smiled, feeling a little better about that.

About twenty-five minutes later, Alex and Maggie had returned with three outfits for Kara. Kara said she only needed one, but Alex pointed out they didn’t know how long they’d be here or how long it would take to locate Kara’s clothes here. Plus Kara had a tendency to drop her clothes in an alley somewhere and never see them again. Alex also pointed out that since Kara was now a Luthor, she could afford a few changes of clothing.
Alex and Maggie decided to head over to the DEO and explore things there while Kara went back to the hospital. If Lena and Kara couldn’t figure things out on their end, they’d need more resources. Kara had to rent a car for Maggie and Alex since they had no way of doing it for themselves. Then she took to the air and landed in an alley near the hospital making her way inside and finding Lena’s room.

Lena’s voice wafted down the hallway as Kara approached. “Please, please, call Lex and convince him not to show up. By the time he finishes his meetings and flies out here, I’ll be home and back at work myself. He’ll have missed everything. I swear I’m fine. There’s no reason for anyone to come out here. Julian, if you can convince mother just to go home, I’ll give you ten million dollars. Okay, make that twenty million. Twenty million and a kidney?” Lena laughed. “Fine, but when you need a kidney, and you will because you drink like a fish, don’t come crawling to me. Just because…” Lena looked up, smiling brightly as Kara stopped by the doorway. “Julian, I have to go. Kara just got here. I will. I’ll let her know. I love you too. Goodbye.”

Hanging up the phone, Lena smiled at Kara from where she sat up in her hospital bed. She was wearing a hospital gown and had a bandage on the right side of her forehead where she’d been bleeding so badly before. Otherwise, she looked fine, happy even. She looked relaxed in a way Kara had rarely seen her. Lena’s conversation was causing just the opposite effect on Kara. It wasn’t so much what Lena had said, though that was confusing, just that she’d been having the conversation. This wasn’t anything Lena from Kara’s world would say. Kara, Maggie, and Alex had one fewer ally than they thought they would.

Holding out her hand, Lena said, “Are you coming in, or do you intend to just stay in the hallway?”

“How are you feeling?” Kara asked as she walked into the room.

“Oh, I’m fine,” Lena said dismissively. “I’m a Luthor. You better than anyone should know how hard-headed we all are. I was just worried about you. Supergirl dropped me off, and then the hospital couldn’t find you. I was worried that… What are you wearing?”

“Uh… my clothes.” Kara looked down at her pink sweater, and pink and white checked dress underneath.

“Your clothes?” Lena shook her head. “Oh, I don’t think so. You look like you got mugged by a librarian, and she held you down and forcibly dressed. Where did you go shopping, Good Will? That’s a place right, a poor people place?”

“They sell used goods,” Kara agreed.

Lena smiled brightly. “See, I’m up on current mainstream culture. Why are you dressed like that? Is it the reason you’re so late. We’re you out there…? You know.”

“I know?” Kara asked, not knowing.

Lena looked around the room, leaning past Kara to check and make sure no one was listening in, and then she whispered. “Up, up, and away.”

Eyebrows nearly touching her hairline, Kara stared at Lena. Lena knew. Oh, of course, Lena knew. She’d grown up with the Luthors. Lena was her sister. Kara tried to calm her heart. This wasn’t Kansas, it was Oz, just like Maggie had said.

Nodding nervously, Kara said, “Really busy. Lots of emergencies. I just got back and had to uh…”

“You had to grab something to wear on your way in here?” Lena nodded. “That happens. Well,
whatever you were up to, it didn’t make the news, and those are usually so big that they require a government cover-up. I’m sure the DEO is busy crafting their story.”

Kara couldn’t control her slight whimper when Lena said DEO.

“Are you sure you’re all right?” Lena asked.

Kara nodded. “I’m just worried about you.”

Sighing, Lena rubbed at her face. “Now that you’re here, I’m good. Kara, I was scared. Livewire showed up on the roof and nearly blew up the power containment unit. I was able to disperse the energy, but the next thing I remembered was waking up here alone. They told me Supergirl had brought me in, but you were nowhere to be seen. I assumed you went after Livewire. Kara, she’s dangerous. She’s almost killed you before. When you didn’t show up again…” Hands over her face again, Lena stopped talking.

“Hey, hey.” Kara sat on the bed, taking Lena’s hands in hers. “Where’s that hard-headed Luthor? Don’t go getting soft on me now.”

“You knew I was hurt. I couldn’t imagine what would keep you away from me except… God, I was scared, Kara. You’re my family, and I don’t want to lose you. I love you.”

Kara smiled, both at the sweetness and at a world where Lena had family she loved, apparently a lot of it. Whatever else was going on, she was glad she’d seen a glimpse of this world. She wanted to go back to her world, but she was glad she’d seen this one. Kara only wished that her Lena had joined them for the ride. It would have been good for the other woman to see the possibility for a loving family in her life.

Kara nodded. “I’m sorry I scared you. I’m here now. There’s nothing to be scared of.”

While Lena folded into her, Kara held the other woman. It felt good for them both. This had been incredibly stressful no matter whose perspective you took. Either you were lost on a new world and trying to blend and find your way home, or you woke up alone in a hospital room waiting for your family to show up. Either way, there was stress.

“Better?” Kara asked as she took Lena’s upper arms in hers and smiled at the other woman.

Lena put a hand on Kara’s face, gently stroking one cheek. “Since you came into my world, every aspect of my life has gotten better. I love you Kara Luthor.” Then Lena leaned forward, kissing Kara on the lips.

It wasn’t a little kiss either. It was a full on ‘we shouldn’t be doing this in a hospital room unless we’re about to check something off a bucket list’ kiss. Though Lena’s eyes were closed, Kara’s flew wide open. She was too shocked to struggle though. Then as it went from Lena kissing her to them kissing, the kiss was too nice for Kara to do anything but close her eyes and kiss Lena back. Full lips moved against full lips, and tips of tongues brushed gently along each other. Kara had pressed into Lena, pushing the other woman into the upright hospital bed, when someone else entered the room.

“Mrs. Luthor, I’d like to go over some dismissal information with you before… oh! Excuse me.”

Kara and Lena both turned to see another woman. She was a brunette with her hair in a ponytail. The newcomer was wearing a blue dress and a white lab coat. She had a name tag on her left pocket, and it said ‘Dr. Kenney’.
“What is it, doctor?” Lena asked.

“Oh, uh, wrong Mrs. Luthor. I need to speak with your wife,” the doctor said, gesturing at Kara. “Mrs. Luthor, your wife has been insistent that she’d be checking herself out of here as soon as you showed up. Since she seems healthy and has been terrifying the nursing staff, we have no objections.”

“Terrifying the nursing staff.” Lena shook her head. “Well, that’s utter nonsense. If your nursing staff is so easily terrified, they need to be better trained. Maybe I should just stay here until my mother shows up. She’ll whip them into shape.”

“That won’t be necessary,” the doctor said, then looked back at Kara. “Mrs. Luthor, if you’d be so kind as to go over this list of post-head injury warning signs with me and sign off on this, we’d be happy to sign your wife out to you.”

“I can sign myself out thank you,” Lena said.

“I’m Lena’s wife,” Kara said, sounding more than a little bit stunned.

“Exactly, Mrs. Luthor,” the doctor said to Kara. “See, your wife understands Mrs. Luthor. Someone needs to be able to keep an eye on your well-being. Post-concussion syndrome is very real.”

“I’m Lena’s wife,” Kara repeated.

“Mrs. Luthor?” The doctor asked, looking into Kara’s eyes. “Mrs. Luthor, um, Lena Luthor, was your wife with you when you were injured?”

“No, she…” Lena paused, not able to answer that question truthfully. “Kara, darling, what’s wrong? Tell me what you’re feeling? Should I call Alex?”

“Alex?” Kara asked as she turned back to Lena.

“Her sister’s a doctor,” Lena explained. “Maybe we should give her a call.”

“Uh, no. No,” Kara said shaking her head. “I’m just tired, uh, hungry. I’m so hungry. I haven’t eaten in hours. You know how hungry I get.”

“Low blood sugar?” The doctor asked.

“No, just… hungry,” Kara said sounding idiotic even to herself. “Why don’t you show me those post-head injury things, and we can get Lena, my wife Lena, who I’m married to, out of here,” Kara said with nervous laughter. She really hoped things were going better for Alex and Maggie because she felt like she was deep up the stream and she was hearing banjos… banjos being played by her mother-in-law, Lillian Luthor.
“Okay, that was weird,” Alex said as she and Maggie walked into the DEO command center.

“Seemed fine to me.”

“It seemed fine to you? The door scanner didn’t recognize me, but it recognized you. That seemed fine to you?”

Maggie grinned. “Machines are glitchy.”

“Hey, Sawyer,” a soldier said as he passed by, then gave Alex an odd, sideways look.

“Hey, Alvarez,” Sawyer replied with a smile.

As the soldier walked off, Alex said, “Plus everyone acts like you’re their best friend, and I’m public enemy number one. Maggie, I don’t think I’m supposed to be here.”

“It’s fine,” Maggie replied. “Like you said, I’m everyone’s best friend. Just stick with me, and no one will say anything.”

“Sawyer!” Hank Henshaw’s voice rang across the command center as he strode toward them.

“What’s she doing here? Do you know who she is?”

“Uh, Alex… Danvers?” Maggie replied. Her voice lilting up at the end.

“Exactly, Danvers as in Danvers!” Hank barked out. “She can’t be here. Do you know who her family is? Do you have any idea what you’ve done? Give me one good reason, just one, why you would bring her in here. You have thirty seconds before I start the court-martial proceeding!”

“Uhhh…” Maggie glanced over at Alex who looked just as unprepared, then snapped her fingers and said to Hank, “Kelataku alien.”

“A kelataku alien?” Hank asked, obviously concerned.

Maggie nodded.

“We need containment, stat!” Hank said into his radio.

“What? No!” Alex said stepping away as she looked over at Maggie. “I’m going to kill you!”

“She’s getting hostile. The parasites must be active,” Hank said. “Take her down!”

As soldiers advanced on Alex, she fought them off. She punched, kicked, elbowed, threw knees, rolled past them, jumped at them, and even threw in a head butt when they finally managed to take her down.

“She fought hard,” Hank said, wiping the blood off his face that ran from his nose. “I’m sorry about this, Dr. Danvers, but we’re here to help you. You’ve been infected by an alien. I know this is a lot to take in but try and relax. Your increased adrenaline actually makes this one worse.”

“I’m not infected! There’s no alien! Maggie, I’m going to kill you! You’re a dead woman!” Alex called as they dragged her off.
“Good work getting her in here, Agent Sawyer.” Hank clapped Maggie on the shoulder. “Looks like you got her here just in time. The doctor doesn’t have a history of violence and no military training, yet she took on a half-dozen well-armed soldiers and held her own.”

“Well, when a kelataku alien gets its parasites into you, you become a different person. I was happy I was able to lead her into here so quietly. I was hoping I’d be able to bring her down to the containment unit without getting her upset but then—”

“Then I saw you two,” Hank said. “Apologies. I should have trusted you, Sawyer. You’re a damn fine agent, the best I have. If you were breaking procedure, I should have known there was a reason. Oh, by the way, what happened with the Luthor technology piece I sent you to check out this morning? We have reports of Lena Luthor being taken to the hospital. Any alien insurgency?”

“Ah…” Maggie considered how much it was safe to reveal. If Alex didn’t work for the DEO and these guys were anti-Supergirl, then she was likely speaking to the real Hank Henshaw, not J’onn J’onzz. Although she didn’t intend to let any of these people know who she really was, it might not be safe to give them enough even to start to trace back what really happened. “The thing was a flop. It was supposed to store solar energy or something, but it shorted out, and she shocked herself. Then Supergirl showed up and took Lena to the hospital.”

“Supergirl showed up?” Hank asked.

“Yeah, so I walked Alex, Dr. Danvers, down to the parking garage like you do. Something got my attention. It was a pod for the kelataku. I only left her alone for maybe a minute, and when I turned around, she was gone, like completely gone. I tracked that damn thing across half the city before I found it and her.”

“Without back-up,” Hank pointed out.

“I found it.”

“Damn it, Sawyer; we’ve talked about this. You have a team for a reason. I know you prefer working alone—”

“I work fine alone. Look, the alien’s gone, and I brought Danvers back here. It all worked out. We good?”

Hank nodded. “You, Dr. Danvers, and her sister were with Lena Luthor when she was hurt, and Supergirl showed up?”

“That’s what I said. Why?”

“Just making sure I understood you. Good work getting Dr. Danvers back here. Maybe now she’ll understand how important our work is, and she’ll take us up on our job offer.”

Maggie watched as Hank wandered away. Something about his tone didn’t match his words. Her cop senses were all lit up. She wasn’t sure what she’d said wrong, but she was worried she’d find out all too soon.

Not being able to change the things she couldn’t change, Maggie sat down and logged into a terminal. She was pleased to see her thumbprint and the password she expected to work would work. She spent a bit of time pulling up information in the system hoping to find something, anything, to help them find their way home. Unfortunately, there was nothing marked with an X for this dimension and another X with their dimension, and even better yet a glass case with a hammer in case of emergency. Maggie felt like she could really use that hammer right now.
In the corner of her screen, she got an IM that read: “Meet me in sparring room 5.”

Maggie stared at the screen, tapping just her thumbs below her keyboard as she drummed nervously and finally typed back: “Who is this?”

The response was: “W.”

She sighed expecting that this Maggie knew who that was. This might be a trap. This probably was a trap. “Crap.” Logging off the system, Maggie rose and made her way first to the armory, which she was happy to see gave her ready access. After arming up, she made her way to Sparring Room Five. “Hello?”

As she entered, the lights came on in the room, illuminating the interior. Hand on her sidearm, Maggie slowly crept into the room. It was shaped like an octagon, the floor padded and a selection of wooden weapons along the walls. They could still be lethal in the right hands but were made for practice. There was no place to hide and no one else inside. Maggie holstered her firearm and was about to relax when she heard a sound behind her, a scrape of a boot on the floor, that made her tense again.

“Hey, ba—”

As an arm came over her shoulder, Maggie grabbed the hand and struck out with her other elbow. Air whooshed over her shoulder, and she shoved out with her hip as the heavier and taller opponent’s weight carried him over Maggie’s back. She tossed him to the ground, not letting go of his hand but twisting his arm as she stepped over him and pulled her weapon, pointing it at his head.

“Winn?” Maggie said, staring down at the man on the ground.

“Ugh.”

“Winn? Winn, are you all right?”

Winn moaned, grabbing at his middle even as Maggie released his other arm. Freed from her grip, he rolled to the side, groaning and curling up. He managed a few coughs, but it was nearly a minute before he got to his feet with Maggie’s help.

“Sorry man. You okay?” Maggie asked.

“No, I’m not all right. I bruise. I’m a bruisee. You’re a bruiser. I don’t like it rough. You know I don’t like it rough. Why did you attack me?”

“You startled me.”

“That was startled?” Winn asked.

Maggie nodded.

Winn pulled out his phone, pressing a button. “Cancel Maggie’s surprise birthday party.”

“Party canceled,” a somewhat mechanical voice replied.

Putting his phone away, Winn pointed at Maggie. “Don’t get grumpy at me because you don’t get cake.”

“Well, I like cake.”
Hands on his knees, he narrowed his eyes at her.

“So, uh, why did you want to see me?”

“It’s Henshaw,” Winn explained. “He’s suspicious of you again. I thought it was just the usual stuff, you know, but this time it’s something different. He said it was something about Supergirl. I don’t know. Anyway, he asked me to run a trace on your system, see what you were doing, which I totally said I would, but I’m not doing. I just ran some reports on Taylor’s system instead. She’s boring. Oh, plus he wants me to put a trace on your cellphone. Your cellphone’s offline.”

“Oh, my phone. Yeah, that uh… that broke when I was fighting a kelataku. Any chance I can get a new one?”

“Maggie, those are dangerous. You should call for back-up,” Winn said, a hand on each of Maggie’s shoulders.

Maggie looked from one of Winn’s hands to the other. “I will, after nap time and before snack time. So that phone?”

Winn dropped his hands and nodded. “I’ll do it. You’ll have two codes. One is for DEO transmissions that they’ll be able to trace. Use it for anytime you check in, order a pizza, alien sightings, and you’re calling for back-up, hint, hint. The other one will be for anything you need to stay off the books, okay?”

“Winn, you’re the best buddy,” Maggie said punching him in the arm.

“Ow,” Winn said slowly rubbing his arm. “I still bruise… like a peach. Hey, Maggie, you want to tell me what Henshaw is after this time? I’m worried about you.”

“Don’t be. I can take care of myself.”

“Hey, I get to worry. You don’t get to shut me—” Winn’s phone chirped, and he pulled it out of his pocket, his brows furrowed.

“Trouble?”

“Security is looking for you.”

“Am I in trouble?” Maggie asked suddenly worried that all of her big talk from a moment earlier was just talk.

“No, they just have Dr. Danvers, and they’ve been told to return her to you.” Winn was typing into his phone. “I’m directing them to this room. There isn’t anything else you want to tell me, is there? You know you can trust me, right?”

“Sure, we’re tight.”

“Tight? Are you mad at me?”

“No, I… I got something going on. It doesn’t have anything to do with you. It’s a mission.”

“Classified?” Winn asked.

“Highly,” Maggie replied.

“Wait, does this go outside the DEO? Does this skirt Henshaw? Is that what has him hot and
bothered?” Winn smiled, shaking his hand up and down in front of himself. “Oh man, are they looking to replace him? Are you up for a promotion?”

“Winn, the less you know the better. All I can say is that this is big. Just help me keep a wrap on this and keep Henshaw in the dark. Can you do this?”

“For you? Anything, Okay, after you tossing me around like a sack of potatoes, I don’t like the way we’re leaving things. There is one more thing before the doctor gets here,” Winn said as he stepped closer.

The door opened, and Winn took two big steps back, scratching at the back of his head. Two guards walked in with Alex. Alex walked oddly as if her pants were too tight, though she was carrying her clothes from before and wearing an oversized jumpsuit. She looked down at the ground, her eyes slightly unfocused.

“Ma’am, we’ve been ordered to turn over Dr. Danvers to you,” one of the soldiers said to Maggie.

Maggie nodded, and the soldiers turned and walked away, leaving Alex alone in the room with Maggie and Winn.

“Dr. Danvers, how are you doing?” Maggie asked.

At Maggie’s voice, Alex lifted her head. Her eyes focusing on her girlfriend, Alex made a noise almost like a growl as she said, “You.”

“What?” Maggie asked.

“You! You sent me to be decontaminated. You told them about the alien parasite. Do you know what they do in that decontamination chamber? Do you know how invasive that procedure is?” As she spoke, Alex kept approaching Maggie, walking the other woman backward until Maggie hit a wall and Alex was pressed up against the smaller woman. “I’ve been cleansed in places I’ve never been cleansed before, and I don’t mean between my toes.”

“Whoa, easy there, Dr. Danvers,” Winn said gently pushing her away from Maggie. “Maggie here just saved your life. You should thank her.”

“I should thank her?”

Winn nodded. “I know you’re familiar with aliens given that your sister is one, but they’re not all like Supergirl. The kelataku will fill you with parasites that take over your psyche. They control you, growing within your body. As your adrenaline surges, the process speeds up. Eventually, they burst out of you, and the young eat the host. It’s brutal and awful, and until you die, you will literally fight off anyone that tries to save you. You probably don’t remember it, but you attacked a half-dozen soldiers in here today. You did really well though. We have video if you want to see it.”

“Not unless Maggie was one of the soldiers. I’d love to see a video of me beating up Maggie.”

“You and Maggie in a cage match?” Winn laughed. “Where’s my popcorn?”

Ignoring that, Maggie said, “Hey Winn, do you think you could run off and get me that new phone? Dr. Danvers and I need to talk.”

“Actually, I still want to talk to you about one thing Maggie. Maybe we could have five minutes?” Winn replied.
“Later okay? Dr. Danvers and I are, uh… She and I are working on that new thing I’m doing. That’s how the alien got her. You can’t tell Henshaw though. Promise?”

“Really?” Winn looked over at Alex then back at Maggie again. “Does she know everything? Does she know what we’re doing?”

Maggie hesitated but then nodded. She had no idea what this world’s Maggie was doing with Winn but was hoping that if she agreed that maybe Winn would tell her. “Alex knows it all. She’s my confidant.”

“She is? That’s great. Well, I’ll see you tonight at your place then, Maggie. Thanks, Dr. Danvers,” Winn said.

“No problem Winn. I’m glad I could—” Alex froze mid-sentence as Winn reached down and took Maggie in his arms, kissing her. The longer the kiss went on, the better Alex was feeling about her invasion of personal space that went on in the decontamination chamber. True, she might have had disinfecting solution in places where no disinfecting solution had gone before, or would ever go again she prayed to God, but that memory would fade. This memory was…! Fumbling with the clothes in her hands Alex quickly grabbed the phone from her pants and pulled it out, entering her code at record speed and hitting the camera button. She managed to snap four pictures before the kiss ended, then got the phone behind her back before Winn turned. Maggie just stared ahead like someone had hit her upside the head with a frozen Mackerel.

When Winn had gone, Alex leaned in smiling broadly and whispered, “Winn’s your boyfriend.”

“… uh… uh…”

“Winn’s your secret boyfriend. I bet now you’re wishing you had said that the kelataku had infected you.”

“So much,” Maggie admitted.

“Well, I’ve got to change unless seeing me naked will offend you. It won’t be too much of a turn-off for you, will it?”

Maggie flipped Alex the bird.

“You’re all talk, no action,” Alex said as she began to strip. “So now are you sorry you teased Kara so much for being Lena’s sister?”

“Actually, you’re Kara’s sister. Winn just said it, and Henshaw was mad at me for bringing you here because of your relatives. I think he meant Kara, Supergirl. Aw crap, that’s where I screwed up. If he knows who Kara is, then he knows that Kara couldn’t have been on the roof when Supergirl showed up to help Lena. Damn. Oh well. I’ll figure something out.”

Pulling on her pants Alex asked, “So if Kara is my sister, why is her last name Luthor?”
We're Not In Oz Anymore

Chapter Notes

I've heard from some folks that this is fun but a bit confusing. So I hope this doesn't ruin the fun, but we're dimension hopping here folks. We're playing with the multiverse. This chapter takes place on "our earth" but with the "characters from another earth". I hope that makes the reading a bit easier/more enjoyable. I love feedback: good, bad, indifferent. I will make updates if folks think this is straying too far from reason (although it is fanfic). If it is ruining your willing suspension of disbelief please feel free to speak up. Also, don't be afraid to point out a typo. I make them I'm self-editing here and only human. Okay...read on!

“Out of my way!” As Supergirl rushed through the emergency room, she called out, urging people out of her way. “My... friend is hurt. I need a doctor!”

“What happened?” A nurse asked as she approached hurriedly, pulling on gloves and checking Lena's head wound.

“I don't know,” Supergirl admitted. “We were attacked by Livewire. There was this release of energy, and when I came to, Lena was like this. I don't think I was out long, only a few seconds. She's hurt though.”

“Livewire?” The nurse looked at her skeptically. “And who are you supposed to be, Supergirl?”

Supergirl took a step back. “Of course.”

“Well, you do kind of look like her, but your costume sucks. No offense. Bring your friend in here.” She turned away from Supergirl as she pointed out a stretcher on which to put Lena and called out. “I need a doctor. I've got a female, early to mid-twenties, head injury with a laceration. Pupils are reactive to light, but the female is unresponsive to external stimuli.”

As other medical professionals crammed around, assessing Lena's condition, Supergirl stepped back. She looked down at herself then turned to inspect her reflection in the glass door. Her costume was dark blue tights from head to toe. The interior of her cape was dark blue and the exterior a dull silver. On her chest was the stylized L of Luthor Corp and within it the S for the House of El in silver. It looked the same as it had for many years. It was a symbol of hope and unity. It was the joining of two great families and meant 'Stronger Together' though most people didn't really understand how these families were joined.

Stepping back, Supergirl shook her head and said to herself, “What's wrong with my costume?” It didn't matter. One nurse’s opinion didn’t matter. What mattered was getting home, getting changed, and getting back to the hospital as Kara so she could take care of her wife.

Kara landed on Lena’s balcony at Luthor Corp. She and Lena both kept several changes of clothing here but for different reasons. Lena worked late, had business meetings, often needed to go from work directly to dinner, or had any other number of reasons for multiple changes. Kara sometimes just shed her clothes to fly off and deal with a burning building or some such emergency. Both excuses were valid.
“Why is everything moved around in here?” Kara said as she stomped around in Lena’s office, her temper rising though actually it was just her concern for Lena.

Voices from outside drew her attention, and she used her x-ray vision to scan the hallway. It was Maggie and Alex being stopped by security and sent back the way they’d come. Supergirl actually felt better seeing a friendly face, though she was surprised to see Alex turned away. Her sister should have been able to get in. Family was always seen through.

Heading out the balcony, Supergirl descended to the ground and awaited Alex and Maggie below. “Dr. Danvers,” she said with a smile and then much more coolly, “Agent Sawyer.”

“Yeah, I’m thrilled to see you too,” Maggie replied. “Look, something weird is going on. We should all go find a private place to talk.”

“I need to get to the hospital. Lena’s hurt,” Supergirl replied.

“Maggie’s right. This is important, Supergirl.”

Seeing her sister and Maggie agree, Supergirl nodded and the trio headed into a nearby alley. “Okay, is the world about to end? I’m pretty sure it takes an extinction level event to get you two on the same side of something, and I don’t use the phrase extinction level event loosely.”

“Show her the bag,” Maggie said.

Alex held up a bag.

“It’s nice,” Supergirl said. “I don’t get it though.”

Alex pulled the wallet out of it and held it out to her sister. “Look inside.”

Supergirl took the wallet, opening it and exploring the contents. “What country is this from? The money is all green.”

“I noticed that too,” Maggie said.

“Look at the license,” Alex instructed.

Nodding, Supergirl looked at the license. “This is me. It’s my… This is my maiden name. Why is this my maiden name? Did you do this?” She accused Maggie as she stomped toward her.

“Whoa!” Hands raised to her shoulders, Maggie stepped back. “Cool your cape, Super Luthor. Your sister found the purse and has had control of it the whole time. I’m just an observer. Tell her, Doc.”

“I don’t think it’s the DEO. My cellphone doesn’t work. I’ve seen newspapers, television shows, I just got turned away by security at Luthor Corp which, by the way, is going by the name L-Corp. Oh, and Brexit passed, and unless I don’t understand what I just read which I hope is the case, the President of the United States is a reality TV show host.”

Shaking her head, Supergirl asked, “Like, the presidency is a TV show?”

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Alex admitted.

“So what’s going on here?” Maggie asked. “Did we all fall asleep and was there an alien invasion? What do you think, Doc? You’re the smart one.”
“Well, my working hypothesis is that we may have jumped to an alternate dimension.”

“Is that a thing?” Maggie asked.

Supergirl nodded. “I did it once before. How are we going to get home?”

“I don’t know,” Alex admitted. “Maybe Lena can help us.”

“Lena! I need to go to—”

“You need to change before you rush off to your wife’s side. If you pop into her hospital room like that, your secret identity will be blown.” Alex reminded her.

Supergirl nodded. “I couldn’t find my clothes in Lena’s office.”

“Because your last name isn’t Luthor,” Maggie reminded her.

“Ugh. Fine. So where are my clothes?”

“Check your wallet,” Alex said. “Your address is on your license.”

“Right, my address is…” Supergirl stared at the license. “Alex, this is your address.”

Shaking her head, Alex said, “Just fly us there. Until we figure this all out, we need to pretend to be our other selves. You go get changed, and Maggie and I will go to the DEO to try and get more information.”

“Are you crazy? I can’t take you to the DEO, Doc? We have security protocols in place for a reason. Director Henshaw would string me up.”

“Tell him I’m thinking about coming to work with the DEO, but I would only do it if I could see the facility. I wanted to make sure it would be a safe environment for my sister,” Alex said as she smiled at Supergirl.

Supergirl smiled back.

“Are you really considering it?” Maggie asked.

“No, you can kiss my—”

“Alex!”

Alex looked back at her sister, nodding slowly before facing Maggie again. “Until the DEO changes your anti-alien ways and learns to work with the alien population on this planet, they won’t have the assistance of any of my family. That means me, my sister, my mother, or my father. Are we clear?”

“Like crystal,” Maggie said with a smile. “Now how about your super sister gives us a ride back to her place unless you want to walk. I don’t think our pretty money will get us a cab, and I think I left my motorcycle in another dimension.”

“Wow, I hope you paid for overnight parking,” Alex said.

“I didn’t,” Maggie admitted. “I’d planned to validate on my way out of the building too. I think I’m screwed… and not in a good way.”

Supergirl flew Alex and Maggie back to the apartment listed on her license. She went through all of
the clothes available to her rather critically while Maggie and Alex waited.

“What’s taking her so long?” Maggie asked as she pulled two beers from the fridge, offering Alex one.

Alex held up a hand. “No, thanks. I don’t drink. Kara, what’s the holdup, honey? Lena is in the hospital.”

“I know, but… these aren’t my clothes,” Kara replied from the bedroom.

“They don’t fit you?” Alex asked.

“Well they fit my body, but they don’t fit me,” Kara said. “They’re just…” Kara walked into the living room wearing a tan sweater with a burgundy argyle pattern down the middle and burgundy slacks.

“What are you wearing?” Alex asked.

“Everything looks like this. I feel like a little kid again, back when Eliza and Jeremiah were trying to get me to hide who I was.”

“You know they only wanted what was best for you,” Alex reminded her sister.

“I know,” Kara said putting her glasses on. “I need to get to the hospital.”

“You need to rent us a car,” Maggie said.

Kara was suddenly inches from Maggie. “I need to get to my wife!”

“Kara, honey, relax. Maggie is right, though. I never thought I’d put those words together. Just rent us a car, and then we’ll see what we can find at the DEO. Maybe they can…” Alex looked over at Maggie for ideas.

“If this opened up a hole in space or something, the DEO might have a record of it. I know just the guy who can help us with that on the down low. He’s a friend,” Maggie said smiling and showing her dimples.

“Maybe not here,” Alex reminded her.

“Hey, there’s one thing I can guarantee on every dimension. Maggie Sawyer has a way with guys.”

“Ugh, you’re repulsive,” Alex said.

“You’re frigid,” Maggie replied.

“You’re both annoying,” Kara chimed in. “Let’s go get you two a car so I can get back to Lena. She must be freaking out thinking I’ve abandoned her. Why hasn’t she called me?”

“She probably doesn’t know your number here, or how to use the phone,” Alex reminded her. “Technology is just different here. I hope their cars aren’t too different.”

“Let’s hope,” Kara agreed.

Luckily, cars were pretty much the same. They still drove on the right-hand side of the road and used combustion engines. There were some differences, but after a bit of fiddling, Maggie and Alex were able to get going to the DEO. Kara slipped to a safe area and took to the air. She landed in an
alley near the hospital and made her way inside.

In Lena’s room, the woman was filling out paperwork, a woman Kara didn’t recognize nodding and taking notes while Lena spoke. Kara stood in the doorway, happy to see that Lena seemed calm and well. Wherever she was, so long as Lena was okay everything else would be okay.

When Lena finished signing the last of the forms in front of her, she looked up and saw Kara and said, “Kara, there you are.”

Kara nodded and smiled, entering the room but not sure what to say with a stranger there.

“You don’t return calls?” Lena asked.

“Return calls?”

“I left you three voicemails.”

“Voicemails?” Kara repeated.

“Are you all right?”

Kara nodded, looking sideways at the other woman.

Noticing Kara’s unease, Lena looked at her assistance and said, “Jess, that will be all for now.”

The woman stood and asked, “Should I cancel your dinner tonight, Miss Luthor?”

“Certainly not,” Lena replied. “The mayor and I have some very important business to discuss, and it will be critical in L-Corp getting zoning approved. I’m not going to let a little bump on the head get in the way of business, now am I?”

“No, Miss Luthor,” her assistant replied. “Of course not.”

“Now, get back to the office and make sure my clothing for tonight is laid out, and on your way out get the doctor in here with my release paperwork. If I’m not out of here in the next fifteen minutes, I’ll find a way to buy this place and fire people. Feel free to quote me on that.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor,” her assistant said as she left the room.

Looking at Kara again, Lena said, “Are you sure you’re okay? The hospital said I was the only one that Supergirl brought in, but when you didn’t return my voicemails, I was getting quite concerned. Your sister and the detective are all right?”

“The detective?” Kara asked.

“Detective Sawyer,” Lena supplied. “Honestly, Kara, I don’t think you’re well. We should get a doctor in here to check on you.”

When Lena reached for the button on the side of her bed to summon help, Kara sat on the bed suddenly and took Lena’s hands. “No, no. I’m fine. I was just… my phone broke. I’m sorry. You’re all right?”

“Fine,” Lena replied. “I’m aggravated to be stuck in this place. All I needed was a band-aid, an aspirin, and a good stiff drink. This hospital visit was excessive.”

“Right, because you’re indomitable,” Kara said as she ran the back of one finger along Lena’s cheek.
“Uh, Kara, what’s—?”

“I was really worried about you,” Kara said as she stood up and walked away. “I still am.”

“But I’m fine.”

“Right… Miss Luthor.” Arms crossed over herself; Kara looked out the window. She wasn’t on her world, and this wasn’t her wife. It looked like Lena, even mostly sounded like Lena. The cadence was off, a certain gentleness removed. Kara likely wouldn’t have noticed if she didn’t know to look for it. She couldn’t overlook someone calling Lena ‘Miss Luthor’. It was clear why this world’s Kara’s last name was Danvers, and she’d known why before she walked into this room, but she’d walked into here expecting to see her Lena. Worse yet, as that realization grew another one settled in. Somewhere on her world was another Kara with her wife. That would have to change and soon.

“Why am I Miss Luthor again? Are we suddenly not friends?”

“Friends?” Kara replied with a humorless laugh as she turned back to Lena. “We’re friends. Oh, we’re very good friends, Lena. I don’t think I have a better one.”

“Kara, I’m calling a doctor for you.”

“No!”

Lena froze, staring at Kara and waiting, not so much scared as concerned.

“I mean… no,” Kara said with a smile. “It’s been a long day, and there’s so much left to it. Honestly, I just want to go home. Do you want to go home, Lena? Do you want to go home to your family?”

“Well not to my family, but home certainly. Don’t threaten me with family, unless you mean you. You’re the closest thing I have to family, Kara.”

“I am?” Kara replied, sitting on the side of Lena’s bed again. Even though this wasn’t her wife, that was a welcome response.

“Of course you are. You know that, don’t you?”

With a shy smile, Kara asked, “Can I lay down with you?”

“You want to…?”

Before Lena could answer, Kara had curled up next to her and snuggled into her shoulder.

“Oh, all right. Is that better?”

“So much. Did they call your mother? Is she coming?”

“Is that a joke?” Lena replied. “If so it’s an awful one. No, the only way I want to see my mother again is through the bars of a jail cell. Scratch that. No good came of visiting her in jail last time. No, I visited her once in jail, and that was enough for a lifetime. I’m done.”

Slowly, Kara looked up from Lena’s shoulder, staring at the other woman.

“What?”

“Your relationship with your mother is… estranged,” Kara noted.
Lena laughed and replied, “That’s the understatement of the century. Between the betrayal, framing me for crimes, and the attempted murder, it has definitely put a strain on our relationship. We can’t all have a perfect Danvers family relationship.”

When the doctor came in with paperwork for Lena to sign, Kara stood up and moved off to the side. It felt like her whole world was sideways. Now she wanted more than ever to get home. Lena was there with another her, and likely that person was pretending to be her. Hands in fists, Kara shook with controlled rage. If that other Kara touched her wife… Kara let out a breath. Getting upset wouldn’t change things. She just hoped that Maggie and Alex were having better luck at the DEO. Wait, Lena had called Maggie ‘Detective Sawyer’. That didn’t mean anything. It was possible this Lena didn’t know who Maggie really was. It was possible that this Lena didn’t know who Kara really was. Leaning against the wall, Kara stared at the ceiling and took several cleansing breaths. How were they going to get home if they couldn’t confide in Lena?
Two Princess Leias

Chapter Notes

I’m realizing with all of the dimension hopping, this story probably could use some notes at the beginning of each chapter just to keep folks in the right universe. This chapter takes place in ‘Our Universe’ with the ‘characters from the Other Universe’.

“Will you relax, Doc?” Maggie said quietly as she and Alex walked down the hallway toward the DEO Command Center.

“I can’t relax. I’m in the DEO.” Alex put two fingers to her neck, taking her pulse. “My heart is racing. I feel like somehow my parents are just going to know I’m in here and they’ll call.”

“You’re and adult, and you’re worried your parents will call and yell at you? Wait, you’re a doctor, and you’re worried your parents will call and yell at you?”

“Oh, I don’t care if they yell,” Alex replied. “They call and say, ‘Alexandria, we’re very, very disappointed in you. I thought we raised you better.’ Parental disappointment is the worst.”

“If you say so. My parents think I’m an FBI agent. They couldn’t be prouder.” When Alex glared at her, Maggie added, “Hey, I have some good news for you. Not only won’t your phone work while you’re down here, your parents are on another dimension. I bet your calling plan doesn’t cover that.”

“That’s true.”

“Ma’am,” another soldier said as they walked by Alex and Maggie.

Maggie nodded, and Alex avoided eye contact.

“Let’s just get what we need and get out of here. When they made me put my hand on that panel and get my retinas scanned, I thought I’d pass out. How do these people even have my retina scans?” Alex asked.

“We’re the DEO. We know… EVERYTHING,” Maggie said as she leaned in close and laughed.

“Stop it,” Alex said pushing Maggie away.

Maggie just laughed more as they entered the Command Center. Gesturing with her head toward someone leaning in front of a console and typing, Maggie said, “That’s my guy.”

“Which one?”

“Good jaw, spikey hair.”

“The one not in uniform?” Alex asked. “He looks short.”

“I’m short. Why isn’t he in uniform?” Maggie shook her head. “Maybe he got called in on his day off. Follow me. Make like a bookend so I can talk to him.”
As Winn stood leaning forward typing, someone came up on either side of his shoulders. He looked left and then right, seeing Maggie and then Alex. He went back to what he was doing, but they remained there, obviously wanting something. He looked over at Alex who met his eyes with an odd look of anxiety. Turning to his left met him with Maggie’s ready smile.

“Ladies,” Winn said. “Do you need something?”

“Sure do,” Maggie said. “Can you take twenty?”

“Twenty what?” Winn asked.

“Twenty minutes, Winn,” Maggie clarified.

“Well, I uh… I guess so. I just need to finish up a few things.”

“Great. Meet us in sparring room five,” Maggie whispered into Winn’s ear.

Winn brushed away the tickle at his ear, but then his eyes flew wide open. A hand had cupped his butt, then squeezed firmly. Fingers frozen above the keyboard, he didn’t move at first, then looked over his shoulder seeing Maggie and Alex walking away. Swallowing hard, he locked his console while he quietly said to himself, “Please let it be both of them. Please let it be both of them.”

Winn arrived in sparring room five about twenty seconds after Alex and Maggie. The door opened, and he fairly tripped over himself as he stumbled into the room. Standing upright, he pulled his shirt straight and nodded at them both.

Clearing his throat, he said, “Ladies, what did you, both of you, the two of you in here at the same time, need from me?”

“Winn.” Walking up to stand within inches of Winn, Maggie smiled broadly. “We need a favor. Could you do a favor for us?”

“A favor? I… I… I like favors. Favors are some of my favorite things. What kind of favor?”

“A friendly favor,” Maggie said running her hand up and down Winn’s chest and along his shoulder. “Is this a new shirt?”

Winn’s laugh was almost a giggle. “Maybe. Do you want it to be?”

“Sure. It looks good on you.”

“I like your shirt too, uh…” Winn looked over at Alex who seemed a combination of bored and annoyed, but not hostile. “… Maggie.”

“You like anything else about me?” Maggie asked as she slid her hands over Winn’s shoulders.

“Wa… wait,” Winn said as he stepped away and unwrapped Maggie’s arms from his neck. “I, yes. I do. Of course, I do. I mean you’re all… Wow! I notice. Who doesn’t notice, right? But this?” Looking at Alex, Winn shook a finger at her. “This is a test. I know a test when I see one. I’m not failing this test.”

“A test?” Alex asked, now curious.

“My life isn’t this good. No one’s life is this good. This is about that dream, isn’t it?”

“What dream?” Alex asked.
“The Princess Leia dream I told to Monroe, the one with two Princess Leias. Look, it was just a dream. You can’t control your dreams. Plus Carrie Fischer had just died. What red-hearted American geek wasn’t dreaming about Princess Leia? You two were just doing your part… in my psyche I mean.”

“Carrie Fischer died?” Alex asked, hand over her heart.

“What rock were you under?” Winn replied. “So to be clear, if anyone in this room was ever interested, or everyone in this room, then yes, but I’m not failing this test. I don’t need Alex deciding that I need extra martial arts training for the next year.”

“Um, okay,” Maggie said. “Well, any chance you’d be willing to pull some data for us just because we’re friends?”

“DEO data?” Winn asked.

Maggie nodded.

“I’ll do it for Alex.”

“You will?” Alex replied, clearly surprised.

“Sure. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Uh… Maggie?” Alex stared at the other woman.

“No reason,” Maggie replied, her gaze shifting back and forth before her face returned to neutrality. “So, Winn, we’re looking for a power surge that happened in the last eight hours. We need something huge.”

“How huge?” Winn asked.

“Something that could damage the fabric of the space/time continuum,” Alex supplied.

“Time travel?” Winn asked. “Did someone travel through time?”

“No it’s… it isn’t time,” Alex asked.

“So it’s a hole in space,” Winn said.

“Winn, get Alex the answer she needs and don’t tell anyone else,” Maggie told him.

“Can do. I’ll send you the information.”

“Oh, our phones are… broken,” Maggie said the last word slowly.

“I can get Alex a new phone. You should stop off at your wireless provider, Maggie.”

“I should…? I should do that,” Maggie said. “Come on, let’s head out, Alex. We need to catch up to your sister.”

“Oh, say hi to Kara for me. I’ll see her on game night,” Winn said.

“You will?” Alex and Maggie asked together.

“Wouldn’t miss it. Hey, just so I know, that was a test, right? You two weren’t just bored or
curious, were you?” Winn asked.

“Curious? Curious about what?” Alex asked, curious about being curious.

“Well, I don’t know. I’ve heard sometimes that straight women get curious about women. I wondered if lesbians get curious about men.” Winn looked back and forth between the stunned expressions on Maggie and Alex’s faces and laughed as he pointed between them both. “See, it was a test. I knew it was a test. You two are perfect for each other. You’re such a great couple. I’m going to get Alex a new phone. Grab it from me before you leave. I’ll send you those results as soon as I have them.”

As Winn left, Maggie looked over at Alex and asked, “Did he say—?”

“No. I didn’t hear it, so no.”

“We’re lesbians?” Maggie asked.

“No.”

“We’re a couple?”

“No!” Alex replied more loudly. “What is wrong with you? Someone will hear you.”

“I think everyone but us already knows. So do you think—?”

“Don’t touch me!” Alex said taking several steps away.

“I wasn’t going to.”

“You moved.”

“My arm,” Maggie said waving her hand around. “I also blinked. Did you think I was going to attack you with my lesbian eyelashes?”

“Shut up. You’re an idiot.”

Smiling, Maggie stepped closer as Alex backed away.

“What are you doing?” Alex asked.

“I think the lady doth protest too much.”

“It’s ‘the lady doth protest too much methinks.’ If you’re going to harass me, at least get the quote right.”

“Oh, I’ll harass you, Doc,” Maggie said running her hand along Alex’s arm.

“Stop it!” Alex slapped at Maggie and backed out of the room. “Why are you doing this?”

“Mainly because it annoys you, same as usual. Today though, I’m your girlfriend so play nice sweetie. That’s what everyone will expect,” Maggie said as she walked next to Alex down the hallway.

As Maggie tried to take her hand, Alex slapped it away.

“Agent Danvers!”
Both Alex and Maggie turned slowly, seeing a large, African-American man striding toward them purposefully. He was wearing the uniform of a DEO agent and carried himself as if he had years of experience.

Whispering over her shoulder, Alex asked, “Who is that?”

“That is Hank Henshaw, director of the DEO. I’ve mentioned him. He’s tough, mean, anti-alien, and a general bad-ass. I’m pretty sure he catches bullets in his teeth before breakfast. He’s everything you hate about this place. I love him like a father. Play nice.”

As J’onn arrived, Alex nodded and said, “Director.”

“Director?” J’onn tilted his head to the side. “Are you mad at me Alex?”

“Um… no, Sir,” Alex replied.

“You look well, Sir,” Maggie said with a smile.

“Thank you, Detective. As do you.”

As soon as he called her Detective, Maggie took a step back. She wasn’t part of the DEO? This wasn’t her family? She was a… cop? Everything was wrong.

“Alex, how did the testing at L-Corp go?” J’onn asked.

“Testing at L-Corp?” Alex repeated.

“Yes, Alex, the testing? Lena Luthor had some new piece of technology to unveil. You went in as your cover as an FBI agent while your sister was writing a story for it for that newspaper she works for. Detective Sawyer, you were there, weren’t you?”

“Yes, Sir,” Maggie said snapping back into action when she was addressed. “It was a bust, Sir. The machine didn’t work. Mrs. Luthor intends to do another test, and Alex thought we should be there for that also, right Alex?”

“I… right,” Alex said nodding.

“Miss Luthor,” J’onn corrected.

“Excuse me?” Maggie asked.

“You called her Mrs. Luthor. Lena is Miss Luthor. Her mother is Mrs. Luthor. Oh, how I’d like to get that woman in my sights again. I realize she’s human and doesn’t have powers, but the human courts haven’t been able to hold her. Though it loathes me to say it, that woman needs to be thrown into a hole, and that hole needs to be filled in.”

“You’re not serious, are you?” Alex asked.

“Those are my feelings, Alex. She very nearly killed the entire alien population of this planet and would have if not for her daughter. No, punishing humans isn’t our job, but protecting this planet is, all peaceful people on this planet. The alien refugees here need our protection too. The likes of Lillian Luthor and Cadmus are the true enemy.” While Alex and Maggie both stood there stunned, he added, “I’ll see you and your sister here at 7:00 tomorrow?”

“My sister?” Alex repeated. “My sister Kara?”
“Do you have another sister?” J’onn asked.

“God, I hope not,” Alex mumbled under her breath.

“They’ll be here, Sir,” Maggie promised.

“Good,” J’onn said, looking oddly at Maggie, then addressing Alex again. “Oh, and Alex, make sure you’re in uniform. Those shoes, you’ll break an ankle if you have to go into combat in those. See you in the morning.” Winking, he clapped Alex on the back and smiled as he walked away.

As he left Alex said, “Huh. I like him too.”

“I have no idea who that was. He looked like Director Henshaw, but he didn’t act like Director Henshaw. That was weird.”

“Well, I like this DEO. I work here?”

“And I don’t. I’m a cop. This world is… I don’t like it.”

“It seems okay,” Alex said.

“You going to feel that way tomorrow morning when you and your sister have a DEO mission?”


Maggie shrugged. “Let me answer that question with a question. Can you bio-engineer with those shoes on?”

“Bio-engineer is not a verb,” Alex sighed. “And yes.”

“Huh. Then the answer to your question is no. Guess tomorrow we’ll find out what your job is. Hey, want me to teach you some grapples?” Maggie asked, wrapping an arm around Alex’s waist.

“Aaaahhh!” Alex let out a shriek as she danced away from Maggie, slapping freely. “Stop touching me!”

Holding out a hand, Maggie wiggled the fingers at Alex. While she smiled, she waggled her eyebrows.

“No,” Alex said.

“Oh, come on, pookie-bear. Hold your girlfriend’s hand.”

“Isn’t there some rule against fraternization or something in the DEO?”

“Maybe,” Maggie admitted, “But I’m not in the DEO. I’m a police detective. Hey, I wonder where I work. I wonder where I live.”

“Both good questions you should try and get answered somewhere far from me,” Alex urged with shooing motions from the back of her hands.

“Don’t be that way, Doc. Anyway, I need to get you to the armory.”

“The armory? Why in the world would I ever need to go to the armory?”
“Do you know how to fire a pistol?” Maggie asked.

“Of course not,” Alex replied.

“That’s why. Tomorrow, you might need to know how. So, before you get yourself or anyone else killed, I’m going to teach you. We’re also going to find your locker and make sure you can suit up. I’ll show you how to properly don body armor. We’ll do a couple of quick, easy take-downs too.”

Arms folded, Alex stared down at Maggie.

“It’s not a trick. You could get yourself killed if you go in there completely blind tomorrow. Hey, let me find out what your mission specs are for the morning, okay? I bet Winn will get those for me.”

“You mean for me.”

“Right, right, for you, because you’re… whoever the hell you are here. We should also find that out.” Holding out her hand again, Maggie said, “Give me a chance to set you up right, Doc?”

Alex reached out, but then pulled back her hand. “No tricks?”

“Nah. I want to get back to where I can harass you and have home court advantage. I’m not digging this away team feel. Maybe we could make peace until we’re both where we’re supposed to be?”

“So a ceasefire?” Alex asked.

“Just while we’re here. As soon as we’re home, you may continue hating me, unless it turns out you don’t really hate me.”

“Oh, I’ll still hate you,” Alex promised.

“Okay, lady’s choice. For now…” Maggie held out her hand again.

After considering, Alex took the hand, and the two began to walk.

“You know, I could figure this all out on my own, don’t you? The only reason I’m not ditching you is I think we may need to account for the same energy we took through the dimensional hole as we’re bringing back.”

“Huh?” Maggie asked.

“I can’t leave you here. A one way trip for you is a one way trip for me… hypothetically speaking.”

“Ah. Well, hypothetically, thank you.”

“That isn’t what that… close enough,” Alex said as she made a right at the end of the corridor.

Maggie tugged hard on Alex’s arm, pulling her in the opposite direction. “Armory is this way.”
Kara Danvers looked at herself in the set of full-length mirrors in her dressing room. Dressing room… she had a dressing room. No, Kara Luthor had a dressing room. She was just borrowing it until she, her sister Alex, and Maggie could figure out how to get back home to their own dimension. Right now she was also borrowing this navy blue George Stavropoulos slip dress from Kara Luthor. It had a v-neckline and spaghetti straps. The material was light and airy and went down to her ankles. She hated to admit it, but it looked amazing on her.

“Mmmm.” Lena came up behind Kara, wrapping her arms around the taller blonde from behind. “That looks amazing on you. I’ve always loved you in that dress.” Slowly, she turned Kara around, so they were facing each other. “Blue is definitely your color, darling.”

“Oh, I… uh… thanks?”

Head back, Lena’s laugh was full and rich. She looked at Kara again, one finger running down the blonde’s nose and gently poking it at the end. “Thanks? God, you sound like that little girl I met in high school. Well, you were in high school. I was home from MIT for the summer and visiting my brother Lex while you were visiting Clark. You were such a geek then, though I know much of that was a pretense. Still, there was something so sweet and endearing about you. I can still see it in you now.”

As Lena smiled at her, Kara smiled back. However, when Lena reached up and pulled off her glasses, the instinct was different. Even though Kara knew that this Lena knew who she really was, there was an instant drop in her stomach like being shot out of the air and falling miles to the ground.

“My glasses!” Kara said, grabbing at Lena’s hands.

Pausing with Kara’s hands wrapped around hers, Lena said, “Well, I’m not going to break them. What’s going on with you today?”

“I just… Well, your mother is coming and—”

“Ugh, I know,” Lena said walking away with Kara’s glasses in hand and sitting on the bed. “Don’t get me wrong. I love my mother, but she’s going to be a colossal pain in the ass while she’s here. She won’t be to you, of course. You’re bloody perfect though.” Lena smiled just a bit too sharply at Kara.

“Hey, are you all right?” Kara asked, walking over to join Lena on the bed.

“Yes, just… the usual,” Lena replied with a hand flourish. When she spoke again, her voice was odd, an obviously tired subject being repeated. “She’s going to tell me how I should be wearing my hair shorter, doing my make-up differently, and probably something snarky about the color choice of my outfit if she can. I’m ready for her on that one this time though. I’m going to tell her you bought me this dress. If you bought it, she likes it.” Lena snapped her fingers at her own brilliance.
Kara was a bit shocked. The Lillian Luthor she knew was the evil, conniving, anti-Alien menace of her dimension, not the snide mother who ruined her child’s confidence through innuendo and backhanded compliments. Oddly, with everything Lillian had done in her home dimension, including trying to kill Lena, this Lena seemed to have less self-esteem. It was like from an EVIL Lillian, her influence could be fought off. An overtly kindly and sweet Lillian who nitpicked her daughter, she left her mark.

Lena sighed heavily. “You know, if she didn’t want a daughter, I don’t know why she even adopted me.”

“Well, because Lionel…” Kara stopped talking while Lena waited patiently. “Lena, you know that Lionel, he’s…” Kara stopped again, Lena looking at her curiously.

“What about my father?” Lena asked.

“Your father,” Kara repeated back to Lena.

“My father… yes?” Lena asked.

“Lionel, your… adopted father,” Kara said, waiting to see how that would land.

“I know, Kara. I was only four when mother and father adopted me, but I have an excellent memory. You don’t go from losing the not much that you have to gaining everything, a mother, a father, and two older brothers, and forget that. What about Father?”

Kara blinked much too quickly. Lena didn’t know. Lena didn’t know she was Lionel’s illegitimate child. She had no idea she’d been adopted because her father had insisted his daughter not go into foster care. She had no idea that her adoptive mother resented her for being the result of an affair as opposed to a child brought into their family by loving choice. Lillian had kept the secret all these years, a secret that burrowed under her skin and festered. It was a secret that wormed its way into her relationship with Lena, spoiling something that could have been beautiful.

“Darling, what’s wrong?” Lena asked, her hand on Kara’s cheek again.

“I just… your mother should treat you better. I’m going to talk to her, clear the air about all of this. If she’s going to be staying in your house—”

“Our house.”

“Right, our house. This is my house too. I knew that. If she’s going to be staying in our house, she needs to treat you with the respect she’d treat anyone she visited. She has better manners than this. Plus, you’re family. That matters.”

“I’m not a Luthor, not really,” Lena said with a shrug. “I’ve never been Luthor enough for her I suppose.”

As Lena turned away, Kara put a hand on the other woman’s shoulder and turned her back. “Hey, you are a Luthor.” Before she said something she shouldn’t, Kara licked her lips and added, “You and Lillian were both chosen to be Luthors, after all. If she wants to be all ‘who’s a real Luthor’ picky, she needs to start with herself.”

Her smile growing, Lena curled some of Kara’s hair around her fingers. “My hero, but that’s been true for years, hasn’t it, darling? You are adorable, but as I’ve told you before, don’t go picking a fight with my mother. She’s bearable, just annoying, and the rest of the family is fabulous. My brothers and I all married well, although my wife is the best. No, just ignore her, and when she isn’t
looking during dinner, hold up your fork like I do and imagine what she’d look like behind bars. It’s highly therapeutic.”

Kara laughed weakly. “I’ll take your word for it. What are you doing?”

“Well, if you don’t know, I’m losing my touch,” Lena replied, moving Kara’s hair out of the way while she kissed the blonde’s neck. “Mmmm. Your skin feels amazing on my lips. You’re so tense though. Why are you so tense?”

“Uh… no reason,” Kara replied, her voice a register too high.

“Well, I have a cure for tension. It’s been working for years. I’m tense too.” She kissed her way up Kara’s throat and along the blonde’s jaw.

“Look, sweetie, your mother is coming and—”


When Lena’s mouth crushed up against hers, Kara gasped. This was their second kiss, the first time being in the hospital room, but it was just as surprising. Again the surprise was half Lena kissing her and half how good it felt, how natural. She supposed part of it was that Lena had been kissing another Kara for years and knew what Kara would like… apparently knew it a lot. Kara hadn’t expected soft, full lips to feel this good, a smaller mouth. None of this was what she was used to, but still, it fit. The body pressing against hers fit in ways she didn’t understand but in ways her body apparently did and readily accepted.

Lena leaned back, pulling Kara down on top of her and biting the blonde’s lower lip. Teeth held that lip even as a clever tongue flicked along it. When it was released, Lena’s tongue did a quick circuit over Kara’s lips before sliding inside her mouth again, but gently, casually, not in a vulgar fashion. Her hands caressed their way down the blonde’s legs until she grabbed the blue dress, hiking it most of the way up to expose Kara’s upper legs.

Head spinning, Kara lifted her face to gasp for breath. She didn’t even know this person, didn’t know what the hell she was doing right now, and this was all going way too fast. Pretending she was someone else so she could get back home was one thing. Doing what it seemed she was about to do with that someone else, who thought she was someone else, was something else entirely… even though it was feeling really good.

“Lena I… wait,” Kara managed to mumble out between kisses.

“Hmmm? What is it, darling?” Lena replied, kissing the blonde even as her leg ran between Kara’s thighs.

“Whoa!” Kara said, rolling to the side. “I uh… I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Hurt me?!” Lena propped herself onto one elbow, looking quizzically at Kara. Reaching out, she ran the back of her hand down Kara’s cheek. “Darling, it’s been years since you broke my nose amid some heavy petting. Just relax. I still have my rhinoplasty surgeon on speed dial.”

As Lena slid her body onto Kara’s, tongue lapping along the blonde’s pulse point, Kara’s eyes grew wide. Her heart was racing, and it wasn’t all panic. There was definitely some excitement mixed in there. As much as she knew she had to stop this, her stupid body was arguing with her over this right now. To be fair, it may have been the lack of blood to her brain.

When a hand moved from her thigh to between her legs and traveling north, the shock caused her to
yell out and buck. “Blessed Rao!” She jerked slightly, but it was enough to throw Lena several feet into the air. Luckily, the other woman landed on the foot of the bed, bouncing but not looking to be injured. “I… I… I’m so sorry, Lena. Are you…?”

“Oh, what’s wrong with you?” Lena replied, her earlier seduction completely shed. “You’re not right.”

“I’m… not?” Kara asked with a sharp swallow.

“No, darling. Something is obviously wrong. Did you run across any oddly colored rocks recently?”

“Rocks?” Kara shook her head. “No, I’ve been with you. I was with you on the—”

“The solar pulse!” Lena said, snapping her fingers. “That could have filled you with energy from our sun. Preliminary tests didn’t account for…” Lena’s voice petered off, and her eyes wandered back and forth.

Kara took Lena’s hand asking, “Hey, you still in there?”

“Hmmmm? Oh, certainly. Just… thinking. You know how I get.” She stood, not releasing Kara’s hand. “Come on. Let’s get you to my lab. I want to run some tests on you.”

“Tests?”

“Absolutely. We need to see what sort of radiation levels you’re putting out. Come along. I’ll put you in the chamber, and we’ll run a full array on you. If so much as a fleck of dust has landed on you in the last twenty-four hours, I’ll know about it.”

“Really?” Kara asked, her voice cracking.

“Oh, absolutely. We know so little about yours and Clark’s physiology. My weekly biometric logs are pivotal in tracking your status. I know we did a complete evaluation yesterday, and I realize they bore you, but I’m worried. Let’s just get this done before Mother arrives, so we’ll know if anything has changed from yesterday.”

Kara sat frozen, staring up at Lena. This was Lena who knew who Clark Kent was. This was Lena who had some sort of medical log on the other Kara and wanted to do a comparison. This was Lena who was about to know everything.

“You’re staring at me again.”

“No, I… I guess I was,” Kara admitted as she slowly stood. “There’s nothing wrong with me Lena. I swear. I’m just… hungry?”

“Of course, you’re hungry. You’re always hungry. You’re always horny too though. If you’re not hungry and horny, something’s wrong with you.”

“But I… am. I’m both of those things.”

“You want to have sex?” Lena asked, releasing Kara’s hand and crossing her arms.

Kara nodded.

“Darling, I’m not trying to pressure you. I’m the one who is usually trying to sleep while you’re the Midnight Mauler. Now that’s not a complaint, though you have sent me into the lab with bags under
my eyes on more than one occasion. You are an OSHA violation just waiting to happen, my love. You swear you’re feeling okay?”

“I swear.”

Wrapping her arms around Kara’s waist, Lena asked, “Then tell me what’s going on. Something isn’t right with you. I can tell. We’ve been together for too many years for me not to notice. Kara, if you weren’t the only Kryptonian female on this planet, I’d swear you were someone else. You look like you, but you’re acting… strangely. I’m really worried.”

“Don’t be. I’m me. I’m Kara, and I feel fine. I’m just…” Kara rolled her eyes. “I don’t want to be rolling around here in bed when your mother shows up, all right?”

“Oh really?” Lena’s smile grew, a look of pure amusement on her face. “You don’t want to be having sex when Mother arrives.”

“No, and why are your hands on my ass? You have an evil glint in your eyes, Lena Luthor.”

Lena chuckled. “Because I definitely want to be having sex when Mother arrives. I want to be having loud, sloppy, shake the chandeliers sex. We’re going to have as much of that as my frail little human body can stand until she leaves. No one invited her here. If she’s arriving for dinner, it comes with a show.”

“Oh, Rao.”

“Oh, you’re going to be saying that much louder soon,” Lena said into Kara’s neck, her smile obvious.

Suddenly Kara’s ears picked up a noise, and she patted Lena on the shoulder. “I hear a car.”

Lena slowly lifted her head. “Is that a joke?”

Head shaking, Kara smiled nervously.

“Fuck me!” Lena said, walking over to the bed and flopping back onto it. “Well, not literally, not now.” She checked her watch. “She’s fifteen minutes early. Why is she fifteen minutes early? She’s kept me waiting nearly an hour I have no idea how many times. Oh, I know why she’s early because it’s inconvenient for me this time. That’s when she’s early or on time when it’s bad for me.” Sighing, Lena rose from the bed. “Well, let’s get this over with. Time for me to be reminded of all of my failings in life. I don’t know why I haven’t cured cancer yet, Mother. I suppose I’m just too much of a slacker.”

Kara smiled weakly, walking after Lena. That was too close. Whoever thought she’d be saved by Lillian Luthor. Although technically she’d been saved from sex, sex she didn’t want to have… she was almost certain. No, she didn’t. This was someone else’s wife and a woman. She wasn’t interested… right?

At the doorway to the bedroom, Lena took a deep breath before opening the door and then looked back at Kara. “Are you ready to… Kara! Glasses!”

“What?” Hands to her face, Kara realized she wasn’t wearing her glasses. “Oh!”

“Put your hair back too!” Lena yelled after Kara’s retreating back.

Moments later, Kara caught back up to Lena. “Sorry about that I… sorry. I’m distracted.”
“Distracted? Hmmm. Darling, you never leave the bedroom with your hair down and glasses off unless you do it through a window. We have servants and today, we have my Mother. What if she saw you and put two and two together?”

“What do you think she’d do?” Kara asked, actually curious.

“Honestly, she adores you, Kara. She’d be shocked because you’re an alien, and she’s uncertain about the existence of aliens on Earth, but knowing you and loving you as she does might help. It would make it personal to her. I’ve told you before. It’s your choice who you tell, and I’ll support you. You know Lex and Lana would back you up with the family. They’re about as pro-Superman, and Supergirl as anyone can get, though loving Clark the way they do…” Lena smiled and shrugged.

“Lana,” Kara repeated.

“Yes, Lana.”

“Lex and Lana?”

“Yes, my brother and sister-in-law.”

“Lana Lang?” Kara asked.

“Well, that was her maiden name. That’s it; we’re testing you. Something’s wrong.”

“The front door just opened,” Kara said, happy that it was the truth.

Lena grumbled. “Fine, but tonight, before we go to bed, we run a test. Then, assuming you aren’t glowing in the dark, lots of loud sex to drive Mother out. You are not leaving this house tonight, understand?”

“But what if—?”

“No! Unless there is an orphanage burning down, you are in my lab and then in my bed. I am your emergency situation tonight, understand Mrs. Luthor?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Kara said with another audible swallow.

Lena smiled as she turned and opened the door. “Mmmm. We’ll see whose turn it is to say that tonight.”

Kara watched Lena’s hips sway as the other woman walked away. She blinked rapidly saying, “Oh, Rao help me.” She fought a lot of supervillains, but this was an especially difficult situation. None of her powers worked here, but Kara wasn’t sure she could say the same about Lena’s.

Wearing a white cashmere sweater with a full cuffed collar that hung loosely around her neck, Lillian Luthor stood by the front door awaiting her greeting. Her tan coat hung nearly to her ankles, covering most of her black slacks, though the gold ringlet belt picked up the light nicely. Her dark blonde hair was back in a bun, and her makeup was perfect as one would expect. It didn’t look either too young or old for her, and she looked relaxed yet expectant. As Lena arrived, Lillian smiled, cocking her head to the right and holding open her arms.

“Why there’s my little girl,” Lillian said, grasping Lena by the shoulders and stopping the younger woman short of an embrace. “Let me look at you.” Lillian examined her daughter, eyes traveling up and down critically, though her smile never wavered. If she could have taken out a jeweler’s loop to
aid in her investigation, it was clear she would have done so. If there were a flaw to find, a fault, a foible, an imperfection, Lillian would hunt it down and ferret it out. “Have you done something new with your hair?”

“No,” Lena replied.

“Hmmm… I didn’t think so,” Lillian said.

Lena’s arms crossed over her chest, tension growing.

“This dress, it’s… new,” Lillian noted.

Lena cleared her throat. “Kara bought it for me.”

“Ah, well that makes sense. Kara has impeccable taste.” Lillian smiled up as she looked at Kara walking toward them from the top of the stairs.

“Yes, I do,” Kara agreed as she reached the mother and daughter, wrapping her arms around Lena from behind and pulling the slightly smaller woman into a backward embrace. “Look who I chose for my wife, after all… impeccable taste.” As Lena turned her cheek for a kiss, which Kara gently placed, the blonde could see the smile just from Lena’s cheek. That response had been well received.

“Kara darling,” Lillian said, her arms outstretched. “You look fabulous as always. Where’s my hug?”

“Yes, Lena. Where’s your mother’s hug?” Kara asked, giving Lena a gentle push that nudged the dark-haired woman toward her mother.

Lena stumbled slightly but recovered, rather gingerly hugging her mother while she shot Kara a dirty look over her shoulder.

“And now my other daughter?” Lillian said as she stepped forward and embraced Kara.

Kara allowed herself to be hugged, more patting Lillian’s back than hugging her. She had to fight back a reflex to frisk the other woman. There was just something about seeing Lillian Luthor that screamed: HIDDEN KRYPTONITE DAGGER!!

“Mmmm,” Lillian said as she stepped back from Kara. “Well, I’m famished. I know you must be hungry, Kara. You always are. Honestly, I don’t know how you eat so much and stay so thin. You sister is thin too. It must be that good, Danvers DNA. We Luthors have good DNA too.” She gave Lena a sympathetic look. “Have you gained weight?”

“Possibly,” Lena said without skipping a beat. “We’re trying to get pregnant.”

“What!” Kara and Lillian said at the same time.

“Well, we try all the time,” Lena said with a growing smile as she turned away from her mother and looked up at Kara. Wrapping her arms around Kara from below and then up over Kara’s shoulders, she pulled the blonde in closer. “We try for hours a day every day. I can’t imagine what we’re doing wrong.”

As her daughter kissed Kara, Lillian looked away. “Ugh. Honestly, Lena. Show a touch of class. You represent the Luthor name, after all.”
“Right, wouldn’t want people to think we have sex outside of breeding season,” Lena mumbled into Kara’s neck.

“What was that?” Lillian said with a hint of authority.

Lean turned toward her mother with a ready smile. “I said, dinner is ready. I set us up in the formal dining room as you prefer. This way, Mom.”

Kara tried to follow Lena, but Lillian put a hand on her shoulder. When Lena had left, Lillian said, “I’m sorry she treats you that way, Kara. We truly raised her better than that, but it’s nature versus nurture. Her birth mother, you know.”

“Maybe it’s her birth father’s nature,” Kara suggested.

Lillian’s face was blank for several moments, and then a smile grew though a bit tense around the eyes. “Maybe. Now, let’s go get you fed. You’re hungry, yes?”

“When aren’t I?”

“I’ve no idea. I wish I had your metabolism.”

“I’m sure it won’t last. Plus I exercise a lot,” Kara said with a laugh.

Dinner was a bit tense, though mainly pleasant. If you didn’t practice the art of passive-aggressive, you would have thought it just pleasant. Lillian was sweet as pie to Kara, adoring her as Lena had said. Often Lillian would be kindly to Lena, but then she’d say something that would cut the younger woman to the quick. It would never be cruel, just a little jab about someone else’s success, or how Lena could be better in some way.

When Lena put a hand on hers, Kara looked over to see what Lena wanted. The other woman wiped her mouth but said something under her napkin. Listening in, Kara heard, “Darling, you’re destroying your fork. Just relax. She’s always like this. Why is it bothering you so much tonight?”

Looking down at her fork, Kara saw that she had bent it completely over her knuckles into a tight U-shape. She put it in her lap, doing her best to fix it. It was better but not perfect. At least it was usable.

“So mother, how is your latest venture?” Lena asked between bites.

“Oh, it’s doing quite well. We’ve got investors on board, and… it’s all way above your head, Lena. Are your projects doing well?”

“Lena’s brilliant,” Kara said, poking at the food on her plate.

“What was that, Kara?” Lillian asked.

“Kara, please don’t.” Lena shook her head.

“Lena’s brilliant. Her work in R&D is brilliant, but she could run the whole company if she needed to. She’s capable of anything. You should have more faith in her, Lillian.”

“I should…” Lillian looked at Lena. “Did you put her up to this?”

“No I… Who wants dessert?” Lena asked smiling. “I know Kara wants dessert.”

“Actually, I’m losing my appetite,” Kara mumbled.
“Lena, if there’s something you want to say to me, just say it,” Lillian said, hands folded on the table.

“There’s nothing, Mother. Kara had cook make your favorite apple betty for dessert. You love that, don’t you?”

“I do,” Lillian agreed. “Why don’t you have that brought out? Coffee also.”

“I’ll take care of it, Mother,” Lena said. As she rose, Kara tried to take her hand, but Lena pulled away and walked off to the kitchen.

Lillian met Kara’s gaze, raising her eyebrows and giving a look of sympathy.

The rest of the meal was a bit quieter. Lillian went to her room and Kara and Lena to theirs afterward. In the room, Lena sat heavily on the bed, studying her hands.

“Are you upset with me?” Kara asked.

“I’ve asked you just to ignore her. She isn’t going to change. She’s treated me like that for twenty years. It’s just the way she is.”

“You deserve better,” Kara said, sitting next to Lena.

“I have better,” Lena replied, turning to face Kara. “I have you.”

“Thank you, but you deserve to be treated better by her. Let me talk to her again. Let me just—”

“Please don’t. I know how you hate injustice, but this isn’t starving children in Africa. This is my mother that we see three times a year, four if I crack my skull open, and she’s snippy. It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine.”

“Okay, it’s not fine, but it is what it is. Some people have parents who abused them or abandoned them. These people adopted me when I was about to go into foster care. I could have been lost in the system. Kara, they saved me. I was very lucky to have Lillian. I know it.”

“She knows it too,” Kara added.

“Yes, she knows it. She’s haughty and difficult. She can be very loving too though. She just isn’t as warm to me as she is to her birth children.”

“Or your wife, or your brothers’ wives,” Kara said trying to remember if Lena had said both of her brothers were married.

“Okay, okay, true. Maybe it’s because I’m her daughter. Father was always incredibly loving and sweet with me. Maybe mother was jealous. I don’t know what it was. It was strange. Lex and Julian were wonderful brothers though. Kara, I had so much more than most people had, and now I have you, my incredible hero who wants to protect me. In this, don’t, okay?”

Kara nodded. “Okay, but only because you don’t need me. Only because you can be your own hero. Think about that.”

“My own hero?”

Kara nodded.

“What’s my superpower?”
“Ummm… something with science?”

Lena smiled. “Ah. I bet I could make some incredible technology. Does Supergirl need a sidekick?”

Kara laughed. “I bet I’d end up being your sidekick.”

“Oh, well we can’t have that. Maybe I’ll just have to find another superpower to use, one that no one else gets to see.”

“What’s that?” Kara asked curiously.

Lena bit her lower lip, sliding her hands along Kara’s thighs. As she moved her hands up, the dress moved with them, exposing more of the blonde’s legs. Slowly Lena lowered herself to her knees, never unlocking her gaze from Kara’s. Her hands continued to move, sliding Kara’s dress further up the blonde’s legs until Lena’s hands disappeared underneath.

“Sirens!” Kara yelled, jumping to her feet.

“Sirens?” Lena asked, still on her knees.

“You don’t hear those?”

“You’re serious.”

“So many sirens,” Kara said, sliding to the side. “It must be a twelve-alarm fire.”

“I don’t think it goes that high,” Lena replied as she rose to her feet.

“Well, it’s a big one. You better not wait up.” Hands on her hips, Kara said, “This looks like a job for Supergirl.”

“What are you doing? Why are you standing like that?”

“I’m… I’ve got to go. Later.”

“But Kara…” As the wind washed over her, Lena let out a breath into the now empty room. “You’re still wearing your dress. What the hell is wrong with you?”
“Kara, what are you doing?” Alex asked as Kara threw clothing on the bed in her apartment.

“Packing.”

“For what? Sweetie, you don’t need a plane to travel, and you aren’t going anywhere so… wait, are you going somewhere?”

Kara smiled brightly. “I’m going to see Lena.”

“Sweetie, that’s not Lena.”

“I know that, but she’s like Lena. It’s interesting. Don’t you think it’s interesting? She was really nice when I met her. Well, kind of… formal, but nice. Plus she’s pretty and—”

“Kara… sit,” Alex said, pointing at the bed. When her sister sat down, Alex took a big breath. “Kara, I adore you, but you get too much energy for things sometimes. You’re like a big Labrador that thinks they’re a lap dog. You even curl up in people’s laps. Do you want to curl up in Lena’s lap?”

Smiling, Kara nodded quickly.

“Kara, don’t curl up in Lena’s lap. That’s going to be weird. You and she aren’t together here.”

“I know,” Kara replied, rolling her eyes. “But she said we were friends and that I was her family. We could snuggle and stuff.”

“You’re planning to pack up your clothes to go snuggle with your wife’s doppelganger?”

Kara considered the question, then said, “Well, we might snuggle. Maybe we’ll watch a movie and have some popcorn.”

“You’re insane. Just… stop. Whatever is going on in that little Kryptonian brain of yours, don’t do it.”

Smiling, Kara hopped up and began to put clothes into her suitcase. “I just want to see her. On Krypton, we had strong family units. We stayed with our family. It doesn’t feel right being away from Lena. Even when I have to go and do a mission, I fly back to her as soon as I can. I never sleep away from her if I can manage it. Not staying with Lena would be wrong.”

“No, staying with Lena would be wrong. You have a wife.”

“Lena.”

“No, not… Okay, yes, Lena, but not this Lena. You remember your wife is not that woman who looks like your wife, right?” Alex asked, trying to make eye contact with her sister while she spoke.
“By Rao, Alex, I’m not an idiot.” Kara turned, hands on hips while she stared at her sister. “What do you think I’m going to do, go over there and try and seduce her? I’m a married woman. I would never cheat on my wife. You know me better than that.”

“I apologize. I didn’t mean—”

Kara held up her hand.

“You just get excitable sometimes.”

“I know. Lena says I’m passionate.” Kara beamed, throwing more clothes into her suitcase.

“You’re sure about this?”

“Oh, absolutely. Lena will be pissed at me if I don’t do this.”

“Wait, what? Which Lena?”

“My Lena.”

“Explain,” Alex asked, her hand rolling in front of her.

“Okay, Lena is a scientist. Now she’s going to be beside herself that she didn’t get kicked to this dimension with us. She would have loved that. Agreed?” Kara asked.

Alex nodded.

“So, when I get home and tell her all about this, she’ll have a million questions for me. She’ll want to know everything, but she’ll definitely want to know about herself. If I say, ‘I don’t know. I met you briefly and then avoided you for the rest of the trip, but you seemed nice.’ I’m going to be sleeping in the dog house, and we don’t have a dog. Trust me, the Fortress of Solitude is not as comfortable as you’d imagine.”

“I don’t imagine it’s very comfortable,” Alex replied.

“Exactly. So, unless you want a super roommate, I need to go collect data on my sorta-wife for my actual wife. Okay?”

Hesitantly, Alex nodded. “If my other self weren’t on our world, I’d be curious too. It is interesting, yet terrifying, learning about her life. So you’ll be back by 6:00 AM tomorrow for that DEO thing we have to do?”

“Sure, what is it exactly?”

“No idea, but I don’t think I’ll shoot myself or anyone I’m not supposed to. Also, I now know how to take a safety off a gun. Kara, I fired a gun. I fired several. It was really cool actually,” Alex said, smiling broadly.

“You look creepy right now. You liked it?”

“Not… really. It was just empowering. Plus Agent Sawyer was right there. Her voice made me want to pull the trigger. She’s inspiring in that way if no other.”

“No shooting her tomorrow,” Kara reminded her sister.

“Oh, she won’t be there. She’s got to go to her precinct and do police stuff. She’s a detective,
“Right.” Kara shook her head. “This world is weird. I need toiletries.”

Alex followed her sister into the living room. “Could you leave me your ATM card and tell me your PIN? I need some food.”

“There’s food in the house.”

“No, there are empty calories in this house. If you were human, you wouldn’t eat any of that.”

Kara shrugged. “Good thing I’m not human.”

There was a knock on the front door making both sisters turn.

“Why is someone here? Who knows we’re here?” Alex asked, stepping behind Kara.

“I’ll get it,” Kara offered.

“No!” Alex grabbed Kara’s arm, holding it tightly. “It could be a thief, or a rapist, or a murderer.”

“Knocking?”

“Well… a polite one.”

“Right…” Kara pulled her glasses down to the tip of her nose and looked over them, using her x-ray vision to look through the door. “It’s Agent Sawyer.”

“Oh, that’s even worse.”

“I’m going to see what she wants.”

“No, Kara, don’t…!”

“What do you want, Agent Sawyer?” Kara asked as she pulled open the door.

“World peace, the same as everyone else,” Maggie replied with a broad smile.

“We ran out.” Kara glared. “Why don’t you… hey!”

Maggie slipped under Kara’s arm, stepping inside the apartment.

“No one invited you inside,” Kara said as she slammed the door closed.

“I don’t need an invitation. I’m an FBI agent, not a vampire,” Maggie quipped back.

“You’re not an FBI agent. You work for a secret black ops group that’s quietly absconding away with the alien refugees on this planet. You’re a government thug,” Alex said defiantly, her arms crossed.

“Pookie-bear!” Maggie walked toward Alex with her arms outstretched.

“Don’t! Stop it! Agent Sawyer, Maggie, I mean it!” Alex grabbed a throw pillow from the couch, tossing it at Maggie.

Maggie laughed. “I’m glad that time in the DEO training room paid off, Doc. You could wound someone with a pillow from twenty paces now.”
“What’s up with the Pookie-bear thing?” Kara asked.

“Oh, she doesn’t know?” Maggie replied with a grin.

“Don’t,” Alex replied, pointing angrily. “Just get out of here. Go to your own apartment.”

“I can’t. I don’t know where I live.”

“You forgot where you live?” Kara asked.

“No, I know where I live. However, it’s in another dimension. I went to that location on this dimension and scared the crap out of a lovely elderly couple. I showed them my badge, told them we were looking for some international jewel thieves. They fed me. Mrs. Mullins made a pie.” Maggie rubbed her belly. “I may go back and check on them tomorrow night. That was damn good pie, plus there’s that group of jewel thieves in their neighborhood.”

“Why don’t you go live with Mrs. Mullins?” Alex asked.

“Tempting, but I think it might be best if we stuck together. I’d hate for you guys to find a way back home and not be able to contact me.” Maggie smiled.

“Unfortunately, I think we need you to get back home,” Alex said. “We need to balance the energy that went through the portal.”

“Ah, then you won’t be ditching me?”

“We will as soon as we get home. I have a conference in two days, and I’m speaking on Biopharmaceutics and Medical Biotechnology. There is a speaker coming on Bionanotechnology. I have to be there. It’s groundbreaking.”

“How do you not fall asleep listening to yourself talk?” Maggie asked. “I’m going to grab a beer from the fridge.”

“No, you’re not staying. Go sleep in the car or on a park bench for all I care. Just get out of my place,” Alex demanded.

“Actually, it’s my…” When her sister glared at her, Kara stopped speaking. “I’m going to get my toothbrush. Excuse me.”

“Look, you have a place. I need a place. If things were reversed, I’d let you crash with me, Doc. Let’s just be nice about this. Until we figure this out, we’re roommates. Okay?”

“Absolutely not. Under no circumstances am I sleeping under the same roof with you.”

“No matter what I say or do?” Maggie asked with a smirk.

Brows pressed together, Alex shook her head.

“Okay. Hey, Super Duper, guess what your sister and I learned about our others selves today!?”

“Shhh!” Alex rushed up to Maggie, waving her hands madly. “No, don’t tell her.”

“Don’t tell her what? Don’t tell her that I’m your—”

“You can stay here!” Alex said quickly.
“What about you and Alex?” Kara asked as she walked back into the living room, a small bag of toiletries in hand.

“We’re actually really good friends here,” Maggie said with a wry grin. “Really, really good friends, aren’t we, Alex?”

“Uh, yeah, really, really good friends… Maggie.”

“I bet I sleep over at her place a lot, and she sleeps at my place, right?”

“… probably,” Alex mumbled.

“Huh, well that’s… weird,” Kara said. “You said Hank Henshaw was nice here too, which is even weirder. Jeremiah was always worried about him when I was growing up. I hid until I was eighteen because of him, and then Lena and I were already together, so I had some clout. When the DEO came after me, we rebranded Supergirl with the LuthorCorp costume and sent lawyers after them. That was vicious for a while.”

“Luthor lawyers always are,” Maggie agreed.

Kara walked out of the room, coming back with her suitcase. “Well, you two have a good night.”

“Wait, you’re still leaving? You’re leaving me with her?” Alex asked, gesturing at Maggie.

“Sure. She’ll keep you safe. Now you don’t need to be scared if someone knocks on the door. Agent Sawyer, don’t do anything to endanger my sister, or I’ll throw you into space.”

“No you won’t,” Maggie replied with a smug grin, “But I won’t. I’ll protect the good doctor here like she’s the love of my life.”

“Speaking of the love of my life, I’ll be at my house with my wife.”

“That’s not your house, and that’s not your wife,” Alex reminded Kara. “Oh, your ATM card.”

“Here,” Kara tossed her wallet to Alex as she backed away. “Try my birthday, or yours, or Lena’s. No, probably not Lena’s… mine or yours. I’m going to see Lena. She’s still Lena, and I just want to get to know her. This is a chance to meet a different version of her and see what makes her tick. I have to do it. When I get back, I can tell Lena all about it. She’ll want to know. This is for SCIENCE!” Kara laughed and left the apartment.

“Oh, that is going to end in disaster,” Maggie said.

Alex sighed. “We must be in another dimension. I agree with you.”
I Seriously Considered Setting an Orphanage on Fire

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes places with characters from our dimension in the other dimension.

“Alex? Maggie?” Kara asked as she climbed in through the living room window in what looked like her apartment.

After a few seconds the light came on, and Maggie and Alex appeared, both with weapons in hand.

“Oh, hey, Kara. Why are you here? What are you wearing?”

“Oh, it’s a George Stavropoulos. Do you like it?” Kara asked, holding out the skirt of her dress and spinning slowly.

“Fancy,” Maggie said.

“Is something wrong?” Alex asked, tying her robe closed.

Kara nodded. “It’s Lena.”

“What’s wrong with Lena?” Alex asked.

“She…” Kara closed her eyes, taking in and letting out a breath before opening her eyes and saying, “She wants to have sex with me. Can I just stay here with you guys and hide out?”

“Well I—”

“I got this,” Maggie said, walking toward Kara. “Hold up your hand.”

Kara held her hand above her head.

Jumping up slightly to slap it, Maggie said, “Tag, I’m it. I’ve got Lena. What’s your address?”

“Get your ass back here!” Alex barked at her girlfriend. “She’s upset, and you’re not helping.”

“I’m trying to help,” Maggie mumbled as she walked back to Alex.

“What was that?” Alex asked, arms folded across her chest.

“Yes, dear,” Maggie replied with a smile that showed off her dimples.

“Better.” Alex took a seat on the couch, patting another seat for Kara. “You’ve got girl problems?”

“Serious ones,” Kara replied as she sat down. “She told me that unless there was an orphanage burning down, I needed to be home tonight for sex. Actually, she said loud sex to bother my mother-in-law and drive Lillian out of the house. I had dinner with Lillian Luthor, who was really nice to me and that’s super weird by the way, and now Lena wants to have sex with me. Alex, what do I do?”
Without looking, Alex pointed at Maggie and said, “Don’t say anything.”

“I didn’t,” Maggie argued. “Oh, except for that… and that. I’m shutting up now.”

“Okay, so Lena wants to have sex with you, and you don’t want to have sex with her?” Alex clarified.

“I don’t think so.”

“You don’t think so?” Alex asked.

“I mean no. I don’t want to. She’s married to Kara, but not me Kara other me Kara. She’s not even Lena. Plus, she’s Lena,” Kara said.

Alex leaned back rerunning that answer. She repeated it, her finger moving up and down as she tried to follow along. “Okay, that either made perfect sense or no sense at all. Maggie, as much as I hate to admit it, I might need your help. Oh, but you can’t just tell her to have sex with Lena because Lena is hot.”

“Oh,” Maggie shrugged, taking a seat on the floor near the sisters. “I’m not sure how much help I can be then. That’s kind of my go-to move.” Maggie took a deep breath and asked, “Okay, I do have one piece of advice that might be relevant here. I have discovered that you shouldn’t live with regrets. You should kiss the girls you want to kiss. Even when relationships didn’t turn out well, I didn’t regret those kisses, but I have regretted the kisses I skipped. I almost walked away from your sister, and that would have been the worst mistake of my life.” She looked up at Alex who was smiling. “How am I doing so far?”

“You’re reminding me of why I’m so lucky to have you in my life,” Alex replied.

Maggie rose to her knees, kissing Alex, then sat on the floor again. “So question for you, Little Danvers. When Lena tried to kiss you, did you avoid it because she’s someone else’s wife or because it just holds no appeal?”

“No, I kissed her.”

Maggie and Alex exchanged a look of surprise.

“What?” Kara asked.

“Nothing, we just…” Alex considered for a moment, then asked her sister. “So Lena kissed you?”

Kara nodded.

“When?”

“Well, in the hospital when I first found out she wasn’t the Lena from our world and was actually married to Kara here. Then again when we were in our house… uh, her house. In between was when Maggie texted me with her phone number, the phone she got from the DEO and the line that was safe to use. That’s when I sent you my string of freak out texts that I was married to Lena.”

“We remember that,” Maggie said, then mumbled under her breath, “That was funny as all hell.”

“Hey, no teasing about surprise relationships here,” Alex reminded Maggie with a pointed finger. “First you thought she was Lena’s sister, and that didn’t turn out to be true, but you teased her a ton. Surprise relationships on this world didn’t turn out so well for you, did it, Maggie?”
Maggie blanched.

“What did I miss?” Kara asked.

“Nothing sweetie,” Alex replied.

“It doesn’t sound like nothing.”

“Oh, it’s not. I’m saving it for when I really need good blackmail on Maggie or when she really pisses me off. This would just be cheap and unsatisfying. So, Lena kissed you at her house?” Alex asked.

Kara nodded. “That’s when there was a LOT of kissing.”

“Hold up!” Maggie said, hand raised in the air and happy to keep the subject off of her other-dimensional love life. “Define a LOT of kissing. I’m not trying to be weird. Alex and I just need to understand what’s going on if we’re going to help you.”

“Oh, okay well, we were on the bed in my room, which is a dressing room but it has this bed in it. Weird, but anyway we were on the bed, and she started kissing my neck, then up my face, and then my mouth. She bit my lower lip, and her tongue was really quick like quivering all over it. Then she kind of licked the outside of my lips. It felt really… interesting. She started kissing me. Her tongue is really agile.”

“Agile?” Maggie asked, her voice cracking. “Agile,” she repeated with a clear throat. She looked up to see if Alex was glaring at her, but her girlfriend seemed just as interested in Lena’s skill. There were some definite perks in a same-sex relationship.

Kara was nodding. “I was kissing her back because, well, her mouth was right there. It would have been rude not to kiss her back. Plus that’s what Kara would have done, and I’m Kara, right?”

Slowly, Alex and Maggie both nodded.

“Right,” Kara said with a smile. “That part was… interesting, like I said. I didn’t know that girl’s mouths were smaller like that, or that their lips or skin were so soft. I mean I suppose I knew, but I didn’t realize. Plus I thought we would bump against each other.”

“What do you mean bump?” Maggie asked.

Kara gestured at her breasts. “I thought they’d just bump and be in the way. I never understood how you guys did it. You have the same parts, and I thought those parts got in the way, but they just sort of… move and… hug? Is hug the right word?”

Maggie laid on her side on the floor, resting on her elbow as she grinned. “I like the word hug. That’s a great word for it.”

“Okay, so she pulled me on top of her, and our bodies short of hugged into each other. She was really soft and comfortable. It was…”

“Interesting?” Alex said, glancing over at Maggie.

“Yeah,” Kara said. “Then her hands got into places that… no. I had to draw the line. That was not something you should be doing with… no.”

“Not something you should be doing with another woman?” Alex asked.
“Not with someone else’s wife,” Kara replied. “She thinks I’m her wife. She was only touching me there because she thinks I’m her wife. I couldn’t do that.”

“What if scenario,” Maggie said sitting up again. “What if that hadn’t been this Lena. What if that had been Lena from our Earth?”

“Yeah, but no because—”

“Ah, ah.” Maggie held up a hand. “Imagine if after we get back to our Earth, you and Lena are just sitting on the couch in her office, and you’re holding her or something. Could that happen?”

“Sure that happens sometimes,” Kara admitted.


“She smells amazing. She always smells amazing. She’s Lena,” Kara replied.

With eyebrows raised, Maggie and Alex looked at each other.

“Okay, what now? What’s that look about?” Kara asked.

“Nothing,” Alex said. “You just know Lena much better than we do.”

“Yeah, the closest I’ve ever been to her is slapping cuffs on her. Though I… am not going to make that dirty because your sister has too much blackmail information on me, and I don’t want to be kicked out of here tonight.”

“You can be taught,” Alex added.

“So, Kara, about that hypothetical situation” Maggie posed. “Let’s say we go home and you and Lena are sitting around on that couch just like we said. Maybe you tell her how we ended up here and you were worried we’d never get home. Maybe she’s worried because she might have never seen you again. Then let’s say she kisses you. Let’s say the Lena who is your friend kisses you, and it feels just like the kisses from this Lena here, but she knows it’s you and you know it’s her. She isn’t married to anyone else. She doesn’t think you’re anyone else. What do you do?”

“Well, I… I, uh… I would just… I, uh…” Kara sat stammering, her hands folding over each other again while her brain failed to make sense of the situation.

Finally, Alex grabbed her little sister’s hands and said, “Kara, this is a conversation for when we’re not stuck in another dimension. For now, don’t think about it anymore. The person here is someone else’s wife, and you did the right thing. I’m proud of you.”

Relaxing and smiling, Kara said, “Thanks, Alex. So what do I do now? I can’t go back to Lena. I seriously considered setting an orphanage on fire. Would that be wrong?” Kara asked.

“So very wrong,” Alex replied. “That was a joke, right?”

Kara nodded. “Mostly. So I can sleep here?”

“Sure, you can have the couch,” Alex replied as she stood up.

“But this is my apartment. Maggie should get the couch. She’s shorter than me,” Kara argued.

“Nope, this is Alex Danvers’ apartment, and I’m Alex Danvers. If you don’t want to sleep in the penthouse with your wife, then you can crash on your sister’s couch.”
“We have a mansion,” Kara replied.

“My point is valid. The couch is yours for the taking,” Alex confirmed.

Brow furrowed, Kara looked at Maggie and asked, “Can I sleep at your place?”

“I can’t find it.”

“What do you mean you can’t find it? How do you lose a whole apartment?”

“Well, the DEO is already suspicious of me, so I didn’t want to pull my own personal file. I figured I just lived at my place. I drove over there tonight, and it was in the crappiest part of town I’ve ever seen. Seriously, the roaches had all moved out for a better part of town. I got out of the car, just to make sure it wasn’t some kind of hidden setup, you know, slum lord on the outside and high-tech DEO hideout on the inside. It was not. Unless there is a supervillain in town that can be defeated by the smell of stale urine, I don’t live there. I’m not sure that anyone inside there has lived there in a few days. However, I did get this while I was there.” Smiling, Maggie held up the pistol she was carrying.

“It was in your apartment?” Kara asked.

“Nah, it was on the guy who tried to carjack me as I walked back outside. He was also kind enough to donate this to the cause.” Maggie grabbed a wallet off the coffee table and held it up.

“You stole his wallet?” Kara asked, shocked.

“Stole it?” Maggie held her hand to her heart, her expression and tone mimicking Kara’s for a moment until she said, “You’re damn straight I did. The guy was a carjacker. I’d have taken his sneakers if he had smaller feet. I’ll go grab the kid a blanket and a pillow. You need anything else?”

“I’m going to grab some ice cream,” Kara said as she walked to the kitchen.

“There isn’t any,” Alex informed her sister.

“You ate it all?” Kara asked, her eyes narrowed in accusation.

“No, this Alex is some kind of health food nut. There is a frozen, non-dairy, coconut milk based vanilla maple frozen thing in there. You are welcome to try it. Maggie took off the lid, and even she made a face and put it back in the freezer. It’s got to be weird if Maggie wouldn’t eat it. We had vegetables, with vegetables, and some more vegetables for dinner. I think my arteries are softening up.”

“Why didn’t you just order take-out?” Kara asked.

“Because our supply of money is somewhat limited. We’ve got what you gave us plus what Maggie got from the guy she mugged.” Alex smiled at her sister. “Although perhaps you could help us out Mrs. Luthor?”

“I’ll hit an ATM in the morning… if I can figure out my PIN number.”

“If you can’t then go into the bank. You have a bank card in your wallet and a driver’s license. Your wife is a billionaire CEO. You can get your sister some pizzas.”

“My wife is not a CEO. She does R&D. I don’t know who the CEO is, maybe Lex, maybe Lionel. Oh, plus they have another brother named Julian. Finally, a name that doesn’t start with an L.”
“Well, that’s a miracle,” Alex commented.

“Okay, here you go kid,” Maggie said, tossing a blanket and pillow on the couch. “If you hear sirens and go out to assist, close the window behind you, okay?”

“I will.” As she started to make up the couch as a bed and Maggie and Alex walked to the bedroom, Kara asked, “Oh hey, what should I tell Lena?”

“Well, if you don’t get called away to a real emergency, make one up,” Maggie suggested.

“Sure, use one you’ve done on our world,” Alex said.

“What if this Kara did it here too?” Kara asked.

“I don’t know Kara. I’m tired. Tell her there was a run on kittens in trees,” Alex said deflating.

“Heh, heh. Pussy 911,” Maggie said with a laugh.

Stomping her foot, Alex pointed toward the bedroom while she glared. Maggie slunk off as directed. Waving her sister a good night, Alex followed into the bedroom and crawled into bed.

“I’m sorry, honey. I’m tense, and I get extra sarcastic when I’m scared,” Maggie said, curling up behind Alex.

“I’m scared too, and I don’t want to eat vegetables again tomorrow. We’re having take-out if we have to call it in and then go rob the place.”

Maggie laughed, pulling Alex in closer. “So your sister and what happened with Lena. That was ___”

“Shhh. Hold on.” Speaking in a normal tone, Alex said, “Kara can you hear me? Will you come in here for a moment sweetie?” She waited maybe twenty seconds then said, “Okay, she isn’t listening.”

“Right, super-hearing. You had to deal with that a lot growing up?”

“She’s better at controlling it now. When she first moved in, I was a year older, and she had a hard time not hearing everything I did. I had no privacy. I cut a little bit loose at college for all of the things I couldn’t do in high school.”

“Like what kind of things?”

“Oh come on Maggie.” Alex rolled over, looking at her girlfriend. “She would come to me and say things like, ‘Why is Eliza calling to god in the middle of the night? Who is your god that she is worshiping?’”

“Who is your god?”

Alex nodded. “She grew up worshiping Rao. It’s their deity, their sun. Once I explained it was our religion, that we just say God, she figured it out almost immediately and was pretty mortified by what she was overhearing. I think I was more upset. She used to lay in bed with her hands over her ears, trying not to listen. I had no idea my parents had such an active sex life. I have no idea how I was an only child.”

“Man, poor kid. Poor you.”
“Yeah, well, we ended up putting on the radio, and it was better for everyone involved. My mother gave us a hard time about it, and then I had to tell her why we were doing it. That was awful for me. My mother tried to tell me what a wonderful expression of their love sex was.” Alex shuddered. “Parents are insane.”

“Uh… so Kara and Lena, you planning on talking to her when we get home?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. Kara’s always seemed pretty happy dating guys. Well, having super strength, super speed, and a super metabolism has been the issue I think. As far as I know, she’s attracted to men.”

“Okay, but maybe she’s also attracted to women, or at least to Lena. Someone should be available for the discussion now that the door is open. You don’t have to push her to talk about it, but if she wants to talk about it, someone should be there. You know how you were once that seed was planted.”

Alex sighed. “That’s true. She’s my sister. Of course, I’ll be there for her. I think doing it on our own dimension has to be a priority though.”

“Absolutely. So, if you want another friend for the conversation with Kara, and if she wants someone else, I’m available.”

“You’re awesome,” Alex said kissing her girlfriend.

“That true. I’m sorry I’m being so… you know. This place is just making me a nervous wreck. I’m kind of glad that I can’t find my place. I’d rather be here with you.”

“I’m glad you’re here with me too.”

“So, tomorrow we’ll figure out how to get home?”

Alex furrowed her brow.

“What’s that look?”

“I just… I’m not sure what to do next. Our DEO might be helpful, but this one isn’t. We’ve got Director Henshaw here, and I’m not overly welcome. You can get me in, but they watch me like a hawk. Plus I know science but not this kind of science.”

“Okay, who knows this kind of science?” Maggie asked.

“The first name that comes to mind is a difficult one all things considered.”

“Are they at the DEO?”

“No, but maybe revealing who we really are is the best thing to do here.”

“What? No. Alex, we agreed to stay hidden. Anyone who finds out about us could get us into a government lock-up tank.”

“I know what we agreed on, Mag, but this person has a personal interest. This person wants to get someone back too.” Alex sighed heavily. “I think we need help from Lena Luthor. We just need to get Kara to convince her she’s not Kara, but she’s Kara.”

“Eh… I’m going to sleep unless you want to have sex and scandalize your sister.”
“No thank you. It will be much too loud.”

“I can be quiet,” Maggie said.

“Well, I can’t.”

“Heh, that’s true. That’s one of the things I like about you, Danvers.”

“No, that’s one of the things I like about you, Sawyer.”
When Lena opened the door to her penthouse, Kara was there, smiling brightly. The doorman had called, and though this was unusual, Lena had immediately asked Kara to be sent right up. She’d said always to send Kara right up.

Tugging her black robe closed, Lena leaned forward slightly as she held the door open. “Kara what a surprise. Is everything all right?”

Nodding, Kara replied, “Sorry to drop by without calling first but… you live in a penthouse.”

“Uh… yes. I live in a penthouse. That hasn’t changed.”

“You seem like a house with family in the suburbs kind of person to me.”

Narrowing her eyes, Lena said, “Excuse me?”

“Nothing, I just...” Kara shook her head. “How long have you lived here?”

“Since I moved to National City when...” Lena glanced down at the bag in Kara’s hand. “Are you going somewhere, Kara?”

“Oh, right, my bag. I need a favor,” Kara replied, dropping her bag in the open doorway.

Lena raised one eyebrow at the bag, then looked up at Kara.

Smiling, Kara reached out, gently rubbing her thumb over Lena’s raised brow. “Your disapproving eyebrow.”

Lena took a half-step back. “What’s going on?”

“Exterminators.”

“Exterminators?”

Kara nodded. “One of my neighbors has some kind of infestation. They’ve told us all to get a place to stay until it’s safe to return to our apartments. I was going to get a hotel, but they’re just so impersonal, so lonely. I just wanted to feel more at home, you know?”

“Uh, I suppose. Well, your sister—”

“Has a guest.”

“Ah, Detective Sawyer. That would be... uncomfortable for you, I suppose.”

“Yes, the detective is staying with Alex. That happens sometimes. So...” Kara said, leaning forward with a broad smile.
“Well, I have plenty of room. If you’d like, you’re welcome to stay with—”

“Great!” Kara grabbed her bag from the floor and strode past Lena. She kicked off her shoes in the foyer, then dropped her bag and purse in the living room. Falling into a seat on the couch, she leaned back with a relaxed sigh. “So, what are we doing tonight? Want to make popcorn and watch a movie?”

“Actually, I was in the middle of some reading. You can put your bag in that room and—”

“Where’s your room?” Kara asked as she stood up, walking in a direction different than what Lena had gestured.

“No that’s the study.” Lena trailed after Kara. “I mainly use this for work.”

“And reading,” Kara said, going through the books on the bookshelf. “Wow, some great books here. Do you read in here in front of the fireplace?”

“Sometimes,” Lena admitted. “Some nights I’ll just take a book and go—”

“To bed?” Kara said as she turned around. “Do you like to curl up with a good book in bed, read until you can’t keep your eyes open anymore? Is it like snuggling up with a good friend? Does it make you want to snuggle up with a good friend?”

When Kara stopped inches from her, Lena took two steps back. “Are you sure you didn’t get hurt earlier today, darling?”

“I’m sure… sweetheart.”

“… what?”

“Maybe we could grab a book and read it tonight.” Kara turned back to the bookshelf, her gaze drifting from spine to spine, the gold leathers standing out in stark contrast to the leather covers. “What are you in the mood for?”

“Actually, I have a contract I was reading. I have a board meeting in the morning.”

“A board meeting?” Kara asked, looking over her shoulder at Lena.

Lena nodded.

“The board of…?”

“L-Corp.”

“L-Corp,” Kara repeated.

“My company, L-Corp. Kara, when you’re the CEO, there is an expectation that you attend board meetings.”

“CEO.” Kara nodded as she turned to face Lena head on. “Right. Of course. Well, it’s a good thing you didn’t get married young. You probably would have ended up in Research and Development or something.”

“Hmmm.” Lena sat on the edge of the desk, smiling as her eyes took on a faraway look. “I remember the days of doing research after I graduated from MIT. Those were some amazing times full of discovery. We thought we were going to cure cancer. We worked out of garages and
basements, but we did good work, goodly work. God, I felt so good about my life in those days. Then Lex went insane, and I got called to National City to take over the company because of my last name."

“Lex went insane,” Kara said slowly.

Lena sighed. “This damn family is a curse. My father is dead; my insane brother is in jail; my mother is… who knows where. She tried to kill the entire alien population and me after framing me for breaking her out of jail. There are days I wish they’d just left me to go into the foster care system.”

“Are you serious?”

“Of course I am,” Lena replied, not understanding what Kara was asking. “There are certainly many children with troubled lives in foster care, but there are also many lucky children that found wonderful foster families. Given the fact that I was raised by the Luthors, basically rabid wolves in Versace, how much worse could I have done?”

Kara stood, unable to respond for a moment. After several awkward moments, she finally said, “But then you wouldn’t have all of this? I mean, look at everything you have, Lena. You’re rich, successful, no doubt the envy of so many people. The Luthor name must be worth something to you.”

“Oh, it’s worth billions,” Lena said with a shrug. “I’m sure many people would trade with me in a heartbeat, and then trade back within the week. Darling, I live in a platinum tower as cold and hollow as any tower made of the element would be. Yes, my everything is spectacular but unfurnished in the ways that matter.”

Turning slowly, Kara looked around the room. It was made of dark wood, tall shelves and a strong and thick desk with a matching chair. The chair’s seat had a padded black, leather seat, and there was another seat near the fireplace, much larger but on the same style. All of the lines in the room were at right angles, and there wasn’t a picture to be seen… well, not a photograph. There was a painting, something expensive that Kara hadn’t seen before, perhaps an artist that didn’t exist on her world. If she had to describe the room in one word, it would be impersonal.

“Kara?”

“Hmm?” Kara turned.

“I asked if you wanted a drink.”

“So much right now, but no thank you. It’s been a long day. Hey, how about this book?” Kara said, her eye finally spying something familiar as she pulled a book from a bottom shelf.

“The Wind In The Willows?” Lena smiled. “That was one of the few things I brought with me from my birth home when I was adopted. I have no idea when last I read it.”

“Then let’s change that,” Kara said, reaching out and gently taking Lena’s hand in her free one. She pulled the dark-haired woman back into the living room. “Which way is your room?”

“Well, it’s that way but—”

“Hold the book,” Kara said, handing off the book to Lena, then grabbing her bag on the way and returning to take Lena’s hand again. “Come on. Let’s go read something better than whatever your contract is.”
“That contract is worth millions of dollars, Kara.”

Stepping so close that their bodies touched, Kara looked down at Lena and said, “And your memories are priceless, Lena.”

“I… I… all right. I suppose we can read for a short while,” Lena replied, nodding once. “I suppose I could read for a half hour, but then I must get back to work.”

“I’ll take it,” Kara replied with her bright smile again as she stepped back. “I’ll take whatever you’re offering so long as I get to spend time with you. There’s a bathroom in your bedroom of course?”

“It’s en suite,” Lena replied.

“Mais bien sûr,” Kara replied.

“Do you speak French?” Lena asked.

“Uh… no. I’ve never even been to France. I just… know that phrase. Did I use it right?” Kara smiled but a bit nervously.

“Yes, and your accent is excellent. Where’d you pick it up, from Miss Grant?”

“Miss Grant?”

“You know, at work.”

“Work,” Kara repeated slowly.

“CatCo Worldwide Media.” As her brow creased, she stopped walking. “Kara, what’s going on?”

Pulling back her hand, Kara started to walk backward, not taking her eyes from Lena. “Bathroom is this way?”

“Yes, but…”

“I’ll just be a moment.” Kara made haste into the bathroom, sighing heavily once she got in here. She had no idea what the hell CatCo was, but it sounded like she had a regular 9-5 job outside of Luthor Corp. That could be problematic. How did this world’s Kara manage that? Stopping crimes and saving lives wasn’t something you could do easily punching a time card and sitting at a desk.

Willing herself to relax because she could pull this off, Kara brushed her teeth and changed into oddly comfortable pajamas. They were white cotton and covered in donuts of every imaginable type. Although she had eaten well, they made Kara want a snack. Pushing that feeling down, she smiled at her reflection and nodded, then paused. Hair down and glasses on the sink just like they were every night, Kara realized though this felt right, it was wrong. This Lena didn’t know who she was because this wasn’t her Lena. Putting her hair into a ponytail again and sliding her glasses into place once more, Kara frowned at her reflection. Until she could go home, this would be the person staring back at her, the harsh reminder that no matter how much that woman in the other room looked like her wife, it was all a lie.

“Okay, my teeth are clean, so you won’t have to deal with leftover Chinese food and pizza breath.” Kara plastered on a smile she wasn’t really feeling.

“You’re sure you’re okay?” Lena asked again. “If you feel even the tiniest bit off, I can have a physician come in and examine you. You don’t need to go to the hospital. Whatever you need, just
Cupping Lena’s face in one hand, Kara said, “You are so sweet and caring, not to mention beautiful. How hasn’t someone scooped you up by now?”

“… uh… I…”

“Maybe the right someone is right under your nose, just waiting to be discovered. Maybe whoever it is, you two just need to get out of your own ways.” Kara smiled for a moment then walked away from a stunned Lena. She dropped her bag at the foot of the bed; then she began to examine her surroundings.

Lena’s room was rich and elegant, but it was also stark and utilitarian. It was made of black wood, silver, and glass. The corners were sharp, unyielding, unrelenting, like the woman herself, but the bedding was rich and soft, entirely inviting if you could surmount the dangerous edges. A black duvet sat upon the bed, somewhat shiny and edged top to bottom. It was pulled back at the moment where Lena had sat in bed going over a contract. Underneath were gray sheets, a hint of silver to them and warm and inviting. They begged you to curl up in them and promised an experience.

Kara walked around the room, noting the juxtaposition throughout the room. It was almost like an armor, some ninety percent tough hide that was nearly impenetrable, but if you fought your way down there was the softness Kara knew and loved. As she examined a bookshelf covered with science journals, she noted the few candles on the one to the left. Then something else caught her eye. He sat with only the company of a chess board, his fur matted and one eye loose. She’d know him anywhere.

“Lucas,” Kara said, pulling the teddy bear from the shelf and smiling.

“Be careful with him,” Lena said nervously, a bit quickly, as she moved slightly closer, her eyes on the stuffed animal. “I mean, that thing’s a bit old. It’s seen better days.”

“Someone loved the stuffing out of him didn’t she?” Kara asked, turning to face the other woman.

“I… he came with me when I was a child. I needed the comfort back then. You know how children are… childish.”

Turning the teddy’s back toward her, Kara held him close to her chest in an embrace. “Mmmm. He’s the best hugger. Want to get in on this?”

Lena’s only response was a raised eyebrow.

Kara laughed. “Oh, so critical and disapproving. Come on.” She walked to Lena, taking the book from the woman’s hand and tossing it onto the foot of the bed. “You know you want to hug him.” As Kara spoke next, she did it in a cartoon voice, moving the stuffed bear in her arms. “Come on, Lena, give me a hug. I’m the best hugger ever. Come and give us a squeeze, love. Squish the stuffings out of me. Hug, hug, hug, hug, hug.”

Smile growing, Lena laughed a bit as she shook her head, then wrapped her arms around both Kara and the bear. Kara released the bear pressed between their torsos, hugging Lena in return. They both stood there smiling, relaxing, holding each other, tension draining away.

“Thank you, Lena,” Kara continued in her cartoon voice. “You’ve always been the best hugger.”

With a small laugh, Lena replied, “No, thank you, Lucas. You’ve always been the best hugger. I didn’t realize how much I needed one of your hugs tonight. I’ve always had you when I needed
someone. I’d do well to remember that.”

Kara sighed heavily, speaking in her own voice. “You’ll always have me when you need someone, Lena. I’ll always be here for you.”

Lena looked up at Kara, and there she was, those soft eyes, that vulnerable mouth. There was Kara’s Lena. There was the woman she’d fallen in love with all of those years ago and every day since. Holding Lena in her arms right now, the instinct was there and so strong. A kiss seemed the natural response. If this had been a movie, she knew what she’d do right now.

“Lena, do you want to read a book with us?” Kara asked in her cartoony voice as she stepped back, wiggling the teddy bear by his legs as she held him in front of her face.

“That depends, which one of you is reading?” Lena replied, her voice strong and strict again, the softness that had been evident in her face missing from it.

“Kara will read, and I’ll help her with the big words,” Kara replied in her teddy bear voice. “Hey! I can say the big words.” Kara spoke in her own voice as she pulled back the bear, glaring at it. Then, in her cartoony voice, she shook it and responded, “Really, then say antidisestablishmentarianism.” Kara cleared her throat saying, “Antidis… antidises… antidiseseses… hmmm… Lena can help me with the big words.”

Head down, Lena giggled. She was still smiling when she looked up at her friend. “Well, if you did get a knock on the head, I for one approve.”

“Let’s read!” Kara leaped onto Lena’s bead and crawled under the covers, teddy bear still in hand. She fluffed up pillows behind her, making a little pile for Lena adjacent to hers.

“Oh… all right.” Taking off her robe, Lena draped it over a nearby chair. She grabbed the book and slid into bed next to Kara, pulling up the covers.

Kara couldn’t help noticing that Lena’s dark green lingerie didn’t come anywhere close to covering the other woman the way Kara’s pajamas did. She wondered what her Lena at home was wearing. Then she began to wonder if the other Kara was curled up in bed with her Lena. The muscles in her neck tensed as anger grew.

“Kara, darling, are you all right?” Lena asked a sympathetic hand on her friend’s.

“What?” Kara shook her head forcing herself to relax. “Yes, sorry, just thinking about… work.”

“Oh, do you have a big story?”

“A story? Oh, for CatCo,” Kara said, smiling as if she knew what they were discussing. Taking a leap of faith, she said, “Maybe I’m working on one right now.”

“Oh, is this an interview? I must say, your new technique is quite interesting. Usually, we do this in my office with a desk between us.”

Kara smiled. “I’m trying something more… casual.”

“Quite,” Lena replied. “Well, I’ve heard some reporters get into bed with a source, but I didn’t know they meant that literally.”

Kara smirked. She was a reporter. Okay, that wasn’t too different than doing PR for Luthor Corp. It was still writing, making things sound good, except now she had to dig out the ugly truth instead
of polishing a turd until it glowed.

“Well, I’m a different kind of reporter, and you are the story, Lena Luthor. I think this story will be called, ‘Uncovering Lena Luthor,’” Kara said with a grin.

“Oh, very nice, though a touch risqué, don’t you think?”

“For a Luthor?”

“Well, that’s true. We could class it up a little bit and call it, ‘Lena Luthor, Behind Closed Doors,’” Lena suggested.

“We could, but scandal sells. I think we’d sell far more copy if we called it, 'Lena Luthor, The Naked Truth.’” Kara slid a finger under the spaghetti strap on Lena’s nightie, her eyebrows rising up and down as she touched the woman’s soft skin.

“Wh… what?”

“Ah… joke,” Kara said, pulling her hand back to rub at her own head. “Wow, that one flopped. Guess I should stick to reporting and forget my plans to go into comedy. Ah, well. My life’s dreams dashed to nothing.” Kara glanced over at Lena, but the other woman was looking away, seemingly more interested in the teddy bear than her friend’s strange behavior.

They sat quietly for several moments. Kara opened her mouth a few times, wondering if she should speak. She was worried she’d just stick her foot in her mouth if she did. At home, time with Lena was so easy. Sometimes they fought. Ever couple fought, but mostly they had an easy balance. They each had their own things to do, some separate and some as part of a team. Being a superhero with a wife who was a genius scientist was a huge perk. They had each saved the day, even the planet, many times, though Supergirl got all of the credit.

Kara was still lost in thoughts of home when Lena asked, “Kara, how did you know Lucas’ name?”

“Hmm?”

“You called him Lucas when you took him off the shelf,” Lena said turning toward Kara and holding the teddy bear up slightly. “How did you know that?”

“You told me.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Oh, come on, Lena. How else would I know it?” Kara replied, smiling. “It’s either that or I’m psychic. If I am, and I’m using it to guess the names of childhood stuffed animals instead of lottery numbers, I am going to be so pissed. Worst. Super. Power. Ever.” Kara scowled, making a growling noise as she stared down at Lena but then broke into a broad grin.

Laughing again, Lena pulled the teddy bear into herself as she lay her head on Kara’s shoulder. “You are hilarious tonight. I don’t know what’s going on with you, but it’s interesting.”

Sliding her arm around Lena, so she was cradling the other woman in the crook of her shoulder, Kara replied, “The only thing that’s going on with me is a prescription fulfilled. You needed a good, healthy dose of friendship. Anytime you run out, just call me for a refill. Keep me on speed dial, okay?”

“Oh, I shall. You’re the only place I can fill it.”
Kara frowned, leaning her head against Lena’s. That wasn’t right. Her Lena was popular and outgoing. Lena had tons of friends. Everyone loved her wife, especially Kara. Running a hand along Lena’s arm, the sense of familiarity was overwhelming. As Kara inhaled, the scent of Lena’s shampoo filled her senses. It was the same. This felt, smelled… eyes closed, Kara let herself drift off a bit, her mind wandering through so many memories that started just like this and ended much more intimately.

“Did I ever tell you how I got Lucas?”

The sharpness in Lena’s voice pulled Kara back to reality. There was a tone to it, an unyielding quality. In contrast, her Lena’s every word sounded like a welcome invitation to Kara’s ear, a greeting to a long lost friend. The smile on her wife’s lips floated gently along with each word. Though the voice was the same, Kara wondered if this Lena used her speech as a weapon, most every utterance either a challenge or a barrier. Perhaps it would take the girl of steel to stand against this verbal barrage and unearth the gentle soul beneath.

“I… I don’t think so,” Kara replied, rubbing her cheek against Lena’s silken hair. She’d heard this story more than once but wondered if it would differ in this telling.

“He was in my crib as an infant. My name was to be Lucas if I were a boy and Lena if I were a girl. Those were my father’s choices, or so my birth mother said. She said Lucas here was a gift from my birth father, from him to his little girl. I loved that as a child and held to it, building up this fantasy of a father out there, someone sweet and gentle who would love me. It was this speck of sand from which a fantasy of a pearl grew within me, a fantasy of unconditional love. Growing up and never knowing who my father was, there was always that little dream within me I suppose. The dream I kept until the day my mother… Lillian… well, you know.”

“I know what?” Kara asked, curious as to the turn this story had now taken from the one she knew.

Looking up at Kara, Lena said, “Until my mother told me that my father, Lionel, was my birth father. Until the day she told me I’m a Luthor by blood.” Lena turned away, petting her teddy bear again and missing the look of shock on Kara’s face. “Yes, my great fantasy was destroyed. I learned that my legacy was one of genocide and insanity. I’ve tried to turn this company around, make a better path for myself and a better image for the Luthor name, but I don’t know if people will ever care. I could walk on water, and the newspaper headlines would read, ‘Lena Luthor Can’t Swim.’ Most of the time I ignore it. People are petty and I’m above that. There are days though, especially nights when I’m home alone, and I’m left to wonder. If I became the person they all think I am, would it truly matter? Who would notice? Who would care?”

“Hey.” Kara took Lena’s face, turning it toward her and holding the other woman by the jaw as she spoke. “I’d know. I’d care, and you never have to be alone. For as long as you’ll have me, I will always be in your life.”

Kara released Lena’s face, moving her hand to the other side and gently caressing it with the backs of her fingers. She watched as Lena’s expression softened, the hardened mask slipping and the gentle soul showing below. There she was, her Lena, hiding behind that protective, outer barrier. All that was required was someone with determination, willing to do the work and reap the rewards. Sliding her hand from Lena’s face, Kara slowly stroked down Lena’s near arm, feeling a tiny tremble from the woman in response. When she saw Lena’s gaze flicker for the briefest moment from her own to her lips, before returning again, Kara had to hold herself back. That was the moment. That was the invitation for a kiss.

Kara tilted her head a tad to the left, noting that Lena did the same. The mirroring was likely an unconscious gesture. Their breathing was slightly accelerated and in sync. Kara’s hand on Lena’s
arm slid down further. She knew exactly what she wanted to do and also what she had to do.

“Hey, I thought we were going to read a book,” Kara said in her cartoony voice as she pulled the teddy bear in front of her face and wiggled him around again. “I was promised a bedtime story. Where’s my bedtime story?” As Lena laughed, Kara slid the bear just far enough to the side that she could peek around him.

“Well, a promise is a promise,” Lena said. “Kara, you can’t break a promise to Lucas.”

“Oh, certainly not,” Kara agreed, putting Lucas down on Lena’s torso and pulling the book to her, her knees raised as a surface to hold the book. She opened it and began to read The Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Grahame. “THE Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above...”
“Alex, Maggie, wake up,” Kara said.

“We’re awake, Kara,” Alex replied.

“Sorry about the noise. You had something in front of the door.”

“That was the point, kid. It was supposed to make noise.” Maggie sat up yawning. “What time is it?”

“It’s 6:00 AM. I need to get home, but I wanted to tell you I went to Metropolis to see Clark.”

“Clark?” Maggie asked.

Kara and Alex stared at each other.

“This is a, ‘She doesn’t know?’ moment, isn’t it?” Maggie asked.

Kara shrugged. “We’re in another dimension. I just don’t care right now. Clark Kent is Superman.”

“Ah,” Maggie said with a nod. “Move, Alex. I need to go pee.”

“That’s it?” Kara asked. “You find out who Superman is and that’s all you say?”

“Kid, I’m a detective. You people need better disguises than a pair of glasses. I honestly have no idea how you ever hide from anyone.” She patted Alex. “Now seriously, I have to go pee.”

Alex slid out of the way, letting Maggie leave the room. “She’s amazing, isn’t she? She’s absolutely unflappable.”

“I’m happy for you.” Kara sat next to her sister and gave Alex a one-armed hug.

“So what did Clark say?”

“He wasn’t there, however, I spoke to his wife…” Kara sat with her mouth open, a slight smile on her lips.

“Do I have to guess?”
Kara nodded.

“I’m not guessing.”

“Oh, come on. Just guess.”

Eyes narrowed, Alex yelled, “Hey, Mags! Clark Kent is married in this dimension! Guess who his wife is!”

“Uh… Lois Lane!” Maggie yelled back from the bathroom.

“How the fu…!” Kara lifted her arms, slapping them down onto the bed. “How does she do that?”

“She’s a detective. She detects. Okay, so what did Lois tell you?”

“Clark is off planet dealing with an interplanetary invasion.”

Head jutting forward and eyebrows raised, Alex said, “Excuse me?”

“I offered to help, but Lois told me Kal-El had it. She called him Kal-El,” Kara said with a smile. “It was so cute. She seemed happy. I bet they’re happy.”

“We’re being invaded?”

“They’re in the galaxy but not our atmosphere. It’s a peripheral incident. Don’t worry about it.”

“I’m worried,” Alex said, worrying.

“No, Alex, this is a good thing.”

“How is a space invasion a good thing?”

“It gives me an excuse with Lena,” Kara said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“So, you intend to use our galaxy being under attack by aliens as a reason why you’re dodging sex with your wife.”

Kara grinned. “That’s a solid excuse, right? That beats the hell out of having a headache, plus I don’t get headaches.”

“Somehow, it’s going to go badly for you. I don’t know how, but I sense it.”

“No, it will be fine. I’m going to tell her I have to cover Metropolis until Kal-El comes back. She can even check with Lois who can confirm that Clark is in outer space defending the galaxy. Then, anytime things get heated with Lena, I will whoosh away. It’s brilliant.”

Alex shrugged. “If you say so, but, Kara, wouldn’t it make more sense just to tell Lena the truth?”

“About who I am?”

“About who we all are,” Alex clarified. “We need her help to get home. It sounds like she loves her wife and will want her back. The DEO here is a bunch of psychos who can’t help us. It’s got to be Lena.”

“Okay, that’s a good point.” Kara thought for a moment and then nodded. “You’re right. I’d like to get Lillian out of the house first. As nice as she is, she doesn’t know Kara is Supergirl. I keep
getting flashbacks of fighting Metallo and of the Medusa virus. When she hugged me, my skin
crawled. Lena doesn’t want her mother there, so getting Lillian out shouldn’t be too hard. Anyway,
we don’t want to be opening a portal to another dimension with Lillian Luthor around, do we?”

“That’s a hard no,” Alex replied.

“What about Lillian Luthor?” Maggie asked as she came back into the room.

“Kara has agreed to tell Lena who we really are. She just wants to get rid of her mother-in-law first.”

Maggie nodded. “Probably a good plan. Are you getting an evil vibe from her?”

“No, I’m getting a Lillian Luthor vibe from her. That’s evil enough. She isn’t nice to Lena and
Lena is really sweet. I just want to…” Kara held up her hands, squeezing them into fists and shaking
them. “I went through a lot of flatware during dinner last night. I’ll need to have some extras tonight
if Lillian is having dinner with us.”

“Dinner with Lillian Luthor. How awful is that?” Maggie asked.

“Honestly, it’s one of the worst things I’ve ever had to do in all my time as Supergirl. Hey, you two
should join us.”

“I think I’m persona non grata,” Maggie replied.

“We could make an exception,” Kara said.

“No, she’s right. If you think you’re in trouble with Lena now, you’d be a dead Kryptonian walking
if you brought home a DEO agent,” Alex pointed out.

“Maybe Lillian would leave?” Kara suggested.

“Or maybe she’d get worried, and she’d refuse to leave. I tell you what, Little Danvers. You pass it
by Lena. If she wants my charming company, or not charming, lady’s choice, I’ll come crash your
party. I assume the food is good.”

“We serve meat.”

Maggie and Alex looked at each other, and Maggie shrugged.

“Talk to Lena. I’m in,” Alex said.

“Okay. So, what are you two doing today?”

“I have no idea what I do around here,” Alex admitted. “I’m a doctor, but I can’t exactly practice
medicine, so I guess I just… wait?”

“Oh, man! Winn!” Maggie slapped her head.

“What about him?” Kara asked.

“I was supposed to meet him last night and talk about our energy burst from when we crossed over.
When I couldn’t find my place, I planned to text him. He wasn’t in my phone under his name. I’m
sure he’s in there with some stupid nickname. I was going to go through all my contacts last night,
but then I totally brained it. There were so many names there I didn’t know.”

“Oh, well just see him at the DEO today. No big deal,” Kara said.
“Uh, I messed up yesterday at the DEO. I said something about Kara and Supergirl and the roof. I didn’t know that Henshaw knew who you were. He’s onto me. Winn thinks I’m doing some kind of check-up on Henshaw, that I’m up for his job, and Winn is helping me. Crap. Now I’m going to have to come up with an excuse for why I blew off the one guy in my corner,” Maggie said as she dropped onto the bed again.

“Want me to stay and help you guys?” Kara offered.

“Kara, you’re just stalling,” Alex said. “Go see Lena. Have an awful day with Lillian. Try to get her out of the house, and then tell Lena who you are. Get us the hell back to our own dimension. Then we’ll buy some doughnuts.”

“I like doughnuts,” Kara said.

“I know you do sweetie. We have your phone number, and you have Maggie’s. We’ll check in after lunch, okay?”

“Okay,” Kara agreed, slinking out of the bedroom. “If Lena wants Maggie over for dinner, I’ll let you know.”

“Make steak for Alex,” Maggie said. “Oh, and tiramisu!”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Bye, Kara.”

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Landing on the balcony outside her bedroom… okay, technically it was Lena’s and Kara’s bedroom, not hers. Still, she was the Kara they had right now for all intents and purposes, it was hers. So, landing on the balcony, Kara took a deep breath before carefully opening the door. The room was still dark. That was surprising. The Lena Luthor she knew was an early riser. Maybe this gentler Lena slept in. Maybe she’d be able to sneak back in and—

The light in the corner flicked on, and Lena looked up from the chair where she sat. “Hello, Kara. Have a good night out?”

Kara swallowed. Now that tone she’d heard from the Lena Luthor on her dimension. It had been followed by the words, ‘You can leave the way you came in.’ That was a cold and angry woman.

“Lena, I was just… uh… I had a thing.”

“A thing.”

Kara nodded.

“Was that thing a burning orphanage?” Lena asked.

Laughing, Kara carefully stepped further into the room. ‘Funny, you’re funny, but no. Actually, I was in Metropolis. By the way, Lois says hi. She misses you, and she and Kal are hoping we can join them at the boathouse this summer.’

“Metropolis.” Arms crossed, Lena’s posture relaxed slightly. “You’ve bought yourself three minutes. Continue.”
“Kal got called off-planet. I had to cover for him. You know how that goes.” Kara shrugged.
“That was less than three minutes, right?”

“What do you mean off-planet?”

“I mean he isn’t currently on this planet, thus off-planet.”

Lena’s hand snapped forward as she pointed accusingly at the blonde. “Do not test me, Kara Luthor. I am a woman on the edge. You disappeared last night and never checked in. I was a nervous wreck. I sat up worried all night. I’m exhausted. Did you leave our atmosphere?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Better. Thank you,” Lena said rolling her shoulders to relax them. “How bad is it, Kara?”

Kneeling in front of Lena, Kara began gently to rub the tension out of the woman’s shoulders. “It’s fine, Lena. There’s a little… event. Kal’s got it. I’ve got to cover Metropolis and National City. I’ll be busy for a few days, and I know that will be hard on you, but things will be fine. I’m sorry for the extra stress while your mother is over. I know that’s making things worse. Hey, if you want, we might be able to chase her out by inviting a DEO agent over. What do you think?”

“That’s not even funny, Kara. Don’t… just stop making jokes. So tell me what pulled Kal off world. Catch me up. I’m going to grab a shower and then head over to the lab, but the more information I have, the better. I need details.”

Standing, Kara kissed the top of Lena’s head while she continued to massage the woman’s shoulders. “No, you don’t. This is a job for Superman. Supergirl is going to fly around and do Supergirl’s jobs. Your job is R&D. You do your job and let me do my job, okay?”

Blinking up at Kara, Lena asked, “I should concentrate on my job?”

“Exactly,” Kara replied with a smile.

Lena reached up and placed her hands on Kara’s, stopping the blonde’s motion. “Supergirl’s got this. You’re the hero in this family after all. I should just go do my job at Luthor Corp and let you do yours.”

“Are you all right? Are you still angry with me?”

Standing, Lena examined Kara for a few moments before she replied, “I’m scared. It’s frightening for us humans to have to stand around so helplessly while who knows what goes on in space. I suppose I’m grateful that there’s a Superman out there to protect us and a Supergirl of my very own right here to protect me, my own personal hero. You don’t understand that awful feeling of just wanting to help and not being able to do so.”

“Hey,” Kara pulled Lena into a hug, holding her close. She wanted to comfort the other woman, but the hug felt good for her also. Being lost on this world was frightening, and Lena was a friend. Even here she felt like a safe place. “Just having you helps the world. Honestly, Lena, I’d be a mess without you right now. I need you. You’re a lifesaver, and I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“You need me,” Lena said, repeating Kara’s words.

Pushing away to arm’s length, the blonde nodded.

“What do you need me to do? What can I do, Kara? Anything in the world, ask anything of me.
This is your chance.”

Kara smiled. “Just be yourself and be here for me. Right now, I feel like I don’t have a friend in the world and then there’s you. You’re my anchor. Can you just be here for me? Don’t ask anything for the next few days, just be here for me, please?”

Lena stroked Kara’s face, her eyes searching, examining everywhere over the other woman’s expression as she did so. “You are so beautiful. Do you know that, Kara?”

“I’m beautiful? Well, that wasn’t what I was expecting.”

“You’re beautiful,” Lena repeated her thumb running along Kara’s forehead and then coming to stop between Kara’s brow on the left-hand side. “Hmmm. Do you remember that day we met in Midvale? Do you remember what you said to me?”

Kara smiled, but inside her stomach was doing flips.

“Let me see if I can do you justice here,” Lena said clearing her throat. “You pushed up your glasses, squeezing them on either side with your fingertips, which is adorable, dear, and you said, ‘Oh… um… you’re Lex’s sister? Gee. You’re… uh… like really pretty… like beautiful.’” Lena smiled brightly. “You were such a nervous little geek back then. It was quite endearing. We walked and talked for hours about anything and everything. Then when we ended up on that beach watching the sun go down, I kissed you. I didn’t even ask permission; I just kissed you. You were breathing so hard, and I could tell that you wanted it, liked it, but I could also see you were scared. You were frightened you’d hurt me. I put my head on your shoulder and whispered, ‘It’s all right Kara; I know. I know from where you come. You don’t have to be frightened. You can trust me.’ I felt all of the tension melt out of your body as you rested your head on mine. We just laid there together for close to an hour, not talking, not kissing, not doing anything but watching that sunset and being together.”

“Stronger together,” Kara said, her heart pounding at the emotion the image stirred.

“Yes, stronger together,” Lena said, wrapping her arms around Kara again and holding the blonde close. “Are you sure there’s nothing I can do to help with this situation with which you and Kal are dealing?”

Gently squeezing Lena, Kara replied, “You’re doing it right now. How did I get so lucky?”

“Oh, I think you just fell into it,” Lena replied with a laugh. She tipped her head back. “I love you Kara Luthor.”

“Oh, well now I’m even luckier. Maybe I should go play the lottery the way my luck is going. Any suggestion for numbers?”

Something crossed Lena’s face, a subtle darkening, but it passed, and she stretched up slightly and applied a gentle kiss to Kara’s lips. “We both need to get ready for the day. I’m going to speak with the staff and make sure everything is set up according to Mother’s likings before she has any reason to snip at me about it. She’ll be polite to everyone else, but I’ll have to hear her little comments. Why don’t you shower? If you take your time, I’ll be back to join you. So don’t rush.”

“My back could use some scrubbing,” Kara said with a smile.

“I’ll bring my loofa.” Kissing Kara gently once more, Lena released the blonde and headed to the door. “Oh, before I forget, you need to put out a press release about that little accident we had on the roof yesterday. I’m going to make sure to be visible today since someone scooped me up and took
me off to the hospital. Really, Kara, that was overkill. Alex was right there. What’s the point of having a doctor in the family if we don’t make use of her? Anyway, make us look good.”

“Don’t I always?”

Lena nodded and headed out of the room.

Kara sighed with relief. “Okay, one quick shower it is. I guess I’m scrubbing and dressing at super speed unless I want to be in the shower with Lena Luthor.” When an image formed in her mind, Kara shook her head to clear it. She had no idea where her mind was. This place was definitely getting to her.
“Psst, Alex. Wake up.”

“Hmmm?” Alex opened her eyes slowly, blinking away the bleary sleep that had collected there like cobwebs in the corner of a room. “Kara? What are you doing in my room? What’s wrong?”

Kara grinned. “Besides you being curled up with Agent Sawyer? Nothing. Same old same old in another dimension.”

“What!”? Alex tried to roll over but struggled to do so with the other woman’s arm and leg wrapped around her. “I… uh… get off me!” Throwing off the cover, Alex fell out of the bed rather unceremoniously as she disembarked. She stood up, straightening her borrowed pajamas. “What the…!? Why are you…!? You’re smiling.”

Indeed Maggie lay in bed, a smirk on her face that only grew once Alex noted it. She opened one eye, inspecting both the sisters, then both eyes as she rolled onto her back and stretched. Her left arm in the air and right one still shoved under her pillow, she arched her back and yawned loudly.

“What time is it?”

“Six in the morning,” Kara replied, still smiling. “Did you sleep well?”

“Like a rock,” Maggie answered. “Your sister is super comfy.”

“How long were you awake?” Alex asked, accusation in her question.

“I woke up when I heard the door open,” Maggie replied, sitting up and pulling out the pistol in her hand that was under the pillow.

“You… uh… you brought a gun to bed with you!? There was a gun in my bed!?”

“Hey, you’re armed with your intellect. I’ve got a .38 special. We each have to play to our strengths, Doc.”

“Well, I hope it wasn’t loaded,” Alex replied.

“It was, and you should be grateful. If something goes down, you’ll want me armed. Don’t stress out. The safety was on. I usually have holstered weapons all around my place, but I wasn’t able to find a single weapon hidden here. I feel naked. All we have in the apartment is this one and the one weapon the DEO let you sign out, Doc. I locked up the DEO gear I brought from our dimension in the car.”

“This is my place on this dimension,” Kara pointed out. “I wouldn’t have any weapons. I am a weapon.”
“That’s why it’s filled with inedible food-like substances,” Alex noted. “Also, you need to clean your shower better. Your tile grout is discolored.”

“One, I don’t live here. Two, I have maids,” Kara responded, holding two fingers in the air.

“Well, while you two discuss grout, I’m going to grab some breakfast ice cream from the freezer,” Maggie said as she crawled out of bed.

“Oooh! Dibs on breakfast ice cream!” Kara flashed out of the room, leaving a breeze in her wake.

“Well, that was dumb,” Alex pointed out. “She’s going to eat all of the ice cream.”

“I know. I just want to get her out of here. Supergirl is easily distracted by food. It’s in her file.” Maggie grinned at Alex. “So, thanks for snuggling with me last night, Pookie.”

“Do not… do not start with me. Nothing happened,” Alex said.

Hands behind her back, Maggie took one big step toward Alex. “Nothing happened?”

“Stop it!” Alex hissed as she scurried backward. “Nothing happened. You were cold, and you came in here. We fell asleep. That was it. You know that. Nothing else happened.”

“You mean we didn’t physically do anything, but for you, did anything… happen?”

Alex stared at Maggie for several seconds before she squared her shoulders. “No.”

Tipping her head to the side, Maggie replied, “Cool, then I can sleep with you until we find our way home. So long as it isn’t stirring up anything uncomfortable for you, right?”

“Absolutely,” Alex replied with a nod.

“Awesome. I do need to buy some more clothes unless we can find my place. I can’t slip into your other sister’s clothes when I sleep and wash and dry my clothes every night. Her clothes might fit you, but you girls are kind of skinny. I’ve got some back going on. Look at my butt.”

As Maggie turned, pulling up the t-shirt she was wearing, Alex turned away. “I don’t want to see that.”

“Your loss, Doc. I’m going to grab a quick shower and get ready for work. I’m quick… at showers. You’re welcome to join me if you want, Pookie.”

“Don’t hold your breath… or do. Hold it until you pass out. Most household accidents happen in the bathroom.”

Making kissy faces at Alex, Maggie left the room on her way to the bathroom.

After an eye roll, and a sigh, Alex headed into the living room but found her sister leaning over the kitchen counter, eating ice cream with a serving spoon so went to speak with her. “I see you found the whipped cream.”

Kara nodded. “And the chocolate sauce.”

“Don’t talk with your mouthful, Kara. So, things went well with Lena last night?”

“Oh, mighty Rao! Alex, guess what I found out.”
“If it’s a new birthmark, I don’t want to know about it.”

“We just snuggled and read. We fell asleep together. It was... sweet,” Kara replied with a smile.

Alex cleared her throat, not commenting on her sister’s goofy smile. “So what did you find out?”

“Lionel Luther… he’s her father.”

“We know that.”

“No, he’s her biological father. I’m sure Lillian knows it too. I bet that’s why they adopted her when Lena’s birth mother died.”

“Ah.” Alex nodded. “Your mother-in-law has always had this vaguely passive-aggressive thing going on with Lena. That makes sense now.”

“Vaguely? Look, I love Lillian. She’s a brilliant doctor, and I know you two get along famously. She’s been wonderful to me. The whole family has, but she just snips at Lena all the time, and Lena never wants me to do anything about it. Oh, she grumbles about it whenever Mom is coming to visit, becomes a neurotic mess, but she never talks to her about it. Usually, we just screw the tension away.”

“What works for you because you’re the girl of steel and hormones.”

Kara grinned. “Hey, I have a hot wife. Don’t be hating. You’d understand if you dated someone besides your microscope.”

“I am not dating my microscope,” Alex shot back, then leaned her elbows on the counter as she smiled. “At this point, it’s a common law marriage. Don’t disrespect our relationship.”

“Marriage? I had no idea. I would have gotten you a gift. Where are you two registered?”

“Well, normally I’d say you don’t need to, but I know your budget. Feel free to pay off my school loans.”

“Maybe you could stop going back for more degrees,” Kara said, pointing with her spoon.

“But school is fun.”

“Nerd,” Kara mumbled around her spoon. “Hey, if you want a real relationship, I’m sure I could set you up with someone.”

“No, thanks, I’m good.”

“No, seriously. Lena and I know tons of guys. We know good looking rich guys, even guys with microscopes. You want to meet another doctor?”

“What field of study?” Alex asked cagily. “I’m not dating a podiatrist.”

“Ummm... how about nano-stuff? Lena has that friend from school, Jack Spheer, and he’s a wicked nerd too. He’s got a nice accent, and women get all weak-kneed about his looks. Interested?”

“Jack Speer who works with nanotechnology?” Alex asked standing up straight. “I’d love to speak with him. You can arrange that?”

“Date, Alex, the word is date.”
“Whatever it takes. You can set that up?”

Kara shook her head, spooning more ice cream in her mouth while she eyed her sister critically. “The only nieces and nephews I’m ever going to have are from Lena’s side of the family, aren’t they?”

“No, I’m going to adopt when I’m forty. It’s in my life plan.”

“By Rao. You are such a romantic.” Kara sighed. “If I asked Lena to set you up on a date… DATE with Jack Spheer, will you promise to talk to him about something besides science?”

“But…” Alex nearly whimpered, but eventually, she nodded.

“Alex, if you married him, he’d let you in his lab.”

“Oh, my God.”

Laughing, Kara spooned more ice cream from the container into her mouth. “Oh, by the way, I flew over to Metropolis this morning to talk to Kal-El.”

Alex pulled out of her haze to meet her sister’s gaze. “Hmmm? Kal-El? Oh, that’s brilliant.”

“Thank you. I’m the complete package.”

“Can Clark help us get home?”

“He wasn’t there.”

“Where was he?”

Kara shrugged.

“Well, what did Lois say?”

Kara shrugged again.

“Lois shrugged?”

“Nope, no Lois. Near as I can tell, Clark lives alone. I’m not sure if Lois knows who Kal-El actually is,” Kara said staring down into the ice cream as she scooped more out.

“They’re not married?”

“Honestly, I can’t figure this place out. I know she is still using the last name of Lane, but that could just be a professional name. When I stopped in at Kal-El’s place, he wasn’t there. I went by the Fortress of Solitude and all it could tell me was that he was no longer on Earth.”

“So… what does that mean?”

Kara shrugged, scooping out more ice cream and eating it with a smile. “Probably that something terrifying is hurtling toward the planet even as we speak, but it will be fine. That happens a lot.”

“A… lot?”

Nodding, Kara replied, “More often than humans want to know. If you knew how many times a year you had a species ending near-event, you’d probably never pay your taxes again. Just don’t
worry about it. Find a nice guy, make babies, and get matching microscopes. Is there any more pizza in the fridge?"

Alex stood stunned while her sister rummaged through the fridge. Getting her next Doctorate suddenly seemed drastically less important if their species wasn’t going to be around. She wondered how her sister could be so casual about it but remembered her Kara was one of two surviving members of her race. When you had already watched your planet and all of your people tear apart in front of your eyes, there wasn’t much left you couldn’t face.

“Okay, I’m done in the shower,” Maggie said as she walked out wearing a towel, her clothes hanging over her arm. “I need the car today. The Flying Leotard here can carry you back to the DEO, okay Doc?”

“Ugh, I hate flying. Couldn’t we just—?”

“Nope,” Maggie cut her off. “Hey, I think cops have a motor pool or something. I bet I can get a car there today. I’ll see what I can do.”

“You both probably have cars at Luthor Corp,” Kara said as she came back with half a pizza.

“But no keys,” Maggie said.

“Hmmm… true. Okay, well I’ll fly Alex to the DEO. You’re sure this is safe?”

“Honestly, Kara, I was there and people were lovely. It was like an episode of the Twilight Zone, but it was fine. I met Director Henshaw, and he was fantastic.”

“I met him once when I was nineteen,” Kara replied. “He was awful. He’s lucky lawyers got involved. I wanted to snap his neck.”

“Oh, that was my Henshaw,” Maggie said smiling. As Kara glared, she backed away. “Well, I’m going to get dressed and head into work. What time do you two want to meet back here tonight?”

“Dinner?” Alex suggested. “I can grab some groceries. How about a veggie stir fry?”

“I’m eating with Lena,” Kara replied.

“Kara.” There was a warning in Alex’s voice.

“What? She said potstickers. I couldn’t say no. That’s like waving a red cape in front of a bull.” A finger sticking out of her forehead on either side, Kara pawed at the ground with one foot.

“Bring me some back kid?” Maggie asked.

“No,” Kara snapped back. “Don’t shoot anyone at work today.”

“No promises. If I have to eat nothing but vegetables for dinner, that may force my hand.”

As Maggie left the room, Alex said, “Kara, if you can’t get in touch with Clark, what do you think about telling Lena who you really are?”

“I don’t know, Alex. She isn’t a scientist here, at least not anymore. I’m not sure she can help us.”

“She must have scientists working for her who can. We ended up on the roof of the same building, looking at the same set up that we’d left on our world. Lena was the only one there. She isn’t NOT a scientist here. She’s just not working as a scientist. She can still do it.”
Kara nodded, chewing on some pizza. “Okay, good point. I am worried about outing Kara Danvers though.”

“Outing her? You think she’s not openly gay?” Alex asked.

“Oh, I have absolutely no idea about that. I’d have to go with no. I mean, Lena is right there and nothing is going on. If you were gay, would you hit that?”

“She’s my sister-in-law.”

“Alex, work with me,” Kara said dropping her pizza in frustration. “The Lena here who isn’t your sister-in-law.”

“Who also isn’t a scientist?”

“Oh, for Rao’s sake.” Kara flipped the pizza box closed. “I hope you and your microscope live happily ever after. I’m talking about outing Kara Danvers as Supergirl. Lena doesn’t know, remember?”

“Oh, right. You should try and protect her secret identity.”

“Exactly. So I have to tell her that Kara got sent through some portal but leave out the whole Supergirl thing. Do you think I should tell her we’re married?”

“Does it matter?” Alex asked.

“It matters to me,” Kara replied.

“That’s not what I mean, Kara. Does it matter if this Lena knows or not? Does it matter to us getting home?”

Kara considered that. “I guess not. Maybe I shouldn’t tell her. It could get weird.”

“Right, and you having sleepovers at her place with her not knowing is perfectly normal.”

“Girls do that.”

“Gay girls, do that,” Alex mumbled. “Well, I’m going to grab a shower so we can go do… whatever this DEO thing is. I hope it is just a training exercise. I need you to stay with me and keep me from getting killed.”

“Can do.”

As Alex left, Maggie wandered in, buckling her belt. She grabbed a beer from the fridge, then checked the pizza box on the counter, smiling when she saw there was some left.

Mine!” Kara said, slapping the lid closed.

“Kid, I’m stuck in another dimension playing cop for the day. I’ve got no idea who any of the people I work with are. I’ve got no idea what my cases are. I don’t even know where my desk is. I was able to find my precinct after your sister logged into your computer last night. So you know, your password is cruller. I’m pretty sure I’m going to screw everything up today, and my butt is going to be a chew toy for someone with a shinier badge than my other self. If you don’t let me start my day with a slice of cold pizza, I swear to God, I will find a Kryptonite bullet somewhere and take your ass out.”
Her eyebrows high, Kara stared for several seconds before she flipped the lid on the box open and said, “One slice.”

“You’re an angel,” Maggie said with a grin as she took her slice.

As Maggie walked away, Kara said, “Hey, that’s a beer in your hand. You can’t drink and drive.”

“Apparently, I can. I’m the fuzz. Who’s going to pull me over? Have a great day at the DEO and a fun date with ‘not your wife’ tonight. Tell the good doctor that bacon is my favorite vegetable. See you around, Twinkle Toes.” Stopping at the door, Maggie came back and grabbed her wallet that was sitting on the coffee table. “Almost forgot my money.”

“Coffee and doughnuts?” Kara guessed.

“Nah, I need to send someone flowers.”

Maggie left, and Kara wondered for just a moment before returning to her food. She was headed to the DEO and needed to charge up.
“Okay, what’s the plan for today?” Alex asked, washing the last of the dishes.

“Uh, I don’t know,” Maggie replied as she kept going through her contacts. “Okay, I have someone here listed as ‘Never Again.’ What do you think that means?”

“Well, I’m going to assume that it means: Never Again. Perhaps it is the anti-booty call reminder?”

“Sheesh. You should see some of the things I have tagged in here after guys names. I think I’m kind of a slut.”

Alex laughed as she dried her hands and walked into the living room. “You have my contact information in there?”

“Yup, Dr. Alex Danvers.” Maggie made her way to Alex’s name. “It lists you as a potential and has four stars next to you. What does that mean?”

Taking the phone and putting it on the table, Alex leaned over her girlfriend. “It means I’m insulted. I am way more than a potential, and I should have more than four stars.”

Maggie smiled. “Oh, I agree on both counts, Danvers. What’s the rating system here?”

Kissing Maggie’s neck, Alex asked, “As in a scale of one to what?”

“Yup. Mmmm that feels good. Don’t stop.”

“I wasn’t planning on it,” Alex replied. “Let’s go with a scaled of one to ten.”

Running her hands through Alex’s hair, Maggie said, “So on a scale of one through ten, I’d give you a… twelve.”

“A twelve?” Alex asked, pulling back her head so she could look at Maggie.

Maggie nodded. “You used to be an eleven. Your stars are rising.”

Laughing, Alex kissed Maggie briefly. “What do I need to get to thirteen?”

“Ooof. Thirteen takes some work, Danvers. You up for putting in the effort?”

“I could be persuaded.”

Maggie rose from the couch, taking Alex’s hand and drawing the other woman to stand also. As Maggie walked backward, she pulled Alex with her. “Well, first of all, you need to clean up some.”

“I just did the dishes.”
“No, no, not this place, you. I mean this slept in disheveled look is hot and all, but you’re real classy. Thirteens are all real classy. We need to clean you up.”

“Oh, clean me up. So I need to go…?”

Her smile growing until dimples showed, Maggie nodded.

“And what will you be doing while I clean up?” Alex asked knowingly.

“Helping. I’m a helper.”

Maggie never let go of Alex’s hands as she led her girlfriend to the bathroom. She undressed Alex, enjoying every step of the process and by the look on Alex’s face, so did Alex. Then Maggie undressed herself. Maggie started the shower, checking the temperature. Too cold or too hot could ruin a perfectly fun time and she planned to have fun. She pulled back the curtain stepping in while taking Alex’s hand and gently encouraging her girlfriend to do the same.

“So this is the path to become a thirteen?” Alex asked as Maggie turned her around, Alex’s back to the water as she stepped under the warmth.

“Oh, absolutely. Would I ever steer you wrong?”


“Right, cops never lie,” Maggie said with a laugh. She turned Alex sideways to face the shower stall. “Assume the position.”

Leaning against the wall while Maggie gently nudged her feet apart, Alex asked, “What, do you think I’m armed? Where would I be keeping it?”

Maggie’s arms wrapped around Alex’s waist, and Maggie said, “I’m gonna check.”

“Whoa.”

Maggie’s laugh was as warm and comforting as the water. “I’m going to soap you up, Danvers. Just stay put.”

Maggie covered Alex with shower gel, gently massaging away a world’s worth of tension and worries. The warm water, rich aroma, and touches just on the edge of rough were doing the trick. Hands started on her shoulders, making their way along her arms. As they moved down her back and around her front, Alex smiled at the intimacy. She’d spent so many years alone that sometimes she couldn’t believe she’d found this or could define it with one simple word: partnership. Stress melted away as Maggie rubbed along her legs, pulling the last twenty-four hours off of her to swirl down the drain.

“Rinse that off,” Maggie said, a smiling voice in Alex’s ear.

“Mmmm, yes officer.”

“That’s detective,” Maggie replied, slapping Alex’s ass.

“Hey! Police brutality!” Alex protested with a smile.

“Tell it to your lawyer.”

“I didn’t even get my phone call.”
Running her hands through Alex’s hair, Maggie smiled. “You’re not going to lawyer up on me, are you, Danvers? Are you going to take the fifth?”

“You think you can make me talk?”

“Oh, you’ll talk.” Maggie grinned, pouring shampoo into her hand and rubbing it through Alex’s hair. “You’re going to talk, and beg, and scream.”

“I’ll be begging?”

“And screaming,” Maggie reminded Alex, scrubbing the shampoo in. “Lean your head back. I don’t want the soap in your eyes.” Maggie rinsed the shampoo out of Alex’s hair, making sure she got it all out. Then she pressed the other woman to the shower stall wall with her torso.

“I’m not familiar with this technique, Detective. What are we doing now?” Alex said grinning broadly.

“I’m going to get a confession out of you,” Maggie replied, kissing Alex on the neck while she ran her hands up and down Alex’s torso.

“Oh, and to what am I confessing?” Alex said, moaning slightly.

The shower curtain opened, and Maggie looked up at an Alex who looked just as shocked as she felt. “Is that your sister?”

“Maggie?” A distinctly male voice asked.

“That doesn’t sound like your sister.”

“Definitely, not my sister,” Alex said, all of the tension Maggie had just washed away returned in an instant.

“What the fuck is going on, Maggie?” The man asked.

“It’s Winn. He has a gun,” Alex said.

“Winn, this isn’t what it…” Maggie paused in her excuse. “Actually, it’s exactly what it looks like. I’m fucking Alex behind your back, well, technically right in front of you at the moment. Are you going to shoot me for that?”

“Maggie, I’m going to back up, and I need you and Dr. Danvers to slowly get out of the shower. Maggie, you turn around and get out first. Dr. Danvers, you turn off the water. You don’t get out until I tell you to do so. Do either of you have any questions?”

“So that’s a no to shooting me?” Maggie asked.

“Maggie, as much as I like your naked ass, I can’t have this conversation with your naked ass. I can’t have this conversation with you at all if you’re naked. It’s just too… distracting,” Winn replied.

“Good,” Maggie said, “Because my ass is cold, and Alex could cut glass with these things here. You ready for me to step out?”

“Go ahead.”

Maggie turned slowly, stepping out of the shower and never taking her eyes off of Winn. She took a few steps forward.
“That’s far enough,” Winn said. “Dr. Danvers, turn off the water. Good, now step out of the shower.”

“Winn, she doesn’t have any part of this. This is between you and me,” Maggie said.

“I don’t think so, Maggie. You didn’t show up last night, and I was worried. I tried your tracker, but it’s offline. I almost told Henshaw because that’s the protocol. I was worried, worried that you’d been taken, but I know you’re working on something regarding Henshaw, and I know the doctor is involved. In case this was related, I didn’t want to tip him off. I followed the GPS in your cellphone, and it led me here. I was a bit surprised but not overly given whose apartment this was. The last thing I expected to find was you in the shower with her. I thought you were turning the doctor. Now I see she’s turning you.”

“Uh… Winn… Can I get a towel?” Maggie asked.

“Sure.”

Maggie and Alex both grabbed towels, wrapping themselves up to feel warmer and less vulnerable.

“Thanks. Look it’s not like that. It’s…” Maggie looked over her shoulder at Alex who stared back stone-faced. Turning to face Win again, she said, “I can explain this all, but we should get the doctor out of the room. She isn’t DEO. Let’s put her somewhere else.”

“Maggie, no,” Alex said.

“Relax, Dr. Danvers,” Maggie said turning to face Alex. “I know what I’m doing. Anyway, you’re not a credible threat. Winn knows I’m the only real problem here. We should just stick you in the bedroom out of the way. You can just sit tight in there for a bit and let the agents sort this out.”

Alex stared at Maggie for a moment then turned to Winn and begged, “Please don’t shoot me. I’ve seen gunshot wounds, and they’re horrible. The exit wounds, bullets bouncing around inside a body, infection, oh God! Please, please don’t shoot me!”

“Come on, Winn, let’s just get her out of the way and let you and me hash this out.”

“Fine,” Winn said after a moment of consideration. “Doctor, no trouble, screaming, or anything like that. Also, I want your cellphone.”

“Sure, anything,” Alex agreed immediately. “My phone is on the kitchen counter.”

They all walked into the living room area. Winn covered Maggie while Alex grabbed her phone from the kitchen and offered it to him. At his gesture, she tossed it on the couch. He led her to the bedroom.

“Dr. Danvers, just stay in here and sit quietly on the bed. Don’t open the windows and call for help. Don’t make any problems. This is a DEO issue, and you’re human. We protect humans. No one is going to hurt you. Maggie and I are going to figure this out, and then I’m going to leave, and you’ll be fine. If you just stay in here, you won’t get hurt. Understand?”

“Yes, thank you, Agent. I don’t want any trouble. I didn’t mean to cause any trouble,” Alex replied.

“Don’t worry about it, Doctor. In a little while, we’ll be out of your lives, and everything will be fine. Just go relax, maybe read a book. You’ll be all right,” Winn promised.

As Alex closed the door behind her, Winn turned back to Maggie who still stood, watching Winn.
“So, now are you going to shoot me?” Maggie asked.

“We’re going to talk, and then we’ll figure that out. Did you turn for the doctor?”

“Absolutely not!” Maggie replied. “Henshaw told me to turn her by any means necessary. These were my means.”

“You’ve been fucking her to turn her to the DEO?”

“Hey, you’ve seen her file. How many men have you seen her date?” Maggie shrugged. “I took a chance. I’ve been playing the long game, and it finally paid off. I don’t mean that in the sex with Alex Danvers kind of way. I mean that in bringing her over to the DEO kind of way. It’s working.”

“What happened to your tracker?”

“Alex disabled it.”

“Alex…!” Winn threw his hands up in the air for a moment before steadying his weapon on Maggie again. “You let her disable your tracker?”

“Well, she was super nervous about it. She knew that everywhere we were, the DEO could find us. She said she wished I could turn it off, so I said I wished I could turn it off too. I told her there was just no way. You know, I was trying to be agreeable, play nice. Then she showed up with this high-tech laser needle thing all happy like it’s Christmas. She tells me she’s found a way to solve our problems. Then, she disables my tracker.”

“When was this?” Winn asked, his eyes narrowed.

“Yesterday morning,” Maggie replied, tying the time into when Maggie went missing from this dimension.

Winn nodded. “Okay, that matches up with what the readout showed me.”

“Why wouldn’t it? Winn, do you think I’m lying to you, baby?”

“You’re cheating on me.”

“That’s work. That’s different. Anyway, you walked in on that. Was that really so bad?” Maggie asked, smiling.

Quickly tilting his head to the side, Winn admitted, “Actually, that was kind of interesting. You’re into that?”

Maggie’s smile grew. “It’s fun. You like girls. I’m beginning to see why.”

“Really?” Clearing his throat, Winn said, “So, uh, that’s something you’d like to do more often?”

“Sure. You have anyone in mind?”

“Maybe. I might know a few girls who are into, um, experimenting.”

“Heh. Yeah, maybe we need adventurous girls in our life. See, this is a good thing, Winn. I’m glad you walked in on this. Hey, maybe I can even get Dr. Danvers to play ball. She likes girls, so maybe she’d only be into letting you join in with me, but we could give it a shot. You’d be interested in that, right?”
“Sure, she’s hot.”

“So, we’re good?” Maggie asked hopefully.

Winn nodded. “We will be as soon as I can take you back to the DEO and get your tracker re-established. Sorry, but this is protocol. Until then, I need to consider you a security risk.”

“Drop the gun,” Alex said, clicking back the hammer on the pistol in her hand.

Winn raised his eyebrows at the noise behind him. “Really Dr. Danvers? You’re not going to shoot me. I bet you don’t even have the safety off. Have you ever even—”

Alex fired a shot, destroying a vase and lodging a bullet in the wall.

“Fuck! Okay, okay!” Winn said, holding his weapon in a loose, one-handed grip above his head.

Alex took the weapon from his hand, pushing him forward. “Go sit on the couch, Winn.”

“You took your time,” Maggie said, taking Winn’s weapon from Alex. “You got dressed?”

Alex looked down at her clothes, shrugging. “I didn’t know if this would get physical. I didn’t want to be rolling around with Winn in just a towel. I figure that’s your job.”

“Funny, thanks, Danvers.”

“I was also hoping you’d be able to talk him down. When he said, he was going to take you into the DEO…” Alex shrugged.

“I know. So what are we going to do with him?” Maggie asked.

“We have to disable his tracker. Go get dressed, then get me the black bag from Alex’s closet. It’s a medical kit. I can use it to pull out his tracker and sew him back up.”

“Okay babe, thanks for the assist. I’ll be right back,” Maggie said padding barefooted into the bedroom.

“You’re not Alex Danvers,” Winn said looking up from the couch. “You just said ‘Alex’s closet.’ You’re not Alex Danvers. Who are you?”

“The woman who’s going to shoot you if you don’t shut the fuck up,” Alex replied.

“Uh-huh. You are definitely not Alex Danvers,” Winn mumbled under his breath.

A few minutes later, Maggie came back fully dressed and with a medical bag in hand.

“Those are the same clothes you were wearing yesterday,” Winn said to Maggie.

“You remember what I was wearing yesterday?” Maggie said, raising her eyebrows. “Huh. Maybe you’re the gay one here. Anyway, here you go, Alex. I’ll cover him; you slice him open. You need anything else?”

“No. Shoot him if tries anything. Any problem with that?”

“Nope,” Maggie replied.

“Maggie?” Winn asked as Alex began to pull things out of the med kit. “You’re not Maggie, are
you?” When she didn’t reply, he asked, “Are you Martians?”

“Winn, just stop talking, okay?” Maggie replied.

“Are you going to kill me?” Winn asked.

“I might,” Alex muttered.

“Alex, chill. He’s nervous. You’re making it worse.”

“Why not mind wipe me? If you were Martians, you could mind wipe me. You’re not Martians. So what are you?”

“I’m the woman who’s about to perform a minor medical procedure on you,” Alex replied. “Don’t talk. Don’t make me nervous. Don’t piss me off. I might slip. You understand?”

Winn nodded. Alex rolled up his sleeve, and when the scalpel hovered over his skin he asked, “I don’t get anesthesia?”

She slapped his arm hard. “You’re an agent of the DEO. Act like it. You want a lollipop when this is over too?”

Leaning over Alex’s med kit, Maggie looked inside. There were lollipops in there. She grinned. Today was looking up. She only hoped they weren’t some weird vegan crap. The vegan stuff on this dimension was odd.

When the tracker was removed, Alex flushed it down the toilet. That would send it onto a trip that would take the DEO several miles from them. Then she gave Maggie Winn’s phone and had Maggie drive it out to the docks. Maggie found a garbage barge and threw it on. That would be another good trip for the DEO once they realized Winn was missing.

“Okay, the phone is taking a cruise on the Love Boat,” Maggie said as she came back into the apartment. “Now what?”

“Now we have to decide what to do with him,” Alex replied.

“Well, what are our options? I mean we can’t… Alex, this is Winn.” Maggie watched while Alex just stared coldly at Winn. “Alex, Winn is our friend. We can’t hurt him.”

“We’ll do what needs to be done. Don’t forget that. Call Kara.”

“Kara?”

“Yes, tell her what’s going on here and that she needs to accelerate things with Lena. We need an escape window sooner not later. We also need a place to keep Winn. Lena can help with that.”

“Oh.” Maggie grabbed her phone, dialing Kara.

“This is Kara Luthor,” Kara replied from the other end of the phone.

“Okay, that’s creepy,” Maggie replied.

“Everyone here at Luthor Corp keeps calling me Mrs. Luthor. They’re all wicked nice, but it is beyond weird, Maggie. What do you need?” Kara asked.

“We need you to tell Lena what’s going on ASAP. We have a situation.”
“But Lillian—”

“Fuck Lilian Luthor!” Maggie snapped. “Winn is here, and he just caught me and Alex together. He was about to take me into the DEO. We had to pull out his tracker and subdue him. We need a way home now and some way to keep Winn out of the way until we can do this. This has to happen like yesterday.”

“Okay, okay. Lena had asked me to meet her in her lab for lunch, but I’ll go see her now. Are you two okay?” Kara asked.

“Yeah,” Maggie replied, running her hand through her hair. “I’m just… your sister looks like she might shoot Winn. She’s such a badass, and it’s usually sexy as hell, but when she’s doing it at Winn, it’s not so hot.”

“I’m sure she won’t hurt him. Alex would never hurt Winn,” Kara assured Maggie.

“Just hurry, Little Danvers. Go tell Lena. Get her on our side; then get your ass over here and take charge of Winn. I bet Lena has something in her lab that could put him on ice until we can get out of here.”

“You’re probably right,” Kara agreed. “Okay, I’ll call you after I talk to Lena, then I’ll be right over. Tell Alex to relax. You’ll hear from me soon. Later.”

“Bye kid.”

Kara hung up, sighing heavily. This was lousy news. She really didn’t want to deal with this with Lilian Luthor hanging around, but maybe this was all for the best. At least she wouldn’t have to dodge Lena’s sex drive after today.

Luthor Corp was nice enough to supply maps on the walls of their buildings. Kara quickly was able to navigate her way to the R&D department. The badge from her purse gave her entry to every section so far. In the back was a lab that required not just a badge, but a handprint and a retinal scan. Inside was Lena Luthor.

Kara let out a long whistle. This place put the high and the tech in the word high-tech. She had no idea what most any of this did, but it made her homesick for Krypton. Earth wasn’t anywhere as technologically advanced as her homeworld, and this place looked removed from Earth.

“Kara, you’re early,” Lena said as she bent over a circuit board and didn’t look up.

“Have I ever mentioned how at home this place makes me feel?” Kara asked.

Lena looked at Kara out of the corner of her eye. “A dozen times.”

Smiling, Kara replied, “Make it a dozen and one. So, Lena, I need to talk to you about something… ah… delicate. You have a moment?”

“I’m sort of in the middle of something actually. Can this wait for lunch?”

“No. This is kind of life and death,” Kara said, walking over to Lena and leaning on the counter next to the other woman.

“Life and death? That’s not my job. I do R&D. You’ll want a superhero.”

“Ouch,” Kara said standing upright. “Are you mad at me?”
“Mad? No, darling, I’m not mad I’m… let’s just say I’m disillusioned. So, did you come down here to apologize for earlier and to ask for my help with whatever’s going on with Kal?” Lena asked.

“No, he’s got that. This is something different.”

“Oh.” Elbows on the table, Lena dropped her head and sighed heavily.

“Are you all right?”

Turning to look up at the blonde, Lena smiled weakly. “Of course. I love you, Kara.”

Kara smiled back, kissing Lena on the forehead. “So this thing I need. It’s—”

“Just a moment,” Lena replied, grabbing a small, gold and gem-encrusted oval box from the table. “Give me five minutes to replace these capacitors. If I don’t get this machine up and running today, we’ll be behind schedule.”

Kara watched for about five seconds while Lena struggled to open the box. Taking it from her, Kara smiled and held the box. “You know, you have a super-powered wife. I’m good for more than just pickle jars.” She gently twisted the box lid. A fine mist of green sprayed out of the box, engulfing Kara’s face and making her choke. She felt instantly weak, her vision clouding over as she fell first to her knees then collapsed to her back. She could feel the Kryptonite coursing through her body, weakening her, draining her past that of a human, to almost nothing. Kara’s vision was almost gone, and her ears were ringing. She knew she had almost no time left before the blackness took over, and then Lena’s face came into view.

Looking down at the blonde on her floor, Lena said, “I know I have a super-powered wife. I just don’t know who the fuck you are, but I intend to find out.”

Kara tried to lift her arm, tried to speak, but nothing happened. She blinked once, twice, on the third blink, she didn’t open her eyes again. Darkness took over, and that was all she wrote.
“Alex, relax,” Kara said as she leaned against the wall in the DEO. “I’ve got you.”

Alex squirmed, adjusting her gear for the—she’d lost count. She might look like a secret agent in this, but she felt totally out of her element. “How can I relax?” Alex hissed back. “Not only am I in the DEO, but you’re in the DEO now. Mom and Dad are going to kill me. This is like their biggest fear. Do you know how many injunctions were filed to stop this exact thing from ever happening?”

“Actually, I do,” Kara replied with a grin. “I have an awesome wife with incredible high-powered lawyers. That’s just one of her superpowers. Do you want to know another one?”

“Please, don’t tell me about your sex life.”

“It’s really good. There’s this thing she does with her—”

“Listen up, everybody!” J’onn strode into the command center, looking around the room as he spoke. “We’ve been made aware of some chemical weapons that will be moved from one secure location to another today. They’ll be less stable while in transport, so this is chancy, but our odds of being able to breach their defenses successfully while they are secured are minimal at best. We can assume several losses. This is our best bet to capture the weapons without loss of life. Now, everyone has been given their assignments. We have two transports moving out and will have Alpha and Beta teams. Agent Danvers and I will take Alpha team and move to the closer location, here.” On a display, a map appeared, with a red dot. “Agent Ramirez will be in the chopper group leading Beta team. Supergirl, you’re with them. Mr. Schott, you’ll remotely coordinate tactical from command. Any questions?”

Alex was looking over her shoulder, eyes wide as she stared at her sister.

“I’m with Agent Danvers,” Supergirl said.

“Excuse me?” J’onn replied.

“Which word didn’t you understand? I’m with Agent Danvers,” Supergirl repeated, holding up a finger with each word until she had four fingers raised.

“What are you wearing?” J’onn asked as he looked at Supergirl.

“Uh… DEO uniform. Is that a problem?” Supergirl replied, gesturing to the black uniform she’d borrowed from the Alex Danvers collection.

“No, but where’s your costume?” J’onn requested, eying her oddly.

“The wash. My dryer is on the fritz, and it wasn’t dry so…” She shrugged.

“You’re dryer is on the fritz. Huh.”
“Yeah, so like I said, I’m with Alex, Agent Danvers.”

“Supergirl, is there a problem?” J’onn asked.

“Yeah, your pizza sucks. What kind of cheese is this, cheddar?” Supergirl picked up a piece of pizza and tossed it back in the box again. “Everyone knows you make pizza with mozzarella cheese.”

After staring at Supergirl for a moment, J’onn said, “Agent Danvers, may I have a moment please?” Alex followed J’onn off to the side. “Alex, what’s wrong with your sister? She’s behaving rather aggressively. Is there any chance that Red Kryptonite is involved?”

“Red Kryptonite?” Brows creased, Alex shook her head. “No, Sir. I… It’s woman things.”

“Woman things,” J’onn repeated.

“Yes, Sir. You see, a woman’s body relies on three critical hormones, progesterone, estrogen, and testosterone, to stay healthy and in balance. However, estrogen levels are generally low during the initial days of a woman’s cycle. They then surge later, causing a release in endorphins which—”

“Agent Danvers.” J’onn leaned in closely to Alex and spoke in hushed tones. “Are you telling me Supergirl has PMS?”

“In less clinical and simplistic terms… yes,” Alex replied.

“I… Why couldn’t I have sons?” J’onn mumbled rubbing at his forehead. “All right, Agent Danvers. What do you suggest?”

“I’d suggest letting her go with whichever team she wishes to travel with… Sir. I think she’ll be more effective, more focused, don’t you?”

J’onn sighed. “I suppose.”

“Oh, I’d also get her pizza with mozzarella cheese. She gets hangry… especially this time of the month.” Alex added that last bit in a whisper.

“I’ll add that to her file, about the cheese I mean. Thank you, Agent Danvers. I’ll have to make some changes to the teams based on your recommendations. As always, your input is appreciated.”

“Oh… uh… of course, Sir,” Alex replied, heading back over to Kara.

“How’d it go?” Kara whispered to her sister.

“Like a charm. My input is always appreciated. We’ll be working together, and you’ll be getting mozzarella cheese from now on.”

“Mmmmm.” Kara smiled. “Now I want cheese sticks. Can we get cheese sticks afterward?”

“People shouldn’t eat cheese. Lactose is bad for humans.”

“Good thing I’m not human,” Kara replied with a smirk.

“Okay, people. I’m going to be sending over some new assignments. Everyone go and gear up!” J’onn said as people started to walk out of the Command Center. As soon as the place had cleared out, he walked over to Winn. “Mr. Schott, I need you to do something for me.”

“Sure, what’s up?”
“I need Alex’s tracker located right now.”

“But… she was just in the room.”

“Just do it,” J’onn replied.

“Okay, but she just walked out the door and…” Winn was clicking away at his keyboard, but the smile fell off his face as he leaned his head to the side. “Okay, that’s weird. I can’t get a ping. Something must be wrong with her tracker.”

“Don’t tell anyone about this.”

“But it’s a technical issue. We can’t let her go into the field with a bad tracker. What if she—”

“I don’t think that’s Alex Danvers,” J’onn stated flatly.

“What?” Winn stared but then pointed at J’onn and laughed. “Okay, not funny. That’s not funny. You’re getting all Martian shape changer on me, right?”

“No. I don’t know who that is, but I’m going to find out. The occasional surface thought felt like Alex, but there was something odd also. I’m not sure that was Kara either.”

“J’onn, they flew in here. Who else could it have been?”

“I’m going on the mission with them. I’ll let you know. Don’t tell anyone else about this.”

“Who would I tell?” Winn said as J’onn walked off. “No really, that wasn’t a rhetorical question. Who would I tell? I’m alone in here.”

Alex sat in the back of the truck, plastered as close to her sister as she could get. Director Hank Henshaw sat in the row across from them, his eyes closed, as if asleep. Alex was certain he was awake. They were driving down a bumpy road toward unknown danger. Only a crazy person could be asleep. Maybe Hank Henshaw was crazy. Alex looked over at her sister who also had her eyes closed, a serene look on the Kryptonian’s face. Maybe her sister was crazy. Alex sighed loudly, trying to get the strap of her rifle into a comfortable place yet again and yet again failing. She was starting to feel like she was the only sane person on this whole planet.

“Pssst, Kara, are you sleeping?”

“Hmmm?” Kara opened an eye and looked down at Alex. “What’s up?”

“What do you think we’ll need to do when we get to the transport vehicles?”

Kara shrugged. “Hit the bag guys. Secure the weapons. The usual. What do you think Lena’s doing right now?”

Alex rolled her eyes and whispered, “Hey, Tangent Girl, try and focus. I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be. I’m going to do everything. Just don’t shoot any chemical weapons, and you’ll be fine.”
“Oh, God, I didn’t even think of that. I could shoot something, and it could explode. I could kill myself and—”

“Alex, chill,” Kara said, grabbing her sister’s hand. “At this rate, you won’t have a chance to shoot a bomb. You’re going to have a stroke. Just close your eyes and relax. Do what Henshaw is doing.”

“He looks asleep, but I don’t think he’s asleep. Is he asleep?”

Kara shrugged. “Maybe. His heart rate is pretty slow. He’s chill for an evil prick. He seems okay so far too. That one time I met him though…” Mouth an angry line, Kara shook her head.

“I know sweetie. Maybe this Henshaw is different. This Alex is apparently pretty tough, and that’s not me. I don’t even know if I can do this.”

“You’ll be fine,” Kara promised. “Just point that end of the gun at the enemy. You don’t even have to fire it. I’ll be too fast. You won’t get a chance.”

“Promise?” Alex asked.

“Promise,” Kara replied, putting her arm over Alex and pulling her sister into a one-armed embrace. Alex laughed. “Hey, who’s the big sister here?”

“You know, sometimes I ask myself that same question.”

“Brat.”

“Convey in sight,” a voice said over their coms.

“Look alive, people,” J’onn said, opening his eyes and sitting up.

“I thought he was awake,” Alex whispered.

“Supergirl, we need you to take out the vehicle's tires without toppling it. Agent Danvers and I will move in behind it once it’s stopped,” J’onn said.

Alex looked nervously over at Kara.

Standing, Kara stretched. “I don’t actually need your help you know. I can do this myself.”

“That isn’t how this works. We’re a team. We work as a team,” J’onn replied.

“Fine, then don’t let your team get in my way,” Kara snarled as she walked by J’onn, flying out of the back of the truck.

When J’onn looked at her, Alex shrugged and said, “Hormones.”

Kara took to the air, flying high above the three trucks ahead of them. She used her x-ray vision, searching for the weapons. The front and rear truck each held a dozen, well-armed soldiers. The middle truck had two armed soldiers and a lead-lined crate.

“Bingo.”

Streaking down, Kara flew parallel to the rear truck then turned, smashing into it and sending it tumbling sideways off to the side. She flew up to the front vehicle, repeating the process until only the middle truck remained. Flying behind it, she used her heat vision to take out its rear tires. As it
slowed, she used her heat vision to disconnect the trailer from the truck part and grabbed the trailer, slowing it to a stop.

When information on what was going on outside came over the coms, J’onn yelled, “She what!? More hormones, Agent Danvers?”

“The teen years were worse,” Alex commented swallowing hard.

When J’onn and Alex arrived, it was to have two soldiers get thrown out of the back of the truck past them.

“Supergirl!” J’onn yelled as he stepped into the truck. “What part of teamwork didn’t you understand!??”

“You want to open the box?” she asked, pointing at what looked to be an oversized refrigerator lying on its back.

“That’s active, and it has coolant running through it. What kind of chemical weapon needs coolant?” Alex asked.

“I don’t know,” J’onn replied. “Supergirl, what can you see?”

“Lead-lined.”

“Then we open it,” J’onn said, cracking the lock with the butt of his weapon.

“I could have broken that for you,” Supergirl said.

“At least I used my rifle,” J’onn replied.

When Supergirl reached out to open the refrigerator, Alex said, “Kara, if it’s lead-lined then they were expecting you. It could be filled with Kryptonite. Maybe you shouldn’t.”

“If it’s filled with Kryptonite, I’ll close it,” Kara replied.

“It could be filled with Kryptonite and explosive,” Alex countered.

“Explosives will kill you too,” Kara pointed out.

“Both of you get out,” J’onn said. “I’ll open it.”

“But…”

“Come on, Alex,” Kara said, taking her sister by the arm and leading her outside.

As they walked away from the truck, Alex said, “If it’s filled with explosive, it will kill him.”


“Agent Danvers, Supergirl, would you both come back here please!” J’onn called.

“What’s wrong, Director?” Alex asked as she and Kara arrived.

“I think our intel might have been slightly off. The definition of ‘chemical weapon’ was loose at best.”
Kara and Alex stared down at the man in the freezer. He was white skinned and well-muscled, frost covering his body. His hair was also white. His veins were apparent and blue blood pumped through him. As he lay there his eyes popped open, a piercing blue gaze staring at them.

The white-skinned man exhaled, little flakes of snow falling from where his breath hit the air as he said, “Help me.”

“Great Rao above!”

“Jesus Christ, is he a…?” Alex stared down at the man. “He’s a Rimerian.”

“A what?” J’onn asked.

“A Rimerian,” Alex replied. “They’re from a planet with an extremely interesting orbit. It’s extraordinarily cold for most of its cycle, but it comes close to another sun and becomes very warm for another part of its cycle. They have a gland that secretes an enzyme that allows them to regulate their temperature and exist even in what we would consider tropical temperatures. He doesn’t look well. He must be suffering from organ failure.”

“So he’s dying?” J’onn asked.

“He’s going to explode,” Alex replied. “Rimerians either fizzle and die or they go…” She puffed up her cheeks then slapped at them with her hands. “There aren’t any cases of it happening on this planet… that I know of,” Alex added cagily. “He’s sick though. I don’t know what could have caused this.”

“Could someone have done this to him?” Kara asked.

“On purpose? That’s crazy, Kara. Why would someone do something like that to someone?”

“To turn them into a living bomb,” J’onn replied.

Alex sighed. “Sometimes I hate people.”

“Alex, can you help him?” Kara asked.

“I… let me think,” Alex replied.

“I’m going to tell the other team what we know so far,” J’onn said, opening his com and hailing Beta team as he walked out of the truck.

Alex considered what she knew about Rimerian physiology and what they had on hand that could treat him. She needed to bypass his gland that regulated his blood and super-cool his system, or they’d have a crater the size of Los Angeles on their hands. Actually, they’d have two; there were two of these guys.

“Dialysis,” Alex said spinning on her heel.

“Dialysis?” Kara asked.

Alex nodded. “I’m going to need two dialysis machines and…” She puffed up her cheeks and blew out air. “I’m going to need a crapload of liquid nitrogen. We need to cool these guys down to nearly -200 degrees Celsius.”

Taking her sister by the arm, Kara asked, “Alex, do you want to put liquid nitrogen inside him?”
“He’ll be fine.”

“He’ll be fine? You give me a hard time about eating cheese.”

“Just get me the machines and the liquid nitrogen. The machines will need to be modified to handle the liquid nitrogen. They’re not set up for those temperatures. We’ll need new hoses, a modified dialyzer, a—”

“Alex, I’m going to get you those things. Then you tell me what else you need in simple terms like a paint by numbers way. Talk to me like Lena does. I won’t be insulted, okay?”

“Okay, Kara.”

“Hey, you’re not scared anymore, are you?” Kara whispered.

“Hmmm? No, I’m fine, why?”

“You’ve got that excited science look. Lena gets it too. Even when we’ve got a whole battalion of alien warships bearing down on the planet, she’s got this science glimmer in her eye, and she gets too excited to get scared. I can see it right now in you.” Kara pointed at Alex’s eye. “Science.”

“Just go get me what I need. Oh, first get this man into the other truck. That thing looks heavy.”

“Yes, Dr. Danvers,” Kara said with a wink.

Back at the DEO, the technicians were busy rebuilding the dialysis machines even before Alex returned. The internal temperature of their first patient was -103 degrees Celsius, which was nearly critical according to Alex. She had him sprayed down with liquid nitrogen to hold him over, but that was just a stop measure. When the first of the machines was ready, she did a quick test run on it with liquid nitrogen. When it held, she hooked up the patient.

“Are you sure this will work?” J’onn asked her.

“The science is sound,” Alex replied noncommittedly.

“That’s reassuring,” J’onn replied.

Everyone stood around watching the temperature gauge that was the readout for their patient. When it started to decrease, people relaxed and then smiled. Cheers ended as soon as the second patient came in, looking even worse than the first.

“Bring her in here,” Alex said.

As soon as the second Rimerian was set up, the first one looked up Alex and said, “Please, save my mate.”

“I’ll do everything I can,” Alex replied. “I’m not leaving either of you.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” The male Rimerian replied.

Eventually, they had a second happy ending. Sweating, even after a lot of cold work, Alex stood outside watching her two patients. Her sister came up and handed her a cold glass of water.

“Thanks. Is it always like that?”

“Two exploding ice people? Nope, that’s a new one for me,” Kara replied.
“No, I mean is it always so… good? My adrenaline was so high, but it felt like I could do everything at once. My brain was working overtime. That was just so… phew. That was better than sex… right?”

“Uh, are you asking me or telling me?” Kara asked, head tilted to the side.

“I’m… I’m telling you. That’s just a figure of speech. I mean it was good, that’s all.” Back to the wall, Alex drank more of her water. “I wonder if our DEO is like that.”

“No, our DEO is murderous and xenophobic. They don’t save aliens. They’re more like the people who had them in the trucks.”

“Oh.”

“You okay?”

“Yeah. I love medicine, but this was like medicine and cocaine.”

“You’ve done cocaine?” Kara stared at her straight-laced sister.

Alex shrugged. “I did several drugs as part of a test project we did in school. Some were exhilarating. Others had little to no effect on me. None were so good that I’d destroy my future by repeating them.”

“Alex Danvers did drugs?” Kara grinned. “I’m telling Eliza you did drugs.”

“Oh please. I did the same course study Mom did. Mom did drugs.”

“I… I… No, she didn’t. Parents don’t do drugs.”

“Right, and they don’t have sex,” Alex said, patting her little sister on the cheek and then walking away.

Kara shuttered and mumbled to herself. “You never turned up that radio in our room loud enough, Alex.”

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“Enter,” J’onn said nodding as Winn walked into his office. “Do you have the audio file from Alex’s com on the mission?”

“I do.”

“And did you listen to it?”

Rolling his eyes, Winn nodded. “I was worried about her.”

“It’s not her. I read her mind. It’s not her.”

“It’s not Kara either,” Winn confirmed. “You’re right about what they feel about the DEO. Apparently, it’s anti-alien, and they call you Henshaw.”
“Hmmm.” J’onn leaned back in his chair. “Sounds like our travelers are lost and scared. Kara is a bit heavy-handed, but Alex did well today. I don’t think she would have been able to handle herself in combat, but her medical training is well above that of our Alex.”

“So she stayed in school and continued with medicine?”

“That’s my assumption.”

“So what do we do next?” Winn asked. “I mean… they need help, and we need to get Alex and Kara back. We need to do something.”

“Agreed, but if they fear the DEO, we can’t do the wrong something. I have an idea. A lot of it depends on another player in the game. Take a seat.”

Pulling up a chair, Winn listened while J’onn laid out his plan. It was all chancy, but they were dealing with a Supergirl that was anti-DEO. None of this would be easy.
“You’re sure she said she’d call and then she’d come over?” Alex asked, pacing the apartment.

“For the hundredth time, that’s what Kara said, Alex. She said she’d talk to Lena, then she’d call, then she’d come over and get Winn.” Maggie looked down at the cellphone in her hand, pushing the button to make the screen light up once again. Her phone still worked. It worked every time she did that. That wasn’t the problem. The problem was Kara. Something had happened to Kara.

“Well, maybe she—”

“Alex, it’s Kara. When she told Lena, things didn’t go according to plan. She needs a rescue.”

“No, she—”

“Alex!” Maggie stood up, a hand on her girlfriend’s shoulder. “Baby, I’d love to hug this out and be really comforting right now, but we’re stuck here. We’ve kidnapped Winn from the DEO, and now Kara is lost. We’ve got to pull it together. Right now it’s just you and me, and we’ve got to rescue Supergirl from the Luthors and FUCK that sounds awful now that I said it out loud. Okay, we can do this. We can do this, right?”

Alex nodded. “We can do this. Thanks, Mags. Okay, what do we do with him?”

When Alex and Maggie looked at him, Winn suggested, “Maybe I can help? The DEO doesn’t like the Luthors, and we have tons of information on them.”

Alex and Maggie stared at Winn then looked at each other. Together they said, “No.”

“No?” Winn asked.

“No,” Maggie said. “Sorry, Winn, but we can’t trust you. We’re going to… ah… Alex, what are we going to do?”

Alex reached into the med kit on the table, pulling out a syringe and a small bottle of liquid. “Clonazepam,” Alex said. “How much do you weigh Winn?”

Wh… what are you going to do with that needle?”

“I think 180,” Maggie said.

“Why does that matter?” Winn asked. “I don’t like needles.”

Alex pushed on the plunger of the syringe, forcing some of the clonazepam to spurt out of the top. She grabbed her pistol from behind her back and said, “Winn, I can either shoot you with this…” She held up the needle. “… or this.” She held up the pistol. “Lady’s choice. You choose.”

“Needles aren’t that bad,” Winn said, his head ticking to the side.
“Smart boy,” Alex replied, stabbing him with the needle.

“Ouch,” Winn said slowly and quietly. “Do I at least get a lollipop this time?”

“You won’t be awake long enough to enjoy it,” Alex replied. “Sleep well, Winn.”

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“You’re sure we’re going to be able to get into L-Corp?” Maggie asked Alex as they drove down the road.

Alex shrugged. “I’m family. I assume so. I’m here to see my sister-in-law.”

“Except she’s not your sister-in-law, and she knows that now,” Maggie pointed out.

Alex’s brow creased. “Maybe not. We know Kara went to tell Lena who she was. We don’t know that we’ve been outed. If we’re lucky, Lena took Kara out before Kara got much further than, ‘I’m not your wife.’”

Glancing at Alex out of the side of her eye while she made her way down the city streets toward the downtown, Maggie replied, “Okay, but there’s one thing I don’t get. How did Lena take Kara out? I mean, how does she get the jump on her? Kara had to know Lena might react badly. She had to be ready for her. Kara is Supergirl. It’s not like Lena can smack her upside the head with her purse or something. Explain this scenario to me.”

“Simple,” Alex replied. “She’s fucking Lena Luthor. Say whatever else you will about the Luthors, they’re all bloody geniuses. Maybe Lena had something set up in her lab for just this set of circumstances. Kara goes walking into Lena’s lab, tells her who she is, and Lena pushes a button. WHAM! Kara is down for the count.” Alex shook her head. “Kara shouldn’t have gone to Lena’s lab. It’s her power base.”

“Uh… aren’t we going to Lena’s lab, Danvers?”

“We have to. That’s where Lena is holding Kara… probably.”

Maggie sighed. “I hate this plan. I hate that we don’t really have a plan. I hate that we didn’t even have lunch.” Their car hit a pothole, and they jumped suddenly. Maggie smashed her fist into the horn several times, making it blare. “I fucking hate this whole world!”

“Hey, hey, easy, sweetie,” Alex said, running her hand up her girlfriend’s arm. “I get it. I feel it too. Let’s just get over to L-Corp and do what we can to free Kara. Once we’ve got her back, we still need to get Lena on our side. Without Lena, none of this works.” They hit another pothole, and Alex grimaced at the look on Maggie’s face. “Honey, just slow down and try to avoid the potholes. No one wants to get Kara back more than I do, but a flat tire won’t make that happen any faster. Also, we have a passenger in the trunk.”

Maggie took in a deep breath through her nose, letting it out through her mouth. “Sorry. How long will he be out?”

“Hours. If we aren’t back with Kara by then, it won’t matter.”

They arrived at Luthor Corp about fifteen minutes later, parking underneath the building and taking the elevator to the first floor. They stopped at security, met by a guard who smiled brightly at Alex
“Hey, Dr. D,” The man said, his gray Luthor Corp uniform pressed sharply. “You didn’t just take
the elevator up to see your sister?”

“Actually, I’m here to see my sister-in-law,” Alex replied, trying to seem calm and meek.

“Oh, okay. Is there a problem with the executive elevator?”

“No, I…” Alex flicked her eyes at Maggie.

“You having a problem with your badge?” The guard asked.

“Yes,” Alex said, breathing a sigh of relief. “Ugh. This is so stupid. Can you help me? I nuked it.”

“What do you mean, nuked it?”

“I mean I put it in my microwave. It was on a plate of food, and it went through my microwave
and…” Alex shook her head. “There were sparks, melting plastic. I don’t think I can use my
microwave anymore.”

“Oh, okay. Well, at least you didn’t flush it down the toilet. You’d be amazed by how many of
those we get every month. Destroying it is much better. I’ll still have to deactivate it from the
system.” He typed, waiting for something to process as he looked over at Maggie, eyeing her up and
down. After a moment, his system beeped. “Well, that’s done. I’ll set you up with a new badge.”

“Thanks,” Alex said smiling.

“For you? Anything, Dr. D. My gout is much better, by the way. Thanks for suggesting that new
diet.”

“Oh, well diet can be a huge factor in gout,” Alex said, her words vague but tone serious.

“Okay, I’ve pulled up your previous profile, so we don’t have to reinvent the wheel here,” The guard
said. “We just need to authenticate your identity first.”

“Oh, like my driver’s license?” Alex asked.

The guard scoffed. “Here? Nah, we need your handprint, retinal scan…” He leaned forward
smiling. “Bra size.”

Eyebrows high, Alex said, “Excuse me?”

The guard stammered. “Uh… that was just a—”

“Thirty-four C,” Maggie said, leaning forward and grinning.

“Really!?” Alex shot back at her girlfriend.

“Well, he asked.”

“And who are you exactly?”

Maggie whipped out her badge. “Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD. There have been some rather
credible threats made against the good doctor’s life recently. I’ve been assigned as her personal
protection detail. Where she goes, I go.”
“Someone’s trying to kill you, Doc?” The guard asked.

“This last day has been an incredibly harrowing experience,” Alex admitted. “Just today, someone pointed a gun at me.”

“Oh, my God. Why would someone do that?”

“There are some crazy people in this world…” Forearm resting on the guard’s desk, Maggie leaned forward again. “I’m sorry, I didn’t get your name.”

“Stan.”

“Stan.” Maggie smiled. “There are some crazy people in this world, Stan. My job is to make sure nothing happens to this lady. She’s a special one, isn’t she?”

Stan smiled over at Alex in agreement. “She sure is.” He pulled out a hand plate with what looked like something that checked vision attached. “Okay, Doc, handprint first.”

Alex forced herself to relax. She knew the reason this didn’t work at the DEO was because Alex Danvers wasn’t part of the DEO, but still, she was nervous. Placing her hand on the plate, she held her breath.

“Great,” Stan said. “Now just look into the retinal scan. Try not to blink.”

Alex did as requested, trying to keep her eyes open as the light ran along her face.

“Okay, looks great, Doc. Your badge should come out in about two minutes. You two see the Angels game last night?” Stan asked making small talk while he waited for the badge to print and laminate.

Three minutes later, Alex and Maggie were in an elevator making their way to the Executive R&D department. It was hard to say which one of them was more nervous, though it wasn’t a competition. The elevator opened in front of a map, and they turned left toward Lena’s lab. They walked briskly, Maggie having to move with the occasional skip step to keep up with Alex’s longer strides.

When they reached Lena’s lab, Maggie took Alex’s hand before the other woman could try and gain entry. “Take a moment and breathe, Danvers. We need to go in there cool and calm. If she knows who I am, she’ll be hostile as soon as she sees me. You she’ll like. You need to be prepared with your story as to why you’ve got me with you. You’ve got to be calm. You’ve got to run with this. You ready?”

“I’m ready,” Alex replied, kissing Maggie briefly.

When she swiped her badge, an electronic voice replied, “Handprint and retinal ID required.”

Alex was now much less leery that this would work. She’d passed this once just a few minutes ago. She pressed her hand then her forehead to the correct sensors, and the doors swung open.

The room was silver and sterile, lights set into a high ceiling. Gadgets were spread across the room but neatly organized into workstations. Tools covered the walls, and several stools peppered the room. Maggie and Alex leaned forward, taking in a helicopter under magnification that couldn’t have been more than a quarter of an inch tip to tail. In contrast, in one corner a robotic suit sat crouched which probably stood twenty feet tall when standing; its torso swung open where a passenger sat and controlled it.
“Holy fuckballs!” Maggie said turning slowly as she looked around the room. “Maybe we should have brought Winn in here with us. I’m pretty sure this room would have turned him.”

“Or made him cream his shorts,” Alex agreed.

A door hissed open, and Alex and Maggie both turned to look at the far wall. Lena strode through, pausing as she took in first her sister-in-law, then the person with her.

“What the fuck, Alex! What is she doing in here!?” Lena strode further into the room, pulling open a drawer and grabbing out a silver cylinder about six inches in length. She pressed her thumb against it, and a high-pitched whine immediately came from it.

“Fuck!” Maggie immediately crouched behind the nearest workstation, pulling out her pistol and taking off the safety. “Alex, get down! Get down!”

“Whoa! Everyone just stop,” Alex said, holding a flat palm toward both Lena and Maggie.

“No, get down!” Maggie repeated. “She has a gun, or a laser, or a… a… sonic screwdriver!”

Dropping her hands, Alex looked at Maggie. “A what?”

“A sonic screwdriver,” Maggie repeated, signaling her girlfriend to take cover with her.

“What the hell is a sonic screwdriver?”

Maggie considered that then replied, “I don’t know. It’s something Winn says. Just get down.” She gestured at Alex again.

Alex shook her head, then turned to the other woman, “Lena, is that a sonic screwdriver?”

“No, but the DEO has the right to worry. They’re not welcome in Luthor Corp, especially in my lab. Honest to God, you better than anyone should know that, Alex. What the hell do you think you’re doing bringing her here!?” Lena yelled angrily.

Alex nodded, happy to see Lena didn’t know who she really was. “Well, it’s… Maggie’s helping me. Kara’s missing.”

“So you went to the DEO?” Lena laughed. “Well, that’s rich. Don’t you think they’re behind this? I’ll call security, and we’ll haul her ass out of here. Then you and I can take care of this like family.”

When Lena stepped toward a panel on the wall, Alex yelled, “No! I mean, Lena, wait. Maggie isn’t like the rest of the DEO because…” She signaled Lena to stand up and move toward her.

Maggie shook her head. “She’ll shoot me.”

“No, she won’t. Come and stand with me. Lena, tell Maggie you won’t shoot her.”

“No, she’s right. I’ll shoot her,” Lena replied.

“Jesus” Alex rubbed at her forehead. “Lena, Maggie is working with me from inside the DEO. Maggie is my girlfriend.”

“Your what?”

Crossing her arms, Alex said, “You need an explanation as to what that means? I was pretty sure that you and my sister had that figure out already. If you need pointers though…” Alex crooked one
finger toward Maggie. “Come here, Sawyer.”

“Oh okay,” Maggie said, putting her gun away and slowly standing. “If she kills me, I’m not having sex with you anymore.”

“Well, if she kills you, I’m not having sex with you anymore,” Alex replied as Maggie walked over to her. They kissed, holding each other for several moments, then stopping the kiss as their foreheads pressed together. “She didn’t kill you.”

“Lucky you,” Maggie said smiling deeply. “That means I’ll still have sex with you.”

“I feel blessed.”

“Well, this is… congratulations?” Lena shook her head. “I suppose I’m happy for you Alex, though you could do better. Agent Sawyer, you could not.”

“Oh yeah, well—”

“Maggie, don’t,” Alex said, stilling her girlfriend. “So nobody is shooting anybody, right?”

“Fine.” Lena pushed her thumb to the silver tube and making the high-pitched whine stop. “She still has to go. Alex, you and I need to talk immediately. I’m actually glad you’re here. We have a situation.”

“What kind of situation?” Maggie asked. “Maybe I can help.”

“The kind of situation that gets nosy DEO agents shot,” Lena said, waggling the silver tube in her hands.

“Lena, is this about Kara? Maggie here has been helping me look for her. Maggie, the DEO, they’re not behind what happened to Kara. Maggie might be able to help, though,” Alex suggested.

“Help an alien?” Lena scoffed.

“No, but help my girlfriend’s sister, yeah that I can do,” Maggie said. “I guess maybe we’re all just people. Alex is teaching me that.”

“You expect me to believe that?” Lena asked, still fingering the silver tube in her hand.

“I expect you to trust me, Lena,” Alex replied. “I trust Maggie with Kara’s life. If you trust me with Kara’s life, you’ll do the same. She may be your wife, but she’s my sister. She was my family first. Now, where’s Kara?”

Deflating, Lena let out a big breath and walked over to one of the tables, leaning her forearms there. “Honestly, I have no idea, and I’m terrified.”

Alex felt her heart skip a beat. She’d been certain Kara was here. If she wasn’t… maybe, it was the DEO. “But… but she came into work today.” Alex's mouth ran dry, and she grabbed Maggie’s hand like a lifeline when it was offered.

“No, no she didn’t,” Lena replied. “I wish to God that were the case Alex, but it isn’t. I’ve been running planet-wide scans for her and so far, nothing. I’m sure she’s out there. I’ll pick up something, and I’ll run scans 24/7 until I do, but so far nothing.”

When Alex’s eyes flicked to her, Maggie asked, “You can scan the planet for Kara?”
“Well region by region, yes. It’s not like looking for you or me. We’re… pedestrian, mundane. Kara’s unique, a Kryptonian female. I make weekly biometric readings of her, and I use those to keep a check on her condition. She finds it boorish, but in this case, it’s proven quite necessary.”

“What do you mean?” Alex asked.

Eyeing Maggie, Lena asked, “You’re sure she can be trusted?”

“You can tell her anything you would tell me,” Alex replied.

Nodding, Lena walked toward the door she’d come through. She looked back at the couple and said, “If Kara’s life didn’t hang in the balance of this, I would never let a DEO agent in here. Don’t make me regret this, Agent Sawyer, or I’ll make you regret it.”

As Lena opened the door, Maggie whispered in Alex’s ear, “Okay, Lena Luthor is even scarier here.”

If the lab in the front was impressive, the one in the back outshone it easily. Drones zipped around, moving pieces of equipment, doing welds, or other various lab tasks. Several robots stood at workstations methodically performing experiments with perfect precision. Another, looking like a large dog but with odd legs, came bouncing up to the trio.

The dog-like robot rose up onto his hind legs and scanned first Lena, saying, “Hello, Lena.”

“Hello, Fido,” she replied as she continued to walk.

It scanned Alex and said, “Hello Dr. Alexandria Danvers.”

Despite the situation, a smile touched the corner of Alex’s mouth as she replied, “Hello Fido.”

“Okay, that thing’s cute. Can we get a robot dog, Alex?” Maggie asked.

The robot scanned Maggie, its screen flashing red. “Intruder detected. DEO Agent Margaret Sawyer, threat level Sigma. Eliminate target.” From the front of the robot, it’s panel opened like elevator doors and about a half dozen various sized weapons sprouted.

“Ahhs!” Maggie hit the ground, rolling into a ball, her hands over her head.

“Lena!” Alex shrieked.

“Fido, stand down,” Lena said casually, never breaking stride.

“Alert status Alpha,” Fido said, weapons retracting and color no longer red, even a pink, robotic tongue hanging from his mouth.

“You all right?” Alex asked as she helped Maggie to her feet.

“Yeah. I’m just glad I peed before we left or that good advice my mom gave me about always wearing clean underwear would have been wasted,” Maggie replied. They walked further through the lab and Maggie pointed to the back corner of the lab. “Check it out. It’s Supergirl’s ship. Hey, Lena, you have Supergirl’s ship.”

Indeed, suspended from some high tension cable, the spaceship that had held the young Kara Zor-El hung.

Lena looked up at it as she clicked at a keyboard, “Hmmm? Ah, yes, the S.S. Red Tape?”
“Why do you call it that?” Maggie asked at Alex’s nudge.

“It’s a family joke. Alex hasn’t told you?” Lena glanced at Alex, then went back to her typing. “Our lawyers got into a vicious battle with the government for it. The government wanted it. We wanted it. We had the Girl of Steel come forward and lay claim on it, and we bought the property of the person on whose land it fell. The fight was long and legal, and we wrapped it up in a lot of red tape. Kara said we used so much, her ship was wrapped in red tape, thus the little joke.” Lena sighed. “We were young, and it was funny. Everything was so funny and easy with Kara. She’s so…” With a heavy sigh, Lena rubbed her hands over her face.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Alex asked, her hand on Lena’s arm.

“I want to show you Kara’s biometric readouts, all right?”

“All right.” Alex nodded.

Lena pulled up readouts on two large screen monitors. “This is Kara two days ago,” Lena said pointing to the screen to her left. “This is Kara today,” Lena said pointing to the screen to her right.

“Wait, I thought you said Kara didn’t come to work today.” Alex looked back and forth between the two screens. The one on the right had depressed heart rate, respiration, cerebral activity… this all looked bad.

“That’s what I said. Look at this.” Lena reached up to the screen at the left, running her fingers along the far left side and changing it over to a graph. “That’s an aggregate, twenty-four-month view. It shows all of her normal readouts plus environmental factors that have been in play such as radiation, spores, bacteria, subatomic particles—”

“Subatomic particles!?” Maggie asked.

“Yes,” Lena replied, eyes narrowed at Maggie.

“You track your wife to see what kind of subatomic particles she’s been around? Stalk much? Why don’t you just read her email or something?” Maggie suggested.

“I’m trying to keep her safe,” Lena snapped back. “There are people out there who would stop at nothing to hurt my wife, to kill or control her. People like the DEO. It’s a good thing I did this, Agent. Look at this.” Lena ran a finger up the side of the right monitor, bringing up a similar aggregate graph to what was on the left monitor. “This shows that the Kara I tested today doesn’t have trace elements that she would if she’d been through what my Kara has. This person, this woman, isn’t Kara.”

“Wait, you’re saying you figured out this wasn’t Kara?” Alex asked.

“Exactly,” Lena said, nodding.

“So, she didn’t tell you. You just figured it out,” Alex clarified.

“Why would she tell me? She’s obviously been sent here to… I don’t know… to replace Kara, I suppose. I don’t know to what end. She’s Kryptonian, and I don’t believe she’s a clone unless someone’s been growing her for years. If they have, I’d love to speak to them. She’s very good, marvelous actually.”

“Lady, you are scary as all fuck,” Maggie said, pointing at Lena.
“Feel free to put that into your report, Agent,” Lena replied.

“Okay, so what happened to this Other Kara?” Alex asked.

Putting her hand on Alex’s shoulder, Lena replied, “Alex, I don’t want you to be upset by what you’re about to see. This isn’t your sister.”

Feeling like her stomach had just dropped out of her, Alex asked, “What did you do?”

“I protected our family,” Lena replied. “We need answers if we’re going to get Kara back. What you’re about to see, that’s not Kara. You’ll remember that, won’t you?”

Mouth dry, Alex tried to lick at her lips, but it brought no moisture. She’d sent Kara to speak to Lena. She’d pushed Kara to do this and now… “Just show me.”

Trying to form a smile that never happened, Lena nodded and turned, clicking a few keys on her keyboard. To the side, a panel slid open, a sickly green glow showing. A thick, curved, glass-like cover stood between the three women and the blonde within who didn’t move, didn’t even seem to breathe.

“Is she… is she… dead?” Alex finally managed to ask, hating herself for the weakness she showed in this moment and for the possibility that she might have helped lead her sister to this end.

Rising from the stool, Lena slowly walked over to the chamber, her hand on the clear area. “She’s beautiful, isn’t she?”

Alex followed, her voice stronger, demanding this time. “Lena, is she dead??”

“Hmmm? Oh, God no. I’d never kill her, not unless I absolutely had to. She’s magnificent. I do wonder what makes her tick though.” Lena licked her lips, a touch of mad-scientist showing around the edges.

Eyes closed, Alex breathed a sigh of relief before she looked at Lena and asked, “How did you know she wasn’t Kara? I mean, was it the bio-metric scanner?”

“No, it was a number of things. She’s been off. Other people wouldn’t notice, but a wife would. It was like she read an earlier draft of our lives and not the final revision. She’d get things ninety-percent right, but that ten-percent couldn’t be ignored. She wasn’t as affectionate, but I could have blamed that on other things. Then she came back from Metropolis and told me to do my job, R&D, and let her do her job which was being a hero. Alex, she acted like we weren’t a team, like we haven’t been a team for years. She acted like we haven’t saved this planet a dozen times over, this city… I don’t even know how many times. She acted like I was some researcher, not the other part of Supergirl. Can you imagine that?”

Alex opened her mouth to reply, but Lena was staring at Kara again. The question was rhetorical. Looking over her shoulder, Alex saw Maggie doing stuff with the screens. Realizing she needed to keep Lena distracted, she asked, “Was that it, or was there anything else?”

“That was enough, but I wanted to be sure. No, I wanted to be wrong. I reminded her of what she said when we first met, back when she was a geeky little teenage girl, not that I wasn’t a geeky little teenage girl. I was just much suaver. I was a Luthor, trained in etiquette, and no matter how cute Miss Danvers was behind her glasses, I didn’t stammer. She smiled while I reminded her, but she never corrected me when I said we’d met in Midvale as oppose to Smallville.” Lena shook her head. “Kara never would have let that slide. She’s too much of a romantic. Then, just to make sure I wasn’t crazy, I looked in her eyes and told her that I loved her.”
“Oh, Lena,” Alex said. “When she said it, you didn’t believe her?”

A tear rolling down her cheek, Lena replied, “She never said it. She smiled, told me she was lucky, but never said it. My wife loves me, Alex. I’ve never doubted that. You know, it was almost a relief to see those biometric readings and confirm that isn’t Kara. If it was and she didn’t care, didn’t love me, well, that I couldn’t fight. My wife missing and being replaced by… whomever the hell this is, this is an opponent. I can figure this out. I can bring her back. I’ll bring her back.”

Hands on Lena’s shoulders, Alex said, “I want to help you with that, Lena. You really love her, don’t you?”

“Oh, God yes? How could you even ask me that?”

“Look, you should know——”

With a hissing noise, the chamber next to them began to open, giving access to Kara.

“You!” Lena spun on Maggie, whipping the silver tube out of her pocket again. “Fido—!”

Alex was on Lena in a heartbeat, knocking the woman to the ground and the silver tube out of Lena’s hand. She had Lena’s arm twisted back and a forearm to Lena’s throat, pressing against the other woman’s windpipe as she yelled, “Maggie, get Kara out of there!”

“I’m on it!” Maggie yelled back, running over to grab Kara out of the chamber.


“Yes, it is,” Alex replied. “How is she, Mags? Is she okay? Is she breathing?”

“Hold on. Hold on,” Maggie replied, pulling Kara out of the chamber and to the ground. “Ugh. She’s heavier than she looks. Uh… okay, pulse is weak and slow, but present. And… she’s breathing, but not real strong. She needs a sunbath. She’s out of it.”

“Alex.” Lena tried to swallow, nearly choking against the arm on her throat. “That’s. Not. Kara. Luthor.”

“I know,” Alex said, looking down at Lena. “That’s my sister, Kara Danvers.”

“Your…?” Lena did her best to look at Alex through the side of her eyes. “Fuck. You’re. Not. Alex.”

“Lena, if I take my arm off your throat, can we just talk? No calling your dog on my girlfriend, just talk, and I’ll explain things, all right?”

Lena tried to nod, but as she couldn’t move her head, she ended up doing a little eyebrow nod. After a few gasping breaths Lena said, “You’re not Alex Danvers.”

“Yes, I am. I’m just not the person you think of as Alex Danvers. I’m not Dr. Alex Danvers. I’m…” Not thinking admitted she was a DEO agent would be a good way to start this conversation, Alex said, “I’m a different Alex Danvers, and that’s my girlfriend, Detective Maggie Sawyer of the NCPD. The person you knocked out and threw in a Kryptonite tank, that’s my sister Kara Danvers.”

“Kara Danvers,” Lena repeated.

“Lena, we’re stuck here, and we need your help getting home. We don’t want to hurt you or
“She didn’t get a chance,” Lena admitted. “So where are you from?”

“Another dimension. We came here during that accident on your roof, the one with the satellites and the solar energy and stuff. I don’t know what happened. That’s why we need your help, to send us home. Will you help us?”

“Where’s Kara, my Kara?”

“Our dimension I imagine,” Alex replied. “It makes sense.”

“Then she’s gone.”

“No, not gone. If you can send us home then you can get her back,” Alex pointed out. “You just need to help us get home. Lena, just help us.”

“I don’t know how,” Lena said, her voice cracking. “Kara traveled to another dimension once, and it was horrible for me. It isn’t something you do on purpose. I wouldn’t begin to know how to quantify the data in order to—”

“Hey!” Alex yelled, shaking Lena who was beginning to wind up and out of control. “You are Lena Luthor. You are a fucking genius. If anyone can do this, then you can.”

“I can’t. She’s gone,” Lena replied, tears running down her face.

“Lena, you can’t just give up.”

“I’ll never see her again. She was the most incredible thing in this world, and I can’t bring her home. I’ve failed her. Oh, God. Oh, Kara. I’m so sorry.”

As Lena broke down into sobbing tears, Alex let the woman go and stepped back. She watched while Lena curled into a ball, arms wrapped around her head, and then Lena’s whole body was wracked with shuddering cries. Occasionally, the words ‘Kara’ could be heard, but not much else intelligible came out.

Sitting next to Maggie, Alex said, “Give Kara to me.”

“She still isn’t responsive. I think we need to get her help.”

“I bet Lena has some kind of sunbath for Kara around here. Why don’t you poke around her terminal and see if you can find it,” Alex suggested.

Maggie nodded, rising and stopping by Lena on the way. She looked down, surprised to see the woman broken down like this. As scary as Lena had seemed, this was a shattered wreckage being told her wife was gone. The Lena she knew was strong and resourceful, not necessarily pleasant, but Maggie couldn’t imagine a crack in the veneer let alone a fissure.

“Maggie?”

“Huh? Oh, sorry. I was wondering if Lena could just… don’t think she’s going to be much help right now,” Maggie said as she walked up to Lena’s terminal. She touched one of the screens, closing the readout from the biometric results, and finding about two dozen other displays up there. She reduced them all and finally found a desktop covered with icons, none of which looked familiar.

“Hurry up, Maggie. She needs a sunbath,” Alex urged.
“I’m trying,” Maggie grumbled. “This thing is crazy sophisticated, and it doesn’t look like our stuff at home. I’m doing my best.”

“Just do whatever you did to open the kryptonite chamber.”

“It was already open to that screen. I just scrolled through all the buttons until I found one that said open.”

“Well, figure it out!” Alex snapped. She rubbed at Kara’s head. “It’s okay sweetie. It’s me, Alex. I’ve got you. It’s going to be okay.”

Maggie mumbled. “Figure it out. Figure it out. Sure, no problem. Just give me a week and another hundred IQ points, and I’ll figure it out.”
A Day in the Shoes of Maggie Sawyer

Chapter Notes

This takes place in our dimension with the characters from the other dimension.

So apologies, but this is it for today. I thought I’d have seven chapters to post, and I have a seventh done. However, because of the way I write this bit of insanity, I have chapter 17 done and not chapter 16. Welcome to the world of the non-linear thinker. Chapter 16 might happen tomorrow after a bit of sleep. If so, I’ll have two for tomorrow. I’ll definitely have two this coming week. Then I need to get back to working on ‘Next of Kin’. I’ve been absorbed in this work for the past few days. Thank you for all those who have given feedback. It keeps me motivated.

Maggie stood in the flower shop, writing out the card by hand, a small grin on her face. She finished and handed over the cash requested, managing not to grumble at the cost. She’d gotten plenty of flowers in her time. Buying them herself made a different impression… on her wallet.

With a dozen long-stem roses in hand, she headed over to the park. She imagined there was a universal truth to all dimensions. Delinquents hung out in parks. After just a few minutes of searching, she found she would not be disappointed.

Walking up to the kids in hoodies and beanies leaning against a railing with their skateboard in hand, Maggie said, “Hey, which one of you would like to make twenty bucks for ten minutes of service?”

Three kids turned, all taller than her, which wasn’t a surprise, and eyed her suspiciously.

“What’s asking?” One of them replied, an Asian boy with blue hair and a pierced eyebrow.

Maggie pulled her badge out of her back pocket, holding her finger against the sensor until she felt the tell-tale vibration that marked the change from a DEO ID to her alias. She held up the badge and said, “Agent Maggie Sawyer of the FBI, and I’ve got a mission for you.”

There was blinking and confusion, and then the blue-haired boy grinned widely and said, “Cool.”

Maggie made her way to her precinct, waiting until the cop at the front desk was distracted to slide through undetected. As luck would have it, the person at the front desk was female. That would come in handy. Finding a safe spot that wasn’t near too many prying eyes, but still allowed her to look like she was studying a bulletin board, Maggie kept an eye on the entryway. Sure enough, just a few minutes later, her blue-haired friend walked in. He had to wait a minute for the disruption at the front desk to clear out. Then he spoke to the cop at the front desk, being very clear with his directions, and held up the bouquet. She beamed as she took them, waving to him as he smiled back and walked off.

Maggie watched as the cop read the note, her smile only growing. Then she put the note back, walked away from her desk, and headed through the bullpen area. Maggie was hot on the cops’ trail but from a safe distance. She smiled and nodded at a few people who greeted her but never lost sight of her prey. When the woman put the flowers on a desk, Maggie’s smile grew into victory. She squared her shoulders and schooled her face to neutrality as the other cop turned, heading toward her
Now.

“Oh, hey, Detective Sawyer,” the cop said with a smile. “You just got a special delivery. I left it on your desk.”

“Oh hey… you. Really? Something for me? Who from?”

“Well…” The cop smiled shyly. “I peeked at the card. It’s from your girlfriend, Alex. Apparently, you have some moves. She says she’s really looking forward to tonight.”

Maggie rolled her eyes. “Man, she has some appetite, treats me like a piece of meat.” Breaking out into a broad grin she added, “And I love it. Hey, thanks for the special delivery… O’Connor,” she said after her eyes flicked to the name badge on the cop’s pocket.

“Anytime, Sawyer. Hey, want me to see if I can score you a vase?”

“That would be awesome. You are awesome.”

Smiling, the cop walked away.

Maggie dropped into her chair. “Like taking candy from a baby. Okay, Detective Sawyer, let’s see what you’ve got going on here.” Maggie opened up the large file folder drawer of the desk, pulling out case files. She began to look through them, seeing what she felt were petty, human crimes. “Lame, weak, whatever… seriously? Someone is stealing Chihuahuas? Oh, for God’s sake. Isn’t there any real crime in this town?” The phone on her desk rang, and she picked it up, cradling it between her ear and shoulder. “Sawyer.”

“Detective Sawyer, this is Brian. I have some… information for you on that thing you requested.”

“That thing?” Maggie asked, sitting up straighter in her chair.

“Yes, that… thing,” the voice over the phone replied.

“It’s not the Chihuahua theft ring, is it?”

“The… no. I don’t know anything about that unless they’re being eaten. Do you want me to track those down?”

Maggie chuckled slightly. “No, I’m good. So what about this thing?”

“Not over the phone. Meet me at the bar in twenty minutes.”

“Which bar?” Maggie asked.

“You know, the bar.”

“There are a lot of bars.”

“The one we frequent,” the person on the other side of the phone clarified.

“Well I don’t know about you, but I drink like a fish. I had a beer for breakfast. This job is very stressful.”

“You know the bar that… you know what? Just meet me at the corner of McGovern and Twelfth. We can walk from there. Okay?”
“Sounds like a plan. Who’s buying?”

“You. You’re always buying.”

Pulling out her wallet with her share of the cash from Kara, she grimaced at the quickly depleting funds. “Fine, but you better not be too thirsty. I don’t get paid until Thursday.”

“Well, drinks today and you can pay me on Thursday. I know you’re good for it. I’ll see you in twenty.”

Hanging up the phone, Maggie leaned back in her chair. “I’ll gladly pay you Thursday for a hamburger today. I hope I’m not here on Thursday. I hope someone else is footing that bill.”

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Maggie pulled up at to an empty space on McGovern, about half a block from Twelfth Street. On the corner, she could see someone in a hoodie, the hood pulled far over his head and partially obscuring his face. He looked average weight, average height, standing like he wasn’t a threat to a fly let alone anyone who knew their way around. Though Maggie was concerned, because her constant state of at least minimal concern kept her breathing and toes above the ground, she wasn’t overly concerned. This guy wasn’t a threat. He just was.

Car locked with a double beep as she strode down the street, Maggie cleared her throat and paused behind the guy in the hoodie. “Brian?”

“Oh, hi, Detective Sawyer,” he said turning with a smile.

As blue skin and iridescent blue eyes turned to face her, Maggie’s heart rate doubled. His nose was huge, almost a fin that was part of his brow, and his skin was mottled. She had her pistol out, the alien’s legs out from under him and her heel on his throat before he could even squeak out a noise. She held her arms steady as she aimed down the site of her weapon and stared into the face of the enemy.

“What the fuck!? Who sent you?!”

“Glurg…,” it responded.

“Who’s Glurg?”

The alien patted repeatedly on her leg, his face turning purple as red added to his blue hue.

Seeing he was choking, Maggie pulled her foot back from his throat, stomping down heavily on his chest as she repeated, “Who sent you!?”

The alien coughed and sputtered before he was able to say, “Maggie, it’s me… Brian.”

“… Brian?” Maggie replied, her brain recognizing the voice from the call.

“Yes, it’s me, you’re old friend and CI. What are you doing?” He asked lying on the ground looking even less dangerous than her earlier assessment.

Maggie stared down at the alien, taking in his friendly manner and the words he used toward her.
She was suddenly getting a very different view of the Maggie Sawyer of this dimension. Maggie Sawyer, detective and alien lover. Her skin crawled.

Maggie pulled her foot back, hesitating only briefly before she stuck out her hand and hauled the alien to his feet. “Brian, sorry, man. The sun was in my eyes. I thought you were someone else.”

Rubbing his throat, Brian squinted at Maggie and asked, “So, we’re good?”

Maggie smiled back, clapping the alien on the shoulder. “Never better.”

“Cool,” Brian said as he smiled. “You scared me, Detective. You’re one of the good ones. Don’t know what we’d do if you turned against us.” As Brian began to walk away, Maggie followed, and he asked, “So, how’s your girlfriend?”

“My… Oh, Alex? She’s good. How’s your… everything?”

“Things are good. I almost got a Trifecta, but my horse got nosed out. She was such a good mudder. I need to watch the weather reports. I’m still not used to living on a planet with such dry spells.” He hung his head, shaking it. “Man, these dry days make me homesick, but friends make all the difference. I don’t know what I would have done if I didn’t find a safe planet. You don’t know how scary it is out there for us refugees. Well, I guess you do better than most humans.”

As he smiled over at Maggie, she slowed, her steps staggered, and had to hurry to catch up. She was a friend to the aliens? No, the other her was a friend to the aliens? Okay, this was much worse than her being gay. She could be gay. Any port in a storm would do, but friendly with the alien scourge of this planet? That thought was dizzying.

As they walked down an alley, Brian stopped at an unremarkable door and knocked. A small panel slid open, and Brian leaned forward saying, “Dollywood.” The panel closed, and seconds later, the door opened.

Maggie followed Brian inside a bar, looking around as she tried to understand what made this place special. Two pool tables filled the center and booths lined one wall. There was a bar on the other side. Several round tables fleshed out the remaining area. A blonde waitress, female and quite attractive, eyed her with a look that said they knew each other and then continued on with her tray of drinks.

“Okay, why are we…?” Maggie did a double take as she looked at Brian, his hood hanging off his back now. “You took off your hood.”

“Why wouldn’t I? We’re inside. With Cadmus shaking our trees, I’ve been going incognito outdoors. It’s just safer. We’re all safe here though. Let’s get a beer.”

Maggie reran his choice of words in her head. ‘We’re all safe here.’ She looked around the bar, noticing the pointed ears on one man that stuck out from under his hair. Someone else’s hand holding a glass was webbed. At the bar, a furry tail twitched back and forth as it hung out of a hole in the back of someone’s pants. She looked from person to person, and they were aliens, they were all aliens. She was in a secret, alien bar. From a back area, likely a bathroom, someone was walking right at her, and he had a…he had a… “Fishhead,” Maggie said.

“Hey, Maggie,” he replied with a wave as if she had just greeted her.

Hand on her weapon, Maggie struggled to stop herself from hyperventilating. She was surrounded, and her nearest back-up was a dimension away. Her weapon pointed at the ground, she clicked off the safety. If she were going to die, she’d be taking as many of the fuckers with her as she could.
“Hey, Maggie!” Brian called out from the bar waving at her. “I got you a beer. Come sit down.”

Slowly, Maggie looked around again. No one was looking aggressively toward her. No one except for Brian was even looking at her. They were all just sitting around drinking, playing darts, acting like a bunch of people at a bar. It was like they were just normal people.

Clicking her safety back on, Maggie slid her gun back into place and sat on the stool next to Brian. “Thanks.”

“Hey, no problem. It’s on your tab.”

“Right, my tab because I’m a regular here.” She knocked back what she planned to be the first of many drinks.

“Okay, so I got you an address on that thing you wanted,” Brian said sliding an envelope across the bar to Maggie. “This is where they were as of last night. I’d act on it ASAP. I can’t promise you they’ll be staying.”

Maggie took the envelope, opening it. The only thing in there was an address. She knew the area but wasn’t sure she actually knew the area. This was a nice part of town where she came from so that probably meant it was a shit show now.

“Okay, so these folks are… here?”

“They were last night,” Brian said sipping his beer.

“Okay, anything else you can tell me?” Maggie asked, hoping to get some more info. She was flying blind here.

“Hey, you asked me for an address. This is an address. My usual fee covers that. Anything more, I’m not your guy.” Brian turned, facing Maggie full on. “Maggie, you know me. I’m a pacifist. Cowardice has served me well so far in life. I see no reason to change that. If you want to know more, then go kick in the door and ask them yourself. Go get that girlfriend of yours to help you. I’ve seen you two in action. It’s hot.”

“Alex, get Alex to help me.”

Brian nodded.

“I’ll take that under consideration.” She studied the envelope in her hand. “So how many guys did you see at this address exactly?”

“I saw six,” Brian replied.

“Six?” Maggie rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I’m going to need another beer.”

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Sitting in her car outside the address she was given, Maggie watched people go in and out of the home. It looked like a half dozen of them, just like Brian had said. Of course, there could be more of them. She sighed. Second day in a new dimension. First day on the job. Now she really wished she’d followed up on the Chihuahua theft ring instead. These guys were huge. Even the girls were
huge. She was 5’5” tall when she wore boots with two-inch heels. She’d been planning on just staking this out, taking some pictures with her cellphone even though it didn’t work for calls, and then coming back later or tomorrow with either backup from the station or Supergirl. The problem was she didn’t know who backup from the station was, so that plan was tough. Supergirl was busy right now, and when one of the guys arrived with a big bag that he put down and it wiggled, she knew she had to act sooner rather than later. These guys were kidnappers, and she was a cop. She’d do her job, and then a doughnut run… the complete experience.

Maggie opened up her trunk, lifting the panel that covered the spare tire. She pulled up the spare tire to reveal the DEO energy pistol and arm bracer she had stored there. She was really hoping she wouldn’t need to use these. They released a unique energy signature her DEO could track. She expected something would light up like a Christmas tree for the DEO on this dimension. However, she didn’t think a few slugs of regular ammo was going to take out these guys. She could get back into her car, grab some lunch, head back to the precinct, and track down the pillagers of purse-sized pooches or… She could do what any decent protector of humans on this planet should do. She could do what Maggie Sawyer would do. She was Maggie Sawyer, the only Maggie Sawyer this dimension had right now, so she was going to do the right thing. Then she’d get some lunch, probably another beer or two, maybe see what was going on with that dognapping ring. It was actually making her kind of curious.

Maggie walked the perimeter, headphones in as she acted like she was face timing with someone. Her conversation was filled with laughter and smiles as she held her phone up, making faces at the screen, but she was really taking photos the whole time. She needed her best point of entry. In the end, there was a basement window ajar and small enough for her to use. Likely it had been overlooked because the residents were so large. What she needed now was a distraction to make sure eyes were elsewhere while she made her way inside.

The neighbors across the way had a grill which gave Maggie an idea. Thing one was to steal two pieces of laundry from a clothesline. Then she shoved a shirt sleeve into her gas tank until it was soaked in gasoline. She brought it back to the gas grill which she pushed to the front gate at the neighbor’s house. She unscrewed the propane, tying the gasoline-soaked clothing around the nozzle. She used the other piece of laundry to clean her hands as well as possible. Then she opened the valve on the tank, lit the clothing, and ran like hell.

Nothing exploded, but within a minute she had a nice vantage of what looked like a flamethrower. Pretty soon, it was getting attention from the folks in the house she needed to enter. She slid into position and then through the window. The basement was dark, and she gave her eyes a moment to adjust though she really wished she had her tech. Night vision goggles would come in handy here. Before she could see clearly, she heard motion, a foot scraping on the dirt basement floor, then a slight whimpering. Back to the wall, she had her weapon out.

“This is the FBI, Agent Maggie Sawyer. You folks are surrounded. If you come quietly, it will go easier on you.”

There was no response, just a little bit of motion, quiet breathing, and small noises that held a sense of fear. Maggie stood, weapon drawn, waiting while her pupils dilated and took in more light. The details of the room became clearer, but still not clear. It was one big room, but there were barriers in the way, not walls, but barriers. She could see someone, someones, on the floor in spots. They huddled together in groups for warmth or protection. There were odors too, unpleasant smells of rotting food, piss, and shit. As she stepped forward, something touched her, and she startled, but it was only a tiny hanging chain from a light. Pulling it lit up the room from a single sixty-watt bulb.

There were four cages around the room, and in them were girls, young looking girls, all small. They
curled up on the dirt floor holding each other and looking at Maggie though they blinked and squinted, obviously unaccustomed to even that small bit of light. Trays with scraps of rotten food were piled in the corner, and in each cage, another corner held a bucket filled with human refuse… no, humanoid. These were no humans. Some of the races looked familiar, and others were new to Maggie, but they were all aliens. By human standards, they looked to be in their early teens, cute, female. Maggie didn’t know why they were here, but she had three guesses, and the first two didn’t count. Sex traffickers were universally the lowest form of life.

Sighing heavily, Maggie asked, “You girls speak English?”

After a few moments, there were some hesitant nods.

“Okay. Well, my name is Maggie and…” She rolled her eyes. “Can’t believe I’m saying this, but… I’m here to help you. I’m here to get you girls out of here. Do you know which one of those creeps is in charge?”

Slowly standing, a blonde girl with eerily pale skin said, “There’s a woman, a brutish sort, who seems to be organizing things. The others call her V. She bears a scar rather proudly over her left eye.” As she spoke her throat quivered, and her voice was more like a song. It rode along the air hypnotically.

Maggie stood swaying, caught up in the girl’s words, then shook her head to clear her sense. “You’re a… you’re an Allurian.”

The girl nodded. “They protect their ears from me when they bring us what passes for food. Otherwise, I would persuade our way to freedom.”

Blinking quickly, Maggie nodded also. The girl’s voice was amazing, enchanting, she was… “Crap. Okay, so how many of them are there? Ah… just hold up your fingers.”

After a shrug, the girl held up five fingers, then added another one.

Maggie looked around, and there was some nodding. “Okay, well I’m going to take care of these creeps and get you kids out of here so just—”

“Keys,” the Allurian said, pointing at a far wall.

“Keys?” Maggie followed the gesture, and there was a nail on the far wall, a small ring with some keys hanging on it. “Oh, well that’s convenient and stupid. I love stupid bad guys.” Maggie grabbed the keys, hesitating briefly before unlocking the cages, but doing it just the same. She was helping aliens, but these were just kids, and no one deserved what awaited them. “Okay, you kids go out that window. I’m going to put an end to this little organization.”

“There were other girls here before us,” the Allurian girl said. “When we first arrived, others were leaving.”

“Fuck,” Maggie said, rolling her eyes. “Okay, maybe they have records. I’ll… I’ll see what I can find. So much for a beer with lunch. You kids just get out of here. If I see you again, I’m busting you for truancy.”

“But we can—”

“Get,” Maggie hissed out. “Your parents must be going nuts looking for you. I know my Mom and Dad would have gone crazy if I had gone missing. Parents are like that. They’re overprotective, and they love you like crazy. Can you get home?”
There was lots of hesitant nodding.

“Okay, then slide out that window and wait until you hear the noise from inside the house, then get going. They’ll be too busy with me to bother with you.”

As Maggie turned, a hand touched her arm, and the Allurian girl asked, “What’s your name? When our parents asked who helped us, what name do we give?”

Grinning, deep dimples showing, she replied, “Tell them it was Detective Maggie Sawyer of the NCPD.”

“Thank you, Detective Maggie Sawyer,” the girl replied, her voice trilling like a caress, and then she hugged Maggie. That started something, and soon everyone was hugging Maggie.

“Oh… no… come on now. Enough of that. Okay, okay already. Enough of this mushy stuff. Get ready for some loud heroics and get yourselves to safety. I better not see you again.” Squaring her shoulders, Maggie made her way up the stairs stopping at the top near the closed basement door. “Either this world is ass-backward, or I am.” She turned on her bracer and clicked her pistol to power level three. “Showtime.”

Maggie listened but heard no one outside the door, so she opened it and slid to the first floor. She crept carefully through the house, getting a better look at the layout so she’d know from where her opponents could be coming. When she heard a door open and raised voices, she knew her distraction outside had ended. It had lasted long enough though. What she needed was the element of surprise, and she hoped she still had that.

Sliding around the wall, her back still to it, Maggie stepped into the living room and faced three big guys yelling, “FBI, hands in the air! You’re under arrest!”

“Huh?” One of them moved toward her, and she shot him in the chest. Yellow energy knocked him back several feet to crash into the wall, unconscious. She turned, shooting another one before he could move. The third one fled into the dining room, and Maggie cut left showing up in front of him and blasting him in the face.

“Three,” she said, her back against a wall as she calmed her breathing and listened. Upstairs and to her left she heard feet on the move. That spurred her into action as she turned heading back into the living room. She took position along the side of the staircase, crouched and ready. She watched the first person, a woman run down the stairs and pass her to the right toward the kitchen. The second came down the stairs and cut left into the dining room. Maggie followed, cutting left and shooting the one in the back who stood over their friend’s downed body. When she heard movement from the kitchen, she was off again, running toward the stairs to the basement and then looping around behind the woman who was now standing over two downed cohorts. “Hey!” The woman spun but didn’t have a scar on her face, so Maggie shot her. “Wow, really stupid bad guys. Okay, five down and one to go. That must be V.”

Looking up the stairs, Maggie nodded slowly and took a few cleansing breaths. This was a part of the house she hadn’t checked out yet, and it took away her two exits. Upstairs wasn’t good. The good news was she was now on a one-to-one basis with her enemy. This one wasn’t running around though and might be better armed. Knowing standing here was just stalling, Maggie squared her shoulders and slowly climbed the stairs, weapon ahead of her, shoulder plastered to the wall.

Upstairs showed a long hallway and a series of rooms. She assumed the setup was bathroom and multiple bedrooms. The question was, where was V? She eyed the bedrooms, looking at the one at the front of the house. Master was either front or back, and she’d want to clear this place out starting
at a corner and moving in one direction. If you started in the middle, you just got pinched.

Keeping her eye on each door as she slid down the hallway, Maggie reached the front bedroom and tried the knob. It turned, and she pushed the door in. Inside, sitting at a computer, was a dark-haired woman. As tall and brutish looking as any of the others, she calmly typed into her laptop. Maggie carefully stepped inside, checking out the rest of the room to make sure they were alone.

“Hello, V.”

Turning, the woman smiled and showed off the ugly scar that ran across her eye. “Well, you know my name, but I don’t know yours. Care to share?”

“Maggie, Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD, and you’re under arrest.”

“Sawyer.” V nodded. “Sure, I know who you are. You meddle in off-world stuff. You work in some kind of scientist section, right?”

Not having any idea, Maggie said, “Something like that. So, the rest of your people are down, and the girls are gone. I’m taking you in. It will go easier on you if you hand over your information on the other girls that you kidnapped so they can be returned to their families.”

“You got the rest of my people?” V grinned. “You know, you goodie-goodie types are all the same. You barely eke out a living, sticking your nose in where it doesn’t belong and interfering with hard-working entrepreneurs. You don’t do it because you care about the law or the people that you help. You do it so you can hold your head high and feel better than anyone else.” Standing, V inhaled deeply. “You smell of sanctimonious self-righteousness. I can scent you from here.”

Maggie leaned her head to the side, sniffing carefully at herself. “Uh, I’m pretty sure that’s my body wash and the beer some guy spilled on me in the bar today but whatever. Anyway, you’re under arrest. We doing this the easy way or the way I think we’re doing this?”

V just smiled.

“Fine with me,” Maggie said, shooting V in the chest. When the energy struck and dispersed, doing no damage, Maggie’s expression changed to unease. “Aw, fuck me. You have a tachyon shield.”

“And friends,” V said.

Turning to her right, Maggie saw the two other members of the squad for which she hadn’t accounted. She turned, saying, “Eight.” She didn’t get a shot off before they were on her. One of them grabbed the wrist of her weapon hand, squeezing, and she felt something crunch and snap. It was an all too familiar feeling of broken bones. She brought her bracer down hard on the thing’s shoulder, somewhat satisfied when that shoulder also snapped in return. She followed it up with a power gauntlet boosted punch across the face that broke a nose and staggered the thing. Then a kick to the groin downed it for the moment.

She didn’t make it to her pistol before the other one was on her. Maggie went with a punch to the throat, then another to the abdomen. Flipping, she grabbed it around the neck with her legs and used its own weight to toss it over her. Once down, she smashed it twice in the face with her remaining hand.

Before she was even on her feet, V had her. One hand around her wrist just below the gauntlet and the other around her neck, V smashed Maggie up against the wall. Maggie tried to use her right elbow to hit V’s face, but the woman was too far away. Jabbing repeatedly at V’s arm with an elbow didn’t free her either. When she pushed with her feet, sliding them up to the other woman’s
chest, V just pushed back until they were face to face.

Smiling and squeezing until Maggie saw black dots, V said, “I am going to choke the life out of you. My face is going to be the last thing you see stupid, little, human hero. This is how your kind always ends. This is what standing up for others gets you… dead.”

As her vision failed her, Maggie could only think that she was going to die on another world. Her family wouldn’t even have a body to bury. No one would know what really happened to her. Briefly, she wondered if the others would be able to get back home without her, if they’d be able to use her body to travel home, and then the darkness filled in, and she heard angels singing her away.

“Detective Maggie Sawyer?”

Maggie blinked, a dull pain in her head and her right arm.

“She’s waking up.”

That voice, she knew that voice. Was that an angel? Who was that?

“I told you she’d be fine. My enzymes will heal her. Humans have two bones in their forearm, and both had multiple breaks, but she’ll have full use in hours.”

Okay, that voice she didn’t know, but it was another girl, another young one. Maggie blinked again, looking up at a kid with pink skin. Above each of her eyebrows were four more tiny sets of eyes. When the kid blinked, they blinked.

“What the fuck!” Maggie tried to sit up and swayed dizzily, falling back into the lap of the ten-eyed pink girl.

“Just relax for another minute or two, Detective Maggie Sawyer,” the Allurian girl said in her beautiful voice as she leaned over Maggie. “You need to heal.”

“I… what happened?”

The Allurian girl smiled. “I’m afraid you’ll have to arrest us upon the charge of truancy. We disobeyed your instructions. However, I feel it was a good choice. You required assistance.”

Maggie looked around but didn’t try to get up. There were several alien girls in the room. Little puffs of smoke were coming from the mouth of one. Another had raised quills coming from her skin. A third looked much larger than any of the girls Maggie had seen before but was shrinking before the DEO agent’s eyes. On the floor, the three people that Maggie had fought lay in various stages of disarray, bruised, bloodied, scorched, broken, just overall beaten.

“You kids did all that?” Maggie asked, looking up at the two girls over her.

Smiling down at Maggie, the Allurian girl replied, “You saved us, and then we saved you. Thank you for that. It felt good to fight back. You gave us that too.”

Maggie considered that for a moment, then grinned. “Well, in that case, glad I could get my ass kicked for the cause. Um… I think I’m feeling a bit steadier. I can stand up… probably.”

The pink skinned girl closed her eyes… and her eyes then nodded. Looking at Maggie, she said, “You need to take it easy though. You’ll also need lots of nutrients. Your body will be going through its reserves as it heals. Get a few thousand calories into you over the next twenty-four hours.”
“Really?” Maggie stood with assistance, happy to see she didn’t sway too much. Her right arm was still useless, but the pain wasn’t too bad. “So I’m on the Supergirl diet? Sweet.” She grabbed her pistol from the floor, stowing it away, then went over to V, patting the woman down. When she found what she wanted, she smiled and stuck the tachyon shield generator into her pocket and the woman’s cellphone into another pocket. “Okay, well, we need to get these losers someplace they can’t hurt anyone. I can… hmmm… I know someone I can get to help, but she’s busy right now. I could toss them in the cages downstairs, but I don’t think I can move them right now. They’re big enough that I’d have a problem moving them with two good hands.”

“I can do it.” The smallest girl in the group lifted her hand. She was the one who had been much larger before. “I just need to go eat again. They were starving me. The food I grabbed after we got out only gave me enough energy for one shift. I’ll be right back.” She quietly padded out of the room.

“Well, I guess Muscles will handle things for us,” Maggie said.

The Allurian girl nodded. “De’narva is sweet but can be quite cross when she isn’t being fed properly. Come, Detective Sawyer, let’s get you someplace where you can rest.”

“Hold on,” Maggie said. “V was doing something on her computer when I came up here.” Maggie sat in front of the laptop, hitting a key so that the screen lit up again. The information was in a language she didn’t speak, and it wasn’t Basic. “Okay, never mind. Unless one of you speaks… whatever the fuck this is, I got nothing.”

“May I?” Another girl asked, coming to stand behind Maggie.

“Knock yourself out kid,” Maggie replied, starting to stand.

The girl only reached a hand over Maggie’s shoulder. As Maggie watched, data literally flowed off the screen and into the girl, running along her arm and up her body until it covered the child completely. Maggie watched while it ran across the girl’s eyes, bit by bit in an eerie electronic glow. After several minutes the process seemed to reverse and finally left the girl. She dropped her arm, looking down at Maggie as she said, “I’ve gathered and decoded all of the data in that system. What do you want to know?”,

“You’re a Technocant. So, I know you’re an alien and all, but if you ever find yourself needing a home, maybe looking for some new parents, there’s this guy named Winn who would probably be pretty psyched to adopt you. You a fan of shows like The Originals and iZombie?”

Smiling, the girl nodded quickly.

“Yeah, you and he would get along famously. So, do you know what happened to the other girls?”

Tapping on her head, the Technocant replied, “I’ve got the information of everyone they sold someone to. Do you have someplace for me to download it?”

“Uh… must have left my hard drive in my other pants. You stay with me, okay?”

The girl nodded again.

Maggie looked up as she saw De’narva in her much larger from carrying V out of the room. The girl had already carted off the other two men while Maggie was watching the Technocant do her thing.

“Well, looks like we’re pretty much done here. If anyone wants, they can use my phone to call their folks,” Maggie offered, pulling out the phone she’d taken from V. Immediately, several girls
crowded around her. “Okay, okay, one at a time. Let’s go outside, and everyone gets a chance.”

Maggie sat on the front porch while girl after girl made a weeping call to their parents. This was so different than her usual job but oddly satisfying. Something about this didn’t feel like she was loosing alien threats on the planet. This felt like kids being reunited with their parents. If this was what this world’s Maggie Sawyer did for a living, it was making sense to her.

She was sitting there, feeling pretty good about herself and her other self, when several black SUVs pulled up in a distinctive secret government agency kind of way. “Awww, fuck me and not in a good way.” Maggie rose, hand on the pistol behind her back as she walked to the front of the street and the girls all gathered behind her. Her expression only darkened when Hank Henshaw stepped out of one of the vehicles and walked toward her.

“Sawyer, we received some very unusual energy readings from this location. What’s going on?”

“You saved me a phone call, Director,” Maggie replied. “You’ll find eight aliens caged in the basement. They were running a trafficking ring… past tense.”

“Trafficking?” J’onn looked around at the girls who huddled behind Maggie for protection. Face toward the ground, he shook his head. “I’ve lived a long time, and the cruelty of people to others never ceases to amaze me. I’ll use the term ‘lack of humanity’, though it extends beyond humans. People have come to this planet looking for help, as refugees, and to victimize them…” J’onn’s voice fell off, and he put a hand on each of Maggie’s shoulders. “You could have called us for back up, Detective.”

Looking left and right over her shoulders, Maggie grinned. “I had backup. These kids are scrappy. Don’t underestimate them, Director.”

J’onn grinned. “Well, I’m glad to hear that.” He turned, directing his people to go inside and deal with the traffickers, then turning back to Maggie he asked, “How can we help get them back to their families?”

“Their parents have been called and are on their way, but is Winn here?”

Turning, J’onn called, “Mr. Schott!”

Sticking his head around an SUV, Winn asked, “Is it safe?”

“Get your ass over here, Winn,” Maggie said with a grin. “I have someone you’ll want to meet. Oh, and bring a system, something with lots of storage. She’s going to need to download you some stuff.”

Grabbing a laptop from the SUV, Winn trotted over to Maggie. “What’s going on?”

“Winn, this is… uh… I don’t know your name,” Maggie admitted.

“Most people just call me Skimmer,” The Technocant replied. “My name isn’t pronounceable in any of your tongues.”

“Good to know. Winn, Skimmer here is a Technocant. She’s downloaded and decoded all of the data from the folks in there. They’ve taken and sold other girls. This can tell us where.”

“Oh! Oh, yeah,” Winn said, opening his system. “What do you need?”

“Turn it on,” Skimmer said.
“Sure, right,” Winn said, powering up his system.

“Detective, may I speak with you privately for a moment?” J’onn asked.

“Sure, no problem."

J’onn and Maggie stepped off to the side, and he put an arm around her shoulder. “Detective, I need to inform you of something we learned on a mission today. It directly affects you.”

“Me? How could one of your missions affect me?”

“It’s about Alex, Agent Danvers. The woman on the mission with us today that wasn’t Alex Danvers.”

“I… what are you talking about?” Maggie swallowed hard. “I just saw Alex this morning. Kara was there too. Kara flew her to the mission. You’ve got to be wrong.”

“I wish I were. That isn’t Kara Danvers either. I can say categorically that isn’t Alex Danvers, at least not our Alex Danvers. She’s Dr. Alex Danvers from another dimension. I didn’t want to press for details and let her know we were onto her, and Supergirl was extremely protective on the mission, but somehow they’ve ended up in our world. My impression is that it was an accident, and Alex wants to go home. I don’t think she means us any ill. With you and Alex being so close, I’m hoping you can convince her that we can be trusted to help her. We’re a valuable asset. If she’s here, and Agent Danvers is on her world, we want to help get her back. Detective, Maggie, you know me. Alex is like a daughter to me. I’d do anything to help her. Maybe you could talk to her, tell her some things this Alex doesn’t know about the DEO. She seems to have a very bad impression of us. I take it we’re not as supportive of her family there as we are here. Also, I thought it would be awkward for you not to know the woman you’re spending time with isn’t actually your girlfriend.”

“Uh… super awkward,” Maggie agreed.

“Do you think you can talk to her, keep up appearances and act like you don’t know that’s Alex? If you can convince her of our intentions, perhaps we can help her to get back home.”

“And you’d do that?” Maggie asked.

“Why wouldn’t we? She doesn’t belong here, and we want Alex and Kara back. There’s no reason we wouldn’t help her,” J’onn replied.

“Right, no reason,” Maggie agreed. “Okay, you got it. I’ll talk to Alex about how great things are here and how trustworthy everyone is. I’ll… I’ll do my best. I’ll figure it out.”

“Thank you, Detective,” J’onn said holding out his hand.

“Anytime, Director,” Maggie replied, grabbing his hand, “Broken! Still broken!” She nearly fell to her knees as J’onn released her hand. “Okay, that’s not healed yet, better, but not healed.”

“Are you all right?”

“Yeah, but in the bug versus window scenario, I played the part of the bug toward the end of this little dance. I’ll heal and quickly. Speaking of which, I’m wicked hungry.”

“Go get something to eat. We’ll take care of the girls and the criminals. The DEO has a place for them,” J’onn assure her.
“You sure the girls will be okay?” Maggie asked surprised that was her first thought.

“Why wouldn’t they?”

“Uh... you know. They’re young and kids can be... kids.”

“Oh, I understand kids. I’ll take care of them, Maggie. Go take care of yourself before you fall over,” J’onn said with a wink.

Maggie nodded confused by this conversation, looking back at the kids who were laughing and smiling while they looked at something on Winn’s computer. This was not the DEO she knew. This was...nice, different. She shook her head and wandered over to her car, patting the tachyon shield generator in her pocket. Growing up in Nebraska, her family took occasional summers on the beach and she remembered collecting seashells with her mom. This beat the hell out of her seashell collection.

J’onn watched Maggie go, then walked back to his men. “Mr. Schott, may I speak with you please?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, sure,” Winn said, putting the laptop playing bloopers from a Pixar movie down on top of the SUV’s hood and walking off to the side to speak with J’onn. “What’s up?”

“I spoke with Maggie and told her that the Alex who was with us today wasn’t from our dimension.”

“Wow, o... okay. How’d she take it?”


“Oh. Well, who is she?”

“Special Agent Maggie Sawyer of the DEO.”

“Ah. So you...?”

“Planted the seeds that we’ll help them get back home, which of course we will. All that matters is getting Maggie, Alex, and Kara back home safely. I don’t think any of them did this on purpose, although how it happened, I don’t know,” J’onn replied.

“We could just tell Maggie we know and offer to help.”

“We could, but they don’t trust the DEO. Even Maggie who works for the DEO is apprehensive. I’m rather surprised she helped these children. From what I’ve garnered, their mission seems to be completely anti-alien.”

“But these are just children,” Winn pointed out.

“Hmmm. Well, the seed’s been planted. We’ll see what happens from here. We’ve done what we can do. Now let’s get those children home.”

As J’onn walked away, Winn hurried after him. “Hey, J’onn, one quick question. When you were sneaking a peek into Maggie’s mind, you could see some of her thoughts and memories, right?”

“I could,” J’onn agreed.

“Great, great,” Winn said, walking alongside the Director. “So, ummm, could you tell if she was... um... like gay?”
Stopping, J’onn turned just his head as he looked down at Winn. “What relevance does that have?”

Laughing nervously, Winn rubbed at the back of his head. “You know, none, none at all. Hey, kids, who wants to watch some kitten videos!?” Winn hurried off to the SUV to play something else for the girls.
Can't You Just...Do Science?

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes place with the characters from our dimension in the other dimension.

Kara blinked, opening her eyes again as a bright light shone down upon her. She’d done it before though she wasn’t sure how long ago that was. At the time she felt awful and had decided that this conscious thing wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. This time she felt stronger, more like herself, though not back to full strength. The truly awful was gone, and even lousy was now a distant memory. If she had to describe her condition, she’d put it under the header of ‘tuckered out.’

“She’s waking up.”

Kara knew that voice. That was… Lena! She’d come to tell Lena the truth, and Lena had attacked her somehow, some kind of trapped box that hit her with a Kryptonite mist. Sitting up suddenly, Kara’s head struck the light lamps that bore down healing energy on her. She looked left and right around an unfamiliar room of silver electronics, her heart racing.

“Kara, easy, easy. You’re okay. We’ve got you,” Alex said, hands on her sister’s shoulders. “How do you feel?”

“A… Alex?” Kara asked, grabbing her sister by the elbow to steady herself both physically and emotionally. “You found me.”

“Of course, I did,” Alex replied with a smile as Kara leaned heavily into her, breath gasping. “Did you think we wouldn’t, kiddo?”

“I…” Kara sighed, taking in the overwhelming comfort that her sister’s presence provided. “I tried to talk to Lena, but she attacked me before I had a chance. It all happened so fast. I couldn't do anything, couldn’t call for help. I thought I was going to die. I was so scared.” As Kara looked up, tears ran down her cheeks.

“Hey.” Alex shook her head, wiping away Kara’s tears with a thumb while she rubbed at blonde hair. “Not on my watch. You’ve got a big sister. You don’t ever forget that, okay?”

“Okay, Alex,” Kara replied in a shuddering breath. “So what happened?”

“Can you stand up?” Alex asked Kara, then turned to look over her shoulder and asked, “Can she stand up?”

“She should rest more,” Lena replied. “She isn’t up to full strength. She’ll feel better if she lays down for another hour or so, but she’s all right. She’ll heal fully on her own by the morning. If she’s a stubborn, pigheaded, idiot, as I think she might be, she can get up.”

When Alex looked down at her again, Kara said, “I want to get up.”

“Shocking,” Lena muttered.

“How’d you find me?” Kara asked, standing on mostly steady legs as she still held her sister for
varying types of support.

“When you didn’t call back, we came looking for you,” Maggie said, swinging into view. “We knew you went to talk to Lena, so we came to the lab. We figured it went badly.”

“Very,” Kara agreed.

“Yeah, it almost went badly for us too, and that was before she knew who we were. Well, for me,” Maggie added. “I think she actually likes me better now that she knows who I am.” Maggie looked over at Lena who gave a slight shrug. “Anyway, we got here, talked to Lena, she finally showed you to us. While Alex distracted her, I was able to open up your display case, Barbie. You’re no longer mint in the box.”

Slightly confused by Maggie’s turn of phrase, but understanding she was rescued, Kara said, “Thanks. So, um, Lena is up to speed on everything now?”

“Yup,” Maggie replied.

“Great, so she’ll help us?” Kara asked.

Maggie and Alex looked at each other, neither responding.

Pushing off her sister, so she was standing on her own, Kara asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I can’t help you,” Lena replied, eyes studying her fingers that tented and untented on the desk in front of her.

“What do you mean you won’t help us?” Kara asked, swaying a touch as she lurched a few steps forward.

“No won’t, can’t,” Lena clarified as she looked over at Kara moving ever closer. “What you need…” She sighed. “It’s impossible.”

“It can’t be. We’re here,” Kara pointed out.

“Fine, it can happen. It’s like lightning. It’s a natural phenomenon. It happens in nature. We can just sit around and wait for another lightning strike. Until then…” Lena spread her hands out in front of her.

“No, you brought us here,” Kara countered coming to a stop just two feet away from the other woman. “We were on the roof looking at the display of your solar array. You said something about dispersing the energy and then BAM, everything went dark for a little while. When I came to, I found you bleeding from the head. I took you to the hospital, but I was here, not on my world. You did this.”

“My machine couldn’t have done this,” Lena said hopping to her feet and forcing Kara to take a step back.

“Well my powers couldn’t have done this,” Kara replied.

“My machine stores and transfers solar energy. That’s it. It doesn’t rip open holes in the space-time continuum. It doesn’t have that kind of energy. In order to do that it would need to…” Lena looked up and to the left, her lips moving slightly.

“What’s she doing?” Maggie whispered to Alex.
“Math… I think,” Alex whispered back.

“No,” Lena replied flatly, wiping her hand in front of her and returning her gaze to Kara. “My machine is absolutely not set up for that. I wouldn’t even know where to begin to…” Her voice fell off again, and her eyes became unfocused.

“Hey, hey, Lena,” Kara put her hands on the other woman’s shoulders.

“Get your hands off of me!” Lena yelled stepping back and slapping Kara’s face. It was Lena who held her hand painfully, the slap hurting the giver, not the receiver. “Don’t. Don’t you touch me. You are not my wife. You have no right.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you,” Kara admitted, hands held palm up in front of her. She didn’t mean physical pain, and that was clear.

“It doesn’t matter what you meant.”

Kara sighed. “Look, we’re stuck together right now. Let’s find a way to help each other, okay? Can’t we work together?”

“No, I hate you,” Lena said, tears welling up in her eyes. “I hate you. I hate you.” Both of Lena’s fists came crashing down on Kara’s chest, an unstoppable, pain-filled rage meeting an immovable object. “I hate you!” Lena screamed, smashing Kara again and again while tears streamed down her face. She might as well have been pounding on a steel beam for all the good it was doing her and bad it was doing her hands.

Grabbing Lena’s hands in both of hers, Kara pulled the other woman close. She wrapped both of her arms around Lena, a warm embrace while the weeping grew. “Shhh. Stop, stop it. You’re going to hurt yourself.” When Lena’s legs gave out, Kara slid to the floor with her, pulling Lena into her lap.

Between sobbing gasps, her head curled into Kara, Lena repeated, “I hate you.”

Rocking this woman who looked so much like her friend, but was entirely vulnerable and soft in a way Lena Luthor never seemed to be, Kara kissed her head and said, “No you don’t. You love your wife.”

The crying grew, big tears dropping to fall on Kara’s white pants suit. Lena didn’t try and pull away as Kara rocked her making comforting noises. The scent, the sound, the gentleness that was wrapped in strength was all so familiar in a way she couldn’t deny wanting. Lena grabbed onto the lapel of Kara’s suit and cried, wept, mourned.

“Alex, come on,” Maggie said cocking her head to the side as she drew her girlfriend to the other end of the lab. “Let’s give them some privacy.”

Alex nodded, looking back over her shoulder at her little sister and the weeping mess that was Lena Luthor, but following her girlfriend. “Well, this sucks.”

“No kidding. That doesn’t seem like Luthor. I mean, when we first got here she seemed like Luthor. She was scary and dangerous on steroids Luthor. Now she’s just…” Maggie shrugged. “Are we stuck here?”

“No,” Alex said definitively. “We’ll figure this out. Lena is just having a little meltdown. Her machine got us here. Her machine can get us home. I’m sure Kara can get through to her.”
“You’re sure?” Maggie exhaled loudly. “I hope you’re right. Those two may not have the best working relationship.”

“They look okay right now.”

Alex and Maggie looked over to where Kara held Lena. They still sat on the floor, Lena curled into a ball in Kara’s lap. The dark-haired woman had quieted, the only sounds now one’s of softly whispered comfort from Kara. The blonde’s chin on top of Lena’s head, she rubbed a back with one hand and twirled dark hair around her fingertips with the other.

“They look like girlfriends making up from an ugly fight. This just keeps getting weirder,” Maggie said. “You sure nothing is going on between Kara and Lena back home?”

Alex shook her head, still studying her sister. “Kara would have told me.”

“O-kay.”

Turning to Maggie, Alex asked, “What does that mean?”

“Oh, come on, Alex. Look at them. I mean, I get Lena. She looks at Kara, and she sees her wife. When Kara looks at Lena what does she see? Do you hold your friends like that?”

Alex watched while Lena’s head lifted, watery eyes and a tear stained face apparent from across the lab. She watched her sister’s head shift side-to-side, one thumb scrubbing away tears on either side of Lena’s face. Then the dark-haired woman’s quivering chin was stilled as it was gripped between the blonde’s thumb and forefinger. Though she couldn’t hear a word, Alex could see her sister’s jaw moving. Lena blinked, eyes shifting away and face trying to follow, but all snapped back at a gentle shaking of Kara’s hand. Again, Alex watched while Kara’s jaw moved, then that hand released Lena’s jaw to rest gently on the woman’s cheek and be sandwiched there with Lena’s hand. Finally, Lena nodded, eyes turning up slightly, perhaps with hope.

Alex shook her head, shaking away her thoughts as she said, “They’re friends, and she’s Supergirl. When you’re Supergirl, you treat people differently. They treat you differently. That’s all.”

“So we’re going with friendship?” Maggie asked.

“Alex, Maggie, come here,” Kara shot over her shoulder, taking her hand from Lena’s face and placing it under the woman’s legs as she stood and lifted Lena with her.

Alex began to walk but faltered seeing Kara holding Lena in her arms. “Put her down, Kara.”

Kara and Lena stayed like that, Lena’s head on Kara’s chest and then Lena looked up, running a hand from Kara’s shoulder to the blonde’s cheek. Alex watched as Kara’s smile bloomed in profile.

“Come on, Kara, put her down already.”

Kara spoke again, and Lena nodded in response. Alex breathed a sigh of relief when her sister shifted Lena, turning the woman to place Lena on the ground, but the process was slow. Lena slid down Kara’s body, the contact unnecessarily exaggerated, and then they stopped. Lena’s feet had touched down, but the couple stood there, Kara leaning over slightly and Lena’s hands looped around Kara’s neck. That was the word that came to Alex’s too: couple.

Finally, Kara stepped back, waving to her sister and Alex. “Come on. Come talk to us.”

A hand on her girlfriend’s arm, Maggie said, “They must be really good friends.”
Alex tugged back her arm and strode forward. Whatever was going on, she couldn’t deal with it on another dimension. Supergirl and Lena Luthor would most likely be a disaster waiting to happen if it were waiting to happen. However, it was waiting to happen a world away. One problem at a time.

“What’s up?” Alex asked.

“We talked. Lena’s going to try and help us.”

“I want my wife back,” Lena confirmed. “I’m not truly certain how to do this, where to start.”

“Your machine on the roof,” Alex said. “Do you have records of whatever happened up there?”

“Of course I do, Alex. You know I…” Lena exhaled slowly, rolling her eyes. “Right. You’re not my sister-in-law. I knew that. I suppose I just expect… I don’t know what I expect.” She made a casual gesture with her hand and winced.

“Let me see,” Kara said, gently taking Lena’s hand into her and then the other one. Kara furrowed her brow, sighing. “Congratulations, you broke two bones in this hand. The other one is just bruised. That’s what you get for not keeping your hands to yourself.”

Lena narrowed her eyes at Kara, but didn’t reply, instead looking at Alex. “Am I going to need a cast or something?”

“Uh, I’m not an MD,” Alex admitted.

“What?”

“I’m a bioengineer. I’m better with genes than bones.”

“You’re not an MD,” Lena repeated.

Alex shrugged.

“What do you do for a living?” Lena asked Kara.

“I’m a reporter,” Kara replied proudly.

“Dear Lord. Like Kal?”

Kara nodded with a smile.

“And the DEO agent is actually a cop,” Lena added. “Well, that’s actually better I suppose. The fewer DEO agents in the mix, the easier I’ll rest.”

Alex and Kara’s gazes flicked briefly to each other.

“Lena, maybe we should get you to the hospital and have a doctor look at that hand,” Kara suggested.

“No,” she replied with a wave of her other hand. “If I end up with a cast on my hand, I’ll never get rid of my mother. My mother… is my mother any different on your world?”

“Your mother? Uh… no, no, she’s pretty much the same,” Kara said, her voice catching slightly at the end.

“That figures. I suppose it’s too much to hope for a world where my mother doesn’t snip at me over
every little thing. It would have been nice to think that somewhere I had a good relationship with her.”

Wanting to change the subject and get on the right subject, Maggie asked, “Okay, so what’s the plan?”

“Well, as Alex pointed out, I’ll need to see how much energy went through my machine and find some way to reproduce that exactly. That’s the easy part.”

“What’s the hard part?” Kara asked.

“The hard part will be getting the same thing to happen on the other dimension at the same time,” Lena replied.

“What do you mean? Can’t you just… do science?” Kara asked.

“Oh dear Lord, you sound exactly like her. If you had done that the whole time you were here, I would never have caught on to who you really were,” Lena said taking a step back. “Kara, science isn’t magic. It has a structured set of rules that need to be followed. If I can replicate the situation on this end, then I can create a portal, but it will be aimless. I’ll be sending my signal out, and I need someone to send one back so we can latch on to each other. I can only do my part. Someone else needs to do their part. I don’t know how that can happen.”


“Yes, Kara?”

“No, I mean Lena will do it,” Kara clarified. “If you can figure this out, and you can because you’re a genius, then Lena can figure this out, and she can because she’s a genius. So you’re going to do science. She’s going to do science. Then SCIENCE! We’ll be home for what, breakfast tomorrow?”

Lena chortled. “Again, this is a much better imitation of my wife than the nervous girl that was in my house yesterday. I don’t know how much time it will take me to get the data I need and to calculate the energy to create the portal. Then I need to build something to create the extra energy needed to open the portal.”

“Can’t you just, I don’t know, turn the thing up to eleven like last time?” Kara suggested.

“My Kara would have said that too,” Lena said, looking at Alex and Maggie. “Honestly, it’s getting spooky now.” Looking at Kara again she replied, “No, we can’t possibly destroy a two-billion dollar piece of equipment which is the key to getting my wife back.”

“And getting us home,” Maggie added.

“Yes, and getting you home, Officer.”

“It’s detective,” Maggie corrected.

Looking over at Maggie, Lena nodded slightly. She shook her head, addressing the whole group. “Look, I’ll do my best, but I don’t know how long this will take. I’m going to need a secondary power source.”

“We’ll get one,” Alex said. “Uh, where will we get one?”
“We’ll figure it out,” Maggie agreed. “What else do you need?”

“I need to go through the data in my system and Kara, you better hope your Lena is as good as you think she is. If she isn’t, if my wife can’t get her to help, you’re not going anywhere.”

“I think your wife would move Heaven and Earth to get back to you,” Kara replied.

Lena nodded. “I’ll be doing the same. Excuse me. I have some data to dig through.”

As Lena walked away, Kara, Alex, and Maggie all stood closely together.

“Well, that didn’t fill me with hope,” Maggie said.

“She’ll do it,” Kara said.

“And you know this because?” Maggie asked.

Kara shrugged. “I can feel it. She’s motivated and brilliant. Kara is motivated, and Lena on our dimension is brilliant. It will all work out.”

“Are you going to give us some sort of speech about hope?” Alex asked.

“Group hug?” Kara replied, holding out her arms to Maggie and Alex.

“Look, can’t we just—” Before she could finish, Maggie was scooped into a one-armed super hug. “Ah. Guess we’re hugging. Hey, how’d she get you anyway?”

“Lena?” Kara asked, looking over at Maggie.

Maggie nodded, carefully extracting herself from the exuberant younger girl. “She said she figured out it was you because you told her to do her job and apparently she and Kara are a crime-stopping, world saving, team here.”

“Also, you didn’t say you loved her,” Alex added.

“Well, I couldn’t,” Kara said in her defense. “I just met her. You can’t tell someone you just met that you love them.”

“Well, you can if you don’t want to end up in a Kryptonite tanning booth,” Maggie retorted.

“How did she get you in there?” Alex asked.

“I don’t remember that,” Kara admitted. “I was going to tell her the truth, and she asked me to wait while she did some electronic thing, something with capacitors. She had this little box, really pretty with gems on it. She was struggling to open it, so I took it and just twisted the lid. A green mist hit me in the face, and I was out in seconds.”

Eyes wide and nostrils flaring, Alex snapped, “She Kryptonite gassed you?”

Kara shrugged. “I guess so.”

Spinning and marching toward Lena, Alex yelled, “You Kryptonite gassed her!?”

“Excuse me?” Lena asked, looking up from her monitor.

“My little sister, the fucking hero of National City, did you Kryptonite gas her!?”
Turning on her stool and leaning an elbow on the table, Lena lifted one eyebrow while she cocked her head to the right. “I did.”

“Are you fucking nuts lady!? You could have killed her!”

“Ooh. Girl fight, girl fight,” Maggie whispered, pulling Kara with her as she moved closer to the action. “I got twenty bucks on Danvers.”

Lifting her left hand and holding up one finger, Lena said, “One: The item in question came from a Rogue name Diamond Jim with whom my wife is very familiar. She would never have opened it. When your sister did so without even my asking, it was proof she wasn’t my wife.” She raised a second finger. “Two: Kara has been gassed by that level of Kryptonite gas before, more than that actually. I knew she’d be fine. Your sister was in no danger.”

When Lena tried to turn away, Alex grabbed the woman’s right hand making Lena yelp out in pain. Alex held up her right hand, one finger raised. “One: Good for you. You’re fucking clever.” Holding a second finger in the air, Alex added, “Two: That was your wife, not my sister. My sister has not been running around doing this superhero bit since he was a teenager. She’s been doing it for two years. She may not have the reserves your wife has. You can’t treat them the same. You might have killed her.”

Shaking, a trickle of sweat rolling down her forehead, Lena said in a quivering voice, “Let go of my hand.”

“Don’t you fucking hurt my sister again,” Alex replied.

Lena held Alex’s gaze for several seconds then clearly said, “Lab, threat level Gamma.”

Along the top of the lab, yellow track lighting appeared. All of the robots at their workstations stopped their work, stood, and turned. The drones all took high into the air coming to hover above Lena, patiently waiting for things to return to normal or escalate. There was a slow, steady sound, a step with a hydraulic bounce to it, as Fido made his way over to Lena and Alex. When he reached them he sat back on his hind legs, paws in the air, expectant.

“Uhhhhh, fifty bucks on Luthor,” Maggie said.

“I could kill you before you said another word,” Alex threatened.

“That would be a strategic error,” Lena warned.

“Okay, okay,” Kara walked up to the two women. “Alex, let her go. Alex, you made your point, now let her go.”

After a few more moments of glaring, Alex released Lena’s hand.

“Thank you,” Kara said. “Now Lena, call off your… You have a robot dog? How did I not notice that you have a robot dog before? That’s so cool!”

Nursing her throbbing hand, Lena shook her head and mumbled, “Exactly like Kara. It’s frightening.”

“Does he do any tricks?” Kara asked, walking up to Fido.

“Lab, threat level Alpha,” Lena said, pulling some painkillers out of a drawer.
“Seriously guys, a robot dog. How cool is that?” Kara rubbed Fido’s head. “What’s your name boy?”


“He knows my name!” Kara said beaming. “Can he play fetch? Does he have a ball?”

A panel opened in Fido’s torso, and there was a ball.

“Cool!” Kara said, pulling out the ball, tossing it into the air, and catching it again. “Fido, fetch!” She threw the ball across the lab.

“Woof!” Fido took off across the lab, chasing down the ball with great strides, picking it up and running it back to Kara.

“Give it here boy,” Kara ordered, taking the ball from Fido where she tossed it again. It careened about the lab, knocking pieces of equipment off a table and shattering something glass. “Sorry. Sorry. I’ll clean that up,” Kara said taking to the air and flying a bit shakily over to the mess she had made.

Lena sighed. “Kara, no ball in the lab. We’ve talked about… oh.” Looking up from her system, Lena watched a woman that looked and acted so much like the one she loved with her whole heart. It was an illusion though, one very easy to slip into even when you knew the truth. She did know the truth, and she’d get her wife back. First, she had a lot of data through which to dig. She’d done a lot of experiments, battled a lot of evil, and saved the world more than once. This time was the most important though. This time she’d be saving her world.
This chapter takes place in our dimension with the characters from the other dimension.

Okay, folks, thank you for all of the motivation. I need to come up for air for a bit. I'm hoping folks have been enjoying these. We added eight chapters this weekend and that takes us close to 65,000 words so far in this work and it has sooooo much more to go in it. I warned you all, didn't I? I only know how to write novels. The only time I write a short story is when I write them as a backstory for myself for one of my novels. I need to get back to the other Supergirl fanfic I'm doing here, Next of Kin. This one has had all of my attention for the past few days. As always, I truly appreciate your feedback. Is this going in the right direction and does it make sense? I know I'm folding two books together here. This was a chancy project. I'm hoping it is paying off. Let me know if anything needs updates or edits. This is a work in process and I don't mind making edits as needed. I do my best to edit as I work, but I'm only one gal here.

“They serve pot stickers here?” Kara asked folding her napkin in her lap as she took her seat.

“They serve whatever you want anywhere if you know how to ask,” Lena replied, her finger running up and down the stem of her water glass. “My company has booked a few parties here. It makes them very happy to have L-Corp’s business, so they like to make me happy in return.”

“I imagine making you happy must be…” Kara searched for a word that wasn’t one of the flirtatious ones jumping to mind. It was hard not to flirt with Lena. After all these years, it was a reflex. Finally, she settled on, “… good for business.”

“Oh, certainly,” Lena replied, not seeming to notice the pause. “We all have itchy backs in need of scratching.”

“Well if you ever need someone to…” Kara managed to let that statement die on the vine. “Here comes the waiter.”

The man was young but impeccably dressed. He stopped, nodded, and said, “Miss Luthor. I’ve been told your food order was already placed. Would you like menus for anything additional?”

“Potstickers?” Kara said, smiling brightly.

As if summoned by the word, a server showed up with a large platter, putting them on a foldout table she opened up next to Kara. The blonde’s eyes popped open as she pulled the metal lid off the serving dish. There were perhaps two dozen pot stickers there. Taking her plate in one hand, she piled six of them on it with the chopsticks from her place setting. When she looked back at Lena, there was a salad in front of the other woman, but Lena was watching her with amusement.

“What?” Kara asked as she put her plate down.

“You, your metabolism,” Lena replied. “Honestly, Kara, you’re blessed. If I looked at half the food you eat, I wouldn’t fit in my elevator let alone through my office door.”
“Well, I work out a lot,” Kara replied, taking a bite of pot sticker and smiling happily, her eyes closing as she did so. “Mmmm, these are good. Are you going to eat any?”

“No, thank you.”

That just made Kara’s smile grow. “You know, Lena, you’re perfect. You let me crash with you, take me out for potstickers, and you don’t even eat any. As far as I’m concerned, my infestation problem can go on indefinitely.”

Lena laughed. “Well, hardly perfect. I’m sure I have some simply awful habits.”

“Name one,” Kara replied, pointing with her chopsticks.

“Well, I’m quite demanding.”

“A perfectionist,” Kara countered.

“A work-a-holic.”

“An overachiever.” Kara smiled.

Forearms on the table, Lena stared at Kara and said, “I bring up issues from long ago that would be best forgotten.”

Elbows on the table and hands folded under her chin, Kara grinned while she said, “You have an amazing memory, an astounding mind, Miss Luthor.”

“I sometimes leave the top off the toothpaste.”

Throwing her napkin on the table, Kara stood up, raising a hand and said, “Check!”

Lena laughed. “Oh, sit down you.” She waved off the waiter who came over while Kara sat back down. “It seems like you’re still in a good mood this evening. How was work?”

“Ummm…” Kara nodded, picking up another pot sticker and examining it. “It was interesting. That Snapper Carr is an odd bird. He’s grumpy, isn’t he?”

“Ummm…” Kara nodded, picking up another pot sticker and examining it. “It was interesting. That Snapper Carr is an odd bird. He’s grumpy, isn’t he?”

“His manners could use some polishing, but I’ve found that his ilk are often honest, and that’s a refreshing change from other sorts. Did he give you issue today, darling?”

Kara grinned at the term of endearment while she chewed. “Nothing I couldn’t handle. He kept calling me Ponytail and acting like I couldn’t do my job. There was a Senator in town, and he didn’t want to let me get information on his dirty dealings. He said he was going to give the story to a ‘real reporter, not some girl scout trying to sell some extra cookies.’ Honestly, do I look like a girl scout to you?”

Lena shrugged. “I’m a Luthor. Everyone looks like a scout to me. I assume everyone wants something from me, which is generally accurate, but that everyone is usually less capable of devious thoughts than I am. However, you, Kara Danvers, may actually be a girl scout.”

One arm on the table, Kara leaned toward the other woman and asked, “Would you buy my cookies, Lena?”

With a small laugh, Lena replied, “I don’t think I could afford the calories.”

“Oh, I’d work them off of you,” Kara replied, her voice a bit husky. She watched Lena’s head tilt to
the side, the smile starting to slide away as understanding registered. As Lena had said, she assumed everyone wanted something from her and was usually right. At this moment, she was becoming aware of what Kara wanted. Forcing a bright smile onto her face, Kara added, “We could go jogging. That’s great aerobic exercise. It will burn those cookies right off.”

Lena squinted, and her smile returned. As she stabbed at her salad, she ate and looked back at Kara, perhaps a bit uneasily, but shook her head. It was far easier to blame her misgivings on her own lifetime of learned mistrust than on her one true friend. When in doubt, Lena had learned to doubt herself.

The rest of the meal was quieter, more chatting about each other’s day, and Kara minded her manners. She needed to keep her toes on this side of the line. It was around the time that dessert came, well dessert for Kara as Lena was only having coffee, that Kara was lost in her thoughts. She’d promised Alex she’d talk to Lena and tonight seemed like a good time, but this was the wrong place.

“Kara, penny for your thoughts,” Lena said with a small smile.

“Oh come on. You can afford more than a penny.”

“True, but we Luthors always start the bidding low. So, what’s your counter offer, Miss Danvers?”

“Miss Danvers,” Kara mused to herself, then shook her head. “Would it be okay if we took a walk after dinner? I’d like to walk off a few of those potstickers.”

“I’m amazed you can still walk.”

“Around you, I can—”

Tires screeched, causing first Kara then, a few moments later, others to turn to the front of the restaurant. A car crashed, smashing into parked cars outside. The passenger and two people from the back hopped out amid the sound of sirens. They made their way inside the restaurant with haste, weapons drawn.

“On the ground, get on the ground, and no one gets hurts!” One of the gunmen yelled.

Kara jumped to her feet out of pure reaction. She looked left and right, seeing how many people were there: witnesses, potential hostages, and victims. She saw Lena still in a chair, the woman’s head tilted back slightly and a look of defiance in her eyes.

“Crap, they shot Stan! What do we do?” One of the gunmen said.

“Just stay chill,” another replied. “We grab a hostage and make them get us a helicopter to get us out of the city. Get that kid,” he said, pointing at a girl of maybe six or seven.

One of the other gunmen grabbed the child, her parents moving in and both getting pistol-whipped for their trouble.

“Anyone gets in our way; they get shot!” One of the gunmen yelled, his weapon pointing all around.

Kara was struggling not to react, trying to find an exit, when she heard Lena’s voice.

“Children make horrible hostages.”

When Kara turned, Lena was halfway to the gunmen, their weapons trained on her.
“Stop! I said stop!” One of the gunmen yelled, pointing at Lena. “I will shoot you!”

“Oh, I’m certain you will,” she replied, still walking casually at him, “But that would be a horrible mistake. As I said, children make horrible hostages. They cry, don’t listen, whine horribly, and everyone villainizes you for taking them. Why I could barely stand myself when I was a child. Now Luthors on the other hand, we make wonderful hostages.”

“Luthors?” The gunman pointing at Lena asked, his arm growing less tense.

She nodded. “Yes, Luthors. I’m a Luthor, Lena Luthor. You’ve heard of me?”

The man nodded.

“Good, that will make this easier. Now, it just so happens I’m quite compliant when kidnapped. I have my own helicopter, several actually. Also, people don’t care for me. Kidnapping a Luthor might actually be seen as a public service. Oh, I also have a generous insurance policy against kidnapping. It automatically pays out five million dollars, no negotiating. I assume that’s more than you have in that little bag there?”

The gunman looked down at the bag in his hand, then spoke over his shoulder. “Let go of the kid. We’ve got a new hostage. Grab the Luthor woman.” As one of the men grabbed Lena’s arm, the first gunman said, “No tricks and no fussing from you.”

Lena replied, “I don’t fuss. It’s beneath me.”

Kara shook trying not to fly directly at the man who held Lena. As the little girl ran back to her parents, a feeling other than rage overtook Kara. Her heart filled with pride. She looked back at Lena, standing alone and fearless not knowing the woman who had her back was the Girl of Steel. At that moment, Kara fell in love with her wife all over again.

“Now then,” Lena began. “If we get my phone, I can order us up that helicopter and get you your ransom money. You’ll all be very rich men. You’ll like that, won’t you?”

As the trio walked back to the table with Lena, Kara said, “Lena, let me help.”

“Kara, darling, just finish your dessert. Go wait for me at home. I’ll be back in a few hours,” Lena replied, pulling her phone from her purse.

“I can help—” As Kara reached across, putting her hand on Lena’s, a gun appeared in her face.

“Back off, bitch.”

It took everything in Kara not to snatch the gun from the man’s hand, breaking his fingers in the process and just taking out his friend’s in the same second. No one would even be able to react. However, she’d out Kara Danvers as soon as she did it.

“Get that weapon out of my friend’s face!” Lena demanded. “As soon as one of you fires a shot, the police will be in here. If the police show up, there will be no helicopter and no money. You choose.”

The man looked uncertain, but the others nodded at him, and he backed off. Lena walked away with them, her cellphone in hand as she made a call.

Hands balled up into fists, Kara was shaking. She couldn’t just let this happen. Kara Danvers might not be able to act, but Supergirl could. Pulling her glasses down to the tip of her nose, she shot out a
light display with her heat vision. It caused sparks that distracted everyone and allowed Kara to slip out the back. Within seconds, that allowed for someone else’s entrance.

Supergirl was there, flying in through the entrance and stopping in front of the gunmen. She saw them all as if they were frozen in place and Lena with them. She pulled the guns out of the hands of the two who weren’t touching Lena, tossing the weapons away and cracking their skulls together. She disarmed the third one, then turned to look at Lena, taking a moment to smile. By Rao, she was beautiful.

As Supergirl slowed down, people around her seemed to move again. She grabbed the wrist of the gunman holding Lena, squeezing until he released Lena even as she picked him up by his throat. Her eyes glowing angry, yellow, threatening to burn him away with her heat vision she said, “Never, ever place a hand on her!” She removed the hand holding his wrist, smacking him in the chest with an open palm that sent him hurtling across the restaurant, through the lobster tank, and into a wall which finally stopped him.

“Supergirl!” Lena said, then looked up and down at what her rescuer was wearing, the dark blue outfit with the silver lined cape and the dual symbol on the costume’s front. “Supergirl?”

“Lena,” Supergirl replied, smiling. “Are you all right?”

“Of course. It’s not like it was my first kidnapping. What are you wearing?”

“Ah… well, this is a nice place, so formal wear?” Supergirl replied. When Lena only stared, she stepped closer, wrapping her arms around Lena’s shoulders. “Are you sure you’re all right? That was extremely dangerous.”

“Well, lucky for me you arrived then.”

Wrapping Lena in a firm embrace, Supergirl replied, “I’ll always be here for you.”

“… ah…”

Whispering in the other woman’s ear, Supergirl said, “Lena, I need to talk to you in private. I know this, what I’m wearing, all of this, is confusing, but I can explain it. Will you meet me in the park tonight, by the big fountain, say 10:00 PM?” Supergirl stepped back but didn’t take her hands off of Lena’s shoulders. She smiled encouragingly, nodding.

“I…” Lena looked down at Supergirl’s suit, the L-Corp symbol with the S within in. She ran her hand down the silver L, feeling how it was embossed into the material. Whatever was going on, it was something for which a curious mind would want an explanation, and Lena Luthor had a curious mind. Looking up at Supergirl again she nodded and said, “All right.”

“Thank you,” Supergirl said happily, hugging Lena again. “You won’t regret this.” Stepping away, she kissed her own fingertips, then pressed them to Lena’s lips. Smiling, she flew off into the night.

Lena was still standing there stunned when Kara’s hand touched her shoulder, pulling her from her reverie. 

“Ummmm, are you two always that close, Lena?” Kara asked, a little smirk on her lips.

“What? No that was… Actually, that was quite strange. Did you see what she was wearing?”

“Yeah. I liked it. Did you like it?”
“It was… That was the L-Corp symbol. Why would she be wearing that?”

“You should ask her,” Kara suggested.

“I’m going to when…” Lena smiled. “Kara, we should get out of here. The police can contact me through my lawyers. Let’s go.”

“Oh, all right.” Kara sadly eyed the rest of her cake on the table. She’d have to grab some ice cream while she was out later.

After their ‘fright’, Kara and Lena headed straight back to the penthouse. There was no walk, and Kara’s usual playful mood was gone. Lena’s concentration was on the meeting she had to keep, and Kara was all too happy to let her make an excuse to keep it.

When Lena left after saying something vague about work, Kara holding a book while sitting on the couch, waving but not really giving the other woman much mind, the blonde was immediately out the balcony and watching Lena the whole time. Kara kept a safe distance, but after tonight’s near-miss, she wouldn’t be letting Lena out of her sights. When Lena made it safely to the fountain a few minutes early, Kara took those few minutes just to admire her wife’s look-alike. She smiled, happy she’d be able to come clean now and even happier she’d be able to go home soon.

“Hello, Lena.”

Lena turned at that familiar voice and then raised an eyebrow at the yet again unfamiliar costume. Seeing her company’s symbol mixed with Supergirl’s, a dark blue and silver costume, the oddity begged exploring.

“Hello… Supergirl.”

Supergirl laughed, slowly lowering herself the few feet needed to reach the ground as she walked toward Lena. “The way you say my name, the way you look at me, you doubt who I am. I can see the doubt in you. Your mind is taking this all in and telling you that something’s wrong, but you haven’t been able to place it yet.”

“All right. Well, you dragged me here in the middle of the night. What am I missing?”

Cupping Lena’s face with one hand, Supergirl replied, “I miss you. I bet you’re missing me too.”

“I’m missing you?” Lena replied, that eyebrow-raising again.

Supergirl reached out, her thumb stopping just short of that eyebrow. The desire to stroke along it was so strong, but she stopped herself. She turned away, hands behind her back as she spoke. “Lena, what do you know of the multiverse?”

“Well, hypothetically speaking…”

Looking over her shoulder, Supergirl shook her head.

A look of shock on her face, Lena gasped and said, “Oh, good God. Who are you?”

Smiling and turning back, Supergirl shrugged. “I’m Supergirl. I’m just not your Supergirl, and you’re not my Lena. This isn’t my National City, my world. I’m not from this dimension, and I’d very much like to go home. I’m hoping you can help me with that.”

“I… of course. Anything. What can I do?”
Supergirl began to walk toward Lena as she replied, “From my experience, you can move mountains, and where there aren’t any, you can grow them. Lena, you’re amazing. You’re the smartest, kindest, most caring and compassionate person I know, and I’d really like to get home to you. We have a lot of good work left to do you and I. Somehow I ended up here, and somehow you’ll figure out how to send me home. I need you.”

As the superhero stopped mere inches from her, Lena looked into blue eyes that stared back with such intensity. Her eyes flicked down to the symbol on the other woman’s chest, the one she could barely see due to proximity. Still, her hand was drawn to touch it once again, feeling it set in, strong, straight lines feeling protective around the symbol she’d come to know as truth, justice, and hope. Lena had so many questions, mainly about how she’d be getting this woman home, but she had another one first.

“This symbol, these symbols together, what do they mean? It’s my company and your symbol. I don’t understand.”

“Of course, you don’t.” Supergirl replied, grabbing Lena’s hand in hers when the other woman tried to step back. “Lena, things are different, better on my world. I’ve heard how people speak about the Luthors here, but where I’m from, your name is very much respected. When I was a young woman and first came out to fight crime, the Luthors stepped forward to protect me from anti-alien persecution. You and I… we work together very closely. This symbol is the symbol of Supergirl, but it’s more than that. It’s our symbol. Luthor Corp and the House of El are stronger together. We’re a team. You and I work together to protect National City, to protect the world, and we’ve saved them both countless times. My strength and your science are an unstoppable combination. Will you team up with me again? Will you send me home?”

Smiling at this woman’s intensity and the idea of a world where her family was a force for good, where her name wasn’t feared but revered, Lena immediately replied, “Yes, yes, of course.”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Supergirl smiled and pulled Lena into a big, gentle hug. “Thank you, Lena Luthor. You’re my hero.”

With a slight laugh, her smile carrying along her voice, Lena said, “A Luthor and a Super a team. Well, that’s astounding.”

Stepping back slightly, but still holding Lena in her arms, Supergirl’s smile never faltered as she said, “You have no idea.”

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When Lena got home, Kara was already in bed, Lena’s bed. The lights were off and the blonde was curled up, facing the wall, her head sandwiched between pillows. There was a book lying open on her, face down.

“Kara,” Lena whispered. “Kara,” Lena repeated giving the girl a gentle nudge, but still there was no response. “Kara.” This time Lena was a bit louder, the nudge closer to a shove, but still, Kara didn’t react. “Goodness, you sleep like the dead. I have four bedrooms in here, and you keep ending up in mine. What will people say?” She laughed. “Well, certainly nothing worse about me than they say now, but your reputation is in danger, Miss Danvers. You should worry about the company that you keep.”
Taking the book off of Kara, Lena closed it and put it on the side table. Then she got out her night clothes and went about preparing for bed. A Supergirl from another dimension where the Luthors weren’t hated, and she and Supergirl worked together. Lena smiled. That seemed like a dream, a fantasy. How she wished she could go to that world, even if only for a day. Supergirl had said the Luthors, plural, had stepped forward to protect her and had called the company Luthor Corp. Did that mean somewhere she had a family, a good and loving family? Even thinking about that made Lena smile. That was something Supergirl did consistently, apparently all Supergirls across all dimensions; they filled people with hope.

Returning to the bedroom, Lena smiled again when she saw Lucas sitting on her spot on the bed. “You, Sir, are a bed hog, and you steal the covers. You’re going back to your shelf.” She had just reached the foot of the bed when she stopped, looking at the teddy bear again, her smiling growing. “Oh, all right, Lucas. Just for tonight. If you snore, you’re out of the bed though, you and Kara both. I won’t have noisy roommates.” Climbing into bed, Lucas curled into her and Kara behind her, Lena settled in for the night.

Smiling, Kara listened to Lena as the other woman made her way around the bedroom. There was a pleasant familiarity to it. It felt like home. The room was different, the way the sounds bounced off the walls were harsher, but then there was Lena. Kara could have sworn this Lena sounded more like her Lena tonight than the woman had the night before, but perhaps it was just wishful thinking. As much as Kara wanted to go home, and she truly did, there was this part of her that hoped she could begin a healing process for the Lena that was here. As much as she was worried about her wife being stuck with her look-a-like, she also hoped it would be an eye-opening experience for the other Kara.

After a few minutes, when Lena’s breathing had started to quiet and become regular, Kara rolled over and snuggled up behind Lena. She was the big spoon. Sometimes, she was the small spoon, as her Lena was strong and protective just like this one, but right now she was the big spoon. This Lena needed it.

Sandwiched between Kara and Lucas, with dreams of a world where the Luthor name was met with smiles and warm greetings and where Luthors and Supers worked together, Lena slept soundly. Since she was four years old and her mother died, and she was brought into a strange home, told she had a new mother, father, and brother, her days and nights had been troubled. Lena Luthor slept soundly for one of the first times in her recollection and dreamt of possibilities.
“Hey Le,” came the voice over the phone to Lena, “How are you feeling? How’s the head?”

“It’s fine, Lex,” Lena replied, sitting back in one of the comfy chairs in a corner of her lab. She stared across the room, watching people who looked so much like ones she knew but were so alien to her. They ate, spoke, smiled, all obviously friends. The body language between Alex and Maggie was intimate, loving. At this moment, Lena envied it. Looking at a woman who could have been her wife were she born on this world, but who wasn’t, it tugged at Lena’s heart.

“Okay, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing I… I just wanted to hear your voice. I was missing my big brother, and you had a lunch meeting cancel so I thought I’d jump on your schedule. So, how are things in Japan?”

“LeLe,” Lex said, his voice gentle and loving but stern and commanding at the same time. “Don’t you lie to your big brother. I know you much too well for that. You and I may have been able to fool our parents, but we’ve never been able to fool each other.”

“I don’t know about that,” Lena said, a smile on her face and in her voice. “I seem to remember being able to outfox you in quite a few games of chess.”

“Oooh, you were always so good at chess, even as a little kid. I was good, really good, but you were better. I explained the rules, showed you how to move the pieces, and the board was yours. I was planning four or five moves in advance, but it was like you were…” Lex’s voice fell off. “And you just did it to me again. I’m trying to find out what’s bothering you, and in twenty seconds you have me talking about us playing chess as kids. How do you do it?”

Lena chuckled. “Some things you just can’t teach.”

“Okay, then the more important question, why am I running the company instead of you, Chess Master? We both know you’d make a better CEO of Luthor Corp than I do. Why not just take the helm, LeLe? I’ll be your right arm, run international affairs, and you can be in charge of all things domestic. This company would be stronger if we truly worked together. What do you say?”

“What I always say. Rich, old, white businessmen like seeing your face, not mine, across a table. That’s a negotiating tool I’ll never have. Plus I love R&D. You know me. I’m not a negotiator. I’m just a geek at heart. Let it go, Lex.”

“Sure… until next quarter,” Lex said, his smile also drifting across the line. “So, if you didn’t call to lift the burden of leadership from my shoulders, why did you call?”

Lena sighed heavily, looking over at Kara again. Her heart ached like it never had before. She’d called just to hear her brother’s voice. Lex was always such a comfort to her. Even as children, when she’d first come into the Luthor home, he’d smiled at her immediately and told her he was her new brother. From that day forward he’d been her guardian, mentor, and friend in a strange new
world. He’d encouraged her curious mind, never talking down to her or being envious when a much younger child seemed to pick things up so quickly. He took pride in her accomplishments and could heal with hugs and pet names the stings of their mother’s words. He was her first hero before adorable Kara Danvers had come into her life.

“It’s… it’s Kara,” Lena admitted hesitantly.

“Kara?” Lex’s playful tone was gone, concern in its place. “What’s wrong with Kara? Is she all right?”

“Yes, she’s…” Lena realized she didn’t know the answer to that question, and her voice caught in her throat. So far her panic had been at the thought of never seeing her wife again because they were stuck in different worlds. Now she realized she knew so little of this other world, didn’t know what dangers awaited her wife, and didn’t even know if her wife still lived. What did it matter if she gathered the data and pieces needed to recreate the events that had transferred people between worlds? If Kara wasn’t still alive, what did any of it matter?

“Lena?”

“She’s fine,” Lena managed to say, more to herself than her brother. “Kara’s fine.”

“That doesn’t sound convincing. What the hell’s going on?”

Lena considered just opening up and telling Lex the truth. He was one of the few people in this world who knew both sides of Kara, both the wife and the superhero. He was one of the few people who could understand the insanity of this situation. He’d probably drop everything, jump on a plane, and…no. It was something on which she and Kara had always agreed. No matter what awful things were hurtling to the Earth in that moment, they might call their family just to say they loved them and hear their voices, but they’d never say why they called. That was something they’d bear themselves. Supergirl was a force that stood against the evils of this world and stood for hope. Standing for hope meant more than stopping bullets but also stopping certain truths from passing beyond that veil, and Lena was part of team Supergirl.

“Kara, she… she and I are separated.” Technically true, but not the truth. Lena had to say something. She was floundering.

“Shit.”

Lex was silent then, and Lena imagined him running his hand through his hair, red curls tossed around by fingertips. It was a nervous habit he had. Though a good businessman, he’d make a lousy card player. Lena even noticed it as a child when they played chess. If he were unsure, sacrificing a piece in a gambit he hoped would work, his hand would go to his hair. Lena, on the other hand, had been schooled since birth to sit quietly and upright in a certain fashion. Her mother said there was a certain type of people in this world, and she’d need to garner their attention, but the right kind of attention. Stillness and order were apparently innate to her, and they served her well under the studious eye of Lillian Luthor.

“How long?” Lex asked.

“Not long,” Lena admitted with a sigh.

“Is she cheating on you? Has she been cheating on you!” Lex’s anger grew, the accusation boiling off of him.

“God no, Lex. This is Kara. She wouldn’t. She’d never… no. It’s nothing like that,” Lena assured
her brother.

“I’m sorry Lena,” Lex replied, breathing more calmly. “You just sound so hurt. I can tell you’re upset. When we spoke last month, you were as happy as I’ve ever heard you. What happened?”

“It… things, Lex. Life got in the way of our life. We’re trying to fix it, but right now, we’re separated. We both want to change it. We both want things to be the way they used to be, but right now, we can’t see our way back together.”

“God, I’m so sorry, Lena.” A long sigh came across the line. “Mom said Kara took hours to get to the hospital when you were hurt. It makes sense now. You two aren’t living together. She had no idea you were hurt, did she?”

Curling up in the chair and away from the woman whose image was an exercise in torture, Lena cradled her phone in her splinted hand and admitted, “No. Kara had no idea I’d been injured. We’re not living together right now, and I didn’t call her. I… didn’t see a reason to. Then Mother called Kara’s phone, and suddenly there she was, Kara, standing in my hospital room. Things have just been a mess since that day. Things have been…” Lena’s laugh held no humor. “I suppose a mess is as good a term as any.”

“Right. Right. I don’t know what to say, Lena. I want to keep apologizing, and that’s not helping. Does Mom know?”

“Are you fucking kidding?” Lena snorted. “You want me to tell her that my life is anything less than perfect? That’s rich. She already nit-picks at me for everything that I do or fail to do or… whatever. No, Mother has no idea.”

“Uh… hasn’t she noticed?” Lex asked.

Exhaling slowly, Lena turned back to look at the blonde across the lab again and replied, “No, because Kara is staying in the house right now. If you ask Mother, she will tell you everything seems fine, and don’t you tell her otherwise.”

“I wouldn’t dare. So what can I do?”

“Get Mother out of my house? Honestly, Lex, even on a good day she and I shouldn’t be under the same roof. Look, I know people love and respect Mother, and I get along famously with people. My house is my strong base though. I’m silver salts, and she’s ammonia. We shouldn’t ever be together there.”

Lex laughed. “You are such a little science nerd. Look, I’m going to be out of the country for another few days, but let me call Lana. I’ll tell her that Mom has set a new record for getting under your skin, and you need a rescue. I’ll ask her to call Mom and say the kids miss her. Mom can’t deny her grandbabies.”

“God, Lex, that would mean the world to me. That’s really what I need, some breathing room.”

“You’ll use that to try and work things out with Kara, try and reconcile?”

“Absolutely,” Lena agreed. “It’s what I want, truly it is. It’s what she wants too. There are just… things keeping us apart right now. Things we intend to fix. Things we’ll move Heaven and Earth to fix. I love her, Lex, and she loves me.”

“I’m glad to hear that, LeLe,” Lex said, his tone gentler again. “Tell me what else is going on in your life. How else can I help?”
Lena wiped tears from her face, glad that her voice hadn’t cracked. “You have helped. Tell me what’s going on in your life. Distract me from my problems. Have you been quite impressive in your negotiations on this trip?”

“Oh, quite.”

He’d spent much of her childhood cheering Lena up. Losing her only family at such a young age, and being brought to live with strangers was hard on a child, but Lex always did what he could to brighten her spirit. He remembered the first time he saw Lena: black hair, pale skin, the teddy bear nearly as big as her clutched to her like her only friend in the world, and that backpack filled with the oddest collection of dismembered electronics and one hard covered book. Still, while his mother looked down at her, there was something fearless about Lena, and Lex was drawn to the little girl. He just knew they’d always be in each other’s lives.

“They’re talking about putting up a statue of me next to the one of Admiral Yi Sunshin,” Lex added in his flippant way.

Lena laughed. “Oh, you must be making quite an impression then.”

“When don’t I?”

Sitting with her sister and Maggie, Kara was only vaguely aware of their conversation. Her concentration was on Lena. It was both heartbreaking and heartwarming at the same time. The woman was in so much pain. These moments Kara envied everyone else who could just walk away and block out the people around them. Between her powers and her oversized heart, figuratively speaking, Kara couldn’t do that. Lena's relationship with Lex though, that was incredible. Lena back home had spoken about what a great big brother Lex had been before he’d gone insane. Though she believed Lena and could imagine it… sort of, she’d obviously never seen it even though Clark had said how close he and Lex had been before things had twisted horribly. Listening in on this little piece of Lena’s life, she felt glad for Lena here to have this brother and badly for Lena at home to have lost him. When a hand touched hers, Kara looked up, startled.

“You okay?” Alex asked.

Kara nodded, then shrugged. “Feeling guilty I guess.”

“Guilty? You? Kara, why? You’re not taking on any guilt for being here, are you?”

“Well…” Kara looked over at Lena who was turned away, curled up and facing the wall while she spoke to her brother. “Her life was really pretty good before I got here. It’s all falling apart for her now.”

“Hey, none of our lives are a bed of roses right now. None of us did this. We’re all just victims of circumstances. Don’t beat yourself up, kid. Here, have another potsticker,” Maggie said sliding the takeout container across the lab table toward Kara.

“No thanks. I’m not hungry,” Kara said with a sigh.

“Well, now I know that’s not true,” Alex said. “We’ll be burying you with a box of potstickers and a container of ice cream. Talk to us.”

Kara nodded. “You two have each other. Even if we never get out of here, at least that happened. I’m, well, I’m me. I can still slide into this life and be Supergirl, but that actually makes it worse for Lena. I mean, if we’re stuck here, Lena is stuck pretending I’m her wife. Imagine if only one of you two had been transported to another dimension, and you were stuck with an alternate Maggie or an
alternate Alex. Imagine if you couldn’t tell anyone what was going on, so you just had to smile for the public, because in this case, you’re a Luthor, so there’s a whole lot of public, and be married to that other person. Guys, if we’re stuck here, I’m her wife.”

Maggie and Alex both turned across to look at where Lena sat curled protectively while she spoke into the phone, but it was Maggie who said, “Oh, that’s fucked up.”

“I know. I keep wondering if she’s going to divorce me.”

“That’s what you keep wondering?” Alex asked.

“Weird, right? We’re not really married, but legally we kind of are. If we get divorced, the judge will make us say why, right? We can’t say alternate dimension doppelganger, so I guess we go with irreconcilable differences. My not being her wife and actually being someone from another dimension, I’d call that irreconcilable.”

“So then what happens if you get divorced, and she figures this out five years later and gets her wife back?” Maggie asked as she grabbed a teriyaki veggies on a stick.

“They get remarried?” Alex suggested.

“Okay, but what if, in the meantime, Kara falls in love with someone here, gets married, and doesn’t want to leave. Riddle me that, Batman,” Maggie said pointing with the stick of veggies.

“Ugh!” Kara dramatically collapsed face first onto the table, then lifted her head up and turned around, lying onto the table, so her shoulders and head fell onto it. “UGH! I hate everything about this. It’s so hard.”

“Hey, want to go play fetch with your dog again?” Alex asked, rubbing Kara’s shoulder.

“No, I broke something, some prototype thingy, and Lena said she was ‘quite cross’ with me. I felt like a nickel. What’s the point of having a robot dog if you can’t play ball with it?” Suddenly Kara perked up and turned around on her stool. “Hey, do you think Lena on our dimension has a robot dog?”

“Yeah, or maybe she has a robot cat, and she’ll let you play with that, kid,” Maggie suggested.

“Hey, easy there,” Alex said, nudging her girlfriend.

“What did I say?”

“Innuendo much?” Alex pointed out.

Maggie shook her head. “I said play with her cat, not pet her… other word for cat. You’re the one with the dirty mind, Danvers.”

“Right, you’re a saint.”

“Saint Margaret, curer of closeted lesbians,” Maggie said, grinning and folding her hands together as if in prayer.

“Hey, cool it,” Kara said. “Lena’s off the phone, and she’s headed this way.”

Suddenly everyone was incredibly interested in their food. Lena padded her way over to the group. Even when she reached them, she still stood outside of their presence, an obvious outsider, an intruder. Perhaps the truth was they were the intruders in her life.
Clearing her throat, Lena announced, “Well, I’ve done what I can for the evening. My system is running some algorithms. It will take hours to complete, and my sitting around and nursing things won’t make them run any faster. In the morning, I’ll come in and check on the results.”

Hopping down from her stool, Maggie said, “Time to go?”

“We can use my elevator,” Lena said, heading toward the back of the lab.

“What about…?” Maggie gestured toward another section of the lab, a section where they’d gone briefly to drop something off but where she hadn’t been able to leave her guilt.

“Your Agent Schott will be fine,” Lena assured Maggie. “We have several unsavory sorts in storage here. They’re all monitored, their life signs kept under my system’s watchful eye and quite stable. The lab has an independent energy system which is separate from the city grid and has a backup system should the primary somehow fail. Even in the event of a city-wide blackout, this place would keep running for weeks.” Lena put her hand on a panel, and it glowed green, an elevator door opening as they all stepped in.

“Wow, something for the woman who has everything, huh?” Maggie said with a grin.

Lena looked up at Kara, then looked away. “Well, almost everything.”

As the door closed, a sensor above the door scanned all of them from head to toe. “Identity: Lena Luthor. Identity: Kara Luthor. Identity: Dr. Alexandria Danvers. Identity: DEO Agent Margaret Sawyer. Unauthorized personal detected. Override code required.”

“Zor-El,” Lena said without skipping a beat.

“Authorization code, accepted.” The elevator smoothly slid into action.

“Why do I think that was meant for me, and the wrong code would have meant something else for me?” Maggie grumbled at Alex.

“It’s okay, sweetie. You know this isn’t about you, right?” Alex replied, grabbing her girlfriend’s hand.

“Easy for you to say. You didn’t almost have your face melted by R2Dog2.”

With a quick laugh, Alex said, “At least you still have your sense of humor. That was funny.”

“Thanks,” Maggie said, leaning into Alex. “I thought of it a while ago, but I was waiting for an excuse to use it.”

“Well, I’m glad I could supply said excuse,” Lena said, intruding on the couple’s conversation. “Alex is right though, Officer. These protocols have nothing to do with you. They were put into place long before you showed up in my lab or my world for that matter. They were made to deal with your… other self who has rather relentlessly badgered my family. We’re very serious about not having the DEO in our lives, and we intend to prove our sincerity.”

Maggie was silent for several moments and then she said, “Detective.”

“Hmm?” Lena looked around Alex at Maggie.

“You called me Officer. I’m a detective.”

“Oh, well, apologies.”
The door opened and let them out into the private parking garage. Lena put her hand on a panel, opening it to the public section.

“Your car will be in there. At least, I assume you parked in the garage. I’ll be in touch tomorrow when I know more,” Lena said.

Maggie pulled out her wallet and held up their parking ticket, grinning. “Do you validate?”

Pushing a few buttons on her watch, Lena got to display she wanted. She took the ticket, held it over the watch face, pushed another button which caused the watch to beep, then handed the ticket back. “All set.”

“Seriously?” Maggie looked at the ticket. “I was just kidding. Uh, thanks. Talk to you tomorrow.”

“Bye, Lena,” Alex said as Lena nodded to her.

Kara looked at Lena sadly, not sure what to say, if she should say anything, and knowing a hug was right out. Deciding saying nothing was probably the safest call, she turned and walked off with her sister and Maggie.

“Kara? Where are you going?”

At her name, Kara turned back to face Lena. “Uh, home? Well, obviously not home. I’m going to my apartment, well, Alex’s apartment. In my dimension, it’s my apartment though. I… I don’t know, where am I going, Lena? I thought you just told us to head home for the night?”

“Well, them, yes. You need to come home with me.”

“Say again?”

Lena held out her hand. “Come along. My mother is at my house. I certainly can’t go home without you, not unless it’s a life and death situation, and that’s not hyperbole, Supergirl.”

“But…” Kara turned to her sister and Maggie for support.

“Oh, come on, Kara,” Lena said walking forward and grabbing the other woman’s hand. “We’re stuck with each other until we solve this.”

“So, you want me to stay with you until your mother leaves?”

Lena pulled on Kara’s hand, but the other woman’s arm didn’t even lever forward slightly. “Kara, there are servants in my house. They have a certain expectation of my relationship with my wife. Servants are gossips. I want you to come home and live up to those expectations, understand?”

“Whoa,” Maggie half-said, and half-breathed.

“You want me to… to… to…?”

“To…?” Lena waited to see if Kara would say anything else. “Oh, God no! No, I just want you to seem… affectionate. I want us to look happy when other people are around. I’m going to work very hard to get Kara back and all of you home, but I don’t need rumors flying when that happens. I don’t expect anything unseemly between us. I just need you to be friendly, to act like you like me. Can you do that?”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Kara said, “Easily. I do like you Lena. You’re my friend. On my world, we’re really good friends.”
“Just friends?”
Kara nodded.

“I see. Well, then, let’s get home. I do hope you don’t snore because—” Lena had only made it a few steps when Kara stopped, and she was jerked back suddenly. “Now what?”

“Where am I sleeping?” Kara asked.

“You’re Kara Luthor as far as the world knows. Where do you think you’re sleeping?”

“Lena, I don’t know if that’s such a good idea. We probably shouldn’t be in the same bed. I mean before we—”

“Before I thought you were my wife,” Lena pointed out. “We’ll be sleeping together, not sleeping together. Now come along.”

“But… I…”

Lena tugged and pulled, but Kara was unmoving, instead looking over her shoulder at her sister and Maggie who only looked back shrugging.

“Oh, for goodness’ sake. Kara was the most nervous little virgin, but this is ridiculous. You’re asking me to open a wormhole in the space-time continuum because my wife is lost on another dimension, and I’m soldiering ahead with more grace right now. Is the idea of being in the same king size bed with me so awful that you look like you’re ready to fly to Metropolis again just to avoid me?”

“I… Alex?” Kara looked back at her sister again.

“You know what, just forget it. When I have this all figured out, I’ll call you. Until then, I don’t need to see any of you again. I’ll just tell everyone that Kara is sick and will be out of work for several days. Unless there is a major emergency, she never misses work, so it will be fine.” Lena walked away while she spoke.

“Lena, wait,” Kara said, going after the other woman and grabbing her hand.

“I said forget it!” Lena yelled grabbing her hand back. “You don’t want anything to do with me? Well, I don’t want anything to do with you either. As far as I’m concerned, the only thing I’ll need you for again is trading you for my wife.”

Kara watched as Lena walked over to where her motorcycle sat, pulling on the leathers and helmet, then, pulling out just a bit too quickly to disappear to the left.

Sighing, Kara walked back to her sister and Maggie. “I think I screwed up.”

“You both did,” Alex said. “She made an assumption she shouldn’t have made, and you didn’t do a very good job of talking to her about it. Neither of you is hearing the other one. She’s treating you like her wife then attacking you when you aren’t her wife, and you’re… I think you’re just freaking out, Kara.”

“Lena isn’t so… emotional at home. Even when Lillian framed her for that jailbreak and then tried to kill her, Lena was just sad, maybe a little disappointed. I don’t even think she was too surprised. It’s like she expects the world to treat her badly. Lena would probably be more surprised if people were nice to her.”
“Sorry about arresting her,” Maggie mumbled.

“Kara, the evidence did point at Lena,” Alex said, defending her girlfriend. “You’re the only one who seems to be so endlessly optimistic that she can stick up for everyone all the time.”

Kara nodded. “You know what? I am optimistic. Thanks, Alex. I’m going to catch up to Lena.”

“And do what?” Maggie asked.

Shrugging, Kara replied, “I haven’t figured that part out yet. I am going to talk to her though. We’ll work it out. Don’t wait up for me.” Kara took off leaving a breeze in her wake.

“So are we going to have the place to ourselves tonight?” Maggie asked as she and Alex headed toward their rental car.

“Probably,” Alex admitted. “Kara has a way of making things work out in her favor.”

“So, Dr. Danvers, want to play doctor tonight?”

“Play doctor?”

Maggie nodded, wagging her eyebrow. “You can check me out with your stethoscope, and then I’ll lick your lollipop.”

Putting her hand to Maggie’s forehead, she replied, “Oh, I think you have a terrible fever. I’m prescribing lots of bed rest.”

“If you say so… Doc.”

Kara was flying high above the city streets and was impressed by how long it took her to catch up with Lena. They’d ridden in together, and it had been a much more sedate experience. Okay, well not sedate. It was fast in the way of motorized vehicles. Kara could see Lena moving up ahead and the word coming to mind was suicidal.

She continued to follow from a distance until they reached the city limits. This wasn’t the sort of thing they needed to get into with neighbors about. Once they reached the highway, Kara flew past Lena and found a good straightaway. Then she touched down in the middle of the lane and waited.

Hands on hips in her classic pose, Kara watched the advancing cycle’s light as it first illuminated her from a distance, and she nodded to herself. Now that Lena had seen her, she knew the other woman would slow down. As the cycle sped forward, the lights of the headlight decreasing in size and increasing in illumination, she was certain Lena would slow down. As the cycle’s engine thrummed as it was gunned to even further speed, Kara started to doubt Lena’s sanity.

“Oh, come on, Lena. I’ll be fine, but you’re going to kill yourself.”

At the last possible moment, Lena turned fractionally and leaned to the left. Kara jerked her torso to the right in reaction. She saw the motorcycle streak past her with a little bump, then speed away.

“Very mature, Lena!” Kara yelled over her shoulder shaking her head. Then she looked down at her crème colored leather boot. Though it was dark, and she couldn’t see overly well, she was fairly certain there was an ugly black scuff mark where the tires from the bike had gone over her foot.

“Rao damn it!” It didn’t matter that these weren’t her boots. It was the principle of the thing.

Taking to the air again, Kara was in hot pursuit. Lena Luthor might have ridden like a madwoman,
but Kara was flying like a mad woman. She quickly caught up to Lena and flew alongside her. “Pull over!”

Though Lena turned her head to the left to look in her direction, Kara wasn’t certain Lena could actually hear her. She pointed, trying to make her intentions understood, but Lena merely faced forward again. Then she reached forward with her left hand, making the bike shake a bit and reminding Kara that Lena was riding injured, and pressed a button. Seconds later, the bike shifted.

The tires moved, so they sat more front and back, and the body of the bike shifted down. Lena moved forward with it until she was almost lying flat, just her legs tucked under her and her elbows bent. The bike already had a long, curved, smoked windshield, but that shifted back until it was covering two-thirds of Lena. Then plating came up from the back to cover Lena’s lower half and fold under the windshield.

“Cool,” Kara said slowly. “Lena, your bike is cool!”

Suddenly Lena lurched forward, her bike gaining an even greater surge of speed. Kara hung back for several seconds, marveling at the machine before she made haste to catch up again. She was making up ground when small rockets shot out of the back of the bike, intent on her.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me!” Kara said, taking to higher in the air but finding the rockets followed her. She continued upward, turning just her head to shoot them out of the sky with her heat vision. “Homing rockets? Not cool, Lena!”

Kara took off after the motorcycle again, though with much more caution this time. She had to remember she wasn’t dealing with her friend the CEO; she was dealing with Lena Luthor, mad scientist. She flew ahead of the bike, waiting down the road and hovering in the way. She hoped this would keep her out of the path of rockets. Kara could see some kind of panel open as the bike moved closer, and she zipped to the side as something came out, a red line chasing her across the sky. When she looked down at her suit, there was a clearly cut slice across the lapel.

“Lasers? Your bike has lasers? That’s… Okay, that’s really cool, but so was this suit. Man…” Kara whined slightly, shaking her head, deciding that if she didn’t want to be naked, the best course of action might be just to head home and wait for Lena. She wasn’t really trying to stop the other woman, just have a conversation. If Lena wanted to have this conversation in the driveway, Kara was willing to make that happen.

When Lena returned home, her motorcycle looking like what people mean when they say ‘crotch rocket’ and not what might have quite literally been a crotch rocket, she pulled to a stop, her headlight shining brightly on Kara. The blonde stood with hands on hips, staring down at the rider. The mansion was only a few hundred feet away, close enough for loud voices and definitely close enough for rockets to be heard.

“I just want to talk,” Kara said.

Lena’s response was the rev the engine of her bike.

“Oh, come on, Lena. I bet your hand is aching, and you’re exhausted. You made your point. You’re mad at me. You rode off, and I followed you all the way home. We both handled things badly. Now, let’s talk like adults.”

Dropping her kickstand, Lena got off the bike. She strode at Kara and pulled off her helmet, slapping the blonde in the chest with it. “You ruined my life.”
“You ruined my suit.”

“That’s not your suit.”

Kara shrugged. “True, but I’m the only one who can wear it right now. We’re stuck with each other until you figure this out. Can we find a way to make it a bit less miserable? Look, I know you’re not happy that I’m here. I’m not happy that I’m here. I bet I’ve got dozens of enemies I’ve never even heard about on this world, and except for two people, all of my friends and family are a dimension away. I’m scared, Lena. I’m really scared. Can we just not…” Kara closed her eyes, rubbing at tears that ran down her cheeks. When she felt someone press against her, the tears flowed faster, but easier.

“I’m sorry,” Lena said.

“Me too,” Kara replied, pulling the helmet out of the way so she could wrap Lena up in her arms. “Can we stop treating each other like the enemy? I know we’re not friends, but maybe we could be allies?”

Lena nodded. “I bet we could even be friends, Kara Zor-El.”

“Thank you, Lena Luthor.”

They stood there for several minutes, just holding each other, both of them shedding a few quiet tears before they calmed.

Finally, Kara asked, “How much does your hand hurt?”

“So much. Riding my bike home was stupid.”

“Likely arrogant, but not stupid. I doubt you’re ever stupid.”

With a little laugh, Lena said, “There you go again, sounding like her. Well, no motorcycle for a little while for me. Mother will be thrilled. Ugh. Mother.”

“Hey,” Kara lifted Lena’s chin, making the woman look at her. “How about I drive us into work tomorrow? I mean, I could fly us in, but where would I park my cape?”

That got another laugh. “So much like her. That plan sounds good. Just leave the bike out here tonight. It won’t rain, and mother will find it absolutely gauche.” As Kara placed the helmet on the bike, Lena began to walk toward the house. “I’m so tired. I wish we had an elevator. Listen to me. I sound like an old—” She suddenly found herself lifted into Kara’s arms. “What are you doing?”

“Carrying my wife into the house. She’s had a long day at work, and she hurt her hand. I think she could use the assist.”

“Kara, you can’t,” Lena said, shaking her head.

“Apparently, I can. Now quiet down and put your head on my shoulder. Feel free to fall asleep before we get to the bedroom. I won’t take offense.”

As they entered the house, Lena curled up in Kara’s arms, Lillian was sitting up in the living room. She sat in front of a fire, a book in her hand. The woman looked up once, then did a double take at what she saw.

“What happened to your suit?” Lillian asked.
“Lab accident,” Kara replied, never breaking stride on her way toward the stairs, then stopping. She
turned back around and looked at the older Mrs. Luthor. “You noticed my suit and didn’t notice
your daughter’s hand?”

“Oh… well, I thought—”

“Lab accident,” Kara said over Lillian. “Thanks for caring.” Without saying another word, Kara
turned and headed up the stairs.

When they reached the bedroom, Lena said, “Now that wasn’t a very good imitation. My Kara
would never have said that to Mother.”

“Maybe because you don’t let her,” Kara replied. “I have a hard time believing someone who
knows you and loves you doesn’t have the urge to defend you. I only met you two days ago, and I
can’t stop doing it.”

As Kara put her on the ground, Lena wandered off to the bathroom to change. Those words were
settling in though. She’d spent ten years telling Kara, her Kara, not to interfere with her and her
mother’s relationship. Kara had defended this world from alien invasion, and Lena knew Kara
would die for her. That went without question. Was it really so wrong for Kara to speak up in her
defense when it came to Lillian Luthor? Grabbing more painkillers from the cabinet, Lena let all
sorts of medicine settle into her system. Maybe by the time her hand healed, she’d have the answers
she needed, and more importantly her wife back to go with them.
Beer Is A Gateway Drink

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes place in our dimension with the characters from the other dimension.

As always, feedback appreciated. Seriously, this is like 76k in at the end of day 2 for the characters. Is that right? So much more to go with this story. Anyone who has hung in this far is a champion. I keep saying this is the Dagwood Sandwich of fanfic...so many layers. When won't we be able to fit this all in? Someone is going to choke on the olive.

Alex rattled her apartment key, well technically Kara’s apartment here on this world, in the lock with an odd smile on her face. Her day at the DEO had been the most exhilarating experience she ever remembered. Kara said the DEO on their world wasn’t like this but… Kara was right of course, but what if they couldn’t get back home? Why then she’d be ’Agent Alex Danvers of the DEO’. Laughing, she turned the key and walked inside.

“Who wants barbecue chickpea and cauliflower flatbreads with avocado mash?” Alex asked as she swept into the room.

“No one in their right fucking mind,” Maggie said from the couch, tipping back the beer in her hand.

“Are you drinking?” Alex asked as she walked into the kitchen and began to unload her grocery bag.

“Am I conscious?” Maggie replied.

Alex shook her head, not interested in dealing with the DEO agent on their dimension and the best of times, let alone here and today. She pulled out a baking sheet and a cutting tray, walking over to the knife block but stopping. There were a dozen, long-stem red roses in a vase there.

“Why do we have roses?” Alex asked.

“Hmmm?” Maggie waved her beer around aimlessly. “Oh, I got them for you.”

“You… you what?” Alex stepped out from behind the kitchen counter. “Agent Sawyer, Maggie, what did you just say?”

“Flowers… for you,” Maggie said with a small smile over at Alex. Then she turned back to staring at the wall, taking another swig of beer.

Alex walked into the living room, taking a better look at the scene there. There were seven beer bottles on the table, six of them empty, plus the one in Maggie’s hand. An empty pizza box stood open next to two empty Chinese food take-out containers. Four, no five candy wrappers were scattered on the table and the floor along with two pint-sized ice cream containers.

“Did you eat all of this?” Alex asked, her eyes big as saucers.

“Yup.”

Instead of saying it looked like her sister on a food binge, Alex walked into the kitchen and grabbed
the trash can. She brought it back to the living and began to toss trash into it. When she had the room cleared, she took the trash to the kitchen and returned with a washcloth to clean the table.

“Feet belong on the floor, not the table,” Alex said, pushing Maggie’s feet off the table rather harshly.

“Hey, easy, I had a rough day,” Maggie said as her feet hit the carpet.

“Well, I had to perform an emergency dialysis with liquid nitrogen to keep two Rimerians from exploding. What made your day so hard?” Alex asked.

“Two Aliens? You had to deal with two aliens?” Maggie asked.

Alex nodded.

Maggie snorted. “Amateur. I had to deal with…” She started counting, her lips moving as her eyes shifted back and forth. “Damn, Doc, there were over twenty of them in my face today. Some of them wanted a drink, some of them needed a rescue, some of them kicked my ass, and others are Chihuahua eaters.”

“I’m sorry, what eaters?” Alex asked, sliding into the seat next to Maggie.

“My lips to God’s ear, I busted a God damn Chihuahua consumer ring today. They ate the poor little things whole, alive, can you believe that?”

Alex was shaking her head in disbelief, but Maggie wasn’t looking.

“Hey, Doc, do you need me to get home, or do you just need my body?”

“How many beers have you had?” Alex asked.

“All the beers.” She turned, shifting on the couch, bending her leg so that her knee was on it and she could face Alex. “I’m serious though. If I died, could you just take my body and go home?”

“Okay, you’ve had enough beer,” Alex said, taking the beer in Maggie’s hand and placing it on the table. “I think you probably had enough beer a six-pack ago.”

“I almost died today.”

Alex froze, hand outstretched over the beer on the table. Slowly, she turned back and sat, facing Maggie. “How almost?”

“There was this house, big aliens. I was casing the place. Apparently, Maggie here does that. I saw one of them carrying in a bag, and it moved. It was kid-sized, like a teenager. I didn’t know who to call at the precinct, and Kara was off with you on a DEO mission, so I figured I’d handle it myself. I caused a distraction, slid in through the basement window, and that’s when I found them.”

“Who’s them?” Alex asked, her voice not much more than a whisper.

“The girls. There were maybe a dozen of them, all aliens, looked like teenagers. They were cute if you’re into teenage, alien girls.” Maggie paused, waiting to see if Alex would get it but then added, “Apparently someone is. It was a sex trafficking ring. The girls were being sold.”

“Oh, my…!” Hands over her mouth, Alex sat there stunned.

“They were aliens, and I’m DEO. I stop aliens. I don’t help them, but they were so fucking scared,
and they were just kids. I had to do something, right? I couldn’t just leave them there, could I?"

“You had to help them,” Alex said, grabbing Maggie’s hand.

"I got them out of their cages, told them I’d go upstairs and make some noise so they could get out of the neighborhood. I headed up and got a good look of the first floor before the rest of the gang came back in. There were three of them, and I took them out without a problem. It made noise, and two more came downstairs. I got them too. That was five. I’d only seen six. The kids told me there were six. Brian told me there were six.”

“Who’s Brian?”

“Oh, Brian’s Maggie’s CI. He’s an alien. He almost got a Trifecta, but his horse is a good mudder, and the track was too dry.”

Brow furrowed, Alex blinked rapidly. She didn’t know what any of that meant. She understood the words ‘alien’ and ‘horse’. The rest of it lost her. “So, there were six?” Alex asked, trying to get back to the story that led to Maggie almost dying.

“That’s what I thought. The leader, her name was V; she was upstairs. She was smart, a real badass, and big. I found her by her laptop, identified myself as a cop, and told her to come peacefully or not. I didn’t really care. There was some witty banter. Then I shot her.”

Alex gasped. “Did she die?”

“Nope, she smiled.”

“Uh, that doesn’t sound right.”

Pulling her jacket from the couch next to her, Maggie grabbed a silver disk from the pocket and held it out. “Tachyon shield. Little fuckers move so fast; they make you pretty much invulnerable. Of course, they’re ridiculously expensive.” Maggie brought it to her lips, kissing it. “Now she’s mine.”

“Maggie? Maggie?” Taking the tachyon shield from the DEO agent’s hand, Alex put it on the table. “Finish your story.”

“Oh, sure. Where was I?”

“You shot V, and she smiled.”

“Right, right. Then she said she had friends. I turned to my right and saw there were two more I hadn’t accounted for. One of them grabbed my arm and broke it. Hurt like a son of a bitch. That’s when I lost my gun.”

Alex was looking back and forth between Maggie’s arms, searching for injury.

"As he came at me, I slammed him with my bracer and broke his shoulder, then his nose. I smashed his friend up pretty good too. V was on me before I even got up. She got my bracer arm and grabbed me by the throat. I tried to fight her with my elbow, kicked the hell out of her, but she was too strong. She just squeezed and choked me out.”

“But… How did you beat her?” Alex asked, looking up from Maggie’s arm.

“I didn’t. Like I said. She choked me out. I lost Alex. She kicked my ass. V had me. My number was up. There were little black dots, then darkness. Then I heard this angel.”
“You actually heard an angel?”

“No, it was this Allurian kid. They have voices like angels. The kids I told to leave, they came back and saved me. They took out V and her guys. Aliens, aliens saved my life. Can you believe that?” Maggie shook her head.

“Why wouldn’t they? Aliens are just people, Maggie. My sister’s an alien.”

“Yeah, but… yeah,” Maggie said nodding.

“You said you broke your arm. Which one?” Alex asked.

Maggie held up her right arm, and Alex took it into her hands, examining it more closely. “One of the kids, she was pink, like seriously pink not like you are, she had ten eyes, and she did something to me. She said she was putting enzymes in me. That’s not going on any report. I’m pretty sure that gets me kicked out of the DEO. She healed me. It’s been slow, and I’ve been so damn hungry. I keep eating. Man, I don’t want even to tell you what I got at the drive through, but it was all king sized.”

“Does this hurt?” Alex asked pushing Maggie’s hand back.

“Nah.”

“How about this?” Alex pushed down on the hand, bending the wrist in the opposite direction.

“It’s fine, maybe stiff but fine. You know the weirdest part?”

“There’s a weirder part?” Alex asked.

“The DEO showed up. I was worried they would because of the weapons I used, but I knew a normal pistol wouldn’t take these guys out. When they got there, when I saw Henshaw, I got in front of the kids. I don’t even know why I did it. They were aliens. That was the DEO. What was I thinking?”

“That they were kids,” Alex replied.

“I guess,” Maggie said with a sigh. “So, you never answered my question.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t remember you asking me a question.”

“If I die, can you just take my body and get back through the portal, Doc?”

“Hey, don’t talk like—”

Grabbing Alex’s shoulder’s Maggie said, “I’m serious. Give me an answer. When V was choking me out, and I lost the energy to fight back, my first thought was for my folks. I’ve always been really close with my dad, and I felt awful that he’d never know what happened to me, that he wouldn’t even have a body to bury. Then, my next thought was about you.”

“Why me?” Alex asked surprised.

“Well, you and Kara but more you, I guess. I mean, I’d feel awful if she couldn’t get back to her wife, but she’s Supergirl. She kind of has it made, right? You, though, stuck here and having to pretend to be a DEO agent, Doc, that’s dangerous. You wouldn’t last. I don’t know all of the stuff this Maggie knows to do her job. I don’t know who to call for backup and who my friends are. If we don’t make it home soon, I don’t know that I’m making it home. The DEO sent me to that roof
though. It was an assignment. Anytime I go on assignment, I may not make it home, and I can accept that.” Face dropping, Maggie shook her head before she looked up at Alex. “I can’t accept that for you. If I die, can you just take my body and get home?”

Mouth tight, Alex shook her head. “No, because you’re not going to die here so stop talking that way.”

Maggie studied the doctor’s face then asked, “Is it hard being her sister?”

“Kara? No, she’s great.”

“She’s perfect, isn’t she? She’s beautiful, rich, she can fly... just like everyone’s little sister. Oh, and she routinely saves cities and the world on occasion. I’m sure when you all sat around the Danvers family dinner table and discussed what you did at work that day you felt equal to your sister. You’d excitedly say that you saved a life that day and she’d mention that she saved 7,000 lives... and please pass the peas. So you worked harder, got better grades, more degrees, and had no social life because what you always had on your sister was smarts. You were the smart one, weren’t you, Alex?”

Alex sat, wide-mouthed and staring while Maggie spoke. All of their past conversations had been heated and filled with barbs, but this strange situation had created odd tension and intimacy. It was a different level of comfort and discomfort.

“Our parents loved us both the same,” Alex finally managed to say.

“Of course they did. Jeremiah and Eliza are good folks. Did you ever feel equal to her though? When her face was the symbol of hope across billboards, and she cut ribbons on hospitals, did anyone ever tell you that you’re just as valuable, just as amazing, just as beautiful?” Moving her hands from Alex’s shoulders to the woman’s face, Maggie said, “You are just as beautiful, you know?”

Grabbing Maggie’s wrists, Alex asked, “How drunk are you?”

“Not,” Maggie replied. “Like the food, the booze keeps burning off. I don’t need to be drunk to tell you that you’re beautiful. But maybe I need to be on another world and almost die to...” Pushing up slightly onto her leg, Maggie leaned forward and kissed Alex.

Alex didn’t react. Suddenly Maggie’s mouth was against hers, soft full lips moving, shifting, kissing first her upper and then her lower lip. Maggie’s tongue snuck out, tracing a line along her lower lip. Alex had been kissed before, a few times actually, and she’d never been overly impressed with the process. She’d carried forward mechanically, often times her mind wandering off to something far more interesting like a scientific article she’d been reading. This time there were lips on hers, and she was thinking about lips on hers, lips... and beer, she really wished Maggie hadn’t drunk all that beer, but those lips felt nice. The lips were full, but the mouth wasn’t overpowering. Soft skin brushed against hers in a gentle way that her mind never would have connected to Agent Maggie Sawyer before this moment.

Pulling back her head, Maggie looked at Alex and said, “Well?”

“Uh... I...”

“What does that mean, Doc?”

Alex tried to shake her head, but Maggie still held her face fast.

“No? Are you saying no?” When Alex just continued to stare, Maggie said, “I’m going to kiss you
again unless you say no.”

Maggie’s face moved closer to hers, and Alex said, “Beer.”

“Beer?”

Alex nodded.

Eyes shifting back and forth, Maggie said, “That’s not no, Doc.”

“I… I wish you hadn’t had beer. I don’t like beer.”

Slowly, a smile formed on Maggie’s lips. “Okay, the lady doesn’t like beer. Next time, no beer. Next time, I’ll brush first. So is that it?”

Alex shrugged.

“So unless I hear a no, I’m going to kiss you again.” Maggie leaned forward, the only sound she heard was that of Alex swallowing before their lips connected again.

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“Guess what!” Kara said as she threw open the living room window. There was an odd sound, then a thud. “Alex? Agent Sawyer?”

“Here. I’m here,” Alex said, her hand sticking up over the back of the couch.

“Are you all right?” Kara asked as she climbed in through the window.

“Ah… I’m… ah… fine,” Alex replied, sitting up, her legs curled into her chest.

“Where’s Agent Sawyer?” Kara asked.

“Down here,” Maggie said.

“Down…?” Kara walked around the couch, finding Maggie flat on her back on the floor lying the length of the couch. “What are you doing down there?”

“It’s my back. I’ve got a bad back. I’m trying to fix it, make it… straight. Right, Doc?” Maggie said looking up at Alex with a grin.

“Oh, good God,” Alex mumbled, refusing to meet Maggie’s eyes.

“Your back hurts?” Kara looked down at Maggie. “No, your spine looks fine. Maybe it’s muscular. Your arm though, when did you break that? It looks almost healed.”

“Today,” Maggie replied as she sat up.

“Today? Looks a lot older than that, weeks older,” Kara replied.

“Alien healed it with some enzymes, but don’t tell my boss, okay? I’m pretty sure I’ll end up in the brig if I’m lucky.”
“Henshaw and I don’t talk much, but I won’t put it in the next holiday card I send him.” Kara looked over at Alex and asked, “Are you all right? Your heart is pounding.”

“Fine,” Alex said standing and adjusting herself from her state of disarray. “I forget to put away my groceries. It’s too late for dinner now. I’m just going to bed.”

“Hey, what’s wrong, Alex?” Kara stepped in front of her sister. “You were excited when I left the DEO. What happened?”

“It’s… nothing.”

“It doesn’t seem like nothing. You’re acting like it’s something. Come on. Let’s talk.”

“Kara it’s…” Alex exhaled heavily. “I’m just tired.”

“Hold on.” Leaning close to her sister, Kara inhaled. “Ooooh! I know what you’ve been doing.”

“No, Kara, no. It’s not… I didn’t…”

Walking away from her sister, Kara strode back over to Maggie and bent over. She turned back and spun toward Alex again, a bottle in her hand. “You, my big sister, had a beer!”

Alex relaxed visibly, smiling weakly.

“I tried to stop her,” Maggie said with a cheeky grin. “Beer is a gateway drink, and I should know. First it just a beer after work, or one or two with friends at the bar. Then you realize you’re looking forward to that at the end of the day, sometimes even when you wake up. You start ordering shots with a beer chaser; then you skip the chaser. You keep a bottle of something in your desk drawer, and it gets added to your coffee at work. Yup, it all starts with just one beer though.”

Kara eyed Maggie oddly. “Are you okay?”

“Maggie almost died today,” Alex volunteered.

Looking from Maggie to her sister then back again, Kara asked, “You almost died?”

“I stopped a group of thieves that were stealing and eating Chihuahuas,” Maggie replied.

“O-kay. I don’t feel like that answers my question, but great work, Detective Sawyer. I guess you did okay your first day on the job. Looks like you two had an interesting first day at work.” Putting the beer down on the table, Kara sat on the couch. Her eyes went back and forth between the other two women, but she said nothing. She was certain she was missing most of the story, but she wasn’t sure what it was. If it mattered, they’d tell her in time. Shrugging, Kara decided to share about her own day at work. “I got information on a Senator that’s been taking bribes. My boss, Snapper Carr, didn’t want me to have the story, but I went after it anyway. That felt good. That guy is mean. I was tempted to throw him through a window.”

“Kara.” Alex sat next to her sister shaking her head. “You need to control your temper.”

“I would have caught him.” Kara shrugged. “He kept calling me Ponytail, like that was my name and making disparaging remarks about my abilities. I have no idea how Kara on this world puts up with him. Oh, he called me a Girlscout too. I was never a Girlscout. So I watched the Senator and got his e-mail password when he typed it into his phone. Then I logged in and got a bunch of emails that were between him and businesses that needed approval without the red tape. They’ll be prominently featured in CatCo tomorrow with a byline by yours truly… Ponytail.” Kara grinned.
“You used your powers to get the password?” Alex asked.

“Sure.”

“Do you think that’s how Kara here does things?”


Both Maggie and Alex were suddenly more interested in the conversation.

“We had dinner, and I was going to tell her who I was afterward when we took a walk. We never got a chance. There was this car chase, and the robbers crashed into some parked cars just outside our restaurant. Three of them came in, and they decided they needed a hostage. Guess who they took?” Kara was smiling eagerly, waiting for someone to guess.

“Um, you? That would be someone’s dumb luck,” Maggie said.

“Nope. They took a little girl,” Kara said with a grin.

“Oh, my God. You saved her, right?” Alex asked.

“No, Lena did. She walked right up to the robbers, told them children made horrible hostages, but that Luthors made great ones. Then she explained she had helicopters and a policy that paid out millions of dollars without negotiation if she was kidnapped. She offered herself up, calm as could be, and the thugs let the little girl go back to their family.”

“Is this the part where Supergirl shows up?” Alex guessed.

“Well, I couldn’t let them take Lena. I wouldn’t have let them take anyone but definitely not Lena. I snuck out the back and then flew in the front. Of course, she noticed my costume as soon as she saw me. I told her I would explain if she met me later that night. We met at the fountain where I proposed. It felt approprié.”

“You are such a romantic,” her sister said. “So you told her?”

“I told her I’m from another dimension, that I’m another Supergirl. I told her that where I’m from, she and I are a team, that the Luthor name is respected. Alex, you should have seen her face light up. There was this glimmer in her eyes and…” Kara stood up, hands cupped together as she spun around smiling. “She looked like Lena.”

“She is Lena,” Maggie pointed out.

“No, I mean her expression, that fire in her eyes and the hope bubbling up from inside her, she looked like my Lena. It was soooo amazing.” Kara turned again, falling back to a seat on the couch.

“So, does she know about us?” Maggie asked.

Kara shook her head. “I didn’t tell her. I guess I could. Should I? What do you think?”

“Um… it couldn’t hurt. Could it?” Alex asked.

“I haven’t told her about me,” Kara replied.

“What does that mean?” Alex asked.

“About me, Kara. I wasn’t going to mention Supergirl, just Kara, and then I came flying in wearing
the symbol of Luthor Corp and the House of El together, and that kind of required an explanation. I ended up revealing myself to her as Supergirl, so I had to stay hidden as Kara to protect this Kara’s secret identity. Speaking of which…” Kara got up, heading over to the window again. “I’ve got to get back. Lena was asleep when I left. She was curled up so cute, and I hated leaving her, but I was excited, and I couldn’t sleep, so I just had to let you both know.”

“Wait, are you sleeping with her?” Alex asked.

With a wide grin, Kara nodded. “I’m the big spoon.”

“Jesus Christ,” Alex said, slapping her hand to her face. “Kara, that isn’t your wife. You remember that, right?”

“I know. I know already, Alex. Give it a break. Just because I don’t think my job is going to college doesn’t mean I’m stupid. Sheesh. Lay off already. I can sleep in bed with a woman and have it be totally platonic. Look at you and Agent Sawyer. You’re doing it. Now excuse me. I have to get back to the woman who looks like my wife, cuddle up, and get some sleep.” Kara sighed deeply and smiled. “We’re making waffles for breakfast.”

As Kara climbed back out the window, Maggie called to her, “Hey kid, cute PJs.”

“Right?” Kara said. “They’re wicked comfy, but they make me hungry. Little ice cream cones… do you have any ice cream here?”

“Nope, I ate it all,” Maggie said.

“Figures,” Kara grumbled. “Okay, see you two tomorrow. I’ll let you know what genius plan Lena has to get us home. Bye!”

“Bye, Kara,” Alex said with a wave.

“Later kid.” Maggie rose, closing the window behind the superhero. She walked back to stand by the couch, watching Alex who sat there studying her hands. “So, we talking about that, about what happened before your sister showed up?”

“No,” Alex said grabbing the beer her sister had put back down on the table. She carried it off to the kitchen, dumping the remnants down the drain while she began to put away her groceries. She wasn’t sure if she was disappointed or relieved when she heard Maggie rise but not follow her, instead heading off to the bathroom. Her feelings had nothing to do with Maggie’s gender. Alex’s little sister had come out ten years ago without a ripple occurring in the family. However, a part of Alex had been kind of glad that she’d never had much interest in relationships. Her focus was school, then her career, and dating was a distraction. Kara was the pretty one. Kara was the heroic one. Kara was the one that got the attention for standing out in a crowd. Alex was the smart one, and that’s what made her successful. That was who she was, her identity. Plus Maggie was a DEO agent. Her parents would lose it.

Feeling more like herself, Alex put the last of the vegetables into the fridge. This could use a good washing out. There were some stains on the glass surfaces from leaky Chinese food containers. She wondered if the freezer was frosted over. Hmmm… maybe a task for tomorrow. Perhaps a good overall cleaning would be a task for tomorrow. The apartment looked okay, but she was certain it could use some disinfecting. Germs could hide anywhere.

Alex stood and turned, startled when she found Maggie standing right there. “I… what are you doing?”
Raising her eyebrows slightly, Maggie stepped closer making Alex back further into the kitchen. “I brushed.”

“Wh… what?”

Continuing to advance, Maggie repeated, “My teeth, I brushed. There were some extra toothbrushes in a drawer in there, and I brushed. I gargled too, so no more beer breath.” She exhaled heavily, a hint of mint riding on the air in the way of proof.

“Oh, ah, well.” Legs hitting the counter, Alex ran out of room and swallowed hard. “Dental hygiene is important. Poor dental hygiene has been tied to cardiovascular disease, dementia, respiratory infections, and diabetic complications.”

“Really?” Maggie looked Alex up and down, then stepped in so that their bodies touched. She placed her hands on the other woman’s hips, sliding them up Alex’s torso, under the woman’s shirt, running her nails along the sensitive skin there and smiling at the reaction it caused. “How’s it for your sex life?”

“I… I… good?” Alex said, more of a question than a statement as she shook her head rather aimlessly.

Running her hands down Alex’s hips again, Maggie slid her hands under Alex butt and lifted, hiking the other woman up to sit on the counter. Alex landed with a little yelp and gripped the edge for dear life. Alex tried to back away, but Maggie strode forward, sliding her torso between Alex’s legs and grabbing the other woman by the butt again, yanking the doctor forward until their bodies collided.

“So…” Maggie said staring into Alex’s eyes and waiting, watching for any kind of reaction. She was looking for a clear indication of rejection, but what she was getting was a clear case of the nerves. Considering how long they’d been making out, and how much Alex had been into it, the hesitancy was strange. “Kiss me.”

“… what?”

“There were only two words there, Doc, and I bet you know a whole bunch that are a lot bigger than them. Kiss. Me.” With each of those last words, Maggie planted a little kiss on Alex’s lips. She pulled her head back, watching the other woman again. “You have no idea what to do here, do you?”

“None,” Alex finally admitted.

“Do you want me to—?”

As Maggie tried to step away, Alex’s hands left the counter and grabbed the other woman’s shoulders.

“Okay, I’m not going anywhere,” Maggie said leaning closer to the other woman. “Do you trust me?”

“I probably shouldn’t.”

“Shouldn’t do anything, or shouldn’t trust me?”

“I shouldn’t trust you. You’re a DEO agent. You’re a drunk, and a loudmouth and… you’re profane. I don’t think you’re a very nice person.”
Maggie nodded slowly. “Probably true on all counts, but if you don’t want to be alone tonight, if you want me to stay with you, you can trust me. I’m not going to do anything to hurt you. I may not be nice, but I’m not bad. That’s a distinction. Now, do you want me to stay with you?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t let go,” Maggie said, hiking Alex up into the air, pulling the doctor’s legs up over her hips. “I’ve got you. I won’t drop you, Doc.”

“Just don’t…” Alex grabbed on tightly, staring down wide-eyed at Maggie. “Don’t tell my parents.”

Maggie smiled until her deep dimples showed. “Don’t worry. Dr. and Dr. Danvers aren’t taking my calls. We can keep this just between us.”